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GRAND OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THERE is one possession upon which musical New York now prides itself with just cause for congratulation and never-ceasing exultation, and that is the enjoyment of "ideal casts" of the greatest operas, in an

FRANCES SAVILLE.

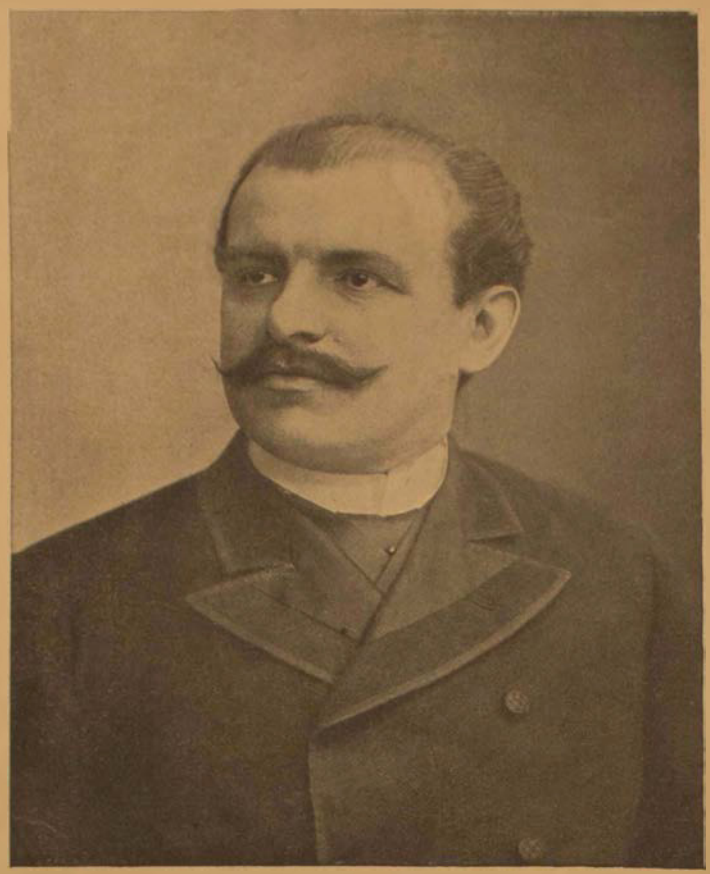
opera-house equaled by none in this country, and surpassed, in some respects only, by but two others in the world. For three years we have had the strongest companies of renowned artists ever brought together, and none of the subsidized opera-houses of the Old World can point to such a record of distinguished performances as those recorded with red letters in the memory of the enthusiastic opera-goers of New York.

When the curtain falls at the close of one of these representations it is upon a scene of surpassing brilliancy, and generally amid such enthusiastic plaudits as of old were never heard outside the walls of La Scala. It is such a spectacle as only a vivid imagination can conceive; and the renowned artists who excite all this furor say that the brilliant audiences inspire them to the best and noblest efforts of their lives.

Picture to yourself the vast amphitheatre, packed, as it usually is, to the last row of seats in the far-away upper gallery,—where a telescope is needed instead of an opera-glass,—with its throng of gayly-dressed women, whose flashing diamonds, encircling the house like a coronet, would furnish forth a ransom for all the kings of Europe! The outside world here enjoys the beauty, luxury, and splendor of that magic "400," in the intimacy of full dress in its most sumptuous expression; and at the same time the curious onlooker, eager for information at all times,

ADOLPH WALLNOEFER.

craves to know who those other thousands of gayly-dressed folk may be, for their rich furs, sparkling jewels, and generally smart appearance speak also of lives of luxury and ease.



JEAN DE RESZKE.

There may be suffering millions,—we suppose there are,—and thousands in this great city who are hungry to-night; but did you think of it as you listened with bated breath to the last tones of "Tristan and Isolde"? No; your only thought was an impatient suspense lest the too eager enthusiasts would drown the last tones of the orchestra with their applause; and this gave you a positive pain as you listened eagerly to the final burst of passion, the last flood of melody.

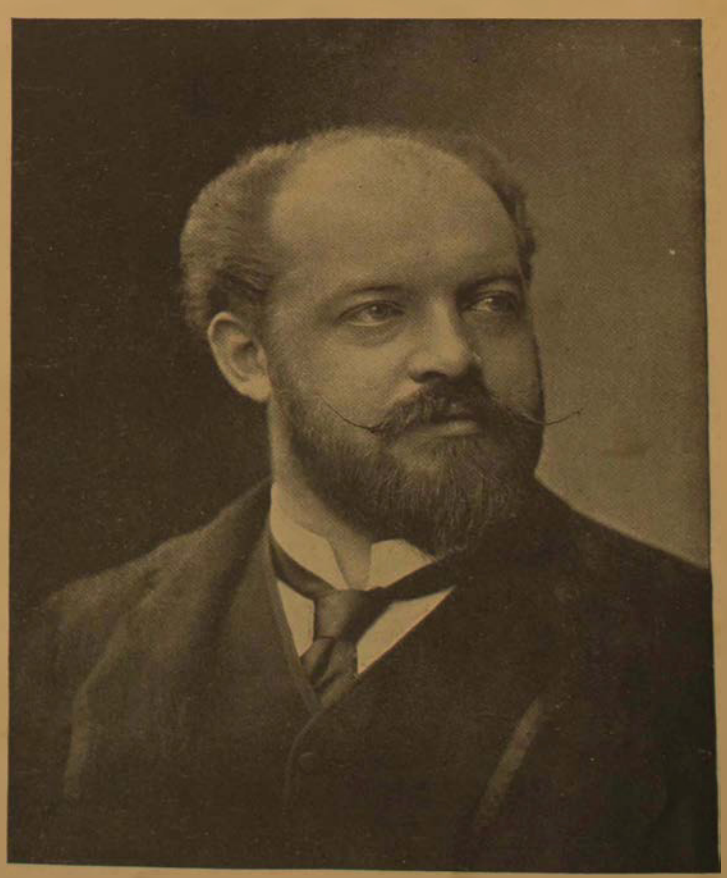
When the dark curtain slowly intruded itself before the mimic scene of action the audience rose to its feet and cheered with enthusiasm; and again and again were the artists compelled to come out and bow their smiling acknowledgments of this tribute to their success. Slowly and reluctantly people left their places. Rich cloaks were thrown over richer evening-toilets, and handsome women from the stalls and the tiers of boxes assembled in the lobby, while men on the sidewalks outside shouted for their carriages, which with the happy freight of lovely women and courtly escorts rapidly whirled away; the lights grew dim, the noise ceased, the gayety and animation of a grand opera performance gave way to the stillness of the night.

SIGNOR ARIMONDI.

Nordica, Calvé, Melba, the De Reszkes, Plançon, and Maurel are the most brilliant stars upon the whole operatic firmament, and they have all been shining in New York this winter. They and their associates, several of whom are hardly less brilliant, make a galaxy which outshines that of any opera-house in the Old World.

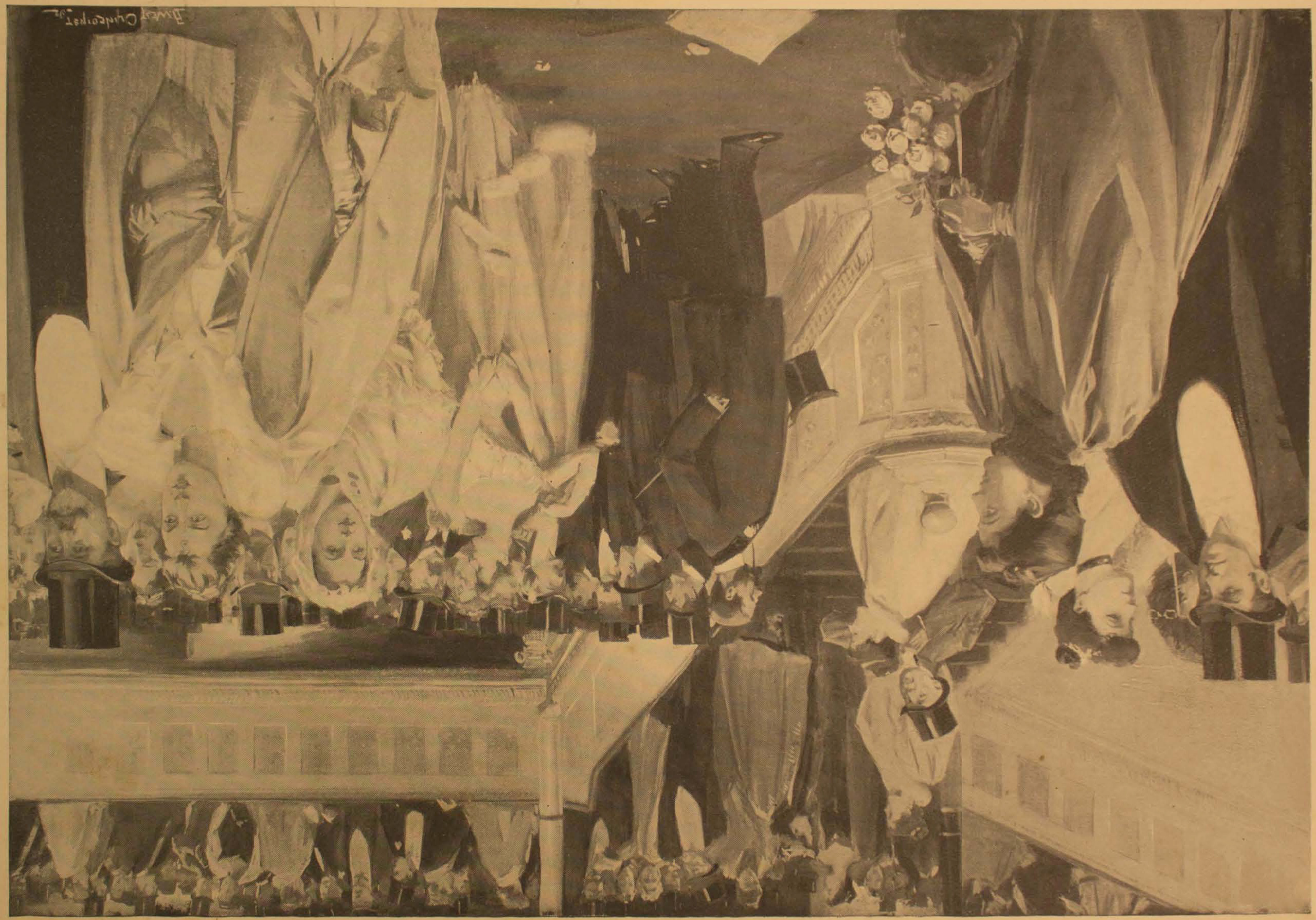
But this rather remarkable condition of things has not come about in a day. The truth is that grand opera for many a long year did not flourish like the proverbial green bay-tree in New York or the United States. As long ago as 1757 New Yorkers had occasional performances of opera in their town, the famous "Beggar's Opera" having been presented in that year; and during the latter half of the eighteenth century there were intermittent performances of the operas that were in vogue in London. Not until 1825, however, can opera be said to have been really born in the New World. At the Park Theatre in New York it was ushered into existence by the presentation of the Italian opera "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," by Rossini. The company consisted chiefly of the family of Manuel Garcia, among whom was his daughter Marie, who afterward became celebrated as Madame Malibran. At the same house, in 1827, French opera was presented for the first time in this country; and in 1856, at Niblo's Garden, German opera was introduced, the leader of the orchestra being Theodore Thomas, then scarcely of age. But it was a feeble life which thus began, and it was followed by a far from robust youth. There have been times, it is true, when grand opera has seemed vigorous; but invariably it has languished again from lack of patronage. However, with the finest company in the world this season, it is apparently strong and lusty.

The managers of the Metropolitan Opera House, Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, have, largely through the



EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

AFTER THE OPERA.



ean de Reszke, added representations peras, in German, to the French and cy which has been heretofore presented. A the prospectus of the season, thirty-seven operas be given. Of these, "Le Cid," "La Navarraise,"—written especially for Calvé,—and "La Vivandière" are novelties in this country. Wagner is represented by six operas; Massenet, by four; Gounod, Verdi, and Meyerbeer, by three each; Donizetti, Mozart, and Rossini, by two each. Among the other composers, the most prominent, perhaps, is Bizet, who wrote "Car-

MME. MELBA.

men," in which Calvé has scored not her greatest, but her most popular success.

Madame Lillian Nordica has not surprised her friends by her tremendous success in the character of "Isolde." They knew, even before her assumption of the character of "Elsa," in "Lohengrin," that she possessed both the dramatic ability and the voice to portray it with rare fidelity and great beauty; but this success has given her a position in the world of art not before accorded her by the general critic. She is a New England woman, having been born in Maine in the early sixties. During her childhood her parents moved to Boston, and in that city she received her early musical education. Accompanied by her mother she went to Paris and Milan to continue her studies. In Milan, in the exacting role of "Violetta" in "La Traviata," she made her first public appearance with such success that she was offered engagements in St. Petersburgh and Paris. Upon her marriage to Mr. Gower, in 1882, she retired from the stage; but her wedded life was brief. After the early death of her husband, Nordica returned to the career for which nature had given her such rich gifts. In 1887 she made her second début in Covent Garden, London. She was honored in England two years ago by receiving a special command from Queen Victoria to sing before her at Osborne House. This is a rare distinction, in which Madame Nordica naturally takes not a little pride. She has an unusual love for Wagner's operas and an intuitive comprehension of their dramatic demands, and has had the rare advantage of studying her two greatest rôles under Madame Cosima Wagner, in Baireuth.

ALBERT LUBERT.

So great has been the popularity of Mlle. Calvé's "Carmen," that during her first season here—1893-94—the opera was given seventeen times against eleven perform-

ROSA OLITZKA AS "CARMEN."

ances of "Faust," which came next. In spite of this fact, however, Calvé's "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana" is a greater achievement, artistically, and places her in the front rank of lyric tragediennes; and when she took the part of "Ophelia," opera-goers were roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the originality of her conception of the character, which developed such new and wondrous beauty

these impetuous and passionate Southro… these women she is by nature emotional, g… forceful in temperament.

A graceful and charming woman is Calvé… re full of harmony and beauty. Her face is st… and eloquent of an energetic will; her eyes are clear and calm, yet he who looks into their depths sees the fires smolder-

From Photograph, Copyrighted 1894, by B. F. Falk, New York.

MLLE. EMMA CALVÉ.

that many think it incomparably the finest thing she has done here.

"La Navarraise" was written expressly for Mlle. Calvé, and the character of "Anita" is a trying test both of her ability and endurance; but she is by birth, heredity, and genius, rarely endowed for the successful portrayal of

ing there, ready, at the contact with the spark, to burst into flame.

Calvé's real name is Emma de Roquer, and she was born in Madrid of French parents. She calls herself, however, a French woman, and by education she is. Her father, who was a civil engineer, died early in life, leaving several

MARIE BREMA.

children, of whom Emma was the eldest. Want stared them in the face, and she decided that she must do something for the family's welfare. She had been educated in convents, and had thought of taking the veil; but her father's death changed these plans. She had one conspicuous talent, that of song, and she went to Paris to complete her musical education under Laborde, Marchesi, and Puget. She sang with great success at a charity concert in Nice, but her actual début occurred in 1882, at the Théâtre de'la Monnaie, at Brussels, when she appeared as "Marguerite," in "Faust." After singing for three years in Paris without attracting much attention, she went to Italy, where her admirable voice and impassioned acting won her a great and instant triumph.

Her success in America was immediate. How warmly she appreciated this fact is shown in an interview with Miss Kate Jordan, to whom she said:

"I have been successful in Europe, yes; but my greatest success was here, with you American people. I consider the American appreciation of my 'Carmen' the greatest tribute I have had. I say this to you,—but I have also said so at home, everywhere. I can never forget how your American people lifted me as it were to the shoulders the first time I came here. I gave them my heart then, and they will always have it."

The De Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, who have won great distinction in French and Italian opera, have scored distinguished individual successes in German performances of Wagner's operas.

Jean de Reszke has been considered the finest tenor in the world, and there is no basso who has a voice so profound and rich and powerful as Edouard. Both of the brothers are fine-looking men, with organizations peculiarly suited to their different talents, and each has a voice remarkable for robustness. They come from an aristocratic and wealthy Polish family of great artistic tendencies. Their mother was noted for her beautiful voice, and their sister Josephine was for ten years a successful soprano on the operatic stage of Europe, abandoning her career in 1885 to become the Baroness de Kronenberg.

Jean's voice was the delight of his friends when he was a boy; he sang frequently in the chapel of the college at Warsaw, where he was educated. In obedience to his parents' wishes he studied law and donned the robes of an advocate; but little of his time was spent with legal matters, and much with music. He went to Italy about the time he became of age, and, because his father had entertained famous singers at his house in Warsaw, the young man found a ready welcome in foremost musical circles. He made up his mind to become a professional singer, and decided that his career lay in the direction of baritone singing.

He made his first appearance in Venice, in 1874, and sang with fair success for several years; but his work was so severe that he began to give way under the strain. He discovered at last that he was making a mistake in singing baritone, that he was struggling against nature; and he accordingly left the operatic stage. He had been almost forgotten by the public, when one night Madrid went into a furor over a new tenor who had made his début.

GIUSEPPE CREMONINI, IN "MANON LESCAUT."

It was Jean de Reszke. In 1886 he was accepted with acclamation in Paris; and New York and London followed the French capital in lauding the new singer, who at once attained the position of foremost tenor of the day. This distinction he has since held undisputed.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" had failed to please when presented at the Opera Comique in Paris, and had been put away as nearly useless. De Reszke heard it, and pronounced it beautiful. "I should like to try to interpret it," he said. Gounod was delighted; and he rewrote the opera, added a little to it, and put it in the hands of the tenor. De Reszke raised it immediately to popularity, and achieved a tremendous personal success.

Although Edouard de Reszke looks considerably older than his brother Jean he is three years younger, being now in his forty-first year. In his youth it was his intention to become a scientific farmer, and to devote his life to the care and cultivation of the family lands in Poland. He was persuaded by his brother, however, to cultivate his voice, which, it was predicted, would develop into a magnificent bass. He studied four years at Milan, and when he sang for the first time in the Italian Opera House in Paris, in the opera "Aïda," the fact was realized that the prophecy had been a true one. He was soon one of the leading members of the company at the Grand Opera House in Paris, and afterward at Covent Garden in London. The man has an imposing physique, and his voice is that of a Titan, with a wonderful depth and power. So fervid and impressive is his intonation of the famous prayer as "King Henry," in "Lohengrin," that upon one occasion the audience was unable to control its emotions, and by one accord rose to its feet, bringing the opera to a temporary halt. His greatest rôle, however, and one in which he has no equal, is that of "Mephistopheles," in "Faust."

MARIE ENGLE.

Another of the brightest stars in the Metropolitan Opera House galaxy is Madame Melba. When she made her début in Brussels, as "Ophelia," in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," the world of music felt that it owed a debt of gratitude to far-off Melbourne, for it was in this Australian city that Melba was born and passed her childhood. Her voice is pure, liquid, and melodious, as full of charm and sweetness as is the personality of the gifted singer whose inner self finds utterance in its tones. Her singing is as free and easy as that of a bird, which it constantly suggests to one; and her highest notes are wondrously clear, limpid, and true suggesting an organ that has no limit. Her most pronounced successes in America have been in the rôles of "Marguerite" and "Juliet."

Other singers of note, who have been members of the Metropolitan company before, are Mmes. Scalchi and Mantelli, Victor Maurel, Pol Plançon, and Mlle. Bauermeister. Prominent among the talented newcomers is Mme. Frances Saville, who made her American début on the opening night, as "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet." She was well received, and gives promise of having before her a distinguished career. She was born in San Francisco, but was taken to Australia when eight months old, and has regarded Melbourne as her home. Her parents were both musicians, and her mother was her sole musical instructor until, in 1891, she went to Paris to study under Mme. Marchesi. Other recruits are Marie Engle, who studied in New York and made her début in San Francisco; Clara Hunt, who was born and educated in Boston; Georgine von Januschowsky, a very careful and conscientious artist; Sofia Traubmann, whose musical education began in New York City; Rosa Olitzka, a young Polish girl who was successful at Covent Garden last season; and Lola Beeth, for ten years prima donna at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, who has an agreeable presence, with dramatic ability and a musical voice. Marie Brema, though new to the Metropolitan company, has been heard here before. To a superb contralto voice she adds the dramatic ability and heroic feeling necessary to a successful interpretation of Wagnerian rôles; her "Brangaena", is a fitting support to the "Isolde" of

CLARA HUNT.

LOLA BEETH.

Nordica and certainly higher praise could be given no one. Among the tenors are Albert Lubert, who has sung leading Italian rôles in Paris; Giuseppe Cremonini, a young Italian who has a promising future, and Adolph Wallnoefer, who has been for a long time a popular tenor in Prague.

With such a corps of gifted artists, the *personnel* of which has changed only slightly in the past three years, it is not surprising that the musical world has been treated to frequent performances so unique in their completeness that they have become known as "ideal casts." It is doubtful if Mozart's most musical gem of all operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro," was ever given so exquisitely as when Emma Eames sang the "Countess"; Nordica, "Susanna"; Arnoldson, "Cherubino"; Edouard de Reszke, the "Count"; and Ancona, "Figaro." Such delicious bursts of veritable song, where every voice supplemented and supported the others in the most enchanting way, convinced the most skeptical that Mozart's music was written for all time, and will never cease to charm when interpreted with such perfection of musical phrasing united with the utmost daintiness of dramatic mimicry

"Les Huguenots" has been no less honored, being given with the following remarkable cast: "Valentina," Mme. Nordica; "Margherita," Mlle. Melba; "Raoul," Jean de Reszke; "Marcello," Edouard de Reszke; "San Bris," Plançon; "Comte de Nevers," Maurel; "Urbano," Mme. Scalchi; and "Dama d'Onore," Mlle. Bauermeister. To say that such a performance was enthusiastically received is a feeble expression, unless one has witnessed the scene and knows by participation just what it implies. "Don Giovanni" and "Faust" were given with the same perfection of detail; and among notable performances it would be a grave omission to forget "Falstaff." This was one of the grand successes last year. Maurel created the leading character when the opera was given for the first time in Paris, in the spring before; and he made it a personal matter in the rehearsals here to assist all the singers in the cast to the utmost perfection in their individual work. His own part is unique, and if he did nothing else would establish him as a dramatic singer of the highest rank. He portrays the doughty old rascal with a finesse and artistic fidelity that can be compared only to a Rembrandt portrait.

JOSEPH HERBERT.

A VALENTINE.

EVERY saint must have a shrine,—
Where is yours, Saint Valentine?
For I fain would journey there,
Kneel, and offer up one prayer,
To beseech of you to aid
In my wooing of this maid
Unto whom this verse is sent
With its tender sentiment.

If your shrine I only knew
I might pray direct to you;
That were sure of more avail
Than a message sent by mail.
You might tell me "Yes" or "No"
Bid me stay or bid me go;
As it is, I have to wait
Days before I learn my fate.

Still, my little song, depart
To that other shrine,—her heart.
There, I bid you, pray and sing;
There, love's sweet confessions bring.
Beauty's shrine is this, and she
Is the saint beloved by me,—
Tell her so when you confess.
Would I might her answer guess!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

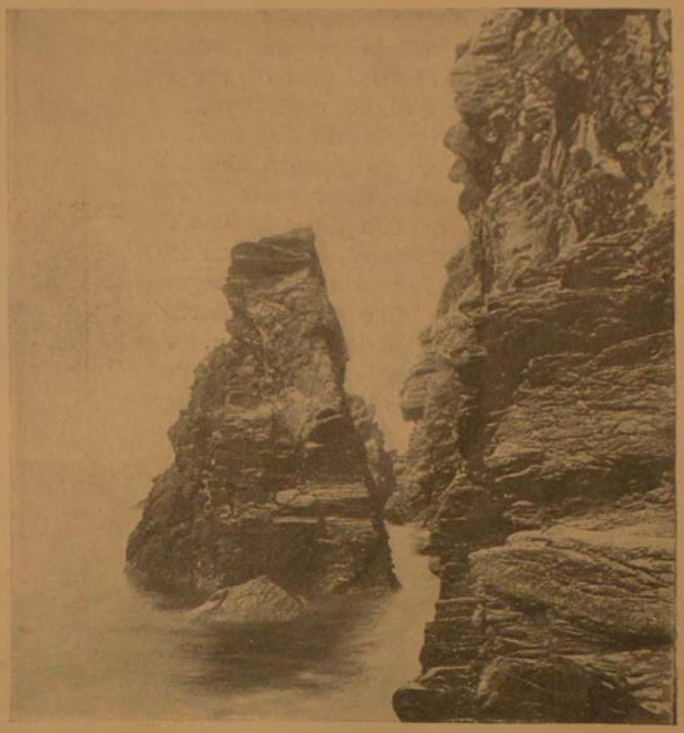
MANXLAND, OR THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE HOME OF HALL CAINE.

THE caricatures of Manxmen frequently represent them as being three-legged; to anyone knowing the national emblem this apparently absurd reference is at once apparent. The Manx heraldic emblem consists of three legs radiating from a common center. This device is an allusion to the geographical relation existing between the Isle of Man and the three neighboring countries; for it is the center of the British kingdom. A compass placed on the map with this fragment of land as a center will sweep with its other arm through Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland. Another island in another sea has adopted this same triune emblem. Coincidences in life are more curious than in fiction, but the Trinacria of Sicily has a different significance, being merely a reference to the shape of the island. The treatment of each emblem expresses each national character; the Manx emblem is made with three armor-covered legs, and is, in consequence, stiff and feeble, while the Sicilian treatment shows three powerful, bare limbs, bold, strong, and graceful, typically Grecian in outline.

Although the Isle of Man lies sandwiched in between three larger countries, it is none the less a separate nation, distinct and individual in every way. The Manxmen are a separate race from their neighbors; their sandy complexions and prominent cheek-bones, approaching the Welsh type, betray their Scandinavian origin. The Norsemen, in their gigantic undertaking of exploring and settling Europe, left nowhere more marked traces of their race than can be found on this little island, for islanders cling more closely to an original type, from their enforced isolation from the shifting world.

The Isle of Man has two great features in government,—"home rule" and "woman suffrage"; of these they are most proud, and a visitor is not long left in ignorance of Manx superiority. They have retained their separate government, despite the nearness of powerful overreaching neighbors. It consists of an executive council which includes two judges, or "deemsters," and a Parliament called the "House of Keys"; while the only recognition of the tie which binds them to their neighbors is the presence in the island of a lieutenant-governor appointed by the crown. Their Parliament they claim to be the oldest in Europe, dating back some eight hundred years. It consists of twenty-four members, who are elected by men and women voters, women householders having equal rights with the men, despite the name of the island, for the Manxmen did not intend

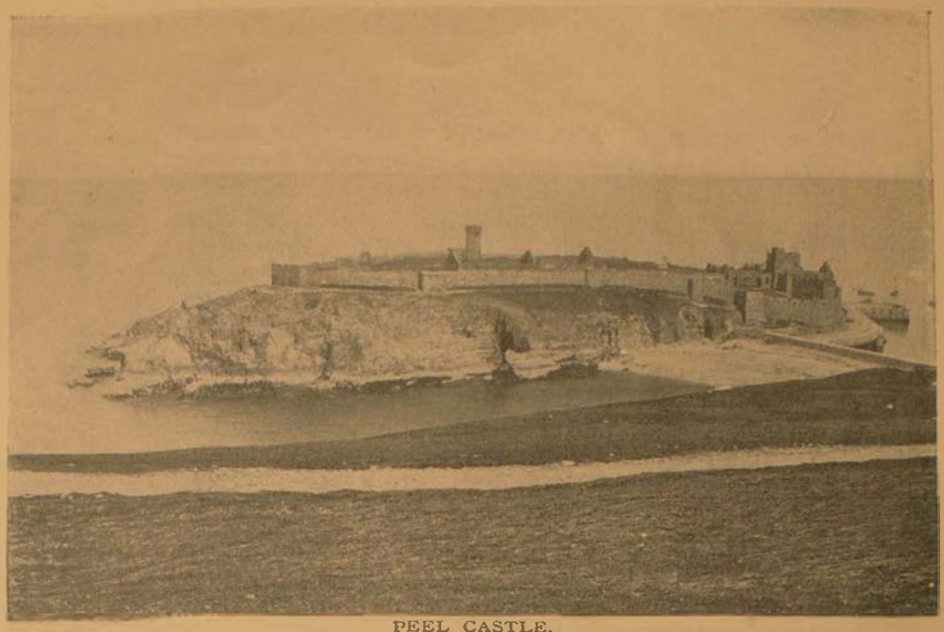


ROCKS ALONG THE COAST.

