DEMOREST'S

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THE LATEST EDUCATIONAL "FAD."

"COME," said Mrs. Argand, the school supervisor, "this is a dull morning for you. Come with me to the sloyd class."

"The 'sloyd'?" I asked, wonderingly. I knew it must be something connected with the schools, because she seemed interested in it; but whether it might be the new system of gymnastics or a cooking-school or even some athletic game, I had no idea.

"You don't mean to tell me you've not heard of sloyd?" was her reply. "What have you been reading the past two years? It's been in all the daily papers, besides lots of special articles in educational publications."

"Well, I might as well confess," I began, laughingly, "that I am not an enthusiast on the subject of education. On the contrary, I think it the driest topic in the world; and I always skip the articles in papers and magazines which bear directly upon it."

"You heathen!" murmured Mrs. Argand.

"And as for educational publications," I pursued, regardless of her remarks, "I would no more sit down deliberately to read one of those things than I would choose the Talmud in the original for hammock-reading on a hot summer day. So now, what is sloyd?"

"But haven't you read anything about Herr Abramson's famous school in Sweden, and how teachers from all over the world are going over there every year to fit themselves to teach sloyd?" she exclaimed, in a kind of despair.

"Not a word," was my firm response; "or, if I did some time read about the Swedish school, my feeble mind did mprehend that it was anything to America, and I for- had read it."

ve a sort of groan: we were the kind of speak their minds without fear of offense."

just such people as you," she began, f education does not grow faster in this cared more about the public schools they

you I mean the general public—the

less whole'!" I exclaimed. "Don't bby, or we never shall get there; lliner promptly at twelve."

d-natured reply; "for we must d it's half-past nine now."

Five minutes later we were on a Boston horse-car, going towards the Roxbury district; and not long afterward we had turned down a side-street, Mrs. Argand talking busily meanwhile.

"It is but a few years back," she said, "that Herr Abram Abramson, a wealthy Swede, bought a fine old estate in Näas, with a castle and all that. His first thought was to do something for the good of the poor people on his estate. He established good schools, the first thing; then, realizing the value of industrial training to the children of his laborers, he opened a school to teach them the principles of manual training.

"The school developed far beyond what he originally intended, and with his famous instructor, Herr Otto Salomon, they soon evolved the wonderful sloyd school, a normal school for teachers, which is free to the world, and to which teachers from every civilized country are now flocking to learn the new system of manual training—sloyd."

"Oh! is that what it is?—manual training?" I said.

"Yes, and no, as Joseph Cook would say. It is a certain form of manual training; but as you object to technical terms, I shall not enter into an elaborate explanation. The word sloyd comes from an old Icelandic word 'slog,' and is spelled now in Sweden s-l-o-j-d. It means, hand-skill. But here we are, and you will soon see what it means, better than I can tell you."

We were a trifle early, and no scholars were as yet inside the building used for the sloyd classes. A genial, pleasant-faced young man came forward to greet us, and was introduced as Mr. Schwartz, the sloyd teacher of the Comins School.

"A graduate of the Näas school," explained Mrs. Argand.

The room was fitted up with twenty cabinet-makers' benches—a queer-looking school-room enough. They were ranged in rows, like desks. Each bench was fitted up with a full set of tools,—saws, files, gauges, planes, chisels, and all sorts of others whose names I did not know. A great clamp, or vise, was attached to the right-hand of each desk, and the walls were also fitted up with yet different kinds of saws, etc. On the blackboards were drawings of models, definitions of terms, lists of things to be made, and on one a drawing showing the difference between a rip-saw and a "cross-cut,"—which was quite as new to me as to the most ignorant scholar. In the middle of the room stood a big grindstone, and shavings littered the floor.

"They all seem happy in their work," I said.

"Happy!" ejaculated Mr. Schwartz. "They are perfectly absorbed in it! Many and many a day I have been unable to snatch time to eat my lunch, they flock in here at the noon recess so, and beg to work. My school has been open here only a little over a year," he went on, "and it has proved the most popular, and one of the most practical, branches we have. In the Comins School there is a cooking department, a sewing-school, and two kindergartens; but the sloyd is behind none of them.

"Sloyd was first introduced into America"—I had asked him the question—"about three years ago, by Mr. Larsson, although we had several systems of wood-working in operation before, more especially, perhaps, in the regular industrial schools. But after the sloyd proved to be so much of a success at the Näas School, in Sweden, and particularly after Mr. Larsson opened a normal class for teachers, in Boston, it began to seem a more practical, and even a necessary, adjunct to our public schools. Other cities are adopting it as an experiment, and it will be but a matter of months, probably, when every public school in the city will have its sloyd school attached. Boston will probably adopt the sloyd schools as they stand, another year, and open others. You know these are supported by Mrs. Quincy Shaw, the philanthropist who has already done so much for the public school."

"I suppose nobody but boys can come to these classes?" I said.

"Oh yes: we have classes of girls, too," was the reply. "And they do quite as well as the boys do. I shall have a class of girls this afternoon. They are just as skillful in the use of their hands and as teachable in the matter of tools, while they are apt to be more accurate in small matters than the boys. Certainly, girls are going to study sloyd."

Here the second boy held up his finished drawing, and it was pronounced good. I turned to the third boy: he had planed his board down to what seemed to me perfect smoothness.

"No," said his teacher, after inspecting it. "Don't you see that line isn't straight? and the grain over there is crooked. You can do better than that."

And so No. 3 trudged back and went faithfully to work, no whit discouraged by the teacher's words. It was plain that he wanted to do the very best that was in him.

"After all," I thought to myself, "what a different side of the boy such work must develop, from the old-fashioned school-work of memorizing the printed page. I wish sloyd had been the fashion in my school-days."

My musings were interrupted by the noon gong. The class was dismissed, the boys folded up their aprons, put away models and tools, and filed out.

A big cabinet of models stood in a corner and I fell to examining these with great interest while Mrs. Argand held a spirited discussion with the young sloyd teacher. By and by I was roused by her voice at my elbow.

"Do you see what time it is?" I looked up. The clock marked twenty minutes after twelve.

"And your milliner?" Mrs. Argand's eyes gleamed maliciously.

"Some other day," I laughed. "I'm coming this afternoon to see what girls can do with sloyd."

