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Madcap April



Unmannered March hath many a prank,
With buffetings, but yet is frank,
Who deals with Mars expects but blows;
And waxing old he milder grows.

A roguish sprite of fickle mind
Young April comes; for she doth bind
Her scanty flowers in posies sweet,
To throw them slyly at our feet.

Then, as we think to seize
The prize
It vanishes before
Our eyes;
And April's fools, thus lured
With flowers,
Are sprinkled with quick,
Mocking showers.

Tudor Jenks.

Nileistic Reminiscences.

SWARMS of shrieking, gesticulating, scuffling Arabs, pushing, fighting, and scrambling up the ship's stair and over the railing, rush upon us in a seething

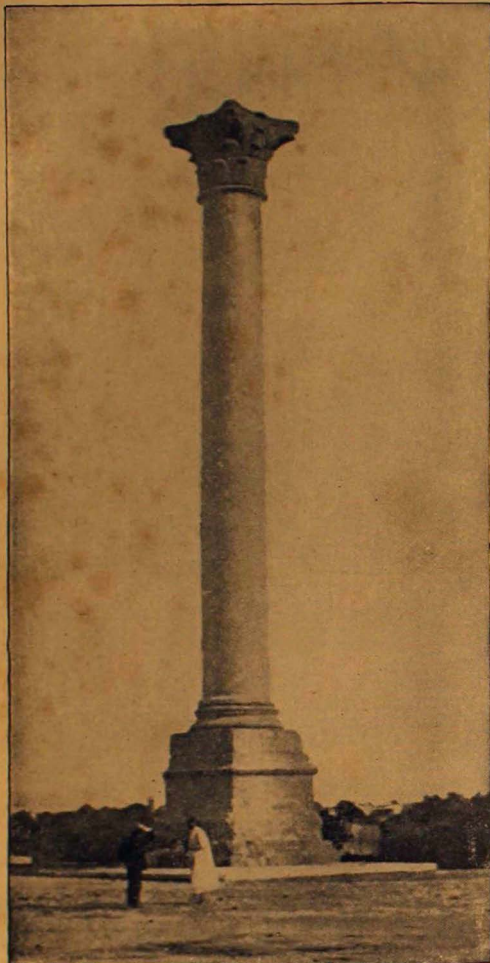
mass of white robes and fez caps, and, in less time than it takes to write this, we are surrounded, captured, and in possession of the besiegers. We still retain some of our faculties, however, for all this tumult only proclaims the fact that we have arrived in the land of the Khedive, and that these long, slim subjects of his are only showing a truly Yankee enthusiasm and "stick-to-it-iveness" in each trying to secure for the hotel that he represents, these two foreign "globetrotters;" so finally, after some questions on our part and a flour-

while ignorance and fable have given them biographies to which they have no claim. It is stated by one authority that the pillar was erected to cover the ashes of Pompey, who, after his overthrow at Pharsalia, fled with a few adherents to Egypt, where he was treacherously murdered by Achilles and some other trusted officers. The monument, it is said, was placed upon the spot where he landed and was slain and his ashes burned. A good example of the stories in question is, that when Cæsar was assassinated, the ashes of Pompey heaved so beneath the pillar that it swayed to and fro. Another authority tells us positively that Pompey's ashes were conveyed to Rome and kept in an urn there; and we are told, again, that the pillar was erected by one of the Ptolemies, perhaps a hundred and fifty years before Pompey's birth, and that the summit, which was reached by steps cut in the interior lining, was used as a beacon, the smoke by day, the flare by night, to guide ships coming by the Canopic mouth of the Nile,—in fact, a pharos. The final conclusion is that Pompey's Pillar had no more connection with Pompey than Mount Pilate had with Pontius of that ilk.

The next morning we started for Cairo. It seemed a pleasure just to be alive in this warm, eternal sunshine, and see the blue sky, after the neuralgic winds and rains of Athens; and what a joy to have open windows and wear summer clothing once again!

Our three and a half hour ride took us along a country very different from any heretofore seen, with vivid green fields overflowed with water on the one side, vast, sandy desert on the other hand, and a liberal sprinkling of palm-trees—past horses, donkeys, camels, and cows, all feeding and working together; then there loomed up the grand pyramids and citadel, which in this clear atmosphere thrust themselves upon you at every turn and always seem so deceitfully near, and at last we reached Cairo.

Then what a scene! The cars were bombarded by tall, gaunt Arabs, who struggled and fought with my husband and each other in a desperate attempt to carry our three humble little pieces of luggage, till, finally, all but one were forced off. My husband, leaving me in charge, went to ask some questions; and every time he returned I knew it long



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

ishing of hotel cards and poor English on theirs, we are borne off in triumph, escorted by a crowd of dark forms and our luggage, down the stairs to the gang of white boats which surrounded our steamer as if by magic as soon as we dropped anchor, and which, lined with blue, red, or yellow, and sporting the star and crescent, presented a very gay and picturesque sight.

We had not much time to spend here at the city of Alexandria, so after the preliminaries of custom-house and consul, we went for a drive to Pompey's Pillar, one of those remnants of antiquity of which very little authentic is known,

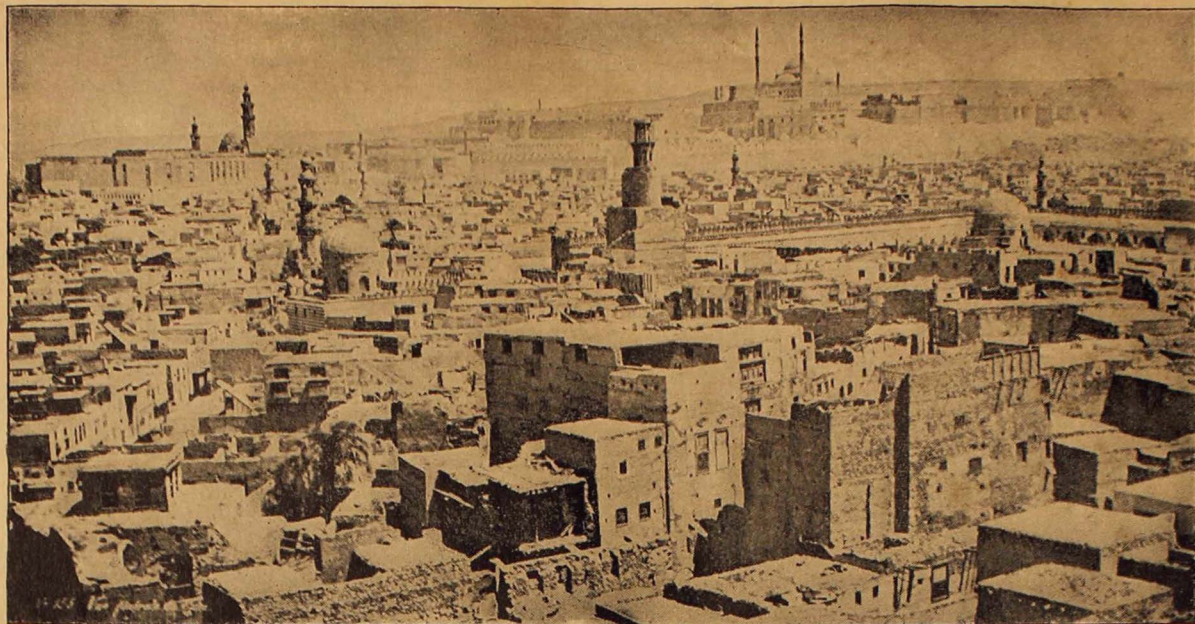


A NILE SCENE. ARAB VILLAGE AND PALM GROVE.

beforehand, for as "coming events cast their shadows before," so he was heralded by a dozen little Arab shadows, dark ones, too, running ahead to me, then a body-guard of dark-skinned attendants who would never leave him nor forsake him while those bundles lay there, and the prospect of a "piece of money," however small, loomed up in the future, however distant.

Leaving these faithful satellites behind, we secured a hotel, then started out to "see Cairo." At

Shepherd's and the New Hotel, on the great, rug-spread verandas, were crowds of ladies and gentlemen in dainty summer costumes, lounging, talking, flirting; a bevy at one side interestedly watching a white-turbaned Indian sleight-



GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO, WITH THE CITADEL IN BACKGROUND.

of-hand man whose performance surpassed that of Hermann, unaided, as it was, by any stage accessories, and whose "pigeon English" was as amusing as his tricks.

Just without, on the broad avenue, is a never-ceasing entertainment, every sort of costume, every kind of color, and all nations mingling in a constant crowd; white or blue gowned Arab boys with white turbans or red fezzes and bare feet are, most of them, trailing around their ridiculous little donkeys with red saddles, and hair shaved in dark and light stripes, or landscapes in high and low relief.

One of these solemn donkeys trots by bearing a foreigner, looking conscious, superior, or indifferent, according to disposition, his long legs dangling to the ground, and his lilliputian steed, well whacked by the donkey-boy running behind, takes him along on a comical trot,—a sight for men and angels. The ladies stand the situation better; and the native women have the best of it, as they ride astride completely covered by the long chuddah and the queer black crape veil and nose-ring, behind which only their dark eyes are seen. Like Mark Twain, I consider that it would reflect more credit on the nation if all veiled themselves "thusly;" for their eyes are the best part of them, and the lower classes, who go unveiled, have crafty, ugly, mercenary faces, with that heavy expression like unto the Sphinx and ancient statues. On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, little carts mingle with the procession of horses, camels, and carriages, on which perch women in crape nose-veils and black cloaks, going to the cemeteries to weep over their dead, the ever-present gray donkey and his attendant acting as escorts.

Outside the *cafés* and *laiteries*, sit men playing games at the tables, eating, drinking, or smoking; and at one of the humbler *laiteries*, which are simply little stalls right on the street, some natives are eating



A STREET IN CAIRO.

rice and cinnamon which is cooked on the fire before them in a saucepan just the form of the fez cap, and which is used for shaping that universal Turkish head-gear. These people often have a faculty of "killing two (or more) birds with

buff uniform, mounted on buff camels, a unique kind of cavalry adapted for desert battles; and everywhere we meet these contrasts of Oriental and European, city and rural scenes.

When we wearied of this continual jostling through we sought a breathing space in the Esbekiyeh Gardens, a kind of park with beautiful palms and plants from many countries, banyan trees which can easily make whole forests, in time, and a grotto where one climbs to the top along a fascinating path, only to be confronted by a bill of fare, a table, and an obsequious but determined waiter whose very attitude either forces you back on your path or compels a coin from your long-suffering purse, for some refreshments which you don't care for.

We sat down by the artificial lake, at our first visit, and basked in the light of the same old style of moon that had been our companion at home, and we enjoyed the pretty deception of the lamp-posts concealed within the iron forms of rubber-plants as natural as life; but it wasn't so delightful when we arrived home, and we didn't sit down again in a hurry on those benches, so often occupied by day by the filthy Arabs, for we were not desirous of obtaining, precisely in that way, specimens of the various Egyptian pests. Egypt

hasn't yet recovered from some of the ten plagues; and in our neat hotel room we often had to surround the chair-legs, and even our own pedal extremities, with Persian powder, to keep at bay the lively and hungry fleas.

I had rather an adventure one evening, when, just before retiring, I turned, on hearing a noise, and beheld a



EGYPTIAN WOMAN AND DONKEY-BOY.

one stone;" but in this instance the combination is not so happy as in some others, for one has an association, while eating the rice, of streams of water squirted from the Turk's mouth on the piece of felt as it appeared, perhaps on the saucepan around the corner, ten minutes before.

Around the egg-stands flourish hens, and, a little farther on, cows congregate around the milk-stalls, thus vouching for the genuineness of the articles sold there; and a still more open display of honesty we saw every afternoon, when we used to meet cows and calves driven along by their masters, who would stop on signal at any point and supply a customer with a good drink milked into the glass he provided, and then the drove would trot on until brought to bay again. It was refreshing to find such proofs of unadulteration among these anything but guileless children of the East. For those who prefer other liquids, a cup of cold water is peddled at about two-fifths of a cent, by men bearing great jars or skins of water; while at numerous corner-stands can be obtained a cup of coffee.

A peculiar cry is heard, and a fine carriage dashes along heralded by two runners in very short and very full white breeches, gay jackets rich with gold and silver, barefooted, carrying long staves in their hands, with which they clear a track, if need be, for the Pharaoh of modern times; while humbly bringing up the rear is a little donkey so laden with big panniers of oranges that it looks like a moving mass of the fruit on four feet. Two towering camels stalk by laden with hay, and under the shadow of these most awkward but high and mighty beasts, there glides by an English dog-cart with a white-gowned Arab coachman for the dude therein contained. Red-coated British soldiers compare brilliantly, as to color, with the Camel Corps, companies of men, all in



EGYPTIAN WOMEN GOING TO THE TOMBS TO MOURN.

large, black object rolling towards me. My hair began to rise on end. I took a brave stand and flapped my towel at the intruder, but on it rolled. I was cornered; but when I stamped my foot and "shoo-ed" vigorously, "it" took a stand, too. Then it rolled away and disappeared. My husband returned from his errand, and I, after relating my adventure, mounted a chair in true woman fashion,—for my courage had rather oozed out at my feet in that heroic stamp,—and left my husband to poke around the room, umbrella



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.

in hand, after the unknown and unseen foe, which I described to be about as large as a puppy. Nothing came to light; and "hubby," after the manner of men, teased me unmercifully as he rammed around with our best umbrella, while from my perch I insisted that such an object really had attacked me, and that my natural history remembrances were unable to cope with its species.

Finally, much to my triumph, the foe was unearthed from behind the portmanteau, and the erudite hunter, after a prolonged stare of astonishment and a prolonged poke of his weapon, declared it to be a little porcupine! He determined to kill it and bring it home to show his prowess as a hunter in a foreign land; but first he went and displayed it to our hostess as a sample of what was generously thrown in with the room and not included in the board bill. Horrors! It was one of her pets, which, with its two brothers, she, according to Egyptian custom, kept to rid the house of roaches and other pests! Therefore we had to return porcupineless to America.

Old Cairo is quite a different place from the modern city, and thither we rode one of our first days there. Through the Arab bazaars, hung with flags and banners, and past perfect jams of Turks, Egyptians, and Arabs, in every kind and medley of rags and colors, talking (they are ceaseless chatterers), disputing, or playing, we trotted or galloped on our diminutive steeds, passing houses whose white-washed walls were decorated with most grotesque paintings of cats, dogs, lions, or—destruction to all ancient ideas—modern locomotives and steamboats. When this style of house met our gaze we knew that the occupant had made the trip to Mecca, and so, as a devoted Moslem more religious than those around, could parade the fact by more outside show than his less fortunate neighbors. At least, so we were told. A kind of "whited wall," pharisaical idea, it seems.

Then came a sandy plain, where the only protection from the hot sun is afforded by the high hills, the dumpings of centuries, the foundation of which may have been the results of the first attempts at housekeeping in this foreign land by the Hebrew wives, or the ashes from the feast of one of the Pharaohs. Near here is the mosque of Imri; but more interesting, perhaps, is the Coptic Church, farther on,

the most ancient Christian church, with beautiful carved altar and wall of mother-of-pearl, ivory, and wood, an old stone baptismal font in the cellar, and a spot where the Virgin and Child took refuge awhile!

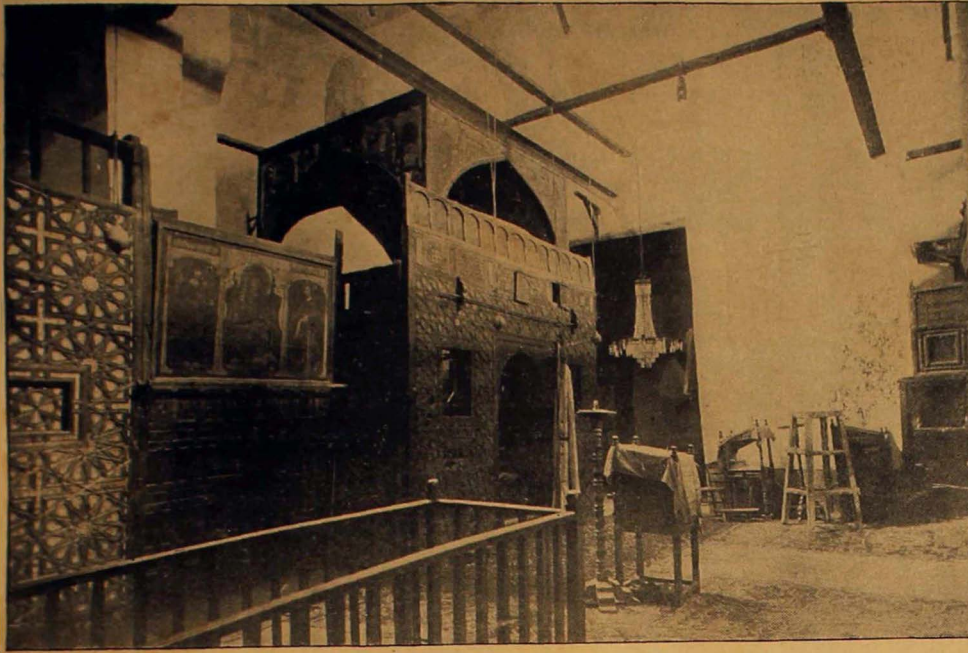
From there we rode to the Island of Rhoda and crossed the Nile in a clumsy boat which would better have served as a bridge, reaching as it did almost to the other side before it started thither. There was the Nilometer, that important stone column which, marking the height, rise, and fall of the river, determines the year's feast or famine for the native; for a few inches of water can make an immense difference in the crops.

Aided and abetted by our guide-book, we made frantic efforts to find Moses' tree; but it did not seem to be in great demand, for our eager, would-be guides knew nothing of it. We could only be comforted by being taken to the spot where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter, and, later, by buying a platter made of bulrushes like unto those among which he rested. Similar dishes are used by the Nubians for dinner-plates.

Another day, having heard much of the ostrich-farm, we resolved upon a visit there. It was only a few miles out by rail, at Helouan, and we arrived at the station just in time to see the young Khedive appear. We had to wait to see that he safely boarded the train with his attendants, and then we obligingly took the train behind, so as not to embarrass him. Arrived at Helouan, we started for the farm, escorted by a small guide, along a straight, fine road, in the midst of a crowd of the ubiquitous donkey-boys entreating and demanding our custom with continual recommendations of "Here's George Washington! He regular masher!" and the like,—“donkeys to right of us, donkeys to left of us, donkeys before and behind,” for George and his less illustrious companions were driven in front of us and on all sides by their good-natured owners.



EGYPTIAN FOOTMAN.



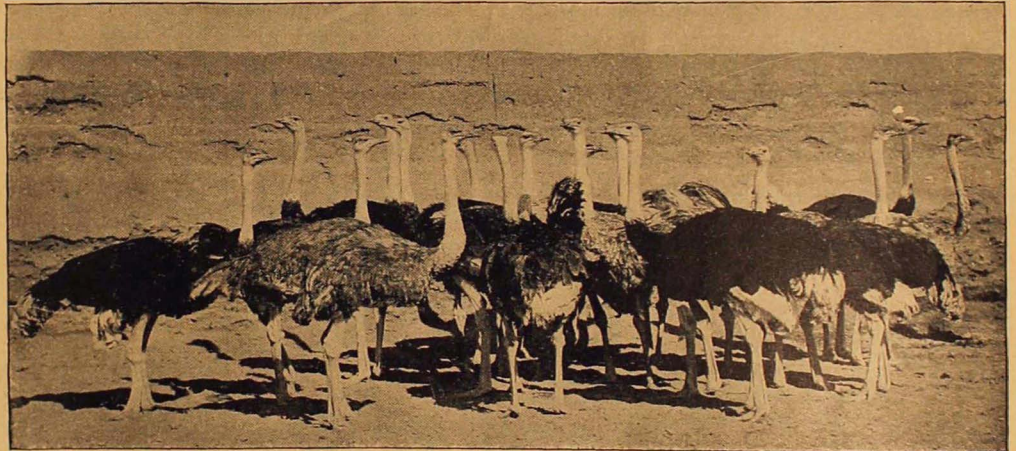
INTERIOR OF THE COPTIC CHURCH.

At the farm the eight hundred and fifty ostriches provide feathers for the civilized countries, and range in age from ten days to eighteen years,—hideous creatures, from their earliest to their latest day, although they do provide the most graceful adornment for the feminine hat. Their eggs, huge affairs, are made beautiful by delicate carvings, and are sold as souvenirs; but the little creatures which issue from them are most wretched specimens, and every biped of them has a terribly bad temper, which infirmity appears to increase with their years, for the old patriarch there has to be shut up in a pen by himself,—an honor which we found was due to his murderous temper towards his brethren, and not to respect for his age and ten feet of height.

At two years of age the ostriches begin to be of some use in the world, as then their feathers are good enough for sale, and the female members of the community begin to lay eggs. In spite of their ferocious tempers, they must have patience; for those eggs must be sat upon for forty-five days before they are hatched.

After our tour of the farm we came out and found our faithful body-guard camped down around the gate, and, escorted by all, and with request for payment for their valuable time spent on us [talk of "American check," that of the Arab takes the *palm*, so to speak], we went over to view the old, bandaged tree under which the Holy Family is said to have rested. I always gazed at such things with awe and reverence, believing, for the time, at any rate, all these traditions; for what is

the gowned merchants squat on low platforms, surrounded by their flags and curtains of every color. We bought a gay and giddy curtain of the universal blue gown-material, but almost covered with odd pieces of various colors and curious



ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

shapes sewed here and there in a rough, but effective, style, making it a thing of Oriental beauty and curious effect. Of course, it had "Allah," the Mohammedan name

of God, sewed upon it, too; for that or a motto from the Koran is to be found everywhere, on frames, furniture, and in every suitable and unsuitable place, the only wonder being that the donkey-boys have not yet had the idea or the ingenuity to trace a motto on their donkeys' sides along with their other ornamentations and attempts at landscape gardening.

I was anxious to obtain another curtain, and signified my wishes to our



THE TREE OF THE VIRGIN.

little guide, who quickly grasped my idea, and after a moment's conversation with the merchant turned to me and said, "Him finish, him brother here tomorrow;" which, translated, meant, in good English, "These are all gone, but he will have one like it tomorrow." By this time we had become quite proficient in translating obscure passages in poor English.

One can but marvel at the wonderful extent of meaning that the word "Finish" acquires when used by an Arab who, with only half a dozen other English words at his command, strives to give you several dozen pieces of information. "Finish" does duty on any and every occasion; and as it seems sufficiently elastic to fit them all, we blush to think how extravagant are we when we use so many words to express the same thought. "Money finish?" is the pert query of the disappointed boy who has failed to secure you for a customer and can think of no other earthly reason for your not yielding to his representations except the lack of cash; or "Finish," says the guide who has shown you all that even his fertile brain can think up to point out to you; and so it goes.

"Plenty" is another abused word; and "Plenty time, plenty money," is the remark hurled at you by the coachman if you remonstrate at his exorbitant demand after a drive, and you are expected immediately to extricate the meaning that you have been out a long time and must pay accordingly for the privilege. "English as she is spoke" in the land of the Egyptian is truly wonderful and fearful; and, worst of all, what there is of it being so extremely limited, all argument is useless, and one has to submit to extortions or imprecations.

One of my adventures with the donkeys—the four-footed ones—of this land came near being my last. We started for the Pyramids, one afternoon, and I, ensnared by mere beauty,

chose Junja, a tiny steed, to ride, being smitten by his shaved, mouse-colored skin, striped legs, and tattooed nose. His owner stated that he had been to the Paris Exposition; and though it was most probably an awful departure from truth, still there was a stylish sound about it, and I mounted

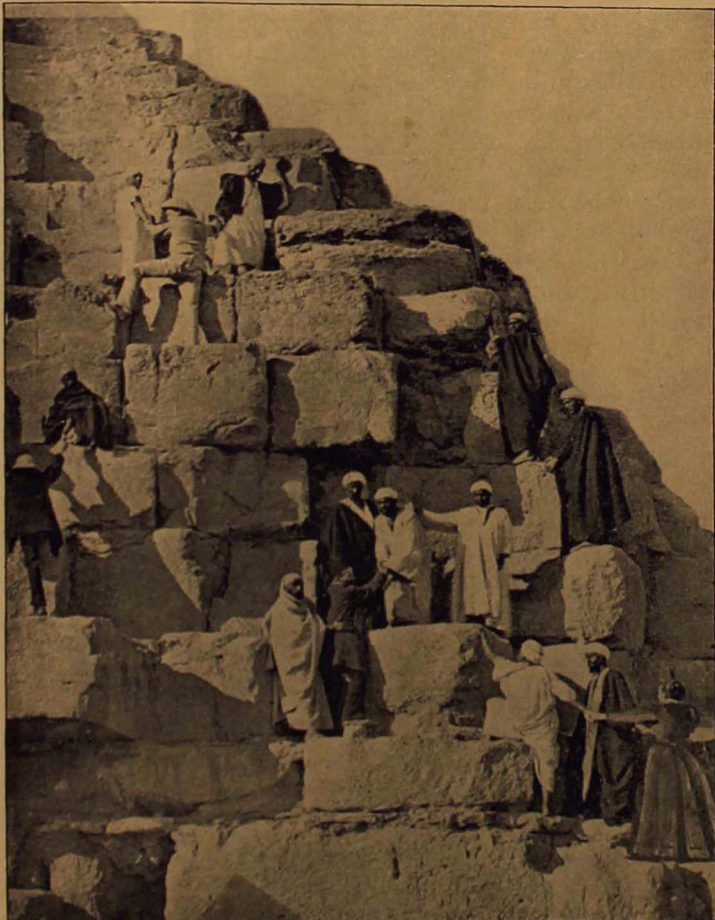


SPHINX AND PYRAMID.

Junja. Alas for me! Junja's cute looks were all his recommendation. Plain, lanky Mrs. Langtry was bearing my husband along two lengths ahead of me, and my soul was filled with envy. As for Junja, he was not known to come off a slow trot during our several hours' acquaintance with him, and he spent so much time and energy in going up and down that he hadn't much of either left for going ahead; so my husband and I exchanged donkeys, and urged them on along the fine, broad, tree-lined avenue which leads to the Pyramids. Mrs. Langtry threw me over her head once, and I had to be unhooked from the pommel, on which my skirt caught, by the man; but nothing was hurt except my dignity and my confidence in Mrs. Langtry.

At the foot of the Great Pyramid there was encamped a gang of Orientals who pay allegiance to their chief there, and he demands a goodly sum in payment for the privilege of seeing the interior or exterior of this great mass of stone which he seems to consider his own particular piece of property, placed there as a means of revenue for himself and followers. Upon payment of his charge, we were each put in care of two attendants and dragged along the interior of the largest pyramid, slipping, sliding, stooping, crawling along narrow ledges and steep inclines, a never-to-be-forgotten experience, until we reached the queen's chamber, and beheld—emptiness! and, finally, to the king's chamber, where, from a sarcophagus at the end, one of the Pharaohs has been disinterred. Not much royalty about the small, bare room, with shaft leading up to the sky, through the roof far, far above, with three rows of galleries around. But, like the Moslem religion, its very simplicity is imposing.

While my husband made the ascent on the outside, I rode over to the Sphinx and dismounted in front of the staring creature, who looks remarkably well for her age. How much she must have seen in all these centuries! No wonder that with all that vast and hidden knowledge, and the experiences of ancient and modern times, she has assumed that calm, superior look betokening a mind above the petty, everyday or every year occurrences of life. No wonder she looks over our heads in contemptuous indifference; for had she not a mind above mundane affairs, even she would blush at the greed and deceit of the would-be guides, the beggars, and the sellers of *modern* antiquities, who swarmed around



ASCENDING A PYRAMID.

us and every other tourist who appeared. Mrs. Sphinx is a great person, one hundred and forty feet long as to body, and thirty feet high as to head, and she has still a faint trace of color in one cheek, souvenir of the time before she had ceased to blush. Her nose being gone, and her face mutilated, we are left to imagine, in great part, her former looks; but in her palmy days she was probably quite fascinating to the Egyptian mind.

To escape the swarms of human nuisances above mentioned, we were ready to embrace any fate; and when two camels came along we recklessly acceded to the request to take a ride, and mounted, after the grumbling creatures had kneeled for us. An upheaval, a pitching forward, a jerking backward, as the creature rises by sections, and then we are up and off. The motion isn't bad for a very short time, and if the animal does not trot; but you are all the time thinking of the time when he will have to kneel down again, and you wonder whether many people ever do get off again alive, and whether you'll be one in the "survival of the fittest."

Occupied by these reflections and with wondering what this particular camel had against me, for he scolded and shrieked and snarled all the way, I lost the greater part of the sandy scenery, and coming back to the original point of departure, the camel started for the ground. Imagine being on an animated precipice and avalanche all in one, getting down by front and back sections so that one moment you are grabbing its head-gear to keep from taking a "header" backwards, and the next, reaching wildly for its tail to prevent flying over its nose,—always providing that such a combination has these parts of anatomy,—and all the while having this cross creature scolding and snarling at you so that you are morally certain it is going to turn its serpentine head and chew you up for daring to mount it at all!

It was over at last, and I, coming down in the world, thankfully mounted Mrs. Langtry, and we started for home, accompanied by a Frenchman who had joined us. The avenue that had been so shady by day was now, at eight P. M., so dark that one literally could not see one's hand before one's face, and I could only feel the forms on donkey-back or in vehicles stealing by me. Not being, in any sense, a bundle of nerves, I never thought of fear until I suddenly heard a loud rumbling, and looking back saw a great light rushing down in the dense darkness, straight on my path. Still I trusted the donkey-boy to get me out of the way; for these small but determined animals can only be turned by sound thumps of the stick. But Mrs. Langtry trotted on, unmoved, in her straight and narrow path, and that light flew toward us.

I turned, and thinking, on calm calculation, that it was about time for *me* to do something, and that the only thing I could do at such close quarters and such a disadvantage was to shriek, I shrieked. My husband, and then the donkey-boy, being seized with the same happy idea as they turned at the noise now so near, also shrieked, and our voices blended with a beautiful harmony, rarely heard except in symphony concerts and kindred entertainments.

That light never hesitated nor paused, even at that, but rushed furiously on, and I had just time to see that it had developed into a large and heavy open carriage and two powerful horses, when the latter were upon me. I shall never forget the sensation as they came over me with a crash! They considerably knocked me overboard, and I lay a brief moment, fully expecting the carriage to roll over me, when, with a great feeling of relief surging over me, I felt it pass; for I had been thrown with such force that I was just beyond the wheels, and with a great effort I was immediately on my feet, feeling a lurking fear that the whole affair might roll back on me.

Of course, I was instantly surrounded by my own

the two men in the carriage, who had been urging their coachman to such a reckless pace. Much to their disgust, in answer to their anxious inquiries, my first remark was, "Is the donkey hurt?" Poor Mrs. Langtry! No one heeded her as she lay under the carriage; but donkeys, like cats, have nine lives, and Mrs. Langtry probably still adorns the streets of Cairo, though her master asserted, later, that her leg was broken.

I was terribly bruised, sore, and shaken, and my clothes were rather wrecked; but no bones were broken, and my husband and I were driven home in the carriage. His donkey and he had parted company with such haste and want of ceremony that she still kept on her career ahead, and long ere this had disappeared from sight, or, rather, hearing.

So ended our day at the Pyramids; but the results of some of my bruises did not end until six weeks or more later.

ETTA BEEKMAN DONALDSON.

In the Land of Lilliput.



GREAT many persons can still recall the storm of excitement that agitated the juvenile world when General Tom Thumb and his wife, assisted by Miss Minnie Warren and dashing little Commodore Nutt, first

made their appearance before the public. The fame and popularity of the quartet spread like wildfire, and on their tours through the country they were welcomed everywhere by immense audiences. To children, in particular, the four midgets were a source of everlasting wonder and delight; and those who had been called up to stand beside them on the platform became an object of



GENERAL AND MRS. TOM THUMB.



COMMODORE NUTT AND MISS MINNIE WARREN.

deepest envy and admiration to their playmates. Three of the famous quartet are no longer living. The general's widow, after a long absence, returned to America some eight years ago, with some very gorgeous gowns and diamonds, and a brand-new, titled husband, Count Macri. The count's brother, B. Macri, and



"PRINCESS PAULINA."

other lady, completed the party. Their appearance in the larger cities failed utterly, and after a short tour they retired from public notice.

The writer at that time spent several days in the same

hotel with Count Macri's party, in a small town in Pennsylvania, and deeply regrets to state that these distinguished visitors came very near being requested to leave, on account of the disgraceful conduct of the young baron. This irrepressible young Don Juan of thirty-one inches persisted in flirting outrageously with every female in the hostelry, from the guests to the kitchen

maids, and winked and ogled and threw kisses at every pretty passer-by, from his window, where he stood on a high chair to be in full view. The countess expressed great grief at her brother-in-law's shocking conduct, but remarked, pathetically:



THE ROSSOW BROTHERS.
Franz. Carl.

"Our young foreign noblemen are such wild, naughty boys until they marry and settle down. See what a model husband the count is; yet they tell me that he was a sad *roué* before he met and fell in love with me."

Since then a goodly number of more or less interesting little people have been brought from time to time before the public, and aroused a certain amount of evanescent interest. The names of Lucia Zarate, a charming little Mexican lady of twenty-two inches, Admiral Dot, a jovial atom of German wit and drollery, and Major Pond, a marvel of microscopic



"PRINCESS PAULINA."

dignity, occur to me as among the best known of those who have been seen here during the past decade. The American theatre-going public, however, has grown rapidly more critical and exacting in the quality of the entertainment that it patronizes; and today the midgets who depend on their size or, rather, the lack of it, as a drawing card, find their fame confined wholly to the patrons of the dime museums.



THE ROSSOW BROTHERS. A BOXING MATCH.
Franz Rossow.

It is just five years since Americans had their first introduction to that delightful company of little actors collectively known as "The Lilliputians." The acquaintance has proved a mutually agreeable and profitable one. It showed the diminutive artists that



CUPID.
Franz Ebert.

Americans will always generously acknowledge real talent, even in men and women whose heads do not reach to the top of a yard-stick ; and it has convinced our theater-goers that a paucity of inches may be agreeably united with a plenitude of brains and talent.

Aside from the Lilliputians,

cavaliers, and wore a tiny diamond betrothal-ring, which she showed with great pride.

Paulina, as befitted the bearer of so lofty a title as "princess," was extremely luxurious in her tastes and ideas. At the table she could give points to many a veteran *gourmet*, and from the oysters to the dessert she could do full justice to every course of the most elaborate dinner. "There are two things which I adore above all others," she declared, frequently,— "to eat, and to have my own way."

Her appearance on the stage in a trailing satin gown, with a tiara of diamonds on her tiny head, always caused a mild sensation. For several minutes she strutted about the stage to slow music, wielding a huge fan, and affecting a royal dignity which was excruciatingly funny. After retiring to don a highly fanciful gymnastic costume, in which she looked exactly like a small walking doll which had just been wound up, she went through a short athletic performance, more comical than interesting, but which she took very seriously.

Her face, which was rather Hebraic in type, was



FRANZ EBERT.



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.
Franz Ebert.

of whom more will be said later, the tiniest midget recently before the public was Princess Paulina, the smallest woman in the world, who died of pneumonia on February fifteenth, having been in this country only since last December. Princess Paulina was born in Ossendrecht, Holland, nearly nineteen years ago. She was the seventh of a family of twelve children, all the others being above the average height. She was barely seventeen inches tall, having grown but five inches since her birth ; and weighed only eight and a half pounds. Although so very tiny in stature, Paulina was a most characteristic bit of femininity. She was an incessant little chatterbox, and spoke four languages with tolerable fluency. Her love of dress and ornaments amounted to a passion ; and she had all the dainty airs and graces, the moods and fancies, coquetries and affectations, of a spoiled *prima donna*. She was intensely romantic, having had two thrilling love-affairs with lilliputian



THE BOWERY SONG IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

Miss Jaeger. Mr. Ring. Miss Lau. Mr. Merkel. Miss Mahr. Mr. Zink. Miss Goerner. Mr. Ebert.



A GROUP OF PIERRETTES AND PIERROTS.

Adolf Zink.

Ida Mahr.
Toni Meister.
Franz Ebert.

Ludwig Merkel.

attractive, if not exactly pretty; but her figure was not normal in its proportions, and her whole appearance had that frail look so frequent in persons of abnormal growth. She used her arms and hands very gracefully, but her other movements were precisely like those of an automaton.

Two other important midgets are the Rossow Brothers, who were born in Vienna. Franz is just twenty years old, and the eldest of sixteen children, four of whom are small. He is twenty-one inches in height, and weighs twenty-four pounds. Carl, who is two years younger, weighs eight pounds less than his brother, and is twenty-nine inches tall. The Rossows are remarkably handsome little fellows, blond, with well-cut, regular features, and are perfect in all their proportions except their heads, which are a trifle large. Both are splendidly developed muscularly, exceedingly lithe and graceful, and exceptionally clever athletes. Their "act" is at all times very interesting, and it is constantly varied by the introduction of clever and novel specialties.

It would be difficult to say which of the two brothers is the cleverer or more popular. Franz is the heavy weight of the "team," and Carl the quicker in his movements. The ease with which these little fellows swing immense weights and dumb-bells is really marvelous, and their wrestling and boxing matches are delightful to witness. There is no play about the matter; both are in deadly earnest, and they are so graceful, well-trained, and perfectly matched, that up to the last moment it is always a toss-up which one will win. Their popularity is amazing; their appearance is always the signal for an ovation, and at the end of their act they are recalled again and again by rounds of enthusiastic applause.

Although much alike in appearance, the brothers differ greatly in character. Both are the soul of good humor and jollity; but while Franz is fond of music and literature, and adores the fair sex (he has excellent taste and can pick out the prettiest girls in the audience at a glance), Carl cares for nothing so much as "the manly art of self-defense," and it is his one abiding sorrow that he cannot meet Corbett on equal ground. Both brothers, however, have one taste in common; *i.e.*, their great fondness for sauerkraut and pickled pigs' feet, in which succulent delicacies they indulge on every possible occasion.

If Mr. Franz Ebert, the star of the Lilliputians, could add two or three feet to his stature, there are few comedians on the stage today whom he would not out-rival. He is not only an actor, but a most finished and conscientious artist. It was dear old Joe Jefferson who first called Ebert "a pocket edition of Coque-

lin," and the appellation is likely to cling to him as long as he lives. Not that there is the slightest suggestion of imitation, for Ebert's work is as delightfully original as his personality; but nature has endowed the two men with strongly similar gifts. Both have the same mobile, facile, comedian's mask, and can achieve by a glance or a movement of



ADOLF ZINK.



WAITING FOR THE START.

Berta Jaeger.

Ludwig Merkel.

Franz Ebert.

Hermann Ring.

the lips an effect which another actor must attain by elaborate by-play; both have the same keen, artistic sense, the delicate finish of method, the purely spontaneous humor, and the same admirable self-restraint.

It was in the dark recesses behind the scenes of a New York theater that the writer first made the acquaintance of the comedian *en miniature*. He had just donned the attire of a



"LOTTIE COLLINS."
Mr. Adolf Zink



SELMA GOERNER.

ballet dancer and a flaxen wig of flowing curls, and the *décolleté* corsage of his gown showed a neck and arms which a fashionable belle might envy. Altogether, his appearance was more suggestive of a pretty child of five or six dressed for an evening party, than the clever, traveled man of the world that he really is. English is the one language which Mr. Ebert has found difficult to acquire; and he constantly complains that he is always half a mile ahead of his interpreter, adding, with a quizzical smile, "He can only catch up with me at the dinner-table."



LUDWIG MERKEL.
FRANZ EBERT.

Mr. Ebert is a native of Berlin, where his family still reside. He has three brothers, all of whom are very tall, the eldest, a lieutenant in the Imperial Guards, being over six feet four inches in height. At the usual age little Franz, who is exactly twenty-six inches tall, was summoned to serve his term in the army. When he presented himself before the officers charged with examining the physical fitness of the recruits, he was promptly dismissed amid a chorus of laughter, in which he heartily joined.

"I do not sigh for martial glory," he declares, "and my stature has ceased to worry me. I have had twenty-eight years in which to get used to it. I can drive and ride, fence, box, swim, and ride a bicycle, just as well as a bigger man. My only real grievance is that the ladies will persist in calling me 'cute' and 'sweet,' as if I were a doll, and in trying

to pick me up in their arms and kiss me. Now I really admire the fair sex, and I do not object to kissing,—in the abstract; but one may have too much even of a good thing, and I *should* like the privilege of choosing the person."

Ebert is the prince of good fellows, tells an excellent story, laughs heartily and readily at a joke, and takes a keen interest in every sort of outdoor sport. When in New York he may be seen daily in Central Park driving a big, handsome bay horse harnessed to a high, English dog-cart, with a very tall groom in irreproachable livery seated behind him. And the skill with which this mite of a man handles the ribbons, his self-possessed air and ultra-fashionable attire, together with the effect of his chubby, child-like face, a monocle screwed firmly into his left eye, and surmounted by a high silk hat, provokes much amused comment from the passers-by.

The exact antithesis of Ebert may be found in Adolf Zink, the second comedian of the company. Zink is only twenty-one years old, and thirty-two inches tall. He is a lithe, wiry little fellow, light as a feather and quick as a flash, who carries his audience by sheer force of devil-may-care dash and recklessness, and his exuberance of animal spirits. His comedy is very broad, without being vulgar, and the more grotesque and exaggerated the rôle, the more Zink delights in it. He is a good singer and a marvelously agile dancer. The wings of Mercury seem fitted to his restless little feet, and he possesses the gift of mimicry in a most uncommon degree. Zink's famous burlesques of Miss Lottie Collins of "Ta-ra-ra-boom! de-ay" fame, and of Mr. Walter Jones as the tramp in "1492," were really remarkably clever bits of travesty; not only was the physical imitation in each instance admirable (for Zink is past master in the art of "making up"), but every little individual trick of look, tone, and gesture, were reproduced with extraordinary fidelity.

Of the two remaining male members of the company, Herman Ring, the leading "old man," is a careful and conscientious character actor of undoubted ability; and Ludwig Merkel, a new acquisition, gives every promise of a very



A PAS DE DEUX.
Miss Selma Goerner. Mr. Adolf Zink.

bright career. Merkel, who is an American, is but twenty-three inches tall, and only eighteen years old. He is a born comedian, very bright and adaptive, and wonderfully versatile, and undoubtedly will develop into a very clever actor.

It probably falls to the lot of few actresses to be the object

of such a wealth of honest love and admiration as are given to little Selma Goerner, both by the public and her fellow-actors; for not only is Miss Goerner the daintiest and most magnetic of *comediennes*, but she possesses in a rare degree that exquisite gentleness and true unselfish womanliness of character which always make themselves felt in any position in life. As little Merkel expressed it, in speaking of her to the writer, "On the stage she's a little witch, and off it she's as near an angel as they make 'em."