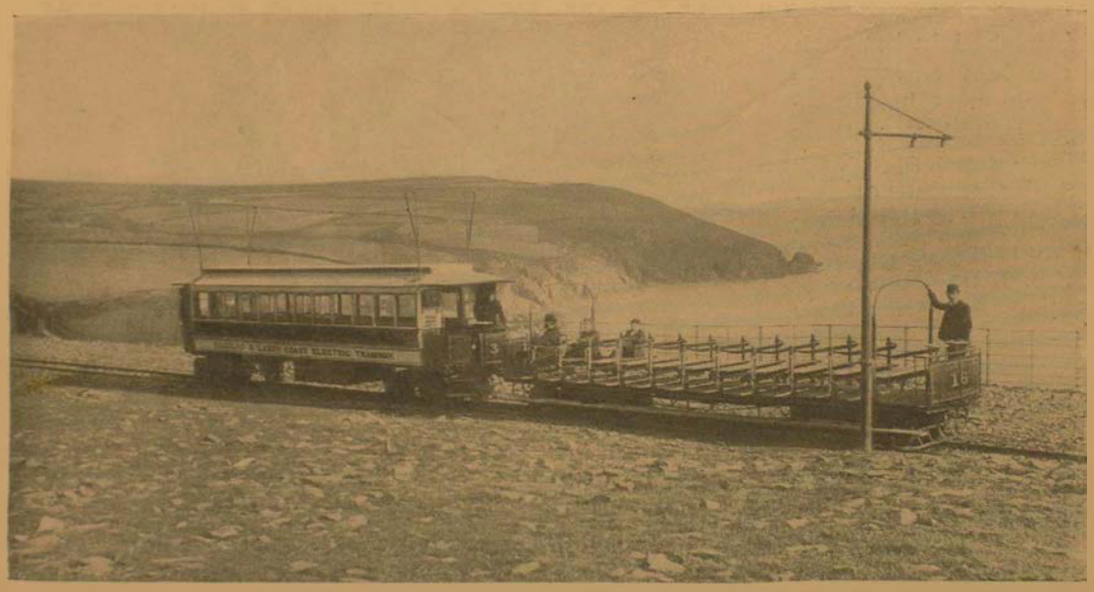
THE TOWN OF DOUGLAS, ALONG THE BAY.

to reflect any glory on their sex when they named it; the word is only a corruption of the Manx word "yannin," or "mannin," meaning middle,—a further recognition of the position of the island.

This ancient "House of Keys" retains many old-time customs, even to the promulgating of its new laws for the year at an open-air meeting on Tynwald Hill on the fifth of each July, which is the great national holiday. This hill is the site of the ancient government by clans, and here, in a covered tent, on this important day are read all the new regulations to govern the law-abiding Manx for the next year. This custom, a remnant of the days before the newspaper and the railway, has fallen into a hollow observance, for no one of the great crowd that throngs the hill on this day listens, or even remembers what is going on. As far as utility or information goes, the performance would have been dropped years ago but for the fact that the Manxman is stubbornly conservative.



PEEL CASTLE.



THE ELECTRIC TRAM ALONG THE CLIFFS.

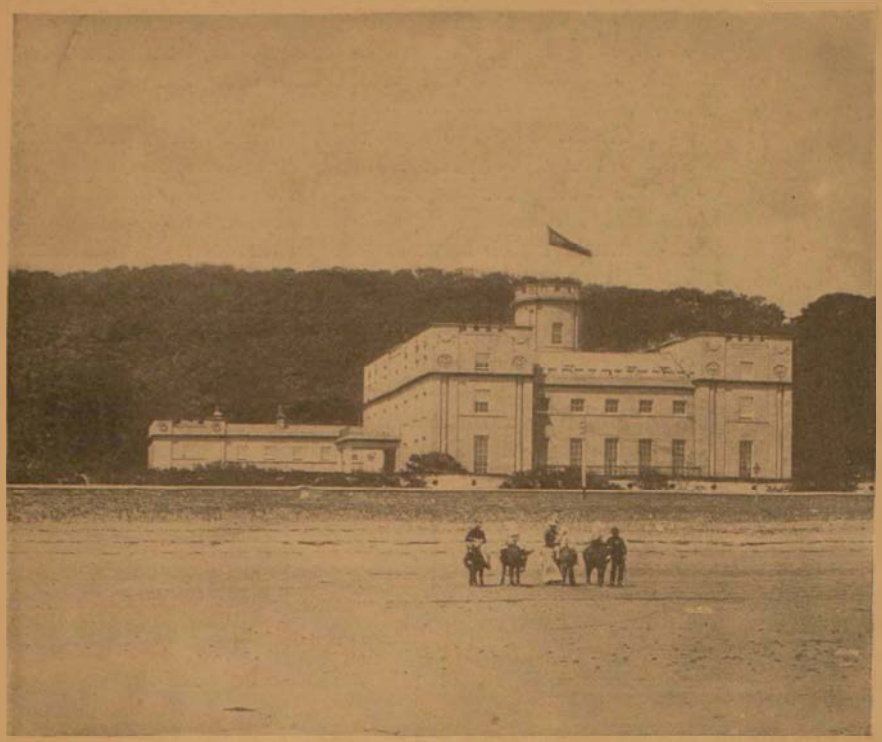
From first to last the visitor to the Isle of Man is surprised; at every turn his preconceived notions receive rude shocks. When he leaves Liverpool or Dublin he imagines he is going out of the world, but in four hours' time a powerful steamer has carried him to Douglas, the principal town of the island. As he draws near to the huge stone pier he sees a big, beautiful, bustling town, running for several miles along the edge of a crescent-shaped bay, while above it tower the cliffs, crowned with castles, once the property of the Dukes of Athol, the former hereditary rulers of the island. Everything is arranged to see Douglas at its best; even to land here is a delight. Various placards on the steamer state the porter's charges down to the smallest duty and inform the traveler that any attempt to overcharge will submit the carrier to a fine, if complaint be made. As a result, the porters are respectful and obedient, never presuming to force their attentions on anyone unless bidden. It is the antithesis of the landing at Capri.

Once landed, the visitor's surprise continues. Large, well managed hotels are found everywhere; the stores and offices are all imposing and substantial; the streets are crowded with people and vehicles; the bay is filled with small craft, darting to and fro; and there is a snap about the place which suggests indescribably an American town.

The most conspicuous feature of the island at first sight is the summer visitor. In Douglas they have destroyed the native features of the town; the Manx must be a sturdy people to maintain any

ANNUAL PROCLAMATION OF THE LAWS.

individuality at all in such a human maelstrom. The traveler who wants to find the natural essence of a place still undisturbed would be in despair in Douglas; but to the wandering philosopher who is disposed to take things as he finds them, this condition of affairs is just as interesting as any other might be, for he is able to study unawares the methods of life and thought of a class of English people well worth the trouble of observing.



CASTLE MONA (NOW A HOTEL), ONCE THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

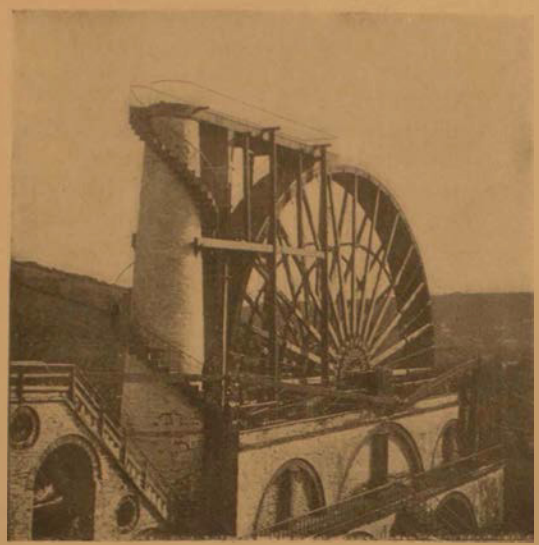
The great majority of these English visitors to the Isle of Man come from the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, forming in appearance and language as distinct a type as the Manxmen themselves. They are big of frame, slow of movement, slow of thought, ponderous in gait, and broad in accent. The observer is again impressed with the fact that the middle-class English "go in for things," as they term it, by extremes; when they go on a holiday outing they are disposed to become extremely free and easy. The English visitors on the Isle of Man do not take their pleasures sadly; they are lively beyond all preconceived ideas of the average English tourist. The traveler fresh from the overrated French watering-places is shocked by their license and general lack of decorum; for these Yorkshire people frequently go far beyond the limit allowed in France or America for respectable people. They crowd the sport and nonsense of a year into their fortnight's stay on the island. Generalities are often misleading and too sweeping. I will give instances of this tendency. Of course, as elsewhere in the United Kingdom, except in Wales, the sexes must bathe separately; but here in Douglas a sort of "deadline" has been established, and no man is allowed to cross it during bathing-hours, under heavy penalties. The Manx authorities claim this rule to be a necessity to preserve decorum on the beach. Again, in the various dance-halls scattered along the cliffs, the entertainments often include dancing by various troupes, right in the midst of the crowds present, as bold as anything could be in Paris. On the nights that these dancers appear, that particular dance-hall is crowded to the doors by the visitors on the island. There is nothing hidden about it; everybody goes, everybody talks about it, and nobody is afraid to express his or her opinion.

The cliffs at Douglas give the chance, which has been fully seized, for development into pleasure-grounds. Having been used for centuries as the parks of the Earls of Derby and Athol, they are most surprisingly picturesque. Filled with broad, winding walks, with casinos scattered here and there, with now and then a chance castle which now serves no better purpose than as a hotel or dance-hall, these towering heights suggest at once the Riviera, especially the grounds of Monte Carlo. In fact, if the gilding which vice puts over that intensely over-rated place be forgotten, these Manx grounds are fully as fine and cultivated as those of their southern prototype. Wandering past the various amusements, I found more American devices for catching the heavy English copper than anywhere else in Europe. Atlantic City in all its midsummer glory does not outdo in "attractions" this little northern island dropped into the waste of the Irish Sea. The farther one goes from Douglas the more will he penetrate into the real life of the Manx people. The crowds do not gather at Ramsay, Peel, or Port Erie; Douglas appears to be a sieve through which it seems impossible to sift the Lancashire peasant.

When Douglas and a few of its neighboring picnic glens are left behind, the scenery of the island grows charmingly

ALONG THE SEA WALL, DOUGLAS.

rural. There is but little boldness or grandeur about Man, and the sight-seer who expects magnificent coast lines or bold cliffs and precipices will be woefully disappointed; but the hills are steep enough to give character to the country, yet not too steep to be fertile, while the vegetation is brilliantly green and most profuse. The island seems to receive the full force of the Gulf Stream, for it is said to have a warmer, more equable climate than the



THE LAXEY WHEEL.

neighboring parts of England and Ireland. At any rate, its warm winters attract the invalids who dread the fogs and colds of the English season. Never becoming very cold, plants grow profusely out-of-doors which with us must be tenderly cared for.

There is over the island a spirit of restful contentment and prosperity very different from Ireland. No one seems to be in want; no hands are held out to beg, and each little thatched cottage is surrounded by a flower-garden whose luxuriance excites envy and admiration. Great, broad, white roads wind in all directions, bordered by thick hedges; the crops are all heavy in the fields; the effect of the scene is the same as that of a typical English landscape, only more rolling, more prosperous, and more luxuriant in foliage and vegetation.

These islanders have shown their progressiveness by adopting the trolley-car, under the guise of the "electric tram," and it is the intention of the company owning the line to encircle the island. At present the line runs along the cliffs, skirting the shore from Douglas to Laxey. In this way it is pleasanter and easier to see the cliffs than from the carriage road or railway.

Fortunately for the jaded traveler who has not the courage to avoid resorts of the country which he visits, there are not many places to which one must go on Man. The Laxey wheel and Peel Castle are the only two show-places outside of Douglas which one must see. Both are as yet largely unspoiled and worthy of a visit. The great Laxey wheel, which has been for many years a feature in text-books dealing with engineering and the production of power, is a great overshot water-wheel, seventy-two feet high, supplying the neighboring lead-mines with power. It is the largest of its kind in the world, but not a Ferris wheel, as many of the proud islanders are disposed to believe.

Peel Castle is on the west coast. There are spots on the seashore for which the imagination demands castles to complete their picturesqueness. Harlech Castle and Dunluce Castle, at the Giant's Causeway, are the creations of poetic minds which have answered nature's demand. The ruin of these castles increases their beauty and sympathy with the landscape. Here at Peel the same proper process has been carried out. Jutting out into the sea boldly and proudly on the promontory lies the great ruined Peel Castle. Sir Walter Scott, the great gilder of nature in this northern region, has touched this castle in his novel of "Peveril of the Peak," although he never visited the island.

The Isle of Man, like many of the other countries of Europe, is in a stage of transition from its original condition of unique, picturesque Manx customs and thought to that monotonous state termed, most misleadingly, cosmopolitan. When, in a few years, the whole world thinks the same thoughts, eats the same food, and wears the same clothes, this little isle will lose half its charm.

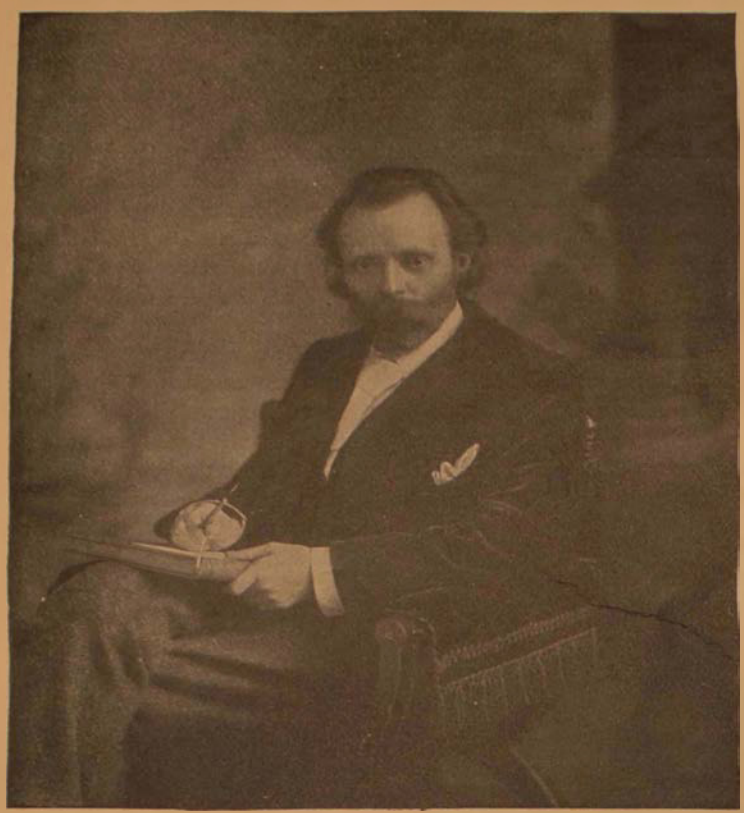
J. Howe Adams.

Even though some unfortunate time should see the quaintness dissolved before the material and commonplace, people in future ages will know of the fascination and oddity of Manxland, for Hall Caine has put it, in all its freshness and purity, into his books, and these will

THE GRAND PIER AT DOUGLAS.

probably live long after Greeba Castle, the author's home, and all the other castles have crumbled into ruin.

Since the publication of "The Manxman," in 1894, one



HALL CAINE.

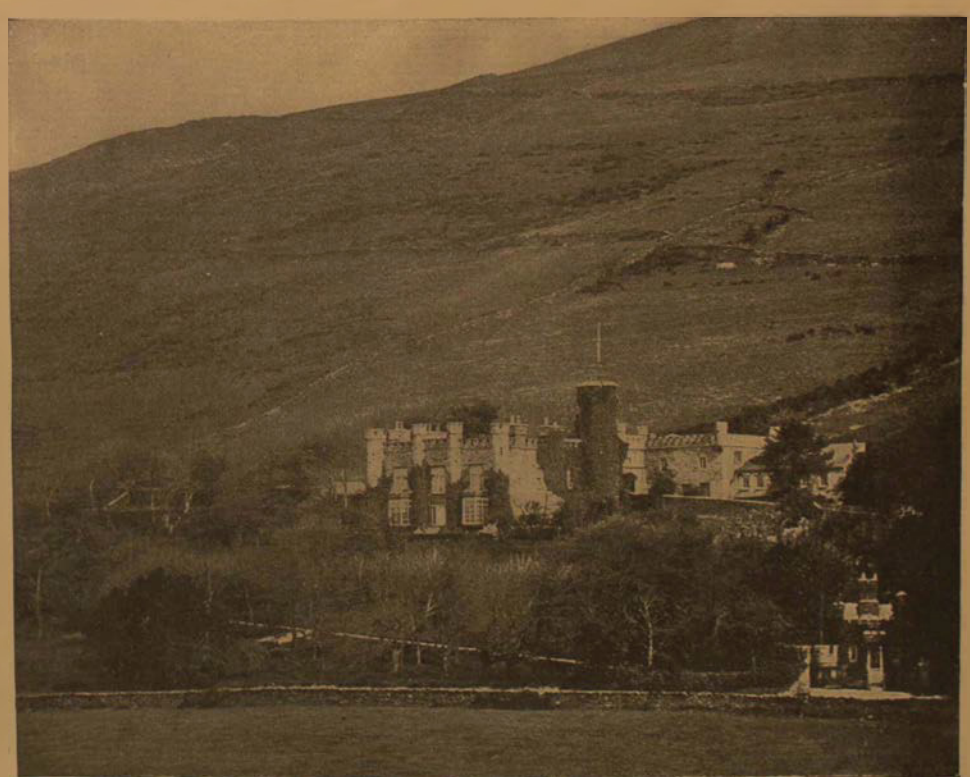
rarely thinks of the Isle of Man without thinking also of the writer of the novel which will preserve for future generations the Manxland life as it is to-day. The island and the man Hall Caine are now too closely identified with one another to be separated. This is because Hall Caine's books, particularly "The Manxman" and "The Deemster," have introduced the readers of the world to the Manx people and the Manx customs, and because Hall Caine is himself a Manxman. His home, the ancient castle of Greeba, is picturesquely situated at the foot of a great hill that sweeps away beyond and above it, while almost beneath the windows the tides rise and fall and the sea waves beat.

There are few Manxmen who do not know Hall Caine, at least by sight. His slender figure, a trifle below the medium height, his long, curling, auburn hair and beard, the pale face with its sensitive mouth, and the large, bright eyes are very familiar to the people of Douglas. They are exceedingly proud of their famous fellow-islander; his great influence among them disproves the accuracy of the time-worn adage, "No man is a prophet in his own country." In those who know the novelist personally the feeling of respect and honor for him is warmed and mellowed by pure affection; for, despite the fact that he is almost excessively nervous, there is a wealth of kindliness and geniality in his nature. His conversation is full of animation, and is made the more expressive by frequent gesticulation. Of himself Mr. Caine has said:

"I was educated to be an architect, but even in those very youthful days I cared rather more for literature, and began to lecture on literary topics. I was particularly fond of talking about Shakespeare. Dante Rossetti heard me lecture, and was apparently pleased, for he invited me to his home,—a great barn of a house in Chelsea, London, where he used to paint, and write, and walk in the desolate garden. After a period of friendship he invited me to come and live with him. I went to the mountains of Cumberland for my health instead, and asked him to join me there. He said he would if I would come for him. I did, and from that time we never parted till he died in my arms in 1880."

As a result of his close friendship with the painter, Mr. Caine produced after his death the "Recollections of Rossetti." He was then writing literary criticisms for the "Athenæum" and the "Academy," and daily leaders for the "Liverpool Mercury." During this period he wrote several critical works, among which were "A Life of Coleridge," "Sonnets of Three Centuries," and "Cobwebs of Criticism." But Mr. Caine grew weary of reviewing. When he was thirty years old he decided that "nobody would go on writing about other people's writings who could do original writing himself," and he resolved "to live on little and earn nothing until he had produced a novel."

His first work of fiction was "The Shadow of a Crime." This was written, the author says, in a little bungalow of three rooms near the beach at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, where he had settled to make his first essay at novel writing. He did not find it an easy task. Two weeks passed before the book was commenced; to the full the author realized the agony of first efforts. After writing the first half-volume at least four times he began to make more rapid progress, and at the end of three months went to London with two volumes nearly completed. A friend suggested an important addition, which necessitated the



By courtesy, from McClure's. *From a photograph by Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.*

GREEBA CASTLE, THE HOME OF HALL CAINE.

destruction of much that had been written. It was destroyed, and not until months had elapsed was the book finished. Great as were the difficulties of that first novel,

the author has encountered even greater obstacles with his later works, and he has frequently resolved, from sheer terror of the work involved, never to write another novel. Yet he goes on writing, having produced six novels altogether, and as he is in the prime of life, his admiring readers may still hope for much delightful work from his pen.

Of his methods of work Mr. Caine says :

"How do I work? Well, I am a creature of impulse. I go for a long time without doing anything, and then for many days I work constantly. During the first part of a working-spell I am bringing together in my mind a great mass of detail, and trying to form from it the general plan of my story. Then I read a great deal to get the special information which I find necessary. I get all this matter in shape in my mind, and write a rough sketch of my book,—perhaps as much as one volume. Then I take this up in parts and form and reform it in my mind until I have it all ready to write. In this I think I differ from most writers. Before I sit down to write I have each part of the story in my mind just as I want it to appear on paper. I have a theory, moreover, that the manner of telling a story should not overshadow the matter. I believe in literary style, but the words should not distract the reader's attention from the purpose of the writer. An eminent American, J. B. Gough, the temperance orator, used to tell a story which illustrates my meaning. When he was in England a lady who admired him very much made him a present of a diamond ring. In compliment to her he decided to wear it that night while lecturing. He noticed all through the lecture that he failed to get a hold upon his audience, and that he missed making with them the points that he was accustomed to make. After the lecture he spoke of this. 'It was the ring,' his friends said. 'The flashing of the diamond distracted attention from what you said.' The diamond flashes of words should not be allowed to distract attention from the writer's thoughts."

Mr. Caine is now on this side of the Atlantic, having crossed in October as a delegate of the English Society of Authors, to aid in bringing about an agreement between England and Canada regarding the Canadian Copyright Law. He has a charming wife and two sturdy boys, one eleven and the other four years of age. Before moving to his castle home among his brother Manxmen in the Isle of Man he lived in a pretty cottage in the Lake Country where Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth lived and wrote. Nature is his strongest ally in all his work.

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

By Gilbert Parker.

A ROMANY OF THE SNOWS.

I.

WHEN old Throng, the trader, trembling with sickness and misery, got on his knees to Captain Halby and groaned: "She didn't want to go; they dragged her off. You'll fetch her back, won't ye?—she always had a fancy for you, cap'n," Pierre shrugged a shoulder and said, "But you stole her when she was in her rock-a-by, my Throng,—you and your Manette."

Throng still kept to his knees. "Like a match she was,—no bigger. Lord! how that stepmother bullyragged her, and her father didn't care a rap. He had half a dozen others,—Manette and me hadn't none. We took her and used her like as if she was an angel, and we brought her off up here. Haven't we set store by her? Wasn't it 'cause we was lonely an' loved her that we took her? Hasn't everybody stood up and said there wasn't anyone like her in the North? Ain't I done fair by her always,—ain't I? An' now, when this cough 's eatin' my life out, an' Manette 's gone, an' there ain't a soul but Duc, the trapper, to put a blister on me, these brutes ride up from over the border, call theirselves her brothers, and drag her off!"

The man was still on his knees. Pierre reached over and lightly kicked a moccasined foot.

"Get up, Jim Throng!" he said. "Holy! do you think the law moves because an old man cries? Is it in the statutes?—that's what the law says. Does it come within the act? Is it a trespass?—an assault and battery?—a breach of the peace?—a misdemeanor? Victoria—So and So! That's how the law talks. Get on your knees to Father Corraine; not to Captain Halby!"

He said this in a half-sinister, ironical way, for between him and the Riders of the Plains there was no good feeling. More than once he had come in conflict with them,—more than once had they laid their hands on him, and taken them off again in due time. He had foiled them as to men they wanted; he had defied them; but he had helped them, too, when it seemed right to him; he had sided with them twice when to do so was perilous to himself. He had sneered at them, he did not like them, nor they him. The sum of it was, he thought them brave,—and stupid; and he knew that the law erred as often as it set things right.

The trader got up and stood between the two men, coughing much, his face straining, his eyes bloodshot, as he looked anxiously from Pierre to Captain Halby. He was the sad wreck of a strong man. Nothing looked strong about him now but his head, which with its long gray hair seemed badly balanced by his thin neck, through which the terrible cough was hacking. The broad shoulders hollowed in now.

"Only half a lung left," he stammered, as soon as he could speak, "an' Duc can't fix the boneset an' camomile as *she* could. An' the blister,—how he mucks the blister!"

Pierre sat back on the table, laughing noiselessly, his white teeth shining. Captain Halby, with one foot on a bench, was picking at the fur of his sleeve thoughtfully. His face was a little drawn, his lips were tightly pressed, and his eyes had a light of excitement. Presently he straightened himself, and after a half-malicious look at Pierre, said to Throng,

"Where are they, do you say?"

"They're at"—the old man coughed hard—"at Fort o' Battle."

"What are they doing there?"

"Waitin' till spring, when they're goin' to fetch their cattle up and settle there."

"They want—Lydia—to keep house for them?"

The old man writhed.

"THE OLD MAN SAT DOWN AWKWARDLY IN HIS CHAIR, WITH DUC STOLIDLY LIGHTING HIS PIPE."

"Yes, that's it. An' they want Liddy to marry a devil called Borotte, with a thousand cattle or so; Pito, the courier, brought me news yesterday. Pito saw her, an' he said she was white like a sheet, an' called out to him as he went by. Only half a lung I got, an' her boneset and camomile 'd save it fur a bit, mebbe—mebbe."

"It's clear," said Halby, "that they trespassed, and they haven't proved their right to her."

"*Tonnerre!* what a thinker!" said Pierre, mocking a little.

Halby did not notice. His was a solid sense of responsibility.

"She is of age?" he half asked, half mused.

"She's twenty-one," said the old man, with difficulty.

"Old enough to set the world right," suggested Pierre, still mocking.

"She was forced away. She regarded you as her natural protector,—she believed you her father; they broke the law," said the soldier.

"There was Moses, and Solomon, and Cæsar, and Socrates, and now . . . !" mused Pierre.

A red spot burned on Halby's high cheek-bone for a minute, but he persistently kept his temper.