GIRLS' CLASS IN SLOYD.

My friend, not so zealous as I, refused to accompany me in the afternoon, consequently I went alone. The girls—twenty of them, ranging from eleven to fourteen years in age—came in promptly at two, and filed quietly to their places, first, however, donning the denim aprons made like any carpenter's apron.

Looking at them one could not see but they were fully as interested in their work as the boys; and certainly they disproved the old-fashioned idea that a woman cannot handle a saw or a hammer.

Take, for instance, the girl that was deftly working at a lemon-squeezer. There is a good deal of fine work about this domestic implement, made as the sloyd classes have to make it; but Mary Mullaly sawed out her thick piece of board as handily as any boy in the morning class would have done it. To get the hollow on one part of the squeezer and the bulging part on the other exactly true, so that they will fit each other like a hand into a glove, is a nice operation; but Mary went about it scientifically, and when it was done sand-papered the whole down to a satin finish, hinging the two parts as beautifully as a skilled cabinet-maker could have done it.

"Mary," I said to her when the class was dismissed and she was putting on her hat and sacque, "how do you like this work?"

"Oh, it is splendid!" she cried, with enthusiasm. "I would rather do it than anything else. It's more fun. Mamma don't think it is quite proper for girls; but I have to take piano-lessons, and I just hate them! and so she bribes me to go on with music by letting me come to sloyd. And I don't see why it ain't just as well for girls to know how to use tools and drive a nail and make things, as it is to bang on an old piano when they hate it!"

And I quite agreed with her.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

In the Woman's Ward of an Insane Asylum.

OF all the "ills that flesh is heir to" there is without doubt none other with which everyone so completely sympathizes as with that disorder of the brain and nerves we call insanity. Even the law, the pitiless, iron-shod law, hesitates to inflict a too rigorous sentence on the convicted wretch adjudged insane.

The novelist, the dramatist, and the poet depict insanity to us in its most interesting phase, the emotional disturbances occasioned by disappointed love and grief, and their effect on the hero or heroine. We weep with sweet Ophelia "divided from herself and her fair judgment," and the desperate frenzy of gentle Lucy Ashton thrills us as we read, or listen to her ravings in the wild, flute-like melodies thus musically interpreted for us by Donizetti.

But these love-crazed heroines only typify a proportion of the poor creatures which fill the women's wards of our insane asylums. The farmer's wife, whose years of grinding, monotonous domestic toil have "left their traces on heart and brain," is only too often met with among the female lunatics. Overwork, worry, domestic trials, grief, intemperance, the use of narcotics, and various emotions reacting upon an exhausted nervous system produce insanity more or less violent, and sometimes incurable. To define the limit on one side of which is positive insanity, and on the other, various nervous disorders, is as perplexing as to explain insanity itself.

RECEIVING A VIOLENT PATIENT.

There are physiologists who hold that, while in many cases the predisposing cause of insanity is hereditary, everyone is as susceptible to insanity as to other diseases and disorders which do not directly affect the mind. Very probably there is a period in everyone's history when a rigid judgment would set him down as not altogether in his right mind. *Semel insanavimus omnes.* Thus it comes that the visitor will see many women among the insane patients who do not appear at all "crazy," and many who, if slightly dejected in manner, do not manifest half the hysterical unreason to which we are, unfortunately, too often subjected in our own perfectly sane families; for hysteria presents a startling likeness to insanity.

Every individual "case" is interesting to the student of psychology, for insanity, as a physician whose time is spent with these unfortunates says, "is not only a specialty in medical practice, but a special specialty;" and every brain whose action has become morbid or erratic is a specialty. Delusion, hallucination, melancholy, and mania are the chief characteristics of insanity. True, these are met with in those who are not insane: there are plenty of deluded creatures who are not insane, plenty of fanciful "dreamers of dreams," too many, alas! plunged into deepest life-long melancholy, and maniacs whose mania is imbibed with the

A PRIVATE ROOM.

THE CORRIDOR.

THE STRAIT-JACKET.

liquid poison they delight in. Still these are the apparent characteristics of insanity; and persons possessing those characteristics, whether prince or pauper, are not adapted for life under its ordinary conditions: they need special care and restraint, hence the insane asylums.

Private, public, or charitable, the object in one and all is the same: to minister to, to cure, if possible, the "mind diseased," and, if not, to restrain. The companionship of other distraught creatures is not a means to the desired end, and unless a person is absolutely, hopelessly insane, and dangerous, it is not simply unkind, but unwise, to consign them to any but very carefully kept, *maisons de santé*, the more private, the better.

Have you thought of putting your melancholy sister in an asylum? Since on one fatal day she lost all life held dearest, her sensitive nature drooped and failed; but her constitution being good, and her habits of life simple and correct, it was not the lungs, nor the liver, nor the heart, nor the digestive organs, which failed: her fine physique withstood the assaults of violent emotion, but the brain—that delicate, acute, sensitive organ, quivering in unison with every pulse of passion, pain, or pleasure—has lost its power to rally, and continues reproducing the sad and mournful images presented to it in the first instance. She is insane! The asylum is the only place for her. So you have finally decided. Well, if you were with me in the office of an insane hospital, possibly you might change your mind.

The halls are clean, preternaturally clean; the attendants seem clever, alert, and attentive; the organization is good: we are invited to inspect a few of the many wards, and see and talk with patients.

A doctor enters the office, with a troubled look on his face. A smothered scuffling is heard outside, a confusion of strange, alarming sounds, and two attendants, half-leading, half-dragging a shrieking, struggling creature, follow. This is a "violent" patient, whose paroxysm has occurred at the very moment of her reception. Promptly the office is cleared of all but the necessary officials, and after a terrible struggle the wretched woman is securely invested with a strait-jacket, and becomes a more manageable object. But her shrieks continue, fearful utterances, that which is intelligible mingled with blasphemy, inconceivable as coming from the lips of woman. This is to be one of the inmates of this institution, and there are more like her.

Of course the violent cases are kept apart; and as we follow the perforce submissive creature in the strait-jacket and her guardians down the wide corridors, we see that on all sides are wings where patients of varying degrees of insanity are kept. The incurable and more violent cases are kept as remote as possible from the others. In some cases the patients occupy separate rooms, which in an asylum for insane paupers are as bare as a prison cell, but scrupulously clean, and well ventilated in most cases. The unfortunate occupants perhaps realize that the world looks different seen from behind the bars, but their disturbed imaginations have already made it a desolate place, so the asylum is to them only a prison, in any case.