Selma Goerner was born in Berlin, about twenty-nine years ago, and for several years earned a comfortable living as an embroideress, her work with her needle being exquisitely delicate and artistic. The confinement, however, was more than she could endure, and eleven years ago she adopted the stage as a profession and became the leading *soubrette* of the original Lilliputian company. Since then she has appeared under the same management in all the principal cities of Europe and America. In her line she is as finished an *artiste* as Mr. Ebert, and her work is characterized by the same exquisite refinement of method. As a dashing *soubrette*, or in boys' parts, of which she is particularly fond, the little Goerner is equally irresistible. She has a piquant little face, not exactly pretty, but full of expression, and lighted by a pair of magnificent eyes. Her figure is simply perfection; and to see her dance is a revelation. Her *pas de deux* with Adolf Zink invariably brings down the house, and those who see her thus whirling, bounding, pirouetting, the very incarnation of grace, life, and animation, would never imagine that in private life Miss Goerner is the shyest, quietest, most demure little woman imaginable.

Toni Meister, who now confines herself chiefly to "character" and old



ELISE LAU.



IDA MAHR.

women's parts, and Ida Mahr, who for years was *prima donna* of the company, are veteran members of the Lilliputians, who stand high in public favor. Miss Mahr has literary aspirations, and has already published a volume of very clever poems.

It is a matter of open discussion whether Miss Berta Jaeger or Miss Elise Lau is the prettier woman or the more clever actress. Both are graceful and capable *comediennes*, possessed



BERTA JAEGER.

of youth, beauty, and talent, and they fairly outvie each other in the number and richness of their toilettes. It is almost needless to add that they have each a goodly following of admirers.

In conclusion, the writer, who is personally acquainted with a large number of these little people, would like to refute the popular fallacy that Lilliputians are morbidly unhappy over their lot. It is a well-known fact that most midgets possess abnormally quick and bright intellects; and they almost invariably adopt, early in life, some occupation or profession which gradually absorbs all their interest and leaves little leisure in which to lament their lack of inches. We of larger growth may well be envious of the energy, concentration, and industry that are the almost invariable characteristics of those who dwell "In the Land of Lilliput."

ELFRIED DE B. GUDÉ.

To the "Funny Fellows."

THIS world has too much grief and pain,
Too many tears by half;
And so, my blessings do I give
To those who make me laugh.

Then let the croakers pass along;
Their talk is but as chaff,
While strength is in the playful words
That stir the lightsome laugh.

True, serious moods must have their place,
For work is life's great staff;
But they toil best who now and then
Send forth the merry laugh.

And so, since shadows form of life
By far the larger half,
Our fervent blessings let us give
To those who make us laugh.

CLARA J. DENTON.

An American's Mistakes in Paris.

MONSEER, *poor yea voo man d k . . . Bourse?*"

I had just arrived in Paris, a stranger in a strange city, loaded down with the usual tourist's luggage, and handicapped by the fact that I only knew about a half-dozen words of the French language, six of which were oaths. Fortunately, an American has the knack of making his wits serve in place of knowledge; and before leaving home I had prepared myself for any emergency by memorizing the above sentence, with the aid of which I knew I could travel all over France and find myself whenever necessary.

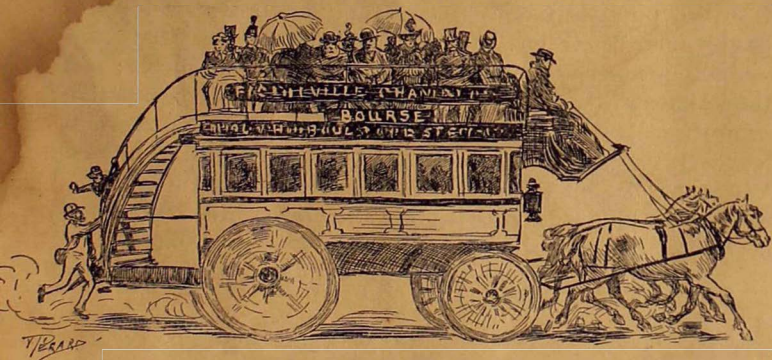
The French, with their usual disregard of the proper way of doing things, spell this combination of sounds as follows, "*Pourriez vous m'indiquer;*" which, freely translated, means, "Can you tell a poor Yank who has become all muddled up in the labyrinth of your infernal streets what he must do to get anywhere?"

The gentleman whom I accosted was evidently somewhat hard of hearing, for he made me repeat my phrase two or three times. Then a bright light illuminated his countenance, and he exclaimed,

"*Ah, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui,*—" At the twenty-seventh "*Oui,*" he motioned to a passing omnibus, where I caught sight of the word "Bourse" in large letters.

"*Ah, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui,*" I said, to let him know that I understood, and I rushed after the 'bus, leaving the Frenchman stupefied at my proficiency in his language. But, although I shouted to the driver to stop, in every language that I commanded, and hurled at him all the profane phrases I had acquired, he kept on as serenely and unconcernedly as though he had been on one of the New York street-cars, instead of in *la belle France*.

I followed the 'bus on a run, waving my bag and redoub-



ling my cries, till at last it came to a stop by the sidewalk, when I immediately jumped on board; but the conductor roughly jerked me down and muttered something, which, owing to my excitement and to his bad accent, I did not understand. I have often wondered why so many provincials are allowed to work in Paris. They speak the French language so poorly that I could never understand them, nor make them understand me. You can always tell a true-blue Parisian, because he knows how to speak English.

I was somewhat astonished at the conductor's rude conduct, for I had heard so much about French politeness that I had expected to be overpowered at sight of it. I was, however, able to withstand the shock.

Just then I noticed that the other persons who were boarding the omnibus each showed a round, pasteboard ticket, with a number on, and I at once inferred that in the city of "Paree" the street-car companies only take passengers' cash before shipment. The plan struck me as an excellent one, as they thus save the interest of the money during the whole time the trip lasts, which must make quite a considerable item, judging from the snail-like pace at which the vehicles

run. I accordingly entered a small building from which I perceived that the tickets were issued, and threw down a franc, saying, "Bourse."

To my astonishment the man gave me a ticket and returned me my franc. I examined it critically and sounded it, but could perceive nothing wrong with it. I handed him another, but he pushed it back and informed me I had nothing to pay. I gazed at him in open-mouthed surprise, and must confess that had he offered me money for taking the trip I should scarcely have been more astonished than to be thus given a free ticket. As it was, I looked very suspiciously at the omnibus; but seeing nothing dangerous, and, moreover, noticing that others were mounting the vehicle, I pressed my way to the front, and again attempted to get on board. But again I was stopped, and the conductor pointed to a sign at the back, which read, "*Complet.*"

"Oh! the 'bus is complete, is it?" I asked; and I smiled a smile of superiority as I recalled a story I had heard of an American who wanted very much to go to "*Complet,*" but found every 'bus bound for that place was already provided with its full complement of passengers. The fact is, in France no more people are allowed in an omnibus than can be comfortably seated, and when full (the 'bus—not the passengers), the sign "*Complet*" is hung on the rear platform. This system has many advantages, especially for protecting the shoemakers' industry. Very few people can afford the time to take a 'bus from one part of Paris to another, and hence shoemaking is one of the most thriving trades in the city.

I waited for the next conveyance, but was again prevented from boarding; and this time I noticed that the number stamped on the ticket indicated the order in which we were to be allowed to ride. No. 17 happened to be the last number admitted on board, while I was No. 56. I feared, therefore, that I should be delayed quite a while; but not knowing whether the prices on the other lines would be as cheap as on this one, I resolved to wait, and entered a neighboring *café*.

Feeling sure I had allowed time enough for all ahead of me to find seats, I came back to the omnibus station. To my joy I found that the *comptrolleurs*, as they are called, were now in the sixties, so I pushed past the front man, and for the fourth time tried to climb into the 'bus; but again I was held back. I felt outraged at this treatment, and expressed to the conductor, in the choicest English terms, my state of mind. He simply shrugged his shoulders; and an Englishman who happened to be present explained to me that by being away when my number was called I forfeited my turn, and should now be obliged to obtain a new ticket and begin my wait over again.

"This system of numbers," said my new acquaintance, "is much superior to your American system of letting each one push for a seat, where the man who shoves hardest gets it, while the others hang on by the straps. This system is much more comfortable and much more just."

I replied nothing, but I wondered which was least irksome: to stand one hour waiting for a seat in a 'bus, or to stand half an hour in the 'bus itself. Had I been in New York I should have had time, while waiting, to go from the Battery to High Bridge, and take a stroll around in the woods, into the bargain. However, there was no help for it, so I obtained a new ticket at the same price as the last, and began my wait again, this time running out with the crowd at every 'bus that came along. At last, to my joy, after thirty minutes of this Jack-in-the-box dance, I was allowed to mount, and was





PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, THE OBELISK, AND THE MADELEINE IN THE DISTANCE.

as happy as a king. I chanced to sit by the side of a gentleman whose side-whiskers at once proclaimed him an Englishman, and I accordingly made bold to ask him how far we were from the Bourse.

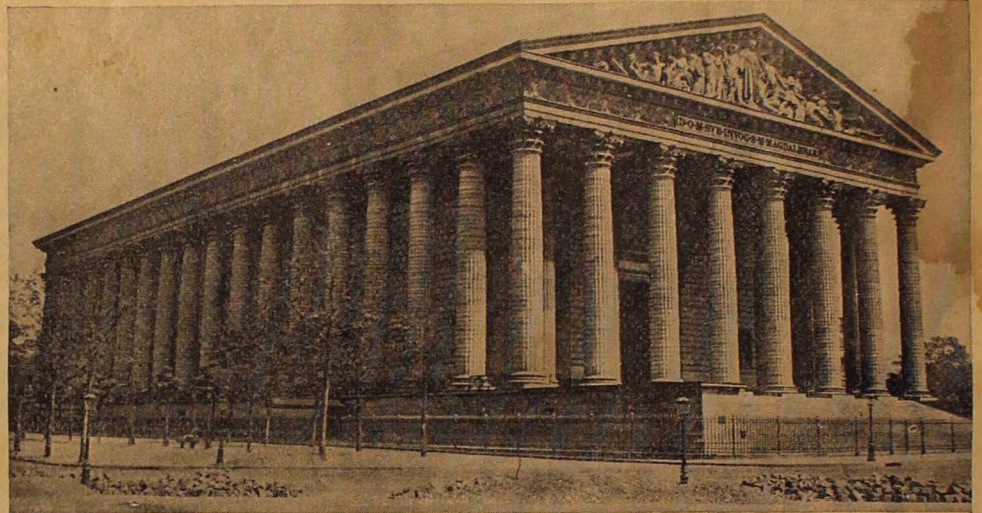
"You wish to reach the Bourse?" he inquired. "I'm sorry, but you're going in the wrong direction. You should have taken the 'bus going the other way."

The 'bus had not yet left the station, so I hastily stepped down; but the conductor stopped me, and held out his hand. I had been informed that everyone in France expected a fee, and, although it seemed strange in the present instance to require anything, I inquired of the Englishman what I should give him.

"You don't see the 'bus conductors here," replied Mr. Bull, "but you will have to pay him the regular fare of six cents, just as though you had taken your ride. You see, these men are required to ring an indicator as soon as a passenger enters the car; and once this is rung you must pay your fare, even though the vehicle has not yet moved an inch. A very strict control is exercised; and if you had chanced to get away unnoticed, the conductor would have been obliged to pay the

fare out of his own pocket. Why! one day I merely changed my seat from the inside of the 'bus to the outside, and at the first station the *comptrolleur* came around crying out to know what man had changed his seat; and when I informed him it was I, he made note of the fact on his register."

I paid the fare demanded, but I must confess I was thoroughly disgusted by this time with the French omnibus system, especially as I was now obliged to take another number and wait half an hour more. But at last I was safely ensconced in the right vehicle, and having learned by this time that these conveyances are not run on socialistic principles, I was ready with the fare when the conductor came around for it. Then I settled myself comfortably back in my seat and enjoyed the ride immensely; but I kept my eyes open, and just after passing an obelisk I suddenly spied a large marble building with massive columns in front, which I at once knew from the photographs to be the Bourse. I descended from the 'bus, but, having



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

learned a lesson by experience, I turned to the conductor, and pointing to the building, I asked, "Bourse?"

He shook his head, and gave me to understand that this was the "Madeleine," and not the "Bourse." I accordingly climbed in again; but the man held out his hand for another fare before he would give the signal to start. I protested, but in vain; for he gave me to understand that, having once set foot on the ground, I could not re-enter the 'bus without paying an additional fare. Grumbling somewhat, I paid the money; but on reflection I saw that eighteen cents for about eighteen hours of waiting and transportation was really not exorbitant. I have often paid ten times that amount for only a single hour of amusement.



THE BOURSE.

After passing the Madeleine we went up a grand boulevard, and after making a number of turns the conductor let me off safely at the Bourse. From there I had full directions how to proceed, so started off, walking abreast with a funeral

procession that was coming up the street. And now I experienced the first intimation I had received of French politeness; for, as I advanced, every man I met took off his hat to me. I was at first surprised, and then pleased, at the honor thus shown me, and bowed affably to the right and left in acknowledgment of this compliment, for I felt that these people were expressing to me their appreciation of Americans in general. It was not until I noticed an amused smile on the faces of the people that I began to suspect I had made a mistake; and then, on watching more closely, I discovered that it was not to me, but to the dead man, that the hats were doffed. In fact, I afterwards learned that a Frenchman will always uncover his head when passing a funeral procession.

I soon reached my boarding-house, and there, at last, I met someone who could speak English. This someone was a very dear cousin, Elsie Gillette by name, to whom I made haste to narrate my adventures, and who laughed heartily at my



THE GRAND BOULEVARD, FROM A CORNER OF THE MADELEINE.

mishaps. From her I learned that for forty cents I could have had a cab to take me and my luggage direct from the railway station. This was indeed comforting news; still, on the whole, I felt that I had gained a great deal of experience, and that I should have no further trouble with the French 'busses.

I was not long in discovering my mistake, for the next day I became all tangled up in their "correspondence" system, which is a delightfully complicated method of transferring passengers from one omnibus line to another, by means of special tickets; and the third day I took the wrong line, and was carried I don't know where, to some place at a good distance beyond the city limits, as I afterwards learned. I then and there came to the conclusion that a person who wishes to spend a week in seeing Paris must allow an additional month for the time wasted in the 'busses.

The following morning I took a trip to Versailles. It was the first time I took the railroad for an out-of-the-city trip, and the experience was quite novel. Of course I made my usual contingent of mistakes. I had first some trouble in making the ticket agent understand where I wished to go;

for, although I pride myself on my French pronunciation, the word "Versailles" is one which no Frenchman will understand, however it be pronounced. Even pursing out your lips and holding your nose, which will answer for giving the correct pronunciation of almost any other French word, is of no avail with the word "Versailles." I was finally obliged to write out the word on a slip of paper; and the beam of intelligence that came into the man's face would beat anything ever seen on the countenance of any of our municipal officers.

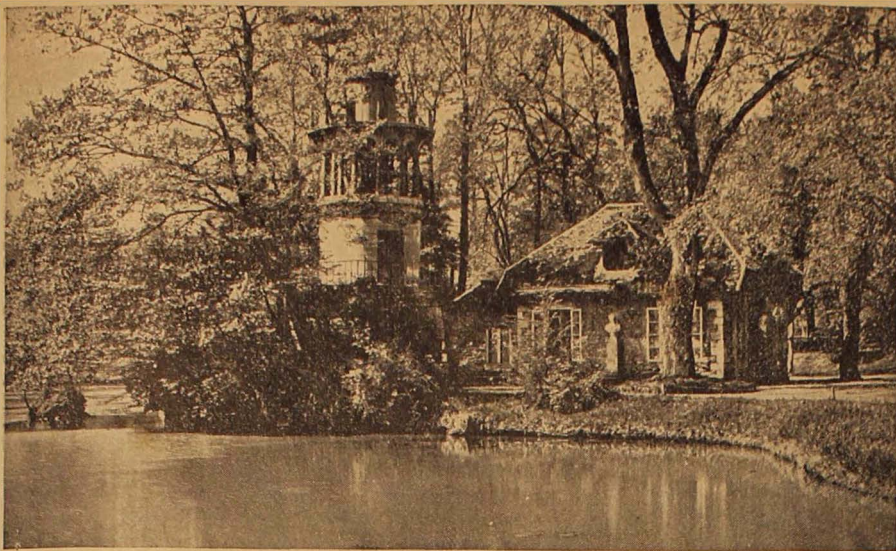
Still he did not pass me out the ticket, but asked me another question; and then began my first rough-and-tumble fight in French. There was a whole line of people waiting patiently behind me, while that ticket-agent chattered away at me in the choicest Parisian at the rate of about a mile a minute,—faster, anyway, than their trains go, which is not, however, saying much. How long the interesting dialogue would have lasted I don't know, had not an American come to my

assistance and informed me that the man wished merely to know whether I wanted first-class or second-class passage; the French trains having separate cars at different prices, for the higher and the lower classes. I decided for second-class passage; and being at last able to obtain my ticket, I rushed to the train wondering why it was that the French officials are not compelled by the government to learn English. To form an idea of the French cars it is only necessary to imagine one of our New York bob-tails, turned sideways. They are less convenient in some ways, but you have a better view

of the passengers, and can be more social.

On the journey I amused myself in trying to catch the names of the stations we stopped at; but the French and American conductors must learn pronunciation at the same school, for even with the aid of my time-table I was unable to make out a single name. Fortunately the names were posted up at each station; and I was struck here, as on my journey from Havre, by the number of stations called "Sortie." I decided the French must be hard up for proper nouns, for five stations out of every six bore this name.

I thoroughly enjoyed the day at Versailles, visiting the magnificent palaces, watching the fine fountains at play, wandering through the Park, past Apollo's Baths, and through Petit Trianon, where Marie Antoinette played shepherdess, and made butter in her picturesque dairy. After wandering around in this way for some time I felt tired, and sat down to rest on one of the numerous chairs which are to be found everywhere in Paris and the vicinity. And very convenient it was; for although made of iron so as to stand all sorts of weather, the seat was formed of elastic metal plates,



PARK OF PETIT TRIANON. MARIE ANTOINETTE'S DAIRY.

and I was as comfortable as though resting in a cushioned chair.

I had scarcely been seated a couple of minutes, when an old woman hobbled up to me and held out her hand for alms.



I shook my head and waved her away, but she persisted; so, to get rid of her, I gave her ten cents. To my surprise she returned me eight, and at the same time handed me a printed slip of paper, which I

carefully saved, for I at once inferred that the French government does not allow beggars to receive more than two cents from any one person, and that a receipt must always be given for the money accepted. This opinion was afterwards confirmed; for every time I took a seat that afternoon some old woman would hobble up and hold out her palm. None kept more than two cents, and in each case they gave me a receipt for my money.

After I had fully satisfied myself on this point, however, the practice became somewhat monotonous, and the next woman that approached me I told to begone. She persisted, so, becoming angry, I called a policeman who was passing, and pointing to the woman, I said, "Prenez!"

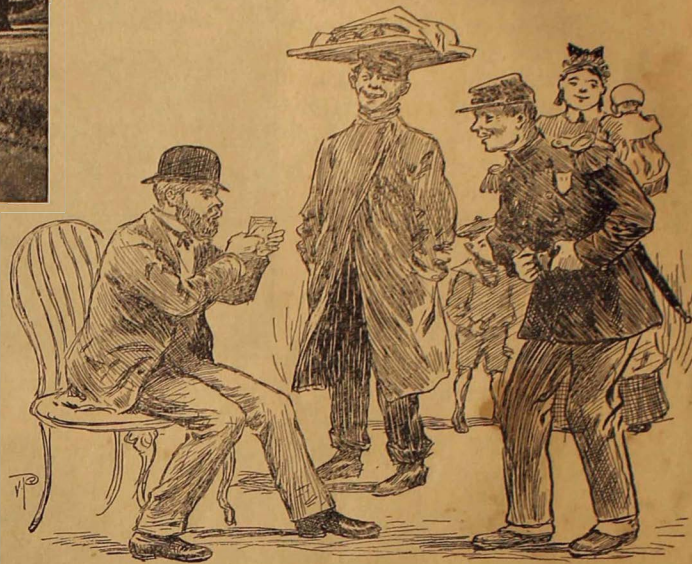
Instead of taking her, he, too, began to jabber, as though trying to outvie the woman, and soon an amused crowd of spectators were gathered around. Finally a Frenchman present, who

knew a little English, explained matters to me.

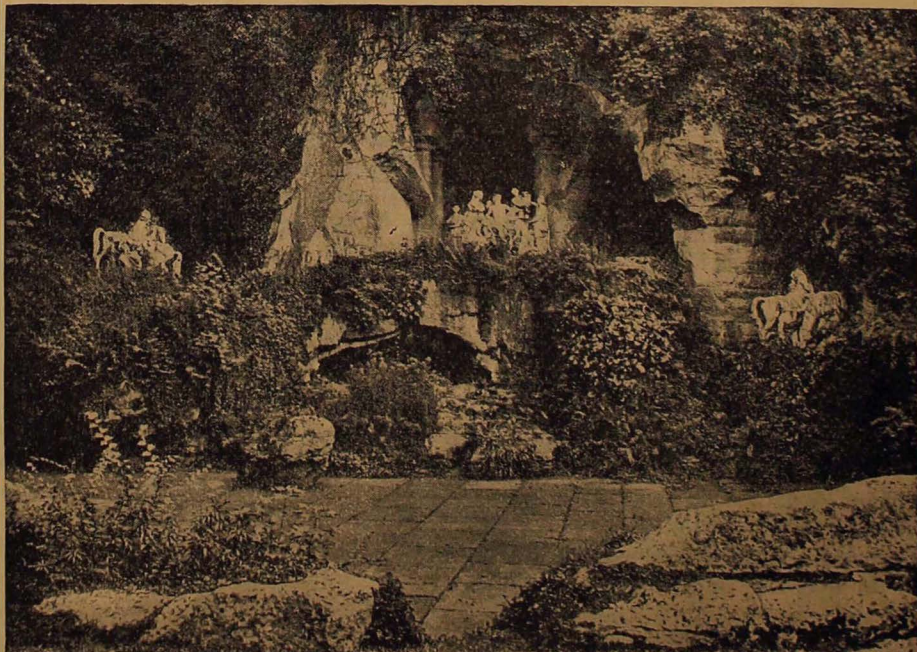
"You seat upon chair," he said, "you pay ze two cents. You seat upon bench, you no pay ze two cents."

I drew from my pocket my half-dozen printed receipts and looked at them; and at the sight a great shout of laughter arose, and the Frenchman explained to me that the first ticket was all I needed, for it gave me the right to use any of the chairs in the Park during

the whole of that afternoon. I afterwards learned from Miss Elsie that, while all the benches in the Paris parks and streets are free to the public, the countless chairs you find at every turn all belong to a large company, who for a fee of two cents give you a ticket entitling you to the use of any chair on the day the ticket is issued.

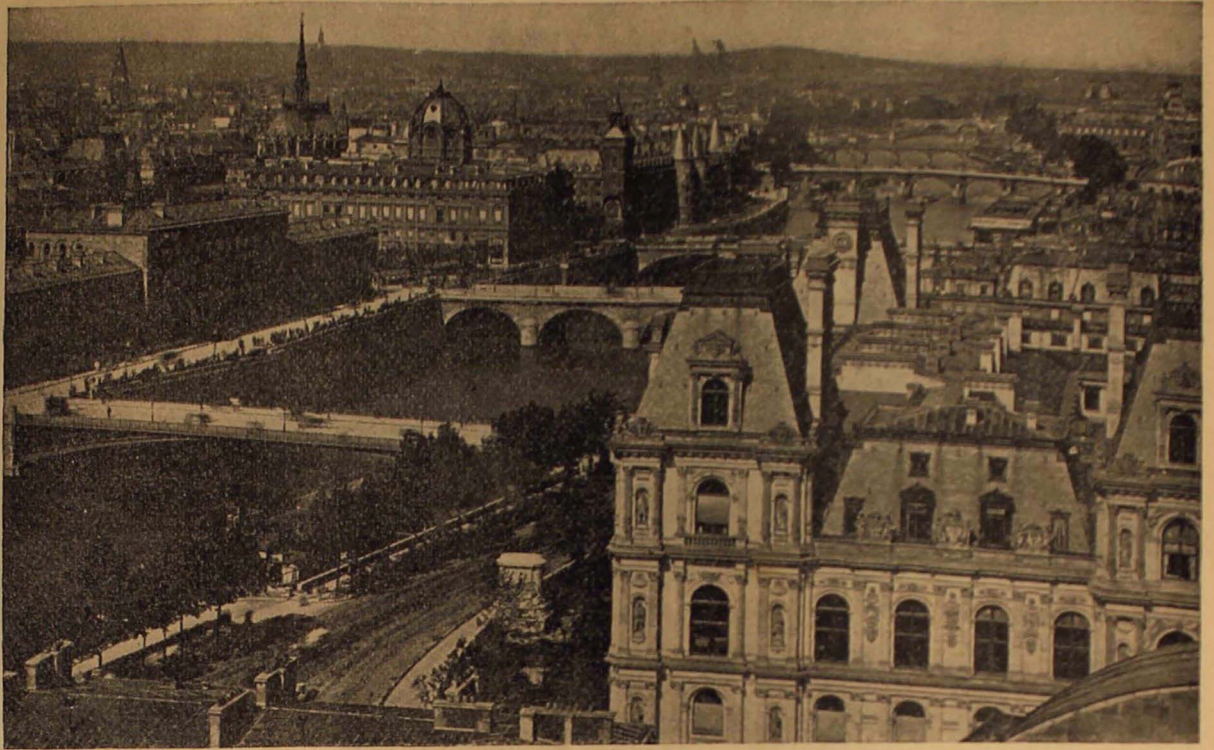


One of my great troubles in Paris was the French money, for I was always taking the sign for "centimes" to mean "cents." I finally, however, hit upon an excellent plan for converting francs into dollars: I merely doubled the number of francs and scratched off the last cipher. This gave me my answer in dollars and cents. Thus, suppose an ar-

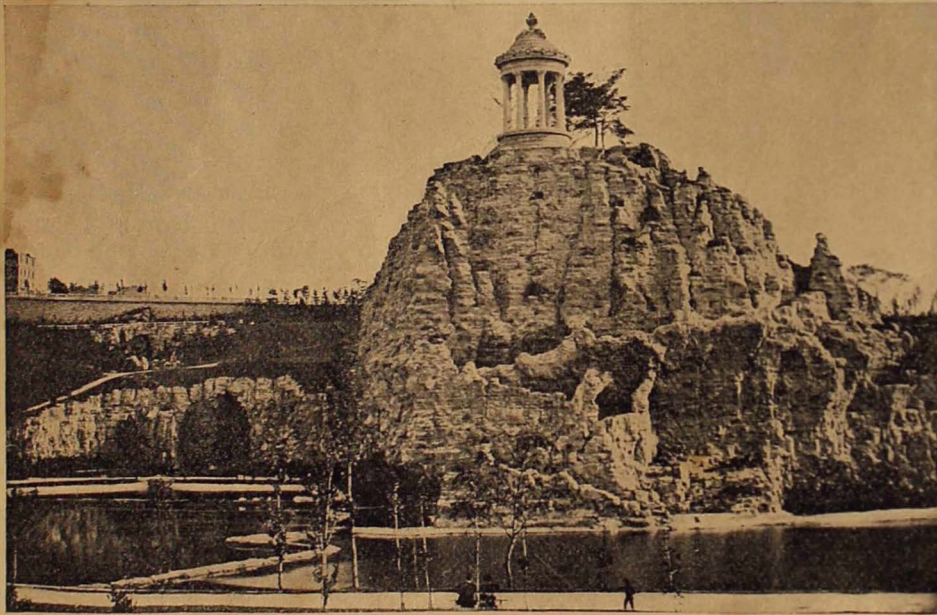


IN THE PARK AT VERSAILLES. APOLLO'S BATHS.

ticle was labeled 17 francs and 85 centimes; doubling 1785 gives me 3570, and erasing the final cipher (the last figure is in all cases a cipher), I find that the price of the article is \$3.57. This method was, however, only of value in calculating a price beforehand. In receiving change I resorted to the practice of counting my French coins as American money, and calculating by pennies, two-cent pieces, dimes, twenty-cent pieces, and dollars, without bothering myself in the least about francs or centimes. I was thus able to pay all my bills and receive my change in English,



BRIDGES OVER THE SEINE.



IN THE PARK DES BUTTES CHAUMONT.

and I feel sure I never made an error of a single cent. In fact, I became so accustomed to translating *francs* into dollars, that on the fourteenth of July, when I learned that thirty thousand French soldiers were to take part in the great French parade, I exclaimed:

"Pooh! Thirty thousand French soldiers! Why! that makes only six thousand American ones."

Constant practice in French was, as you see, fast unsettling my mind, and I felt that I should soon become insane unless I increased my daily dose of English. To this end I persuaded Miss Elsie to accompany me in most of my tramps around the city; and she piloted me in safety across the bridges over the Seine, where I might have fallen a victim to the suicidal mania.

She is a charming girl, and I told her so one day in a retired nook of the Buttes Chaumont. As to what she answered or what followed, I do not feel that I am at liberty to tell. Should you wish any further information on the

subject you can obtain it from a Paris *gamin* who startled us in the middle of our first rapture by loudly applauding and crying out "*Encore!*" or words to that effect.

Well, the upshot of the matter was that I was married to Elsie on the first of September. This was the last mistake I made in Paris; for we left the city immediately after the ceremony, and I have never set foot in it since.

CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

Betty and the Books.

(For the Children.)

DO you really think there are any fairies, giants, or goblins?" asked Charley of his older sister Betty.

"Yes, of course I do," said Betty. "Don't you remember how mother's cake disappeared out of the closet the other day? It was on the top shelf, too. Now how

could anyone but a fairy go through the keyhole and fly to the top shelf?"

"That's so," said Charley, with a guilty look. "Who but a fairy," he continued, "could have known that mother kept her best fan in the lower drawer of her bureau, and taken it out?"

Now it was Betty's turn to look guilty.

"But fairies are good creatures and they never tell on each other," said Betty.

"Let's get mamma to read some fairy-tales to us," said Charley. "You get the book, Betty, and I will go and ask mamma." But to Charley's disgust he was carried off to bed, while Betty was left to amuse herself.

In a big arm-chair sat the drowsy little girl, turning the leaves of Grimm's Fairy Tales and wondering if the prince always rescued the princess and killed the dragons; when, hearing a buzzing, she looked up. Above her, on one of the bookshelves, she saw Andersen's Fairy Tales, ragged and



CHARLEY AND BETTY.

a great friend of the children) made Hans Andersen and Robinson Crusoe feel very much ashamed of themselves; but they were to be punished still more, for Mother Goose had hardly finished talking when up spoke St. Nicholas, a pompous, handsome little gentleman, in a red coat with black trimmings.

"Yes," he said, "you don't deserve to be so well treated and have so prominent a place on these shelves. You are old-fashioned and rusty. You ought to be sold to the rag-man, or sent down to Mary to start the kitchen fire." St. Nicholas, thinking he had said enough, leaned back in his place between Swiss Family Robinson and Gulliver's Travels, and subsided.

Betty was very much surprised to hear the books talk, and made up her mind to treat kind Mother Goose and good St. Nicholas much better. Her reverie was disturbed by a very deep voice coming from the corner. Looking around quickly she saw Webster's Dictionary in earnest conversation with the Encyclopedia. Mr. Webster, very handsomely dressed in sheepskin trimmed with red, was sitting on the edge of the shelf with his legs dangling over. Mrs. Encyclopedia had a great many children, all the same size as their mother, and dressed exactly alike. They were lettered on their backs, so that one could tell which was which.

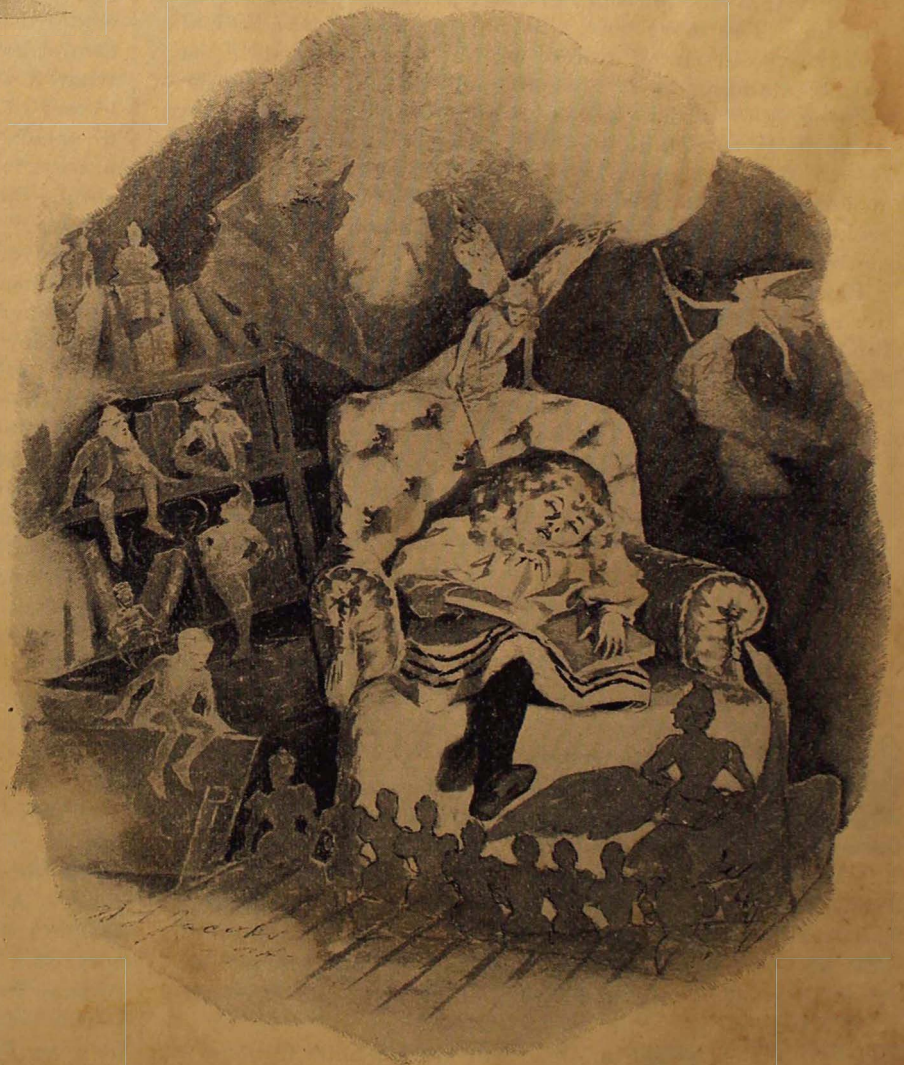
torn, talking in a very excited manner to his friend Robinson Crusoe. The latter was short and stout, and his legs were thin and bowed. His coat was shabby and frayed at the edges from much handling, for he was a great favorite with Betty, and her brothers and sisters as well.

"It is very queer," said Hans, "that folks don't believe in me. It makes me uncomfortable. I am a very good friend to all the children, and was a friend of their mothers when they were young. I have told them wonderful tales of enchanted princesses and dreadful ogres, of dancing fairies, ugly ducklings, friendly bears, and fairy godmothers, when they had colds and could not go out to play, or when it rained too hard. I have whiled away many an hour for them, and worn myself out trying to please them; but when they grow older they shut me up in a dark box and send me to an old musty garret."

"Yes," said Robinson Crusoe, "it's too bad. They treat me the same way, holding on to me a little longer, perhaps; they mark up my pictures, and paint my cheeks brick-red, and my eyes sky-blue, when everyone knows they are brown. It isn't respectful."

"I think you are too hard on the children," broke in dear old Mother Goose. "You only remember the ill treatment you have received, and forget all about the many years you were doted upon. Think how often you are called for when mamma asks what she shall read."

The kindly speech of "Mother Goose" (she is



"IN A BIG ARM-CHAIR SAT THE DROWSY LITTLE GIRL."

The Dictionary was saying, "These men, women, and children are funny people." Betty thought this a strange remark, and listened eagerly. "They don't look at me once a month, perhaps," continued the Dictionary, "or they turn my leaves over a dozen times every day for a week till my back is almost broken; but they will take up that David Copperfield chap and read him steadily for days, then suddenly put him back, and not touch him again till his head is covered with dust and his coat all faded."

"Yes, it is queer answered the eldest," Miss Encyclopedia. "They treat me and my sisters the same way. We give them lots of information, and they never say 'thank you'; and the little ones treat us shamefully. Why, that little girl in the big chair actually piled us up and stood on us to reach the jam the other day." Betty blushed. "Then that brother of hers took us to build bridges to send his 'choo-choo' cars over. It is outrageous!"

A benevolent old Bible looking over his spectacles said, "Of course, Mrs. Encyclopedia, and you, Mr. Dictionary, know a great deal,—you are, in fact, full of knowledge, and should understand whereof you speak; but I am a great deal older than you, and have seen all sorts of people and all sorts of countries and climes, and I find them a pretty good lot, especially the children whom you are so much down on."

"I do not think so," said an overdressed, ill-natured looking story-book, whose ending was not good, and who was consequently disliked. "I think they are a pretty mean lot, and I do not like them." With this spiteful remark the story-book turned a cold shoulder on all her companions, but in turning she lost her balance and fell to the floor.

Betty jumped up from her chair at the sound of the commotion. The story-book was not in sight, so she looked at her trusty old friend the Bible, but was surprised to see it calmly standing as it always had, ready to give words of comfort and advice and to interpret God's will to men. Then Betty turned to Mrs. Encyclopedia and her large family, to Mr. Dictionary, to St. Nicholas, Mother Goose, Hans Andersen, and Robinson Crusoe, but they were all quiet and looked just as they did before she sat down in the big arm-chair.

Sleepily she went off to bed; and as she lay there after her mamma had tucked her in and bade her good-night, she thought of all her book-friends had said, and resolved that she would be more gentle with them, and not shut them up in dark boxes, nor paint up their pictures, nor make step-ladders and bridges of them any more, and then Betty turned over and slept soundly, as all good little girls should.

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY.

Her Father's Plan.



ND—?" said the General.

"And," concluded the young man, carefully straightening and restraighening three blotters upon the General's desk, "I have come to ask you for her."

"Oh, you have, have you?" inquired the General, pushing the blotters impatiently aside, and peering out at the younger man from beneath his shaggy brows. "And I suppose you want my answer now, do you not?" The young man patted the small hand he held in his own and looked at the General in silence.

"Well, sir," the old soldier went on, without waiting for a reply, "my answer is, No! No, without any qualification

whatever, and—release Miriam's hand, Mr. Foreman—this nonsense must end here,—here! Do you understand?" and the irate old gentleman stamped his well-shod foot upon the rug. For a moment there was silence as the two young people looked at the General, and then Foreman spoke.

"Will you tell me just why that is your decision?" he inquired, quietly enough, though his voice shook a trifle,—with fear, the older man imagined.

The General frowned and looked at the figure of his little daughter standing so resolutely beside Foreman.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I will tell you why;" and his voice grew cold and hard as his thoughts traveled back into the past. "I had an elder daughter, Mr. Foreman, whom you never saw. She was beautiful and good, and—" The General stopped and glanced at the girl half-apologetically, and then went on. "It is hard for me to tell you this, sir, for it is something of which I never care to speak; but I feel it is your right to know. She and her mother were the most perfect women I ever knew. Five years ago she married, and the man she gave up her home for killed her,—murdered her as surely as if he had done so in cold blood. He was a talented, gentlemanly fellow, with a handsome face and plenty of money, and a station in life which produces only high-class villains. It produced him; and before a year had gone by my daughter told me such a story of his wrong-doings and wickedness, that had I put an end to his miserable life that night it would have been perfectly justifiable. The end of it was she came home to me again, and his neglect and the fast life he led broke her heart. In less than two years from her marriage, the same old minister was reading the burial services over her, for she never recovered from the disgrace. Mr. Foreman, I have but one daughter now," and the old soldier's eyes glistened with something like tears, "and I cannot have her take any risks. Marriage, nowadays, is not what it used to be, for forty years ago we did not make a lottery of it. I am quite aware," as the young man started to speak, "that you have numerous arguments; but it is useless to retail them to me. I know what is best for my child,—better than either of you do, and—you have my answer."

The young man looked thoughtfully down at the crease in his trousers, and then back at the father.

"General," he said, "I would not blame you for being unwilling to trust your daughter to a man of whom you know nothing; but you do know me. You have known me some time; and though I do not understand how, I have won the love of your daughter. I mean to deserve that love. You were my father's friend, sir, and you should know that I, being his son, am neither a scoundrel nor a fast man; I am a gentleman. You have made your answer, but I cannot think it a final one. I come of a determined race, as you also know, and I tell you plainly enough, though with all due respect, that I *will* have her. Good night." And with only a whispered "Courage, sweetheart," to the girl, as he passed her, Foreman strode through the open door and out of the house, leaving behind him a speechlessly irate old gentleman and a determined little girl whose tears were fast drying upon her cheeks. Finally the General regained his breath, and he proceeded to use it with effect.

"'Will' have you, will he? The impudent scoundrel! to talk to me in such a manner. 'Will' have you, eh? I'll show him,—I'll show him how he is to set his will against mine. A pretty howdydo, truly, when a man demands a father's daughter like a regular highway robber! A fine sort of a man for a husband for you, my dear! I thank fortune I did say 'No'; there is no telling what such a temper as he possesses might bring you to." And the General's own temper being somewhat ruffled still, he got to his feet and began pacing up and down his study, while his daugh-

ter slipped silently out of the room and up to her own, where she first looked at her flushed face in the mirror, and then set to work to bathe away the signs of the recent tears, in order to be presentable at dinner.

Thus it was that Walter Foreman, City Editor of the Times, asked for his sweetheart's hand, and came to grief in the asking.

A man having reached the General's age in this hard old world has naturally enough learned that humanity, in any of its phases, is not to be trusted further than the corner; and having learned this it took no effort on his part to apply the lesson. With no consciousness of the fact, he inwardly became suspicious of every man, young, old, or middle-aged, who came to the house, feeling sure they were intent on taking this only daughter away from him. He felt like a baron of old guarding his castle from the gentlemanly robbers who roved outside its walls, and when Foreman had declared himself and his intentions, it had not only troubled the old soldier, but it had surprised him; for this bright, clear-headed, young newspaper-man had, as it were, marched over the drawbridge and into the castle before he knew it, and, what was far worse, he had apparently made way with a good part of his property already,—his daughter's heart. His duty to her, and to her sainted mother, was plain enough; he had been wrong once, in letting Alice marry; and he had never ceased upbraiding himself for bringing her life to its untimely end, for he felt it had been almost as much his fault as the man's whom she had married. No, that mistake should not be made a second time.