"I'm expected elsewhere," he said at last. "I'm only one man, but I wish I could go to-day,—even alone. But——"

"But you have a heart," said Pierre. "How wonderful! —a heart! And there's the half a lung, and the boneset and camomile tea, and the blister, and the girl with an eye like a spot of rainbow, and the sacred law in a Remington rifle! Well, well! And to do it in the early morning,—to wait in the shelter of the trees till some go to look after the horses, then enter the house, arrest those inside, and lay low for the rest."

Halby looked over at Pierre astonished. Here was raillery and good advice all in a piece.

"It isn't wise to go alone, for if there's trouble and I should go down, who 's to tell the truth? Two could do it; but one,—no, it isn't wise, though it would look smart enough."

"Who said to go alone?" asked Pierre, scrawling on the table with a burnt match.

"I have no men."

Pierre looked up at the wall.

"Throng has a good Snider there," he said.

"Bosh! Throng can't go."

The old man coughed and strained.

"If it wasn't—only—half a lung, and I could carry the boneset 'long with us."

Pierre slid off the table, came to the old man, and taking him by the arms, pushed him gently into a chair.

"Sit down; don't be a fool, Throng," he said. Then he turned to Halby: "You're a magistrate,—make me a special constable; I'll go, Monsieur le Capitaine,—with no company."

Halby stared. He knew Pierre's bravery, his ingenuity and daring; but this was the last thing he expected, that the malicious, railing little half-breed would work with him and the law,—worth two other men on any counting. They did not love each other, and Pierre had never lost a chance of gibing at him and the Riders of the Plains. Pierre seemed to understand his thoughts, for he said: "It is not for you. I am sick for adventure, and then there is mademoiselle; such a finger she has for a venison pudding."

Without a word Halby wrote on a leaf in his note-book, and presently handed the slip to Pierre. "There's your commission as a special constable," he said, "and here's the seal on it." He handed over a pistol. Pierre raised his eyebrows at it, but Halby continued: "It has the government mark, and I wish you to use government arms. But you had better bring Throng's rifle, too."

Throng sat staring at the two men, his hands nervously shifting on his knees. "Tell Liddy," he said, "that the last batch of bread was sour,—Duc ain't no good,—an' that I ain't had no relish sence she left. Tell her the cough gits lower down all the time. 'Member when she tended that felon o' yourn, Pierre?"

Pierre looked at a scar on his finger and nodded: "She cut it too young, but she had the nerve. When do you start, captain? It's an eighty-mile ride."

"At once," was the reply. "We can sleep to-night in the Jim-a-long-Jo [a hut which the Hudson Bay Company had built between two distant posts], and get there at dawn day after to-morrow. The snow is light and we can travel quick I have a good horse, and you——"

"I have my black Tophet. He'll travel with your roan as on one snaffle-bar. That roan,—you know where he came from?"

"From the Dolright stud, over the border."

"No; that's wrong. He come from Greystop's pasture, where my Tophet was foaled; they are brothers. Yours was stole and sold to the gover'ment; mine was bought by good hard money. The law sometimes—eh, the keeper of stolen goods, eh? But these two will go cinch to cinch all the way, like two brothers,—like you and me."

He could not help the touch of irony in his last words; he saw the amusing side of things, and all humor in him had a strain of the sardonic.

"Brothers-in-Law for a day or two," answered Halby, dryly.

Within two hours they were ready to start. Pierre had charged Duc the incompetent about things for the old man's comfort, and had himself, with a curious sort of kindness, steeped the boneset and camomile, and set a cup of it near his chair. Then he had gone up to Throng's bedroom and straightened out and shook and "made" the corn-husk bed, which had gathered into lumps and rolls. Before he came down he opened a door near by and entered another room, shutting the door and taking a chair inside. A stove-pipe ran through the room, and it was warm, though the window was frosted and the world seemed shut out. He looked round slowly, keenly interested. There was a dressing-table made of an old box; it was covered with pink calico, with muslin over this. A cheap looking-glass on it was draped with muslin and tied at the top with a bit of pink ribbon. A common bone comb lay near the glass, and, what was singular, a beautiful brush with an ivory back and handle. It was the only expensive thing in the room. He wondered, but did not go near it,—yet. There was a little eight-day clock on a bracket which had been made by hand,—pasteboard darkened with umber and varnished; a tiny little set of shelves made of the wood of cigar-boxes; and—alas! the shifts of poverty to be gay!—an easy-chair made of the staves of a barrel and covered with poor chintz. Then there was a photograph or two in little frames made from the red cedar of cigar-boxes, with decorations of putty, varnished, and a long panel screen of birch-bark painted by Indian hands. Some dresses hung behind the door. The bedstead was small, the frame of hickory, with no foot-board, ropes making the support for the husk bed. Across the foot lay a bed-gown and a pair of stockings.

Pierre looked long, at first curiously, but after a little his forehead gathered and his lips drew in a little, as if he had a twinge of pain. He kept looking at the center of the floor as though thinking of a distant thing. Something, as he looked, arrested the eye, though he only saw

it mechanically. He got up, went over, and picked up a hair-pin. Then he came back to the chair and sat down, turning the hair-pin about in his fingers, still looking abstractedly at the floor.

"Poor Lucy!" he said, presently; "the poor child! Ah, what a devil I was then,—so long ago!"

This solitary room—Lydia's—had brought back the time he went to the room of his own wife, when she had gone, dead by her own hand, after an attempt to readjust the broken pieces of life, and sat and looked at the place which had been hers, remembering how he had left her with her wet face turned to the wall, and never saw her again till she did the thing which set her free forever. Since that time he had never sat in a room sacred to a woman alone.

"What a fool, what a fool, to think!" he said at last, standing up; "but this girl must be saved. She must have her home here again."

Unconsciously he put the hair-pin in his pocket, walked over to the dressing-table, and picked up the hair-brush. On its back was the legend, "*L. T. from C. H.*" He gave a whistle.

"So—so?" he said, "C. H." Monsieur le Capitaine, is it like that?"

A year before Lydia had given Captain Halby a dollar to buy her a hair-brush at Winnipeg, and three months back he had brought her one worth fifteen dollars. She had beautiful hair, and what pride she had in using this brush! Every Sunday morning she spent a long time in washing, curling, and brushing her hair, and every night she tended it lovingly, so that it was a splendid, rich brown like her eye, coiling nobly above her plain, strong face with its good color.

Pierre, glancing in the glass, saw Captain Halby's face looking over his shoulder. It startled him, and he turned round. There was the face looking out from a photograph that hung on the wall in the recess where the bed was. He had not been before where he could see it, but he noted now that the likeness hung where the girl could see it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

"So much as that, eh?" he said. "And monsieur is a gentleman, too. We shall see what he will do. Well, he has his chance now once for all"

He turned, came to the door, softly opened it, passed out and shut it, then descended the stairs, and in half an hour was at the door with Captain Halby, ready to start. It was an exquisite winter day, even in its bitter coldness. The sun was shining clear and strong, all the plains glistened and shook like quicksilver, and the vast blue cup of sky seemed deeper than it had ever been. But the frost ate the skin like an acid, and when Throng came to the door Pierre drove him back instantly from the air.

"I only—wanted—to say—to Liddy," hacked the old man, "that I'm thinkin'—a little m'lasses kinder help—the boneset an' camomile. Tell her that the cattle 'll all be hers,—an'—the house, an' I ain't got no one but——"

But Pierre pushed him back and shut the door, saying, "I'll tell her what a fool you are, Jimmy Throng."

And the old man, as he sat down awkwardly in his chair, with Duc stolidly lighting his pipe and watching him, said to himself: "Yes, I be a durn fool; I be, I be!" over and over again. And when the dog got up from near the stove and came near to him, he said: "I be, Touser; I be a durn fool, fur I ought to ha' stole two or three, an' then I'd not be alone, an' nothin' but sour bread an' pork to eat. I ought to ha' stole three."

"Ah, Manette ought to have give you some of your own, it's true, that!" said Duc, stolidly. "You never was a real father, Jim."

"Liddy got to look like me; she got to look like Manette and me, I tell ye!" said the old man, hoarsely, but without coughing.

Duc laughed in his stupid way. "Look like you! Look like you, Jim, with a face to turn milk sour! Ho, ho!"

Throng rose, his face purple with anger, and made as if to catch Duc by the throat; but a fit of coughing seized him, and presently blood showed on his lips. Duc with a rough gentleness wiped off the blood and put the herb-tea near to the sick man's lips, saying in a fatherly way:

"Fur why you do like that? You're a fool, Jimmy!"

"I be, I be," said the old man in a whisper, and let his hand rest on Duc's shoulder.

"I'll fix the bread sweet next time, Jimmy."

"No, no," said the husky voice, peevishly. "She'll do it,—Liddy 'll do it. Liddy's comin'."

"All right, Jimmy. All right."

After a moment Throng shook his head feebly and said, scarcely above a whisper:

"But I *be* a durn fool when she's not here."

Duc nodded and gave him more of the potion.

"My feet's cold," said the old man; and Duc wrapped a bearskin round his legs.

II.

For miles Pierre and Halby rode without a word. Then they got down and walked for a couple of miles, to bring the blood into their legs again.

"The old man goes to By-by *bientôt*," said Pierre at last.

"You don't think he'll last long?"

"Maybe ten days; maybe one. If we don't get the girl, out goes his torchlight straight."

"She's been very good to him."

"He's been on his knees to her all her life."

"There'll be trouble out of this."

"Pshaw! the girl is her own master."

"I mean someone will probably get hurt over there." He nodded in the direction of Fort o' Battle.

"That's the game. The girl is worth fighting for, eh?"

"Of course, and the law must protect her. It's a free country."

"So true, *mon capitaine*," answered Pierre, dryly. "It is wonderful what a man will do for the law."

The tone struck Halby. Pierre was scanning the horizon abstractedly.

"You are always hitting at the law," he said. "Why do you stand by it now?"

"For the same reason as yourself."

"What is that?"

"She has your picture in her room, she has my lucky dollar in her pocket."

Halby's face flushed, and then he turned and looked steadily into Pierre's eyes.

"We'd better settle this thing at once. If you're going to Fort o' Battle because you've set your fancy there you'd better go back now. That's straight. You and I can't sail in the same boat. I'll go alone, so give me back the pistol."

Pierre laughed softly and waved the hand back.

"T'sh! What a high-cock-a-lorum! You want to do it all yourself,—to fill the eye of the girl alone and be tucked away in the By-by for your pains,—*mais, quelle folie! Sie!* you go for law and love; I go for fun and Jimmy Throng. The girl! Pshaw! she would come out right in the end without you or me. But the old man with half a lung,—that's different. He must have sweet bread in his stomach when he dies, and the girl must make it for him. She shall brush her hair with the ivory brush by Sunday morning."

Halby turned sharply.

"You've been spying," he said. "You've been in her room,—you——"

Pierre put out his hand and stopped the word on Halby's lips.

"Slow, slow," he said; "we are both—police to-day. *Voila!* we must not fight. There is Throng and the girl to think of." Suddenly, with a soft fierceness, he added: "If I looked in her room, what of that? In all the North is there a woman to say I wrong her? No. Well, what if I carry her room in my eye; does that hurt her or you?"

Perhaps something of the loneliness of the outlaw crept into Pierre's voice for an instant, for Halby suddenly put a hand on his shoulder, and said: "Let's drop the thing, Pierre."

Pierre looked at him musingly.

"When Throng is put to By-by what will you do?" he said.

"I will marry her, if she'll have me."

"But she is prairie-born, and you——"

"I'm a prairie rider."

After a moment Pierre said, as if to himself, "So quiet and clean, and the print calico and muslin, and the ivory brush!"

It is hard to say whether he was merely working on Halby that he be true to the girl, or was himself moved at something. He had a curious store of legend and *chanson*, and he had the Frenchman's power of applying them, though he did it seldom. But now he said, in a half monotone:

"Have you seen the way I have built my nest?
(*Oh, brave and tall is the Grand Seigneur!*)
I have trailed the East, I have searched the West,
(*Oh, clear of eye is the Grand Seigneur!*)
From South and North I have brought the best:
The feathers fine from an eagle's crest,
The silken threads from a prince's vest,
The warm rose-leaf from a maiden's breast—
(*Oh, long he bideth, the Grand Seigneur*)."

They had gone scarce a mile further when Pierre, chancing to turn round, saw a horseman riding hard after them. They drew up, and soon the man—a Rider of the Plains—was beside them. He had stopped at Throng's to find Halby, and had followed them. Trouble and murder had occurred near the border, and Halby was needed at once. Halby stood still, numb with distress, for there was Lydia. He turned to Pierre in dismay. Pierre's face shone with the spirit of fresh adventure. Desperate enterprises roused him. The impossible had for him a great charm.

"I will go to Fort o' Battle," he said. "Give me another pistol"

"You cannot do it alone," said Halby,—with hope, however, in his voice.

"I will do it, or it will do me, *voilà!*" Pierre replied.

Halby passed over a pistol.

"I'll never forget it, on my honor, if you do it," he said.

Pierre mounted his horse and said, as if a thought had struck him: "If I stand for the law in this, will you stand against it sometime for me?"

Halby hesitated, then said, "Yes, if it's nothing dirty," and he held out his hand.

Pierre smiled. "Clean tit for clean tat," he said, touching Halby's fingers; and then, with a gesture and an "*au revoir*," put his horse to the canter, and soon a surf of snow was rising at two points on the prairie, as the Law trailed south and east.

THAT night Pierre camped in the Jim-a-long-Jo, finding there firewood in plenty, and Tophet was made comfortable in the lean-to. Within another thirty hours he was hid in the woods behind Fort o' Battle, having traveled nearly all night. He saw the dawn break and the beginning of sunrise as he watched the fort, growing every moment colder, while his horse trembled and whinnied softly, suffering also. At last he gave a little grunt of satisfaction, for he saw two men come out of the fort and go to the corral. He hesitated a minute longer, then said, "I'll not wait," patted his horse's neck, pulled the blanket closer round him, and started for the fort. He entered the yard; it was empty. He went to the door of the fort, opened it, entered, shut it, locked it softly, and put the key in his pocket. Then he passed through into a room at the end of the small hallway. Three men rose from seats by the fire as he did so, and one said, "Hullo! who're you?" One of the others said, however, "It's Pretty Pierre."

Pierre looked at the table laid for breakfast and said, "Where's Lydia Throng?"

The elder of the three brothers replied: "There's no Lydia *Throng* here. There's Lydia Bontoff, though, and in another week she'll be Lydia something else."

"What does she say about it herself?"

"You've no call to know."

"You stole her, forced her from Throng's,—her father's house."

"She wasn't Throng's; she was a Bontoff,—sister of us."

"Well, she says *Throng*, and *Throng* it's got to be."

"What nave you got to say about it?" At that moment Lydia appeared at the door leading from the kitchen.

"Whatever *she* has to say."

"Who're you talking for?"

"For her, for Throng, for the law!"

"'The law!' By gosh! that's good! You, you gambling thief! you scum!" said Caleb, the brother who knew him.

Pierre had now all the intelligent, resolute coolness of a trained officer of the law. He heard a little cry behind him, and stepped sideways where he could see and yet not turn his back on these men. Lydia stood there.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she said in a half-frightened way, yet with a sort of pleasure lighting up her face; and she stepped forward to him. One of the brothers was about to pull her away, but Pierre whipped out his commission. "Wait," he said. "That's enough. I'm for the law; I belong to the mounted police. I have come for the girl you stole."

The elder brother snatched the paper and read. Then he laughed loud and long. "So you've come to fetch her away," he said, "and this is how you do it!"—he shook the paper. "Well,"—suddenly he stopped. "Come," he said, "have a drink, and don't be a fool. She's our sister, old Throng stole her, and she's goin' to marry our partner. Here, Caleb, fish out the brandy-wine," he added to his younger brother, who went to a cupboard and brought the bottle.

Pierre said quietly to the girl, waving the liquor away, "You wish to go back to your father,—to Jimmy Throng?" He then gave her Throng's message, and added, "He sits there rocking in the big chair and coughing,—coughing! and then there's the picture on the wall upstairs, and the little ivory brush——"

She put out her hands toward him "I hate them all here!" she said. "I never knew them. They forced me away. I have no father but Jimmy Throng. . . . I will not stay!" she flashed out in sudden anger to the others. "I'll kill myself before I marry that man Borotte."

Pierre could hear a man tramping about upstairs. Caleb knocked on the stove-pipe and called to him to come down.

Pierre guessed it was Borotte. This would add one more factor to the game. He must move at once. He suddenly slipped a pistol into the girl's hand, and with a quick word to her stepped toward the door. The elder brother sprang between, which was what he looked for. By this time every man had a weapon, snatched from wall and shelf.

Pierre was cool. He said: "Remember, I am for the law. I am not one man. You are thieves now; if you fight and kill you will get the rope, every one. Move from the door, or I'll fire. The girl comes with me." He had heard a door open behind him; there was an oath and a report, and a bullet grazed his cheek and lodged in the wall beyond. He dared not turn round, for the other men were facing him. He did not move, but the girl did.

"Coward!" she said, and raised her pistol at Borotte, standing with her back against Pierre's.

There was a pause in which no one stirred, and then the girl, slowly walking up to Borotte, holding her pistol, said: "You low sneak!—to shoot a man from behind; and you want to be a decent girl's husband! These men who say they're my brothers are brutes, but you're a sneak. If you stir a step I'll fire."

The cowardice of Borotte was almost ridiculous. He dared not harm the girl, and her brothers could not prevent her harming him. Here there came a knocking at the front door. The other brothers had come and found it locked. Pierre saw the crisis. He acted instantly.

"The girl and I,—we will fight you to the end," he said, "and then what's left of you the law will fight to the end. Come," he added, "the old man can't live a week. When he's gone then you can try again. She will have what he owns. Quick, or I arrest you all, and then——"

"Let her go," said Borotte; "it ain't no use."

Presently the elder brother broke out laughing. "I never thought the girl had the pluck, an' I didn't think Borotte was a crawler. Put an eye out of him, Liddy, an' come to your brother's arms. Here," he added to the others, "up with your pop-guns; this shindy's off; and the girl goes back till the old man tucks up. Have a drink," he went on to Pierre, as he stood his rifle in a corner and came to the table.

In half an hour Pierre and the girl were on their way, leaving Borotte quarreling with the brothers, and all drinking heavily. The two arrived at Throng's late the next afternoon. There had been a slight thaw during the day and the air was almost soft, water dripping from the eaves down the long icicles.

When Lydia entered, the old man was dozing in his chair. The sound of an axe out behind the house told where Duc was. The herb-drink was beside the sick man's chair, and his feet were wrapped about with bearskins. The girl made a little gesture of pain with both hands, and then stepped softly over and, kneeling, looked into his face. The lips were moving.

"Dad," she said, "are you asleep?"

"Yes, I be a durn fool, I be," he said in a whisper, and then he began to cough. She took his hands. They were cold, and she rubbed them softly. "I feel so a'mighty holler," he said, gasping, "an' that bread's sour ag'in." He shook his head pitifully. His eyes at last settled on her and he recognized her. He broke into a giggling laugh; the surprise was almost too much for his feeble mind and body. His hands reached and clutched hers. "Liddy! Liddy!" he whispered, then added peevishly, "the bread's sour, an' the boneset and camomile's no good. . . . Ain't to-morrow bakin'-day?" he added.

"Yes, dad," she said, smoothing his hands.

"What danged—liars—they be—Liddy. You're my gel, ain't ye?"

"Yes, dad. I'll make some boneset liquor now."

"Yes, yes," he said with childish eagerness and a weak, wild smile. "That's it—that's it."

She went to get up, but he caught her shoulder. "I bin a good dad to ye, hain't I, Liddy?" he whispered.

"Always."

"Never had no ma but Manette, did ye?"

"Never, dad."

"What danged liars they be!" he said.

She kissed him and moved away to the fire to pour hot water on the herbs.

His eyes followed her proudly, shining like wet glass in the sun. He laughed,—such a wheezing, soundless laugh.

"He! he! he! I ain't no—durn—fool,—bless—the Lord!" he said.

Then the shining look in his eyes became a gray film, and the girl turned suddenly, for the long, wheezy breathing had stopped. She ran to him and lifted up his head, and she saw the look that makes the fool wise in his cold stillness. Then she sat down on the floor, laid her head against the arm of his chair, and wept as orphans weep.

It was so quiet inside. From without there came the twang of an axe, and a man's voice talking to his horse; and when the man came in he lifted the girl up, and, to comfort her, bade her go look at a picture hanging in her little room. When she was gone he lifted the body and put it on a couch, and cared for it.

TEA WITH DU MAURIER IN THE TEMPLE.

THE imaginative traveler is ever on the lookout for things typical, for the unaccustomed sights and sounds which are the keynotes of an alien life. From London he returns with deeply ingrained memories of the pavements as smooth as a ball-room floor; the rubber-tired hansoms, in which one can luxuriate for two miles for a shilling; the polite, black gloved and helmeted "Bobbies," whose amiable manner, soft-voiced responses, and sedate protection are ever at the disposal of the public; the fogs, in their season; the palaces, with their motionless sentries and mounted guards; and the Temple, the abode of lawyers only, over which so many romances in books and out have thrown their glamour.

Simply to have in prospect a lounging half-hour around the Temple courts would have been treat enough, but to have been bidden to tea in a barrister's chambers, and at that tea to have been promised a hand-clasp from Du Maurier, was surely an embarrassment of happy anticipations for one afternoon!

The hansom curved tortuously between the encroaching roof-crowded 'busses and great drays,—as only a London hansom can,—and passed under one of the gray, shadowy arches leading to the inner courts. Here, in a jutting corner window with tiny panes, the legal atmosphere was suggested by a display of judicial wigs, from the great, curled ones the judges wear, to small periwigs tied with

black ribbon, fit to crown the smooth face of a young and enthusiastic pleader; and a few steps farther on a barrister with foot perched upon a stone ledge made hurried corrections in pencil on a brief outspread on his knee. We passed Fountain Court, where the drip of water and the shrill call of sparrows made infinitesimal, tinkling

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

echoes in the stony square, the hansom, like a great black beetle, passing quiet figures seated on benches under the trees; for the calm and isolation of Fountain Court make it a haven of refuge to the old, who dream with chins resting on their canes, the unsuccessful, and the unfortunate.

All the three or four story buildings which form the dwelling-places of the legal sprigs, rising lights, and veterans who have long since forsworn the wig and gown, are very old houses, reeking with memories, and guiltless of a single modern improvement. In one of these, on the top floor where a tea-party was in progress, I met Du Maurier; but not on entering, nor for fifteen minutes afterward. The little tea-party was in his honor, yet every other guest was more emphatically present than the author of "Trilby."

When I first saw him he was sitting on a low stool, listening to the chatter of a pretty Englishwoman at his side. His daughter, the most beautiful girl I saw in England, and his model for years, was pouring tea near him.

And this was the man who had created "les trois Angliches," the human spider Svengali, the duchess-like grisette whose lovely feet had walked through the mire while her heart was as a rose, the man whose phrases lingered with the charm of a twilight melody in the mind, "the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome," of whom America was talking, and waiting to welcome if he would but go to her.

He is of middle height, and slender. In a careless glance he seemed about forty-five, but looking at you with his dim eyes, a smile tinged with melancholy crossing his face, he seemed pathetically old. The thought came resistlessly,

"If only this added fame had come to him twenty-five years ago!"

Beside one of the windows commanding a view of the many-bridged Thames I had a chance of speaking to him. He was invitingly approachable; no trace of positivism from success in his bearing, no affectation, and the eccentricity which abortive genius adopts with a slouched hat has never touched hands with him. His is a gentle face, almost wistfully attentive,—his voice one that goes to the heart and warms it; there is a restful humor in what he says,—humor even in the partially blind eyes.

"The very children know your name now in America, Mr. Du Maurier."

"So I have heard. So I judged from the letters I received from your great country," he said in a thoughtful, semi-wondering tone.

"Did you have any premonition that 'Trilby' would awaken and thrill us so?"

"I had not, indeed," he said, emphatically and confidentially. "There isn't a creature living more surprised than I am. It is a 'boom,' a most unexpected one,—I can't help thinking a most undeserved one in many respects. Can you tell me," he asked, as ingenuously as a child, "what quality in the book has made it so successful?—for upon my word I don't know."

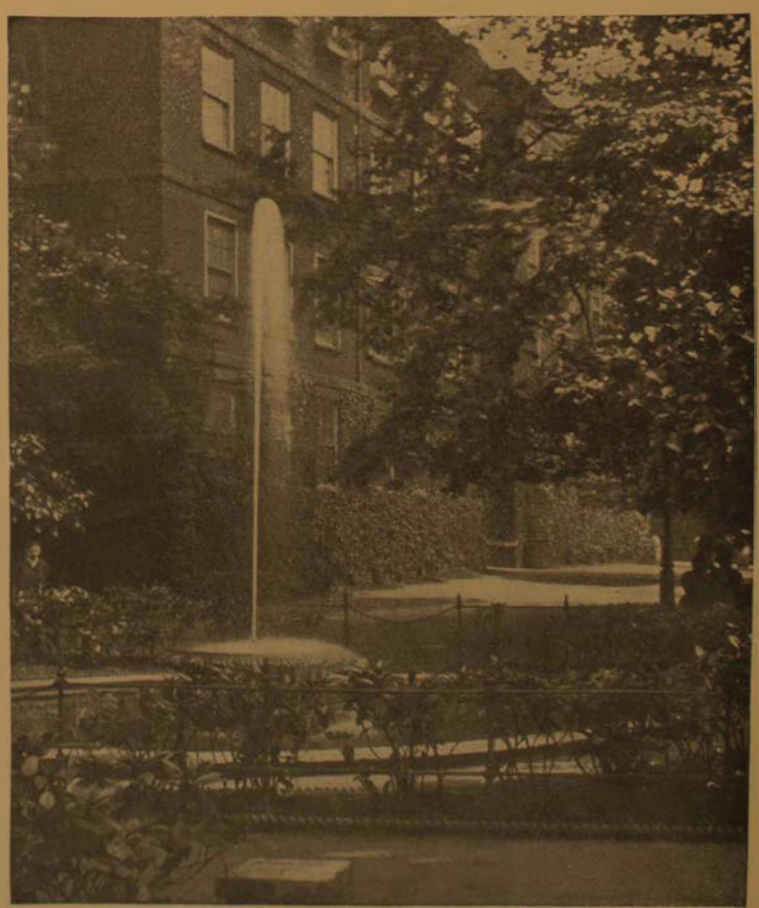
"Isn't it the coziness of its style,—the way you take your readers into your confidence, seeming to unmask to them not only the hearts of your characters, but your own?"

"Well, there may be something in that," he said. "Perhaps my instinctive style is a happy one, though amateur. I have not served the usual apprenticeship at writing, and have no masters,—just write as I feel. You know I commenced late in life, when my sight began to fail,—and I foresaw that soon I must renounce the making of sketches."

"Tell me if Trilby ever lived, or even a shadow of her?"

"Not even a shadow," he said with a smile and nod. "Neither as a grisette nor as a singer of evanescent fame did Trilby live. Some of the other characters are reclothed memories, but not Trilby."

"The pictures suggest Ellen Terry."



FOUNTAIN COURT.

"Yes. I was thinking of her, as she looked when a girl."

"You lived in the midst of just such scenes as you described?"

The light of reminiscence flashed over his face, and look-

ing beyond the drifting Thames one knew he was seeing in his mind's eye some straggling, garlic-scented street of old Paris.

"Yes; and what years and years ago! I went over the ground very recently. It is all changed now,—or almost all, for Notre Dame still stands as gray and older."

"'Peter Ibbetson' was your first excursion into novel-making?"