More care is taken to isolate the convalescent and cur-

"THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH."

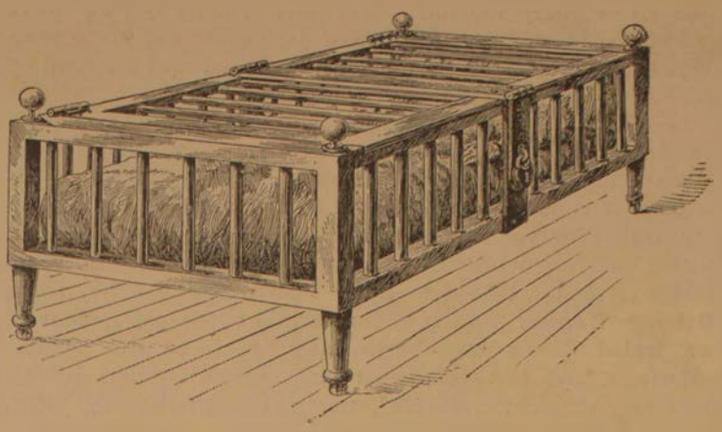
"THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS."

able cases, and these generally sleep apart; but in the incurable ward nurses and patients occupy long rows of snowy white beds, and the dormitory, cheerful and sunny in the daytime, with its white walls and double row of windows, is also their sitting-room. Here the lunatics sit, many of them moping, idle, others industrious, energetic, busy. Some crochet miles of fine thread-lace, others sew and knit. Here you will meet also noted and distinguished personages, as well as the afflicted, if you believe what the rulers of this "kingdom of shreds and patches" tell you.

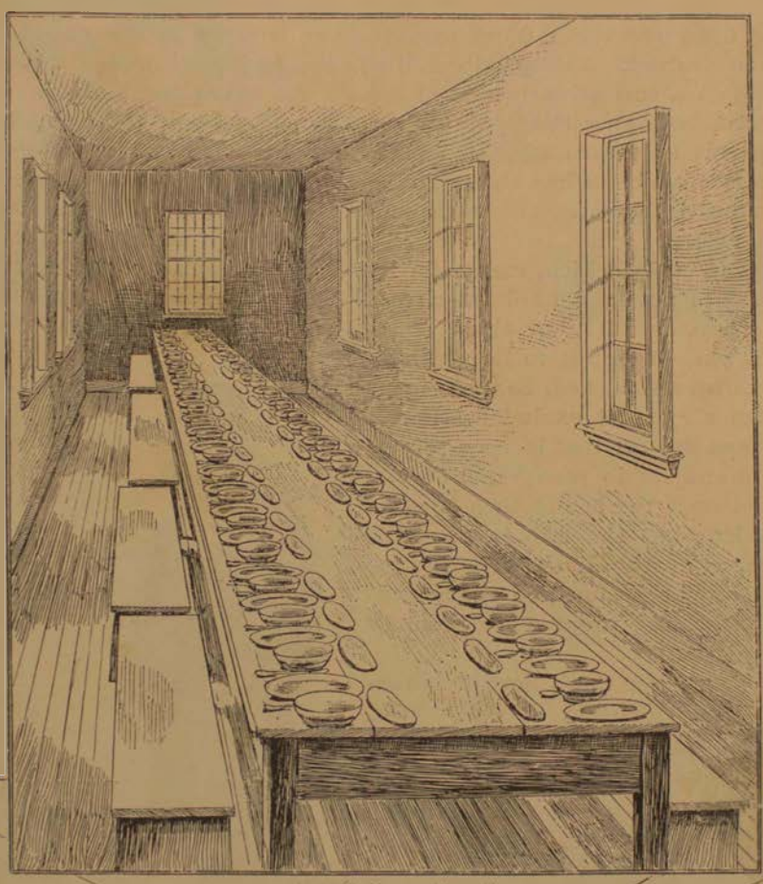
The doctor kindly introduces you to that wonderful dancer, the daughter of Herodias, who danced off the head of John the Baptist. The prototype of beautiful Salome is a lively little colored woman, delighted to exhibit her terpsichorean feats. She informs us confidentially that she "is on'y a little cracked on 'ligion," so accurate a knowledge has she of her affliction.

Other notabilities are presented: Joan of Arc, a pale Frenchwoman, several queens, angels, etc., and, finally, the most important of all these crownless and assertive royalties, no less a person than "the queen of heaven and earth, the greatest beauty the world has ever seen either in Europe or America, the almighty power, the blessed one of God, Mrs. Overheim." She requires all to approach her as worshipers, and is tolerably gracious to those who do so. She is a middle-aged German matron of rather commanding appearance, with neatly arranged light brown hair; but one look at her thin wide mouth and its closely compressed lips is convincing proof of her autocracy. It is the part of wisdom to obey, and doctors and nurses respect her assertions of authority.

Another less-satisfied one, who sits contentedly by, knitting, smiles and says, "I will leave it to anybody if I am crazy. Even the doctors say I have only two delusions and a lump in my side, that's all."



THE CRIB.



THE INCURABLE WARD.

THE SUPPER-TABLE.

Much more vociferously does another appeal for liberty. She says she is not in the least insane, and any person of intellect would say so. The only thing that ails her is, one day her servant, who was washing for her, put too much soda in the tub of water, and as she put her hands in it the flesh all turned into strings running all through her, and whiniver annybody touches her the strings of flesh all pull out and hurt her; but as for anny one sayin' she is insane, it is the greatest shame in the world, etc., etc., indefinitely and incoherently, until the half-fascinated, half-terrified auditor watching her pulling out these strange intangible "strings of flesh" from her arms and bosom, and listening to her interminable account, almost feels her own reason weaken.

The question naturally arises, "Do the nurses ever become insane?" and the question is answered in the affirmative. Mental disorder is strangely contagious, and one needs a cool, well-balanced mind and sound body to care for these stricken creatures.

They are very much like other people, however, at mealtime; and even "the queen of heaven, etc.," condescends to drink tea

like an ordinary mortal. Meal-time is a refreshing break indeed in the monotonous life of an institution, for monotonous it undoubtedly is, although peopled and adorned by the vague or lurid fancies of its inmates.