The General paced slowly back and forth, once, twice, thrice, and then dinner was announced. He started, for he had forgotten dinner; and there were Miriam's tear-stained face and reproachful eyes to meet. He could see them now, and a momentary desire to have a convenient attack of neuralgia which would excuse him, took possession of him; but it passed quickly away, for the General had not been a soldier for twenty years for nothing, and duty was duty. So, having straightened his collar and readjusted his tie, he marched into the dining-room and took his seat. In a moment she came quietly in, and if the General had thought to have her cold and reproachful, he found himself mistaken; for the usual quiet kiss and the pretty smile were given him ere she took her seat at the other side of the table. She was his same little Miriam, although he had nearly broken her heart; and in some way the General felt a little,—just a little,—ashamed of the brusque way in which he had turned the young man off. He might have been less rough, he thought as he carved the roast. He *ought* to have been so, he said to himself as he looked up and caught her sweetly grave eyes upon him. She smiled at once, and made some bright remark about the brown study he seemed to be in; but the General blushed beneath his tan, and narrowly missed upsetting the gravy-boat in his embarrassment.

When dinner was over and the daughter had gone upstairs again to dress for a reception, the General retired once more into the study; and though the evening paper, having been dried before the fire by his man, was full of interesting bits of news, he strove vainly to become interested in it. Between the "Great Social Sensation at Rochester" and the General's eye-glasses a pair of pleading blue eyes—direct heritage from her blessed mother—persisted in straying, and when he tried the warm and decidedly partisan editorials, the firm, calm face of Foreman looked up at him from the page. Finally, these two faces bothered him to such an extent that the General dropped the paper beside his chair, and folding his hands across his portly self he gave himself up to looking at them,—the faces having slipped into the bright fire now,—and thinking of the young people. Of course Foreman was all wrong, and the General entirely

right; but underneath the self-congratulatory feeling the older man could not put down entirely another feeling of a different sort,—a something which made him think more leniently of the younger man. Perhaps it was his earnestness, perhaps his courage in defying in such a quiet, calm way the father himself,—for the General loved nothing better than courage; but, whatever it was, or however it came about, at the end of an hour he felt far less sure of his position, and much more like modifying the "No" he had uttered so emphatically.

Having gotten this far he went still further; he would promise the boy to think about it; for, after all, he was a different man from poor Alice's husband. Poor Alice! poor Alice! It seemed only yesterday that she was running about the house, a wee toddler of three years, the pet of everyone who knew her; and now,—gone! gone! and the villain who had ruined and ended her life lived on in his wickedness, free from care or remorse, and absolved from all thought of retribution. Foreman was not a man like him, thank Heaven! and, as he had said, he was a gentleman. Why!—he remembered his father. Old Frank Foreman! They had played together as children, and—

The General smiled. Was it not Frank who had been in love with Mrs. General before the General prevailed upon her to accept him instead? Of course it was! What a boy Frank had been, too, with his earnest ways, and his abiding faith in his own ability! However, that was all past now, and here was Frank's son asking for the greatest gift the General held in his possession.

A little figure, gorgeous in lavender silk and soft lace, with her eyes as bright as stars, and her fair hair shining like gold in the gaslight, entered noiselessly and stood looking at her father, whose head was bowed upon his breast.

Could he give it to him? Did he dare to trust her happiness to his untried hands, or—

A pair of white arms were slipped about his neck and a pair of red lips were being pressed upon his scanty hair. He took her into his lap, in all her finery, and looked at her a long time with his dimmed old eyes taking in every perfect feature of her face. Then he asked, slowly,

"Do you think you would be happy with him, little girl?"

"I know I would, father," she whispered, burying her face on his broad shoulder as a child might.

"Happier—happier than you are now?" he asked again, with the tinge of jealousy in his old heart showing in his voice.

"No,—for I am contented now; but if—if we were married, there would be three of us happy in place of only two, don't you see, dear?" And she stroked his gray locks away from his forehead and kissed it. Probably the General would not have seen the exact logic of this statement had he looked at it critically, but he only smiled and said:

"Perhaps, perhaps. I will think about it, may be. Run along now, to your reception, and try to get home before morning, my dear. Good-night, and God bless you!" and the paper was gathered up again. This time the two faces kept comfortably in the background, and with a sigh of contentment the General leaned back in his chair, adjusted his glasses, and began once more the interesting story of the "Great Social Sensation."

The good resolutions which had been half formed the night before looked hardly as bright the next morning to the General's waking eyes, and the colors had faded considerably when he arose. But the plan he had thought out before he went to bed must be tried, so after breakfast he telephoned Mr. Foreman to drop in as he went by. They had just finished luncheon when Foreman's card was handed the old soldier, and a moment later his cheery "Good morning, General!" was bringing blushes to the face of an entirely

different person who stood near the stairs and looked cautiously down. For a while the General said nothing in reply to the young man's greeting; he was again looking over the man who desired his daughter. He was a handsome enough fellow, and he was well spoken of in his profession; but— Just then it occurred to him that he had as yet done nothing but stare at the City Editor, who was returning his gaze with earnest interest.

"Mr. Foreman," said the General, with a start, and without the usual clearing of his throat he was famous for, "I have asked you to come here today because I have a proposition to make to you bearing on the matter which we spoke of last night. I acknowledge I was a little hasty when you asked me for my daughter,—come in, Miriam,—but you must understand me. I am not a hard man; I am a cautious one. I have thought over the matter and tried to look at it from your standpoint as well as my own, and the result is this: You say you love Miriam and that she loves you. To be sure you are not mistaken, I wish you to come here to my house and live with me for two years, to have your room and to take your meals with us,—to be one of the family, in fact. If at the end of that time you are still desirous of marrying each other I will raise no objections, for in that time you will surely know your own minds. If you care for each other after being together in all sorts of conditions and under many different circumstances, as you will be here, then I shall feel safe in giving my consent to your marriage. Are you willing to do this?"

Foreman glanced curiously at Miriam, and with a queer look upon his handsome face he turned back to the General.

"I own the plan is a strange one," he said, "but I can see why you proposed it. I think I may answer for both of us that we *are* willing, and I thank you for offering me the opportunity to prove myself worthy of her. When shall I come?"

"Today. You may have any room you fancy on the second floor. Make yourself perfectly at home, and come and go when you wish."

"Very well, sir, and thank you again;" and the City Editor bowed himself out the door and hurried around to his luncheon with a light heart and an appreciative appetite.

By six o'clock that evening Mr. Walter Foreman had taken up his residence, bag and baggage, with General Wallace, much to the mild astonishment of their friends. The only explanation vouchsafed by either of them was that the General had kindly proposed to take the City Editor—whose bachelor apartments were not of the very best—to live with him, having taken pity on the young man, and desiring to lighten his worldly burdens in this manner.

As the General came downstairs from Foreman's well-furnished room, where he had been assisting the young man to put things to rights, he shook his head gravely and put his hands beneath his coat-tails in a contemplative way. He had been talking to his would-be son-in-law, and the way in which he had chatted—so easily and in such a hail-fellow-well-met style—had not pleased the father. Plainly and briefly, though the General loved his daughter devotedly and thought her perfect in every other way, he did not admire her choice of a husband. He had made the proposition for her benefit entirely, he said to himself, and that bargain did not include his standing any nonsense from the young man in question.

Winter, spring, and summer had come and gone, and now autumn had slipped in from the country-side and with artistic fingers had painted the trees in the park, and ruined the looks of the grass. The first year of the General's plan was ended, and the result was anything but pleasing to him. He

could not honestly say that he thought any more of the City Editor than he had before the scheme had been begun; and looking at the matter from all sides, he felt no more like saying "Yes" than he had a year ago. He liked Foreman, in a certain way, but there seemed to be something lacking, and the two men never really enjoyed each other's society. Beside this,—which was a small matter, of course,—there were many and divers reasons "why," he told himself as he came home from his office one windy day in November, though he did not take the trouble to bring them out and look them over. The trouble with Foreman, said the General to himself, going back to the young man again, was that he was too bright,—too rapid a thinker, if you will, and apt to give one the sensation the last horse in a race has, when you talked to him. He was pleasant, undoubtedly, and he had many friends; but he loved Miriam, and here he was living with her old father two years to win her. It looked like stubbornness, verily it did; he knew of no other young man in town who would have accepted so readily that wonderful plan he had thought out, and stuck to it so long, with only the chance of being accepted in the end. True, the young people did not seem to tire of each other. To see them together sitting beside the study fire, she sewing and he reading aloud bits of bright things from the paper or magazine, one might almost imagine, indeed, they were married.

They—but by this time the General had reached home, and having gotten out of his great-coat and started to the fire, he was met by Miriam with an account of the happenings of the day, among which she informed him that Mr. Foreman had been invited out to dinner, and had already gone.

"Very well, my dear, we'll spend the evening together, and pretend he is never coming back, won't we?"

If the response was not so very firmly assentive as the General could have wished, he did not seem to notice it; for the absence of the young man whom he did not desire to see had taken the half-restraint off the old gentleman, and he felt several years younger in a moment. So Miriam was seated with a great show of Chesterfieldian airs at the piano, where she played all the latest tunes from the light operas, intermingled with topical songs with very meaningless words and very "catchy" choruses, which she sang assisted by the General's roaring bass. After dinner the cribbage-board was gotten out, and a very lively game of that interesting old amusement kept them busy until nearly bedtime. As the General kissed his daughter good-night and she went singing down the hall to her room, he felt more and more inclined to be selfish and keep her beside him for the rest of his life. As he undressed, his mind reverted once more to the City Editor, and for some time he could not sleep, but lay thinking about him, and changing him to suit his tastes. When he at last dropped into unconsciousness, Foreman had been torn completely apart and reconstructed on a new and entirely original plan, and had gone off, not to a dinner, but to ask the Queen of England to be his wife.

The clock in the hall struck one, and the man with a black mask over his face, creeping stealthily up the basement stairs, dropped the little bar of lead he held in one hand, and, between clenched teeth, fell to cursing himself for his nervousness. The General, still dreaming of Foreman, heard the sharp sound, though, and in a moment he was awake. In the next he was out of bed, pistol in hand, creeping along the hall toward his study. The burglar, on the top step now, clung to the wall, and held his breath while he waited for the General to pass. Neither of the men heard the night-key softly inserted in the lock and the door open as Foreman came quietly in. The glistening black of his stiff hat, and the

equally glistening white of his shirt-front shone faintly, but the hunted man and the hunter were looking the other way.

Foreman stopped and gazed curiously at the two men in the dim light which came over the transom, and in that one look he took in the situation. There was no time to think; he must act, and that speedily. The burglar stepped quietly into the hall behind the General, and the latter stopped not an arm's length from him. The law-breaker raised the deadly little weapon to strike.

"Excuse me?" said Foreman, in a politely inquiring voice, touching him upon the arm at the same time. The man whirled about with a curse, and the next moment, before he could make another motion, Foreman had struck him twice, once between the eyes, and the second time that terrific left-hand blow under the ear which lifts a man clean off his feet and sends him into an aching, half-insensible stupor. Without a cry the man fell headlong over the balustrade and measured his length several times down the stairs.

"If you could find a rope, General," said Foreman, quietly wiping the few drops of blood off his knuckles with his handkerchief, "I think we had better tie our friend here for safe keeping."

Then, having divested himself of his hat and overcoat, the two men proceeded to tie the burglar's arms and feet securely, while Miriam, with only a hysterical little laugh now and then, telephoned for an officer. After he came and had taken the man away, and the affair had been discussed, with many exclamations from Miriam, the General started for his room, and stumbled over the bar of lead as he went.

"And he meant to use that villainous little thing on me!" he exclaimed, his anger at such a cowardly weapon getting the better of any other feeling he might have had about it.

"He certainly had that appearance," said Foreman, with a smile, "but when I spoke to him he dropped it."

"I should think he might drop it when spoken to as you spoke, Mr. Foreman," said the old General, admiringly. "Those were two handsome blows, and they probably saved my life. I didn't know before that you were a boxer."

Foreman smiled again.

"A newspaper-man has to be a little of everything, General," he said. Then, seeing signs of approaching tears on Miriam's part, now that the excitement was over, the City Editor beat a hasty retreat to his room, while the General stayed to comfort the little Niobe by assuring her that he was safe and unhurt.

From that day forth the General was a changed man as far as Foreman was concerned. He acknowledged to himself that he had been wrong, after all, and he began to think that the one thing lacking to make Foreman bearable had been found,—his personal prowess. He saw the young man had both mental and physical courage, and the General was an ardent admirer of bravery, as I have said. He never grew tired of talking about the incident, with the men at the office, and the conversation always ended in the same manner:

"Brave?" he would say, "I rather think he is brave! Honorable, too, to a fault. Why, he made that fellow turn clear around before he struck him,—would not even touch a burglar till he faced him. Did it all as calmly as if he were ordering his dinner, too. Yes, sir! young Foreman is true grit, and a fine man."

The General began to see how useful he had been about the house, too, and how cheerful he had kept them; and had he not given the old soldier some valuable advice about that D., S. & M. stock, when he had not known which way to turn? Had he not helped him in a hundred different

business ways, and been as faithful to him as a son could have been? Yes; plainly he had wronged Foreman,—and now to set it right. Let us see; a year yet,—a long year. And suppose in that time the thing he had once wished for so fervently should come to pass,—that the two young people should care for each other no longer? Clearly, haste must be made, and these two made happy. Little did Foreman know how much those well-directed blows would do for him!

A week afterward the General found the opportunity he was looking for in which to announce his change of front. They were all in the study one rainy night, reading and talking, when, breaking in on a longer silence than usual, the General said,

"Walter."

Foreman turned in surprise from contemplating a tiny miniature of Miriam's mother which stood on the mantel. The General had never called him by his first name before.

"I find I have been mistaken," the General went on, "about you two young folks, all along,"—Miriam looked up inquiringly,—"and I am sorry for it. I wish to withdraw my objections to your marriage."

For a minute Foreman did not speak, but his dark cheeks grew red as he looked into Miriam's blushing face. He raised his eyebrows, and she said, slowly,

"Tell him, Walter."

"Why, the fact is, General, we are very much obliged to you, but—we are married."

The General's glasses dropped from his nose, and he murmured slowly,

"What?"

"Yes, sir; you see that night you told me there was no hope for me, and—and all that, I felt you were a trifle—a trifle unjust, and so I persuaded Miriam, on the way to the reception, and we were married, with only two friends present. I know it was wrong, and I have been sorry to think I was deceiving you; but—put yourself in my place, sir, and you will understand. The blame is entirely mine, for Miriam hardly cared to go against your wishes in that style."

"'Married'?" whispered the General again, hoarsely, looking at his daughter. Miriam put down her work and came to his side.

"Yes, papa," she said, rubbing her smooth cheek slowly over his rough one. "Married and happy; and you like him at last."

Then the three looked at one another in silence.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

Easter Song.

AWAKEN, sweet flowers!

The snow in the valleys has melted at last,
And the desolate night of the year is past;
The ice-chains are broken, the robins are singing,—
Awake to the call of the Easter bells ringing!

Awaken, O heart!

In bondage of sin thou hast slumbered so long,
Arise in the beauty and rapture of song,
Arise in the gladness of nature's adorning,—
Come forth in thy strength on this glad Easter morning!

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

OUR WORKING SISTERS.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 275.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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

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

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

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

X.

M JOSEPH SEFTON sat by the old desk in the library with the door safely locked, as was often his wont when

random books lay before him. Their contents offered pleasant reading, and their records, of investments well made, and bank deposits heaping up into the tens of thousands, should have amply served to engross his mind. Nevertheless, the thoughts of this clever financier seemed constantly to stray from the pages before him, taking their flight, not, apparently, through the pleasantest realms of reflection, for a most disagreeable frown knitted his thick black eyebrows. A keen observer would have noted how the gray hairs were thickening in his beard, and those cobweb-like wrinkles, that only Care's fingers know how to trace, were deepening and growing about the eyes and forehead. He was greatly changed since the night when he stood under the drawing-room chandelier facing Mildred Duncan for the first time.

“By Jove!” he muttered, springing from his easy-chair and walking hastily up and down the handsome room. “Is this game of life growing too difficult for me? Am I losing my nerve just when everything plays most easily into my hands, merely because a few trifling obstacles stand in the way of perfect security? A year ago I would never have hesitated to brush them from my path; while now——”

Someone knocked at the door. Hesitating only a moment,



he wished to be quite alone and undisturbed. A number of neatly kept account and memo-



he silently and deftly turned the key to admit Mildred, — Mildred with a smile on her face, over which a wide, dark hat drooped heavy with plumes, throwing her eyes into bewitching shadow, while her round, white chin nestled in the soft sable collar.

"I beg you will give me a few moments," she said, gently, her

glance resting in friendly confidence upon him.

"A thousand are at your service," he answered, with so much earnestness that the tender flush on her smooth cheeks deepened.

"No," she replied, lightly, "I have only come to ask a favor, easy for you to grant, but which will be a dear boon to me. I am on my way to church, as you see, and today I am most desirous of taking Gerald quietly up after service and asking baptism for him. If you remember, when I questioned you last week, you said, so far as you knew, he had never received that sacrament. Since he is well and eager to go out today, I wish him to be formally baptized in my presence, and yours, too, if you will go with us to St. John's, this morning. What do you say? Are there any objections to my plan?"

She lifted questioning eyes to find his fixed on her face with a gaze so penetrating and absorbed she dropped her lids and sharply, almost impatiently, repeated her query.

"Oh, no," he responded, quickly, "none, none, so far as I am concerned, only you really must excuse my presence. I have no great faith, you know, in the efficacy of such ceremonies; they do no harm, I suppose, but no good, that I have been able to discover." He laughed harshly. "The Church and I have never been great friends. Piety is a bore to me; well enough for women, perhaps. Ah, I beg pardon! I have offended you, take the boy along, and—already?"

He opened the door slowly, out swiftly, and a cry of



eh? Well, What! going

She passed childish delight rang through the hall. As fast as his short, thin little legs could

carry him, the boy hurried down the stairs, arrayed in cloak and cap and stout leggins. She waited for him with

arms outstretched, and clasped him warmly when he reached her and buried his pale face on

they were whirled away across the square and out of sight, his face darkened and he stood scowling at the bright fire as one who contemplated unkindly deeds.

"Send Miss Grace Mynell to me, please," he said, when a footman answered the bell he touched on his way back to the desk. There was a peculiar sneering in his tone as he spoke the name, and when the man had gone upon the errand he drew from his pocket a picture of Mildred Duncan, — a charming photograph, at which he gazed long and half dreamily.

"She is contented now, almost happy," he murmured, "and, I think, unsuspecting."

Happy? Yes, Mildred would have almost confessed as much herself. Happy for that incident of a few weeks past, when she rescued little Gerald from the grim hold of his nurse, and, for the first time since the child's arrival, regained her old authority. At the moment she had never dreamed she might be so quickly taken at her word; but once her haughty dictum had gone forth, Joseph Sefton's manner toward her visibly altered. She became once again mistress of her home, with none to cross her commands. The infuriated Cassell had made a hasty departure, and the child was tucked into the downy little bed where, in turn, Mildred and her brother had slept in their happy babyhood. To hush him to sleep, prepare what dainties might tempt his appetite, the renovation of his wardrobe, his toys, his toilet, his health and pleasures, became at once her chief thought and care.

"He has been abominably neglected," pronounced Doctor Beaufort when called in to consider a harsh cough and the fickle appetite of the child; "but with good care we will trust to carrying him through these early, critical years."

And Mildred drew the little one to her with such pangs of reproach, such wild, silent appeals for his recovery, and lavished upon him such care and thought, that he clung to her with all the fervor of a sensitive, affectionate nature.

This new and absorbing occupation for hands and heart, however, did not blind her eyes to the steadily growing change in Grace Mynell. Her silence, her pallor, her eyes, so full of shadows, troubled Mildred greatly.

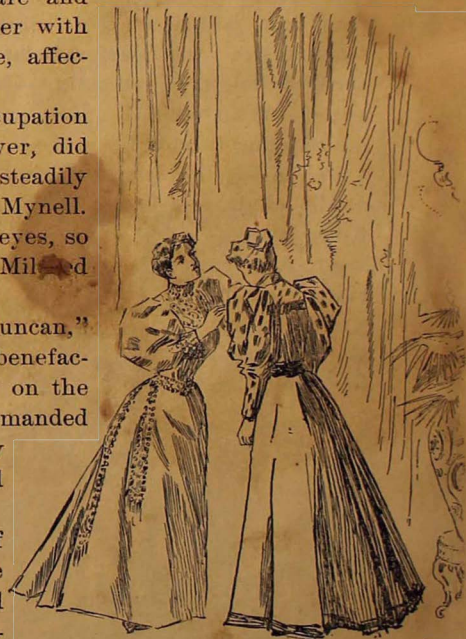
"It is nothing, dear Miss Duncan," insisted the girl when her benefactress laid both hands firmly on the drooping shoulders and demanded an explanation. "I am happy that you are happier, indeed I am."

"Perhaps a little jealous of Gerald, eh? Perhaps a little hurt that I have never confided to you my troubles?" inquired Mildred with a sigh.

There was silence for a bit as Grace knelt by her side, and they both watched the opalescent flames dancing in the glowing grate.

"Perhaps," admitted the other, with a serious smile. "Not jealous of Gerald," she lingered softly on the name, "but I might have shared the trouble, helped you to bear the worries; and you left me to guess at them."

"Not pleasant guessing, Grace. Besides, I hope,—indeed, I am sure,—all will in time right itself; and now that the worst has passed, you may as well know the truth." It was the warm pressure of her companion's hand in her own, and a feminine desire for sympathy and counsel, that persuaded



her fur-covered shoulder with a little gurgle of contentment. It was a pretty picture that Joseph Sefton watched from the threshold, and then from the concealment of a heavy curtain at the library window as she tenderly guided the child's faltering footsteps down to the waiting carriage. But when

Mildred to break through her long reserve and tell the story of her troubles more explicitly than she had intended.

"But will you not," cried Grace, excitedly, "go away at once, and refuse to bear his insults and impositions? I can work, and you are clever, clever, dear Miss Duncan; not as a saleswoman, not in a trade, perhaps, but there are other professions in which you would develop talent, and we could make enough to escape his evil company, that causes you so much suffering and disgrace. Why did you not tell me all of this before?—why, oh, why?" She was pale with emotion, and wrung Mildred's hands hard between her own.

"But, Grace, dear child, there is Aunt Sedgewick. It was on her account I made the sacrifice, and she——"

"Yes, yes, I know that; but she is better now. We could easily take her with us. Why! we could have a little flat; yours would be work at home, and I can earn much now that I am strong and well. Ah, we could be happy again. Only think and decide. Let us escape at once from the bondage, the obligations, the secret shame you suffer here." Hectic spots burned in her cheeks, and springing up she spent bitterest invectives upon Joseph Sefton.

"But, Grace, you must listen to reason," exclaimed Mildred. "Think of Gerald! I cannot leave him, and he is not mine to take with me. Besides, be rational and generous. Though Sefton is both vulgar, and, at times, impertinent, he has improved greatly of late. He is, at least, respectful, seems grateful for what I do, even appeals to me now quite humbly before taking any steps of importance regarding the property. But yesterday he spoke of the time when Gerald, coming of age and finding all the financial affairs, he hoped, in perfect condition, would undoubtedly realize the injustice of father's will, and make suitable provision for me. We must be patient awhile. Remember, we are often hasty and ill-judged in our condemnation of others."

"But not of him. I tell you he is an evil genius. Do not trust him one hour, one moment; for he will betray your trust, break your heart, desolate your life. I know, I know, for I remember, I remember—No! no! no!—Where has it gone?—Who spoke? Help me, oh, help me to bring it back!"

Fallen on her knees again beside Mildred's chair, she spoke in a piercing whisper, rocking to and fro like one in pain, and starting, with her hands to



her brow, as one who sees a ghost.

"Grace, Grace, dear child, this is madness. You are ill and all unstrung; be calm, and listen to me."

"No, no; if you cannot feel nor see the truth, then I must tell you of your danger. You think he is subdued. You believe you are safe because you do not guess what any eyes can detect. He loves you; and, if you can be persuaded, you are to become his——"

"Hush! I insist, I command; for you, at least, shall not insult me by so abominable a suggestion."

Through her tears Grace beheld Mildred Duncan standing before her, white to the lips, her great eyes flaming with terrible anger, and a trembling hand raised as though she would ward off a cruel blow. For a moment she braved that bright, scornful gaze, as if she could say more; but she shrank back, at last, as Mildred passed hastily on her way from the room. A murmured apology, a quick glance, and Grace's lips humbly touched Mildred's extended hand.

By tacit agreement Joseph Sefton's name was not mentioned again between them, but from this time they, unconsciously, drifted apart; while Mildred, eager to prove how little impression the warning had made upon her, altered in nowise her manner or speech toward the boy's uncle. Though the recollection of that interview stung deeply at times, she put aside its painful insinuations with an effort not wholly difficult, for, excepting an occasional glance, or word dropped now and then, Sefton's conduct toward her had suddenly become such a mixture of courtesy and humility as might be accorded a queen. He even appeared reserved and silent, eager to please and obey her commands, grateful for her approval and smiles, and wonderfully forbearing with querulous little Miss Sedgewick, whose impressions of life, ambitions for the future, and recollections of the past, were fading day by day, so slowly that neither she nor Mildred realized the change.

Mildred's health, meanwhile, continued good, and the boy was hourly growing stronger; so when, one morning, Sefton asked Miss Duncan, as a favor, to resume full management of the household, with an ample allowance, she felt that patience and silent endurance had been best, after all, and she even began to think that some day work on the Woman's Palace might be resumed. To the outside world she became the Mildred of other times.

"And the little nephew is the cause," insisted Mrs. Livingston to her husband. "She is quite foolish over him,—a poor, delicate, little creature, who, I fear, will never live to grow up."

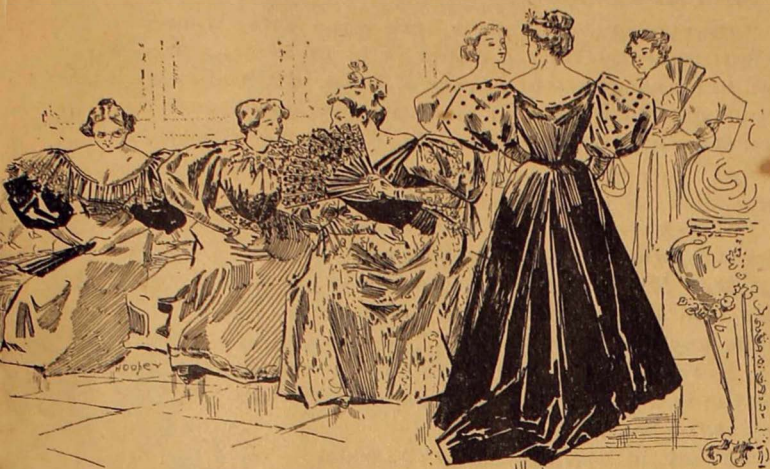
There was one person, however, who Mildred could not but believe steadily avoided her; for Stephen Eustace offered nothing more than a slight bow when, several times, she and Gerald crossed his path in the street. They met no longer in the church; and though she assumed classes in the regular parish work, he had no questions to ask and receive from her as from the other workers. Their pleasant companionship of the days when her great projects were about to be set afoot seemed only a memory; but not until the friendship resolved to a mere acquaintance did she realize how great a blessing it had been to her. She believed she read aright in attributing his coldness to contempt of the position she had taken.

"It is false; am I in the 'wrong path?'" she questioned herself. "Would it be better for me to wrench away these baby hands that cling about my neck as if I were life itself? Would it be wiser for me to defy Joseph Sefton and so endanger that poor, feeble, fading old lady who looks to me for everything, and say, 'I will be independent, I will not accept your kindness'? Was Grace right,—is he, after all, the wretch I used to believe? Is he playing a double game? Would he dare—Ah, no! no!" She flung out her arms wildly, with a gesture of loathing and despair. "He would not presume, and—I would die, first!" and she sprang up and walked about her room in the fading firelight, restless and unnerved.

She had come home late from a ball, where, as usual,



Sefton had escorted her. She had enjoyed the evening, but just before leaving had overheard some idle remark made by a sleepy dowager behind her fan,—a suggestion that Mr.



Sefton was biding the time when he would come into closer alliance than ever with the Duncan family. The words stung and clung in her mind, filling her with a strange affright; but she felt somewhat soothed when Sefton came to escort her to the carriage. He looked pale, worn, and *distract*; he had not been near her all the evening, but after the first social duties were over had retired, with some of the older men, to the smoking-room, no doubt. He was not unpopular with men, nor women, either. His own sex voted him shrewd, and the women found his bearing much improved; he had quickly furbished up his manners to pass muster in busy, bustling, careless New York society, where, if your neighbor be well dressed, decently mannered, open-handed with money, and well introduced, no one thinks to question further.

Moving softly up and down her room she revolved these things in her mind and was comforted; but the fire sank into gray ashes, so she drew her ermine-lined opera-wrap closer about her bare shoulders, moved gently across the threshold to the next chamber, bent over the little crib where the boy lay asleep, and kissed him lightly. He murmured in his dreams, and his baby fingers clasped close upon her own,—a mute appeal, she felt, for her protection and love, “that never shall forsake you, dear, never, never!” she whispered, fervently.

The March gale blew the cold rain wildly the next afternoon, and reflections from street-lamps were beginning to twinkle along the streaming thoroughfares, when, clutching wildly at skirts and umbrella, Mildred Duncan whisked about a sharp corner and crashed into the arms of a tall pedestrian.



“I beg pardon! It was so stupid of me! but the wind is terrible, and I did not see,” she began, then stopped short and laughed; for the tall pedestrian had quietly taken the fluttering umbrella from her hand and was holding it over her head while she regained her breath and control of the rebellious petticoats.

“Have I injured you seriously? I must have seemed full of deadly purpose,” she said, still laughing.

Though Stephen Eustace shook his head, he felt the negation was not quite

truthful; for an odd little thrill, not wholly pleasure, not distinctly pain, throbbed in his pulses when she lifted her eyes to his. The cold wind, swift exercise, and amusement at the encounter, had combined to flood her cheeks and lips with a glowing, dewy rosinness most lovely to see; here and there the wind's mischievous fingers had plucked forth short strands of hair and twisted them into airy, moist little curls about the low, white forehead, and her eyes were large and lustrous with mirth. He had never thought much before of any woman's beauty, save as a theme for novelists, a worthless, fleeting, delusive thing; but, somehow, now he failed to catch the meaning of her words as she walked close beside him, and he gazed steadfastly down upon the fair, flushed face on a level with his shoulder. They spoke of commonplace things awhile, but when her door was reached a clearer understanding, a better friendship, existed between them than since the Sunday of her confessions.

“And you are still trusting me, as you promised you would?” she asked, looking up at him half timidly, as they halted for a few last words under the light of the bronze lamp at the foot of the stone steps.

“Always,” he replied, so earnestly she smiled happily, and holding out her hand asked if he would baptize her nephew. How small and soft it felt in his own broad, strong one; but he dropped it suddenly, bade her a cordial, hasty good-night, and from her doorstep she watched him, his broad shoulders bowed against the force of the wind, striding away across the square. Within, she found a great fire leaping in the grate, and stopped to warm her hands, humming a song half under her breath. Suddenly she started back with a little cry of fright that melted to a half laugh.



“Why, Grace! how you alarmed me, stepping out like a ghost from that curtain shadow. Are you not well?” She caught the girl's arm when she attempted to move on, and scanned her pale face with affectionate solicitude.

“Yes, yes, I am well,” she muttered, clasping her hands and looking up half wildly. “But so worried and anxious.”

“About whom, Grace?”

“You; for I've been watching there at the window these two hours to see you as soon as possible, alone, and to warn you. Oh, even if you hate me, if you cast me off, I must warn you.”

“Warn me of what?”

“Of him,—of Joseph Sefton. You do not know, you cannot guess, half of his infamy. While there is yet time, go. Go tomorrow, no, tonight, if you will,—away from here, from him.”

“Listen to me, Grace,” interrupted Mildred, in a quiet, stern voice, “I cannot permit you to continue these hysterical accusations unless there is some proof offered me of his evil intentions. Now speak to me calmly, and if you know anything, tell it me.”

Grace burst into a shrill, wavering laugh. “‘Know’? Why, a thousand crimes! I tell you he once”—letting her voice sink to a whisper—“But, oh! it is gone again. No, I cannot remember,” she moaned, “when it all grows so blank here in my head.”

“My poor girl, you are ill. There is nothing in all these imaginings. Trust me, Grace, put these ugly thoughts out

of your mind," began Mildred, gently; when, to her surprise and dismay, Joseph Sefton stepped softly across the carpeted floor and stood at her side. Her fears that he might have overheard their conversation vanished at his placid expression;



but she felt Grace shiver under her hand, before with a choking sob, she slipped away.

Mildred, however, lingered a moment, chatting amiably with Joseph Sefton, who quietly remarked upon Grace Mynell's appearance, and seemed interested when Mildred volunteered the strange story of her rescue and illness.

"And there has never been found any clew to her identity?" he asked slowly.

"None," replied Mildred, sadly, "and I fear her poor brain has never recovered from the heavy shocks of illness." Then she rose and went out, forgetful quite of the little black trunk that lay collecting dust in the attic; and Joseph Sefton gazed into the fire with a look of settled conviction on his countenance. He had overheard far more of that conversation than Mildred guessed.

A pretty picture Mildred made, when the services were over the next morning, standing at the font of St. John's Church holding little Gerald by the hand, while worthy Hackett hung a few paces back with his head reverently bowed, and Stephen Eustace read the prayers for the baptism of infants. It was at her earnest appeal that the old servant, who had stood sponsor for her brother, came to take the vows for younger Gerald, and, yielding to her solicitations, Stephen Eustace consented to share as well the spiritual responsibility for the child. When the simple, solemn ceremony was over, Mildred bent and kissed the boy passionately, and there were tears in her eyes when the old butler took the child's hand in his own big one, saying:

"It's a 'ard world, little master, but it's old 'Ackett as will 'elp you fight through with His grace and blessing." The

wondering Gerald looked up in all confidence, however, when the tall clergyman, in his white robes, touched his forehead with the water.

"I'd like to look like that," he whispered, clinging to Stephen Eustace's hand and pointing to where a haloed angel knelt in the great chancel window.

"And so you will, some day, my boy, some day," answered the young man, gravely regarding the wan, eager face lifted to the jeweled

window with unchildlike awe and wistfulness in the blue eyes.

"A very happy day, Aunt Milly," piped Gerald, climbing the steps and tugging at the bronze bell-handle with all his small might.

"A very happy day," she replied, heartily; but the color left her cheek when the servant who opened the door handed her an envelope addressed in a curiously



familiar handwriting. She passed into the library and tore it open eagerly. It ran thus:

"DEAR MISS DUNCAN:

"Pray forgive me, but I have gone away forever. To follow or search for me would be of no avail; and so I beg you to let me go and find peace, if I can, in some foreign land. Ten thousand thanks for all your great goodness to me. If you can, think sometimes kindly of your most unhappy

"GRACE."

"Who gave you this?" asked Mildred of the footman, who was about to beat a retreat.

"Miss Mynell, ma'am, about two hours ago. She said she was going out for a walk. Is there anything more, ma'am?"

"Nothing." She sank into a chair, crushing the note in her trembling fingers and staring at the floor.

"What is it, Aunt Milly?" whispered the boy standing at her knee. "Do you see something?"

"A shadow across my path again," she murmured, with a sob in her voice, and looked up to see Joseph Sefton in the doorway opposite.

(To be continued.)



Common Errors in Speech.

"If a gentleman be to study any language, it ought to be that of his own country."

WE are all such creatures of impressions that we usually either like or dislike a person upon the first meeting; and the influence, in making a good impression upon others, of a fluent and correct use of one's mother tongue in a pleasant and cultivated voice cannot be over estimated. It is an advantage which every man, woman, and child can acquire with a little painstaking and sufficient pride to undertake the task of self-criticism.

The verb *to get* is one of our much misused words: it means to acquire, win, obtain; and, primarily, it signifies the putting forth of effort to attain something. Consequently it is not only superfluous, but incorrect, to speak of a man as "getting drowned" or "getting sick"; and you may, unfortunately, "have a cold," but it is impossible that you "have got a cold." At this moment no exceptions occur to the writer to the rule that *got* should never be used in connection with *have*, which, alone, sufficiently expresses possession. Say "I have the picture," not "I have *got* the picture"; "The dog has a broken leg," not "The dog has *got* a broken leg."

The irregular verbs *lay* and *lie* are frequently confounded. *Lay* is an active, or transitive, verb, and *lie* is passive, or intransitive. We *lay* things down, or have *laid* them down; but we and things *lie* at rest. You *lie* down, have *lain* down, will *lie* down, or are *lying* down; she *lay* down yester-

day, and is going to *lie* down this afternoon. A frequent error is to confound the past tenses of these verbs. One should say, "Mary *laid* the book on the table, and *lay* down herself;" but the book *lies* on the table.

When talking about wearing apparel, don't speak of *kloz*, but *klōthz* (clothes); and matters pertaining to the kitchen are *culinary*—*kū'li-nā-ri*, not *cul'in-a-ri*. Say *apricot* *ā'prī-cōt*, not *āp'rī-cōt*; and *pūmp'kin*, not *pung'kin*. The best usage makes the *l* in *almond* silent, pronouncing the word *āmond*. *Quinine* is a much-abused word, and there is no authority for the most common corruption *kī-nēne'*. Webster and Worcester give the choice between *kwī-nēne'* or *kwīn'ine*.

Meningitis is *men-in-jī'tis*, not *men-in-gee'tis*; *bronchitis*, *brōn-kī'tis*, not *bron-kee'tis*; *diphtheria*, *dif-thē'rī-ā*, though Haldeman, Stormonth, and the Century give both *dif'* and *dip-thē'rī-ā*; *peritonitis* and *appendicitis* both take the accent

on the next to the last syllable, as in bronchitis; thus, *pēr-ī-tō-nī'tis*, not *pēr-ī-tō-nē'tis*, and *ap-pen-dē-cī'tis*.

If a bank account is short there is a *dēf'i-cit*, not a *dē-fis'it*; and over fatigue *ē-nēr'vātes*, not *ēn'ēr-vātes*. Poverty and laziness produce *skwā-lōr* (squalor), not *skwōl'ōr*; which is extremely *lām'ent-ā-bl*, not *lā-mēnt'ā-bl*.

The key* to pronunciation which was given with the previous article upon this subject, in the March number of Demorest's, will be found below. This should be studied with care, till the ear and eye recognize every nice distinction in the vowel sounds and their distinguishing marks.

* *ā* as in fate; *ă*, fat; *â*, care; *â*, ask; *ä*, father; *ē*, me; *ĕ*, met; *ē*, her; *i*, pine; *i*, pin; *ō*, note; *ö*, not; *ō*, for; *oo*, mood; *oo*, foot; *ū*, use; *û*, us; *û*, fur; *z* like *z*; sibilant *s* as in list.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO WITHOUT A TEACHER.



MISTAKE into which the learner is apt to fall—a mistake as natural as it is fatal—is trying to play "tunes" by ear before even a rudimentary knowledge of the principles of the art and the characteristics of the instrument have been acquired. But when he understands, as he must do, that in strumming tunes by guess and haphazard he is placing insurmountable obstacles in the way of his future success, he will have the sense and the courage to refrain. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the student that he must begin at the right end, or he can never by any possibility arrive at the goal. If he expects to acquire skill as a performer he must consent to follow the long road, for there is no royal one to skill in music any more than there is to any other art. "Work and patience" should be his motto, and he should keep it before his eyes constantly. Granted a love of music as interpreted upon the piano, and he will not regard the labor of learning as onerous. Day by day, as he finds himself acquiring more and more facility, the pleasure of his work will grow upon him, until the mere practice of simple scales will become fascinating. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, had to be driven to his piano when a boy, and the reason is not difficult of comprehension. His stern preceptors compelled a child, not in the best of health, to drudge ten hours a day over the keyboard. If they had given him half an hour at first, and gradually increased the time until the subject had taken hold of his mind of itself, he would have been spared much suffering both in his boyhood and in later years. It appears, too, that when at last the glory and beauty of music did burst upon his mental vision, he had to be driven away from the piano, or he would have practiced, literally, day and night.

If, then, our pupil finds the elements of the art dry, let him calmly persevere; sure that the moment is not far distant when his toil will be to him what amusement is to others. Let him begin with half-hour studies, increasing, within a month, to one hour a day—and every day.

We are all creatures of habit, and our hands are as subject to slavery, as our eyes, our stomachs, or our minds. The fingers will always fall into the positions which you taught them when they were virgin to the key-board. Train them properly at the start, and they will never afterward go wrong.

Taussig, was it not? had before him once a rather noted English player. After the Englishman had executed an *Étude* of Taussig's own composition, with what he regarded

as great brilliancy and effect, the musician quietly told him that, as he was a young man and undoubtedly had talent, there was hope for him. "But," he said, "that teacher you had when you began spoiled that left hand of yours. Come now, was it not tunes he let you play, before he taught that wicked left hand?" The Englishman admitted that it was so. "Then go back to your piano and play only with that so vile left hand one year. Return at the end of that time, and I will take you as a pupil." Before the close of the year, however, Taussig was dead. But the pianist comprehended the value of the advice so brusquely given him. The anecdote will serve to illustrate the truth that to begin properly is all important; and, furthermore, that to indulge oneself in playing tunes will inculcate habits in the hands that years of labor, later on, will not wholly eradicate.

"*Labor omnia vincit*," said the Roman; and you, too, can conquer all the difficulties of the piano with earnest toil, because you will feel that, as another Roman said, "*Labor ipse voluptas*," the labor itself is enjoyment. "The way is rough, over marsh, through briar and bramble, over rugged hilltop and through gloomy glen; but the blessed carbuncle shines upon the cliff, and for him who presses on with courage, and minds not wounded feet nor torn flesh, is the glorious prize." The German fable is at once the history and the encouragement of all those who strive for excellence in any walk of life.

Musical notes have two essential features; namely, time and position. Upon the shape of the note itself depends the length of time we are to dwell upon it in giving it expression. First of all make yourself familiar with the appearance of the notes as shown in the table illustrated. A study of this will enable the student to comprehend easily the relative value of the notes while learning to recognize them; two half-notes being played in the time of one whole note, and so on through the progression of notes of lesser value, till we learn that sixty-four sixty-fourth notes must be played in the time of one whole note.