"The very first. I enjoyed writing the story very much. You have read it? You see how tall I make Peter and the Duchess of Towers? Trilby is also aggressively tall for a woman. I have always adored people of Homeric proportions;" and as he spoke his gaze lingered on a charming American who stood almost five feet ten in her pretty silk hose. "If she were on the stage," he said, ruminatively, "she would look the part of Trilby finely." Then he added, emphatically: "Why, if I could make a world there wouldn't be a man in it under six feet seven, nor a woman less than six feet. Of course Nature's perversity made her turn me out as I am, with not an inch to spare."

"Do you remember how the inspiration to write 'Trilby' came to you?"

"Perfectly," he said, a smile flitting over his face. "I was walking on Hampstead Heath one day with Henry James, and we were talking of books and plots. Suddenly I suggested his writing a story on hypnotism, where a woman would be made to sing, simply through the commanding will of another. 'Write it yourself, Du Maurier,' said he. 'It's good. Write it yourself.' The idea haunted me. Gradually I built the framework of the story around it, and naturally my inclination sent my memory reveling in my own student days in the Paris that, alas! is no more, —the Paris where Bohemianism meant light-heartedness, and art was a living, guiding hope. I wrote the story in six weeks." A curious thrill in his voice which bespoke the artist was in the next words, "It took me two years to illustrate it."

"You will, of course, illustrate the book you are writing now?"

"No. My days with the pen I fear are almost over. You see my sight is going fast. A story can be dictated; but good eyes are needed to make a drawing."

"Will you come to America?"

He looked wistful and shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish I could. How gladly I'd go if I had health. But as I am, I fear the strain would be too much. My heart goes out to the multitudes who have written to me from across the sea, but I fear I shall not see them there."

No one could have heard Du Maurier speak these words in his gentle voice without a futile, passionate longing to give him youth and bring keen vision to his benign and clouded eyes.

The author of "Trilby" leaves this impression: A man missing keenly the priceless possession of good health, but owning a sweet philosophy to temper all his misfortunes; simple, kindly, gentle as a woman, not reveling in the thought that a great continent rings with his name,—rather wondering at it.

In the beginning of the long, cool twilight, we said good-bye to him and walked slowly around the Temple courts, past Middle Temple Hall, where Shakespeare read "A Midsummer Night's Dream to Queen Elizabeth," and found ourselves at last beside a low, gray tombstone. What a burial-place! Not a hundred yards away lay the London streets, but by some mysterious construction of the sheltering walls no faintest echo of their thunder-beat stole into this quiet corner. The bell in the steeple of the little church where the lawyers are supposed to worship was pealing softly as we lingered by the stone with its simple declaration "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

This moment in the twilight, by the grave of one who wrote unforgettable lines, was a fitting close to the half-pensive pleasure of the afternoon.

KATE JORDAN.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR

By JOSEPH HATTON.

IX.

THE family chariot with its attendant horsemen dashed along at breakneck pace toward St. Germain.

Once more crossing the Seine, unchecked and unopposed, they arrived at Monsieur Bertin's house, on the borders of the forest. Here they were received by a posse of stablemen and servants, and within the house by Madame Bertin and her two daughters, who provided Mathilde with an apartment near their own, and later joined the supper party in the spacious *salle à manger*.

After the ladies had retired, Monsieur Bertin explained the cause of his delay, and the reason for the addition of Monsieur le Duc de Louvet and the Count de Fournier to their council. It was close on morning when De Fournier retired. Joseph awaited him.

"Ah, Joseph, this is good of you," said De Fournier.

"It is a pleasure, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph, lighting the candles in the spacious wainscoted chamber. "If it is permissible, might I inquire what your programme is for the morrow?"

"It is quite permissible, Joseph. Touching Mademoiselle Mathilde, Monsieur and Madame Bertin have a plan which Monsieur Bertin tells me the duke indorses should it prove agreeable to the parties most concerned. If the friendly proposal is what I suspect, the parties most concerned are quite likely to approve, and with pleasure."

"And yourself, Monsieur le Comte, how do you propose to maintain your freedom? Every man engaged in the rescue of last night, noble or simple, will henceforth hold his life in his hands, be assured."

"You think so?"

"I am sure, monsieur; as sure as fate, within the next twenty-four hours it will be a crime to be noble, and penal to shelter the *noblesse* from arrest. Monsieur Bertin will have to answer for last night's work."

"Joseph, your kind heart magnifies our danger."

"Not so, monsieur," said Joseph. "Bethink you of what I have said."

MONSIEUR BERTIN'S house was unusually busy the next day. The news went round with the early morning rolls

"BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM PASSED OUT INTO THE NIGHT"

and coffee that the *déjeûner* would be what in England would be called a wedding breakfast. It was resolved, with general consent, that Mathilde and De Fournier should be married.

The Bertins, as long as there was any record thereof, had maintained a chaplain in the house. Given away by her father, blessed by the church, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, Mathilde, Comtesse de Fournier, sat down to breakfast with as good and loyal a company as ever toasted bride and bridegroom,—a company whose devotion to the throne of France had jeopardized their lives and estates. It was resolved that, after the festivities, each man should seek his own safety or risk his own neck in his own way.

While the bride was dressing for a journey to the scene of her honeymoon, several of Monsieur Bertin's guests started for the coast, hoping to reach England. M. de la Galetierre and Monsieur Bertin remained at St. Germain, trusting, in case of need, to the hiding-places of the old mansion and to other retreats. M. de la Galetierre had a wife in St. Germain, only newly married, and she was in no condition to travel, supposing their departure from St. Germain, where they had taken up their abode on the family estate, had been thought wise or desirable.

After joyfully witnessing the marriage of his daughter and the gallant young Count de Fournier, the Duke de Louvet insisted upon returning to the château, and the old family chariot of the De Louvets set out, with its postilions in their well-worn saddles and Joseph in his familiar seat, the duke the only passenger. Near the Lion d'Or they were stopped by a mounted company of the National Guard, and with them the duke was forced to continue his journey. Arrived at the château, he found a sentinel at his gates, and his wife in a state of great agitation.

"Georges," she said, as he entered her boudoir, "oh, I am glad you have returned! But where is Mathilde?"

"At St. Germain, under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

"A sorry protection! He is proscribed; he is charged with murder. And the count?"

"With Mathilde, also under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

It occurred to the duke that it might be well not at present to mention the marriage at which he had been so joyful a witness.

"He, too, alas! our unhappy Henri!" said the duchess. "He is proscribed also; if he is taken he will go to La Force or the Conciergerie. My dear Georges the prisons are crowded with our misguided friends. Oh, where will it all end?"

"Be calm, my dear, be calm."

"Georges, if ever you loved me do not anger Monsieur le Deputé Grébauval, who is also a judge; for us he is life and death. If not for yourself, have mercy upon me,—upon Mathilde. What has happened in Paris is nothing to what is to come. Oh, Georges, you say you did love me once, and there is the sweet binding link of our child,—our only child. For her sake, then, if not for mine, let discretion temper your courage."

She sank at his feet in a passion of sobs. He bent over her with something like tender emotion, and as she rose to her feet, her eyes filled with tears, he embraced her with the added words of comfort:

"My dear heart, I place myself under your orders. Can I say more?"

Beyond this scene there is nothing more to report of the incident of the duke's return. The days went by with feverish notes of rumor and a stolid surveillance of the château.

X.

THERE were glints of sunlight between the black shadows of the Revolution. Marie and Jaffray often sat for the hour together, late and early, talking of everything under the sun,—Jaffray's childhood and Marie's artistic ambition, Jaffray's father and mother, and Marie's hopes and fears for the De Louvets. The tocsin boomed, the drums beat, but Marie drew the blinds and lighted her lamp, and love made for them a sensuous music of its own, none the less sweet for the harsh sounds without, none the less delightful for the occasional impulse of fear that came and went with the dallying hours. Moreover, every parting was an adieu; for who could say when they might meet again? So every parting was a lovers' farewell, the tender caresses of which were worth every peril short of death itself.

For the time being, De Fournier and Mathilde were, perhaps, the happiest of our little company. Within four-and-twenty hours of their arrival at St. Germain they were launched into the bliss of an unexpected honeymoon. Monsieur Bertin conducted them to a country-house in an out-of-the-way corner of an estate between St. Germain and Liseaux,—a small farm, far from the main road, in the valley of a tiny stream that made its way through woods and forest and meadow lands to the Seine. It was a quaint old cottage, mostly built of wood, with thick-timbered floors that exhaled the scent of pine and beeswax. An old man and his wife and one servant, a farm-hand, were the only occupants. The little orchard was laden with fruit. A small patch of wheat was heavy with golden grain. A cluster of fading summer blossoms still enriched the honeysuckle-vine that spread its branches over the cottage porch. Monsieur Bertin sent scraps of news by a trusty messenger, and visited the farm himself. The days went by, one by one, with soft, dreamy autumn evenings and mornings. The roses shed their red and white petals upon the garden path, the sun set earlier every day, autumn brooded over the forest, and, with sadder notes of news that began to make discord in its harmony, the honeymoon began to wane. Mathilde feared for her father's life and her mother's already limited liberty.

"IT is not possible that you can remain in this place," said Joseph on one of his hazardous visits to the count, when Mathilde had left them alone for a few minutes.

"What do you advise, Joseph?" asked de Fournier.

"If Monsieur e Comte will feel it no dishonor to put on the disguise I have brought him from Monsieur Bertin's, and Madame la Comtesse will condescend to make some change in her attire, we may ride through the forest of Evrieux, where no doubt the Widow Stainton will receive you. I have brought a valise with the attire of a merchant for Monsieur le Comte, and I have two good horses besides the gray mare I rode from the château."

"You advise this?

"It is Monsieur Bertin's advice, and I approve it, monsieur, entirely."

"And when do we set forth?"

"At once, monsieur."

It was already nine o'clock when the bride and bridegroom had donned their *bourgeoise* habits and announced themselves as ready to start. Mathilde looked none the less attractive in her old-fashioned woolen cloak and hood and her wide-brimmed hat. The count wore his mouse-colored long frock-coat and embroidered waistcoat, his tall, white hat, and his top-boots, with an air that did not make the new clothes very much of a disguise. There

was a moon, now and then obscured by clouds. De Fournier went to the door. The silence was profound.

"Bring your horses, Joseph."

"They are at the gate, monsieur."

"I forget whether you said you had seen Monsieur Bertin or only had his instructions second hand?"

"I did not see monsieur, but madame expressed his wishes. There are many servants in the mansion, and it is difficult to know whom one may trust. Madame only trusts herself."

An hour later the honeymoon had waned to entire eclipse. From the cottage, with a smoldering fire that made a flickering light on the parlor windows, bride and bridegroom passed out into the night. There was a purple sky upon which the stars shone like gems. The night was sweet and still,—made for love. The trees whispered in the perfumed air. Mathilde rode by her husband's side. She could hardly realize the significance of their impromptu excursion. Joseph cantered on ahead. The narrow way from the cottage wound along toward the main road through the forest, with fields on one side and woods on the other.

"We are Citoyenne and Citizen Duval, by Monsieur Bertin's orders, Joseph tells me," said De Fournier, in a tone of mirthfulness, after a gallop over the half-league of road that brought them well into the forest. "You have changed your name, dear, already; to me it is a new sensation."

"It is like having a sweet secret, to be so disguised in name and dress," said Mathilde, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Another act in the gracious comedy of our honeymoon, Mathilde, and this excursion a gallant masquerade," said her husband, "with a kindly starlight night specially provided by Nature's own stage-manager."

"You give life and hope, and make things bright that otherwise might be too sad for words," replied Mathilde.

"Why, my love, we shall never be happier,—two ardent lovers in the first days of their honeymoon. It seems a very paradise, yonder cottage; so humble, yet so full of pastoral dignity. When France is once more in repose we'll visit the farmer and his wife again, and hold high festival in commemoration of our bridal home."

All that was gentle in De Fournier's character made itself manifest under the influence of his young wife. With a touch of adversity and in close communion with the woman of his heart, he had discovered in himself a new world of thought and feeling.

"When France is in repose again," she said, with a sigh. "You say that with a heart-ache."

"I feel no heart ache so long as you are by my side. To ride under the stars out into the wide world, man and wife, is fulfillment of my best dreams."

"But if they take us,—these men who may be even now upon our track? My heart stands still at thought of it."

Mathilde stretched forth her hand to him. He laid hold upon the bridle and stooped to kiss her.

"They shall not take us," he answered quickly, his hand on his sword, but the next moment falling by his side, with the qualifying remark, "if God and the Virgin defend us."

"Dear Henri," said Mathilde, "if fate willed you to fight I would not stay your arm; but there is a time to fight and a time to retreat."

"And a time to love," he said, his face aglow; "and come what may, we have had our supreme, our happy hour."

"You are very good to me," said Mathilde; "are you taking me toward the coast?"

"Yes; toward the coast," said Henri.

"My dear love!" exclaimed Mathilde, "is it possible that——"

"If we secure a boat, yes."

"Now I know indeed that you love me," she said. "Kiss me, Henri. You will put aside your honor for your love."

"My darling!" exclaimed De Fournier, drawing her toward him. "If we get to the coast, and Joseph has good news of your father and the duchess, we will cross to England. Monsieur Bertin has made all the arrangements through a friend, who endangers his own life in carrying them out. Joseph expects news from the Château de Louvet by a messenger who will await us at Honfleur. He told me all this while he was transforming me from count to citizen,—from De Fournier, at your service, to Citizen Duval; and you have never told me how you like my costume."

"Nay; let us talk seriously. Do you think we shall be successful?"

"I hope so."

"Do you think so?"

"If we are we shall be pioneers of a colony of friends, and we shall find a home on the southern coast of England. But there are conditions, dear."

"'Conditions'?" said Mathilde, noticing that De Fournier did not speak in an earnest, convincing manner.

"That the men of the new colony, the moment the time is ripe for action, shall return with their swords to France."

"But if we fail?"

"Why, then we are in the hands of God."

The time ran quickly on with sweet and anxious passages of love and hope, and doubt and fear. De Fournier reconciled his heart and ambition to any venture that might secure the happiness of Mathilde. His love for her overcame all other thoughts. His duty and his ambition, everything, belonged to her. Joseph had ridden ahead, and De Fournier was anxiously listening for his return.

"He is coming," said Mathilde. "Listen!"

"Yes; thank God! it is a single rider," said De Fournier, as the galloping of the horse began to break upon the stillness of the night. Presently the gallop became a trot, and, nearing the spot where the fugitives were concealed, the rider reined in his steed and stopped by the fringe of the forest.

"It is I,—Joseph," he said.

"Welcome, my brave friend," responded De Fournier; and Joseph's heart beat gratefully at the word "friend."

"All's well," said Joseph, "at present; but we are pursued,—we are pursued. Laroche and a company of National Guards are at Evrieux by this; they will sup there. I heard their plans for the night. We must push on to Liseaux; there is a road that avoids Evrieux; everything depends on our getting to Honfleur before them, if that is their destination."

"We are in your hands, Joseph," said De Fournier; "lead on."

On through the night, now at a gallop, now steadily, to breathe their horses; now walking stilly past wayside lodges with closed gates and dim avenues of trees, giving Evrieux a wide berth, and pulling up at last on the outskirts of a sleeping village Here Mathilde and De Fournier remained in the shadow of a clump of chestnut trees while Joseph made arrangements for their entertainment. There had been some village festival at the inn, which had kept the landlord and his wife up later than usual. Joseph, to his great delight, found them stanch royalists. He returned in high spirits for his two companions.

"A loyal house, and with supper ready," said Joseph;

and I propose a rest for Citoyenne Duval of not one hour, but three."

"*Merci*, Monsieur le Capitaine Joseph," said De Fournier, with a laugh. "Come, good wife Duval, and be refreshed with supper and with rest."

Madame of the inn received Mathilde with matronly kindliness, took her to her own room, where the disguised countess laid aside her hat and cloak, and, after some refreshments, undressed and went to bed, and from sheer fatigue fell fast asleep; while the count and Joseph sat down to a supper of game-pie and sausages. The landlord joined them afterward, and the three hours sped right merrily.

"I feel quite a new man," said the count to Joseph, when the time for continuing their journey had arrived. "I might be Citizen Duval in very truth, so gorged am I, my Joseph. It is time I called my wife, the good dame Citoyenne Duval, eh?"

It was nearly daylight when the good people wished their guests God-speed; and the count's spirits rose with the prospect of putting leagues between them and their possible pursuers before the day was over. And so they rode boldly for Honfleur.

The party dismounted at the sign of "The Ship." So far all went well. An agent of Monsieur Bertin sauntered in as they handed their horses to the stableman; Joseph was to take them back to the cottage.

While the two guests, *bourgeois* citizen and his wife, took some refreshment and prepared for their journey, Joseph went forth to the rendezvous where a lugger was to be ready for the journey across the channel. But, alas! the lugger was not ready. The enterprising fisherman had been arrested and his boat was moored alongside the quay, in charge of an officer of the local Revolutionary committee that had only just been constituted. Monsieur Bertin's agent gave Joseph this information as they walked to the quay. It was possible, he said, that he might still procure another vessel. He had provided a small boat for them, and they would be picked up outside the harbor if things turned out favorably for embarking; but within the last four and-twenty hours the new officers had been very active in taking note of all outward-bound vessels, down to the smallest boat. The night was favorable, however, and he hoped for success.

Reconnoitering the creek where the agent's small boat lay, they were challenged by a gendarme evidently posted for some purpose unfavorable to the agent's plans. He was, however, able to pass the officer's scrutiny, and said he wanted merely to fetch some fish from his boat for his friend's supper. The officer disliked to interfere with a well-known citizen, but no boats could leave Honfleur without a permit of the committee, on this particular night at all events. Monsieur Bertin's agent whispered something in the officer's ear, and then saying aloud that he would come for his fish later, returned to the inn with Joseph.

"In two hours' time," he said, "the course will be clear; he will then be relieved, and by a man who is in my employment. I shall know how to detain him. Till then hold your friends in readiness."

Before the two hours were up, however, there rode pell-mell into Honfleur, Laroche and his posse. De Fournier had barely time to draw before Laroche covered him with a pistol, and two of his dismounted troopers, with their captain, were at his back.

"Resistance is as useless as your disguise," said Laroche. "I would know you among a thousand."

Had he been alone, De Fournier, spite of pistols and warnings, would have made a fight of it, though he should have lost his life in the struggle; but Mathilde clung to his arm. Joseph only arrived in time to saddle his horses and escape. His first impulse was to share the fate of the fugitives he had led so unfortunately; his second was to hang on their rear and note their disposition. With this object he crept stealthily through the town and made a long *détour*. Commending himself and his cause to God, he made for the road to Paris.

It was with a sad heart that Mathilde, early the next morning, found herself retracing her steps toward St. Germain. The count, by every kind of little attention and with many a comforting word, endeavored to smooth the way. Laroche, mindful of his daughter's interest in his prisoners, had shown much consideration for their comfort. He had permitted them to ride with a long distance between them and their guard, so that they should be free from immediate surveillance. He had, however, first taken De Fournier's word that he would make no attempt at escape. Now that she realized the worst, Mathilde was as brave as the count.

Except for short respites to bait both man and beast, the prisoners and their escort wended their way along the dusty roads, through fields of half-gleaned wheat, by yellowing woods, skirting quiet villages, and crossing shining rivers. They stopped at Liseaux, and then on again they rode toward Evrieux.

Meanwhile Joseph, having borrowed a fresh horse at Evrieux, was well on his way to St Germain, to inform Monsieur Bertin of the failure of their plans and the desirability of changing his own scheme of removal, and in the hope of raising there a rescue party to meet Laroche and his prisoners between St. Germain and the barriers. It was a monotonous ride to Paris. Joseph had found St. Germain in possession of a company of Municipal Guards from Paris. Their chief officer had only that day informed madame that if Monsieur Bertin did not give himself up within four-and-twenty hours she and her daughter would be removed to Paris.

Mathilde and De Fournier were spared this depressing piece of news. Their spirits fell as they entered Paris and noted the crowds of strange people, armed and noisy. Every conceivable noise seemed to be in the air as they pushed their way along. It was in the leading thoroughfares their course was impeded. In the back streets those who remained in-doors had mostly barricaded their houses. All the shops were closed. An atmosphere of terror was over the city, all the more threatening in its silent streets than where it was most apparent in storm and stress, the wild ferment of pikes and the rolling of insurrectionary drums.

De Fournier, in his comparatively humble clothes, attracted no particular attention from the crowd that had gathered around the approaches to the Palais de Justice. Through its guarded gates and beyond its grim court-yard the Conciergerie was hidden. It was only for a few minutes that the new prisoners created a slight diversion from the business of the morning, which was to salute the procession of death on its way to the guillotine. The tumbrils were already drawn up outside the gates. Presently they would enter, and return with pale passengers, many of whom would suffer their bitterest moments in the execrations of the mob.

It was not until his escort had been increased by a fresh contingent of men on entering Paris that Laroche had informed De Fournier of their different destinations,—his wife to be delivered into the custody of the governor of the Temple, he to the Conciergerie. Mathilde had behaved with womanly fortitude. It was De Fournier who broke down with grief and passion. Then a sullen despair

"MARIE WAS AT WORK ON A MINIATURE OF ROBESPIERRE WHEN JAFFRAY ARRIVED."

took possession of him, with a bitter underlying current of longing for a great revenge. He was right in thinking that they owed their separation to Grébauval, and every conceivable indignity that his imagination could invent seemed possible from his rival, who hated him by reason of their blood relationship, and who would hate him the more that his own action had hurried on the marriage it was his chief desire to prevent.

Grébauval was one of those persistent lovers, so called, who, failing a legitimate direction to his ardent desires, is willing to brave every obstacle of custom, law, morality, religion, or hatred of the woman he affects to worship, in order to compass his ends. When he learned that Mathilde had escaped him through the church at St. Germain, whatever sentiment of a holy passion might at one time have touched his heart dried up; and there remained only the wormwood of disappointment, the gall of lust, and the desire of vengeance.

The prison was full to overflowing when De Fournier arrived there, and it was a stroke of good fortune that he was flung into a cell with fourteen others, among whom was Monsieur de la Galetierre, his comrade in the retreat to St. Germain. The Citizen Galetierre informed him that he had been at first placed in a dungeon with two murderers for companions. By the virtue of some gold pieces, and the interposition of a friendly municipal, he had been transferred the next day to his present quarters.

"And what is more to the purpose," he said. "I was in time, as you are, to participate in a scheme of escape that promises success."

"'Escape'!" said De Fournier, "with the secret among so many?"

"Yes. When you arrived the fear was that you might be a spy thrown in among us. Did you not notice the smile of relief that went round when I recognized you and we embraced?"

Then Galetierre outlined the plan: The window above them was not far from the ground. It was protected by iron bars, two of which had already been sawn through, and could be easily removed. Two others would undergo similar operations at night; and within two or three days the course would be free. At first they had a terrible outer guard to fear. Two dogs were the sentinels. The concierge relieved his officers at night by trained hounds, mongrel-bred beasts, half mastiff, half bloodhound, that were let loose in the court-yard. Two of the brutes were posted in the small open space beneath the window through which the fourteen men had resolved to climb. Their leader, a man of athletic strength and of a curious and varied knowledge, had tamed the four-footed guardians of the night. On two special occasions he had obtained access to them. He not only pampered their appetites, but he had a knack of seizing a dog by its fore paw, and by pressing a certain nerve between the first and second claws had the animal at his mercy. A paw in Daniel's hand, the dog would howl and seize the hand as if it would gnaw it, but it ended in nothing worse than a rough fondling, and Daniel was the dog's master. As a conclusion to these particulars, Monsieur de la Galetierre, laying his hand affectionately on De Fournier's shoulder, exclaimed:

"And you come just in time to participate in our scheme."

"And to perish if it fails," he replied.

"In that case we shall only anticipate our end by a day or two. The work of destruction has begun in terrible earnest. Every day the procession to the knife is recruited from the Conciergerie. We were twenty in this room when I was brought in. With you we are now fifteen."

XI.

"Yes," said Marie Bruyset, "I went to the château yesterday. A patrol of the National Guard was bringing in some prisoners as I passed through the barrier. It is a terrible business."

"It is, indeed," said Jaffray, his eyes intent on Marie's pale face.

"One of the guards is the friend of Monsieur Joseph."

"Yes," said Jaffray.

"I talked to him long in the shadow of the great pillar by the gates with the tall coat-of arms on the top. He had seen Joseph only the day before. The count and mademoiselle have fled. They were at St. Germain. Monsieur de la Galetierre is taken."

"Yes, I know. He is in the Conciergerie."

"He had only been married six months, his wife young and beautiful. She is with the family of Monsieur Bertin."

Marie had been at work on a miniature of Robespierre when Jaffray arrived. She was conscious of a certain mysterious surveillance. During her absence on two occasions she had observed that one or two of her papers and portraits had been misplaced. She was becoming careful and diplomatic; had set little traps for her visitor, supposing her suspicions were correct. Latterly she had laid in a sketch or two of notable Revolutionists, and she was working upon a likeness of Robespierre with something like feeling, for the physiognomical characteristics of the intellectual wire-puller of the Revolution had fascinated her artistic appreciation.

The half-finished portrait lay before her as she sat by her painting-table, her eyes now and then turned toward Jaffray, who was leaning upon the table, watching every movement of the girl, her whole attitude an unconscious appeal to his admiration. He was better dressed than heretofore: a brooch in his neckerchief, a richly embroidered vest, and a brown, short-bodied coat with long skirts and wide, blue lapels. His face was as boyish as ever, but thinner; his manner more self-contained, his lips more firmly compressed; and he looked less like a foreigner, though his complexion was still fair,—a marked contrast to Marie's. Presently he took up Marie's picture and held it up before her with a critical eye.

"He is a lynx, this Robespierre. Cold, hard, refined,—a mouth that might be benevolent if it were not cynical; a ferreting nose that searches, hunts, pries,—it is more investigating than his watchful eyes; black, lank hair; his dyspeptic complexion becomes his polished deviltry. You have caught the fiendish spirit of his soul, Marie; you feel all the time that you are painting a devil, do you not?"

"Hush, hush!" said Marie, clapping her soft hands over his mouth.

He promptly kissed them as he said, "But why hush? Simon is under the Vendome pillar, or was; and Laroche——"

That gentlemen walked in on the word, as he might have done in a drama of surprises.

"Scared you, eh?" said Laroche, in his sharp way.

"We are not scared," said Marie, "only surprised."

"Good-day, Monsieur Laroche," said Jaffray.

"Good-day to you, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, looking him mischievously in the face from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "You are a frequent visitor here?"

"Yes, Citizen Laroche," Jaffray replied, defiantly, having recovered his self-possession.

Laroche, in riding-boots, a whip in his hand, mud-stained breeches, and a cloak over his tight-fitting coat with flaring lapels, stood in the middle of the room, first turning to one and then to the other.

"Pardon, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche; "if Marie permits, I will meet you here to-morrow at this time. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, father," said Marie.

Jaffray bowed and turned to leave.

"I will accompany you, citizen" said Laroche. "I think we are walking the same way my young friend."

"To the Palais de Justice?"

"Yes," said Laroche, "I have something to tell you. Yesterday I lodged at the Abbaye the Citoyenne Mathilde Louvet, *ci-devant* Countess Fournier."

"What?" exclaimed Jaffray, starting back.

"They had been married sometime before I arrested her and her husband."

"Fiend!" said Jaffray.

"Your friend, the *ci-devant* count, Citizen Fournier, is in charge of the concierge of the Palais de Justice."

Jaffray turned his face helplessly toward the grim towers of the great prison.

"Country first," said Laroche, his face lighting up with a glow of pride that almost made it handsome spite of his fanaticism; "wife and child, love and home, next. It was so in the great days of ancient Rome; France to-day is rivaling ancient Rome."