In spite of the sadness which will arise in contemplating these insane women, the element of the grotesque is so apparent that one loses sight of much of the spectacle of dethroned reason. But would you know more of its terrors, approach—for you would not willingly enter—the retreat, as the building where the maniacs are confined is euphemistically termed. Listen to those heart-rending cries, those shrieks of agony, and low, long wails of despair, blent in one weird discordant chorus, and think of the mental sufferings, the tortured, quivering, sensitive nerves, the dread musings, the fearful, unequal conflict with grief, shame, disgrace, doubt, blighted hopes, disappointment, and the final blackness of utter despair, shadowing forever the mental horizon which must have been before the mind was finally wrecked and reason overwhelmed in the soundless depths of insanity.

The cell, the "crib," the strait-jacket, these in one way or other confine the poor creatures who would do violence to themselves or others if not restrained. The padded cell is only for the extremest cases, as a corrective measure; the strait-jacket is a narrow waist, buttoning closely down the front, and with sleeves without apertures for the hands, but ending in a point and strap, which, when the arms are crossed, are fastened around the figure at the back and hinder any movement of the arms.

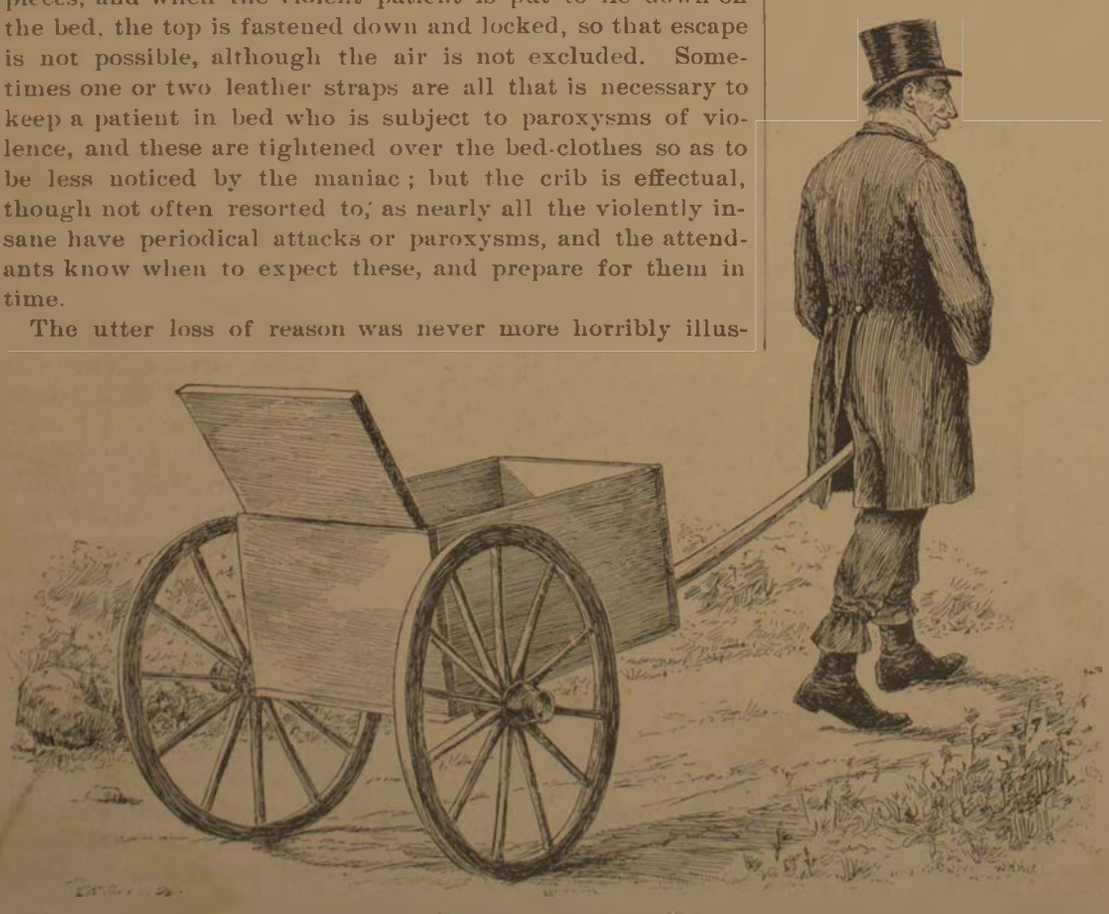
The "crib" is a heavy wooden crib, which, except for its heavy rails and side-pieces, does not look unlike a child's crib; but it has, besides, a top, or "lid," of thick cross-pieces, and when the violent patient is put to lie down on the bed, the top is fastened down and locked, so that escape is not possible, although the air is not excluded. Sometimes one or two leather straps are all that is necessary to keep a patient in bed who is subject to paroxysms of violence, and these are tightened over the bed-clothes so as to be less noticed by the maniac; but the crib is effectual, though not often resorted to, as nearly all the violently insane have periodical attacks or paroxysms, and the attendants know when to expect these, and prepare for them in time.

The utter loss of reason was never more horribly illustrated than in the awful calamity at Longue Pointe, near Montreal, in Canada, where numbers of maniac women were burned to death in the conflagration which consumed the large insane asylum there. What to the spectators was a scene of horror, was to the lunatics supreme amusement. Screaming with mad delight, the insane women in the violent wards clung to the iron bars of their prison like tigresses, and the nuns, their guardians, and stalwart firemen, their would-be rescuers, finding them as unmanageable as wild beasts, had to leave them to their maniacal disport among the flames and to their awful final fate.

"LULLING HER FOND FANCY."

Not very often could such a calamity occur, for few asylums are so illy equipped as that of Longue Pointe was; and in some asylums, such as that of Blackwell's Island, in New York City, for insane paupers, the pavilion system has been adopted with great success. There the incurables are isolated in low one-story frame buildings, from which escape is easy in case of fire or other accident.