Of course, corresponding with the notes there must be rests of like value, and these should be studied at the same time. Careless players often ignore many rests, and let the fingers hold the keys beyond their time, thus prolonging the note, and jumbling many sounds together that have no harmonic connection. A clear and pure style of playing cannot be acquired without scrupulous observance of rests as well

as notes, and the exact time-value of all. You must have observed in even the simplest song, how fine an effect is produced by a sudden cessation of the music. The rest is sometimes quite as dramatic as the dash in writing.

The next point is the dot. This dot placed beside a note increases its time

Whole Note.		
Half Note.		
Quarter Note.		
Eighth Note.		
Sixteenth Note.		
Thirty-second Note.		
Sixty-fourth Note.		

TABLE OF NOTES SHOWING THEIR RELATIVE VALUE.

value one half. Suppose we have a half-note with a dot ; the half-note is to be held as long as a half-note and a quarter note. Reference to the table will show the value of the dot clearly, and the student should study it till it is well

	Equals in Time Value.	
A Whole Rest.		A Whole Note.
	Equals in Time Value.	
A Half-Rest.		A Half-Note.
	Equals in Time Value.	
A Quarter Rest.		A Quarter Note.
	Equals in Time Value.	
An Eighth Rest.		An Eighth Note.
	Equals in Time Value.	
A Sixteenth Rest.		A Sixteenth Note.
	Equals in Time Value.	
A Thirty-Second Rest.		A Thirty-Second Note.

TABLE OF RESTS AND THEIR CORRESPONDING NOTES.

of the one above. B-sharp is the same as C-natural ; and F-flat, the same as E-natural.

Many students make quite a bugbear of reading music in keys of many sharps and flats. But the bugbear is purely self-made ; and, once understood, the progression of the keys from one to another as the sharps are added or the flats dropped is so harmonious and regular that all difficulty vanishes.

KEY OF C.	KEY OF G.	KEY OF D.	KEY OF A.	KEY OF E.	KEY OF B.	KEY OF F-SHARP.	KEY OF D-FLAT.	KEY OF A-FLAT.	KEY OF E-FLAT.	KEY OF B-FLAT.	KEY OF F-FLAT.
One sharp.	Two sharps.	Three sharps.	Four sharps.	Five sharps.	Six sharps.	Five flats.	Four flats.	Three flats.	Two flats.	One flat.	

In studying the keys and their scales we begin with C, sometimes called the "natural key," because it has neither sharps nor flats. The major and minor scales are so distinguished because in the major the third—for example, from C to E—has three whole tones, and in the minor, but two and a half tones, thus being a small, or lesser, third. The half-tones in a major scale always occur between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth tones. This fact must be fixed firmly in the memory.

The most closely related key to any major one is its relative minor, so called because the signatures are the same, and this relative minor is always found on the sixth of a major scale. Running your fingers up from C you find A is its relative minor, with half-tones between the second and third and seventh and eighth ; to obtain the last half-tone G must be sharpened, and in ascending F is sharpened also, this melodic sequence being more

pleasing to the ear ; but in descending, harmony requires that F be natural.

After the keynote and its octave, the most important tone in a scale is its fifth, hence it is called the dominant, and known in harmony as "the dominant fifth" ; and upon this tone is found the most closely related major key. Progressing from C you find G to be the fifth of the scale, and the keynote, or tonic, of its nearest major scale. Remembering

where the half-tones occur, you learn that you must sharp F to obtain the correct interval between the seventh and eighth, and that gives you the scale. When you see a piece of music with the signature of F# you recognize it as in the key of G. The sixth of G is E, so the minor scale of E is its relative. Progressing by fifths you find the next major scale is D ; to obtain the half-tone between the seventh and eighth you must sharp C, so the key of D has two sharps in the signature. Observing carefully the correct sequence of the half-tones, it is a simple and delightful exercise to progress by fifths through all the sharp keys till we reach that of F-sharp, which has six sharps. The fifth of F-sharp would be C-sharp ; but as the notation for this would be clumsy, we call it D-flat,—it is the same thing to the ear,—and have a scale of five flats instead of one of seven sharps.

	Equals	
	Equals	
	Equals	
	Equals	

THE DOTTED NOTE AND ITS EQUIVALENT.

	Half tone.		Half tone.
MAJOR SCALE OF C.			

Progressing again by fifths we find the scale of A-flat with only four flats ; and one flat is dropped with each progres-



SCALE OF C MAJOR, WITH ITS RELATIVE A MINOR.



SCALE OF G MAJOR, WITH ITS RELATIVE E MINOR.



SCALE OF D MAJOR, WITH ITS RELATIVE B MINOR.



All the pupil's attention is at first required to secure a correct position of the hand and arm when playing; upon this depends all beauty and delicacy of touch, as well as ability to conquer the difficulties of technique. Be careful to sit erect, with shoulders straight, and elbows close to the side, copying as closely as possible the positions illustrated. Have your stool at such a height that your arm extends horizontally. The elbow must not droop nor must the hand be forcibly bent at the wrist, or you will get no power in your touch. The keys must be touched, not hammered. You can only get a certain degree of sound, tolerable sound, that is, from your wires, and that can be produced by the fingers, wrist, and elbow. For the sake of your piano and the ears of your friends, do not use a shoulder blow. You can break your instrument much more expeditiously and make a more discordant noise with a carpenter's hammer.

The hand, then, being held in an easy position, with the thumb of the right hand over middle C, and the fourth fin-

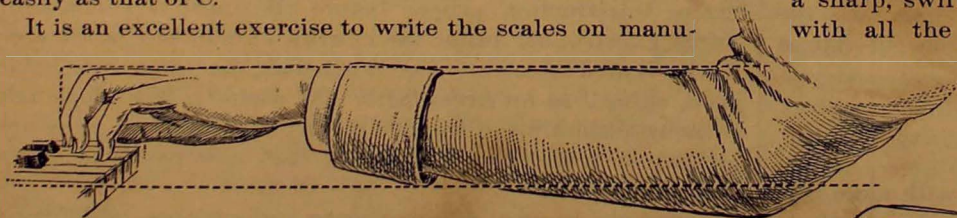
gion till we find ourselves again at C major. Studied in this way, the mind comprehending the task assigned the fingers, it is a comparatively easy task to master all the major and minor scales, and to read music in the key of F-sharp as easily as that of C.

It is an excellent exercise to write the scales on manu-

ger of the left hand an octave below, the tips of the fingers, a little separated, fall naturally upon the keys, the thumb, from the anatomy of the hand, resting partly upon its side.

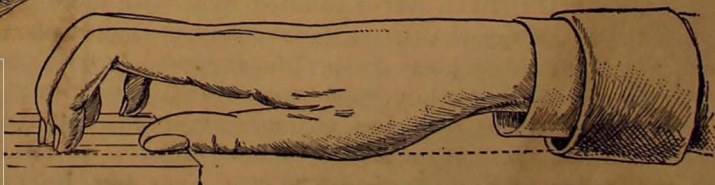
Now raise the forefinger at the knuckle and drop it with a sharp, swift blow upon the key beneath. Practice this with all the fingers of both hands in succession until you no longer feel any stiffness or awkwardness in delivering the blow.

In Richardson's New Method, or any good method for the piano, will be found



CORRECT POSITION OF ARM AND WRIST.

script paper repeatedly from memory, till it can be done without an error; but in practice on the piano beginners should confine themselves to C and G major and their relative minors for a month or longer, till the fingers have gained some facility.



CORRECT POSITION OF HAND FOR FIVE-FINGER EXERCISES:

five-finger exercises which must occupy much of the pupil's practice-hour till independence of one another is gained for every finger. Read the directions given for their practice, and begin with exercise No. 17 in Richardson's, observing the fingering carefully. This is the starting-point of all good technique, and the maxim "*Festina lente*"—"make haste slowly"—cannot be too strongly urged. The shortest cut to attain great facility in executing rapid passages is to practice very slowly, with mechanical accuracy.

(To be concluded.)

Society Fads.

NATURE never wasted a pretty feature on a New York woman; for whether it be only a set of pearly teeth, a daintily arched nose, a roseleaf skin, or fine eyes, in an otherwise plain face, the dame or damsel of Manhattan Island can build, on one of these gifts alone, almost a reputation for beauty. Equally thrifty are they if blessed only with nice hair, or a smart figure, or, best of all, lovely feet. But of her feet she is always proudest; and some of the devices adopted for showing pretty extremities to advantage and thrilling the heart of one's sister woman with admiration and envy of the same, would interest a student of human nature.

Wearing charming, well-fitted boots, and having one's skirts cut just a wee bit short in front are not the only resources for display. In Miss Manhattan's sweet pink-and-white sitting-room there stands of late a French cabinet, all of glass in gilt frame-work, and behind its door, not the most careless caller can fail to see a wondrous array of shoes. There on the plate-glass shelves are set rows and rows of foot-gear,—sturdy little calfskin walking-boots, yellow golfing, skating, bicycling shoes, neat, pointed overshoes, and tall, patent-leather riding-boots. On the shelf above are fairy-like satin mules, fur-bordered bedroom *pantoufles*, scarlet Turkish slippers, high, fur-lined carriage-shoes for evening wear; and then, on the top shelf, a bewildering array of satin, Suède, and patent-leather slippers, meant for Cinderella's feet, apparently,—all pointed, all high-heeled, all as straight as a measuring rule, and scarcely wider than one's three fingers, and in their midst stands a pair of wax feet, bare and prettily tinted. These are duplicates of the models on which Miss Manhattan's shoemaker fits all her shoes, and a high-born Chinese lady would blush with jealousy to see them. There are some persons cruel and skeptical enough to whisper that the models at the shoemaker's are really a half-inch larger all around, and that in some of those slippers Miss Manhattan would find it as impossible to walk as the proud sisters did in Cinderella's glass shoe; nevertheless she has many imitators, and the plate-glass Louis Quinze shoe-box has become of late a familiar piece of morning-room furniture.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL never studied light with more earnest scientific energy than do a great many modish women, a large part of whose pleasure in life depends on just the strength and tint of glow shed over drawing and dining rooms. The hostess who has no more sympathy and tact than to fill her house with garish electric bulbs, or permit a gas chandelier to flare, in white globes, over her dinner-table, has an evil reputation among her women friends, and

finds it hard to persuade some of the most charming matrons in town to attend her good dinners. The question is, What degree and tone of light gives the most youthful and becoming effect, and how shall it be made to shed its beneficent influence over the rooms in which one receives and entertains? Lamps and candles have long been highly recommended for their fulfillment of just that delicate task; but investigation proves that unless placed at the proper height above the face, and suitably shaded, they can make or mar a name for beauty. One sensitive woman of fashion rose and excused herself, on a plea of sudden illness, from a dinner-party where the hard-hearted hostess had covered her candles with unrelieved shades nearly the color of Paris green. Table candles should be placed so that the glow strikes through a pale rose, faint lavender, or delicate yellow shade, directly on a level with the diners' faces. Such shades must be lined with white and bear a fall of white lace over them.

The rule for lighting a drawing-room now directs that tall lamps be placed in the corners, rose-shaded ones near where one is apt to stand receiving and talking, and low lamps on tables near sofas and chairs. Electric light, if used at all, should be introduced only high up in the corners or cornices of rooms, with rose-colored ground-glass bulbs. This is something of an expense, by the way, for these faintly tinted bulbs fade after a while, and must needs be renewed; but when it is a question of appearing ten years younger than one's age, the bulbs seem cheap. So far, of late, has this study of light effect gone, that in New York houses no hanging lantern appears in the hallway; instead, what seems to be a series of small windows are cut in the wall, high up. These are filled with rich stained-glass, behind which the gas or electricity flares out with a warm, dull glow. Beside dressing-tables, swing from the ceiling two electric bulbs inside flaring bells of rose-colored glass covered again by white *chiffon* shades. The ugly green wire that carries the electric current is braided with what looks to be a cable made of plaited pink satin ribbon. By a series of little hooks and eyes these ribbon ropes may be lengthened or shortened to suit the maker of the toilet.

THE old moot question as to whether social engagements should be held to the minute or not has been settled at last by a visiting Englishwoman of high degree, and the etiquette of the British court has been introduced into fashionable New York. For a dinner-party the minutes of grace allowed tardy guests, the excuses made for her who comes in before the hostess herself arrives in the drawing-room, and the surprise of arriving just on the stroke of the clock, are all done away with. Exactly three minutes after the time mentioned in the invitations sent out, whether one or all the guests have arrived, the host leads the way to the dining-room. These three minutes are allowed for the women to take off wraps in the dressing-room and undergo the process of greeting or introduction proper before the meal is announced. Tardy guests must suffer the mortification of paying excuses to the seated hostess. For luncheons the same rule holds good, as well as for breakfasts. At wedding receptions half an hour is the time allowance given; and all these rules are printed on a leather-framed card that now hangs in every private carriage.

Very busy women, who belong to clubs innumerable, have long calling-lists, and are members of many charity committees, have taken to wearing the oddest little alarm-watches. They are the ordinary jeweled affairs to pin on one's belt or shoulder, but by the deft-handed jewelers are now fitted with tiny alarms. Their use is plain to understand. Here are fifteen calls to make all in one afternoon, and only so many

minutes to be devoted to every call, let us say five, ten, or fifteen. On stepping out of the carriage the alarm is set to sound at a certain time. In the midst of drawing-room tea, chatter, and interest, where the flight of time is forgotten, a clear little ringing on one's left shoulder proclaims one must be on one's way. Sometimes at a crowded reception a regu-

lar chime of wee bells breaks forth, and in an instant a gay tea-table is deserted. These watches are worn to dinners, even, inside one's bodice, to luncheons, the opera, and theater; for, having arranged for one's carriage to call at a certain moment, the clear ringing reminds one of its arrival.

MADAME LA MODE.

HOW DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OBSERVE EASTER.

THE different denominations answered for, respectively, by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Mac Arthur, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne, Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, Father Ducey, Rev. Dr. Burrell, and Rev. Dr. Collyer.

THE BAPTISTS.

REV. DR. R. S. MAC ARTHUR, FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PASTOR OF CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE principal feature of the observance of Easter Sunday in the Baptist Church is baptism. We believe that this is the day, above all other days, when baptism is most appropriate. Baptism symbolizes the death and the resurrection; surely, then, Easter Sunday is a fitting day for the baptismal ceremony.

We hold that our church is the oldest, our service the oldest, that is, according to the New Testament, which we follow as closely as we possibly can; so on Easter Sunday, according to the old apostolic record, we go down into the waters, are baptised in the name of the Trinity, and come again up out of the waters.

In my own church we have three important services on Easter Sunday: In the morning, an Easter sermon and singing; in the afternoon, the baptismal service, when all the church, even the children, gather to witness and sanction the immersions; in the evening, a service of communion, when I extend the hand of church fellowship to all those who have been baptised and who wish to join the church.

Of course we have the usual display of flowers, the baptistry being especially rich in floral decoration; but the principal feature of the day is the baptism, an ancient custom, and one which is growing every year. The Baptist Church in America has doubled itself since Easter Sunday of 1870, when my pastorate of Calvary Church began.

As for myself, I believe in the observance of Easter as a day of death and life,—of renewed life, as it were,—and therefore a day of beautiful promise. Of course there is no law compelling baptism on Easter Sunday in the Baptist Churches, but I believe it is almost universally practiced among the churches of our denomination; but each pastor may use his individual judgment, according to his beliefs. For me, the Easter baptism is a most beautiful and impressive ceremony, it being my own idea of the true observance of Easter.

THE EPISCOPALIANS.

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

THE observance of Easter in the Episcopal Church, after the manner of all ceremonies in our Church, is marked by

solemn and impressive services. It is different from the forms and observance among other denominations, in that there is more form and ceremony than among the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, and the others. These forms are more or less elaborate, according to the degree in which the church is high or low.

Of course on Easter Sunday all the Church dignitaries assemble to do honor personally by observance of the day with special music and appropriate sermons, services for the children, floral decorations, etc. The day is thus fittingly remembered as a day of holy thought and promise, while an element of great gladness pervades this celebration of the glorious resurrection of our Saviour.

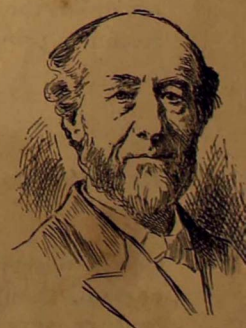
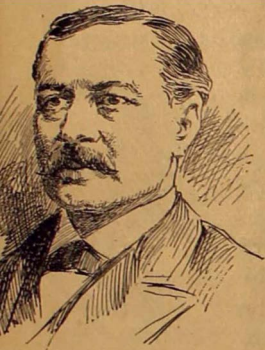
The day is one of sweet communion among all things that live. Nature springs into new life, and human souls into new being. The churches are crowded more than on any Sunday during the year, and judging from the spectacle presented at the various churches of all creeds throughout this land, who can doubt that a general understanding, and reverence for Easter Day pervades all Christendom?

THE METHODISTS.

REV. DR. C. H. PAYNE, SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, AND EX-PRESIDENT OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

THE difference in the observance of Easter among the churches in America is largely a matter of the forms observed. All ministers of Christ preach a sermon on that day, and the sermon remains, after all, the principal thing. But, of course, the Methodists do not overlook the external and more material forms, such as songs and flowers. We love these, when it is consistent, not as the Protestant Episcopalians and as the Catholics, but in the sense that we get back from them, as far as we go, the same significance, that is, a means of rejoicing.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first came to America, Easter Sunday, like all other Church days, was almost totally unregarded. But gradually, as life in this country grew easier and less burdened with danger, the pendulum of Christian worship swung back, till now we have days of both feasting and fasting. Thanksgiving was created as a Church day, and



we have continued to follow it ; but Easter is really a Church day resurrected.

The Methodist Church does not observe Lent, nor does it follow Church days strictly ; but those which we do observe are carried out in all sincerity.

Easter Sunday in the Methodist Church is a day of happiness and of gladness commingled with the sense of awe and reverence for the One who that day arose from the dead and ascended to everlasting life.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

REV. DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, PASTOR OF THE BRICK CHURCH.

THE Presbyterians, as a rule, do not follow the days on the Church calendar. They are rather opposed to than inclined to observe any of the Church days, as outward form in the distinction of any day seems unnecessary, and as the worship of God is observed the year round.

As for myself, I always observe Easter in my own church with the usual discourse and the floral decorations and choir service. I believe my church is one of the few Presbyterian churches in the city to observe the day with any great or special services.

Any attention to Easter as a day of special ceremony is not entirely new in the Presbyterian Church. It is a revival of an old-time custom. To me it seems a day of general promise of happiness and of immortality. I believe that churches of every denomination should observe the day according to their own belief of its meaning.

THE CATHOLICS.

REVEREND FATHER DUCEY, PASTOR OF ST. LEO'S.

I WILL not touch upon the difference in faith, creed, or doctrine between the Church of Rome and the Protestant denominations, as I understand that I am simply to speak of the manner in which the Catholic Church observes Easter.

I suppose the Catholic Church, more than any other, uses all the various outward or more sensuous forms and ceremonies attached to the significance of the Eastertide. Of course we follow all the Church days through Lent, and especially during Holy Week.

On Easter Day comes the grand ceremony of praise and rejoicing over the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour. We have the usual Easter sermons, together with high masses, and music of the highest order, the best musical talent being engaged ; and flowers form the principal decorations.

THE DUTCH REFORMED.

REV. DR. DAVID J. BURRELL, PASTOR OF THE MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

THE observance of Easter Sunday in America is an old custom, though in its more emphatic form it is a present century revival. The particular day fixed as the anniversary of the rising from the dead of our Master is not chronologically correct, but probably no one attaches any importance to this so long as the day is observed.

In the Collegiate churches we give more attention on Easter Day to the outward forms of worship than among the other Reformed churches. In my own church, of course, I always preach an Easter sermon, endeavoring to make my discourse a message of sweet love and promise to all, together with a suggestion of immortality as evidenced in the example of our risen Lord, who promised everlasting life to whosoever shall obey Him.

The musical part of the programme on that day in my own church is a special feature. This Easter, the praises of our Lord will be sung in my church by a chorus of one hundred and fifty trained voices, all singers of the Reformed denomination.

Flowers form rather a secondary feature of the ceremony ; but we always distribute them the next day among the institutions for the poor, where they will bring the most cheer and comfort.

THE UNITARIANS.

REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

THE aim of the Unitarian Church in observing Easter Sunday is to apply to the day such forms and ceremonies and worship as seem to us to be the truth. It is a day of universal rejoicing, a day of universal promise. We of course have songs and praises and flowers and the usual outward forms that all the churches observe. The principal difference in the observance of Easter Sunday among the different denominations lies, secondarily, in the greater or less elaboration of the outward forms and ceremonies, and, primarily, in the interpretation given to the meaning of the resurrection of Christ by each denomination. All Christendom recognizes it as a day of resurrection, just as they observe Good Friday as a day of mourning ; but these are not the points for discussion here.

The question is, How do the Unitarians observe Easter ? In my own church, we have, of course, the usual Easter sermon,—I always preach one thoroughly in keeping with the day ; but we also have a song service, and, above all, we make it a day for the children.

All the flowers are distributed among the children,—it seems like adding flowers to flowers ; and when there are more than enough of these angel-painted beauties to go around, we send them out to the hospitals.

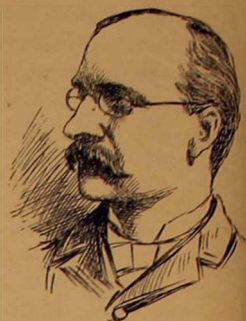
After all, we observe the day in the way that seems to us nearest the truth. As in all things Unitarian, we do that which we are convinced is the truth, not because of any written law either in the doctrines or in the Bible, but because it seems true.

We bring the Bible to the truth, and not the truth to the Bible. Whatever form, sermon, or ceremony we observe on Easter is just what all denominations believe to be the true way ; that is, the way of their own idea of the truth.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

SWEET April-time !—O cruel April-time !
Year after year returning, with a brow
Of promise, and red lips with longing paled,
And backward-hidden hands that clutch the joys
Of vanished springs, like flowers.

D. M. MULOCK.



What Women Are Doing.

Mrs. Emma Scott, of Birmingham, Ala., has been elected enrolment clerk of the Alabama Senate.

Dr. Annie Walker, of Mississippi, is superintendent of the Hospital at Foo Chou, China.

Miss Franc Baker is writing a history of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has 6,128 organizations with 153,503 members.

Mrs. Frances Klock has introduced a bill in the Colorado House providing for an industrial school for girls and appropriating \$15,000 for its establishment and maintenance.

Miss Carrie Liebig, who has just been appointed a division surgeon of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Hope, Idaho, is the first woman physician to be appointed in the railway service.

Mrs. Harriet Duterte, a colored woman, is one of the most successful undertakers in Philadelphia. She has carried on the business for about twenty-five years, furnishing all the requisites for funerals.

Miss Frances E. Willard is the third woman who has won the degree of LL.D. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, were the others.

Mrs. M. B. Brown, of Washington, N. C., has given to the State Council of King's Daughters her beautiful home, to be used as a home for imbecile children. There are said to be 4,000 in the State, and the Legislature will be asked to make an appropriation for its support.

Mrs. L. E. Castle, of Callender, Iowa, has qualified to act as Justice of the Peace. Her husband runs a drugstore in her name, and thus her initials were used on the ballots instead of his. As there was no law against her acting as justice, she has been sworn in.

Dr. Annie W. Williams, the New Jersey girl who has been appointed assistant bacteriologist in the New York Health Department, is a graduate of 1892 from the Woman's Medical College of this city. She had studied in Leipsic before entering the college, and was an assistant professor of pathology before she devoted herself to bacteriology. Her work is especially distinguished by its thoroughness.

The **Equal Suffrage Association** of Fresno, Cal., is getting signers to a petition giving married women the right to do business in their own names and to collect their own wages. In that State the law gives a man the right to one-half of a wife's wages, and if she does business she must do it in her husband's name, which is a fruitful source of divorce, so many husbands squander their wives' money as fast as they can get it.

Mrs. Eugenia B. Farmer has lately organized an Equal Rights Association among the colored people in Covington, Ky., the first in the State. As women will vote for the school boards in the cities of the second class, Covington, Newport, and Lexington, in 1895, it is particularly desirable that the colored women should be to some degree trained to exercise their new rights intelligently, and this training can nowhere be so effectually given as in an Equal Rights Association. The new Association is auxiliary to the Kentucky E. R. A.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows of Boston is said to be one of the best woman reporters in the world, if not the best. This distinction is due not only to her quick wit and ready pen, but to the fact that she is conversant both as a writer and speaker with some six or seven languages. At the time of the Columbian Exposition Mrs. Barrows was in Greece, but was sent for by one of the Boston papers to report the doings of the Parliament of Religions, her linguistic knowledge proving of especial service in that capacity.

Miss Helen Gould sends each year a check for the support of two beds in the Babies' Shelter connected with the Church of the Holy Communion, in New York City, and the check is always accompanied by the words, "Reserve the cots for the two most uninteresting babies." She is especially interested in hospitals for the children and in day nurseries, and likes to take under her particular charge the little ones whom others would find unattractive. At her home at Irvington-on-the-Hudson she has each Saturday morning a sewing-class of little girls, children of the workmen on her place.

Easter Hymn.

QUAFFED the cup, the anguish of the garden;
Borne the cross, the scourge, the cruel spear;
Christ no more with earthly bonds is laden,
Calleth the Father, and the Son is near!

Came from the cloud the call of resurrection;
Came from th' angelic host a chosen band;
Shout, all earth, the cry of His election!
Shout, His faithful all in every land!

Sing to earth, its suffering and its trusting,
This, heaven's joyous and triumphant hour!
Thus, the bonds of death and Satan bursting,
Faith rejoiceth in a Saviour's power.

Shout, ye hosts on high to man rejoicing,
"Where is death's victory and where its sting?"
Sing, the cry of hope and pardon voicing,
"Swift to His kingdom comes the Heavenly King!"

Sing, "The risen Lord to heaven is soaring
Amid seraphic throngs' celestial flight!"
Won the crown, ye faithful and adoring,
Fled the shadows of despair and night.

Awake! the risen Christ on high is soaring,
Angels environ Him on either side.
Eyes upraised in agony, imploring,
Shine in th' effulgence of the Eastertide.

CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

Hush!

A CALM in midst of sorrow's bitter pain,
Silence obtained, victory at any cost,—
This resignation is not cold disdain,
Or feeling proudly lost.

A grief may ease itself with tears to start,
Or vehement outcries in passion's breath;
But the calm silence of a broken heart
Is sadder far than death.

Life may flow patiently in tearless woe,
Its palmless martyrdom concealed, secure;
Only the soul itself the grief may know,
And silently endure.

On peaceful brows, in gentle, youthful eyes,
The smile may linger and the glance be bright;
The will accomplishing this sacrifice
May vanquish sorrow's blight.

The strength of all regret is lost in sighs;
In murmuring, sorrow's fiercest flame expires;
But silence is the close where memories
Burn with undying fires.

A. M. BLANCHECOTTE.

Translated by EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

Our Girls.

The Compensations of Thirty.

TWO Nineteen, anything beyond the twenties seems like hopeless old age. She is sure that when she is thirty, life will have nothing more to offer; amusements will cease to amuse, and she will be quite ready to retire to a convent. She imagines there is a great gulf fixed between her and that mystic birthday.

Among the many surprises that await one at that dreaded halting-place on life's march is that one has arrived there so easily. There has been no tug, no strain, no breathless climbing. One simply arrives.

"And I don't feel a day older than when I was twenty," says Thirty, very pleasantly astonished at the fact. But let her stop and review the ground, and she realizes, with keenest satisfaction, that she is really on a far higher level than Nineteen occupied,—on a level, indeed, that that shortsighted young lady has no conception of.

Let us suppose that, as often happens in this age of critical women, Thirty finds herself still fancy free. According to the spirit of the age, she will have given herself some definite aim in life. She is a physician, an architect, a philanthropist, a journalist, a teacher, an author, an artist, a sculptor, a musician, or one of the half a hundred other things that a woman may elect in these latter days. Or if, perchance, she have no taste for public life, she is the mainstay at home; or her rector's efficient helper and right hand; or a noble society woman, making the social atmosphere purer and cleaner by living in it.

While she may well say she feels no older than at nineteen, a very slight introspection will show her changes so radical that it makes her smile. Where is her love for sad stories, for minor music, for tragedies at the theater, or for lonely summer twilight? She knows what Howells means when he says, "One must be very young or very happy to endure the sadness of a summer night." Where is her absorbing self-pity, or intolerable "blues"? She seldom thinks of yielding to the megrims now. The evil spirit of depression still comes, but she has learned how to fight it. She sensibly refers its presence to that piece of mince-pie, or to lack of exercise, or to too much routine, and she takes measures accordingly.

She is far less selfish, and having realized that there are existences outside of her own, she has ceased to be surprised and half-resentful when people fail to act according to her will; she has learned that there are opinions quite worthy of consideration besides those emanating from her own brain: consequently, she is tolerant of other people's views, for she knows now there is nothing so narrow as the intolerance of youth. She has learned deep charity for other people's failings, even for lapses from morality; for she has

discovered—possibly from her own experience, and certainly from her friends'—how much of our vaunted virtue lies in not being tempted.

She realizes now, too, that life is much what one makes it. At the same time she has learned to take its chances as they come, neither wildly elated at its joys, nor utterly cast down by its sorrows. All things pass, and nothing concerns us vitally but to stand true to our better selves. Outward circumstances matter less to her, and she has learned to smile at disappointments that would once have crushed her to the very dust. Much of the restlessness of constant desire disappears, for life is too full to allow her to dwell on unsatisfied aspirations.

Another truth has gradually dawned upon her: she knows that happiness *en masse* is simply the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; therefore, she blithely appropriates all the bits of brightness that flash across one's daily path, knowing that these make up the sum and substance of human happiness. Moreover, she does not now feel that she has a prescriptive right to be happy, nor does she deem that nature is outraged if her will is gainsaid.

She begins to comprehend the great law of compensation; how everything in this life balances; how much less difference there is in reality than in appearance, between lives outwardly diverse. Like Mrs. Ewing's dear little hero, she has learned to say, though with hot tears, it may be, and with quivering lips, "*Laeta mea sorte.*"

She has learned not to look forward from day to day, using today's strength for tomorrow's burden. She feels the truth of MacDonald's words, "No man ever sank under the burden of today. It is tomorrow's load that is intolerable."

To take other directions of growth, her enjoyment in her friends is far greater. She has learned to demand little of them, and takes their idiosyncrasies for granted. She gives freely of her storehouse of affection, without measuring all she receives. She appreciates what Rochefoucauld meant when he affirmed that the bliss of being loved is not to be compared with the bliss of loving. And, aside from these deep, true friendships of the heart, she takes keen delight in purely intellectual friendships. An hour's conversation is like a tonic, and meeting a congenial person has the effect of new wine.

Socially, Thirty exerts a potent charm unknown to the witchery of Nineteen. She is sure of herself, of her power, of her position. Forgetful of herself, as Nineteen rarely is, she gives a man the attention and sympathetic interest in which his soul delights.

Yet, after all, the secret of the whole change lies in one thing. At Nineteen, all life is summed up in one word—"*Ministrari*,"—"to be ministered unto." It is only as the years go by that we learn the depth and meaning of the whole noble legend that changes life for us all:

"*Non ministrari, sed ministrare*"—"Not to be ministered unto, but to serve."

ELIZABETH TIMLOW.

Sanitarian.

Underwear Hygienically Considered.

WHE hears a great deal of talk nowadays about so-called sanitary underwear. Each manufacturer of such clothing asserts and attempts to prove that he is producing the one thing needful to cure all ills of the body and to preserve all its strength and beauty. Of the many

lecturers on dress and health and kindred subjects, who are carrying their gospel into the remotest villages of the land, each one has a particular sort of underwear which she has found to be desirable, and which she sets forth as the only really healthful and comfortable article of its kind. Even private individuals who have discovered the sort of underwear that meets their especial needs are apt to think that it

must necessarily meet the need of everyone else, and they are full of advice to all friends who will heed them, and have a secret contempt for all who will not recognize the superiority of their choice.

This is, perhaps, but a natural and commendable desire to share a good thing with one's friends, and does no special harm, whether the advice be followed or not. But in the case of the lecturer and dress reformer her opinion carries (or should carry) some weight, and is thus often misleading to persons who desire guidance in these matters; not because it is not a good opinion, so far as it goes, but because it is too limited to be useful to many people.

While it is not possible for everyone to wear exactly the same sort of underwear, or even the same sort of material, there are some general considerations on the subject which hold good of every kind of under garment, and which may be useful in a suggestive way to every person. It will be seen that a general principle of healthfulness may be adhered to and yet admit of as great variety in styles and materials in our underwear, as in our jackets and gowns.

To answer all sanitary requirements, underwear must thoroughly protect the body from exposure, must afford sufficient ventilation so that it will not be necessary for the skin to absorb again the impurities it has once thrown off, and must be so shaped that it will not bind unnaturally any muscle or ligament, but will permit perfect freedom of motion in every part of the body. When we learn what sort of underwear will meet these requirements in each individual case, we shall know when we have secured healthful and proper garments.

But each case must be considered individually; for what is perfectly healthful underwear for one person may be insufficient protection or too heavy and oppressive for another. Some persons, through neglect of frequent bathing and active exercise, have a sluggish circulation and are only comfortable under a weight of underwear that would almost suffocate an active, healthy, full-blooded person. Of course one cannot approve of substituting heavy clothes for exercise, and no one can hope to long have vigorous health under such circumstances; still one must be kept warm, and if she has not sufficient natural heat she must warm herself artificially.

In a few cases, disease or an inherited weak constitution render it necessary to give extra protection from exposure; but certainly what is worn in these cases of reduced vitality should not be recommended as the proper sort of underwear for the average healthy person, who would, indeed, not only be uncomfortable, but would be positively injured by wearing it. There is almost as much exposure in getting overheated as in not keeping warm enough, and the former is probably the more dangerous of the two.

Perfect protection, then, is just enough protection to keep the body normal and comfortable, and not to interfere with its natural heat. To do this as it should be done it is necessary to adjust the weight of our underwear to the season, and change with the changing temperature as far as is practicable. Everyone should have three, and, if possible, four, different weights in underwear: the very lightest for hot weather, something a trifle heavier for cool, damp summer weather and the early autumn, medium weight for ordinary winter wear, and extra heavy for severely cold weather.

To persons who are accustomed to buy only what they need for each season this may seem an extravagant outlay. The first expense of it is, of course, something more than ordinary; but it is no more expensive in the end, since the double quantity will be worn only half as much and will last twice as long. Some persons assert, and experience seems to warrant the assertion, that it will last more than twice as long,—that the fabric, like the leather in shoes,

gains something in durability by having an occasional rest. This really seems to be the case; but, however that may be, the expense is certainly no more than in buying from season to season, and the advantage from a hygienic point of view is very considerable.

All parts of the body should be equally well protected. In summertime this is not so important, for no part of the body is then in much need of protection, and undergarments are worn more as a matter of cleanliness than anything else. In cases where one is very sensitive to draughts and sudden changes (and everyone is more or less sensitive to them) more care should be taken; but in ordinary cases there is nothing startlingly reckless in wearing low-necked and short-sleeved undergarments so long as one exercises some discretion about it and learns to know when she needs something warmer.

But in cold weather, when the sharp winds are seeking out every exposed place on the body, there is no question that it is more healthful for everyone to clothe herself with equal warmth from ankle to neck, and consequently everyone should wear high-necked, long-sleeved, ankle-length underwear. The weight may be as light as the wearer finds comfortable, but there should be no sudden endings and no gaps so that one part of the body is fairly shocked with cold when one steps out of doors, while the rest is snugly covered.

For this reason combination suits are better than two separate garments. They are of equal thickness throughout, while the separate vest and drawers are very much thicker and warmer where they overlap around the body than they are over the chest, or else they are liable to work apart and leave a place for draughts. But many persons do not like combination suits, and there is no imperative reason why they should wear them when they do not. Even though they are the best for equal warmth they are a trifle more expensive than the two garments, since the whole suit must be thrown away when one part wears out. We cannot have perfection in every direction, and one may sacrifice to economy even a thing that is hygienically good, without any disaster if one be wise enough to make use of the next best thing.

While protection is what we seek in selecting underwear it is easy to get too much of it; and one should in this matter, as in almost everything else, strive after moderation and endeavor to avoid the mistake of being so engrossed with one idea as to overlook others of equal importance. It is not uncommon to find a person almost sealed up in heavy, stiff undergarments with tight bands at ankles and wrists, congratulating herself on being wisely and healthfully clothed. It would, indeed, be better to suffer a little more exposure than to exclude all air from the body and all opportunity for ventilation and evaporation.

It is one of the important functions of the skin to throw off waste and impure matter from the body. When such matter comes in the form of perspiration it can only be absorbed again by the skin if the underwear is so close and tight that it has no opportunity to evaporate. If it comes in the form of solid matter and has no way of escape, it simply remains on the surface of the body and soon clogs up the pores of the skin, and thus deprives it of its value as a purifier. It is impossible to maintain good health for any length of time without this assistance from the skin; and it will be seen, therefore, that however carefully one may keep herself warmly and snugly clad she may thwart her own excellent intention if she does not give the skin a free opportunity to perform its natural functions.

To secure the necessary ventilation three things must be considered: the sort of material used, the manner in which it is woven, and the shape of the garment when finished. A

smooth-fitting shape is best because there are no clumsy folds to render the different parts unequal; but it should be loose enough to allow some circulation of air between the skin and the garment, and there should be no very tight bands at the ankles, wrists, or neck, unless the material itself is sufficiently open and porous to make the shape of no consequence.

As to the best sort of material to use, there is no dispute that, other things being equal, wool is the most desirable for sanitary underwear. It has fine absorbent qualities, it is porous and warm and light, and where it can be used with comfort to the body and pocket it certainly should always have the preference. But because it is the best it does not necessarily follow that it is the only material which may be used in the manufacture of sanitary underwear, though this is what most of its advocates would have us believe. Silk and silk-and-wool are esteemed by some as superior to all-wool, but these are always more expensive.

It will be thought by some persons almost a heresy to say that in many cases cotton will answer the purpose as well as wool and is sometimes even more desirable. While nothing can be better than a good quality of wool, the cheaper grades are rough, stiff, and irritating, and the better grades are more expensive than a large majority of persons can afford. Besides this, wool wears out sooner than cotton; and even when it is not worn out, unless one has an especially good laundress (and most people do not have especially good laundresses) it will soon shrink until it is tight enough to interfere with the circulation and is so impervious to air or moisture that one might as well wear rubber underwear.

Get wool, then, if you can afford the best and can renew it often, or if it does not irritate your skin, or if your health and circulation are so defective that you cannot keep warm without it. In short, always choose the best when you can. But if you are an ordinarily healthy, active person, and have need of being as economical as your health and comfort will permit, don't be afraid to wear cotton underwear, but see that it is of good quality, loosely and thickly woven, and well shaped.

The third requirement for healthful underwear, that it shall not bind anywhere or hinder free motion, will be fulfilled if the suggestions already made are followed. If the garment is shapely and not too tight, and there are no tight bands, it cannot very seriously impede muscular movement.

While it is important to consider the sanitary value of the various kinds of underwear, it is also important to remember that what is necessary for the comfort of one person is often not at all necessary for another; and so the various kinds of people are to be considered also. The supreme test of desirability is comfort; and if one is wise enough to know when she is comfortable (children and a few grown people are not), she will have no difficulty in choosing the sort of underwear that is best, that is, most healthful, for her. The very best will not make a sick person well, nor keep an inactive person warm.

MARTHA J. EVANS.

Violets.

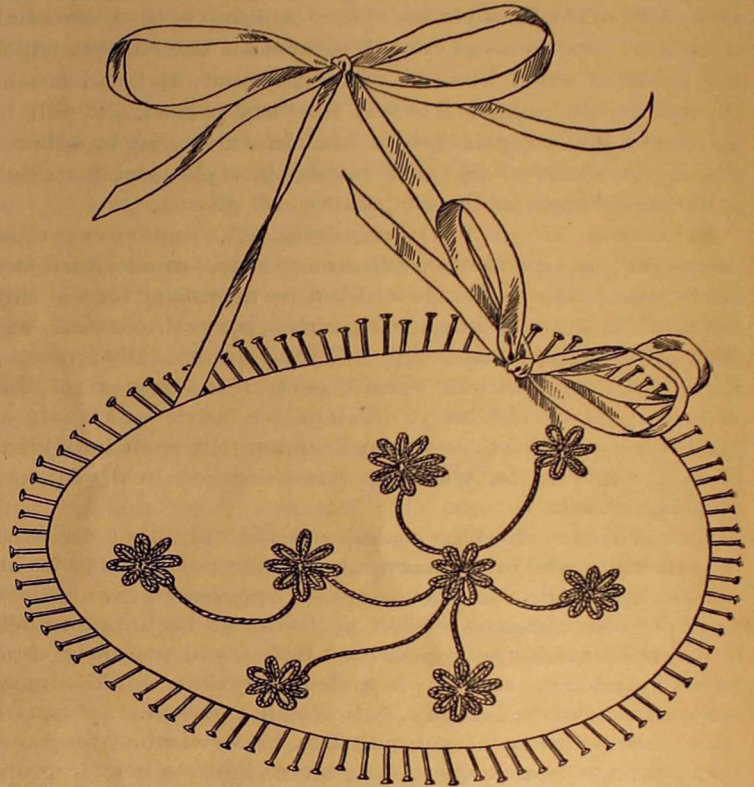
(See Full-Page Oil-Picture.)

OUR exquisite colored picture for this month is a charmingly faithful arrangement of that dominant favorite, the dear little odorous violet. Small wonder would it be if this dainty blossom should take upon itself the airs and graces of its haughty sisters the rose and the lily, for they are compelled to bow their arrogant heads before the unbounded popularity of this sweet flower. It must, indeed, possess inherent humility to still deserve the name of "the modest violet," so much is it affected by men, women, and children.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Dainty Easter Gifts.

It is always easy to find elaborate and expensive gifts for Easter, but the demand for simple ones is often not more than half met; and particularly acceptable at this season are new ideas and models for trifles that can be easily made at home.



PINCUSHION.

The little egg pincushion is pretty enough to hang on the corner of a writing-desk, or to be at hand in the parlor when a pin is needed. Two egg-shaped pieces of cardboard, four inches long by two and three-quarters in the widest place, are covered smoothly with fine white linen, and one side is embroidered with a spray of lavender daisies done with floss. The linen is of course embroidered before it is fastened on the cardboard; the edges are overhanded together, and the egg is suspended by lavender ribbons.

The teapot holder is daintily suggestive of Easter gayeties. It is of white kid, painted in water-colors with a conventionalized design of crocuses and their leaves, lined with white satin, and bound with half-inch white satin ribbon. A piece of kid five and a half inches square is required, and the painting is the first thing to be done. The inclosing circle and the flowers are in lavender, shading to purple, and the leaves in olive-green; as a finishing touch all the outlines are gilded. The ribbon binding is stitched on both edges. The lettering is done in gilt; and, of course, any other suitable motto can be used.