"In her worst days," said Jaffray, sick at heart as he kept his eyes fixed on the stony face of the Conciergerie, that might well have had Dante's inscription at the gates of the Inferno written in letters of blood across its grim entrance.

"*Au revoir*, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, still with something of the ecstasy of a hot fanaticism in the expression of his otherwise hard face. "We meet to-morrow; you will make my peace with Marie; your reward shall be my consent to her betrothal." With no more words Laroche drew his cape about him, brushed the dust from his boots with the lash of his riding-whip, and with a firm and resolute gait walked toward the Palais de Justice.

Jaffray stood watching him with mingled feelings of indignation, sorrow, and amazement. His way to the Grébauval bureau was by a street that passed round at the back of the prison. He did not move until he had seen Laroche enter the gates leading to the Conciergerie, the sentinels on duty making way for him, and the crowd cheering him as his name was circulated among them,—"the famous Laroche, of the Secret Police."

"Alas, poor De Fournier! unhappy countess!" said Jaffray, walking to his duties with bent head and tearful eyes. "It will break Marie's heart. I must see the count."

The thought of being able to render his friend some service quickened his footsteps.

(*To be continued.*)

WINTER IN NEW YORK.

IT cannot be said with certainty that the four winds of heaven have social instincts, yet the New Yorker will tell you, with a sigh, that they have a common meeting-ground. When each has finished its serious business in its own domain it begins to travel. Old Boreas from his frozen fastnesses in the great North comes roaring

MADISON SQUARE IN A SNOWSTORM.

SLEIGHING ON WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

south, the west wind hurries east, the gentle southern zephyrs come stealing softly northward, and the sullen east wind moves in heavily from the ocean. Each is king in its own land, but there is a middle ground, a place where they meet and greet each other on equal terms; that place, you will easily believe if you have been in New York in the winter, is Manhattan Island. Here there is no precedent or jealousy among the winds. Each in turn takes a hand in ruling, and then they will often join forces and go blustering and sporting about together.

Of course, their victim, the New Yorker, does not like it. Often when he is being hurled hither and thither by rival breezes he resolves firmly to leave, as soon as he can, Manhattan's capricious climate, and pass his old age, at least, in a place where the weather has not the combined instincts of a dark and deep-dyed villain and a fickle maid. But when the sun comes out his ideas about the weather take a brighter hue. He concludes that if it were the weather of any other place than New York he certainly would not submit to it; but he cannot forget that it is, after all, the weather of his own great city, and he believes that it should be forgiven a good deal on this account. The result is easy to foresee: year after year the climate plays fast and loose with him, the winds blow hot and cold over him; and at last he becomes inured to their vagaries.

A JOLLY TRIO.

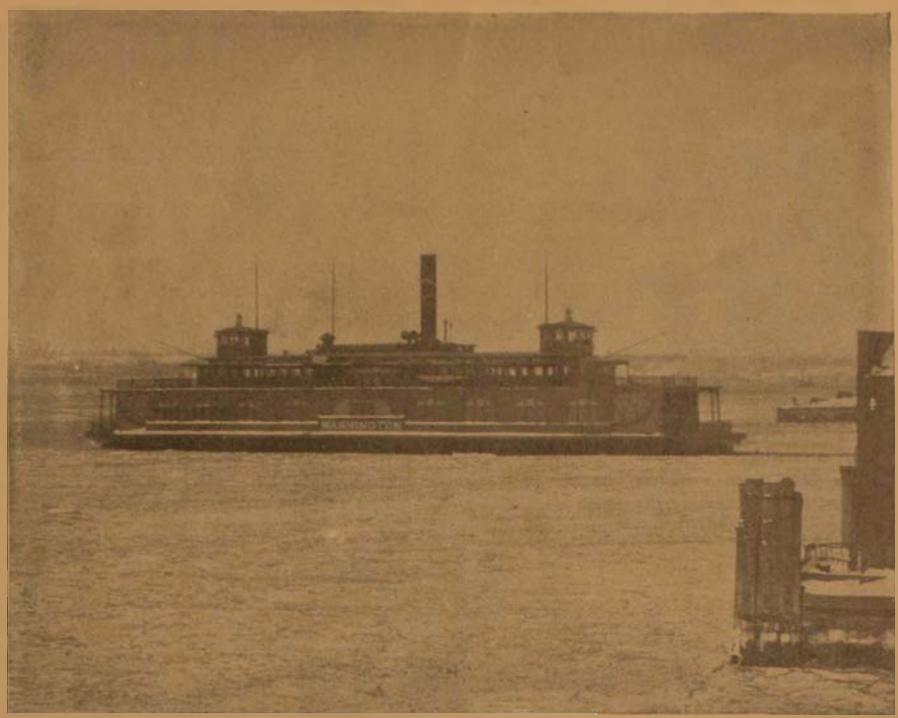
CLEARING SNOW FROM THE LAKE.

ON VAN CORTLANDT LAKE.

On the morning after a day when the sun has beamed and smiled so warmly as to suggest a straw hat he is not at all surprised to be forced to don his heaviest storm-coat and go to his business in the teeth of a raging blizzard, which sweeps the light snow through the streets in great clouds and sends it whirling away in fantastic dances. Often when he has retired at midnight with the full round moon and the twinkling stars peering through the window, he oversleeps himself in the morning because there are none of the bustling sounds of the early day to tell him that the world is astir. An unwonted silence is in the air, and he knows that when he looks out his eyes will be greeted with a white mantle of snow lying like a blanket on the

WASHINGTON ARCH AND WASHINGTON SQUARE, SHOWING THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

ON UNION SQUARE IN A WINTER RAINSTORM.



A FERRYBOAT FORGING THROUGH THE ICE.

street and muffling the sounds of traffic. With wisdom born of experience he puts on his heavy overshoes before going out, and is thus enabled at luncheon time to wade dryshod through the slush and pools of water at the crossings. He takes his mittens with him, too, so that his hands are not frost-bitten by the nipping blasts which begin to sweep over the city during the afternoon and harden the slush into lumps of ice, and the pools of water into glistening sheets of it.

Most of the snow, however, which lay deep and heavy over the city in the morning, has disappeared from the streets. It seems like the work of magic; and it is a sort of magic,—the kind which results from the work of thousands of men. After a heavy snowfall the street-cleaning department of the city finds a great and urgent necessity is staring it in the face; the snow, being a serious impediment to traffic, must be removed, and removed quickly. When it is remembered that there are hundreds of miles of streets it will be seen that this is a task little short of gigantic. But there is no delay or hesitation in pitching into it. The thousands of men employed by the department for the sole purpose of removing the snow are divided into companies and squads in a manner not unlike a military organization, and are set to work with sweepers and shovels and dump-carts and horses. All day and all night this army works away, with reliefs, of course, until the snow has been swept up and carted away and dumped into the river. The city is poorer by many thousand dollars when the work is finished. A snowstorm is an expensive luxury in New York.

The sun, which even in winter often smiles benignly upon the metropolis, removes the last traces of the chocolate-colored stuff, and then there is very little to remind you that it is winter. Except in the parks there is no winter scenery, no white fields and roads But if it is a clear, cold afternoon, the shopping centres are thronged with women, who hurry along with crimson cheeks and bright faces. Perhaps it is matinée day; just as twilight begins to fall the theatres pour out their crowds, and along Broadway up and down, the stream of fair women and handsome men begins to flow. It is the hour of the matinée girl, she of the modish costume, the red lips and laughing eyes. The rush and roar, the sternness of life here in the city's heart, soften for a little while, and in their place brightness and gayety and animation hold revel.

A BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK. LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM THE POST OFFICE.

As the sunlight fades the brilliant lights stream out from the shop windows, and the streets are as light as day. They are thronged with men and women. The great office-buildings are emptied of their employés; well-dressed women are hurrying home from late shopping; cabs roll rapidly along with their richly dressed occupants, apparently on their way from receptions or to keep dinner engagements. The harsh, warning clang of gongs sounds incessantly as the cable-cars dart by with their great yellow headlights streaming out in front and their overflowing loads of humanity. The bright illumination of the city greatly outshines the stars. The people do not notice them, nor the bank of cloud behind which they are retiring. A southeast wind has superseded that from the west, and the rain begins to fall.

The thaws, however, do not entirely undo the work of the cold weather; in the parks a little of the snow and a little of the ice survive the soft breathings of the south winds, and each cold wave augments this winter store.

SLEIGHING ON FIFTH AVENUE.

About holiday time the young people of the city begin to make pilgrimages to the lake in Central Park, and stand looking over the thin surface of ice with longing eyes and earnest speculation as to how soon it will be strong enough for skating. Sleighs are inspected critically by coachmen and liverymen, to be sure that they are spick and span, and stable-boys are set to work polishing the brass and silver

sleigh-bells. All this time New York is on the *qui vive*.

Then comes the great cold snap which starts her on the enjoyment of the distinctively winter pleasures. A small army of men begins to work with sweepers and scrapers, removing the snow from the ice of the lakes. In a day the glistening surface is laid bare, and a great flag with a white background and a red ball in the centre flutters from the park flagstaffs. Small flags of the same description, with the words "Skating at Central Park," "Skating on Van Cortlandt Lake," are conspicuous on the tops of street-cars, and these cars are crowded to the steps with merry-eyed, red-cheeked boys and girls and young men and women with skate-bags swinging from their arms. By every path they hurry toward the skating-houses by the lakes. Amid a babel of voices and an incessant sound of stamping and clamping as skates are adjusted, these merry crowds leave the red-hot stoves and coffee and pie counters and glide out into the cold air. The glistening sheet of ice stretches out for a mile before them, and beyond and along the sides the snow-covered hills, with their bare trees standing black and gaunt, look down upon the scene. The black figures of the skaters are moving over the ice in a ceaseless maze. Of course the lusty boys, who skate about quickly and eagerly, are in the majority, but there are numerous other types of skaters. There is the man reviving the memories of his youth, who is somewhat uncertain on his skates and strikes out slowly and cautiously; and the young man with the girl who can skate if she has somebody to hold her up, and who, aided by her escort, pursues her way tentatively and with difficulty: both look with envy upon the young couple of experience on the ice, who swing by them freely and easily in the graceful movements of the "outer edge."

The crowd grows greater as the afternoon wanes, and then, when twilight comes and the light of the lamps streams over the ice, the skaters begin to leave again, till only here and there is a gliding figure seen. But an hour or two later those who have not been able to enjoy the afternoon on the ice begin to arrive, and the throng soon becomes as great as ever. Not until late in the evening do the laughter and the merry shouts and the whir and ring of the steel as it cuts along give way to the silence of the night.

If you have ever been a skater on the Central Park lake and wandered near the fringe of woods that comes down to the ice's edge, you will remember hearing the music of dancing bells, and catching between the trees glimpses of the sleighs as they go gliding by. It's an endless procession on a bright day, when the snow lies thick and hard upon the park roads. Down in Fifth avenue, below the lower entrance to the Park, it begins, and the turning point is not reached till Washington Bridge, eight miles to the north, is crossed. On and on flows the stream of sleighs with their music of motion, like a brook babbling down a mountain-side. Every variety of sleigh is represented here; there are gorgeous, low-runnered affairs, decked with waving plumes and drawn by high-stepping horses in silver-mounted and clanking harness; there are home-made sleighs,—hardly more than boxes on runners, drawn by despondent steeds, which feel the exhilarating effects of the air and scene, however, and step out with a more lively gait than is their wont, and frisk their tails, even gayly, as they jog along; there is the dapper cutter, whose occupants are a young man and his best girl; and the big family sleigh containing the children. Deep from the buffalo robes of a gorgeous sleigh looks out the pale face of an invalid; but the eyes are glowing, as are the eyes of most of those who are taking part in this carnival of the sleighs: yet a close observer will notice that the faces which are happiest do not look out from the handsomest vehicles.

It is a scene of happiness and gayety, yet it has its shadows. There is no joy in the wan face of the woman who stands on the sidewalk with a ragged shawl around her shoulders and a little child clinging to her and crying with the cold; even in the sleighs it is not difficult to find faces which are deeply stamped with care. Misery is mingled with the merriment. Under the glamour and brightness of a winter day in New York deep sorrow and despair and wretchedness are lurking.

In the summer the metropolis is partially asleep, and both pleasure and pain are drowsy; but when the winter months come and the cold west winds sweep in and the gales come down from the North, the great heart-beats of the city throb to the very full. The laughter rings out louder than it did, the gayety becomes more feverish. Pleasure is driving the coach of merry-makers, and he cracks the whip gayly and jests and laughs as he urges the horse on; but the vehicle of misery is running along the same road, and it runs as fast, and is as full of passengers. A winter day in New York is an intense day,—intense with human happiness, and intense with human suffering.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

A VALENTINE.

WHEN the pansies, in the spring,
Breathed their fragrant hearts away
To the zephyrs hovering
Softly o'er them all the day,
Then I gave you blossoms fair
For your tawny-tinted hair.

When the ruddy summer came,—
All the fields with poppies sowed,
And the roses' damask flame
In the mellow moonlight glowed,—
Then I gave you tribute due,
Admiration warm and true.

When the golden autumn caught
Scattered threads the summer spun,
And a goodly garment wrought,
All of mingled mist and sun,
Then I gave affection's meed,
Friendship fond in word and deed.

Spring's sweet blossoms went to sleep
Died the summer's reddest rose;
Autumn lights are hidden deep
In the fleece of winter snows.
Now, my fervent love is thine;
Dear, accept the valentine.

HATTIE WHITNEY.

SOCIETY FADS.

THE traditional small boy who gazes wistfully through the shop window at Christmas turkeys and New Year puddings never suffered severer pangs of actual hunger than nowadays is the portion of the wealthy dame in society. In the small boy's case circumstances are such that he *can't* eat dainties, for the very good reason that he can't get them to eat; while the aforesaid dame—his sister in starvation—*won't* eat the good things the gods provide. She will tell you that she is on a diet; so is every woman of her acquaintance. Never before in the history of American society has superfluous flesh been so dreaded and sternly combated a bugbear as now. For a time it was hopefully believed that the bicycle would relieve a suffering femininity of useless adipose tissue; but the wheel only aided without achieving the good work, and once more the food regimen has been resorted to. This time it is not the Banting system fashion follows, for that is not dieting at all, but simply starvation with wicked results; the new method is to eat, but only non-fat-producing food. The meat diet leads in popularity, and its votaries feast, as well as they can, upon flesh and green vegetables exclusively. No bread, no sweets, and no grease are allowed. Their closest rivals are the milk and fruit disciples; and a high war of conflicting opinions is waged with the golfing, fox-hunting, skating women, who subsist chiefly on hot oatmeal. Whatever may be your food curriculum, its benefits and its evil influences are sure to be vigorously descanted upon at every tea and smart luncheon, gossiped over in the church vestibule, and boasted of at the theatre; all the women carry tape-measures in their pockets, and haunt the grocery shops where good scales can be found. How to lose flesh is the absorbing topic of the hour.

"WHERE do the newly wed spend their honeymoons?" somebody asked the other day; and a girlish matron, whose dignities are not more than six weeks old, promptly assured the inquirer that this winter the Maine woods, where moose are found, and Canadian woods, where caribou are hunted, are gay with bridal parties "It seems a chilly thing to do," assented the little wife, gayly, "but it's tremendous fun, and far ahead of a sentimental journey to the Mediterranean or Florida. The young couples leave trousseau luggage behind them, and disappear, with guides, tents, and mountains of furs, into the big forests, for a fortnight's camping. Perhaps it's the novelty of the conditions that make everything seem so amusing; and some of the honeymoon hunters have gone as far north as Nova Scotia. Most of the brides shoot well themselves; but even if they don't care to try their chances at one of the lords of the northern forests they find the snowshoe tramps fun enough, act as rifle-bearers for their husbands, learn to draw marvelous melodies from the huge moose-call, visit the lumbermen's camps, and thrive on the crystalline air and the fresh game cooked over the huge camp-fire. One bride brought down a moose to her own credit, and the agreement is that the horns and head of the big beast, when mounted, shall be the first piece of furniture taken into the new home. This, it is supposed, will bring great good luck."

WHAT wheeling as a recreation and exercise was to society all last summer, skates and skating are to the *ennuyée* and the energetic since genuine winter weather set in. Not outdoor skating, bless you! but rink gliding on a surface of artificial ice such as they have long had in Paris. The rink really brings this charming accomplishment within the reach of everyone, for if you don't know even how to balance yourself on the steel blades there are liveried, strong-armed attendants to hold you up and teach you how; moreover, these instructors impart not only the mysteries of plain, but also of fancy skating, and all around the frozen rink floor runs a balcony, where one may lounge in the atmosphere of summer-like warmth, drink tea at little tables, and watch the experts and tyros on the ice.

At intervals the monotony of ordinary entertaining is broken by an altruistic committee of leading women who give a ball on the ice, and a fancy-dress german is considered by the most *blasé* a matter of moment. The young people come in every manner of fancy guise, an additional glare of electricity is thrown on the scene through colored globes, the favors are tossed down from the lofty band-gallery, and to music the most elaborate figures are woven, while the variety of costumes really conveys the impression of a carnival procession.

At a german on the ice, when supper was served on the promenade gallery, a signal was given and a half-dozen expert skaters, hired for the occasion, glided into the deserted rink, dressed as clowns, and for three-quarters of an hour amused the supping concourse by exhibitions of marvelous agility.

YOU may laugh if you will, but there is reason in the recent increase of popularity the cornet, fife, trombone, etc., seem to have gained in the estimation of very fashionable young ladies. Hitherto only the exceptional woman ventured to try her powers on these big, brass wind-instruments; but a new and eagerly greeted theory has changed all of that. A well-patronized teacher of gymnastics has been studying the American voice, and more particularly the speaking tones of our women, that Europeans have united in condemning. Whether 'tis our climate, or early training, the American voice, as heard in boudoir and drawing-room, is flat, sharp, and shallow. It lacks tone, and that is because of a need of chest-notes. This enterprising cultivator of muscle, on taking measurements, has found our women's chests thin and narrow; and this is the remedy she suggests: Every morning, on rising, before any garments bind the body, but in loose night-robe and dressing-gown, a tune on a trombone, or even on a coach-horn, must be played. At once the listeners at her lecture fell in with this unique idea; and not only has each one purchased and practiced on an instrument most to her liking, but for two hours in every week they take special lessons in cornet and bassoon playing. This is not with any view to exhibiting the accomplishment afterward, but merely to increase their lung-power, to broaden and deepen their chests, and eventually to sweeten and strengthen their voices. The results, they say, are most promising; and the best effects are gained on a simple birchbark moose-call, or a long, tin coach-horn, out of which, at first, a woman of ordinary lung-power can coax no sound at all, while after two or three weeks' practice blasts can be forced that echo round the block.

"At any rate," explained one sylph who can bring sounds from her tin horn that a trumpeting elephant might envy, "this practice strengthens what athletes call one's 'wind,' and if persisted in will remove all reason for the opprobrious title of 'peacocky,' that foreigners rightly apply to the average American woman's tones in speech."

MADAME LA MODE.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

REV. PHŒBE A. HANAFORD, MRS. J. C. CROLY (JENNY JUNE), MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, AND MRS. MARGARET S. LAWRENCE TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF WAYS IN WHICH A GIRL MAY MAKE THE MOST OF HERSELF.

BE CONSCIENTIOUS.

REV. PHŒBE A. HANAFORD SAYS THAT CONSCIENTIOUSNESS IS A WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT POSSESSION

As far as woman's sphere is concerned I believe that she should do that thing in life which she can do best. Any God-given talent should be cultivated and made the most of; and in addition to this she should get as much general knowledge and culture as she can. It will help her in many ways; it will help her husband and children if she is fortunate enough to have them. But more important than talent and education is conscientiousness. If a person, man or woman, is without it, knowledge is a weapon for evil in his or her hands. I do not believe in giving those in whose character there is basic weakness the advantages of learning, for they only misuse these advantages. Woman's influence is very great in the world, and it is absolutely essential to the welfare of society that she should have conscience, a high ideal of right, and an earnest desire to live up to it. Let a woman fail in this, and she fails in nearly everything worthy of her womanhood; let her have a clear perception of right and wrong, and the moral strength to live accordingly, and she is almost certain to possess all the good and estimable qualities of a woman.

ACQUIRE AN ALL-AROUND TRAINING.

MRS. CROLY (JENNY JUNE) GIVES HER VIEWS ON MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION.

IT is perfectly obvious, I think, that a woman should get all the education she can; and it is absurd to say, as has been said, that education lessens either her inclination or her opportunities for marriage. Instead of decreasing, it increases the latter, for the reason that, no matter how clever a woman may be originally, a good education improves the powers of her mind; and every sensible man wants a wife who has broad views and intelligent opinions. He wants a companion, not a household drudge. If he is well educated himself, his wife should certainly be well educated; and even if he isn't he has the more admiration for her if she is his superior in this respect. I am aware that statistics have been cited to show that the percentage of marriages is less among college women than among others; but these statistics are misleading. They do not prove that educated women have any less desire for marriage, but simply that they consider the step more carefully. It is true, however, that their education lessens the necessity for marriage. Their intellectual life has been made richer and more self-satisfying. They are more sufficient unto themselves. Lastly, their training has given them greater resources in the direction of self-sustenance. They are not often under the necessity of marrying for mere support, which is a potent cause of marital unhappiness. The marriages of educated women are usually love matches and are usually happy. Therefore I say to young women whose greatest desires lie in the direction of wifehood and motherhood, get the best education you possibly can.

CULTIVATE A SWEET DISPOSITION.

WHAT MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE SAYS ABOUT THE HIGHEST DUTIES OF HER SEX.

DEEP down in the heart of every true woman, away below her desires for social success and an independent life, and perhaps the ballot, is the maternal feeling, the inclination toward wifehood and motherhood. And I do not believe a woman has any higher duty in this life than to be a good wife and a good mother. I feel quite sure that her greatest happiness lies in these two things. Let her be trained, therefore, as a home-maker. Have her, by all means, learn to cook and to sew and to attend to the thousand-and-one other things which are involved in domestic management. Even if she never has these duties to perform herself, she will, if she is to preside over a home, have to supervise their performance, which requires as much knowledge.

She should not, however, make the mistake of giving all her attention to things of the household, for it is, after all, only one field of knowledge, and there are many which will aid her in becoming the best possible wife and mother. It is a very great responsibility, that of the woman who has a husband and children. In her hands rest the happiness and welfare of several human beings. Her culture cannot be too great, nor her mind too broad, for the proper discharge of this sound trust. She should go to college if she can. The talk about college education tending to give a girl a disinclination to marriage is the sheerest nonsense. It is true that it gives her more discrimination in the choice of a husband, and the girl with a college education is more mature, as a rule, and therefore knows her own mind better when she enters the married state than the girl who has not had equal advantages.

Of course the majority of young women cannot go to college. They can, however, cultivate their minds by reading and thinking. To study and to read good literature, not scorning the best novels, and to cast from the mind all but worthy thoughts, is a duty every girl owes to her future husband and children. If she does these things and cultivates a sweet disposition, so that those around her may be made happy in the sunshine of her personality, she has, I think, achieved her highest destiny as a woman.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON SAYS THAT THERE IS NO LONGER A "WOMAN'S SPHERE."

THE education of a man and a woman should be the same, because their spheres are the same, with different duties according to the capacity of the individual. Woman, like all created things, lives, moves, and has her being obedient to law, exploring with man the mysteries of the universe and speculating in the glories of the hereafter. The question is now the sphere of the individual, irrespective of sex. Women are now in the trades and professions,—everywhere in the world of work. They have shown their capacity as students in the sciences, their skill as mariners, and their courage as rescuers in lifeboats. They are close on the heels of men in the arts, sciences, and literature, in their knowledge and understanding of the vital questions of the hour, and in the everyday, practical duties of life. A woman should be given the opportunity to know all that a man knows, and her education should teach her, first of all, self-respect and self-reliance.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

MRS. MARGARET STANTON LAWRENCE, PHYSICAL CULTURE DIRECTOR AT THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY.

IF a girl is to be as pretty and graceful and generally attractive as it is within her power to be, if she is to reach her highest intellectual and moral development, she must have a sound, healthy body. This is almost a truism ; yet all over this land untold numbers of girls are apparently forgetting it. They cramp their vital organs into tight corsets, and throw their bodies off the equilibrium by high-heeled shoes, notwithstanding the fact that they are to be the mothers of the next generation, and owe to their future husbands and children, and society at large, a positive duty to be healthy if it is within their power. There cannot be large-brained children unless there are large-waisted women. Of course these girls do not wear tight clothing because it is comfortable ; they do it because they think it improves their appearance and appeals to the eye of young men. In this, however, they are making a great mistake. The young man of the present day is too sensible a fellow to be deceived by such subterfuges. He prefers the girl whose eyes sparkle, who is overflowing with the vivacity and high spirits which are the result of perfect health.

The girl who laces tightly is not even in the fashion any more. The athletic girl, who rides a bicycle and fences and plays tennis or golf, is the typical girl of the period; and she wears loose clothing of necessity. Her arms are muscular, her body is everywhere well developed, and she finds infinitely more pleasure and joy in life than her tight-lacing sister.

I know, of course, that comparatively few young women can have the advantages of bicycle riding, fencing, and gymnasiums ; but all can wear sensible clothing, and all can, if they would only have firmness of purpose enough to carry the programme out, get a pair of light Indian clubs or dumb-bells, and exercise ten or fifteen minutes morning and night. In a very little while a difference will be noticed. The complexion will become clearer, the eyes brighter, the spirits more buoyant. No girl who has self-respect or ambition will neglect the cultivation of her mind. Physical culture is equally important ; and, above all things, the body should be given room to grow naturally

WHAT INSURES SUCCESS?

A LETTER from a young girl friend puts a question which I have asked leave to use, with the answer solicited, for the possible help it may afford other dear maids in a similar perplexity.

"Pray tell me," begins my correspondent, "what, in your opinion, is the supreme mental quality that must be cultivated to insure satisfaction and success in life? Now please don't overwhelm me with a dozen. Of course I know that the virtues cannot be reduced to a unit, but I get so discouraged with the perpetually recurring and alternating lessons in things which I ought to do and be, that I should like, if possible, to discover a golden key to the whole perplexing combination. Indeed, I'm fully instructed in my duty to be a good little girl, to love everybody, and to do as I would be done by,—and all that. But I want something to brace me up, to give me muscle, and executiveness. Sometimes I feel as if I—I feel as if I were flying into a million fragments, being reduced to—well—original atoms. I hope you understand. If you don't I'm afraid you will preach. Oh, dear! Isn't it dreadful for a girl to grow up so flabby, pulpy, and uncertain about things?"

Aye, surely! But the day when a girl grows up without mental and physical muscle and backbone is now fast waning. A clear, resolute purpose is beginning to give stamina to her development. An individual aim and responsibility is fitting her for a competent discharge of her duties in life, whatever they may be.

"A golden key" that will unlock the secret of hidden power? There is one. But some of us go blundering through all our days without picking it up. Others discover it so late that they involuntarily sigh over the waste of life before they knew how to use it. Out of an experience where our deepest and most impressive lessons are

learned, I must declare—without preachments—that the magic key which opens to "satisfaction and success" in all undertakings is the ready habit of mental concentration.

Opinions may differ as to whether this habit is more difficult to feminine nature. People who delight in theories will argue and dogmatize without establishing any law that experiment may not undermine. Centuries of equal training and opportunity will demonstrate truths at which we cannot arrive by pure speculation based on tradition and limited observation.

It is certain that the educational processes for women have not developed the concentrative faculty, but have tended more toward a diffusion of mental powers which have grappled with too many small details to unfold to their fullest capacity. But this diffusion, which is, in a degree, necessary and admirable, may be more wisely and satisfactorily directed by the trained power which aims at the best fulfillment of the simplest duty in hand.