An invitation to attend an entertainment given to the insane women there confined was regarded as one quite unique in the variety of diversion it offered. The entertainment, held in a hall conveniently near the imposing granite structure which contains the largest number of female lunatics of any institution in the world, was partly musical and partly dramatic. From various motives the (presumably) sane guests were seated in a gallery at the back of the hall, and from there viewed the performers and the crowded audience. Some difficulty was experienced in seating the lunatics, who had various caprices and preferences as to where they desired to sit, but, on the whole, they filled the hall with not much more confusion than any assemblage of equal numbers. But the sight of so many bereft of reason was sad.



"JOHNNY THE HORSE."

The merry chorus of the "Sleigh-Bell Sonata" delighted the poor creatures: most of them sat quietly enjoying the spirited music, but here and there an enthusiastic auditor displayed an interest or was affected to a degree which betrayed the character of the assemblage at once. An appreciator of good music is one who rises from her seat, and, bending as far forward as she can, reaches up two shapely arms toward the stage and applauds with all her might. Not even the ugly flannel cloak, which is the asylum uniform, can hide the lovely outlines of her figure, and her hands are small and white. Yet she is a pauper, and insane. What a fate for one of nature's queens! Not many of the women have a tithe of her good looks, however, and somehow even women sympathize more with a beautiful woman in affliction than with a homely one.

IN THE CONVALESCENT WARD.

A pale woman sitting a little back in the auditorium is very differently affected by the jingling sleigh-bells and the gay piano-forte accompaniment. Somewhere in the dim recesses of her memory slumbered a thought, now awakened by the music. She folds her little shawl, and clasping it to her lonely bosom, where her baby once nestled, she rocks to and fro, lulling her fond fancy to the music of the waltz-like strains.

At the other end of the room a slight disturbance interrupts the harmony of the proceedings. One of the women shrieks wildly, and nurses and attendants hurry her out of the side door and back to her room, not unwillingly, for she cries to be taken to her "own little room."

The entertainment progresses much to the satisfaction of the majority of the spectators. To tell the truth, their behavior, except in a few extreme instances, is not more irrational than that of any other equal number of sight-seers. Our attention is distracted not a little, however, from the stage, where a gifted company of lovely girls and charming young men are delighting their queer audience with a brilliant little comedietta. Beside us in the gallery sits a notability and privileged character of the institution, "Johnny the horse," a tall, angular man with a face curiously distorted into the semblance of an equine countenance, and a mind similarly affected. Poor Johnny! he is gentle and kind, docile and affectionate, but he thinks he is a horse; and yet he has many gentlemanly characteristics. He sits attentively quiet during the performance, and after it is over follows us out, and speedily hitches himself up to the wagon in which he carries various small parcels from one building to another. He is his own groom, coachman, and driver, as well as horse, and he tosses his great head and prances off in lumbering fashion, taking great delight in showing the ladies how fine a horse he is.

OUT FOR EXERCISE.

When the lunatics have all returned to their respective wards we are invited to hear some music by one of the convalescents. The convalescent ward is bright and cheerful, and the women look less hopeless. They wear plain print

"NATURALLY DISCONCERTING."

gowns, and a woman must be more than ordinarily good-looking to find them becoming. Still, as the sailors say, "Done-up hair looks mighty nice," and some of them have this attraction.

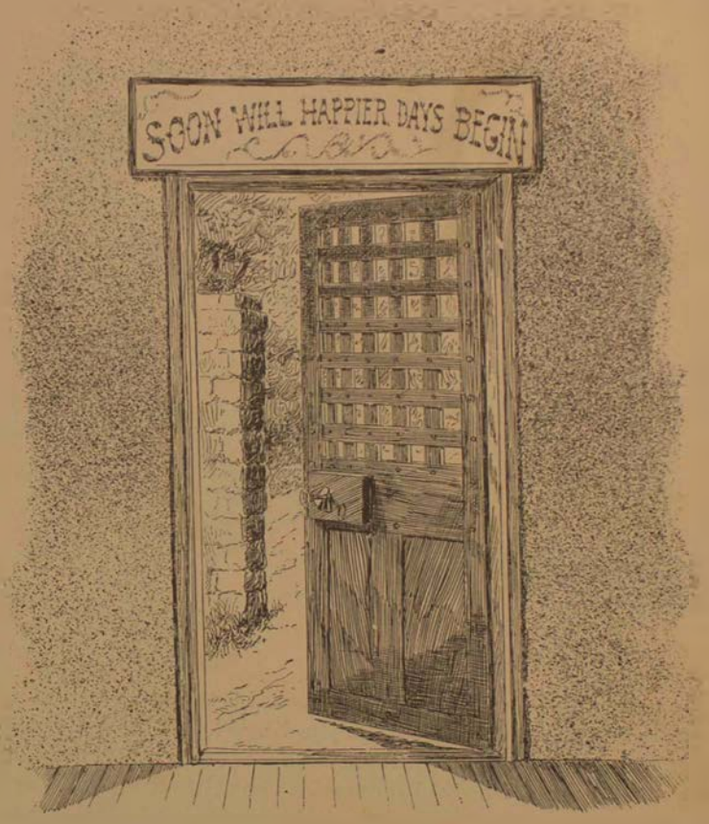
This is not the case with the performer: her light-brown hair is very much disordered, and her appearance is far from prepossessing; yet she plays a difficult set of waltzes on the piano, with accuracy, spirit, and taste. She does not seem to care much for the profuse thanks of her listeners, but retires to her seat on the settee with her companions.

The doctor has a word for many, and explains to us some of the peculiarities of the patients as he points them out. Here, as elsewhere, the doctor's visits are hailed with delight, and the matron tells us that in some of the less convalescent wards there are patients who believe themselves to be in love with the doctor, or mistake him for an absent sweetheart, and rush to embrace him when he enters, with an abandon that, no matter how accustomed to it he may become, is naturally disconcerting.

It is difficult to realize that some of the convalescent and milder cases are not "right in their minds." Some of the patients seem wholly reasonable and intelligent, and one may converse with them for a long time without discovering any evidence of mental alienation. But in some moment of confidence, or prompted by some careless question, the hidden malady of the mind will show itself. For instance, you may talk an hour with a neat and clever young woman, and as you rise to go you say, "Please tell me your name, and I will send you a few books which I hope may interest you." Alas! her lip quivers, she looks at you piteously, searching the dim recesses of memory for a forgotten sound. She cannot tell what her name is, though were you to speak it she would instinctively answer to it. But the physician assures you that her case is not hopeless, and that the sun of memory obscured in the clouds of unreason will again illumine her shadowed mind. This loss of memory is only a remaining weakness after the real disease of the mind is cured. There is danger of relapse until the patient is "hardened," and doctors insist that the patient shall remain in the asylum till all traces of her affliction have been obliterated.