The Easter lily is intended for a card; and a leaf, cut in the same form, which is fastened beneath it,—the dotted lines through the bow indicate the exact shape,—bears the Easter greeting, "Thine Easter be Blessed." The lily is cut from rough water-color paper, and shaded with water-colors to bring out the form, as seen in the illustration; the leaves and stem are green; a pale greenish-gray and ivory tints are best for the flower. The leaves are tied together with pale

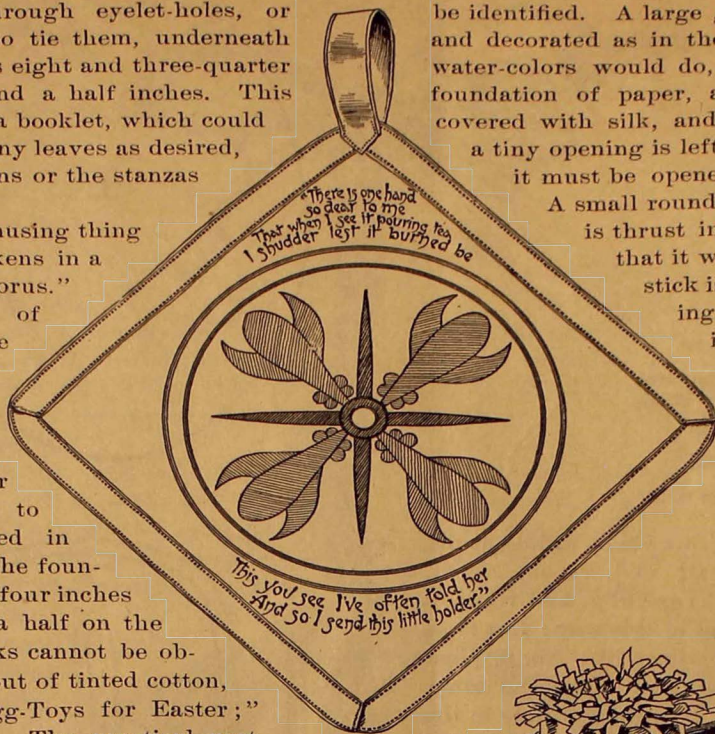
green satin ribbon passed through eyelet-holes, or "baby" ribbon may be used to tie them, underneath the bow. Its extreme length is eight and three-quarter inches, and the width, five and a half inches. This would be a charming design for a booklet, which could be easily made by adding as many leaves as desired, lettered with suitable inscriptions or the stanzas of a poem.

The Easter penwiper is an amusing thing representing a goose and chickens in a pen, and called "An Easter Chorus." For the foundation, a piece of rough cardboard, seven by five and a quarter inches, is needed; this is painted in shades of brown and lettered in red and gold. The "fence" is of light cloth-grained cardboard, or heavy water-color paper, cut to represent palings, and painted in shades of gray. It is glued to the foundation in the form of a triangle four inches broad at its base by four and a half on the sides. If a toy goose and chicks cannot be obtained, it is easy to make them out of tinted cotton, or as described in "Novel Egg-Toys for Easter;" they should be glued in place. The practical part of this little gift, the penwiper, is of fringed chamois fastened into the bottom of a small round pill-box, which is gilded and glued to one corner of the card.

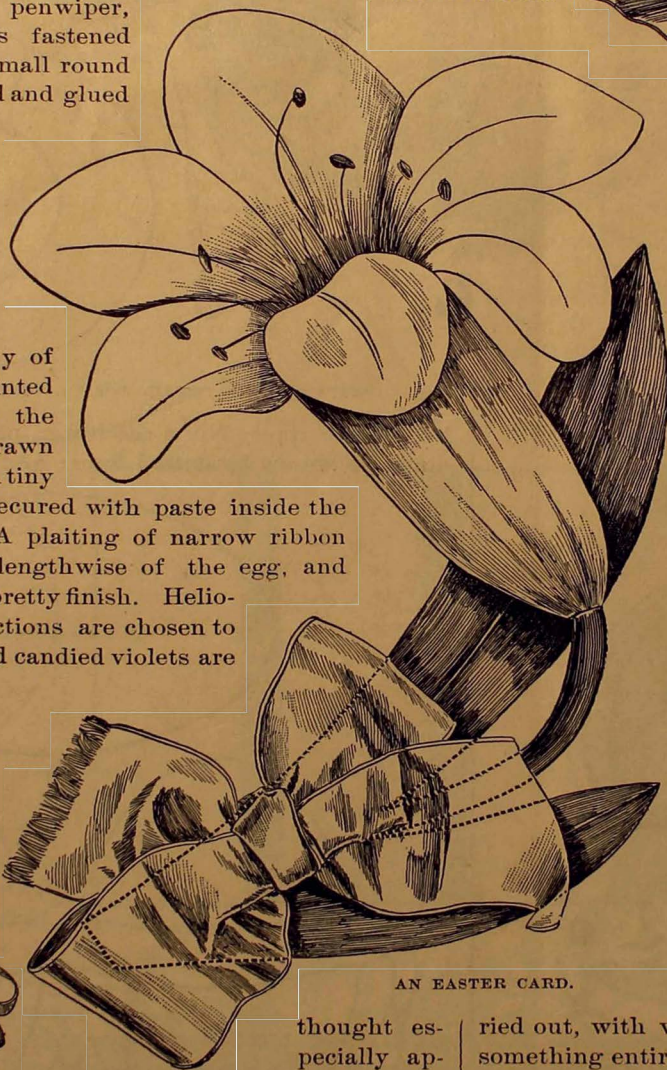
The *bonbonnière*, though retaining the shape of the egg, is made upon a foundation of stiff paper and covered with heliotrope satin. A spray of apple-blossoms is painted or embroidered upon the satin before it is drawn over the foundation. A tiny bag of ivory satin is secured with paste inside the opening at the top. A plaiting of narrow ribbon covers the one seam lengthwise of the egg, and loops of ribbon give a pretty finish. Heliotrope and white confections are chosen to fill the *bonbonnière*, and candied violets are



BONBONNIÈRE.



TEAPOT HOLDER.



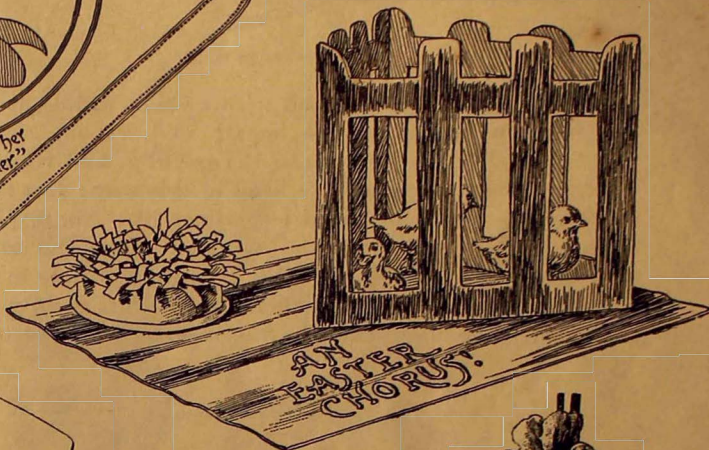
AN EASTER CARD.

thought especially appropriate.

The flower-holder is one of those ornaments which find great favor with some people since artificial flowers are so skillfully manipulated that they must be touched to

be identified. A large goose-egg may be used for this, and decorated as in the illustration, with oil paints,—water-colors would do, but they are perishable; or a foundation of paper, as for the *bonbonnière*, can be covered with silk, and embroidered or painted. Only

a tiny opening is left in the top, so if an egg be used it must be opened and emptied with great care. A small round stick, four or five inches long, is thrust in the opening, just filling it, so that it will stay securely in place. The stick is then wound with ribbons, forming a loop to hang by and fastened in a bow below, and into the twist of ribbon two purple orchids are twined. The



PENWIPER.

bows beneath are fastened to the egg with paste.

E. A. F.

How to Make Novel Egg-Toys for Easter.

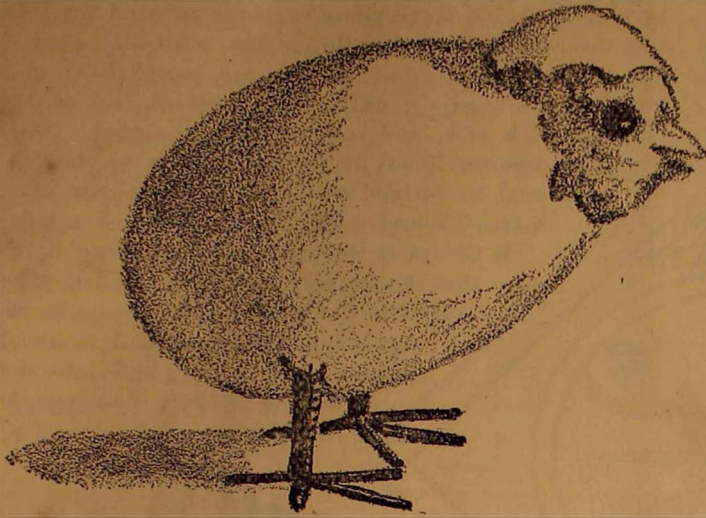
THE pretty custom of giving to our friends at Easter presents appropriate to the day is gaining in favor every year; and as a gift is valued the more when made by the giver, the children will, no doubt, be glad to know that offerings as dainty as can be found in any shop may be manufactured at home, and by their own hands. If the instructions given in this article be carried

out, with very little trouble, and almost no expense, something entirely new in the way of Easter eggs will be the result.

We will commence with the little chicken just breaking through his shell, shown in the illustration "Good Morning." The materials used for this are simply an egg-shell, a piece of wire, some light yellow worsted, two black beads, and a small piece of writing-paper.



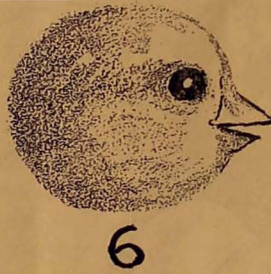
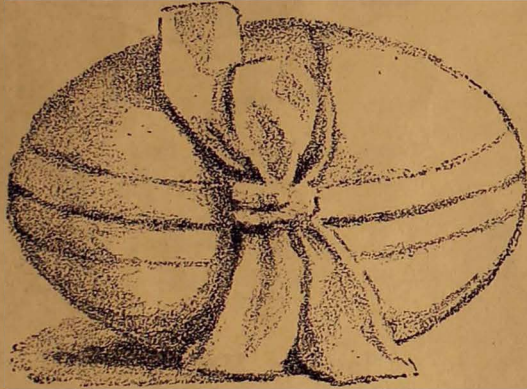
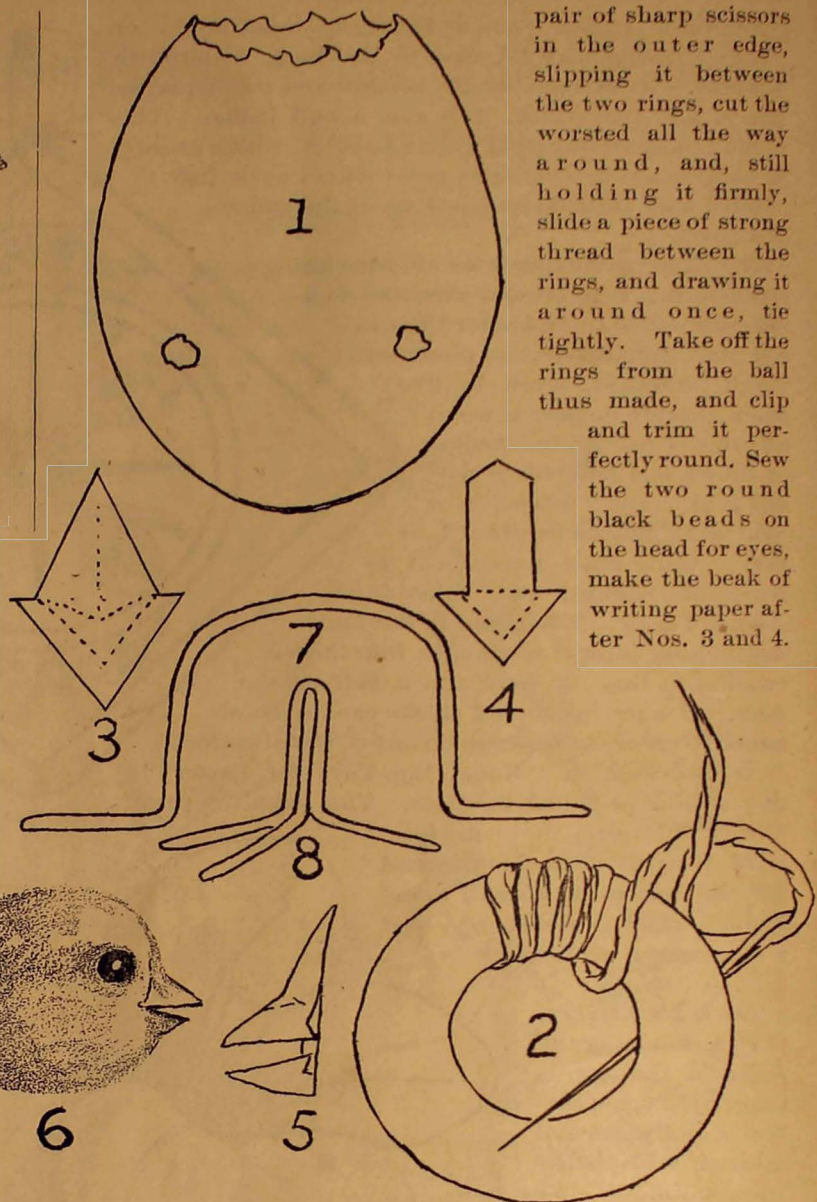
FLOWER-HOLDER.



"GOOD MORNING."

Select a nice large egg, and with a sharp knife cut off, as evenly as possible, the small end, as in No. 1. After emptying the shell rinse it carefully, and while it is drying make the chicken's head in this way: Cut from a light quality of cardboard two rings like No. 2, place them together, and with the worsted wrap the rings over and over, as shown in No. 2, until the hole in the center is nearly filled up; then, holding it firmly between the forefinger and thumb, insert the point of a

pair of sharp scissors in the outer edge, slipping it between the two rings, cut the worsted all the way around, and, still holding it firmly, slide a piece of strong thread between the rings, and drawing it around once, tie tightly. Take off the rings from the ball thus made, and clip and trim it perfectly round. Sew the two round black beads on the head for eyes, make the beak of writing paper after Nos. 3 and 4.

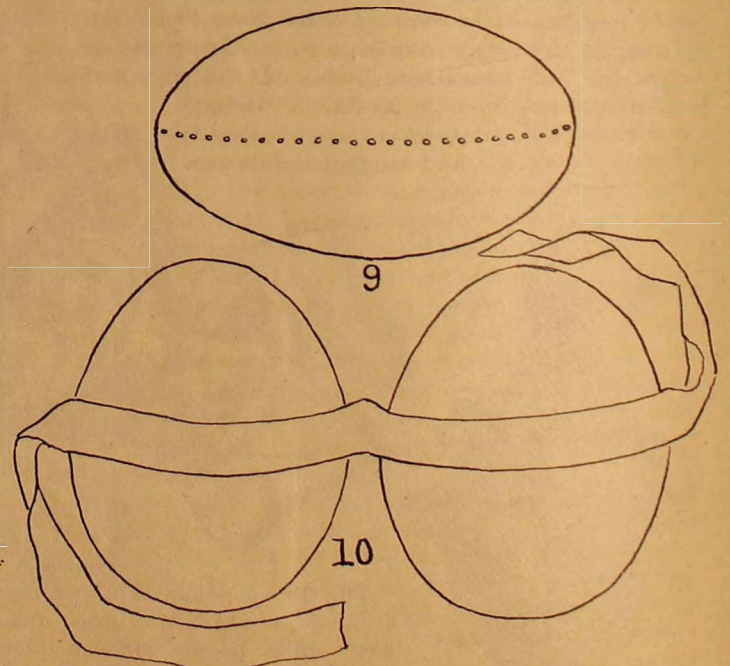


PATTERNS AND DETAIL FOR "GOOD MORNING."

No. 3 is the upper, No. 4 the lower, part of beak. Pinch into shape as shown by dotted lines; and with a little mucilage



"GOOD EVENING."



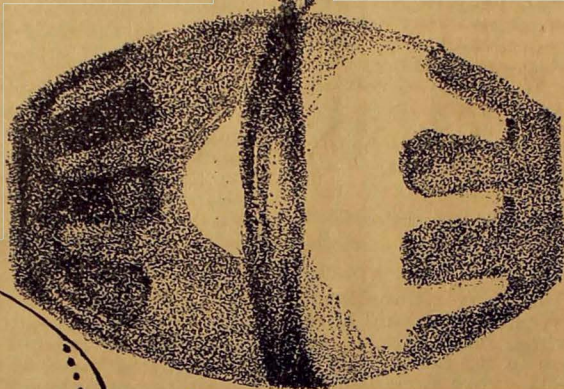
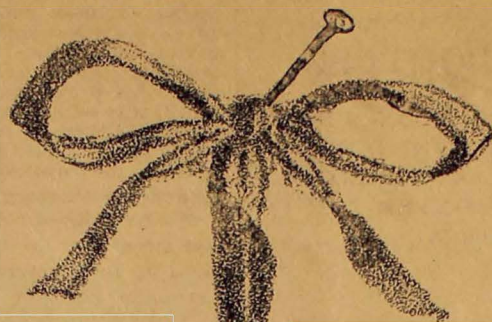
DETAIL FOR "GOOD EVENING."

stick the upper end of No. 4 to the underside of No. 3, as in No. 5. Paint the beak a light yellow, and gum to the head. No. 6 shows the head complete.

Holes must now be made in the shell for the legs to come through, as shown in No. 1. This is done by boring carefully with a large, sharp-pointed needle (taking care not to crack the shell in the process), until the holes are large enough to admit the wire. Use a piece of ordinary black hat-wire, four inches long, for the legs, bend in the shape of No. 7, and slip through the holes in the shell. Cut a piece of wire two inches long, and another one inch in length, for the foot; bend in the shape of No. 8, and fasten to the leg by wrapping tightly with black linen thread.

Fit the head in the hole left in the small end of the shell, and if the work has been well done the chicken will look very natural indeed. The small piece of shell taken from the end will give it a still more cunning appearance if fastened on the chicken's head. This little toy makes a very pretty *bon-bonnière*, as the shell is quite strong enough to hold candy, and the head may be removed to allow of its being filled or emptied.

The following is another way of preparing an Easter egg. First blow the egg. To do this, puncture a small



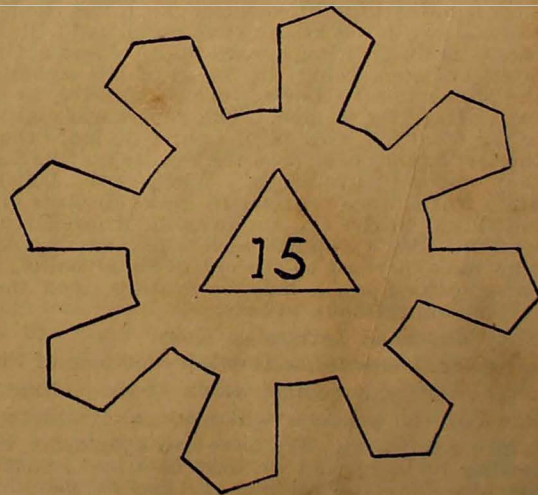
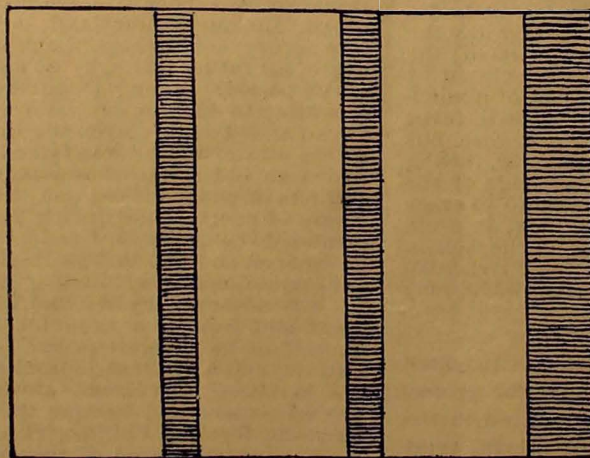
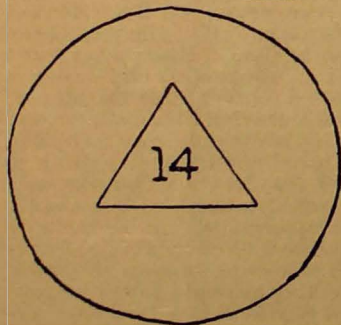
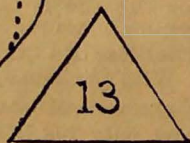
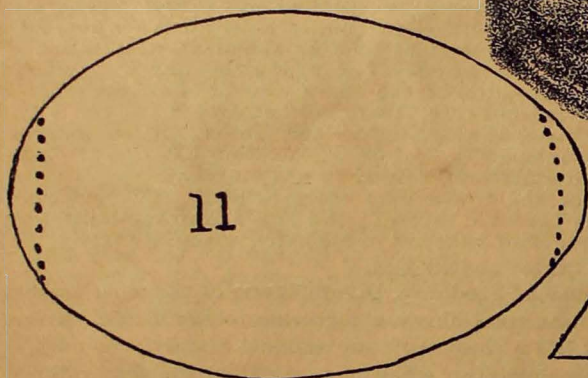
AN EGG KALEIDOSCOPE.

body. Trim the body into a slightly oval shape. The chicken's head is made in the same way as described for "Good Morning." In the illustration "Good Evening" the egg is shown both closed and open, which will give some idea of what a pretty little gift it really makes.

An egg-shell containing a kaleidoscope is a still greater novelty. This arrangement will be apt to please the little ones, for all children delight in peep-shows of any kind. In preparing this it is better to blow the egg first, then, by puncturing holes as in No. 11, take off each end of the shell evenly. Care must be taken to thoroughly rinse and dry the shell, as any moisture from the egg will dim and blur the glasses, which should be kept perfectly clear. Fasten with mucilage three strips of glass, two inches long and one-half inch wide, to a piece of black paper, as in No. 12. The paper left between the strips will allow the two end-pieces to be brought together, thus forming a triangle, which is held in place by pasting the paper extending beyond the edge of one piece of glass, to the others. Fasten triangular pieces of glass like No. 13 to the ends, in the following manner:

Cut from paper, not too stiff, a circle one inch in diameter, out of the center of which cut a triangle of even proportion, just a trifle smaller than the glass,—see No. 14,—upon which it must be pasted. Then fit the glass upon one end of the cylindrical triangle, and, folding the

paper down smoothly, fasten with mucilage, to hold it firmly in place. Put into the kaleidoscope several small pieces of glass of different colors, and then close the other end in the same way. When this part of the work is finished, slide it carefully into the shell, and over



12

PATTERNS AND DETAIL FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

hole in each end of the shell, put one hole to the lip and blow, not too hard, but steadily, until the shell is emptied; then, boring with a needle in the manner previously described, run a line of perforations lengthwise around the shell, as seen in No. 9. This will allow of the shells being opened quite evenly. Cover the edges neatly with lutestring ribbon pasted down on both sides like a binding. Paste a piece of the same ribbon, twelve inches long, across the two halves of the shell, to connect them, as in No. 10. Make the little chicken, which should nestle cosily within the shell, of two worsted balls, using rings two inches in diameter for the

each end paste a piece of bright-colored paper with a triangular hole in the center, as shown in No. 15. A half-yard of colored ribbon of the same shade as the paper, tied around the egg, forms a loop to hang it up by, and also adds to its decoration.

The World's Progress.

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

The Ethnology of the Japanese.

It has been a common error to regard the Japanese race as an offshoot of the Chinese; the relation being sometimes reversed, and the parentage given to the Japanese. Certain characteristics of facial formation, such as the fullness of the eye orbit, and the obliquity of the eye itself, together with the sallowness of complexion and the coarse black hair, have led to this very natural mistake. But it has long been recognized, by those who have studied the subject, that the relation of the two races is by no means direct; at the nearest, a distant cousinship, even if so near. This will be a surprise to those, and they are the majority, who have looked upon the present struggle between the Japanese and Chinese as a sort of family quarrel. Dr. Winkler, who has devoted himself to the study of the two peoples with the caution and closeness of a German savant, shows very conclusively that the divergencies are utterly incompatible with anything like near relationship, and that the Japanese are certainly members of the group which includes the Finns and the races which inhabit the Northwestern Siberian region, and more distantly, yet distinctly, the pure Hungarians or Magyars. Thus it is seen that the Japanese may claim connection with Europeans, which may account for their rapid advance in civilization.

The Growth of an Idea.

The ancient sage's definition of man as a two-legged creature without feathers—so heartlessly satirized, as every one knows, by the wag who flung a plucked fowl into the philosopher's backyard, labelled, "This is Plato's man"—would never have been offered had he lived in the present age. Probably he would have called man "the one known creature in whose mind ideas take form and grow from the mental conception to the material presentment." The idea of woman's suffrage is a very ancient one. The probability is that the myth of the Amazons was the shadow of some long-forgotten struggle of the women of a prehistoric civilization to obtain equalization of privileges with men. Doubtless, too, they succeeded, or we should not have had the Amazons represented as a powerful body. These are but whispers and hints that murmur down the vast corridors of time, of so great extent that the perspective merges in an indistinguishable mist. Nevertheless, we can interpret them; and the interpretation is, that with great interregnums and lapses—as over the fall of the Greek polity, the decadence of Rome, and the Gothic age of the Christian era—women have held, or have claimed to hold, such equality of politico-social control as their physical and educational capacities at the time permitted. In this latter day the idea is again growing toward political and social expression; the latest evidence being the report of the committee appointed by the Massachusetts Legislature to consider the subject of municipal suffrage for women. The report was eight to three in favor of the women. This is of course no more than a test case, but the test having been won the results may be foreseen, or, rather, they may not be foreseen. Whether the legislative body of the State will at once proceed to grant absolute citizenship to every individual in the Commonwealth, irrespective of sex, is problematic. But a step has been taken, *pas de géant*, and the women who look forward to the era of equal ballot, as the Tyrrhenian sailor looks for the halcyon floating upon the blue wave, may feel encouragement, at least.

Fifty Thousand Letters an Hour.

Father Calendoni, a Dominican monk of Sicily, has invented a type-setting machine, which, if the volume equal the professions of the preface, will work a complete revolution in the printing business. We have had specimens of wonderful type-setting by hand, and we have also had remarkable examples of machines for the setting of type by machinery; but if Père Calendoni's invention "prove to be the thing it seems," there has never been anything like it in the whole history of type and press. It is asserted that the Dominican father's invention will accomplish from fifty to fifty-two thousand letters an hour, and will do the work of thirty-six or thirty-eight compositors. We are told that the advantage of Father Calendoni's invention over those now in daily use lies in the fact that instead of each lead and letter being made to fall separately into the composing-stick, as at present, entire words, sentences, and even paragraphs can be set in an instant by the simultaneous application of the fingers of both hands to the keyboard, which supplies the means of setting every character, letter, type, mark, etc. The machine has, according to the accounts, been fully and carefully tested, and has borne the brunt of the sharpest trial. Extensive

passages have been set, justified, and turned out, ready for proof, in a few minutes. A chapter of the New Testament was given as a time test, the machine working against a skilled printer. The result was that the machine set, justified, and prepared for press the whole chapter while the printer, working by hand, was setting the first eight lines. The machine is to be put on exhibition in America, when we shall obtain a better notion of its powers, and shall be better able to compare its pretensions with its performances.

Under Sea Photography.

We have been told, poetically and prosaically, that only on the last great day at the end of all material things would the sea yield up its mysteries and its secrets be known. But science has not been content to await that day. With its dredge it has delved among the hills and valleys of the watery plain, and now it has found means to reproduce those hidden landscapes and depict the forms of submarine life, animal and vegetable. By the aid of an ingenious photographic apparatus lighted by electric lamps and perfectly controlled by the operator at the surface, an accurate knowledge of the sea bottom at almost any depth may be obtained. Already it has revealed conditions which science had not foreseen, marvels which even the daring romancer had not dared invent, some fairy-like and beautiful, others grewsome and repugnant. Henceforth the "immeasurable profound" will be studied foot by foot almost as easily as the surface of the earth is studied. It will doubtless also be of great practical value in affording knowledge of a sunken vessel, and of the position of drowned persons, at greater depths than a diver could safely attempt, and at comparatively small expense. As an adjunct to the diver's profession it will surely be invaluable.

Changes on the Gulf Coast.

A curious and somewhat startling fact has recently been made public by the hydrographic bureau; viz., that the level of the Gulf of Mexico is steadily and, comparatively speaking, rapidly rising. It is now one foot higher than it was a quarter of a century ago. Whether this phenomenon is due to an actual heaping up of the waters of the Gulf itself from some thus far undiscovered cause, or to a subsidence of the coast, has not been decided. In low-lying regions this change of level is very marked, the water having encroached upon vast tracts, and lands that were once settled and under cultivation are now submerged. Like the proverbial inch on the man's nose, a rise of even one foot upon a flat coast has made a very important alteration in the configuration of the shore line. Should the process continue at its present rate, it will not be very long, in the scientific point of view, that is, before the Union will be wanting several important portions; but, on the other hand, it will gain a number of fine harbors, where, to use the stereotyped phrase, "the navies of the world may safely ride." But sufficient for the age is the evil thereof; and the Texan capitalist may bequeath his miles of railroad to his heirs, without anxiety.

The Close of a Career and an Age.

With the death of Frederick Douglass one of the most notable characters of our time closes a picturesque and useful career. And with his life a chapter in our national history concludes,—nay, more than a chapter, what may be called the first volume. Douglass was born a slave upon the estate of Col. Edward Lloyd, Tuckahoe, Maryland, in February, 1817. He was therefore seventy-eight years of age when he died. His mother was a negro, his father white, by no means an uncommon circumstance at the period. Young Douglass, called Lloyd, after his master, according to custom, early developed a craving for an education; but to afford a slave even the simplest rudiments was forbidden on the estate, and he was forced to learn reading and writing in secret, an old scrap of newspaper, a few leaves of an almanac, and bits of paper picked out of the rubbish heap, with a chance stump of pencil, constituting his paraphernalia. As he grew to manhood the desire for freedom became a fixed idea; and finally he escaped and fled to New England, where he supported himself as he could, meantime reading everything he could buy or borrow. He was observed by William Lloyd Garrison in a fortunate moment, and from that time his true career began. He proved himself to be a vigorous and magnetic orator, a statesman by instinct, and a brilliant journalist. He became a noted figure in the Abolition movement, started and successfully conducted several papers, and became the trusted friend of such men as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and Lincoln. During the heated period of the controversy which led up to the Civil War his liberty and life were often in danger, but he was always fortunate in evading his enemies. Nearly his whole existence was devoted to freedom, civil, personal, and political, and for half a century he was constantly before the public. If there ever was a self-made man it was Frederick Douglass; and, as is not always the case with self-made men, his success was largely due to unselfish devotion to a principle and a love for his race, and not only his own particular people, but for humanity at large.

The Susquehanna Electric Plant.

The water power of the Susquehanna River is second in volume to that of Niagara, and the electric plant to be established upon it will be even more important, at any rate for some time to come. By means of proper dams a fall of about forty-five feet will be obtained. A series of canals will furnish energy for turbine

wheels, each turbine being capable of running a five thousand horse-power generator, and the plant as at present outlined will possess a combined energy of one hundred thousand horse-power. By an efficient system of conductors electricity will be supplied to Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington, as well as to other smaller towns in Pennsylvania and adjacent States. The plant is to be so arranged that it will furnish all of the electricity required for whatever purpose, over the whole territory mentioned. The cost of generation on this plan will be less than one-half of that required for creating the energy by steam in any of the cities to be supplied by conductors from the great river-plant.

Laws to Regulate Hypnotism.

The use of hypnotism for criminal ends is becoming alarmingly frequent. Several European countries have passed special laws regulating such cases, and in nearly all courts in this country the responsibility of a person practicing hypnotism to obtain moral and physical control over another is recognized. It is within the memory of a comparatively young man when belief in hypnotism, or what is the same thing, mesmerism, put one into the category of cranks. Now it is only the ignorant who question the fact. Chauncey Hare Townshend, some forty years ago, suffered as much contumely and insult for his book "Facts in Mesmerism," as if he had struck at the very foundations of society and morals. He was, we believe, a clergyman, an Oxford graduate, a gentleman of good station; but all that went for nothing. After investigating the subject for many years, he made a recommendation which seems almost startling when viewed by the light of the present. He said that mesmerism might be used for improper purposes by unscrupulous persons, and predicted that at no very remote day laws would be made, controlling the practice of the art, and severe punishment meted out to criminal application of the power. Cases of such application are reported daily. A man, for example, influenced a girl to marry him, not because he wished her for a wife, but to get her wealth into his hands. When he had accomplished his aim, he endeavored to compel her to commit suicide of her own apparent volition; but she had will enough still remaining to resist this final villainy, and got the case before the courts, where, after one of the longest and most exciting trials on record, the hypnotist was condemned to twenty years at hard labor. In northern Germany a murder trial has just been concluded, the hypnotist who influenced a tool to do the deed receiving the death penalty, the actual slayer escaping with a light sentence. Such cases as these establish precedents; but before final acceptance in American courts, a mixed congress or convention of medical experts and legal authorities should carefully go over all the evidence, have hypnotic subjects before them, also, if desired, and decide, upon the basis of fact, all the different aspects of the matter. We must not rush into extremes where human lives and reputations are concerned. It may be that some considerable share of the blame should fall upon the hypnotized tool who allows himself to be manipulated, knowing that he is surrendering his will to another. At all events, laws should be made, and at once, crystallizing the subject into the code, and not leaving it to the, too often, ignorant juryman, or the judge who may be scarcely less so of the particular matter on hand.

The Rain Charm.

Among the ruins of one of the "Seven Cities of Cevola" was recently found an inscription cut upon a block of sandstone, which appears to have been either a rain-making charm or an actual scientific process. After what would seem to be a mere abracadabra, or untranslatable gibberish, "Gouac, goulac, gouache, calac, cuman, louache," follows a very remarkable passage: "And they sent the bird to fly in the air, and the bird burst in pieces with a loud noise, and the winds gathered together, crying, 'Let us see what this is!' and the clouds came from the four pillars of the earth, north, east, south, and west, shouting to each other, 'Let us see what this noise is which we have heard.' And the winds fought together, and the clouds struggled each to master the other, and the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and floods of rain fell upon the dry earth." In this figurative language there would seem to be something like an anticipation of the modern rain-making process by aerial bombs. It is known that after a battle there are very apt to be local showers; and the evening of the Fourth of July in a large city very frequently closes with a rainstorm. One might also feel sure that those ancient Cevolans, about whom we know almost nothing, had some means of producing rain artificially by aerial explosives, a process scarcely yet recognized as a scientific fact by the modern inhabitants of the same region.

Moisture as an Aid to Combustion.

A discovery, the fruit of a long and careful series of experiments, proves a most curious fact, and one which may result in great benefit to humanity at large, if properly utilized. It is that inflammable bodies will not take fire at what is regarded as their kindling points, nor, indeed, very far above such temperatures, in an atmosphere that is free from moisture. It was found that phosphorus, which will ignite at a touch, or even spontaneously, in an atmosphere bearing an ordinary degree of humidity, would not burn at all in air freed from moisture. Other combustible substances were tried in dry air, and in every case the result was the same. Now it is quite possible to remove the moisture from

the atmosphere of any apartment properly prepared; hence, if the facts above stated shall be substantiated, magazines and other storage-rooms where inflammables and explosives are to be kept being deprived of their moisture, their deadly contents will become as harmless as so much sand or gravel. There are many ways of absorbing the moisture from a limited space, chemicals which have an avid appetite for water in suspension; etc., so that there could be no possible difficulty in rendering a powder or shell room on a man-of-war innocuous until opened. The same would be true of a magazine containing torpedoes, gun-cotton, or dynamite.

Automatic Cashiers.

A Western genius has invented a machine, operated by electricity, which, it is claimed, will do away with cashiers, as well as cash girls and boys, in large business places. The experiments thus far seem to prove that the mechanism is a perfect success, in which event the day of the haughty young lady in the glass stall who makes your change with an air of superb indifference, as well as her myrmidons in short frocks or knickerbockers, is over. The machine consists of wheels, bars, and tubes actuated by an electric current which need not be dangerously powerful. There are as many tubes as there are denominations of money, whether coin or bills. The tubes are filled in a particular way with the money to be used for change. The money received from sales is dropped into a heavy steel box, always automatically, of course; it is carried over a wire in a closed case to the machine, and the change, always accurate, if the saleswoman's arithmetic be correct, comes back in the same way. Keyboards having keys labelled with all sorts of numerals are placed convenient for the salespeople. The amount charged and that received, as well as the change required, are swiftly played upon the keys. The depositing of the money received and the making of change are accomplished with a rapidity and accuracy which are simply marvelous.

The Lesson of the Elbe.

That a great steamship laden with valuable freight, and yet more valuable lives, herself worth more than one million dollars, could be sent to the bottom by what seems the most needless and the most cruel of blunders, proves that our ocean travel is still in a very crude state, as crude as highway travel on land was a century or more ago, when a stage-coach was quite liable to be pitched into a ditch by a drunken driver or an unmanageable team. It is evident, then, that human ingenuity must be set to work in the interest of humanity; and already a suggestion, and a very valuable one, has been made, looking toward the safety of ships during the dark hours and in thick weather. It is, crudely expressed, the Calliope, or steam-organ, at one time popular in museums and upon steamboats. It has been found that the mere blowing of a whistle is no safeguard, because the sound-waves may be so deflected by wind currents or other atmospheric conditions as to wholly deceive and mislead those on board another vessel near at hand; and in endeavoring to steer away from the supposed danger-point, the helm may be put exactly toward the object to be avoided. It is said, however, that a powerful whistle capable of blowing the tones of an octave is a certain protection, since by laws or conditions, not yet well understood, certain notes will come clear and direct from the pipe, while those deflected by currents or fog will be muffled. The officer in charge of a ship at night or in heavy weather, hearing an octave whistle blowing somewhere in his neighborhood, will listen for the first clear, shrill note, disregarding all of the weaker or more muffled tones, the clean-cut sound indicating the position of the unseen vessel with absolute exactitude. The same principle will doubtless be tried on dangerous coasts where the steam siren is at present only a partial protection. The bellow of the siren may be heard twenty miles; but under certain conditions of the weather, the most accurate ear cannot locate its exact position. It is believed that the octave blown by the same instrument would locate the shoal or danger point without possibility of blunder.

Moon Inhabitants.

Fully forty years ago some astronomers were led into a belief that there might be life upon our satellite, from what was regarded as evidences of atmosphere and moisture upon the hemisphere constantly turned toward us. Quite recently, observations of the moon at its first quarter seem to prove, beyond all question, that there is an atmosphere, as we understand it, upon our attendant. The ends of the cusps, in the telescope, show foginess; and a star, occulted by the moon, faded by degrees behind the body of the orb. Had there been no atmosphere upon our satellite the star would have disappeared instantaneously, because there would have been no medium of diffraction. Furthermore, the cusps of the planet would have been sharply outlined had there been no air, gas, or atmosphere upon the surface of the globe. But as they have shown a mistiness and haze in a dozen great telescopes, it seems unquestionable that there must be an atmosphere in the moon; though whether its composition be such as would support human life, we can only guess. In such cases we can do no more than reason by analogy. Where there is moisture there must be inhalable air; and where such air exists there must be life as we know it on the earth. And if the lower forms exist, why not the upper forms, crowned by human kind?

In 1920.



TALL, sturdy-looking, bronzed man of about fifty was among the passengers who landed from an Atlantic steamer at New York on a bright May morning in the year 1920. Though from his dress and the manner in which he gazed about him he might have been taken for a foreigner, he was a native of the metropolis. A quarter of a century before Arthur Holland had been prominent in New York business and society; but, disappointed in his first love affair, he had, in the year 1894, severed his connection with civilized life, and started on an exploring tour through Africa. Ill-advised as the move appeared at the time it was made, much good had resulted. Holland was possessed of ample means, an indomitable will, and abundance of courage; and his travels had resulted in valuable additions to information regarding the Dark Continent. His rugged, outdoor life had strengthened a physique naturally rather delicate, and his varied experiences had developed the strong side of his character.

Holland had originally intended remaining in Africa only about two years; but the further he traveled the more fascinated he became with the marvels of the great country, and the less inclined he was to return to America. When tired of exploration he went extensively into gold-mining, and his stay in Africa was prolonged until twenty-six eventful and exciting years elapsed before he was forced to return home in response to an urgent business call. Partly from necessity, more, perhaps, from choice, he had failed to keep informed of the world's progress, rarely seeing a newspaper, and confining his American correspondence to business letters to his New York agent. He had no near relatives.

After passing the custom-house ordeal, Holland took an electric cab to the Hotel J—, where he had formerly lived, and where he intended stopping while in the city. He found a magnificent structure on the site of the old hostelry of that name which stood there up to 1900. As the traveler registered, the clerk politely asked:

"Will you be shown to your room, sir?"

"Presently," answered Holland. "But first please show me the way to the bar."

The clerk, a young man of about twenty-three, gazed into the older man's face a moment, as though he feared his ears had deceived him.

"Beg pardon, sir, but what did you ask?"

A little irritated at the fellow's stupidity, Holland repeated, sharply,

"Where is the bar?"

Then a light broke across the other's face. He comprehended at last.

"Oh, there is none, you know. You must have been away a long time, sir."

"Yes, twenty-six years; but what of that?"

"Well, there's been no liquor sold as a beverage in this country for—let's see—nine years. Yes, it's been that long since Prohibition passed."

Holland stared at the young man in speechless surprise. If he had been informed that the sale of meat had been prohibited he would hardly have been more astounded. Though but a moderate drinker, Holland had come to regard liquor as one of the matters of course of man's existence. He knew in a vague way that Prohibition had been proposed, but had never regarded it as even remotely likely to come to pass. But the clerk evidently was not joking. He must mean it. When Holland at last found speech he said:

"Well, I've seen wonders over in Africa by the score, but nothing to equal this. Tell me about it. How does it work? How did it come? How did they get along?"

"Really, sir," interrupted the clerk, "I haven't time to

answer all your questions, but I'll introduce you to a man who will."

Responding to his bell-touch, there appeared a gray-haired man with a kindly, intelligent face.

"Mr. Holland, this is Mr. Converse, our information man. He tells our guests of matters not covered by the phonograph. Mr. Holland wishes the facts on Prohibition."