More failures of effort come from a lack of concentrative energy than from a want of ability to accomplish the things undertaken. A firm, strong determination of will to the task that is to be performed is the first step toward making the performance a positive pleasure.

The next step, requiring greater self-control, is to withdraw all voluntary thought from things not strictly related to the matter with which you are seeking to deal. This withdrawal of the conscious mind from the distractions of more alluring thoughts is certainly not attainable without a training which we must assist in making as thorough as possible. It is gradually acquired, just as the pliability of the body is acquired and maintained, by regular and systematic exercises.

But banish the idea that the training is difficult and tiresome. It is refreshing and invigorating. Prove it. You know how it is. When you come to any work you have to do in a perturbed, desperate, repellent attitude of mind, you run the risk of partial, if not of entire, defeat in its execution. A calm assurance that what you undertake to do can be adequately done puts you in right conditions to work out a satisfactory accomplishment of your task. There should be no will struggle. No violent effort is needed to attain high mental results. The trained habit of expelling all thought, like the drawing of a few deep breaths, leaves the mind a vacuum which may be filled the more completely by the subject it is about to investigate. Like a single shining star in the firmament the theme rises suddenly to view, and with your mental eye fixed steadfastly upon it the sight grows more and more luminous and clear.

Your problems are not so difficult to solve. It is your own mind that has to be cleared of the obstructions that hinder its sight, and, lo! the secret that vexes you begins to unfold to your understanding and you feel that you knew it all the time.

The habit of concentration on the thing you have to do and learn is one that should be formed in early years. Without it there is, as I said, a waste of time and opportunity rather sad to realize when the power of application has become in a measure deadened by desultory methods of thought and action. To strike habitually straight at the work is in itself a satisfaction and a success worth striving for. To fail with a few ineffectual efforts, and to declare obstinately that you cannot do what you attempt, is to fail not only in the instance, but to establish a habit more fatal than the failure. No, this isn't preaching. It is just simply one heart talking to another out of the lessons of experience.

To get satisfaction and win success in life give yourself wholly to the best that is in it. Whether the hour's occupation be one of duty or pleasure, its use is ten or a hundred fold increased in proportion as it is heartily and unreservedly engaged in. Even a disagreeable duty becomes in itself a joy when the whole force of our will and intelligence is brought to its perfect accomplishment. It is half-hearted, desultory, and wandering performance of the things we nominally do that so often makes both the doing and the deeds a disappointment. And a worse result than all the rest is the flabby, faltering gait of the mind, itself untrained to habitual exercise of its concentrative powers, wherein rests the magic way to such successes and satisfactions as we will.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

EARTH-MAKING.

IX.

JESSICA'S JOURNEY TO THE SAHARA.

(*For the Children.*)

"NOW if I could see the sense of all this," said Jessica, "it would be different. But what do I care how big the desert of Sahara is, exactly in what part of the earth the desert of Gobi lies, or what those old people thought about the desert of Libya? It seems to me just a waste of time, since I shall never ride on a camel in a caravan. I hate camels, anyway; nasty, ugly, long-necked creatures, ill-tempered, too, for I saw one try to bite his keeper at the menagerie, just when he was feeding him. And it is so hot, too," she pushed back her hair, impatiently, "that I'm sure I don't care to know more about hot places. But I like dates," she continued, thoughtfully, "and they say there are beautiful date-palms on the oases. And water-melons, too. Ah!" she drew a long sigh, "I do wish I had a great big piece now, red with black seeds."

"Well, then," said a well-known voice at her back, "come with me, and I promise you a slice of such a water melon as you never saw in your life."

"Of course I will go with you, dear Spirit," replied Jessica. "I hope you didn't hear me fretting," she added.

"Why, yes, I did," said her friend, "and that is the reason I came. I thought you might need my help. Is your lesson so difficult?"

"N—no," hesitated Jessica. "I could learn it, of course; but it seems so dry and useless. I don't care about deserts, you know."

"But you can never tell when a piece of knowledge may become useful. You may never need to ride upon a camel, it is true; but you have many years to live yet. I hope, and sometime during your life you may be glad that you learned all about deserts when you were young."

"You are always right, dear Spirit," answered Jessica. "Let us go."

"Where should you suppose you were now, darling?" asked the Spirit.

"I can't think," responded the child. "But it is a lovely spot. And those beautiful trees, shaped like great green umbrellas, are palms. What are those golden clusters of fruit which hang so low that I could gather some if you would let me?"

AN OASIS.

"Go pluck a bunch and taste them."

"Dates," cried Jessica, "but not like any dates I ever ate before."

"No; because the dates you get in cities are all covered with molasses or sugar. These are real dates, 'bread of the desert,' as they are called. But now I want you to listen. What do you hear?"

"The sound of falling water," replied the child. "Where is it?"

"Here, under this grove of palms. Do you see, dear? A marble basin, filled with clear, crystal water which flows constantly from that stone spout"

"And what are these strange characters carved in the rim of the well?" asked Jessica, when she had drank from the basin and washed her face in the cool water.

"They are Arabic," said the Spirit, "and they read, 'This well was made by Ali, the son of Hamed. Drink, and give thanks to Heaven.' Now, darling, do you begin to understand where you are?"

"Upon an oasis?" asked Jessica. "This beautiful place is an oasis?"

"Yes," responded the Spirit, "an oasis in the midst of the great desert of Sahara."

"Tell me something about oases," said Jessica.

"Oases are mentioned by the very oldest writers," replied the Spirit. "In ancient days they were usually inhabited places; sometimes there were even large cities upon them. They used to think oases were islands rising from the ocean of sand; but now it is known that they are generally lower than the surrounding desert. They rest upon a bed of limestone, which makes a sort of bowl to catch and retain the water which falls in rain upon the distant hills or mountains, and filters through the sand. Some oases are of considerable extent and have fields of millet, rice, barley, and wheat. Most, however, are no bigger than this one, which you could walk across in a few minutes, and which supports only a grove of date-palms, a small patch of grass, and a few flowers and weeds which cluster about the brink of the well."

"What are those curious, dark spots all in a line, way out there on the sand?" asked the child, suddenly.

"Can't you guess, dear?" replied the Spirit. "Think, now."

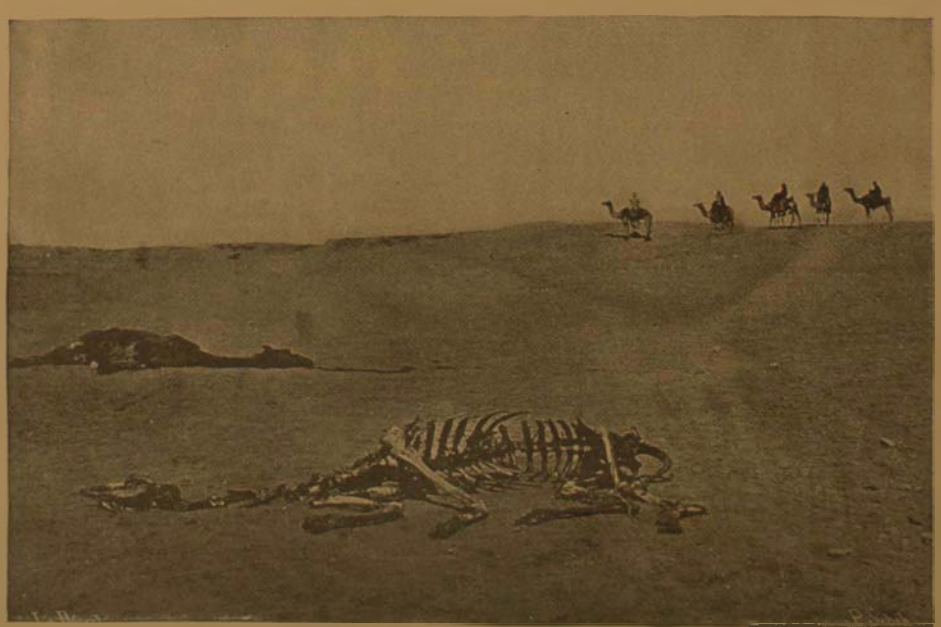
"Can it be a caravan?"

"Yes, it is a caravan," said the Spirit. "Look and see how the larger spots, which are the camels, are interspersed with smaller spots which are men walking. And see those other specks which seem to be moving to and fro along the line. They are horsemen who, mounted upon their swift steeds, which can bear fatigue and thirst even better than a camel, and armed with long guns and lances, form the guard of the caravan."

"And that great stretch of brown red sand is the great desert of Sahara," cried Jessica.

"Yes, dear," returned her friend. "It is the largest desert in the world. It occupies an area of nearly two and a half million square miles. It extends about three thousand miles across Northern Africa, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Valley of the Nile, and is about one thousand miles broad, from Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, which bound it upon the north, down to that curious country where European nations are now trying to establish 'protectorates,' as they call them,—that means claiming all for themselves,—known as 'the Soudan.'"

"Oh! oh! What is that?" cried the little girl, noticing a vast brown cloud which seemed to come driving furiously up from the far horizon, and to approach the caravan with lightning speed. "And look! The caravan people are



A CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT.

urging on their camels. They are afraid of that brown cloud!"

"And well they may be," replied the Spirit, "for that is the fatal sand-storm of the desert, which overwhelms whole trains,—men, camels, and horses. See how it shuts out the sun! how it rolls over and over, licking up the loose sand from the mounds over which it passes! Ah, poor creatures! how they urge on their slow beasts! how frightened they are! But it is all in vain; the storm goes ten feet to their one. They are lost."

The Spirit and the child stood with hands clasped, gazing at the terrible scene before them. Tears streamed from Jessica's eyes, and even the Spirit's face was pale

"It has caught up with them!" gasped Jessica. "But see! It does not touch them!"

"No," cried the Spirit, joyously, bending and kissing the little girl; "they are safe! It has gone a few yards to the south of them. Look how they fall upon their knees and raise their hands in thanksgiving! The brown sand-cloud rolls on and disappears beyond the horizon."

"Are there many such storms in the desert?" asked Jessica, still panting with excitement.

"About as many as there are of those dreadful cyclones which occur in your own country, dear," was the reply.

"But," said the child, "I didn't know a desert was like this. I thought it was always perfectly level. But here I see great hills of sand, some scorched-looking rocks, and that blue line off there looks like a range of mountains."

"What do you suppose the Sahara was originally?" asked the Spirit.

"Maybe, long and long ago," said Jessica, doubtfully, "there was a sea here."

"Yes, dear," replied the Spirit, smiling. "In prehistoric times it is thought there was. Some think that the Mediterranean and the Atlantic were connected."

"And how did the water get out of the desert?" asked Jessica.

"It evaporated," replied the Spirit. "To the west, on the Atlantic side, the sand was gradually heaped up by the action of the waves upon the shallow bottom, so that in time the inlet was blocked. The other smaller inlets were shut off in the same way. Then the terrible heat of the sun drew off the water. Why, dear, if you were to put a thermometer out there it would mark from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty degrees. Even if you put it in the shadow of a rock it would be nearly as high, for this is the hottest place on the globe."

"But that wind we saw blowing the sand-storm?" asked Jessica. "Would not that cool it?"

"No; for the wind would probably be even more scorching than the rays of the sun. Travelers do tell us that at night, sometimes, a wind blows for an hour or two as cold as ice; but it brings no moisture. The trade winds, which mostly come from the northeast, have all their vapor taken from them during their journey over Europe and Asia, and any that may be left falls in rain upon the mountains along the coast of the Mediterranean. Sometimes rains fall upon the large oases, but never upon these great wastes of sand."

"Do any animals live in the desert?" asked Jessica.

"Nothing except snakes. There, do you see that glittering creature winding its way along the sand? That is a very poisonous serpent; then there are lizards, scorpions, great spiders, and ants half as long as your finger, whose bite is venomous. In the oases there are forty or fifty species of animals,—lions, tigers, leopards, giraffes, antelopes, and others."

"And all this vast region is really waste, and no good to human beings?" said Jessica.

"It is now," replied the Spirit. "I have shown you, dear, how very slow some of the processes of earth-making are. One day most of this space will be fertile land, with cities, fields, orchards, and railways. Already there is a railroad extending forty miles across the desert, from *El Kantara*—the gate of the desert—to the oasis of Biskra; and it is only a question of time when it will be continued across to Timbuctoo, for the French engineers have proved that water can be obtained in many places by boring artesian wells.

"The oasis of Tuggart, one hundred and forty miles south of Biskra, had supported thousands of Arabs, with their flocks and herds, but the wells became choked and dried up. There was great suffering, and the oasis was fast lapsing into the desert, when the French engineers came to the relief of the people and bored for artesian wells; in five weeks they struck a wonderful spring that threw up a river of water,—a stream twice the size of the famous well of Grenelle in Paris.

"Biskra is a popular resort, because of its dry and delightful climate, and you would think yourself in fairyland after crossing the arid sands to come upon such luxuriant trees and plants, and all the comforts of a modern city, gay shops, fine hotels, and paved, well-lighted streets."

"In that way men become earth-makers too," cried the child. "That is odd."

"Yes," answered the Spirit, "and now before we leave, run down there and see if you can roll up here one of those large, oblong, green things lying in the sand."

The girl obeyed, but presently her voice, in mingled wonder and glee, came to her friend's ear. "It is one of those watermelons you told me grew in the sand. But it is too awfully big for me to manage. Please help me, dear Spirit."

So the Spirit, smiling kindly, helped her to roll the monster up into the shade, where they managed to break it open. The Spirit did not disdain to eat some, and Jessica found that she had learned something about watermelons; for never in her life had she seen a melon so monstrous, so deliciously flavored, so deep crimson and full of juice as this, the flesh of which actually melted in her mouth.

"Ah!" said Jessica, when, a few minutes later, she found herself at her desk at home, "I'd visit a desert every day, I think, for such a piece of watermelon as that was."

LESTER HUNT.

A LULLABY.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby!
Mother will sing to thee.
Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree;
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening.
Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
What shall I sing to thee?
Sinketh the bird to her nest on the lea;
Shadows are creeping,
Moonbeams are peeping,
Twilight is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!
Mother is near thee;
Bright may the dreams of my little one be.
Angels defend thee,
God His love send thee,
And carefully guard both my baby and me.

GERALD HAYWARD.

SANITARIAN

DAILY HYGIENE.

NOTHING has greater influence upon health than the habits we acquire of daily personal care. It is quite easy to defeat and render perfectly null all the benefits of good food and perfectly sanitary surroundings, in respect to fresh air and freedom from the usual insidious sources of its corruption, if we are heedless of what till recent years have been unwritten laws of health.

In writing upon this subject it is really necessary to treat it with almost unpleasant candor, for the number of well-educated, apparently refined, people who are guilty of most flagrant crimes of omission in the treatment of their own bodies is almost past belief. To enumerate, rapidly, a few of these heinous offenses, there is, first, the prevalent custom of sleeping with tight-shut windows from the time the first frosts of autumn tingle the air till summer warmth comes again ; most people who do this think they have paid all demands upon the score of cleanliness if they take a hot bath once a week, and the rest of the time keep their hands and faces clean ; some of them change their underclothing but once a week, often not removing the undervest from one week's end to the other ; late hours are kept, and sleep cut down to the minimum ; no systematic exercise is taken, and any pressing demand upon the time is allowed to interfere with plans for going out.

If the constitution is strong these habits may often be indulged for many years without producing serious illness; but the persons are never really well. The slightest exposure causes a cold ; they waken in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, feeling listless and languid ; they often have headaches, but "don't pay any attention to such trifles," especially if engaged in church or benevolent work ; constipation is frequently present, but is blindly considered "of no consequence" ; and if occasional pimples come upon the face they are treated with lotions, or a "blood purifier" is taken. Now if the habits of life be unchanged you may have recourse to these remedies all your life without deriving any benefit. The sources of corruption must be reached before improvement can be hoped for.

A first and imperative condition for a good complexion and skin of fine texture is that all the excretory organs be kept in an active, healthful state. Many people do not drink sufficient water to encourage the kidneys to perform their duty, and are painfully ignorant of the dangers which lurk in a habit of constipation. With these organs in a torpid state undue labor is forced upon the skin, the pores of which become coarsened by their onerous work and clogged in their efforts to throw off all the waste products of the body, and hence arise unsightly blotches and pimples.

The lungs, too, must not be overlooked in enumerating the sources of evil, for they are Nature's first and principal agent in purifying the blood. However, as nine tenths of people are accustomed to breathe they are not allowed to perform half their necessary work ; and if, in addition to bad habits indulged through the day, while engaged in ordinary indoor avocations, a person sleeps in a room without ventilation, the action of the lungs becomes so sluggish from the reduced amount of oxygen in the air, that with every pulsation the blood grows heavier, more impure, and the natural result is morning headaches, sleep that brings no rest, and a fatigue of mind as well as body that makes the facing of the daily duties a burden.

It is a healthful sign that the world at large is waking up to the great importance of reform in the manner of breathing, though there are, of course, scores of the self-sufficient who, in their ignorance, greet the subject with "pooh poohs" of unbelief. That normal, unconscious breathing neither gives the lungs the necessary exercise nor supplies the blood with sufficient oxygen is a fundamental truth known to all students of hygiene.

Every sleeping apartment should be so arranged that a current of fresh air will enter and keep the air in motion and pure all night ; without this precaution the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs will, in the stagnant air, hug the bed from its own weight, and spread over the sleeper a blanket of impurity, and the rebreathed air will, before morning, be foul beyond belief.

The requisites for that beauty of tint and complexion which health gives are not many, and are in the reach of all who care to take a little pains. Give yourself plenty of sound, restful sleep,—from seven to nine hours, according to your avocations and the tax upon your body and brain. If sleep, on a good bed, in a well-ventilated room, does not come readily, try a cup of hot milk or of hot water, the last thing before getting into bed, and acquire a habit of relaxing all the muscles when you lie down, and banish thought. Don't take sedatives and narcotics to banish worry, but have sufficient faith in the temporariness of all worries to realize that dwelling upon them does much harm and no good.

A sponge-bath should be taken every day,—night or morning, as is most convenient,—and a warm or hot bath, with plenty of soap, three times a week at least. Those patient servants, our feet, should be bathed both night and morning ; and if swollen from long standing or other cause, a hot bath, in which a little salt and powdered alum have been dissolved, will relieve them. A gentle rub with alcohol or bay rum will also be very beneficial.

Wear no clothing at night which is worn during the day. The most healthful habit is to sleep in a night-gown only, increasing the number of blankets when additional warmth is required ; but sensitive people who have accustomed themselves to wearing knit undervests, or those who are restless and toss the clothes off, will find a bed-gown of flannel or of natural pongee the best expedient for warmth and comfort.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M. D.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

SOME BOXES AND BASKETS.

THESE are the days when everything is available, when the prescient eye sees possibilities of future beauty and convenience in even a stout pasteboard box or a common splint-basket. In consequence of this, the provident woman or girl puts carefully away, on closet shelf or in the storeroom, the weekly accumulations of this sort that can be made available; and when a sudden need arises, from her simple and sometimes most unpromising materials she evolves some wonder that strikes the inexperienced as the work of a magician.

BONBONNIÉRE.

It is always a safe investment to buy small remnants of rich brocaded or pretty figured India silks, ribbons of choice colors, and short lengths of good lace; for bought in this way they do not cost half what they would if purchased from the piece.

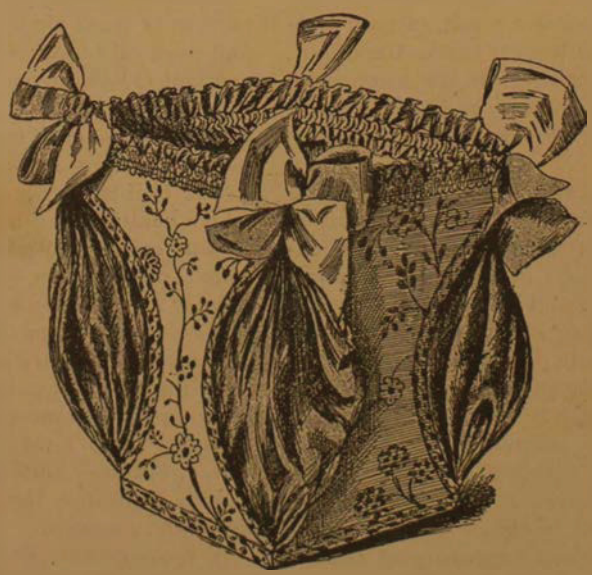
A strong pasteboard box is needed for the foundation of the lovely necktie-box. It is lined and covered smoothly on the outside with pale blue India silk. The neatest way to put in the lining is to cut pieces of stiff paper the exact size of the sides and bottom and cover them on one side, first with a thin sheet of cotton wadding sprinkled with perfumed powder, then with the silk, drawing the edges over smoothly and pasting them down; overhand the sides to the bottom piece, and, after the outside of the box has been covered, drawing the silk over the edges and pasting it down inside, slip the lining inside and fasten neatly with glue or paste. If care be taken so the paste does not ooze up and deface the silk, this is much neater and more workmanlike than trying to sew the lining in place. The cover should be stuffed sufficiently to form a cushion for stick-pins. A piece of guipure lace is stretched smoothly over the silk, and the edge is finished with a narrow blue-and-silver gimp. The frill of lace which surrounds the box is brought up in an irregular jabot-like effect upon the top, and the lid is fastened to the box with bows of ribbon.

The *bonbonnière* will be recognized by many for what it is,—just one of the simple Japanese baskets in which, very often, tea is packed. With the etching tool of the pyrographer, or the artist's brush, it is decorated with simple sprays of flowers, and a bright ribbon is tied around it.

HANDKERCHIEF-BOX.

These baskets make charming work-baskets when lined with India silk, and are also very convenient receptacles for cabinet photographs.

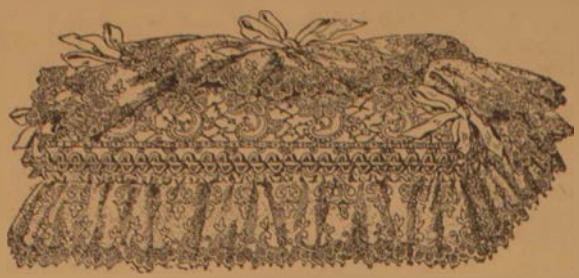
The handkerchief-box has a low, square pasteboard box for its foundation, and is lined with yellow silk; the outside is covered with a puff of nasturtium-flowered India silk, and bowed with orange and yellow ribbons. The splint-basket—for newspaper clippings or photographs—is decorated with the brush or needle, and has a band of dark velvet round the top; bows of bright ribbon ornament the handle. It would be a bright and cheery gift to send an invalid, filled with appetizing fruit; and could be turned to many convenient uses after the fruit was eaten. The dainty toilet-box is covered with guipure lace, stretched smoothly over bright satin; a cable-cord finishes the edges, and bows of ribbon ornament the lid and fasten it



WORK-BASKET.

SPLINT-BASKET.

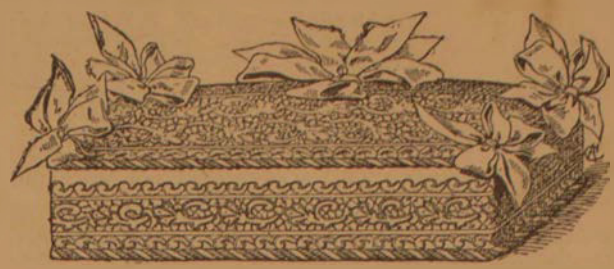
in place. Boxes of this sort are not only an attractive addition to the dressing-case but can be turned to infinite uses, there being so many things which we want at our



NECKTIE-BOX.

finger's tips, but which are disorderly if always in sight and are also defaced by the dust.

The design for a work-basket will also serve, in a larger size, for a most effective waste-basket, to stand beside my lady's desk in her morning-room. The sides are made of four shaped pieces of stout cardboard or thin wood covered with either antique brocade,



TOILET-BOX.

painting, or embroidery, and finished with gold or fancy galloon. Puffs of fancy silk, which lines the basket, fill the openings, and a ruche, with bows of ribbon, finishes the top.

E. A. F.

THE LINEN CHEST.

THE revival of colonial, old English, and old Dutch fashions in architecture and in furniture has extended to wedding preparations also, and household linen is now, as in earlier times, receiving devoted attention from prospective brides. Although in this hurrying age machine-made articles have almost superseded those made by hand, and the distaff can no longer be regarded as the insignia of womankind,—as in the era when, on marriage medals, the man was represented holding a spade of medieval shape, the wife a distaff and spindle,—yet there is so much satisfaction and refinement about homespun linens that women of taste still have a love for them. Fortunately these can be had at a moderate expense, for the Irish peasants in Armagh are now making beautiful, artistic things on their own looms.

One of the most attractive pictures left on the mind by a study of the customs of old Holland is the fair-haired girl sitting beside the deep chimney-hearth, against a background of richly dark beams and shelves brightened with Delft platters and gleaming with burnished bowls, while she weaves into the fabrics of her future home life her youthful dreams and hopes.

When Miss Endicott married Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, she carried with her to her English home many chests of household linen. These were far more precious in her eyes than her boxes of Paris gowns; and well they might be, for, besides the beautiful products of modern looms, embroidered with intricate monograms by skillful French fingers, she had treasures creamy in tint and soft with age, heirlooms from the days of her Salem ancestors, when spinning, though a needful art, was the occupation of feminine leisure, the employment of the rich and the poor, in the intervals of more important business and in the long nights of winter. The distaff was then, like the embroidered sofa-cushions, the table-centers, and doileys of our day, a remedy against idleness.

A present fancy among wealthy women able to gratify exclusive tastes is to have a pet pattern for the table damask as they would oftenest wear one favorite flower. The late Miss Catherine Wolfe was as sensitive to artistic napery as to a beautiful picture, and a design of small wreaths scattered thickly over linen of the most exquisite texture was the distinguishing mark of her dinner cloths. Another New York hostess of boundless wealth has never succumbed to the questionable fashion of associating satins and ribbons with culinary matters, and considers the silken sheen of valuable linen, woven with graceful, spreading palm-leaves in natural sizes, quite worthy of her dinner service of gold and the goblets of Venetian crystal.

A fresh, charming fashion is the gift of a quaint chest of drawers, called a "Trousseau Chest," from the mother to her engaged daughter, soon after the ring has been given by the *fiancé*. It serves its earliest duty as the repository of the congratulatory offerings from girl friends, —the tea-cloths and chocolate napkins which have run to earth the overworked "engagement tea-cups" The chests made of black old Dutch oak are most suggestive of the Hollander's love of table linen, and are supposed to inspire most enthusiasm in making the collection. And no table linen can be better of its kind than the old, heavy,

("*Household*" *Continued on Page 241.*)

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Trouble in Turkey.

The fact is evident that Turkey's power of self-government is fast decaying. The ruthless massacres of Christians in Armenia by the fanatical Kurds and Circassians have brought the attention of the great powers of Europe to the condition of affairs in Turkey, and these powers have declared their intention of protecting the Armenians if the Sultan does not take better care of this portion of his empire. The truth is that the Sultan is nearly powerless in the matter. The Mussulmans, who are the ruling class, are remorseless fanatics in religion, and the millions of Christians subjected to Turkish rule are, and have been for a long time, victims of their cruelty and oppression. Despite the Sultan's promises and protestations of reform the dominating spirit of the empire cannot be easily changed, and there is really but little prospect of a better condition of things while he remains the ruler. This being the case, the leading powers of Europe would have but little hesitation in bringing about a disintegration of the Turkish empire and the ejection of the Turks from European soil were it not for the fact that a serious quarrel would surely result from the division of the territory, and Europe would be plunged into war. The contest would probably be between England and Russia, whose ambition since the reign of Peter the Great has been to gain control of Eastern Europe and as much of Asia as possible. With this end in view the Czar would insist upon the possession of Constantinople; and England, for the very reason of Russia's ambitious projects for the enlargement of territory, would make every effort to prevent Constantinople from falling into her hands. The condition is a serious one, for the reason that, despite the prop resulting from the other powers' jealousy of each other, the Turkish empire is tottering. This is hardly to be wondered at, for the Turks lack the element of progress. Although a near neighbor to the highly civilized nations of Europe, Turkey is far behind them in mental and industrial development. The administration of the government, moreover, is exceedingly dishonest. It is said that the civil employés of the empire, of whom there is a large class, are so poorly paid for their services that the practice of increasing their incomes by means of extortion and corruption is universal among them, and that only a small portion of the revenue from the heavy taxation reaches the national treasury.