The convalescent ward is less depressing to the visitor than the others. Here hope has a place; here are books, music, and sunshine; here is a pretty little chapel where religious services are held on Sundays and holy days; here the shadow of unreason falls less heavily: and as we pass out the heavy door over which we read the inscription, "Soon will happier days begin," although it shuts with an ominous click like that of all the others, betraying the spring-lock, we carry away with us the hopeful sentiment of the place, and the deeper horrors of insanity are left in the background of our impressions.

LEILA S. FROST.



The First Love-Letter.

(*See Page Engraving.*)

THE quaint and dainty styles of the First Empire lend charming grace to the group depicted in our engraving. The sisters and confidantes are deep in the perusal of the first love-letter, which the younger, to whom it is addressed, is reading aloud, while the mature elder listens, pensively recalling her own early experiences.

The calm, sweet delights of sisterly intercourse and the confidential character of the episode are well carried out by the artist. Repose and unreserve speak in all the surroundings. This is a secluded nook in the garden of an old French *chateau*, where the sisters come to read, to work, to chat, secure from prying curiosity or untimely interruptions.

As a costume study the picture is invaluable, the young married woman and the *ingénue* of seventeen being dressed respectively in velvet and muslin, as becomes their relative positions. The gentle dignity of the matron and the artless eagerness of the excited girl are admirably contrasted also, and the artist, Marcus Stone, an English painter of note, has, as usual, given us a picture attractive not only by its well-chosen subject, but its adroit dexterity of grouping and pleasing shades of coloring, admirably brought out in our fine engraving.

A Shelf of Autographs.

IN a corner of the library at Spiegel Grove, the Ohio home of ex-President R. B. Hayes, stands a low bookcase devoted to treasures. Many of them are thin books: presentation copies, volumes with autograph annotations, and old English and American editions.

Very choice among them all is an autograph album in six great volumes, which was presented to Mrs. Hayes, by the ladies of Illinois, March 3, 1881, the last day of her residence in the Executive Mansion. No ordinary books are these. Each leaf is of parchment, and before it could be united with its six hundred companions in a volume had to go forth in quest of a name or a seal or a decoration that would make it worthy of that high honor.

SPIEGEL GROVE, HOME OF EX-PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES.

So for many months the sheets traveled back and forth across the continent. Hardly a town in the United States but saw one of them. Before passing to the devoted care of the binder, they were classified,

"Music and Sculpture hand in hand,
The painter with electric wand,
The almond-tree with solemn shine
And orange-blossoms softly twine.
The legions of the Fourth Estate
With poet, hero, meet and mate,
Join with the ermine and the lawn,
To pass the royal greeting on."

So, in part, wrote Benjamin F. Taylor, the Illinois poet, in dedication of the volumes. The first of the regular autographs of the collection is that of Mrs. James K. Polk, of Nashville, which is followed by the signatures of the leading officials of country, State, county, and city, throughout the Union. The second volume is devoted to the Army and Navy; the fourth and fifth, to the clergy, the bar, and the press, and to the great class of artisans and tradesmen; and the sixth, to the temperance, missionary, Sunday-school, and other great organizations for Christian work.

The chief interest, however, centers in the third volume, where are expressed the sentiments of the poets, authors, artists, musicians, inventors, and educators of our country. Here, in that upright hand that fac-similes have made so familiar, is the name of Henry W. Longfellow, with the lines:

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."

Upon the following leaf John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it:
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it."

Turning the page, this from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Look in our eyes, your welcome waits you there,
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere"

and upon the reverse of the sheet his full heart overflows with:

"Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us, the Many in One."

Each leaf of the book has, for the sake of uniformity, engraved along the edge the words Autograph, Town, County, State, and Official Position or Profession. Beside the latter, Doctor Holmes modestly wrote, not Author, Poet, or Physician, but "Professor"!

Dwelling thus on the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls the sight of Mrs. Hayes seated in a low chair by a window, engrossed in reading "My Search for the Captain," and looking up occasionally to make a comment or to read a passage aloud. How many times she had read it before she could not have told; but its interest never failed. It was like a chapter of her own history,—almost the counterpart of her search, in those same troublous times, for her wounded husband. In 1888, at a reception given by Mr. Houghton of Boston in honor of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mrs. Hayes met Dr. Holmes for the first time. Always afterward it was a sorrow to her that she did not catch his name, nor have a second opportunity of telling him, by word of mouth, how much pleasure his war chapter had given her. But this by the way.

"The fragrance of her goodness will linger forever about the Executive Mansion."—FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

"That woman's hand that puts away the cup
Is fair as Joan's with the sword lift up."
—G. W. CABLE.

"Woman only can make wine-drinking unfashionable, and heal the nation of its curse."—J. G. HOLLAND.

"Laurels in life's first summer glow
Rarely grow;
But honors thicken on heads of snow."
—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"The White House at Washington, whiter and purer because Mrs. Hayes has been its mistress."—THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

LOOKING INTO THE LIBRARY. MRS. HAYES SEATED AT THE WINDOW.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps sent her greeting to one

"Who has the dignity, courage, and fidelity of her convictions;"

and Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, to

"The woman who, standing 'in the midst,' in the Chief Home, stood bravely, for the sake of every home in the land."

Charles Dudley Warner declares that

"A good deed outlasts official position."

Other sentiments are these:

"To perform one's own function with fidelity and simplicity is to be both hero and saint."—EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"Duty done is the soul's fireside."—JOSEPH COOK.

"Hand in hand with angels:
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpless:
Giving light, they see!"
—LUCY LARCOM.

"I love Art, but Nature more."—ALBERT BIERSTADT.

The tribute of another artist, Mr. D. Huntington, President of the National Academy of Design, is of especial interest in connection with the fact that it was written at the time he was painting the beautiful full-length portrait of Mrs. Hayes which hangs in the Green Room of the White House. He wrote:

"When high moral worth and courage combine with gentleness, matronly dignity, graciousness, genial wit, and sweetest charity, the charm is complete."