"Shall be pleased to give them to him," said the old gentleman. "This way, please," leading Holland to a cozy private parlor. "We used to have a phonographic budget on the subject, but the thing has become such a matter of course that we have abolished it." After asking the guest a few questions regarding his absence from the country, etc., the information man continued: "Now go ahead and quiz me."

"How did it come about? When I left in '94 the liquor interest was never more powerful, and Prohibition seemed as far off as ever."

"True; but it was the darkest hour before the dawn. You will recall that in '93 the financial troubles began, and that in '94 there was an epidemic of strikes and disorder. Various causes were assigned for this outbreak, such as tariff agitation, over-production, extravagance, centralization of capital, and over-immigration; but many thoughtful people named the enormous sale and consumption of liquor as the chief cause of the trouble. The strong arm of Government soon quelled the disorder, and in the following year, '95, there was a revival of business. But thinkers saw that this was but temporary, and that with a continuance of existing conditions an early repetition of the troubles might be expected. The number of those who assigned liquor as the principal cause of the mischief steadily increased, and by 1902 the Prohibition sentiment, aided by the educational work accomplished among the children by means of medal contests and other methods of training, had grown so strong that all other issues were overshadowed, and the only opposing political organization was the License Party, made up of the advocates of liquor. In 1904 the Prohibitionists succeeded in electing their first President, and had a good minority of the Congressmen. In 1910 they had the President and a clear majority in Congress, and that body passed an Act providing for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor within the boundaries of the United States. When the amendment was submitted to the legislatures of the various States for ratification, the agitation was tremendous. The liquor forces, of course, employed desperate means to avert the wave that swept the rum-blot off our statute-books and emancipated the groaning millions from the worst slavery known in the world's history. There was personal violence, social and commercial boycotting, and every resource of legal trickery and every device of corruption were employed; but all to no purpose. By January, 1911, the legislatures of all the States had acted, and more than the necessary three-fourths had sanctioned the amendment. The drink demon was banished forever. The law became effective on February 12, 1911."

"But how was it ever enforced?"

"I suppose that from your standpoint the question is a natural one. Remember that all Americans who did not use or profit by the use of liquor were at last thoroughly aroused and determined to uphold the Government, which will ever be supreme when its principles are just. There were a few cases of open resistance, quickly suppressed, and numberless attempts at evasion; but in less than three years from the passage of the amendment the liquor traffic was a matter of history."

"Is no liquor at all manufactured?"

"Only a very limited quantity, for medicine and the arts, strictly under Government supervision and control. The

use of alcohol medicinally is steadily growing less, and in the march of science will probably cease altogether."

"Is none smuggled in from abroad?"

"Not enough to have any effect. Our customs regulations are very strict; and, besides, the people, having discovered how much better they get along without the stuff, no longer demand it."

"Doing away with whisky and beer has benefited the country, has it?"

The information man paused a moment, as if doubting whether his duty required him to answer a question so absurd; then he replied:

"No; it has transformed the country! How many policemen had New York when you left?"

"Nearly four thousand."

"There are five hundred now, although the population of the present city is nearly three times what it was in 1894."

"Do you ask me to believe that?" Holland's powers of absorption were rapidly approaching their limit.

"I do. My business is to give facts. The number of law officers all over the country has been reduced in like proportion. The opponents of Prohibition in your day used to be highly amused at the claim that drink was responsible for three-fourths of the crime, but such has proved the case. Not only have the breeding-places of criminals vanished, but as so much capital that formerly was wasted has been turned into useful channels, there is more work, and better wages; the laboring classes are contented, greater attention is paid to education, and the standard of intelligence and morals is much higher. The immigration problem, too, has to a great extent been solved. The lower class of Europeans think twice before coming to a liquorless land, and we get only the very best, just enough to keep pace with the country's development."

"I presume there is still some crime and vice?"

"Oh, yes, there are sporadic cases. Natural depravity is yet at work, and I suppose always will be. Then, too, our population is largely composed of the children of rum-consumers. But wrong-doing has been reduced to a minimum, and as the liquor taint grows fainter and fainter will become smaller still."

"How did the men fare who had money in liquor?"

"At first they thought they were ruined, as their plants were apparently valueless; but the boom in all kinds of business, consequent upon the great change, created a demand for the buildings formerly used in liquor manufacture, as well as for such portions of the machinery as could be turned to useful purposes, so that many of the distillers and brewers were enabled to sell out at a satisfactory advance on cost, and reinvest in other enterprises. The retail dealers, who had little or no capital invested, simply found their way into useful occupations."

"How did the State and general governments stand the loss of revenue?"

"There was none. The direct loss was more than balanced by the reduction in criminal and pauper expenses, and the vastly increased general prosperity."

"Are you a Prohibitionist?" was Holland's next question.

"Certainly. It would be hard to find any man, woman, or child who isn't. The Prohibitionists still maintain their organization, but since they swept the country in 1910 there has been no other National political party. Elections have been simply the selection of the best men. I don't think that, now their mission is fully accomplished, the leaders have any great desire to remain in power, and will make room for any new party with a vital issue. It is not unlikely that new opposing parties will arise. Perhaps it is best that they should; but politics, in the old sense, died with the rum power. Release from the dominion of professional

politicians was not the least of the benefits arising from Prohibition."

"Were you a Prohibitionist when the amendment was passed?" Holland asked.

"I should say not. I was a saloon-keeper."

"You were!" exclaimed Holland.

"Yes, I was one of the worst stripe," replied the information man, "one of the 'respectable class,' who retarded real reform as much as did the 'moderate drinker.' I always closed at 11 P.M.; never sold to boys or to men who seemed to have had enough. At first I was for mobbing the men who broke up my business; but I've lived to bless them. It made a man of me." At this juncture the bell-boy knocked and told Mr. Converse he was wanted. "My time with you is up," he said to his interested listener. "I've given you the main facts. It would take a month to exhaust the subject. Good morning."

After Holland had dined (wineless) he took an electric carriage and made a tour of the city. On every hand he found wonderful improvements tending to the annihilation of time and space and the promotion of human comfort, and, more wonderful yet, he found universal cleanliness of person and morals, and everywhere courtesy and intelligence. The down-town tenements, those hives of disease and vice, had disappeared, and the class who had domiciled there were removed to airy quarters in the upper city. The immense territory once occupied by the tenements and saloons was covered with fine business houses.

After a week's attention to business matters, Holland traveled over the Union and talked with journalists, clergymen, workingmen, capitalists, lawyers, and merchants. They all told the same story about the great change.

An apprentice in a machine-shop, whom he asked how they settled strikes, answered: "There have been none, sir, since I can remember. I have heard they used to have 'em, but I never was in one."

An older mechanic said: "Since we've had no chance to waste our wages for whisky, we've never seen the need of striking."

"Didn't you miss the saloons?"

"Yes, at first. I didn't know what to do with myself in the evenings. But plenty of good reading-rooms, coffee-rooms, and cheap concerts have taken their places. Our young men read twice as much as they did ten years ago."

A clergyman said: "Since we've only man's natural sinful tendencies to fight, and not the alcohol fiend also, something approaching the Christian ideal is being realized."

But the best testimony of all came from an aged woman, who gave it with tear-streaming eyes: "God bless the day they shut up the saloons! My husband died in the gutter; but Prohibition came just in time to save my three boys."

At first Holland's inquiries were made from curiosity and an inherent love for dissecting novel conditions; but as his view broadened and the unspeakable good wrought by the abolition of strong drink in his native land became more and more apparent, the man's moral nature was stirred to its depths, and he began to feel something of the enthusiasm that had animated the workers in the movement thirty years before. Ere two months had passed he had formed two resolutions: First, never to drink intoxicating liquor again; second, to return to Africa and devote the remainder of his life to fighting the drink curse there. This duty seemed to him the more imperative because he had been instrumental in introducing liquor among the natives.

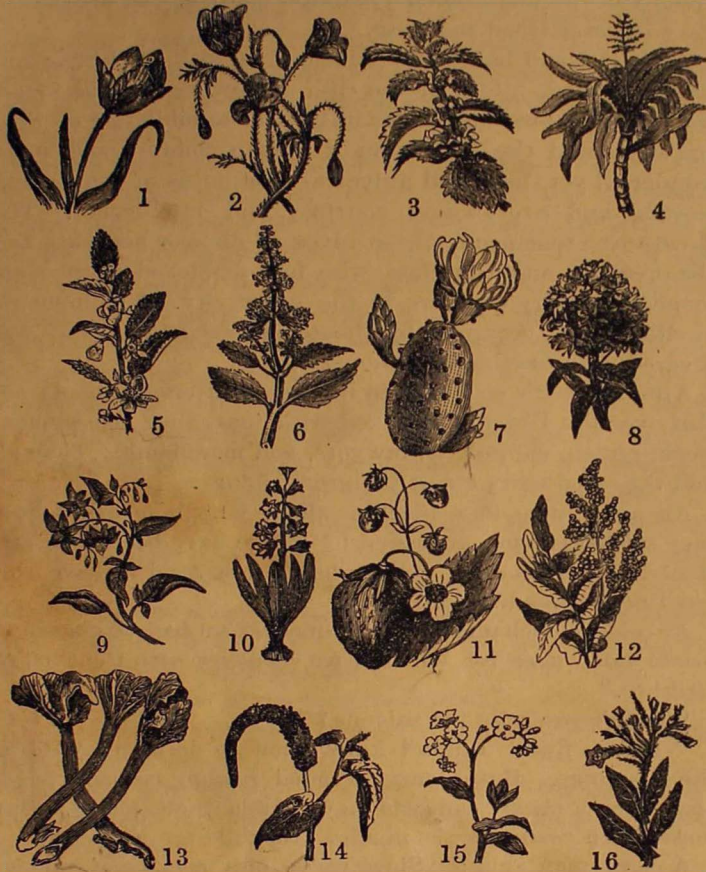
God speed the day when our own country, now truly "great and glorious," will not stand alone in this grand reform, and when alcoholic liquor will be known as are the scarcely more poisonous mixtures of the Borgias,—only in the pages of history.

ERNEST SHRIVER.

Puzzles.

A RIDDLEMERE.

My first is in hear but not in see,
 My second is in fear and also in flee,
 My third is in mouth but not in nose,
 My fourth is in bed but not in clothes,
 My fifth is in dress and also in figure,
 My sixth is in blackie but not in nigger,
 My seventh is in garden but not in hose,
 My eighth is in daisy but not in rose,
 My ninth is in written but not in read,
 My whole is a painter whose fame is far spread.



FLORAL PUZZLE.

FIND the names of the flowers in the above illustration. The solution to the puzzle is obtained by taking the first letter of the first word, the second of the second, and so on to the fifth; then take the first letter of the sixth word, the second of the seventh, the third of the eighth, and so on to the eleventh of the sixteenth word, when you will have the answer, which is a legal measure that would promote universal happiness.

A MESOSTICH.

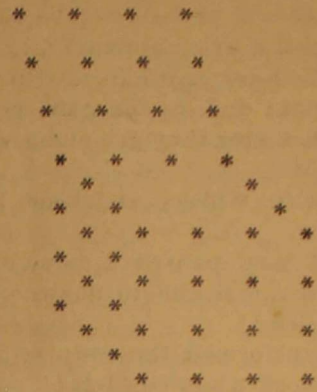
- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. A LANGUAGE. | 6. A musical composer. |
| 2. A river. | 7. A bird. |
| 3. A building. | 8. Dull. |
| 4. Garden implements. | 9. A town. |
| 5. A demon. | 10. A magistrate. |

My central letters read downward form the name of a battlefield in England.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.

FIND a well-known proverb in the following letters : a, b, d, d, e, e, e, e, e, e, f, g, g, h, h, i, i, i, l, o, o, r, r, r, r, s, s, s, s, s, u, w, w, w.

BOX PUZZLE.

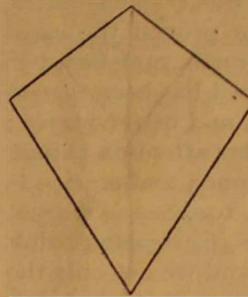


TOP SQUARE: 1, a young woman; 2, a thought; 3, to tear; 4, a well-bred woman.

SIDE SQUARE: 1, a well-bred woman; 2, open surface; 3, precious; 4, a measure of length.

FRONT SQUARE: 1, a measure of length; 2, chills; 3, to govern; 4, a thing done.

RIGHT SIDE OF TOP OF BOX: A measure of length.



DIVIDE the accompanying diagram into eight equal parts of exactly the same shape and size.

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY are wicked old men like fixed stars?

A FINNISH RIDDLE.

A NARROW gulf and long promontories, all terminated by rocky plateaus.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

I. Note, fish, wing, organ, loon, hem, lace, badger, ram; George Washington, Abraham Lincoln; freedom.

- II.
- T e r R a c e
 I n d e n t S
 T r i P l e T
 L i c e n s e
 E a t A b l e
 D e c l a i m

III. Orchestra.

IV.

P
 L i e a v e H
 Y e a R v e L
 o e a p u
 M A n
 O

V.

G
 F O X
 T U L I P
 W E D D I N G
 G O L D S M I T H
 C O M M A N D
 E M I L Y
 I T S
 H

VI. Baronet.

Chat.

Table decorations for dinners and luncheons are of as much importance as ever; but good taste now decrees that they shall be simple. The mad riot of lavish decoration, which a few years ago in the zeal to have things novel and ornate ran to such senseless extremes, is frowned upon now as excessively bad form. Favors, too, are most modest; and those expensive gifts which were an embarrassment to their recipients are no longer tolerated. Inexpensive *bouquets* or flowers are the usual and most popular favors, and often the latter are arranged so that they form the low center decoration during the feast, and are distributed at its close.

At a recent violet luncheon the ices were in the form of violet leaves, and in every individual ice a small bunch of sweet violets was placed.

Egyptian teas are a fad in London this winter. A quaint Oriental corner is selected, or fitted for the purpose with low divans, India seats, and plenty of cushions which invite to *dolce far niente*. The china used is decorated with lotus flowers, and wherever possible this symbolic flower is brought into the general scheme of decoration. Egyptian jars holding palms are placed about the room, which is lighted with Oriental lamps and hanging lanterns. Cleopatra house-gowns and bronze sandals go with this unique affair.

Equally as attractive and quite in the same line are the Tangierine teas which have been given in New York. For these the decorations are all Moorish, the invitations are limited,—not more than twenty-five or thirty ladies are invited,—and the hostess and her guests wear picturesque Moorish gowns, and recline on divans and cushions while they drink their tea and nibble Eastern conserves.

A cafe chantant was far-and-away the most novel entertainment of the season. Only the number of guests who could be seated at small tables down the length of the long drawing-rooms were invited, and a stage was erected at the end of the rooms on which a delightfully amusing amateur *vaudeville* performance was given. So successful were the burlesques of noted dancers, singers, etc., that the only regret was that more people could not have enjoyed it. The guests wore fancy costumes.

The miniature fad is the natural outgrowth or companion of the Napoleona fad; and quite an impetus was given to the collection craze by the very notable as well as beautiful miniatures which formed an interesting part of the Exhibition of Women's Portraits at the Academy of Design in the autumn. There are many skilled miniature painters now; and every beautiful woman—as well as some of her plain sisters—has to sit for her miniature. Of course all old miniatures are in great demand, and modern ones are framed to imitate them. Many have costly jewel-set frames, but the prevailing style is the dainty French gilt oval of the Empire period, with festoons of flowers and bow-knots with floating ends. One of the treasures of the drawing-room is the small ormolu or *Vernis Martin* table with box top of plate glass, where, on the tufted satin cushion, rests the hostess' precious collection of miniatures.

The bride's shower-bouquet grows in favor; and a lovely one seen recently was in the form of a garland of purple orchids and orange-blossoms, which was thrown over the left arm.

A unique dinner-fad comes to us from Paris. It combines all the attractions of a fancy-dress party with those of a stately banquet. The guests are at liberty to exercise their own ingenuity in the selection of characters, which are assumed only from the shoulders up, the rest of the make-up being ordinary evening-dress. For instance, a man in conventional dress-suit wears the *béret* of an alderman of Paris, with the scarf twined around his neck, framing a picture, as it were; another has the powdered and curled wig of Louis XIV. The facility with which simple make-ups like those of Pierrot, Harlequin, Alpine hunters, etc., are assumed, makes these entertainments extremely popular. Woman's ingenuity, of course, delights in them, as she is free to choose any colored hair, any eccentricity of head-gear, which she thinks becoming.

Household.

Some Laundry Hints.

NEXT in importance to providing healthful food for a family, nothing conduces more to the comfort of the household than the wise and skillful management of the laundry. Blue Mondays are dark, dismal, and wretched days in too many homes; and the greater the confusion and discomfort during the laborious process of manipulating the family linen, the more unsatisfactory, and often heartrending, are the results.

It is always noticed that the neat and skillful worker who knows how to do a thing well also knows how to do it with the minimum of labor. Knowledge makes everything easy; and the queer thing is that so many women fail to understand that household economy is a science as much as any other,—indeed, we might call it one of the exact sciences,—and that upon its mastery depends her success as a housewife. Instead of which, the poor maid-of-all-work is expected to be perfect mistress of all this detail, and to be able with her untutored brain to grasp all the whys and wherefores, and systematize the workings of a machine of the most intricate and delicate construction.

There is a technique in laundry work like everything else, and in no branch of housework is the knowing-how-to-do of more importance; for, besides the relief to the household when this work can be turned off easily, there is the added satisfaction of having clothes well laundered,—clean, white, and sweet-smelling. Then, too, clothes properly handled in the laundering will wear half again as long as when carelessly washed and rubbed in pieces on the washboard. It is an indisputable fact that as the majority of clothes are laundered it is not their use that wears them out, but the ruthless hands of the laundress.

Everything should be spotlessly clean about the laundry; if a tin boiler be used it must be carefully dried immediately after using, and never allowed to stand with water in it. It should be inspected from time to time lest minute specks of rust appear. If there is any indication of rust and it cannot be cleaned, put an old sheet in the bottom to protect the clothes. Next to the boiler the clothes-line needs attention, for it is often an offender, leaving streaks of black dirt that require harder rubbing to remove than any soil from wearing. The line should be taken down as soon as the clothes are dried, and kept in a bag by itself when not in use. If left hanging, even in a drying-room, more or less dust will accumulate upon it, as every housekeeper knows, to her cost.

While the water is heating, the clothes should be looked over and sorted into piles, according to use, weight or quality, fabric, and degrees of soil. It is an excellent plan to soak overnight cotton and linen things that are badly soiled. They should be looked over and have soap rubbed on the worst dirt, then plunged into lukewarm water, or else into a good suds. The housekeeper's friend in all this work is borax, which, being a natural salt, will not injure the most delicate white fabric. It will greatly facilitate operations, being an annihilator of dirt, if it be used in every water, from the soaking to the rinsing, in the proportion of a tablespoonful—powdered, of course—to a pailful of water.

If you have any respect for the olfactory nerves of the members of your family, or those of your friends who may visit you and have occasion to use your napkins and towels, *don't* put kerosene either in the boiling water or in the starch. This offensive oil is thought by some to have the virtue of whitening clothes, and the lazy laundress thinks

to make it do her work for her; but no more disgusting agent could be employed. To be satisfactory to a person of refinement, clothes must smell clean as well as look clean; hence, all strong cooking-odors, also, should be avoided while the process of ironing is going on in the kitchen.

If something be required to whiten clothes that have lain long, or for unbleached cloth, chloride of lime is the best agent to employ; and if used with caution it is perfectly harmless. Dissolve the lime in tepid water, allowing a tablespoonful to every pailful of water. Strain the solution of lime through a cloth, to prevent the smallest undissolved particle from entering the soaking-water, of which you must have sufficient to cover the clothes completely. Let them lie for two hours, stirring frequently so that every fold be equally exposed to the bleaching fluid. Then wash through a warm water, and rinse through two cold ones. To whiten unbleached cloth the process is the same; but two tablespoonfuls of lime should be allowed to a pailful of water. Many obstinate fruit-stains, and even mildew, can be removed in this way.

The finest and least soiled linen should be washed first, and meantime that which is badly soiled should be soaking. Much injury is done to clothes by over-boiling; and if they be soaked overnight it is really unnecessary to boil them at all. Under no circumstances should they boil more than five minutes; but they must be frequently and thoroughly stirred while coming to the boiling point. If they are not to be boiled, after soaking they should be rubbed, when necessary, wrung out, and scalded in a tub of boiling hot water for fifteen minutes, then rinsed through two waters, the last of which should be slightly blued. Test your bluing with soda; if iron be present, as in Prussian blue, the water will turn red.

Of course, neither colored clothes nor flannels should be soaked. Unless badly soiled, they can be rubbed clean in suds without rubbing soap directly upon the fabric. Fresh, clean, hot suds must be prepared for washing delicate mauve, pink, and blue gingham, lawns, and cambrics; rinse through several cold waters, till there is no trace of color in the water, then put through a last rinsing to which you have added some white vinegar, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pailful of water; the acid will counteract the alkali and restore the color, so the garment will come out of the last water as fresh in color as when new. Be careful to dry colored clothes in the shade.

Three things are enemies of flannels: hot irons, hot water, and the rubbing on of soap when wet; these things it is that shrink, full, and discolor flannels. Look the garments over and rub soap on soiled spots before wetting. Make a warm suds, and add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water. Squeeze the garments with the hands, but never rub them, least of all upon the board,—put that out of temptation's way. Rinse in water of the same temperature as the first, till clean. If colored, add white vinegar to the last water, to set the color. After wringing, shake well and draw into shape; dry quickly, pulling them into shape as they dry. The wristlets of vests and anklets of tights should be stretched as narrow as possible, to restore them to their natural close fit; and the bag at the knees and bulge at the elbows can be pulled out. Take the garments down while still damp, and press with a warm iron—never hot—till perfectly dry. In this way old flannels will be as soft and comfortable to wear as new ones.

The most delicate colored muslins can be washed in bran-water without injury. Boil wheat bran in the proportions of three pints to a gallon of water for a half-hour; let it cool, then strain it, and wash the garment in it as you would in a suds. The bran removes the dirt and sets the color; only one rinsing-water is needed, and the fabric will be stiff

enough without starch. This is an excellent way to wash dainty doilies, table-centers, and tea-cloths, that are embroidered with colored floss.

As the years go by there is less and less starch used in the laundry. Bodily comfort is recognized as of too great importance to tolerate the old-time starched garments next the skin, which were about as comfortable as a coat of mail; and good form sets its face against starched table-linen, artistic sense upholding fashion in this respect. Skirts, of course, must have some starch, but should never be so stiffened as to rattle; handkerchiefs should have just that *souppçon* which approaches the unlaundered article; anything more is an abomination, and an insult to the nostrils.

To make fine, clear starch, first wet the starch with cold water and work till smooth, then pour boiling water over it in the proportions of one quart to every two tablespoonfuls of starch; set upon the stove and stir till it boils clear. If stirred for a few moments with a sperm candle, it will prevent the irons from sticking; and with the same object in view some laundresses add a little butter or lard. A small quantity of gum Arabic water added to the starch will give an appearance of freshness to muslins and lawns, either white or colored, not attainable by any other means. It is a great help to keep it in readiness prepared as follows: Pour a pint of boiling water over two ounces of white gum Arabic, stir well, cover it, and let it stand overnight; in the morning pour the liquid off the dregs into a clean bottle, and keep it corked for use.

All white articles can be sprinkled and prepared for ironing the night before; and the same manner of sorting the clothes as in washing will lighten the task. Hems on table and bed linen should be straightened and smoothed with the fingers, and sheets and table-cloths should be folded evenly down the center, right side out, from end to end; pillow-slips and towels must be straightened, and the latter, if fringed, well snapped.

Flat-irons must be kept in perfect condition, smooth and clean, or they will be a source of great vexation to the worker. A piece of stearine candle and a bit of beeswax tied up in a cloth, with which to clean the irons if they stick, should lie beside the iron-rest while ironing. If rough and smoked they can be rubbed with Bath-brick before heating; another remedy is to run the heated irons over fine salt. One reason why the French laundress so greatly excels in this part of the work is that she is trained to use a great variety of irons of different shapes and sizes; and so much is this a matter of routine with her that she has but to glance at a daintily beflounced and ruffled petticoat to know what irons will be needed to restore the billowy mass to its state of pristine freshness. She uses a paper-cutter beneath a tiny iron for the tucks and folds, and passes every little ruffle under the goffering iron; she is equally expert in pulling a lace frill into shape without rending it, and handling the daintiest fabrics so carefully that she preserves their beauty.

This is a field for emulation totally uncultivated in America; and speed the time when the girls now being trained in our Trade Schools will be able to make their influence felt in improving this condition of things.

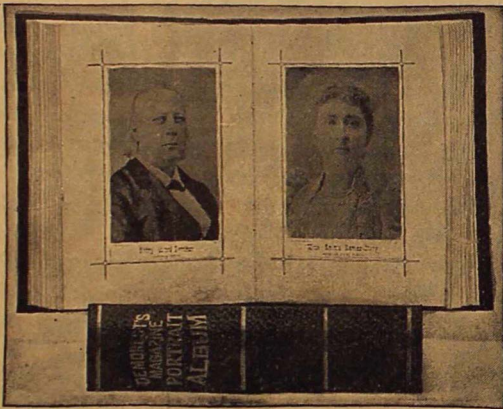
E. A. FLETCHER.

LIGHT is as necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous; they cannot be perfect without its vivifying influence. It is a fatal mistake to curtain windows closely for fear of injuring the furniture by exposure to the sun's rays; such rooms positively gather elements in darkness which engender disease. Let in the light often, and fresh air, too.

A Remarkable Portrait-Album.

THE novel feature which we have recently introduced in the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue permanently, is of exceptional value to readers. In order that it may not be necessary to mutilate the Magazine to form a collection, these portraits are printed 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 to our readers 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, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back of the albums 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; and being placed by themselves in the album they will not detract from the artistic effect of the pages containing the portraits. The album forms a very handsome ornament for the parlor or library, as well as a valuable source of entertainment, information, and reference, interesting to



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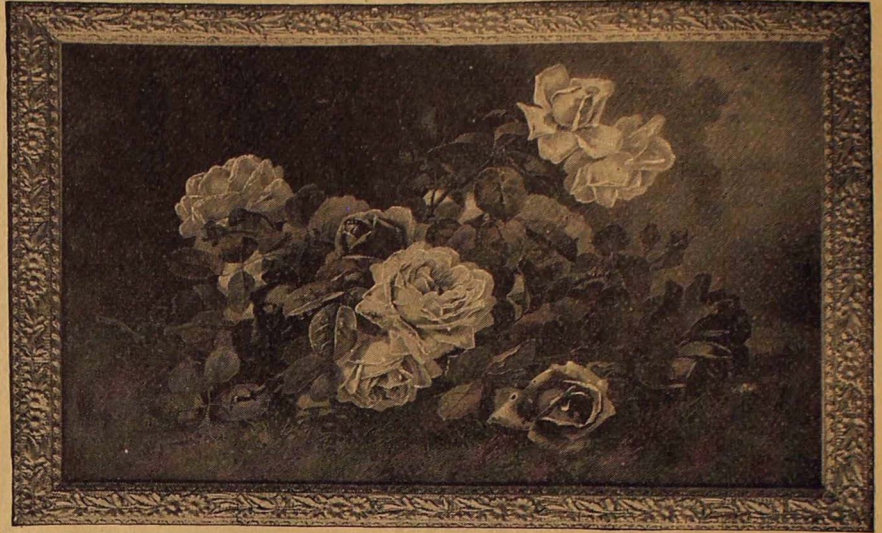
portraits published in the last volume of the Magazine will be entitled to them free, when they send in their subscriptions. The following are the names of those published in the last volume:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Shakespeare, | General Sherman, |
| Charles H. Parkhurst, | Rev. Phillips Brooks, |
| D.D., | Haydn, |
| George W. Childs, | Ralph Waldo Emerson, |
| Susan B. Anthony, | Alexandre Dumas, père, |
| Abraham Lincoln, | Alexandre Dumas, fils, |
| Mlle. Emma Calvé, | Alexander III., late Czar |
| William II., Emperor of | of Russia, |
| Germany, | President Cleveland, |
| Prince Bismarck, | Mrs. Grover Cleveland, |
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| Oliver W. Holmes, | Governor McKinley, |
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The beautiful oil-picture "Violets" (illustrated above in a gilt frame) appears in this number of the Magazine. We furnish gilt frames for this picture for 25 cents each.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—APRIL.

PATTERN ORDER, Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 325.

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

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

NEW spring fabrics are, as a rule, rough-surfaced and sleazily woven, and combine many colors without giving prominence to any; though, as almost always in the spring, green is somewhat more dominant. There are checks and dotted stripes in black or white with green, blue, and brown, and thread lines of deep red and yellow; and, as for several seasons past, the choicest of these wools are brightened by a more or less abundant use of silken threads. *Bouclé* cloths are checked off with bright threads of silk or mohair which lie on the surface in curled loops; old-rose on a tan ground, gold on brown and white, and *bluet* with gray, are effective mixtures.

Light-weight, double-faced covert cloths, Scotch and Donegal tweeds, and smooth-faced whip-cords in hair stripes are the choice for tailor gowns for traveling and street use. There are no decided changes, and only slight variations in the styles of these gowns. Coats are single and double breasted or cut away in front to disclose waistcoat or blouse; but a revival of the belted English Norfolk jacket is something of a novelty. It has the three box-plaits both in front and back as when worn formerly, but is belted trigly in front instead of drooping as do other full waists. Sleeves for these gowns are still large, but should not be stiffly lined; and there is no change in the cut of the flaring skirts, which must clear the ground all around.

We are again in a transition period as far as styles of making gowns, and there are no radical changes. Variety there is, of course, in abundance; for fabrics of every description were never more varied or beautiful. Sleeves are still *énorme*, but they are no longer stiffened to look like balloons. The fullness is confined to the upper part of the arm, and the modiste exercises her ingenuity in draping it so that as many yards of material as possible can be gracefully arranged to fall from the shoulder. For dinner and evening

gowns the sleeves extend only half-way to the elbows, where the long, loose gloves meet them; these should not fit tightly, but wrinkle all the way up the arm, and the newest expand widely above the elbows, reminding one forcibly of the old cavalier boot-tops.

Skirts of gowns are severely plain, but as full and rippling as heretofore; and the latest word from Paris is that positively no stiffening is used. The fabrics employed for rich gowns are really too exquisite to admit of any trimming; and are all silk-lined, the taffetas employed for the purpose having sufficient body to hold the rippling folds out gracefully. Some gowns of satin or *crépon* which are cut in narrow breadths with many seams have a vine of spangle embroidery or passementerie or a tiny plaiting of *chiffon* or ribbon running up every seam; but these are exceptional.

The designers of *crépon* manufacturers have let their imaginations run riot, and so varied and bewildering is the variety of weaves displayed that they defy description.

The black *crépons* remain the most distinguished, and are the first choice; but seekers of novelty can find many beautiful weaves in solid colors, *bluet*, drab, gray, brown, etc., and also in quaint odd mixtures. The *chiffon crépons* show black or white *chiffon* woven in crushed, irregular puffs over a wool or mohair ground of pale blue, violet, or terra cotta, and a blue-gray silk *crépon* is quilted to a wool background with gold-colored silk in a flower-and-leaf pattern that must have been copied from a great-grandmother quilt.

An excellent choice for a smart gown which can do duty on a multitude of occasions and serve as an all-season frock is a black mohair *crépon*; this is light in weight, very silky in appearance, just wiry enough to repel dust, and much more durable than those of silk-and-wool. Many of these *crépons* have no right nor wrong side, and they are in every conceivable crimped effect; the very newest have deep diagonal ruts, which some of the modistes cut so they form chevron effects around the skirt, and others are in irregular, deep honeycombs, like the finger-prints in children's mud pies. Some of silk and wool have *plissé* tucks or puffs of silk held in vertical or bayadere stripes, or in checks by crimped bands of wool.

Much lace and ribbon is lavished on the light *chiné* taffetas, *crépéd* pompadour silks, and diaphanous fabrics prepared for spring and summer wear.

Dainty Waists.

It would hardly be possible for a present-day woman to have too many separate waists and separate skirts; they are conducive to variety in the toilet, and variety is a *desid-*

No. 1, the "Fabiola," shows a simple and popular design that admits of many modifications. This represents black *crépon* with Pompadour effect of accordion-plaited red *chiffon* outlined with jet passementerie; and the back view, given separately, shows a combination of fine checked wool with silk.

No. 2 shows the "Holroyd" waist, which was illustrated in the February, 1894, magazine. It is here made in striped *crépon*, to complete a costume of the same goods, and velvet is used in combination. The back is like the front, and the soft girdle is finished with a bow to match that at the neck.



Fabiola Waist. (BACK.)



Dainty Waists.

THE "FABIOLA."

THE "HOLROYD."

Spring Capes.

THAT the cape has come to stay—at least as long as the voluminous sleeves—is a foregone conclusion. The styles are diverse and suited to all needs and occasions, and there is hardly any suitable material that is not used for capes. Our two models, the "Odessa" and "Francesca," show two very popular styles. The "Odessa" is a simple circle of ample width for comfort and convenience, cut a little double-

eratum in modern dressing. And a woman with artistic taste and an appreciation of the possibilities of remnants and odd pieces can have this variety at comparatively little expense, for often it is the happy use in some novel way of a bit of embroidery or other trimming, or the effective arrangement of a small quantity of "novelty" goods, that imparts to the waist its charm; and fashion permits any arrangement that is becoming. In design, most waists are simple; as in Sam Weller's "weal pie," "it's the seasonin' as does it."

breasted so that it may be worn open, as illustrated, or closed snugly at the throat, and having a shoulder-cape that may be omitted at option. This is most suitably made in cloths and serges, and may be lined or unlined.

The "Francesca" is suitable for dressy wear, and permits of very effective combinations of materials,—silk and velvet, or cloth with silk or velvet,



Simple, But Stylish. (See Page 364.)

FERNANDA BASQUE. FARRINGTON CIRCLE SKIRT.



A Spring Cape. THE "ODESSA."

—and very charming capes are made entirely of cloth, with the yoke braided or embroidered or covered with passementerie. For spring wear narrow bands of fur finish the shoulders and bottom, and feather trimming

A Smart Tailor-Gown.

THE "Nordica" coat and the "Mildmay" skirt are the patterns combined for this costume, which is of steel-gray cloth with almost invisible flecks of black and white. The vest is of chamois-colored cloth fastened with gilt buttons, and a linen chemisette and small tie are worn with it. The skirt is a very popular model, of graceful and comfortable width and just escaping the ground. The coat fits trimly and has the usual seams in the back, with a lap at the middle seam. The hat is of the same material as the suit, trimmed with a roll of black velvet, and a small cluster of black ostrich-tips.

WHITE IRISH LINEN sheeting of rather heavy quality is used for costumes, and trimmed with braid.



A Smart Tailor-Gown.

NORDICA COAT. MILD MAY SKIRT.

is quite suitable for any season of the year; or the lower edge may be left plain. Our illustration represents black velvet, dark red cloth braided with black soutache, chinchilla fur, and a ruche of black silk at the neck.

FOR BICYCLING, the approved costume consists of knickerbockers of black satin, cloth leggings matching the outer dress, a skirt, lined with satin, reaching about half-way to the ankles, and a cut-away cloth coat showing a silk blouse of any becoming color.

COLORED CHAMBERYS and batistes are embroidered in white and butter color.



For Slender Women.

ELDITHA WAIST. (See Page 363.)



A Dressy Spring Cape.

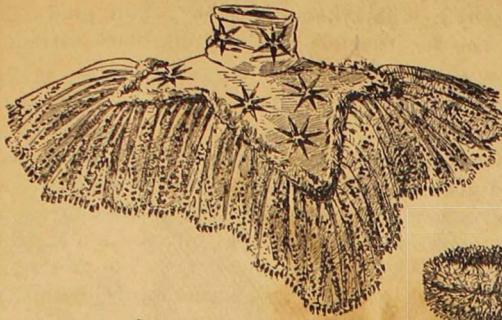
THE "FRANCESCA." (See Page 361.)



A Dainty Spring Gown.

EDSA WAIST. BLAGDON SKIRT. (See Page 365.)

Bengale is a delicate bluish pink, and it shades through Paul Neyron, Hermosa, Margottin, and fuchsia, to amaryllis, which is a rich purplish crimson, and very beautiful.



1. Crêpon Shoulder-Cape.
For Slender Women.

(See Page 362.)

THIS becoming waist—the “El-ditha”—is easily made, and is desirable for all medium and light weight goods, including all those so popular for separate waists; and it is especially good for the new cottons. The foundation is a plain waist with the usual number of seams, and the fullness in the back is at the shoulders and in the middle at the waist line. The shoulder-pieces may be omitted, if preferred, and the design would thus be rendered much simpler.

For the Neck.

No. 1.—Shoulder collar of white crêpon ornamented with stars of jet facets, and bordered with mink fur and a frill of spangled lace.

No. 2.—Neck-ruche of violet silk, fringed on the edge and plaited very full; fastened in front under a bow of purple satin ribbon.

No. 3.—Neck-ruche of wide, doubled chiffon, plaited very full, with lace-trimmed ends pendent in front. A cluster of yellow chrysanthemums ornaments one side.

No. 4.—Theater-collar of plaited chiffon, guipure lace, black velvet rosettes, and pink carnations. The guipure forms a shaped collar trimmed around with the chiffon, which forms a high standing frill around the neck.

No. 5.—Stock-collar of American Beauty ribbon, with rosettes and ends of Brussels point pendent on the sides.

No. 6.—Collar for evening dress of rose-colored crêpe, trimmed with Chantilly edging and deep red dahlias.

No. 7.—Neck-bow of lemon-colored crêpe edged with Valenciennes.

No. 8.—Neck-bow of ivory moiré ribbon, trimmed with guipure insertion and embroidered chiffon.

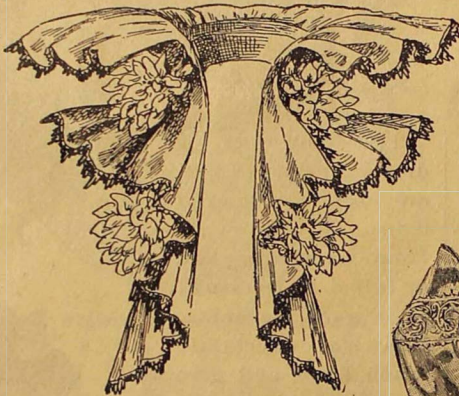
No. 9.—Collar and plastron of cream silk canvas, finished with feather-stitching in turquoise-blue silk to match the



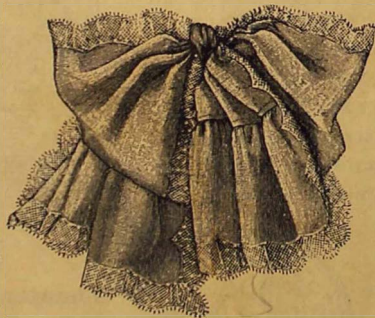
2. Silk Neck-Ruche.



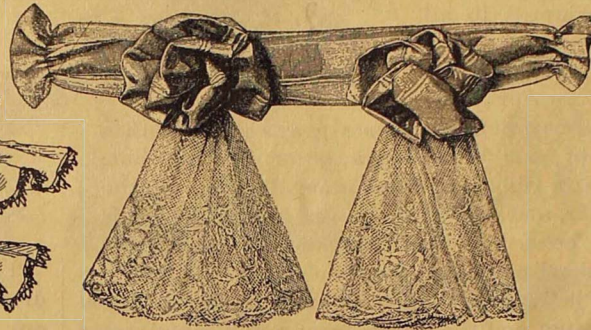
3. Chiffon Neck-Ruche.



6. Collar for Evening Wear.



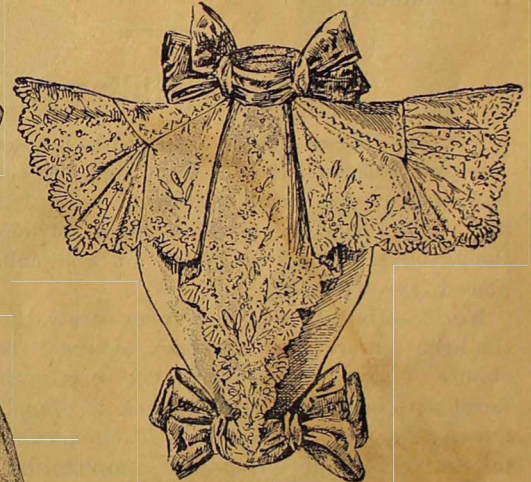
7. Crêpe Neck-Bow.



5. Ribbon and Lace Stock-Collar.



8. Ribbon Neck-Bow.



9. Plastron and Collar.



10. Collar of Ivory Chiffon.

stock-collar and bows at the waist. The wide lace flounce is folded to form

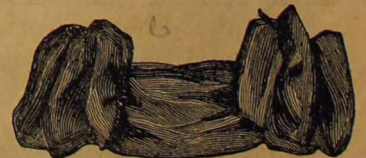
a long point extending to the waist in front.

No. 10.—Square collar of ivory chiffon, finished by a frill of chiffon and lace. Folds of

chiffon or bright velvet finish the neck.

No. 11.—Stock-collar of bias blue satin, with bows on the sides.

SPRING HATS are loaded with flowers; three or four varieties, with abundant foliage, are on a single hat.



11. Satin Stock-Collar.

Simple, But Stylish.

(See Page 361.)

THE extreme simplicity of this model is one of its chief



1. Black Chip Hat.

charms. It is adapted to all dress materials, and offers opportunity for the effective combination of two or three fabrics. Our illustration represents gray *crépon*, with a full chemisette of pale blue *chiffon*, bows of changeable blue-and-gray satin ribbon, and fine blue silk gimp. If the bows, stock-collar, and one of the revers-collars be made of velvet, the effect will be more pronounced. The skirt is the "Farrington" circle, and is very popular. The basque is the "Fernanda"; it is slightly pointed in the back and has the usual seams, and the revers form round capes across the shoulders.



2. Fancy Straw Hat.



3. Jet Capote.

THE CORSAGES of dressy spring gowns are made with the drooping blouse fronts, and are plain or fulled in the back, as is most becoming. Slashed effects are much liked, and give opportunity for charming color-contrasts, and apparent elaboration with simple means.

DRESSY BONNETS fairly bristle with wing-shaped ornaments, outspread like the wings of insects.



4. Chenille Hat.



5. Theater Head-dress.

EYELETTED EMBROIDERIES have the preference this season.

SOME NEW TAILOR-GOWNS have skirts reaching only to the tops of the shoes.

TAFFETAS AND FAILLE with *chiné* figures are used for separate waists.

LADIES' DRAWERS are made almost as wide as divided skirts. Fine lace and eyeletted embroidery are used for trimming.