Peace Between Science and Religion.

It is true that there has been a war between science and Christianity, and it is believed by many that this war is still raging. In reality, however, the smoke of the battle is fast clearing away, and at least one eminent man of science, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School and Professor of Geology in Harvard University, has recently announced his belief that the conflict is practically over, with a victory which is somewhat divided, but which may, on the whole, be claimed by the champions of a broad and true Christianity. In the course of his discourse on the subject Prof. Shaler says:

"Whoever approaches the study of this great conflict in the manner of the naturalist will be sure to feel little resentment toward the Church for the severity with which it has dealt with the innovators. To the men of science the function of the ecclesiastical body is clearly seen to be conservative; its province is to maintain the good which has been won, to rest upon tradition rather than to explore the unknown. What the Church has done in its opposition to science, so far as the spirit of its action is concerned, has been clearly in accordance with the traditions which are at the foundation of its usefulness,—traditions which served to bring society through the trials of medieval times and made it ready for modern development. I have spoken of the conflict between religion and science as a thing of the past. This view of the matter is warranted by the singularly rapid growth of the tolerant motive, which is evident alike among the theologians and scientists in every field of inquiry.

The scientific men who regard the matter closely are likely to be driven to the conclusion that the Christian religion, embodying, as it does, the motive of sympathy, and the moral code, is fairly to be considered as the highest product of all life. Thus the essentials of the Christian religion are attracting, and are destined to attract, thousands of those investigators who have the unbiased habit of truly scientific men.

Antitoxine and Diphtheria.

The prospects are excellent that diphtheria, that most fatal of diseases and the special dread of mothers, will soon be robbed of much of its terror. Indeed, this is already true in New York City, where, according to the latest report of the Board of Health, the mortality from diphtheria has been reduced from sixty per cent. of all cases to sixteen per cent. The weapon which is being used in New York so successfully in combat with the disease is antitoxine serum. This fluid is obtained by injecting into animals, usually horses, the characteristic toxine or poison of diphtheria; as a result of this injection there is developed in the blood of the animal inoculated a substance which is hostile to, and fights the germs of, the disease. When introduced into the blood of a human patient this fluid, which is the antitoxine serum, continues its work of defense, and very frequently, as has been proved in Europe and New York, overcomes the disease. Physicians throughout the country are rapidly coming to a realization of the value of antitoxine in saving life, and those who are most progressive are already using it, both in hospital work and private practice.

Experiments and investigation are now being carried on with a view to applying the antitoxine principle to other diseases, notably consumption. The results of these experiments have not yet been given to the public, but medical experts feel that there is at least a strong probability of their success. It may be said that the antitoxine treatment is the direct opposite of that which was originated by Prof. Koch, a few years ago, and which was unsuccessful. By the Koch method, tuberculin, which is itself the poison produced by the baccilli of consumption, was injected into the blood of the patient. By the new method an antidote of the poison is introduced into the veins.

But whether or not antitoxine will cure consumption, it is settled that it is efficacious in combating diphtheria. Thousands of lives have been saved by its use in Europe and New York City; it is one of the most effective weapons yet discovered for the defense of Life in the incessant struggle with her great enemy, Death.

The Unemployed Poor.

Constantly sterner becomes the struggle for existence in our great cities as the density of the population increases, and in consequence the problem of the unemployed poor is growing more and more urgent and important. This is particularly true in New York City, where poverty is often extreme, and is the direct cause of crime. To mitigate these conditions as far as possible it is proposed to utilize, next spring and summer, the vacant lots of the city for garden patches in which the poor may cultivate vegetables for their sustenance. Those having the matter in hand are much encouraged by the results of the experiment begun in a small way last spring with three hundred acres of land on Long Island. A woman in New York City raised the best crop among the eighty-four families who worked these free farms. The plan has already been tried in Detroit, under the direction of Mayor Pingree, but some consider the results in Detroit as exceptional, for the scheme of turning the city idlers into farmers has been tried in England, Australia, Holland, and other localities, and has been very generally abandoned as impractical. A more feasible plan seems to be that of the Children's Aid Society, which is to send, not the poor themselves, but the children of the poor, out of the city, and set them to work on farms. As their tastes and habits are yet unformed they adapt themselves readily to their new surroundings. Many boys who have been in a fair way to recruit the criminal class in their city environment have been sent West and have developed into useful members of society as agriculturists and mechanics.

Alexandre Dumas.

There seems to be a general law of nature that a child shall not inherit its parents' genius. Exceptions occasionally occur, however, and one of these, which is perhaps the most striking in the history of literature in this century, is found in the case of the elder and the younger Dumas, the latter of whom recently died. It is true that there were great contrasts in their characters, and in the objects and manner of their life work. The elder, with the warm blood of the tropics in his veins, had a marvelous imagination, which, enforced by an exuberant vitality, enabled him to produce dazzling romances like "The Three Guardsmen" and "The Count of Monte Cristo," which were written, however, without regard for truth or accuracy, and without object except the mercenary one of increasing their author's income. The younger Dumas was a laborious student of social problems, with an earnest purpose in his authorship and a scrupulous care in style and detail; but he undoubtedly inherited his father's genius.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The elder Dumas was a quadroon, his father being General Dumas, a soldier of extraordinary dash and courage, who was the offspring of a French marquis and a Haytian negress. When the younger Dumas, was twenty-four years old, he submitted for his father's approval his most famous novel, "La Dame aux Camelias." Shortly afterward the work was published, and it took Paris by storm. The author dramatized it, and the leading rôle of Camille has been interpreted by most of the great *tragediennes* of the time. Dumas at once became a famous man, and was made a welcome guest in the highest literary and artistic circles in Paris. Other novels followed in quick succession and were dramatized. They were all successful. Among the most enduring are "Francillon" and "Denise," the latter has been very recently played in New York.

Dumas was a typical Parisian, perfect in manner, polished in wit, and brilliant in conversation. His home was a centre where gathered the best intellects and the highest aristocracy in France, and by marriage he was himself allied to the old nobility.

Our National Hymn and Its Author.

Nothing reaches deeper into the human soul than music; nothing so effectually removes the veneer of selfishness from the heart and awakens the nobility of feeling which is sleeping there. The stirring hymn "America" has been an inspiring and elevating influence in our social life. Every true American boy who has exercised his lungs over it—and they all have—has been thrilled by it with patriotism and love of his native country. It is with a feeling of distinct loss, therefore, that the death of its author, the Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, is recorded. Dr. Smith was born in Boston, in 1808, and was graduated from Harvard University in the famous class of '29, among the members of which were Oliver Wendell Holmes, Judge B. R. Curtis, late of the United States Supreme Court, the late Chief Justice Bigelow, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and the Rev. James Freeman Clark. From Harvard Dr. Smith went to the Andover Theological Seminary, and here it was that he wrote the words of "America." For many years before his death he resided in Newton Center, Mass., and his life was the peaceful and uneventful one of a clergyman in a country town. Dr. Smith has written several books and a number of noble hymns, including "The Morning Light Is Breaking," but his most distinguished effort in this direction is, of course, the hymn which has become national. His own account of its writing is interesting:

"On a dismal day in February, 1832," he said, "I was looking over a German music-book, the property of a fellow-student in the seminary, when my attention was drawn to a tune which attracted me by its simple and natural movement and its fitness for children's choirs. Glancing at the German words at the bottom of the page I saw that they were patriotic, and I was instantly inspired to write a patriotic hymn of my own. Seizing a scrap of paper, I began to write, and in half an hour, I think, the words stood upon it substantially as they are sung to-day. I did not know at the time that the tune was the British 'God, Save the Queen;' and I do not share the regrets of those who deem it an evil that the national tune of Britain and America is the same. On the contrary, I consider it a new and beautiful tie of union between the mother and the daughter, one furnishing the music,—if, indeed, it is really English,—and the other the words.

"I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not think that I had done so. I laid the song aside and nearly forgot that I had made it. Some weeks later I sent it to Mr. Mason, then a noted composer, organist, and choir leader, and on the following Fourth of July, much to my surprise, he brought it out at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, in Boston, where it was first sung in public."

An Explanation of the Northern Lights.

For untold ages the great lights which at intervals sweep from the starry heavens of the North to the zenith and beyond, describing in the skies gigantic curves, and gleaming and darting as if shifted by an omnipotent hand, have filled the breasts of men with awe and wonder. Many explanations of the marvelous and mysterious phenomenon have been attempted. One savant said that it was caused by reflected light from icebergs in the Arctic seas. When his attention was called to the fact that the aurora borealis shows most brilliantly when the polar zones are plunged in the blackness of the Arctic night, he answered that it might be reflected sunshine which was caught and stored up by the icebergs, in some mysterious manner, during the Arctic summer. Another theory was that the aurora borealis was original light which the earth itself was throwing off. Even Humboldt was inclined to this belief, calling attention to the fact that the parts of the planet Venus not lighted by the sun often glow with a dim, phosphorescent light. There was a theory, also, that a hole existed in the crust of the earth at the North Pole, and that the northern lights were but the gleams that shot up out of this hole from the great internal fires. Since the development of electricity, however, these theories have been abandoned for one which has explained the aurora borealis as an electrical disturbance. It will be seen that this was a trifle indefinite. The truth is that there was no real or satisfactory explanation until the discovery, last year, of the atmospheric element argon. Professor Berthelot passed an electric discharge through a tube of argon and perceived a feeble violet glow, visible only in intense darkness. After continued and complicated experiments with electricity and argon he obtained brilliant displays of color, similar, in every way, to the aurora borealis. In his darkened laboratory he produced, in miniature, the northern lights, which have so long been one of the wonders of the world. Further investigations with larger quantities of the gas will be made, but the experiments already performed tend to prove conclusively that the awe-inspiring northern lights are caused by electric currents passing through argon and the other elements of the atmosphere. This is the most reasonable theory advanced, and it is another scientific triumph made possible by the discovery of the new gas, which promises to explain many of the mysteries which have for ages puzzled men of science.

Danger in School Slates.

It has been noticed of late that a potent agent in spreading disease among children in large schools is the school slate. Says the National Board of Health Magazine on the subject: "The common practice which prevails in schools is to hand the slates to the children without any attempt being made to give each child the same slate time after time. The first thing that a child does is to clean the slate by means of the finger moistened by saliva. In this process, of course, the finger travels many times from slate to mouth and *vice versâ*, and thus conveys to the mouth any matter which may happen to be on the slate. Thus, if a child happened to be suffering from tuberculosis the bacilli might be readily conveyed to the mouth of a healthy pupil; and the same contingency would be likely to happen with greater effect if the disease were diphtheria." Children actually suffering from these diseases are of course not allowed to attend school, but the germs may be present in a latent state, and the danger is nearly as great as if they were active. A simple precaution is to provide a sponge with each slate.

PUZZLES

PROGRESSIVE PUZZLE.

THE picture at the top represents a compound word signifying a period in the life of man; the change of one letter in the first syllable will describe the object beneath on the left-hand side, and correspondingly a change of one letter in the last syllable that on the right-hand; progressing in this way by a change of one letter in every word a compound word describing the central figure at the bottom will be reached.

REBUS.

General B B B B
led his C C C C
in the D A D D

A MESOSTICH.

1. An inclosure.
2. An implement.
3. A game.
4. A game.
5. A machine
6. An island.
7. A county.
8. A scholar.

My central letters read downwards form the name of a place connected with ships.

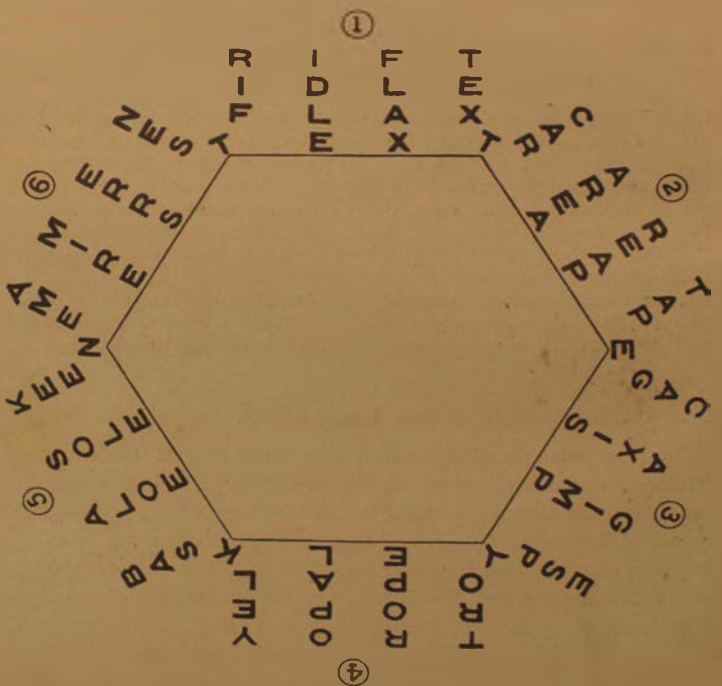
HIDDEN PROVERB.

a, a, b, c, d, e, e, e, f, i, i, i, l, m, m, n, o, p, r, r, s, t, t, t, y.

A RIDDLEMEREE.

My first is in come but not in go;
My second is in yes but not in no;
My third is in bun but not in cake;
My fourth is in mend but not in break;
My fifth is in eel but not in fish;
My sixth is in plate but not in dish;
My seventh is in sad but not in glad;
My eighth is in sane but not in mad;
My ninth is in pool but not in sea;
My tenth is in lunch but not in tea;
My eleventh is in friend but not in foe;
My whole is a musician you all ought to know.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.



II. Cockatoo.

III.
V a c a n t
b I t t e r
d i V i d e
L i l I a n
D e c c A n
r e a s o N

IV.
M
G A S
T U R I N
M A R M O R A
C L O S E
E R A
A

V. "All's well that ends well."

VI.
b e E c h
c o M e t
a p P l e
b r O a d
p a R s e
s a I n t
f o U n t
c a M e l

VII.
J oan of Ar C
A m Y
C rea M
K no B
D elt A
A vowa L
W alru S

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

MRS. ELLEN BRAMAN, of New York, has received from President Cleveland an appointment as Commissioner of Deeds for the District of Columbia. Mrs. Braman is said to be the first woman ever commissioned to that office.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRESTON DAVIS, of Washington, will soon complete the calculations of ephemeris of the sun, bringing the work up to the twentieth century. She will, during the coming year, stand for the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins University.

MISS SARAH L. ARNOLD, supervisor of the Boston public schools, had charge of the primary work in the public schools of Minneapolis for several years before going to Boston, and has gained a national reputation as a speaker on educational topics in all parts of the country.

MISS MARY HOWE, the American *prima donna*, has scored a great success in the character of "Lucia," in which she recently made her *début* at the Berlin Royal Opera House. The German critics are enthusiastic in their commendations, and rank her with Sembrich and Gerster.

QUEEN MARGHERITA, of Italy, is about to make her first appearance as an author, by the publication of her experiences as an Alpine climber. These records of the jaunts she has taken in the effort to reduce her growing *embonpoint* will be illustrated by sketches from her own pencil.

MRS. CLEVELAND, since she has become matronly and devoted to her children, seems anxious to avoid conspicuousness, and whenever she appears in public is quietly gowned and unobtrusive in manner. She has lost something of the attractiveness of person which once distinguished her, having become fleshy, and dresses generally in black, "and sometimes shabby black, at that."

MISS MELVINA M. BENNETT, a graduate of Boston University, C. L. A., '78, has been appointed to the chair of public speaking and vocal interpretation in that institution. Miss Bennett is the first woman to gain a professorship in the university. She taught for eight years in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and in 1889 she was elected to a position in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

MISS M. E. B. CULBERTSON, a bright young Indiana girl, who has already achieved success as a sculptor, having studied in Paris and exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, on the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Stanton took a cast of her hand and Miss Anthony's clasped. It is an interesting study. Mrs. Stanton's plump palm rests almost passively in the grip of her companion's thin but energetic fingers. There is character in every outline.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR is one of the few women writers of the day whose names are to be found on the publishers' lists of thirty years ago. Other names that were with hers then have disappeared, and their books gone out of print; but her own still adorns newly printed title-pages. Mrs. Barr is now sixty-four years old, but she has not begun to diminish in productivity, and she is said to be one of the best paid of contemporary novelists. She lives nowadays at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

YVETTE GUILBERT announces that her trip to America is for business reasons,—to round out her fortune to a figure that will permit her to live on the income. She affects no sentimental interest in us, and her confession is pleasingly frank. Mlle. Guilbert has been thrifty with her earnings, and is reputed to be worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars. Her career has lasted for five years, and began with an accidental gain of public favor in a second-class Paris concert-hall. She now receives the largest salary ever paid to a *café chantant* favorite.

MISS FRENCH (Octave Thanet) thus explains how she got her *nom de plume:* "Octave was the name of a school friend. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it that was both French and Scotch I would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time when we stopped at a way station and on the siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On the side was chalked the word 'Thanet.' What it meant or how it got there I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man."

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1896.

*This charming picture is a faithful copy of the characteristic painting by J. G. Brown, N. A. We are indebted to A. G. Richmond, Esq., of Canajoharie, N. Y., for the privilege of reproducing it.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS —FEBRUARY.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 261.

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

THE midwinter season is the time chosen by our merchants to display the newest things in tea-gowns, evening wraps, fancy waists, and all sorts of *confections* of lace, ribbon, and passementerie. In consequence the shop-windows are uncommonly gay and constantly surrounded by throngs of admiring loiterers.

The soft, all-wool, finely crinkled *crépons* are still a favorite fabric for tea-gowns; and a very charming one is made of a new color which bears upon both pink and delicate heliotrope. The back is cut in a very full Watteau, which hangs with easy, flowing grace from the neck to the tip of the quarter-of-a-yard train. The side-forms under the arms are fitted trimly, defining the figure perfectly, but in front a broad, triple box-plait hangs unconfined from throat to hem; a rich cream lace insertion runs through the centre of the plait, and the only other trimming, besides a free use of satin ribbons matching the *crépon*, is a flounce of wide white lace around the neck, which is carried down the bishop sleeves in a double cascade. A plaited ruche of ribbon finishes the neck, and the whole effect, while very handsome, is extremely simple.

In marked contrast to this is an elaborate gown of rose-colored *chiné* silk, full of Marie Antoinette suggestions and adaptations. It is *princesse* with full Watteau back and demi-train, and opens widely in front to display a petticoat and chemisette of white *mousseline de soie* over a plain rose-colored silk; it is trimmed with many rows of yellow Valenciennes insertion, and a wide frill of lace finishes the foot. The fullness of the chemisette is held by many rows of shirring, and the broad girdle of plain silk, crossing the front only, is also shirred. The close, small sleeves, rather wide at the wrist, where they are finished with frills of lace, are surmounted by full shoulder-puffs, falling only slightly upon the arm; and the neck is finished by a very full ruche of rose-colored *chiffon*. Many bows of satin ribbon, matching the silk in color, add a finishing touch of frivolity and grace.

AN ALL-SEASONS' GOWN.
TRELAWNEY COAT. NAHANT SKIRT.

Very sumptuous are the evening-wraps of white or delicately tinted brocades, which are lined throughout with white Thibet. This inexpensive fur—or, properly speaking, wool—is so soft to the touch and so luxuriously warm that it has entirely replaced the old time swan's-down. These elegant wraps are of various lengths, but the preference is for those which come to the foot, and some are cut into a demi-train in the back. Most of them are in circle shape, but occasionally one is seen with huge bishop sleeves. These suggest most luxurious warmth and comfort, but require a woman "more than common tall" to carry them with dignity and grace. Fancy runs riot in the matter of shoulder and neck trimmings, in which there is much more variety than last winter, when the usual finish was some sort of shoulder collar. Ribbons are used most lavishly now, combined with lace and *chiffon*, mink or sable tails, and ermine or chinchilla. The collars are higher than ever, sometimes reaching nearly to the top of the head in the back; and often they are cut in turrets, the edges bound all around with fur, and through the openings loops of ribbons and masses of plaited *chiffon* billow forth from the enormous ruff which is placed inside the collar.

OUR thanks are due Messrs. B. Altman & Co. and Lord & Taylor, for courtesies shown.

A MODISH CLOTH GOWN.
EGLANTINE COAT. ROLF SKIRT.

AN ALL-SEASONS' GOWN.

A CHEVIOT mixture, in browns, tans, and black, is the fabric of this handsome street-gown. The rough fabrics, *bouclés*, tweeds, cheviots, etc., have a warm, serviceable look that makes them very effective in wintry weather; while they are really not so heavy as a closely woven covert cloth, and can be worn for traveling the year round with perfect comfort. The plain skirt is cut by the "Nahant" pattern, illustrated and described in the October number; but any of the widely flaring patterns can be used with the same effect. Line the skirt with stiff percaline or silk, and, if you prefer, add a stiff interlining, about ten or twelve inches deep, around the bottom; but this is beginning to be the exception, not the rule. Velveteen, forming a facing an inch or two deep, is the preferred finish at the foot. The coat—the "Trelawney"—is fitted closely with the usual seams, which flare well in the back and over the hips. A vest of dark brown velvet, braided with fancy *soutache*, fills in the front. The revers,—which form a square collar in the back,—neck ruffle, and cuffs are of tan-colored silk, lined with cloth; they are piped on the edges with velvet and braided with silk *soutache* of Persian colors, in showy, lace-like arabesques. The muff is of velvet and silk, matching the gown, and a tan-colored felt hat, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with Persian ribbon and brown plumes, is worn with the costume.

A MODISH CLOTH GOWN.

GREEN cloth of a silkily soft, glossy finish is the fabric of this smart gown. The skirt is cut by the "Rolf" pattern, illustrated and described in the November number. The short coat—the "Eglantine"—is fitted trimly with the usual seams, which flare with moderate fullness in the back of the skirt; the fronts are cut away to disclose the very smart waistcoat of brocaded ivory silk which is finished on the edges with a narrow appliqué of guipure lace. The velvet revers and cuffs are bordered with spangle passementerie, and further trimmed with jeweled buttons. A pale yellow *crêpe* chemisette, veiled with a jabot of *Lierre* laces, fills in the front.

FOR DAY FUNCTIONS.

ZIBELINE, of a silver gray, is combined with heliotrope-and-gray striped Liberty velvet to make this handsome and effective gown. Though the cry is still repeated that the day of the separate waist is waning, the winter modes give positively no foundation to the rumor. Probably more new gowns are made with corsages in which a contrasting material is employed than ever before. The skirt of this gown is cut by the new "Waldron" pattern, a nine gored skirt, illustrated and described in the December number. The corsage—the "Urbano"—has but slight fullness in both front and back, and no box-plaits. The revers and epaulets, of zibeline, round into a deep collar in the back. The buttons are of amethyst set in cut steel, and the velvet girdle matches them in color. A stock-collar of lace and velvet finishes the neck.

FOR DAY FUNCTIONS.
URBANO WAIST. WALDRON SKIRT.

SOME SMART HATS.

(For Descriptions, see Page 215.)

1. CAPE-COLLAR OF GUIPURE LACE.

SOME SMART HATS.

No. 1.—Brown felt hat, trimmed with brocaded ribbon, steel-set buckles, and black plumes.

No. 2.—Black felt sailor-hat, trimmed with pheasants' wings and green velvet.

No. 3.—Brown velvet capote, trimmed with gold passementerie, ornaments of gilt and pearl, and a brown ostrich-plume.

No. 4.—Walking-hat of gray camel's-hair felt, trimmed with black velvet and fancy feathers; brim bound with astrachan fur.

No. 5.—Walking-hat of fine black felt, trimmed with black feathers, rosettes of green-and-gold *miroir* velvet, and gold passementerie.

No. 6.—Walking-hat of soft, heather-mixture felt, the brim faced with brown velvet. A rosette and crown-band of satin ribbon and two *coq* feathers form the trimming.

No. 7.—Round hat of black velvet, trimmed with Persian velvet and black plumes.

5. SILK AND LACE COLLAR.

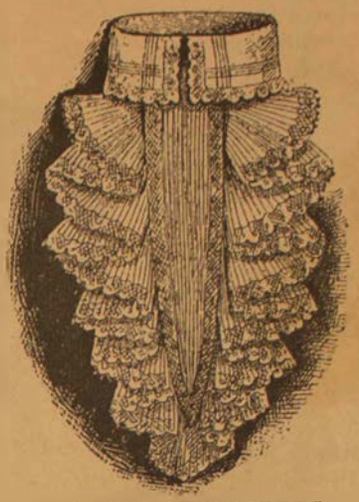
No. 8.—Gray felt hat, bound with krimmer, and trimmed with gray plumes and blue velvet

No. 9.—Black velvet hat, trimmed with yellow-and-black striped ribbon and black plumes.

CORSAGE ACCESSORIES.

No. 1.—A becoming collar of guipure lace, which forms the pointed yoke with a flounce of *Lierre* lace on the edge. The stock-collar is of pale rose-colored ribbon sprinkled over with dainty *chiné* flowers, and fastens at the back under a large rosette-like bow.

No. 2.—A very dressy arrangement for the theatre or evening use, to be worn over any untrimmed silk waist. A narrow strip of finely plaited *chiffon*—white or any becoming color—is used for the centre and bordered with jeweled or spangled passementerie; strips of the passementerie also extend out on the shoulders, and a flounce of wide lace, narrowed almost to a point at the ends, is sewed in a full *jabot* to the front trimming, gathered around the shoulder-pieces, and to the stock-collar in the back. The bows on the shoulders and the collar are of *chiffon* like the front.



4. LAWN CHEMISETTE.

No. 3.—Any handsome wide lace can be combined with flowered *chiffon*, ribbon, and lace insertion or passementerie to evolve this smart trimming, which, though it looks like a sleeveless waist, is simply a becoming transformation for a plain corsage. In some of these the back is made like the front, and others have nothing in the back but a lace flounce continued around the neck from the shoulders.

2. FOR THEATRE OR EVENING WEAR.

3. A BLOUSE GARNITURE.

Sometimes accordion-plaited *chiffon* is used for the sides of the front instead of flowered *chiffon*. The blouse part is attached to a ribbon belt which fastens under a bow in the back.

CORINNA CORSAGE. (BACK.)

No. 4.—A collar of silk, velvet, or lawn, made square in the back, and trimmed with a full frill of yellow lace.

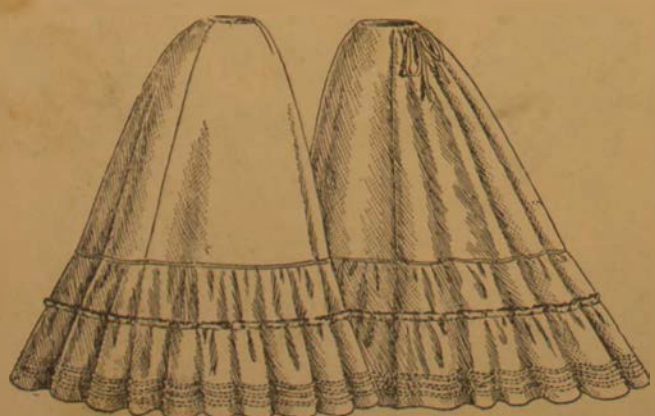
No. 5.—A *jabot* or chemisette of lawn or *chiffon* trimmed with lace-edged, plaited lawn.