Of all the autographs, however, none pleased Mrs. Hayes more than that of George F. Root, the composer of many

LOOKING INTO THE LIBRARY. MR. HAYES IN THE DOORWAY.

stirring war-songs. Under a sketch of a woman with bowed head sitting near a harp, he had copied a bar of music and its accompanying words,

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys!"

And he, rather than poet or artist or sculptor, thus expressed that intense patriotism which was one of the deepest emotions of Mrs. Hayes' heart.

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER.

AMERICAN ANIMALS THAT ARE BECOMING EXTINCT.

IX.

MUSK-OXEN.

OF all hoofed mammals known, the musk-ox certainly seems best fitted by nature to withstand the terrible severity of an Arctic climate. A coat of thick, woolly fur is covered by a heavy overcoat of long, dark hair, deep matted, curly at the shoulders and so abundant as to make the creature look as though he had a hump on his back, elsewhere straight and hanging down as far as, and even below, his knees,—an overcoat that completely envelops the animal, hides his ears and tail, and covers with short, close hair his muzzle, naked in all other sheep; for, though called an ox, this mammal is really a sheep.

Even the soles of his feet are hairy; and, indeed, the anatomy and articulations of the musk-ox are as completely out of sight and covered up as is the frame-work of a wagon that carries a load of hay. Although a dwarf among oxen, it is something of a giant among sheep, being about four feet high at the shoulders, and nearly eight feet long. The horns, which are round in section, are remarkably massive at their bases, where they meet over the brow; they are also peculiarly curved, bent down against the cheek, with the points turned upward like a fishing-hook with the sharp ends directed forward. The horns of the female, however, as may be seen in the illustration, are much slighter and less developed than those of the male, though of the same general form.

A full-grown male attains a weight of four hundred and fifty pounds, and the female about four hundred pounds. Parker Gillmore, quoted by R. R. Wright, says "the flesh is excellent and nutritious when fat, but quite the reverse when by a long and protracted winter they become thin and attenuated. The flavor is considerably like that of venison, though the meat is much coarser in the grain. The flesh, indeed, is often an invaluable resource to those who are compelled to pass the winter in the dreary and inhospitable snowfields of polar America."

The musk-ox ranges over the rocky and barren grounds of North Greenland in large herds, each bull being accompanied by from ten to twenty cows; or, to use the more cor-

MUSK-OXEN.

1. Head of male. 2. Hunted by Innuits. 3. Head of female. 4. Male.

rect phraseology, though not the popular one, each ram accompanied by from ten to twenty ewes.

The voice of these animals resembles neither the bleating of sheep nor the cry of the goat, but rather the snorting of the walrus. In parts of the southern limit of its habitat where forests exist, it makes great migrations in winter to reach them; but it is quite capable of reaching and feeding upon the mosses and lichens that lie under the snow in localities where no forests can grow. The musky odor and flavor which give the animal its name, and which is chiefly conspicuous in the adult males at certain seasons in the year, does not come from any special gland, as is the case with the musk-deer and other animals giving out this odor, but its origin has yet to be investigated and explained.

It was formerly thought that the musk-ox was a rather stupid animal, and stories have been told of herds that remained motionless as one after another was shot down, without an attempt to escape, and it was sapiently added that they doubtless mistook the discharges of the guns of the hunters for thunder and lightning: the narrator evidently forgetting how rare such phenomena must be in a country of eternal winter. The truth seems to be that they are decidedly a vigilant and intelligent race of mammals. When on their feeding-grounds, sentinels are always posted to give warning of approaching danger and signal its coming by stamping with their fore hoofs and striking members of the herd with their horns. The males are rather quarrelsome, and the old rams have terrific battles, striking their great horns together with a noise like the report of a musket. So effectual are these weapons, that in the pitched battles that sometimes occur with the dreaded polar bear, the musk-ox often comes off victorious.

When alarmed, musk-oxen run with no small speed, notwithstanding the shortness of their legs, and collect together "like a flock of sheep herded by a collie dog," writes Major H. W. Feilden, naturalist to the Arctic expedition of 1873; "and the way in which they pack closely together and follow blindly the vacillating leadership of the old ram, is unquestionably sheeplike. When thoroughly frightened they take to the hills, ascending precipitous slopes and scaling rocks with great agility."

They are hunted by the Innuits, with the native weapons of arrows tipped with bone or copper, or with guns procured from white men, and form a most appetizing variety to their usual food of seals' blubber, whale-grease, or half-decayed fish.

The lambs, quite helpless when born, are unable, until at least three or four weeks old, to follow their dams, during which time they are hidden and protected by the mother sheep. Several of the little creatures were captured by Lieut. Greely on the polar expedition to which reference has been made.

At the time Audubon wrote of this animal but two mounted specimens were in existence, and these were in the British Museum. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., is now in possession of fine adult specimens, male and female, and a number of others are, I believe, to be found in different collections. A living musk-ox has never been brought into the States.

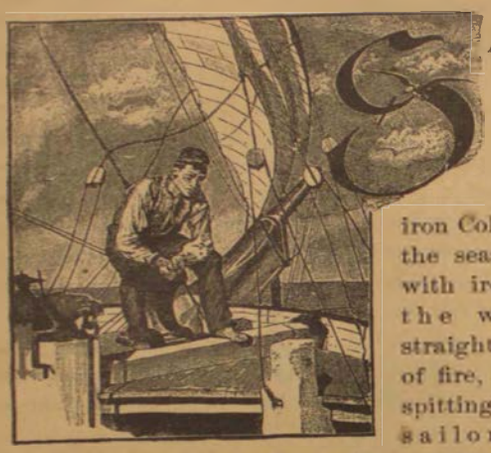
The musk-ox is a very old, if not the oldest, form of ungulates, or hoofed mammals, to be found on our continent. Its remains are collected in strata of pleistocene deposits, associated with those of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, and from the unspecialized features of its anatomy, its origin is thought to antedate the extinct animals mentioned in this series.