Spring Millinery.

No. 1.—Hat of black chip, with low crown, and brim drooping back and front. The trimming consists of a large bow of black satin ribbon in front, and a similar, but smaller, bow at the back, from which black ostrich-tips droop over the brim, while a full bunch of gold-colored aigrettes is placed forward of it.

No. 2.—Hat of pale green fancy straw, the crown low, and the brim cut away at the back, where it is filled in with a cluster of roses shaded from pink to crimson. The brim is faced with accordion-plaited black lace, and in front of the crown is a many-looped bow of changeable rose-and-green taffeta ribbon. Jet ornaments complete the trimming.

No. 3.—Capote of jet, in boat shape, with undulated edge surrounded by jet cabochons; the lengthway is placed across the head, and large rosettes of American Beauty velvet are placed at the sides, the one at the left surmounted by a black, curled aigrette. The jet ornaments are the same back and front.

No. 4.—Capote of dark green chenille-covered wire, with undulating brim. A large cluster of violet foliage is arranged back and front, and at the sides full bunches of silk-and-velvet Parma violets.

No. 5.—Theater head-dress, composed of a circlet of spangled, rose-colored velvet held in the back by a rhinestone ornament; black ostrich-tips and spangled ornaments are at the sides, and a rhinestone ornament with gilt and rhinestone aigrettes in front.

No. 6.—A tiny capote of emerald-green velvet, trimmed to appear large with a bow of rose-col-



6. Picture Capote.

ored *chiffon* held by a rhinestone ornament; four gold-embroidered white lace leaves and two drooping black ostrich-feathers are at the sides.

CLUSTERS of artificial flowers,—rosebuds and forget-me-nots, violets and daisies, and crushed roses shading from pink to deepest crimson,—are fastened in the velvet or satin rosettes on neck and sleeve bands, and whole collars are made of them. They are bunched in compact masses; the roses and forget-me-nots are without foliage, but leaves are mingled with violets, and they are invariably tied with loops of harmonizing ribbon.

A Dainty Spring Gown.

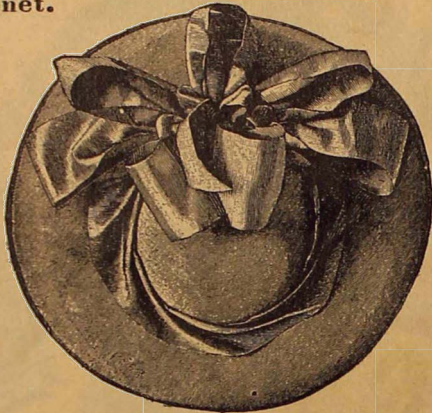
(See Page 362.)

TAN-COLORED *crépon* and brown-and-gold silk-and-wool novelty goods are the materials used for this dainty gown, with brown velvet for the collar and belt, and brown-and-gold passementerie. The skirt, the "Blagdon," a six-gored model, is made of the *crépon*, and has the two front seams trimmed with passementerie. The waist and the sleeves are of the novelty goods, the close-fitting Figaro jacket is of the *crépon*, with motifs of passementerie on the revers and in the middle of the back, and the collar and belt are of velvet with large bows at the back. The



1. "Granny" Bonnet.

waist pattern is known as the "Edsa." The hat is of tan-colored straw, trimmed with brown velvet and a profusion of brown ostrich-tips, and the brim is faced with brown velvet. This is an excellent model for all medium-weight fabrics, and admits of effective combinations of goods.

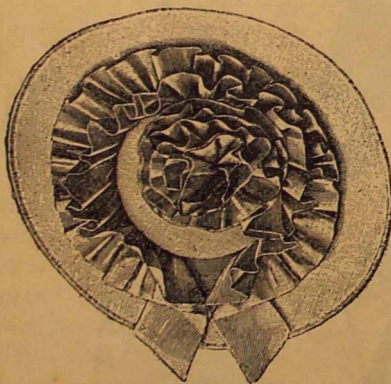


2. Ribbon Hat-Trimming.

Children's Hats.

No. 1.—"Granny" bonnet of accordion-plaited red India silk and white *chiffon*, with a small, full crown of the silk surrounded by a *rouleau* of white ribbon, and a bow and *aigrette* of mixed silk and *chiffon*.

No. 2.—A simple ribbon trimming suitable for a girl's or miss's hat.



3. Ribbon Hat-Trimming.

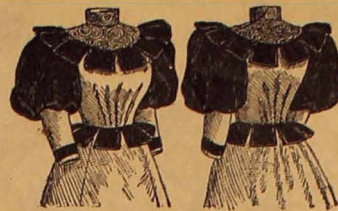
No. 3.—A very simple ribbon trimming suitable for a hat for a small child.

NEW SUMMER SILKS show *crépéd* effects, and many of them can hardly be distinguished from *crépe de Chine*.

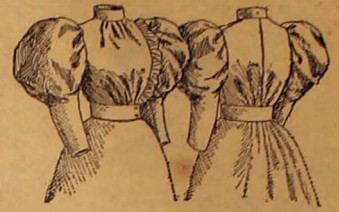
Crépons shaded in two or three tones of a color are very attractive, and others, equally pretty, are woven in two strongly contrasting colors.

SPANGLES and all sorts of glittering garnitures abound on the new millinery; entire toques are made of overlapping *paillettes*, gold and colors rivalling jet.

A DRAGON-FLY, large enough to cover the crown of a hat, with the body closely covered with overlapping spangles, and several pairs of wings as glittering as jet and spangles can make them, is considered very stylish.



Chatham Waist.



Grisell Blouse.



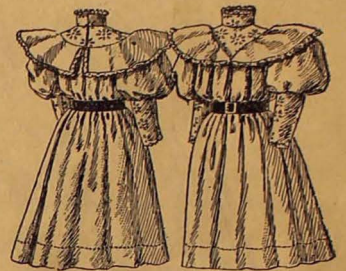
Helena Wrap.



Divided Skirt.



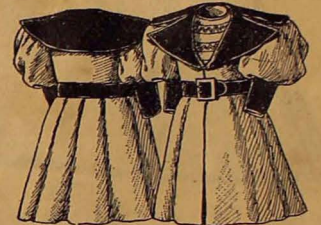
Verona Dress.



Zara Dress.



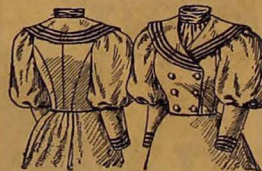
Nessie Coat.



Montrose Coat.



Boy's Shirt Waist.



Harewood Jacket-Waist.



Glencroft Waist.

Standard Patterns.

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 367.)

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

Ready for Summer Games.



THE simplicity of this model recommends it for all-around use at all times of the year. The skirt has a gored front, and the sides and back are of straight breadths. The waist is plain in the back and slightly full in front, and over it is a jaunty jacket that can be made removable; or it can be omitted altogether. This is an excellent model for

Ready for Summer Games.
SUSETTE DRESS.

serges and other spring and summer woolens, and also for the heavier cottons. The pattern is the "Susette," and is in sizes for eight and ten years.

In Spring Attire.

THIS becoming model is a favorite for spring woolens, and especially desirable for cottons. The patterns are the "Ethelind" waist and the "Edgemere" skirt. The skirt has a gored apron front, and the remainder is in circle shape with a bias seam down the back. The back of the waist is full at the bottom, without revers, and the belt is finished with a rosette. The illustration represents plain blue cashmere and blue-and-white India silk, with blue velvet for the belt. The back of the waist is of the plain goods. Both patterns are in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

In Spring Attire.
ETHELIND WAIST, EDMERE SKIRT.

A Guimpe Dress.

FOR little girls under eight years of age no more practical and becoming dress could be desired. While especially pretty made in washable goods—dainty gingham and Chambéry and percales and linens—with the guimpe of white, washable material, it is equally good for light woolens and silks, with either of which the guimpe would be of India silk. It may be made more dressy by the addition of a sash, or a belt with rosettes at the sides of the front and in the back. The pattern, the "Nonette," is in sizes for four, six, and eight years.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Evening-gown of rose-colored satin, with pearl embroidery and white *chiffon*.
- 2.—Gold brooch set with diamonds.
- 3.—House-gown of *bleu* cashmere.
- 4.—Street-gown of heliotrope zibeline, with velvet of a darker shade and sable.
- 5.—Eton jacket of baby lamb, with revers of green velvet, and blouse of polka-dotted *cerise* moire.
- 6.—Chrysoptase and diamond brooch.
- 7.—Evening corsage of *ciel* blue *chiné* moire and plaited *chiffon*.
- 8.—Back view of No. 1.
- 9.—Diamond-studded arrow pin with pearl in center.
- 10.—Evening-gown of *chiné* taffeta, with jabots of lace and black velvet bows.
- 11.—Bridesmaid's-gown of pink satin; blouse of white *chiffon* with pearl-embroidered bands. White felt hat with pink plumes.
- 12.—Cat-tail brooch bearing a diamond-set thrush.
- 13.—Crescent brooch set with diamonds.
- 14.—Opal-tinted moire; ruche of pale blue *chiffon* around skirt; sleeves of sapphire velvet; corsage draped with *chiffon* and trimmed with clusters of roses.
- 15.—Dinner-gown of amaranth velvet; band of iridescent passementerie at bottom of skirt, and Roman pearls draped across the bust.
- 16.—Reception-gown of *bleu* zibeline combined with black velvet.
- 17.—Mercury's wand, or caduceus, set with diamonds and pearls; to be used as a hair or corsage ornament.
- 18.—Reception-gown of *tabac* satin, with brown velvet and bronze embroidery.
- 19.—Evening-gown of pale green satin, trimmed with Bruges lace.
- 20.—Bracelet set with chrysoptase and diamonds.
- 21.—Tailor-gown of tan-colored covert-cloth.
- 22.—House-gown of silk-and-wool novelty-goods; panel of guipure work on the side, and chemisette of same.
- 23.—Gray *crépon* gown combined with black velvet, panel and chemisette of guipure embroidery.
- 24.—Pearl-set bracelet.
- 25.—Tan-colored cloth cape with stitched appliqué of cloth.
- 26.—Spring gown of tan-colored vigogne.
- 27.—Pearl-set initial ring.
- 28.—Evening-gown of malze-colored satin, trimmed with Brussels point.



Dressy and Becoming.

FOR the dainty cottons and lovely spring and summer dress-goods this is as pretty a model as can be desired. The illustration represents pale blue Chambéry with vest effect in the front and a simulated yoke across the back of all-over embroidery, and the trimming is dark blue satin ribbon edged with narrow embroidery. The model can

A Guimpe Dress.
THE "NONETTE."

be simplified by the omission of the revers on the waist and sleeves, or these can be of velvet. The pattern, the "Lura," is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

Dressy and Becoming.
LURA WAIST.

What Does Conscience Say?

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

AN active, an intelligent, conscience is the basis of all virtue and morality and indispensable to a successful and prosperous civilization. No good or effective action can grow out of a careless, apathetic treatment of moral questions; and yet the many questions which relate to the habits and morals of the people are among the most important and potential concerning the welfare of a civilized community.

The adjudication of moral questions is entirely dependent on the exercise of the people's conscience; so that when the conscience of the people is intelligent and prompt in its demands for recognition, when this conscience becomes dominant and unswerving in its claims for the just rights and privileges of the people, our chances for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are most secure and durable, and prosperity is sure to follow.

But are we prepared to meet these questions in all their demands on our attention, especially this most momentous question that rises up and overshadows all others in its magnitude, the awful results of the liquor traffic?

Are we willing to meet this question of Prohibition of the liquor traffic in all its claims on our active sympathies? Are we willing to meet the odium and opposition that the selfish, unscrupulous liquor-dealers and their allies are so active in bringing on the workers in the cause of Prohibition? How much sacrifice and how much effort are we willing to make to secure all the advantages that are to follow entire Prohibition?

The supercilious, apathetic treatment that the intelligent and Christian people of this country have given to this question of the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic is both disheartening to its advocates and a terrible reflection on the sincerity and virtue of the Christian Church. It is also a menace to our civilization.

That such a horrible, vicious, and dangerous menace to society should be tolerated at all, much less be cherished and encouraged by a large proportion of the Christian Church, is among the most anomalous questions that now confront our intelligence and cause anxiety for the welfare of our country.

How is it possible that such a tremendous, outrageous, and pernicious injury, such an incubus on all departments of our industries, such a demoralizer of virtue and religion, such a source of crime and misery, such a cause of desecration of our homes, and the ruin of all the best and most cherished sentiments that make our civilization desirable,—how can all this be tolerated and not call for universal condemnation at the ballot-box? And why are we not aroused to an enthusiastic determination for its extermination? This furnishes the most marvelous indications of a benumbed conscience and degraded sensibilities,—a blind infatuation, that cannot be fathomed by ordinary intelligence.

We are fully aware of the fact that it is impossible to exaggerate the horrors and the extent of the misery produced in the homes of a large proportion of the people by this drink habit; we know that we cannot fully estimate the loss and injury that the community suffer on account of its awful tax on the resources of labor; nor can we fathom all the crime and degradation that is the direct outcome of this terrible appetite for strong drink. No amount of regret can atone for the wail of a mother's awful agony over her lost son, no amount of good intentions

will compensate the wife of a drunken husband, no tears of anguish or even real repentance will ever repair the broken hearts or stifle the cries of homeless, starving children who have been made worse than fatherless by the toleration, and even protection, that the liquor traffic has obtained through votes. Eternity alone will reveal all the horrors that this traffic in alcoholic poisons has produced.

But that the people should tamely and willingly tolerate these atrocious outrages is a fact that challenges credulity and shocks our moral sense. This question of the people's toleration and forbearance towards their most treacherous and formidable enemy, this cowardly attitude of our present civilization in the complacent toleration of this evil, is the mountain that rises up before our mental vision in all its bleak and dismal proportions, and we cannot forbear expressing our utter bewilderment in its presence. We must conclude that the people will ultimately and surely rise in their moral strength and crush this monster. The people, in obedience to their intelligent convictions, and under a pressure of necessity and the strong incentive for self-preservation, will soon find themselves in a combined and determined attitude of defense, struggling together for life, liberty, and security.

This awful incubus on our civilization, this hydra-headed monster of crime, degradation, and misery, that has nearly crushed out our manly thought and conscientious conviction, must be annihilated by the strong arm of the law; and this can be done only by a willing and determined people concentrating their political action at the ballot-box.

These are questions that are now making an especial appeal to our intelligence, patriotism, conscience, and our Christian sympathies. How much these efforts to secure Prohibition will cost, and what sacrifices are essential to success, are matters now before numerous conscientious minds all over the country; and we have the faith to believe that the thought being given to them will soon be crystallized into an enthusiastic and united effort to awaken to a sympathetic political action the whirlwind of energy and irresistible determination that is now required to save our country. Will it come? Will it come soon?

The Rumseller Rolls in Gold.

MEN starve as they toil in the black coal-mines,
Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold;
But in every land where the moonlight shines,
The rumseller rolls in gold.

The laborer laboreth all his youth
For the poorhouse when he is old,
And many the farmer's toils and fears;
But the rumseller rolls in gold.

Jack drinks his wages and staggers away
To his wife, the story is old,
You may read the police reports next day,—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead,
Under the pauper mold,
And his orphans beg their daily bread,—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

PERFECTION IN AROMA, FLAVOR, RICHNESS, AND DIGESTIBILITY.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Correspondence Club.

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

"A. F. L."—As the party was given by your sister, the ladies were indebted to her alone, and you have no reason to consider yourself slighted because you were not invited when they entertained in their turn. A hostess has many things to consider when making out her invitation lists, and cannot always do either what she wishes herself or what some people expect.

"M. W. A."—The pictures about which you inquire are some kind of *papier maché*, but they cannot now be obtained.

"H. J. L."—The object of the Medal Contests is to instill the principles of Prohibition into the minds of children. The Contests could of course be held in a church, and a small admission fee be charged to hear the recitations. Such entertainments are generally popular in small places where many friends are interested in every participant, and this would ensure a crowded auditorium.—The dropping of *gh* in *through* and *tough* is one of the phonetic reforms, but has not yet been adopted by orthoëpists.

"Mrs. J. H. C."—Mothers exercise their own taste and discretion in deciding the length of their little girls' gowns; it is best always to be governed by what is most becoming to the child. Extremists adopt the French fashion, which for ages from four years to ten favors the skirt just covering the knees; the conservative style is half-way to the shoe-tops for girls from eight to twelve. Some little maids are kept in Greenaway gowns till five or even seven years old; but there is a growing recognition of the fact that the long skirts hamper them, and even lead to accidents, so shorter skirts, coming a few inches below the knees, are often adopted for the four-year-olds.

"M. A. A."—Any of the firms to whom our thanks are offered at the conclusion of the "Review of Fashions" will send you samples of the perforated cloths, upon application.

"A COUNTRY INVALID."—Sulphonal is a powerful drug, and though efficacious in relieving insomnia, if taken occasionally, loses its effect entirely if taken continuously, as do most narcotics; and there is always grave danger from what are called secondary effects, in taking into the system repeated doses of any medicament.

(Continued on page 370.)



Pearline

Washing Compound

has become more popular with the women of this land—in less time—than anything ever invented for the household. *The intelligent rich* use Pearline because of the superior results obtained.

The intelligent middle class—because of the superior results, and the fact that, in doing away with the rubbing, it does away with the worst of the wear and tear on clothing and paint.

The intelligent poor—because it takes the drudgery out of their hardest work—a delicate woman can do a large wash with the aid of Pearline.

PEARLINE will wash clothes—clean paint, china, silver, glassware, windows, oil paintings, carpets without taking up—better—in less time and with less labor, than anything known; besides it is absolutely harmless.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

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

There is a way to tell the Genuine

"Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped"



Silk Gloves.

Look in the hem.

"KAYSER," you have the antee ticket in each pair, pair free if the "Tips"

If your dealer hasn't them, write to

If you find the word kind that have a **guar-** that is good for a new wear out before the gloves.

Julius Kayser & Co., New York.

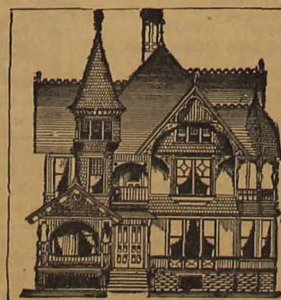
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL to carry and use the GEO. S. PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN.



Perfectly Contrived—Faultless Tubular Feed. Your dealer is likely to have them. If he hasn't, write us, and we'll send you the information you want and our handsome illustrated catalogue free. PARKER PEN CO., 24 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

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



If you are Going to Build ... a HOME

and will send us your name and address, and state what priced house you want, WILL SEND FREE a copy of our Beautiful Illustrated Book of Residence Designs entitled "ARTISTIC HOMES," how to plan and build them. Contains designs of many Beautiful Homes, also designs for laying out and beautifying your grounds. This book will make you familiar at once with all the latest ideas and styles. Enclose two 2c. stamps for mailing, or 25c. for a copy of "AMERICAN HOMES" 24 large plates (10x14) besides many other beautiful illustrations. GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 369.)

"F. B."—Will-o'-the-wisp is another name for Jack-with-the-lantern. In the superstition of early days it was supposed to be an evil spirit whose pleasure it was to lead unwary and benighted travelers astray by assuming the appearance of a guiding light. It had its origin in the *ignis fatuus*, a luminous meteor seen over marshes and on the borders of forests in damp places during hot summer nights, and caused by the spontaneous combustion of gaseous vapors arising from decomposing animal and vegetable substances.

NO SIGNATURE.—Lord Byron wrote "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

"HATTIE."—Paper your high-ceilinged walls with plain cartridge-paper, and use a deep frieze of bold design; a dado also would lessen the height. They would look well, also, if tinted a light tone to harmonize with your furnishings and draperies, with a frieze stenciled in a bold, conventionalized pattern. Pale olive green, warm cream, blue-gray, and light terra cotta are all good tints for paper or wash.—Terra cotta or a pinkish gray would look well with your cherry woodwork.—The directions given in "Home Art" in the last number of Demorest's would be very effective in your rooms.

"LUCY J."—We are glad to inform you that the well-known writer Mrs. Whitney still lives to give pleasure to a large circle of readers, young and old. Among her best-known books are, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwait's Life," "Real Folks," "Sights and Insights," "We Girls," "Other Girls," and "Odd or Even?" Write to your nearest bookseller to obtain a complete list.

"MRS. HENRY L."—As in cleaning your chenille table-cover much would depend upon its quality and the consequent permanence of the dyes used, we can guarantee no receipt. You might try the directions given in "Household," in this number, for laundering fine lawns, etc., in bran-water. That and soap-bark are the only things we can suggest.—There is a very great chance that your letters to the advertiser mentioned either miscarried or were misdirected. Why do you not write and inquire? It is also quite possible that a pamphlet prepared for circulation and advertised more than a year before is now out of print.

(Continued on page 371.)

Sterilized Milk

is the only safeguard against the many diseases insidiously promulgated by ordinary milk. You may rest assured that the contents of every can of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream are thoroughly sterilized.

One of the most beautiful and interesting floral catalogues we have seen this season is that of Messrs. Good & Reese, proprietors of the famous Champion City Greenhouses, of Springfield, O. The leading specialties of the firm are roses, chrysanthemums and begonias, and their stock includes all of the rarest and most beautiful varieties in all of these deservedly popular flowers. Besides these, mind you, they keep a large and complete assortment of flower seeds, bulbs and plants, from all the old-time favorites through the long list to the rarest and choicest floral treasures known.

We have been surprised many times during the past two years at the astonishing offers made by one of our large advertising patrons, the Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advertisement will be found on another page of this magazine. We know their "Sweet Home" and toilet soaps, Modjeska toilet articles, also their Chautauqua desk, oil heater, and reclining chair, give perfect satisfaction. We also know that the company is reliable and trustworthy in every way, and fulfill every promise they make, and we cheerfully recommend them to our subscribers.

As hooks and eyes are to play a prominent part in the make up of women and children's garments, it is well to have the best. A new kind of eye, "invisible," and much neater and finer than thread loops, or old kind of eye, is now out. As these eyes are sold with one of the neatest of the popular spring hooks, with easy working springs, the new "Francis Hooks and Eyes" are sure to be a blessing to all who use such goods. They are easily moved while fitting, need very little sewing, and give a dress or waist a finish never before secured. Send for free samples, with particulars how to use, to the Francis Manufacturing Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

PLUETTE

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

ONLY GENUINE WATER-PROOF SERGE

An excellent fabric.—*Domestic Monthly.*

One of the best all-round water-proof cloths. New this season.
—*Godey's Fashions.*

PLUETTE MAKES A handsome riding-dress.
A serviceable outing-dress.
A nobby bicycle-suit.
(Preferable to a mackintosh without its objectionable features, being perfectly porous, yet rain repellent.)
A good all-round serge dress for any use.

PLUETTE is a reliable rain-proof serge, is economical, durable and elegant in appearance, and as the majority of so-called rain-proof serges sold are not rain-proof, and will cockle after being wet, we stamp "Pluette" on the back of goods proofed by us every five yards, in order that customers may be sure they get the genuine PLUETTE, which is guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS, AND IN

BOSTON:

JORDAN, MARSH & CO.
C. F. HOVEY & CO.

NEW YORK:

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.
SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON.
LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 14TH ST.
EHRICH BROS.

PHILADELPHIA:

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

CHICAGO, ILL.:

MANDELL BROS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.:

CALLENDER, MCAUSLIN & TROUP CO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:

FORBES & WALLACE.

WORCESTER, MASS.:

DENHOLM & MCKAY.

HARTFORD, CONN.:

BROWN, THOMPSON & CO.

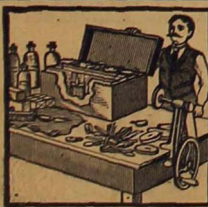
ST. LOUIS, Mo.:

WM. BARR D. G. CO.
SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY CO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.:

MANNHEIMER BROS.

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



AGENTS LADIES OR GENTS \$75 A WEEK.
At home, using or selling Gray Plater, or collecting goods for us to plate. We do all kinds of plating at our works, manufacture the materials and outfits, and teach the art. We sell the only complete outfit, including lathe, wheels, tools and materials for polishing, preparing, plating and finishing every thing. Circulars and prices free. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 4, Columbus, Ohio.

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



INVALIDS, if you can't find at SARGENT'S what you need in all such things as Rolling, Reclining, Carrying and Commode Chairs, Tricycles, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Tables and invalids' conveniences generally, you may as well give it up. Write, stating just what you want. No charge. Address **Geo. F. Sargent Co., 814 Broadway, New York.**

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



Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair.

Invaluable for cleansing the skin, relieving rheumatism and torpid liver.

BIDETS AND COMMODES.

Descriptive Lists sent free,

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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



LYRACELLO—An Aeolian Harp that fits any window. Four strings and tuning parts complete. By mail for \$1.00. **Acme Toy Co., Jersey City, N. J.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SHORTHAND Celebrated **PERNIN** method. Awarded Medal and Diploma at World's Fair. Simplest and best in the world. Trial lesson FREE. For books and lessons by MAIL, write H. M. PERNIN, Author, DETROIT, MICH. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 370.)

"C. A. F."—Your goatskin rug blackened from a smoking lamp will be a difficult thing to clean; there is nothing more obnoxious or difficult to eradicate than that kind of soil. Try the Russian method for cleaning furs given in "Household" in Demorest's for June, 1894. In your case, use the rye flour, heated as hot as the hand can bear it, very generously; cover the rug completely with the flour, and rub it thoroughly in; let it lie a short time, then brush and beat the rug till perfectly freed from the flour. If only partially successful, repeat the process; if it fail, try naphtha, or send the rug to a professional cleaner.

"J. H."—Spain is a kingdom, not a republic. It is governed by the Queen Regent for her son, King Alphonso XIII., who was born May 17, 1886, after the death of his father.

"H. H."—Vathek is the hero of Beckford's novel of that name. He is an arrogant, weak monarch, led on by the temptations of a malignant genie and the evil promptings of a cruel and ambitious mother to commit many crimes, and to pledge his allegiance to Eblis, the Mohammedan Satan; the other is a biblical allusion.—The "Almanach de Gotha" is an annual publication, issued at Gotha, Germany, devoted to statistical, diplomatic, and genealogical information concerning the European powers.—The sirens were fabulous creatures—half human, half bird or fish—of Greek mythology; in Homeric times only two are mentioned, later writers give the names of three, Parthen'opē, Lig'ea, and Leucos'ia, and as years passed these were multiplied indefinitely. Like the Lorelei of German legend they were credited with power to lure the mariner to destruction by their sweet songs. The most celebrated story is their attempt to overcome Ulysses, who had been warned against them and ordered the crew of his ship to fill their ears with wax so they could not hear the entrancing song of the sirens, and had himself securely bound to the mast; thus, in spite of all his efforts to free himself, he was carried in safety past the fascinating creatures.

"Mrs. H. N. J."—Inquiry and some search in libraries have failed to reveal the date of Thanksgiving Day in 1823; but even could we give the date as celebrated in New York that year, it would not apply to Illinois, for it was not until Abraham Lincoln was President that the same day was observed in all the States. A day of thanksgiving was not regularly recommended by the governor of New York till 1817, and southern and western States did not adopt the custom till much later. As early as 1789 the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church recommended that the first Thursday in November be observed as a day of thanksgiving. The last Thursday in November, 1823, was the 27th day of the month.

"A. B."—A solitaire pearl or diamond ring is the favorite engagement-ring, though occasionally something odd and out-of-the-ordinary is chosen. A sapphire between two diamonds is appropriate. Read answers to "Mrs. G. L." and "In Doubt," in March number, about wedding dress, and for other advice which may help you.

"Mrs. H. P."—For babies just in short clothes, the tan hose are liked with tan shoes. Black are used by many mothers, but it seems a pity to put them on the little creatures.

"R. F. W."—Your letter was too late for an earlier reply.—"Topsy" is usually gowned in blue jeans, with a long slip apron, with or without sleeves, nearly enveloping her person, which is tied around her neck with a drawstring; low, heelless shoes, run down at the heel, and white stockings or coarse, knit cotton ones.

"Mrs. W. G. S."—The pattern for drawers 'th yoke was given in Demorest's for August, '94. We have the other under consideration.

(Continued on page 372.)

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP
FOR THE COMPLEXION TOILET & BATH

NOTE STYLE

TAKE NO OTHER

EXCELS ANY HIGH PRICED SOAP
OVER SIX MILLION BARS SOLD IN 1894
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT POPULAR PRICES.
COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. CHICAGO.

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

CANVAS **YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS.** **DENIMS**
All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. PETER BENDER, (ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

S **BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.** **S**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WALL PAPER 8 cts. to 50 cts. a roll. Send 8 cts. for 100 fine samples. \$1 will buy handsome paper and border for a large room and complete sample books, \$1.00.
THOS. J. MYERS, 1206 Market St., Phila., Pa.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SPANISH by native teacher. Pure Castilian accent. Best place in the U. S. to learn Spanish. Shorthand. Bookkeeping and Penmanship by mail. Circ. free. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SEND For Catalogue of the Musical Instrument you think of buying. Violins repaired by the Cremona System. **C. STORY, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

STAMPS 100 all dif. Venezuela, Costa Rica, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! **C. A. Stegmann, 2722 Eads Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SEND for free catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Calisthenics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. **Dick & Fitzgerald, 38 Ann St., New York.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS at 5c.

EVERY ONE PRIZE WINNERS

THIS Choice Collection of 20 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums we mail for \$1 will bloom this Fall. Everybody can grow them. Of the easiest culture. None better. They are world beaters. We guarantee them the best dollar's worth of Chrysanthemums you have ever purchased.—Try them. **THE LIST:**

Mrs. W. K. Harris, rich golden yellow, incurved, a beauty. Roslyn, clear mermel pink, immense size. Col. Wm. B. Smith, immense solid mass of richest golden bronze. Ruth Cleveland, a most delicate silvery pink, very chaste. Christopher Columbus, the finest red Chrysanthemum extant. Emma Hitzeroth, completely hides the plant with bright lemon yellow flowers. Francis M. Ward, immense flower of the purest snow white, 10 inches in diameter. Mrs. Dr. Phil. Macon, rich wine red, reverse silvery pink, extra fine. Dr. Covert, bright golden yellow, perfectly double, superb. Mrs. Fanny Marchman, salmon or Indian red, large and showy. Edward Hatch, lemon yellow suffused with pink, grand. Fair Maid of Perth, purest white, sometimes tipped rose, a beauty. V. H. Hallock, rosy pearl of waxy texture, a prize winner anywhere. Tusaka Takaka, beautiful blush striped white, immense spreading flower. Mrs. S. J. Coleman, deep golden yellow, none better. Lillian E. Bird, exquisite shade of shrimp pink, a beauty in every respect. Miss M. McCowet, pure white with deep flush of pink. Sunnyside, flesh tint changing to pure white, distinct. Mrs. C. E. Coleman, deep red, reverse gold tipped with flame color. Peculiarity, rosy crimson, awarded medal of excellence.

We are headquarters for all kinds of Roses, Plants, Seeds and Bulbs. Our large illustrated catalogue mailed for 10 cts. in stamps. We are the largest Rose growers in the world. Address

Good & Reese Co., Box 25 Champion Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.

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

BIG BARGAINS IN ROSES, PLANTS, AND SEEDS

Our GRAND SET of 13 Elegant Ever-blooming ROSES for only 50cts. by mail, post-paid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.

These roses are fine healthy plants and will bloom all this Summer in pots or planted out. We guarantee them to be by far the best 50 cts. you ever invested in roses, as follows:

Ruby Gold, beautiful shades of Copper and Gold. **Duchess de Brabant**, flesh color, the old favorite. **Madame de Watteville**, the famous Tulip Rose. **Snowflake**, pure White, always in bloom. **Meteor**, rich velvety Crimson, none better. **La France**, Silvery Peach and Rose, a beauty. **Sunset**, Tawny shade of yellow, very rich. **Isabella Sprunt**, deep rich Yellow. **Princess Sagan**, richest, Scarlet, very bright. **Marie Van Houtte**, Creamy White and Yellow. **Grace Darling**, Satiny Pink, elegant. **Honore Defresne**, Yellow, flushed Pink, charming. **Marie Guillot**, pure White, tinted Lemon.

What You Can Buy for 50 Cents.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Set 34—13 Ever-blooming Roses all different . . . 50 c. | Set 42—20 Large Flowered Pansy Plants, . . . 50 c. |
| " 35—12 Fragrant Carnation Pinks, 12 kinds, . . . 50 c. | " 43—15 Coleus, will make a bright bed, . . . 50 c. |
| " 36—12 Lovely Flowering Begonias, all sorts, . . . 50 c. | " 44—12 Double and Single Fuchsias, all colors 50 c. |
| " 37—13 Geraniums, all colors and kinds, . . . 50 c. | " 45—6 Choice Hardy Shrubs, 6 sorts, . . . 50 c. |
| " 38—15 Choice Prize Chrysanthemums, . . . 50 c. | " 46—30 Pkts Flower Seeds, no two alike, . . . 50 c. |
| " 39—4 Choice Decorative Palms, try them, . . . 50 c. | " 47—20 Pkt's elegant Sweet Peas, all different 50 c. |
| " 40—5 Dwarf French Cannas, 5 kinds, . . . 50 c. | " 48—18 Pkt's Choice Vegetable Seeds 18 sorts 50 c. |
| " 41—12 Sweet Scented Double Tube Roses, . . . 50 c. | |

You may select half of any two sets for 50 cents, or 3 complete sets for \$1.25, any 5 sets for \$2.00, the entire 15 sets for \$5.00; or half of each set for \$2.50. Get your neighbor to club with you. Our catalogue free. **ORDER TO-DAY.** We will hold the plants and ship them any time you may desire. Address,

THE GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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

We will pay **\$300** for a name.

SWEET PEAS, 25 varieties and colors mixed, Only 40c. A POUND!

For full particulars of \$300 offer and the handsomest and most complete catalogue of Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, containing all old favorites and cream of new Novelties, printed in 17 different colors, elegant colored plates. Send 10 cts. (which may be deducted from first order) for

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.
SEEDS contain the germ of life.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

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

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue"

A handsome book of 174 pages with many new features for 1895—hundreds of illustrations, pictures painted from nature—it tells all about the BEST SEEDS that grow, including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. Any seed planter is welcome to a copy FREE. Send your address to-day on a postal.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA.

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

SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF ROSES

AND OTHER FLOWERS

FREE

Brighter and handsomer than ever with special features of Premiums, Discounts, Club Offers and Low Prices with full description of the latest varieties and profusely illustrated. IT IS SENT FREE. WRITE TO-DAY.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 19th and Catharine Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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

(Continued from page 371.)

"Mrs. ROBERT K."—Wool seal is a coarse-looking, short, and very glossy fur, in no way resembling Canada seal, which might be called an imitation of Alaska seal. Some furriers, however, say they are the same skins—rabbit, or cony—prepared by different processes.

"Mrs. FRANK D."—Get new material, either velvet or fancy silk, and put in a full blouse front like that in the "Seafield Basque" in the December number.

"St. LOUIS."—Ask any practical painter for directions as to the proportions required in mixing your materials.

"Mrs. F. E. W."—For novel entertainments read "Society Fads" in the March number, and answer to "Mrs. J. H. R." in that for February.—You might have a "Fagot Party." For this a grate fire is indispensable, and the guests should be warned that everyone will be expected to tell a story. Have at hand as many fagots—if of driftwood, all the better—as there are guests; when all are assembled lower the lights, toss on the fire a fagot and give the signal to begin a story, which must be told in the gloaming while the fagot burns. You could pair the guests by some one of the many ways already described in Demorest's, and draw lots for the order of story-telling.

"LIDA."—The March number was for sale in San Francisco on the day your letter was written. For a simple wedding-supper in April,—a "stand up" or "passed around" supper,—serve daintily thin sandwiches, buttered rolls, and chicken salad, with coffee and chocolate, and cakes and jellies with ice-cream.—Gloves should always be removed when eating.—The bride can as easily drive to her new home in her bridal gown as women can go home from an evening party in their evening gowns; of course it would be unnecessary to change.—The wearing of a veil is as appropriate for a home wedding as in church, and is entirely a matter of taste, where economy has not to be considered.—The bride and groom should stand together to receive the congratulations of their friends, and take supper together; but aside from these ceremonies should do exactly as at any evening party.

"VALERIE."—Informal, verbal invitations are usually given for "high teas." If it is not convenient to invite your friends personally, write friendly notes in the first person, something like the following:

My dear Miss Hill:

Please give me the pleasure of your company to tea at six o'clock, next Friday evening, to meet our friends Miss Nelson and Miss Orr.

Cordially yours,

Emma White.

June seventeenth.

If you have a class flower use that to decorate the tea-table and the whole house; if not, use clover blossoms, both pink and white, and have clusters of pink carnations tied with pearl-gray ribbon for favors.—Read "The Interchange of Hospitality" in Demorest's for January, for some hints concerning high-tea menus. Hot breads, rolls, cream biscuits, and Sally Lunn are admissible for this meal, with pressed chicken, cold tongue, or any nice cold meats; a delicious salad is always acceptable, and bread-sticks, wafers, and cheese can be served with it. Conclude the meal with cakes, fruits, and ices,—either cream or water ices. Serve coffee when people like it best; though that ought to be at the conclusion of the feast, all people are not like-minded, and we don't invite people to our houses on purpose to cross them.—*Frappé* has many significations, struck, hit, etc.; but with reference to liquids and drinks means iced or cooled; it is pronounced *frap-pä*.—A music student who is studying Clementi's and Köhler's sonatas is neither an advanced student nor a beginner, but comes in between.

(Continued on page 373.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

ALFRED PEATS PRIZE WALL PAPERS

SAMPLES FREE. We will be glad to take special pains in selecting suitable papers and send the Samples Free to those who will give us a description of the different rooms they have to paper, their height, color effect desired, and what they are used for.

WE ARE LEADERS in decorative art, yet we will sell you papers **cheaper** than any other house in the country. Our Prize Designs will only cost you from **15 to 30 cents per roll delivered** to your nearest R. R. station.

The Art Interchange says: "They are marvels of beauty and superior to any foreign productions in the market."
We say: They are the best and cheapest papers you can buy, and, as they are exclusive patterns, can only be obtained of us or our agents.

We have two of the largest warehouses in the U. S. Send to nearest address.

ALFRED PEATS, 41-43 W. 14th St., New York; 136-138 W. Madison St., Chicago

OUR \$1,000 PRIZE Designs were selected from over **900** entries made by Professional and Amateur Designers.

In addition, we have **1,000,000** rolls of other patterns to select from, some of them as low as **3 cents per roll.**

AGENTS MAKE MONEY.
 If you have the time to solicit orders from those in your neighborhood who will need paper, upon receipt of \$1.00 with your references, we will send you our Agents' Sample Books, which contain all the latest patterns, and will pay you a very good profit for your effort.

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

(Continued from page 372.)

"M. F. E."—Try Indian meal, salt, or sawdust, to remove the soot from your ingrain carpet.

"H. J. R."—For the effects in special cases of the cold water treatment as mentioned in "Society Fads," you would better consult your family physician. In Europe, where the treatment first came into vogue, "all sorts and conditions of people" have been benefited by walking barefoot in cold water, through dew-wet grass, etc. Naturally, women who have maids employ their assistance when taking the baths; those who have no maids will as naturally contrive to do without them.

Cleanings.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

THE first American Beauty rose brought to its discoverer great good luck and fortune. He was the White House gardener, and he was looking through Mr. Bancroft's rose-houses and talking to his gardener as he potted plants and budded his roses. Over in a corner he noticed a rose of a variety entirely new to him, and of wonderful size and beauty of color. On asking where it came from, Mr. Bancroft's man replied, "Oh, it is an offshoot from some cuttings we imported from Germany," and betrayed no interest in it. After a little talk Mr. Field bought the cuttings for five dollars. A year later, after he had propagated the new cuttings, and had become convinced that he possessed a new and valuable rose, Mr. Field named it the "American Beauty," and sold the plants for five thousand dollars. He invested this easily earned money in real estate, which in less than three years



"Our Combination"

For Boys, Ages 6 to 15. **Suit** Extra Pants and Cap.
\$3.50 . . AND . . \$5.00

New Styles, Better Values than ever. Strictly all wool. Sample pieces sent free. Combinations shipped C. O. D., privilege of examining before paying. Or send us the money with 60c. additional for postage and registering, and we will forward suit to any address.
 Money cheerfully returned if the goods are not perfectly satisfactory. More than 1,000 Demorest readers are our customers.

PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE,
 137 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

AMBITIOUS WOMEN

Can qualify for situations in Architects' Offices by the home study of *Architecture and Drawing*. Students make rapid progress in learning to **DRAW and DESIGN**. Twenty Technical Courses. Send for FREE Circular, stating subject you wish to study, to **The International Correspondence Schools, SCRANTON, PA.**



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

was sold for fifty thousand dollars. The records of rapid money-making can hardly show a parallel case.

THE BUREAU OF SOCIAL REQUIREMENTS.

ANOTHER long-felt want is supplied by the opening of a Bureau of Social Requirements, the object of which is to oil the wheels of social intercourse. It undertakes to relieve the hostess of every detail connected with entertaining, from the sending of her invitations to the closing of the door upon the departing guests. If desired, suggestions are given for the hostess' toilet; and unique designs are furnished for wedding ceremonies. Artists are engaged for after-dinner entertainments, musicales, etc., and special attention is given to furnishing original plans for children's parties. The brainy young woman who has thought out this admirable plan of self-support is prepared to serve as a colloquial book of etiquette, and cheerfully answers every question on the subject. She gives advice about redecorating and refurnishing, the choice of hangings, and association of colors. When the season of annual fitting comes around, a corps of skilled workers will be sent to a house to put it in summer wrappings, taking down hangings, cleaning carpets and rugs, etc., and packing everything securely; in the autumn, houses will be as skillfully unpacked and prepared for occupancy. Thus are some of woman's cares lifted from her shoulders.

A BICYCLE FEAT.

THE Bicycle Club of Birmingham, Alabama, composed of thirty members, collected the

(Continued on page 374.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



50c TRIAL SETS OF CHOICE PLANTS, BULBS AND FRUITS

Our Exhibition Set of 10 MODERN MUMS valued at \$1.40 Prepaid by Mail for only **50c.**

The Modern Chrysanthemum is the crowning glory of autumn flowers. Our Exhibition Set is a marvel of beauty and cheapness. Planted out or grown in pots or boxes they will make a magnificent show. This set and those that follow are offered to induce you to try our goods, confident if you do so once their superiority will make you a constant customer. Abridged descriptions of sorts in our Exhibition Set. **E. Molyneux**, rich deep bronze, petals of great length, noblest of its class. **Harry E. Widner**, deep golden yellow. **Joey Hill**, deep cardinal red, immense size. **Prest. Wm. K. Smith**, beautiful clear flesh pink, perfectly double. **Miss Kate Brown**, pure white, very early, fully six inches across. **Ivory**, snow white, exquisite form. **Gloriosum**, canary yellow, petals gracefully curved and twisted. **Charity**, bright rosy carmine. **Mrs. E. G. Hill**, delicate pink shading, flowers very large. **Nivius**, a grand snow white variety, with incurved centre and reflexed outer petals.