FOR A CRÉPON GOWN.

THOUGH there are many other fabrics which claim popular fancy, yet the really handsome *crépons* have not lost their prestige. A rich black *crépon* modishly made is considered a suitable gown for almost any day function. Our model—the "Corinna"—shows a combination of jacket and blouse effect which is very becoming to slight figures. The jacket fronts are lined with black moire, which faces the revers, and the edges are finished with narrow jet and spangle passementerie. The folded belt fastens in the back under a large bow, and the stock-collar may be of black or a color.

FOR A CRÉPON GOWN.
CORINNA CORSAGE. ROLF SKIRT.

A VERY *chic* and novel coat takes the blouse into partnership. It is of black cloth laid in inch-wide tucks the depth of a yoke, both back and front; it fits trimly in the back and under the arms, and has single darts in the fronts, but droops in blouse fashion between them. The skirt is not more than five inches deep and is finished with a narrow band of sable, which also borders the collar and cuffs; the sleeves are tucked to match the yoke.



THE NEWEST PETTICOAT.

TWO PRACTICAL PATTERNS.

WHETHER at home or traveling, every woman finds a lounging-robe an important garment in securing her comfort. The majority of these comfortable gowns are made of eiderdown flannel or swansdown, and they are usually unlined, these soft woolen fabrics being as pleasant to the touch as silk. All delicate colors are used for them, and the preference is for plain rather than figured or striped stuffs. The edges are simply hemmed, no trimming looks well upon them, and a belt or cable cord girdles the waist. When made for traveling, and especially for the ocean voyage, soft grays, tans, or heliotropes are a better choice than bright colors, and gray or tan blankets make most delightful steamer-gowns.

Every description of fancy silk is used for this season's petticoats. They are made quite full, and usually with a Spanish flounce, cut bias, finished with a narrow hemmed ruffle set in the edge, and trimmed with a flounce having several cords stitched above a narrow hem, and falling over the under ruffle, which acts as a "sweeper," and takes the hardest wear. Our new pattern is cut in this way; as will be seen there is no yoke, the front and sides being trimly fitted with darts. There is also no placket, which in the careless way some women don their clothes is much the safest fashion. The top is finished with a narrow facing, and narrow ribbons or silk tapes are fastened at the side seams and run through the facing across the back breadths, crossing each other for a space of about four inches in the centre so they draw up in bag fashion, by pulling the string from the right side with the left hand, and *vice versâ*. Sometimes a very flexible wire is sewed in the facing above the narrow under-ruffle.

A LOUNGING-ROBE.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, see Page 240.*)

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

PARTY GOWNS FOR SMALL GIRLS.

THESE charming little frocks show the most graceful and attractive modes of the winter for little folk from the age of four years to ten. As will be seen, accordion plaiting continues in high favor for these dainty gowns; there is nothing else that is at once so dressy, so graceful, and so easy to make. The styles are all modifications of Kate Greenaway gowns, and any of our patterns in which the plain, full skirt is mounted to a yoke can be used as models. All the delicate shades of rose, blue, heliotrope, green, and yellow, are used for these frocks, as well as bright scarlet and soft grays and tans; and India silks, surah, and cashmere are the fabrics usually employed.

There is wider choice in the matter of hosiery and slippers than of recent years; many mothers now like to match the little gowns in these, and a child is often a red-bird from tip to toe, the tiny shoes or slippers being of *suède* or satin to match the silk hose.

The first figure shows a frock of pale lemon-colored India silk; the plaited skirt is mounted to a yoke of white India silk, of which the puffed sleeves are also made, giving the effect of a *guimpe*. Plaited frills of the lemon-colored silk surround the shoulders and neck and finish the sleeves. A "granny" bag of white silk is suspended from the shoulder by yellow ribbons; the slippers and hose match the gown.

FOR A SCHOOL GOWN.
TORQUAY WAIST.
(*See Page 240.*)

The upper central figure shows a gown of soft cherry-colored surah; the hem of the plaited skirt is banded with several rows of narrow satin ribbon of the same color, and the sleeves and shoulder-caps are trimmed to match; wider ribbon trims the yoke in front and forms the stock-collar, tying in a large bow in the back. Black hose and patent-leather slippers are worn with this. The next little frock is of embroidered white lawn worn over a pink silk slip. The yoke is cut from embroidery like that bordering the skirt, which is gathered to the yoke, and laid in wide plaits by the laundress.

FOR CLOTH AND VELVET.
VALENTINA WAIST.

The charming little frock in the lower left-hand corner is of ashes-of-roses silk, with a *guimpe* of ivory-white India silk. The *guimpe* is smocked around the neck and finished with a very full plaiting; a row of smocking confines the fullness of the sleeves in two puffs. The shoulder-bands are braided with silver braid and finished with a frill of lace over the top of the arm. Pale rose-colored ribbons trim the front of the yoke, and the slippers and hose match the gown.

The adjoining model can be made as a *guimpe* gown or all in one, with the sleeves matching the gown or *guimpe*. The plaited skirt and epaulets are of pale blue cashmere, and the full yoke or *guimpe* of white India silk. If white silk sleeves are used they can be tucked around the lower arm or banded with ribbon to match the cashmere; if the sleeves are like the skirt they should be trimmed like the epaulets, with rows of white or sapphire ribbon. Black hose and black kid or *suède* slippers are worn with this.

White India silk mounted to a yoke of guipure lace and trimmed with ivory-white ribbons is used for the last gown in the group. Either white or black shoes and hose may be worn with it, and some tastes would prefer colored ribbons; but the "all-white" effect is considered quite *chic*, if, as is usually the case, it is becoming to the child. Please notice that no names are given to these designs, and no special patterns are furnished for them.

VALENTINA WAIST (BACK.)

FOR CLOTH AND VELVET.

THIS handsome model shows one of the most popular fancies of the winter for combining the fancy velvets or velveteens, in blurred *chiné* or Persian designs, with plain woolen fabrics, smooth lady's cloth being in especial favor. The pattern is the "Valentina." A fitted lining holds the fullness of the velvet blouse in place, and the back—see illustration—is like the front. The cloth yoke and straps which match the skirt are attached only at the neck and belt, and can be finished separately, if desired, so that the blouse can be worn with other skirts. Brown and gray cloths are much liked with the bright-hued velvets; and the model is very pretty when developed in fancy silk with yoke and straps of dark velvet. The pattern is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

FOR TINY MAIDS.
CLAIRETTE FROCK.

FOR TINY MAIDS.

THOUGH many attempts are made to fashion the frocks of the little ones on the models used for their mammas, there is yet a continual demand from sensible mothers for the simple "Mother Hubbard" gowns which are so easily made and so universally becoming. The grace of a graceful child is enhanced by the simple lines of these frocks, and the awkwardness of an ugly figure is kindly concealed. All the soft, plain woolen fabrics

are used for these gowns, and also India silks and surah. Cashmere and all-wool *crépon* of fine crinkle are especially liked. The skirts are simply hemmed, or trimmed with bias velvet, ribbon, or lace insertion. A silver-gray *crépon* is used for the model gown, and the cuffs and large square collar, are of brown silk overlaid with cream lace, an insertion of which also trims the skirt. The pattern—the "Clairette"—is in sizes for four and six years

FOR A SCHOOL GOWN.

(*See Page 239.*)

WIDE-WALED blue serge is the fabric of this neat and attractive gown. It is, both in style and fabric, the ideal everyday frock, because it bears any amount of hard wear, but can always be kept looking "spick and span." The skirts of these gowns are as often made of straight as gored breadths, that being a matter of individual choice, not affecting the general style. The waist—the "Torquay"—is made slightly full over a fitted lining; but the vest front, of red, yellow, or ivory serge, gives the effect of the ever-popular jacket, the steel or gilt buttons enhancing it. The vest is crossed with rows of blue mohair braid, and the sash can match it or be made of bright surah. The pattern is in sizes for eight and ten years.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

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

1.—Visiting and reception gown of heliotrope zibeline, trimmed with spangle-embroidered gray satin and chinchilla.

2.—Reception-gown of brown velvet and tan-colored cloth.

3.—Evening waist of black velvet and black-and-white striped satin, trimmed with point lace and steel passementerie.

4.—Walking-gown of green diagonal, trimmed with black mohair braid.

5.—Evening-gown of Persian-patterned silk *crépon*.

6.—Gown of gray cloth and fancy velvet, with waistcoat of white cloth.

7.—Street and reception gown of brown zibeline, with jacket of Persian lamb or moire velvet.

8.—Heliotrope velvet wrap, embroidered with jet and steel.

9.—Gown of black brocaded silk, with jacket of heliotrope velvet trimmed with chinchilla.

10.—Reception gown of cadet-blue cloth, combined with Persian-patterned Liberty velvet.

11.—Walking-gown of heather-mixed tweed, with vest, collar, and cuffs of plain green cloth overlaid with soutache.

12.—Boa and muff of gray lynx, set with bows of black velvet. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with rose *miroir* velvet and gray plumes.

13.—Pink *crépon* waist, trimmed with *Lierre* lace and batiste embroidery.

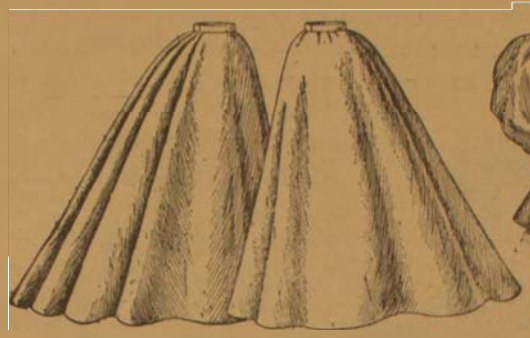
14.—Jacket of baby lamb, trimmed with chinchilla.

15.—Walking-gown of wide-waled, camel's-hair serge, dark blue, trimmed with emerald green velvet.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

REDMAYNE WAIST.

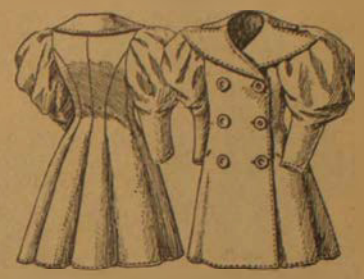
ALICIA WAIST.



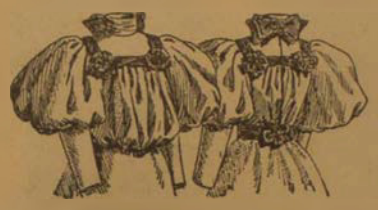
FARRINGDON CIRCLE SKIRT.

JERMYN COAT.

CLAUDINE CIRCLE.



MATHIS COAT.

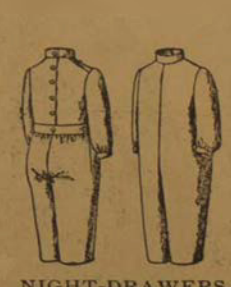


BLANCHE WAIST.

PET CAP.

AGATHA CORSET-COVER.

SACQUE WRAPPER.



NIGHT-DRAWERS.

CICELY DRESS.

ESDAILE CLOAK.

DAISY APRON.

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

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

HOUSEHOLD.

THE LINEN CHEST.

(*Continued from Page 227.*)

Dutch linen, with odd figures worked in a shade of white that shows only in certain lights. This is still manufactured, but it is difficult to find in this country, as importers seem to prefer the extremely fine, silky French or Irish productions.

Linen chests need not all be dark and Dutch-like. A summer bride has brought from her old colonial homestead a receptacle for her linen accumulation that is most

(*Continued on Page 243.*)

(Continued from Page 241.)

refreshing in its beauty. It is a high chest enameled in white; the broad drawers have heavy antique brass handles, and a climbing rose-vine is painted over the front, from which some of the pink petals are falling, as if wafted by June airs. And when the drawers are opened we know that just such scattered petals have found their way inside, for pink silk sachets, filled with rose-leaves gathered from the sunny home garden, are lying among the piles of linen.

"In the drawer devoted to table-cloths reposes one woven with the family crest, which graced the ancestral mahogany when General Washington was the guest of honor, a century ago. The modern cloths are of great beauty and variety, having been purchased under the conviction that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever" is never more applicable than in the selection of table linen, as a "dinner of herbs" served upon fine, rich damask will seem a "feast worthy of the gods." The "poppy" and "pansy" patterns were the newest designs supplied at the "Sign of the Spinning-Wheel," though pond-lilies floated in their rich beauty over one cloth, peacock's feathers curled gracefully toward the center of another, and still another very beautiful one was of a plain, glossy, satin finish, relieved only by the dull, broad stripe which formed the border. The napkins were very large indeed,—"young tablecloths," the owner called them,—and of the French style, longer than broad. The monograms were rather small and of plain letters, elaborate ones having lost fastidious favor.

The contribution of an industrious, clever bridesmaid was a luncheon-cloth of plain damask having a border of daisies embroidered with flax floss, their yellow hearts seeded with silk. Sprigs of daisies, no two grouped alike, decorated a corner of each napkin.

In the lower deepest drawer were the bed-covers, which are now such a prominent floral feature of dainty bed-rooms. These were of very fine Marseilles, with tea-roses, pink roses, yellow iris, and apple-blossoms, in clusters or scattered, as centre-pieces or borders; and one exquisite coverlet was of pale blue Irish hand-made linen, embroidered with white. There was also a charming tea-cloth of this blue homespun, with drawn threads worked in white silk.

A collection of jewels, laces, fans, or old silver requires a large income; but there is no more admirable hoard than house linen, and this is within the reach of most of us. With systematic interest and perseverance the house-wife of exceedingly modest means may, very early in her career, find her closet shelves heaped with snowy linens and damasks, and lavishly glistening with the flaxen fringes of towels The experience of one linen-loving woman, whose purse was limited but whose industry was ambitious, may serve as a suggestion and incentive to others.

This enterprising domestic general began

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(*Continued from Page 243.*)

her married campaign with the merest necessities as far as the quantity of her house linen was concerned,—though the sheets were of generous size and had very broad hems,—in order to have her table damask of the very best quality. By this I do not mean the *finest* damask, because that is not necessary, or wise, perhaps, for daily use; but all was of substantial weight and handsome gloss. Each year she reserved a certain moderate sum of money for the increase of her linen stores, which was really an increase and not a replenishing, because her original supply having been of such excellent material it remained intact as well as beautiful When there was no pressing urgency in any direction she would invest the linen-money in a pair of Irish sheets, for instance, and to hemstitch them and embroider a neat monogram would be her "fancy work" for the time. Or, if she saw a tablecloth and napkins of a rare pattern, her fund was ready and she secured them. Now and then she "picked up"—to use the favorite term of the curio hunter—a particularly desirable damask towel, ignoring "sets," and her artistic, busy fingers individualized it and added to its beauty by embroidering bow-knots of silk, or other pretty designs, in the corner or as a border. As her embroidery energies were turned entirely toward her linen collection, she became perfect in that branch and her house was spared all atrocities of commonplace, fleeting decorative ideas. As time glided on, and her linen stores were amplified in all departments, she was able to concentrate more money upon some one rare article; and so her closet flourished and her collection was unique and beautiful, because her interest never relaxed, and the sum appropriated, though small, was regular.

The sweet domesticity of the fashion of the linen chest seems a corrective wave to float us away from the productions of the "advanced woman" school. Surely, to the devoted lover the home fireside would be a happier region with the eyes of his best beloved bent upon embroidery and hemstitching than if they were turned upon him full of the reproach of centuries, expecting him to answer for all the crimes of man at the bar of indignant female opinion.

ALETHE LOWTHER CRAIG.

AN ADVERTISEMENT PARTY.

A COMPANY of girls and boys found in an advertisement party a pleasant variety in the matter of evening entertainments. Each one of the young people dressed in some manner that would suggest some well-known advertisement, and the secret of these costumes was known only to the mother of the girl at whose home the party was given, as their significance was to be guessed by the assembled guests.

A small, empty, silk bag was handed by the hostess to each person present, and whenever she acknowledged that a conject-

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ure of anyone was correct a button was slipped into the bag of the fortunate guesser. The prizes were to be distributed according to the number of buttons accumulated in the different bags.

One girl in cap, apron, and kerchief, and with a small waiter in her hands, was easily recognized as the pretty chocolate girl of Baker's famous chocolate. One wearing a frock having huge, ham-shaped sleeves was not hard to place as a recommendation of some celebrated hams; and two little maidens in Japanese garb advocated a delicious sort of perfume. A lad with a bowl full of paper letters of the alphabet, H and O, which he pretended to be swallowing with great enjoyment, was at once identified as a champion of a popular breakfast-dish.

Besides these representations there were many others, the originals of which are always coming under the eyes of the public. Thus were portrayed the virtues of "Pond's Extract," "Pearline," "Sapolio," "Cash's Frilling," "Corticelli Silk," "S. H. & M. Velveteen," and "Gold Dust Washing Powder"; while there was great rivalry among those who had chosen rôles of purity and cleanliness, illustrating the merits of "Ivory," "Pear's," "Buttermilk," "Sweet Home," and "Velvet Skin" soaps. A boy in tin armor, burnished to a state of dazzling brightness, carried a wand, with which he was continually tapping people on the shoulder, and good guessers easily named him "Sapolio."

That provoking and exasperating urchin, the grocer's boy, was employed to represent many household necessities; but his name was hardest to guess when, with a fringe of fish-scale paper round his jacket, he represented "Shredded Codfish."

A trim little maid, dressed as a cook and wearing a crown, and carrying a tiny pan of minute biscuits of tempting delicacy and lightness, was after repeated guesses discovered to be "Royal Baking Powder"; and, of course, she and the mimic French *chef* who represented "Cleveland's Baking Powder" were not on speaking terms, for the evening.

Some other tiny maids, their dresses and heads ornamented with powder puffs, showed great precociousness in their knowledge of "Pozzoni's" and "Gossamer" face-powders; and the pearly teeth of the advocates of "Rubifoam" and "Sozodont" promised immunity from dental woes for many a year.

There was much fun and excitement over the guessing, and when the game was finished there was more merriment caused by the award of prizes. These had been selected from samples of the articles advertised. There were chocolate *bonbons*, cakes of soap, bottles of perfumery, spools of silk, and many other things. The candy was eaten on the spot, and the other valuables were carried home to be made useful in the future.

MARTHA BURR BANKS.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The large 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.*

"M. L."—There are few writers born, though, of course, the imaginative or romancing faculty which impels people to write is a natural gift. The ability, however, to write good stories is acquired by practice and exercise, which are, usually, the only roads to success. Considerably more than the average schoolgirl's knowledge of grammar and rhetoric is needed to give one even a fair command of language for the expression of thought. Study Müller's "Science of Language," Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language," White's "Words and their Uses," and Bain's "English Composition and Rhetoric." Read the best English and American authors, Addison, Macaulay, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and Hawthorne, for style, and George Eliot and Stevenson for both style and imagination; at the same time cultivate your critical faculty by analysis and comparison of these writers to see wherein their charm lies.—It would be easier to tell why the winds blow than to give a reason for the trashy stories that find their way into print, or tell where they come from.

"J. S. M.'s DAUGHTER."—The process of tanning is only employed to convert various skins and hides into leather, and it utterly destroys the hair or fur. If the object is to preserve this the skins are cured. A simple method of doing this at home was given in answer to "C. S. R." in Demorest's for May, 1894. The skins should be stretched upon

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We recently received from Messrs. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., of Philadelphia, a very handsome reproduction of a painting of Sweet Peas by the master Flower Painter of the age, M. Paul de Longpré. Messrs. Burpee & Co., are to be congratulated upon securing this fine study from so renowned an artist. Mr. De Longpré having spent several days at Fordhook Farm to make a careful study of the Flowers from nature when in full bloom in July last.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to Messrs. Burpee & Co.'s advertisement of Sweet Peas in another column, and will add that we know from experience that any statement they make can be relied upon.

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a board, fleece or fur down, and washed several times with strong alum-water. The Calmucks use a solution of alum and statice root, mixed with sour milk in preparing the skins of sheep and other animals for clothing, but we do not know the proportions.

"MRS. E. M. B."—Some sleeves are lined to below the elbows with stiffening, others have the interlining only about ten inches deep over the top, narrowing to about five under the arm, and still others have nothing stiffer than a taffeta lining throughout, cut just the size of the outer fabric.—All seams in skirts, waists, and sleeves, should be carefully spread and pressed.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The person about whom you inquire has not been connected with Demorest's since 1886. A letter addressed to the care of Demorest's will be forwarded to her.

"ROSLYN."—Susan Warner is the author of "Melbourne House," "Daisy," "Daisy on the Plains," etc.

"MISS BRIDGIE."—Drink hot water about a half-hour before meals and just before going to bed, whether for reducing flesh or for promoting digestion and improving the general health.—Here is a receipt for rolled jelly-cake: One cup each of flour and of sugar, four table-spoonfuls of melted butter and two of water, and three eggs; add either a spoonful of baking-powder, or two of cream of tartar and one of soda, to the flour when sifting it; put all the ingredients together and beat till smooth, bake in two long, square-cornered tins; turn out while warm, but not hot, spread with jelly, and roll up. Some people like better a nice cup-cake for the purpose, but it is often troublesome in rolling.

"C. I."—Your letter was too late for an answer in the January number. There is nothing new in *jardinières*; for the dining-table there are low, silver dishes which are kept filled with ferns, and a cut-glass rose-bowl, sometimes resting upon a small, round mirror, is also liked. For the window and to place about the house are handsome *jardinières* of china and pottery, costing all the way from ninety cents to many dollars. These should be chosen to harmonize with the furnishings. A table-centre would be a better choice than a tray-cloth; table-runners are very little used. The article upon "Dainty Linen Work," in the October number, will show you the kind of work most used for table-centres, and the designs for doileys could be enlarged for your use.

"MAMIE."—Your invitations for a reception should be sent out ten days before the golden wedding anniversary, and you can have it for afternoon or evening, or for both if you prefer.

The following is the form usually adopted for such invitations:

1845. Monogram 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen Townsend,
At Home,
Thursday, January ninth,
from four until six,
and from eight until ten o'clock.
[Residence can follow here, if desired.]

It is considered the best form to have the engraving printed in black; but a monogram—of the two family initials—and the dates in large ornamental numerals are done in gold. Omit the monogram if you wish. Have the simple refreshments usually

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served in the afternoon,—tea, chocolate, *bouillon*, sandwiches, small cakes, and *bonbons*. You can make them more elaborate in the evening, if you wish, adding creamed oysters and a salad, more cakes, and ices. Set the table in the dining-room or back parlor, and have one or two matrons and some young girls to pour the tea and chocolate. One maid should be in attendance to bring in *bouillon* as required, remove soiled dishes and bring in fresh ones. The guests come and go all the time, and should be asked, as opportunity offers, to "take a cup of tea," soon after their arrival.

"POLLY."—Any of the progressive card games. a conversation or a library party,—described in Correspondence Club within the year,—or "Hidden Pictures" would be suitable amusements for a "Leap-Year Party." Like a library party, "Hidden Pictures" offers an opportunity for exercising much ingenuity and originality. Catalogues of the pictures, with pencils attached, are handed to the guests on arrival, and as they find the pictures they check them off. Prizes are given for the largest number of "finds," or guesses, and also for the most complete failure. "A Woman in White" is a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo. "Hard to Beat" is a hard-boiled egg, with the shell removed, snugly hidden in a basket of fruit or flowers. "Something to Adore" is a door-key. "The Cap and the Crown" is one of the gayly striped, Roman, knitted silk affairs, drawn over a Donatella cast. "All for Love" is a shoemaker's awl thrust into the bow of a china Cupid perched on the corner of a door-casing. At one of these parties "A Familiar Face" was found in the mirror. Of course the ladies should take the gentlemen out to supper, and in every small way the men must be the recipients of attentions from the women.—"Trilby" has not been published in a cheap edition. You can order it from the publishers, Harper & Bros., or from any news-dealer.

OUR BOOK-SHELVES.

From Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, we have received the usual assortment of interesting books, grave and gay, suited to the tastes of every member of the family. Among them are the following:

"OLD BOSTON," illustrated with reproductions of etchings in half-tones, by Henry B. Blaney.

"POEMS OF THE FARM," selected and illustrated by Alfred C. Eastman.

"YOUNG MASTER KIRKE," one of the "Silver Gate" series, by Penn Shirley.

"LITTLE DAUGHTER," one of the Hazelwood stories, by Grace Le Baron.

"KYZIE DUNLEE, A GOLDEN GIRL," by Sophie May.

"HALF ROUND THE WORLD, or Among the Uncivilized," the second volume, third series of the "All Over the World" stories, by Oliver Optic.

"THE BOY OFFICERS OF 1812," by Everett T. Tomlinson.

"AUNT BILLY," by Alyn Yates Keith, a volume of charming short stories of New England life.

"BROKEN NOTES FROM A GRAY NUNNERY," which records the events of a year in a quiet old country house, told in a charming fashion by Mrs. J. S. Hallock.

"THE LOTTERY TICKET," by J. T. Trowbridge.

"A LIEUTENANT AT EIGHTEEN," another volume in "The Blue and the Gray"—"On Land" series, by Oliver Optic.

"THE BOSTON CHARADES," by Herbert Ingalls, which affords entertainment for many a winter evening.

"WHIFFS FROM WILD MEADOWS," a collection of poems, by Sam Walter Foss.

From "The Woolfall Company" we have received one of those convenient little hand-books which are always welcome to the student or writer, "THE YOUTH'S DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY," for boys and girls, containing brief and accurate accounts of the gods and goddesses of the ancients.

The Mayflower Publishing Company, Floral Park, N. Y., sends us "AND THE SWORD FELL," by Carrie Goldsmith Childs. It is a story with a purpose, like many of the ambitious efforts of to-day, its aim being to prove the importance of woman's duties as wife and mother. The story is told in the form of a journal kept through the first years of wifehood and motherhood.

GLEANINGS.

HEREDITARY PRIVILEGES.

Browsing in foreign fields, in person or through the medium of a book, one is constantly happening upon curious customs and privileges which have come down through the centuries to bind the dim and otherwise forgotten past to the present; and one of the quaintest of these comes to us from Spain, an inheritance in the house of the noble Duke of Hijar. On every Epiphany Day there is brought to the duke's palace in Madrid, with much state, ceremony, and military pomp, one of the costumes worn by the sovereign during the past twelve months, in memory of the time, hundreds of years ago, when the first of the family, a lowly cattle-herder, succored a king of Castile. He had lost his way when hunting, and, separated from his retinue, was overtaken by a fierce storm and sought shelter in the herder's hovel. Ignorant of his guest's identity the man gave the king not only his food and bed but also his clothes; and when the king offered pay for the entertainment he rejected it haughtily, saying: "You are not a true Castilian, if you offer your host a price for his hospitality." The king was so moved by this reply that he insisted upon taking the man to Madrid with him, rewarding him most generously and raising him to the peerage, first as Count of Rivadeo, and later adding the dignity of Duke of Hijar; with which was conferred the hereditary privilege of receiving a suit of the monarch's own clothes on every Epiphany Day in memory of the succor bestowed on the king in his need.

PREPARATION FOR LITERARY WORK.

Mrs. Humphry Ward says that much of her success as a writer is due to her omnivorous habit as a young girl of devouring books. She was wont to haunt the shady corners of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where with a free hand she picked up a vast amount "of desultory information covering a wide field"; which, while feeding her imagination, also laid the foundation for a love of books which is one of the strongest passions and influences of her life. Like

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