ORDER THESE SETS BY THE LETTERS AND NUMBERS.

- Set **U**—2 elegant **Palms**, strong plants, 2 sorts, 50c
- " **H**—4 superb **French Cannas**, 4 sorts, 50c
- " **K**—10 large flowered **Geraniums**, 10 sorts, 50c
- " **L**—30 fine **Gladioli**, all flowering bulbs, 50c
- " **N**—10 **Tuberose**, double sorts all flowering 50c
- " **O**—10 flowering plants all different, 50c
- " **P**—6 Hardy Ornamental **Shrubs**, 6 sorts, 50c
- " **Q**—6 hardy **Climbing Vines**, 6 sorts, 50c
- " **R**—10 Lovely **Carnation Pinks**, 10 sorts, 50c
- " **M**—6 **Fuchsias**, 6 sorts, and 2 **Begonias**, 50c
- " **R**—8 Hardy **Roses**, fine assortment, 8 kinds, 50c
- " **S**—6 Choice **Begonias**, 6 sorts, 50c
- " **T**—6 Hardy **Border Plants**, 6 sorts, 50c
- " **W**—6 **Perennial Phlox**, 6 sorts, 50c

- Set **J**—10 Sorts Lovely **Everblooming Roses**, 50c
- FRUIT TREES, ETC. MAIL SIZE.**
- Set **103**—8 **Peaches**, 4 sorts, 50c
- " **104**—8 **Apple**, 4 sorts, 50c
- " **105**—2 **Pear**, 2 sorts, 2 **Cherry**, 2 sorts, 50c
- " **106**—6 **Grapes**, 3 sorts, 50c
- " **107**—8 **Almonds**, all **Concords**, 50c
- " **108**—4 **Gooseberries**, 4 sorts, 50c
- " **109**—10 **Currants**, 3 sorts, 50c
- " **110**—30 **Raspberries**, 5 sorts, 50c
- " **111**—30 **Strawberries**, 5 sorts, 50c
- " **112**—1 each, **Japan Chestnut** & **Walnut**, 50c
- " **113**—20 **Blackberries**, 4 sorts, 50c

One half each of any two of these sets 50c., 3 sets \$1.25, 5 sets \$2.00.

By mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Order by the letters and the numbers from this advertisement NOW, as these are introductory sets, not in catalogue, an **Elegant Annual of 168 pages**, which will be sent free with first order. If none of these sets suit you and you want anything in our line send for **Catalogue, Free**. About 60 pages devoted to **Vegetable and Flower Seeds**, 70 to **Plants**, and the balance to the **Cream of the Fruits**.

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST FOR ORCHARD, VINEYARD, LAWN, GARDEN, GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY. MILLIONS OF TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, ETC.

41st YEAR. 1,000 ACRES. 29 GREENHOUSES.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 308 Painesville, O.

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

A QUALITY SEED OFFER.

Our "Imperial Mixtures" of **Asters, Balsams and Pansies**, represent the finest strains of these flowers in existence. They are blended from the prize strains of the most celebrated growers of America and Europe. The unique marking and wonderful coloring of the flowers are such as to astonish all who see them in bloom. To introduce our Seeds amongst those who have not used them, and to prove the advertising value of this paper, we make the offer.

To any one who will send us **16 cts.** and mention this paper, we will send one full-sized package each of our **IMPERIAL MIXED ASTERS, IMPERIAL BALSAMS and IMPERIAL PANSIES**. We will include also a package of the **BRIDAL VEIL**, one of the most charming flowers ever introduced; invaluable for bouquet work.

In addition to the above, we will send a package of one of the most beautiful **FLORAL NOVELTIES** ever introduced; a "real" novelty of surpassing merit; a flower that has elicited unbounded admiration from all who have seen it in bloom; more fragrant than **Mignonette**, and something that will delight every one who grows it.

This offer is not intended to compete with those which give a large number of varieties or packages for a very few cents, nor is it expected to attract the favorable attention of purchasers to whom quantity is the first consideration, quality the second. It is designed, however, to serve as an introduction of our Seeds amongst those who have never used them and who are looking for the finest strains obtainable. Our catalogue for 1895 will be mailed with every order. It is replete with good things in **Flower, Vegetable and Farm Seeds**; everything correctly illustrated and described.

SEND NOW. THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

NORTHROP, BRASLAN, GOODWIN CO., Seed Growers, 24-26-28 & 30 Hennepin Ave. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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

SEEDS RARE, FREE-BLOOMING FLOWERS. FREE OUR GRAND TRIAL BOX.

The great satisfaction given by our Free Trial Boxes in past seasons induce us to make a still greater trial offer this season to induce EVERYBODY to try our SUPERIOR FLOWER SEEDS. This lot of fresh seeds will grow readily and cannot but make thousands of permanent customers for us. Our Box contains

- 1 LOVELY TUBEROSE BULB, 1 MOTTLED GLADIOLUS BULB and One Packet each of
- ASTER, Gov. McKinley, Over 50 grand colors.
- SWEET PEAS, Emily Henderson, Best New White.
- FORGET-ME-NOT, New Striped, Lovely Large Flower.
- LINUM, Perpetual Flowering, Blooms All Summer.
- POPPY, Riverdale Mixture, Grandest Out.
- WONDERFUL MEXICAN PRIMROSE, Worth 25 cents.
- WHITE FLOWERS, 100 Sorts for White Bouquets.
- YELLOW FLOWERS, 100 Sorts Mixed for Bouquets.

Remember one packet each of the above flowers and the two bulbs by mail for only 25 cents, and in each box we put a 25-cent check which will count the same as 25 cents in cash on any \$1.00 order for seeds you may send us.

So this trial lot really costs nothing. We have about 1,400 of the choicest varieties, and want every reader of this paper to try them. Catalogue free. If you want to try vegetables send 10 cents for 6 sample packets. **J. J. BELL, - BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

FREE! For one year, with every order for 4 boxes, that bright floral magazine, **THE BELLFLOWER**.

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HARDY ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, EVER-GREENS, AND HARDY HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS. The finest general assortment of Hardy Ornamental Plants in America. Two hundred page illustrated descriptive catalogue on application. Plans and estimates furnished. Send your list of needs for special rates. **THE READING NURSERY, JACOB W. MANNING, Proprietor, READING, MASS.**

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

(Continued from page 373.)

returns for one of the autumn elections, and brought them to Birmingham before the city votes had been counted. They traveled a thousand miles of rough and sandy mountain roads, visiting the most remote corners of the State, and brought in all the returns before midnight.

TEN MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.

SOME French scientists recently sent up a balloon in which were automatically registering thermometers and barometers, and these instruments established the fact that it reached an altitude of ten miles, where the thermometer registered 110 degrees below zero.

A GREAT CORPORATION.

THE whole world knows the Standard Oil Company as a mammoth corporation, but aside from its being the most wonderful money-making concern of the century, little else is known. It is a model of what the genius for finance can accomplish when vested in the brains of a half-dozen men who work harmoniously together for the common success. It owns a hundred tank-steamers which are kept continually cruising to the distributing stations which girdle the world. The company manufactures all its barrels, cans, and cases, and turns out the bulk of its own machinery, employing a larger force of trained mechanics than any railroad system in the country. 'Tis said that the only thing it does not make for its own use is the stationery for its many clerical departments. Probably no one has given the matter a thought, but, with all its vast army of employes, strikes are practically unknown, and here is an object lesson for Socialists upon the Labor versus Capital question. In every department, from the highest to the lowest, the employes are consideredately treated and paid good wages.

TSAR OR CZAR.

THE "London Daily News" gives us some interesting facts concerning the proper spelling and pronunciation of the Russian Emperor's title: "The initial letter in Russian is a double letter, representing 'Ts,' and the title in our characters should be spelt Tsar. His wife's title is Tsaritsa, and not Czarina; and that of his eldest son Tsarevich, the other sons being called Tsarevich. The first letter in the Emperor's Russian title is the twenty-third in the Russian alphabet. It has invariably the sound which in English would be most accurately rendered by 'Ts.' The second letter is equivalent to our 'A,' the third to our 'R;' and there is a final semi-mute letter, which may, perhaps, be disregarded. The Russian pronunciation of the word is, therefore, 'Ts-a-r.' How the general English custom of employing 'Cz' in the word arose it would be difficult to say, for the Russian letters 'Cz' are used initially in only two or three words in the whole language. They are never employed, however, in 'Tsar' or any of its derivatives. There is no 'Czarina' in Russian. The word is 'Tsaritsa,' with the accent on the second syllable. The fact that the Empress Catharine, the Emperor Paul, and other Russians have used the form 'Czar' when writing in a foreign language can hardly justify its use

(Continued on page 375.)

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(Continued from page 374.)

when 'Cz' does not convey the original sound of 'Ts' in that language. In such a language as Hungarian, however, where 'Cz' has the power of the Russian 'Ts,' the form 'Czar' would obviously be the right one to employ. In German, too, where 'Z' has the same power, they correctly write 'Zar,' but in English the combination 'Cz' is meaningless. There is little doubt that the form Tsar is the correct one. It is always so written in Russia, and the hard sound, the 'T,' is distinctly audible when pronounced by a Russian."

SCHOOL LUNCHEONS IN BOSTON.

NUTRITIOUS and wholesome luncheons costing from five to ten cents are now provided through the New England Kitchen for the pupils of the Boston public schools. It was a woman, of course, who accomplished this reform. She roused the committee on hygiene to investigate the food-stuffs provided by the janitors; their pickles, pies, cakes, and candies were quickly condemned, and now the youth of Boston are to be properly nourished.

AN ORIGINAL PENAL SENTENCE.

A WESTERN judge imposed a novel penalty upon two petty offenders of the law, which some of his brothers on the bench might copy with advantage: A man unable to read or write, convicted of some slight offense, was sentenced to imprisonment until he had learned to read; while another offender, who had a good education, was sentenced to keep the first man company till he had taught him to read. In three weeks they had worked out their sentence, and were discharged.

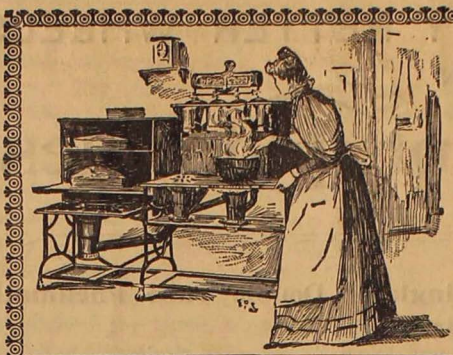
OUR AMERICAN GOBELINS.

IN a very small and quiet way there has been established in the suburbs of New York City a manufactory for Gobelin tapestries. Workmen from the Royal Windsor works, which were closed some time ago upon the withdrawal of Queen Victoria's patronage, are employed in this, and the designs are woven from the famous cartoons of such masters as Boucher, Watteau, and Lebrun. Another factor which has much to do with the success of the undertaking is the fact that the water of the Bronx River, on the banks of which the factory is situated, is equal for dyeing purposes to that of the famous La Bievre River. It is to the peculiar properties of that river's water that the excellence of the famous Gobelin dyes is attributed; and the permanence of the dye is next in importance to the skill of the worker and the artistic beauty of the design, many otherwise perfect tapestries proving utter failures because the colors faded quickly upon exposure to the light.

A BUTTERFLY PARTY.

AN ingenious and delightful entertainment for children is a butterfly party. The hostess provides a quantity of drawing-paper and some tubes of oil paints of many colors. The paints with some palette knives are placed on a tray in the center of a convenient table, and the sheets of drawing-paper are distributed among the children. By twos and threes they all in turn go to the table and, choosing their own colors, squeeze some paints upon one-half of their paper, and spread it out with a palette

(Continued on page 376.)

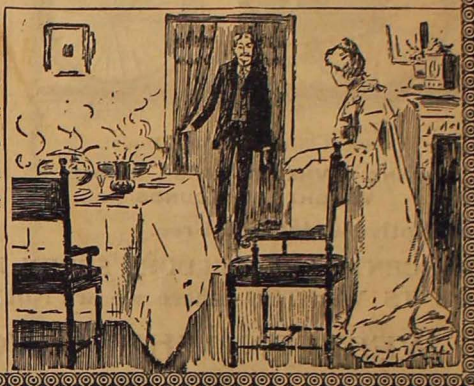


Meals On Time

The wonderful NEW PROCESS Stove for cooking puts an end to all cooking troubles, and makes late meals a thing of the past.

First of all, the New Process is absolutely safe, and is more easily managed than an old-fashioned wood burner. It never needs

raking, never smoulders or smokes because the wind isn't right. Will cook a dinner in the time it takes a coal fire to come up. These are merely the fundamental features of this great Stove. If you would know all about it, send for the New Process book. *We send it free.*



The Standard Lighting Co.

201 Perkins Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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



LOUNGING OR BLANKET WRAP.

For the Sick-Room, for the Nursery, For the Bath, for Steamer Traveling, For Railway Carriage, and for Yachting.

For MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN and the BABY.

\$2.75 to \$35,

with Hood and Girdle complete. For Railway-Car or Steamer Traveling they are a positive LUXURY and COMFORT.

Samples and full instructions sent on application.

NOYES BROS.,

426 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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

The "OPERA" Piano.



Established 1850.

A strictly high-grade instrument. Sold on easy terms. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, which we send FREE to any address.

PEEK & SON,

Broadway and 47th Street, - NEW YORK.

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

Borax Receipt Book Free 80 pages. For Laundry, Kitchen, Toilet, Bath, Complexion and Hair. 200 ways to use Borax. Send postal. Pacific Coast Borax Co., 263 Dearborn St., Chicago

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

Teething Made Easy.

A pamphlet of interest and value to every mother of children under five years of age may be had free by addressing The Reynolds Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample soap and 150 page book.

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

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

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MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER WHEELS THAN Crescent Bicycles.



WEIGHTS REDUCED.
PERFECTION ATTAINED.



Crescent No. 4.—Ladies' Model.

26-INCH WHEELS. HIGH FRAME.
WEIGHT, 22 POUNDS.

Descriptive Catalogue Free.

CRESCENT LINE INCLUDES SEVEN MODELS for Men, Women and Children.
AGENTS WANTED where we are Not Represented.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS, CHICAGO; NEW YORK.

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

Single or Double Tube Pneumatic
Tires.

Cord Dress Guards.

Narrow Pedals.

Handle Bar and Saddle of Proper
Design.

THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE.

Price, \$75.00

(Continued from page 375.)

knife into some sort of shape; then the sheet of paper is folded and pressed tightly together. When opened the paint will be found to have taken the form of a butterfly, the resemblance, of course, varying according to the player's eye for color and effect. Prizes are offered for the best and worst butterfly.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S MICROSCOPE.

A MICROSCOPE belonging to Marie Antoinette has been discovered recently in a city in the center of France, and a photograph of it reproduced in a number of "L'Art International." A short time before her marriage, the young Archduchess of Austria expressed the strange desire to possess a microscope. When asked what she intended to do with it, she answered with a sad smile: "I should like to see my happiness, which is so small that I cannot see it with the naked eye." That microscope, which was incased in a delicate little box, and bore the mark, "Angelo Gozzi, Optician at Parme, 1752," figured among her wedding *corbeille*, or presents. It was constructed according to the directions of Dr. Lieberkühn, who had made many improvements in the microscope, invented in 1590 by Zacharie Jansen, a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, and its magnifying properties are nearly as good as those of the latest manufactured microscope.

THE FIRST YARD-MEASURE.

THE monument to the memory of King Henry the First of England ought to be a yard-stick. His arm was just thirty-six inches long, and that is where the English and American yard got its standard of length.

A PUPIL OF MASCAGNI.

A GOOD story is told of Mascagni, the composer. "During his recent visit to London, while in his room at a hotel, he heard an organ-grinder play the *intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The man playing the piece entirely too fast exasperated Mascagni, and descending into the street the composer addressed the organist, saying: 'You play this entirely too fast. Let me show you how it ought to be played.' 'And who are you?' asked the wandering minstrel. 'I happen to be the composer of the piece,' replied Mascagni, and then he played the *intermezzo* for the astonished organ-grinder, in the correct *tempo*. Imagine Mascagni's surprise when on the following day he saw the same organ-grinder in front of his house with a placard on the organ, on which was inscribed in large letters, 'Pupil of Mascagni.'"

THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD DOILY.

THE word "d'oyley" is used constantly, and yet few know the quaint story of its origin. In the time of William the Norman, Robert D'Oyley was one of his followers, and valuable lands were granted him upon a curious condition. Each year at the Feast of St. Michael he was to "make tender of a linen table-cloth worth three English shillings." As they went to royalty, the ladies of the D'Oyley family took great pride in embroidering these "quilted cloths," as they were termed, and in consequence an art-needlework collection of great

Three Little Kittens

NEW WALTZ SONG.

By GEO. W. PEEK.

Waltz Song, 25c. Medium Waltz, 25c. Simple Waltz, 15c. Sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

K. DEHNHOFF, Publisher, 44 West 29th St., New York.

For sale at all music-stores. There being several editions on the market bearing this title, ask for "Geo. W. Peek's" edition. Accept no other.

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

Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING HOUSE PAINTS ASK FOR

Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,
IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: POST OFFICE BOX 3499. CHICAGO: MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE. BROOKLYN: 44 TO 50 JAY STREET.

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

Waverley BICYCLES. Are the Highest of All High Grades. PRICE, \$85.

Do not be misled by unscrupulous dealers. Insist on having the best. Warranted superior to any bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Get our catalogue 'G' free, by mail, before buying. Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

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

(Continued on page 377.)

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The Rialto



is the favorite with the daintiest of house-keepers. This Pattern is furnished in the now so popular brand

Sterling Silver Inlaid.

Silver is inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle, giving the service of solid silver. Guaranteed 25 years. Ask your Jeweler for these goods, or send to us for a sample set of six Tea Spoons. Price \$2.75

Each article is stamped on the back

E. STERLING INLAID E.

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

New York Salesroom, 2 Maiden Lane (second door from Broadway). A complete line of Solid Silver, Plated Ware and Novelties.

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

(Continued from page 376.)

beauty was accumulated by these annual tributes. They did service for state occasions in William the Norman's household, and very naturally were called the "D'Oyley linen." As signifying beauty and value, the word was easily applied to napkins either by the shrewdness of trade or whim of fancy. This little history ought to settle the orthography of the much-abused word as simply "d'oyley;" but as the lexicographers have ignored that and anglicised the name, dropping the prefix and running the whole into one word, all one can do is to follow the latest authority. The Century Dictionary spells the word *doily*, with plural, *doilies*.

TWO MILLION BOOKS.

In the British Museum, in 1893, there were 194,102 readers of books, and 14,747 of newspapers. Additions are constantly being made to the museum. The collection was augmented by 45,942 volumes and pamphlets in 1893. No fewer than 63,631 parts of books were also added, 4,944 pieces of music, 2,168 broadsides and single sheets, 2,108 Parliamentary papers, 175,200 English newspapers, 20,913 foreign newspapers, and 100 bound volumes of foreign journals, making a grand total of 315,006. The books supplied to readers numbered 1,396,000. The span of dome of the reading-room is surpassed in only one other building in the world,—the Pantheon at Rome. Of volumes, 60,000 are stored away in the reading-room; and the entire library, including the King's Library, contains upwards of 2,000,000 works. These are deposited in 6,000 book-cases, and upon shelves 30 miles in length.

DEAF-MUTES IN DRAMA.

The story of Judas Maccabaeus has been told in many languages and in many ways. Poets and composers have gained inspiration from the deeds of the gallant warrior through whom the temple was restored of old and the sanctuary rededicated to the service of God. But the deeds of the Maccabees, under the leadership of Mathathias and of Judas, probably were never told as they were recently in a college theater in New York. A five-act drama, founded on the story of Judas Maccabaeus, was given by the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union. The players were all deaf-mutes, but their gestures and their pantomime were so expressive that the spectators found it an easy and an entertaining task to follow the story. Occasional interpretations of the scenes by speakers behind the wings were resorted to, but only to express thoughts borrowed from the Scriptures, and these interpretations were not essential to a correct understanding of the play. At times, particularly in the second act, when Antiochus bewails the desecration of the temple, the play was forcible. Appropriate music was played, and the chants which were sung behind the scenes were interpreted by the mutes on the stage by gesture. The spectacle would have been a pathetic one if it had not been apparent that the mute actors enjoyed the entertainment.

POWER OF A HORSE'S SCENT.

"THERE is one perception," writes a student of man's friend, "that a horse possesses

(Continued on page 378.)

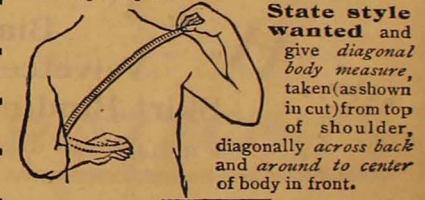
ENGLISH MILITARY BRACE



It is in effect a **BODY BRACE!** Supports and strengthens the shoulders, also the back, sides, chest, and stomach. Creates a decidedly "braced-up" sensation. Assists in giving an elegant form and easy carriage. Corrects protruding shoulder blades and round shoulders. Imparts to wearer an appearance of ease and grace. Everything accomplished without discomfort.

Made from single white linen as fine and thin as possible for the necessary strength.

Sold by druggists and dealers in dry and furnishing goods. If not found, will be mailed on receipt of price.



SPECIAL OFFER.

GOOD UNTIL JUNE 1, 1895. With each cash order for an English Military Brace, will be sent free a sample pair (in Silk Pin Top) of our new **RUBBA** BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER. The ROUND RIB LOOP and CUSHIONED HEAD create a VELVET GRIP that on silken hose of finest thread will neither cut nor slip.

ADDRESS THE MANUFACTURERS,
George Frost Company,
551 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

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

You Dye in 30 minutes

Our turkey red dye on cotton won't freeze, boil or wash out—all others will. Tonk's French Dyes are different from others. Just the thing for hard times. Make the carpets, dresses, capes and clothing as bright and attractive as new. Anyone can do it. No misses if you have Tonk's. Try them and see. Send 4c. for 6 pkgs., or 10c. for one, any color. Big pay for agents. Write quick. Mention this paper, **FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.**

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

COINS

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

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

NONODOR
ANTISEPTIC
DRESS SHIELD
ABSORBS ALL PERSPIRATION
DESTROYS ALL ODOR

WE PAY FOR DAMAGE SUSTAINED BY ANY GARMENT THROUGH IMPERFECTION OF NONODOR DRESS SHIELD.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT KEEP NONODOR DRESS SHIELD, SEND HIS NAME AND 25 cents FOR SAMPLE PAIR AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK SHIELD COMPANY, 166 GREENE ST.

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

New School Suits For 10c.



Not really new but they look so. The boy's clothes are made from papa's old ones, dyed over with

Diamond Dyes

The girl's dresses are dyed over, too, and many of the suits and gowns cost but **ten cents**.

No experience is needed to do good work with Diamond Dyes, which are made especially for home use. Direction Book and 40 samples of colored cloth, free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BUY THE BEST FUR RUG SEAMLESS.

Rich, Fine Fur, long and glossy, which neither pulls out nor breaks. Made from the Russian Kip, closely resembling bear. Animal pattern in one piece. Black felt lining and border, and moth-proof. In fact an elegant rug for a lifetime. Large, 3 x 4 ft., \$5.00. Some very large, 4 x 5 ft., \$8.00. Sent on receipt of price, or C.O.D. on approval. **The Crosby Frislan Fur Co.,** ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

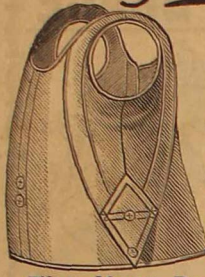
Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

The Double Ve Waist

TRADE MARK.

BABY'S CHILDREN'S.

Style 50. Style 65.
Just the garment for Boys and Girls.



Other Styles: MISSES and LADIES.
Send for Illustrated Price List.
Materials, workmanship and fit Perfect

The Very Best Garment Made.
Waste money on cheap waists because they are sold at a cheap price. It don't pay. Pay a fair price and buy the Double Ve Waist—it supports underwear from the shoulders.

Sold by leading dealers, The C. N. Chadwick Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 377.)

to which little attention has been paid, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is acute, as with the dog; and, for the benefit of those who drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles during dark nights. As to this power of scent, this is my simple advice: Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will not get off the road and will carry you safely and expeditiously. With regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours."

WIDOWERS' MARRIAGES.

AN interesting statement has just been made by the actuary of an insurance company. It appears, from investigations which he has been prosecuting, that the oftener a man marries the greater is the difference in the age between the wife and the widower. Usually, he says, a wife is barely three years younger than her husband. In the case of second wives, the man is, on the average, senior by nine years; while third wives are generally found to be younger than their partners by eighteen years.

THE CARE OF YOUR UMBRELLA.

AN exchange gives good advice anent this much-abused article: "When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella ferrule down into the umbrella-stand, unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of 'grit' run down into the lining under the iron ring that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rotting it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it, and stand it, handle down, where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded; it will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely."

THE FIRST SANDWICHES.

"Two slices of bread with meat between" is the definition of a sandwich given by Worcester; but why? Because an English nobleman of the last century set to the aristocracy of the Queen's realm the bad example of being a notorious gambler. This Earl of Sandwich became so infatuated with the chances of the

(Continued on page 379.)

"And be sure to put this same Redfern cord binding on my



Easter gown, you won't have a bit of trouble in matching the

shade as the

"S. H. & M." Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding is made in all dress shades."

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, with Booklet on How to Bind the Dress Skirt, mailed for 10 cents in stamps. Address

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York.

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

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

Improved DEWEY ACME Corset and Dress Protector



A COMPLETE GARMENT

which can be worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Better and Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six.

Bust measure, 28-33, \$ 8.80
" " " 34-39, 1.00
" " " 40-46, 1.25

Send money by Post Office Order. Catalogue Free.

AGENTS WANTED.

M. DEWEY, Mfr.
669 E West Madison St., Chicago

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

HAPPY BABIES FOR 20 CENTS.



We will send you, post paid to any address, on receipt of 20 cts., a pair of our beautiful

QUILTED INFANTS' SHOES, in Pink, Cream or Blue, made from the finest Satine, Sizes No. 1 and 2

Excelsior Quilting Co., Laight & Varick Sts., N.Y. City.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



White Enameled Iron Beds

Full size, brass knobs, \$7 and up. Freight paid; no money required in advance. Iron beds are clean, strong, in fashion. Catalogue free. RAISER MFG. Co., 62-64 Clybourn Av., Chicago.

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

B The Dorothy System of Infants' and **W** Children's Perfect-fitting Hygienic Outfits. No Bands. No Pins. Combining health, comfort and beauty. Dress and undergarments placed together, and put on as one garment in one minute's time. Approved by physicians and appreciated by thoughtful parents. **E** Materials. Prepared Work. **A** Layette's **R** **10** Dorothy Baby Patterns, (long or **\$1.00** short). Send stamp for circular and samples. Mention this magazine. **Mrs. B. J. GUNN,** 341 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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



"It's So Nice"

G=D

CHICAGO WAIST

\$1.00

Wear one, and discover what real comfort means. It allows perfect freedom of movement and perfect development of the body. Gives grace to the form and imparts to the entire person a sense of absolute ease. Made of Sateen—white, drab or black, or White Summer Netting, with clasp or button front. Sizes, 18 to 30.

COMFORT STYLE DURABILITY

For sale by all dealers, or sent postpaid for \$1.00

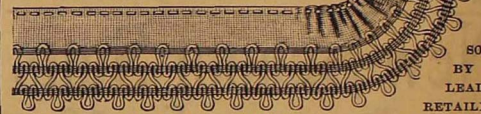
by **GAGE-DOWNS CO.**
262 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO

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

CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLING

For underwear and children's dresses. A most durable trimming. Made of the finest cambric.

NOTE THE DRAWING-THREAD WHICH SAVES THE TROUBLE OF GATHERING



SOLD BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

They can be had either with the drawing-thread, as in cut, or already ruffled and banded for sewing on at once.

Our New Illustrated Pattern Book contains many useful hints, and woven samples of the material, with a list of the stores where the goods can be obtained. Free by mail from

J. & J. CASH, 92 Greene Street, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Canfield Dress Shield

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

WARREN'S SKIRT BONE.



THE new Stiffener for Dress Skirts, Revers, Collars, and all shoulder trimming, is now a staple article in every up-to-date Dressmaking Establishment.

Never before was an article so quickly taken up and adopted with such gratifying results as

Warren's Skirt Bone.

Ask your dealer for it, or address, for prices, descriptions and directions,

WARREN FEATHERBONE CO.
Three Oaks, Mich.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 378.)

gaming-table as to give little heed to the hours for food or sleep. This so disturbed his household and its management that his wife insisted that the meals should be served at the hours appointed, whether the master of the feast was at home or abroad. Considering his comfort, however, the butler was ordered to place in the carriage a little basket containing bread and meat cut in slices, that her liege lord might appease his hunger if his stay were prolonged in the gaming-hall. The practice became well known, and luncheons thus prepared were henceforth called "sandwiches."

SOME MORE BROWNIES.

THE "Brownies" are dancing and cavorting through society this season in every conceivable form and way. They have taken the stage, as everybody knows, to the great delight of the youngsters; and their latest appearance is on the dinner-table, where as decorations and souvenirs they furnish an inexhaustible subject of conversation.

TESTING EGGS.

THE age of eggs, one of those questions so important to the thrifty housewife, may be determined with a passable degree of accuracy by means of a very cheap and simple test. If an ounce of good table-salt be dissolved in ten ounces of water,—roughly speaking, a tablespoonful of salt to a drinking-glass and a quarter of water,—a new-laid egg, or one not more than two days old, placed in the solution, will sink to the bottom at once. An egg three days old will sink more slowly and will float without touching the bottom of the vessel, or perhaps touch it and bound upward on the vessel being moved. An egg four or five days old will float quite clear of the bottom, and if pushed downward will rise again, and maintain a sort of "Mahomet's coffin" poise, midway between bottom and surface. An egg six days old will show slightly above the surface. And the older the egg the higher it will float, until, of course, the equilibrium is established, when, if it were a year of age, it could rise no higher. It will suffice for ordinary household purposes if a tablespoonful of salt be dissolved in a full drinking-glass of water. The egg that sinks so that the major portion of it is below the surface may be accepted as fairly fresh, while that which shows a large portion upon the surface must be regarded with suspicion.

WHAT DO YOU CALL YOUR BICYCLE?

If you are tired of calling your "silent steed" a bicycle, or a wheel, or a "bi" or "bike," perhaps you may find some name among the following that will serve your purpose till something new is proposed:

In French it is called *celerifere* and *velosifere*. Then came the words *bicycle*, *bicyclette*, *veloce*, and at last *velo*. The word became, which has also been given to it, is slang for machine, and its etymology is unknown. In Italian it is called *velocifero*, *velocipede*, and *bicycletta*. The same in Spanish. In Germany it is *fahrrad*, or simply *rad*, just as in English they say wheel. The Chinese call it sometimes *gaugma*, which means foreign horse, and sometimes *fei chai*, flying machine. They also call it *tzu*, *tzun*, carriage-that-goes-without-horse. But the palm must be given to the Flemish. In addition to the appellations *snelwiel*, *voetwiel*, etc., some of the wags on the banks of the Scheldt have baptized this winged contraption with the centipede name *Gewiel-snelrijvoettrappendneusdrekergestel!*



The Finishing Touch

of beauty—just a kiss of Tetlow's

Gossamer Powder

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



Henry Tetlow, Cor. 10th & Cherry Sts., Phila.

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

SOAP SENSE

The Complexion Maker
The Complexion Keeper

Real, honest, pure, unadulterated soap, with the refining, whitening, beautifying juice of the cucumber, delicately perfumed.

Wrisley's
Cucumber Soap

10 CENTS A CAKE

HALF THE PRICE OF OTHER GOOD SOAP. If you can't get it in your town send six 2-cent stamps for a full-sized cake by mail.

ALLEN B. WRISLEY, CHICAGO

Manufacturer of HIGH-GRADE TOILET SOAPS and FLORENTINE PERFUMES

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

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have had my first streak of luck and I want to tell you about it. A little over four weeks ago I began selling Dish Washers, and have cleared in that time \$400. Isn't that pretty good for the first month? I am sure I can do better every month right along, as every Washer I sell helps to sell others. I can wash and dry the dishes for an ordinary family in two minutes, and as soon as people see such a machine, they will buy it quick. This is a business any one can do well at, in any locality. You can get full particulars by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa. Don't wait till some one else gets your home territory, but start to work at once. MRS. W. HENRY B.

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

FIRST MESSAGE FROM MARS.

Have received news of the wonderful and peculiar merit of Doig's Spool Holders. Our dressmakers, milliners, tailors, housewives and maidens all want them. We seek convenience up here. Easily adjusted to machine, work basket or table. Mail 10c. Agents wanted. Doig Novelty Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

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

MEN AND WOMEN
TO WORK AT HOME

I pay \$5 to \$16 per week for making crayon portraits; new patented method, any one who can read or write can do the work at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once. H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

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

Some Married Women

yes, many of them, have secured Tokology, and quickly and gladly send word how greatly they have been benefited by the information contained. Prepaid, \$2.75.

Dear Dr. Stockham: Words cannot express how much I owe to Tokology, which is truly a book for every woman. Mrs. G. A. SAWIN.

Tokology is my best friend, and has been for years. Mrs. C. E. LAMBERT.

My dear Mrs. Stockham: Tokology has been one of God's richest blessings to me. Mrs. J. P. EVE.

I have a Tokology baby 2 1/2 years old. Tokology certainly did more for me than I had dared to hope. Mrs. R. H. BENNETT.

Alice B. Stockham & Co., 285 Madison St., Chicago.

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

The Fairy Stove

for heating and cooking with the aid of an ordinary lamp is sent free of postage or other charges, on receipt of twenty-five cents, money or stamps. Agents wanted. The Norris Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.

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



WONDER CABINET FREE. Missing Link Puzzle, Devil's Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest Wire Puzzle, Spook Photos, Book of Sleight of Hand, Total Value 60c. Sent free with immense catalogue of 1000 Bargains for 10c. for postage. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt Street N. Y.

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

WINTER is UNKIND
— TO —
FAIR FACES.

Most women have a natural dread of winter—the cold winds and dampness roughens and chaps their skin. Many have gained knowledge by experience and now apply a little

POZZONI'S
POWDER

before going out. It protects, softens and beautifies the complexion, and then—it is invisible if it is rightly used.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?

ALL DRUGGISTS and
FANCY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

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

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum
TOILET
POWDER

Ask your Physician his opinion of it. For infants and adults.

Scientifically compounded, not made of starch or rice flour, which injure the skin. It softens, beautifies and preserves the skin. Relieves Prickly Heat, Chafing, etc. An excellent Tooth Powder; delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists, or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Sample.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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

RUBBER GOODS for Hygienic and private use. Circulars free. GEM RUBBER CO., Kansas City, Mo. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



New Pink Begonia Vernon

For constant and profuse blooming there is no plant which can approach this, either for the window or garden. Flowers large, deep bordered, satiny pink, of exquisite beauty and borne profusely every day in the year. Succeeds for everybody in any situation. Fine plants 25 cents each, or for 50 cents we will send by mail all of the following:

- 1 NEW PINK BEGONIA VERNON.
- 1 MEXICAN PRIMROSE, exquisite everbloomer.
- 1 MANETTIA VINE, lovely everblooming climber.
- 1 MEXICAN CORAL PLANT, a brilliant everbloomer.
- 1 GIANT COLUMBIAN CARNATION, everbloomer.
- 1 PARROTS FEATHER, elegant foliage plant.

And our GREAT CATALOGUE with 9 magnificent colored plates and covers, and sample copy of the MAYFLOWER with two great chromo plates. These 4 Plant Novelties (worth \$1.20) will all flower this season, and we send them for 50c. only to introduce our superior stock. Catalogue will not be sent unless asked for, as you may already have it.

Order at once, as this Offer may not appear again.

OUR CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare new Fruits is the finest ever issued; profusely illustrated with elegant cuts and colored plates. We offer the choicest standard sorts and finest Novelties. We are headquarters for all that is New, Rare and Beautiful. This elegant Catalogue will be sent for 20c., or Free if you order the plants here offered.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

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

A BARCAIN COLLECTION OF

FLOWER SEEDS



10 Choice Annuals. (everybody's favorites), all new fresh seeds, sure to grow and bloom this season. **Pansy, 40 colors** and markings; **Phlox, 20 colors;** **Verbena, 18 colors;** **Pinks 10 colors;** **Petunia, 10 colors;** **Asters, 12 colors;** **Balsam, 8 colors;** **Sweet Peas, 12 colors;** **Mignonette sweet and Sweet Alyssum.**

and the name and address of two of your friends who grow flowers, I will send, post paid, the complete collection, one pkt. each of the ten varieties (enough for any ordinary garden). This is a **BONAFIDE** offer, made to introduce my home grown flower seeds to new customers and which I guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded, and the seeds given as a pr sent.

Miss C. H. LIPPINCOTT,
319 and 323 Sixth St. So., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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

850,000 GRAPE VINES

100 Varieties. Also Small Fruits, Trees, &c. Best-rooted stock. Genuine, cheap. 2 sample vines mailed for 10c. Descriptive price-list free. **LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.**

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

FREE WALL PAPER SAMPLES.

100 new special designs for 2 cts. postage. Gold paper 4c. up; without Gold 2c. up; fine Gold Embossed 10 to 12 1/2c. Paper Hangers large outfit, 50 cts. Most liberal terms. It pays to compare our prices.

Anti-Trust
Cut-Rate House.
KEIM Wall Paper Co., 171 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

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

BROWNIE STAMPS.

More fun than a barrel of monkeys. A complete set of these grotesque little people with everlasting ink pads. With one a boy can make a circus in a minute. To introduce our big Catalogue of 1000 new articles, we send the Brownies postpaid for 10c.

H. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

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

Household.

(Continued from Page 358.)

Here and There About the House.

BEEF AND MUTTON are more tender and juicy when boiled in hard water than when soft water is used.

KEEP A CUP of vinegar standing on the stove when cabbage or onions are cooking, and also try a piece of bread in the water in which vegetables are boiled. Both are efficacious in preventing unpleasant odors.

CHARCOAL POWDER will quickly heal a superficial burn, and allay the pain immediately.

WHEN A HAM or any large piece of meat is boiled for slicing cold, use plenty of water and let the meat stand in it until cold; it will thus absorb much of the nutritious juice drawn out in the boiling process.

NAPKINS SHOULD always be folded as simply as possible. Fanciful shapes suggest the restaurant and hotel.

WASH-CLOTHS ARE just as necessary in the guest-chamber as towels, yet many house-keepers forget entirely to supply them.

PUT BITS OF SOAP into a tin cup with a little hot water and enough corn or oatmeal to thicken, stirring all together till the soap melts. Let the mass harden in a cake, and you have a nice bath-soap.

TO BREAK A PIECE of window glass to any required shape, make a small notch by means of a file on the edge of the glass, then draw a red-hot iron rod, the thickness of a pipe-stem, slowly along the surface of the glass in any direction you please. A crack will follow the direction of the iron.

MUD STAINS can be removed from black goods by rubbing with raw potato.

LEMON JUICE will renovate a yellow-white sailor-hat as well as shoe polish does a black one. Remove the trimming, of course, and clean the straw thoroughly.

SWEET OIL will renew patent-leather tips. Rub the surface over with a bit of cotton batting or a cloth pad dipped in oil.

PUT A LITTLE lemon-juice in the water in which rice is boiled; it will whiten, lighten, and separate the grains.

CORKS CAN BE made air and water tight by immersing them for five minutes in boiling paraffine.

INHALING BURNT CAMPHOR will always relieve, and often cure, a cold in the head.

A TABLESPOONFUL of glycerine in a half-cup of hot milk will arrest severe paroxysms of coughing.

(Continued on page 381.)

SACENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL

STEEL CEILINGS and SIDE WALL FINISH.

Splendidly Adapted for Churches.

Catalogue, prices, and estimates, on application.

THE PENN IRON ROOFING & COB. CO., Ltd.,
Sole Manufacturers,
28d and Hamilton Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

CARDS

Send 2c. stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and LATEST Styles in Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling CARDS FOR 1898. WE SELL GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. **UNION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.**

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

SAFE INVESTMENT

for small sums; large dividends. **New York Mortgage Co., 1 Park Row, New York.**

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

The good of a cup o' Coffee



is in the serving of it—Here's the set o' sets—burnished richness—embossed to deepness—there isn't handsomer anywhere. Jeweler's have it.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & Co.,
Makers, Wallingford, Conn.

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

OUR NEW 1896 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large 20-page, 80-column illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, home decoration, house-keeping, fashions, hygiene, juveniles reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only 12 cents in silver or stamps, we will send **The Ladies' World** for **Free** and postpaid, a large and magnificent Collection of **Choice Flower Seeds, 200 varieties**, including Choice Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Finest Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Cyprus Vine, Digitalis, Double Zinnia, Marguerite Carnation, Fairy Queen Godetia, Nugget of Gold Marigold, Striped Petunia, Golden Gate Poppy, Rose of Heaven, Youth of Old Age, etc., etc. Remember twelve cents pays for the Magazine three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and Magazine if you are not satisfied. *This offer is reliable.* Do not confound it with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. *Write to-day.* Don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady sending us 12 cents for above offer, and naming the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated **Eckford Sweet Peas**, embracing the very newest and all named varieties, including Countess of Radnor, Dorothy Tennant, Her Majesty, Ignea, Lemon Queen, Lottie Eckford, Waverly, Mrs. Sankey, etc. Sweet peas are the most popular and fashionable bouquet flowers now cultivated, and the Eckford Varieties which we offer are the largest, finest, and most celebrated known. They grow to a height of 8 feet, and produce for three months a continuous profusion of fragrant blooms of the most brilliant coloring. This packet of seeds is alone worth the price charged for the entire combination.

ANOTHER GREAT OFFER! Upon receipt of **Thirty-five Cents** (our regular subscription price) we will send **The Ladies' World** for **One Year**, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and justly celebrated **Eckford Sweet Peas**. Address: **S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.**

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

BOOKS STANDARD, REDUCED TO 10c.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE
POPULAR BOOK CO. CHICAGO

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

EUROPE

Thirty excursions to Europe. Ocean tickets by all lines. Send for "Tourist Gazette." **F. C. CLARK, Tourist Agent, 111 Broadway, N. Y.** Official Ticket Agent, Pennsylvania and Erie R. R.

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