The musk-ox, or *ovibos moschatus*, now an exclusively American animal, once ranged over Europe as far south as

the middle of France. As the slow but steady change of climate, that has been, since the age of ice, and still is, going on, brings the domain of summer farther and farther north, the musk-ox retreats before it, and is now confined to the most northern parts of polar America. It was found by Lieut. Greely of the Arctic expedition, in Grinnell's Land, in as high a latitude as 81½° N. Although formerly found in large numbers at Escholtz Bay, it is now no longer met with west of the Mackenzie River. It has for a very long time been gradually falling out of harmony with its environments, or, more properly speaking, its environments have gradually changed, until it no longer fits them ; and it is doubtless doomed, partly by nature and partly by the white man who is invading its domain, to a more or less speedy extinction.

J. CARTER BEARD.

The Romance of the Bark "Elizabeth."



SAILING on a sailing vessel is really the only genuine sea-faring. A sooty black steamer, an iron Colossus, does not sail the seas: it only cuts as with iron a road through the waters, speeding straight ahead with soul of fire, devouring coal and spitting smoke, while the sailors on such a sea-going machine are only workmen, not seamen.

Look at the sailing ship, poised on the wave, like a bird with her wide white wings of canvas, borne by the mighty surge of the sea, the mighty breath of the sky : she is a part of the great waters, and the seaman who ships on such a vessel must battle with wave and storm-wind, overcome them, baffling their strength with swift skill, or dancing to their piping when the favoring winds rise and all sail must be spread or the canvas cunningly set to trap them so that they shall, in spite of their own will, carry the ship in clever zigzags forward on her course.

The sailor learns to deal with the sky and the sea, and to match their illimitable powers with seaman's knowledge and seaman's skill ; he pays dear for the experience in daring and racing and chasing the tossing waves : he is no slavish servant of a smoking steamer cutting a way through the waters with fire-born force !

These were my thoughts as I sat ashore in the port of Genoa looking out on the restless turquoise-blue sea, watching a dainty three-master coming up the bay in the dazzling February sunlight. My contemplations were of a rather mournful cast, for I had lost my ship, and I longed to feel the deck under my feet again.

For fourteen days I had made it an involuntary duty to see all the city's sights, and now I was sitting on the wharf watching vessels loading and unloading, every now and then casting an anxious look seaward, hoping to see some sailing-vessel coming into port. My money was going,—in another week I should run through it all,—and I must find work. As I reached this point in my musings I cast a glance of positive hatred at a brown-and-black English steamer, and there, just beyond, was the vessel I had noticed, with a tiny tug-boat towing the dainty craft to anchorage.

I strolled that way. What a slender, staunch, stately ship she looked !—clean and sweet as a girl. The crew worked industriously. They dropped anchor and lowered the long-boat. A blond, slender young captain, with the mate and one sailor entered the boat and rowed to the quay, going towards the custom-house.

I counted the crew : they were twelve. Enough for a sailer : she could do with ten, I sighed, very much discouraged.

Suddenly a familiar sound roused me from my depression. "That won't do !" was said clearly and distinctly in my native tongue. I turned and beheld the captain of the sailer in excited controversy with a thick-headed, red-faced seaman. "That won't do !" shouted the captain again. "Leave of absence again already—it's always leave !—It won't do, Stower !"

"Well, let it not do, then," replied the sailor, sullenly. "It might as well be first as last. I won't stand it any more, Captain."

"Then we are two," said the captain. "I am sorry, Stower, but you will not try to keep yourself straight ; so try your way somewhere else. I wish you luck."

"I must have my wages," growled the sailor.

"You shall have that. Come to the Exchange with me, and I will pay you and write you a reference."

The two men walked close by me. The captain gave me a glance, our eyes met, and he stopped and hailed me.

"I ought to know you," he said.

"We have met before, Captain," I answered. "John Ellis, Mississippi," were the words in my mind, and I uttered them.

"Right you are, and you stood by me stoutly," remarked the captain. His eyes glanced over my sailor dress. "Can I do anything for you ?" he asked in a friendly manner.

"I am without a ship, Captain ——"

"Good !" he interrupted. "I must get clear of this man,—that will take a quarter of an hour. Wait here for me and we will talk the matter over."

In a few minutes the captain came back.

"That man has been no good for some time," he began, stroking his blond beard with a peculiar quick movement of the hand. "I am well rid of him,—may he do better elsewhere ! I am Captain Norton, bark 'Elizabeth,'—Liverpool, Bahia, Montevideo ; and what are you sitting here for, boy ?"

"I was one year on the 'Washington,' Red Star Line,—Antwerp, San Francisco ; shipped on the 'La Valette,' now in dock ; hate steamers, and would rather ship under sails again."

A sharp but sunny glance shot from the captain's blue eyes.

"Papers ?" he asked.

"All regular. Here !"

"Then something can be done. There is work enough with us, wages,—as usual. I am sailing on my own account and am no millionaire. I don't pay fancy prices."

"The ship suits me."

"Good ! Then we'll settle the matter up at once."

An hour later I was installed second mate on the bark "Elizabeth," bound on a voyage to the "Brazilian waters."

My first meeting with the captain had been under very different circumstances. It might have been some two years previous, that I was traveling up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis, on one of those enormous double-deck steamboats that carry furniture, portable houses, machinery, etc., to the wooded districts of the great river, and bring back countless bales of cotton. The boat was loaded with freight and passengers,—travelers of all nations, chiefly American. I noticed among them a handsome young English-

man with unusually sharp features for one of his race, who gazed eagerly up the river, and paid great attention to the boat's progress.

The great number of floating tree-trunks was often really dangerous for the boat, but no one seemed to think of it: the captain at the last moment would notice them, and every time we just escaped by a hair's breadth. Then we finally saw a steamer like our own, just behind us, puffing and panting, and one of those frightful races, which used to be so common on American rivers, began. The passengers assembled in groups, high betting was in order, and a feverish excitement prevailed. The tourists and better class of travelers protested, but they got no satisfaction.

The silent wooded shores seemed to fly past our quivering boat, which groaned and struggled and showered fiery cinders in streams of sparks over the decks. The other steamboat drew near us, often enveloping us in her smoke. The excitement increased, the betting grew wilder, the murmurs of the protesters turned to threats.

Suddenly a terrific shriek of escaping steam shocked everyone. The steam poured forth, the "Ellis" trembled violently, but went on much slower, while the other steamboat rushed wildly past. A wrathful shout from the betters followed,—all rushed to the engine-room. A cry came from below, the crowd fell back, and three firemen came up dragging a young man in citizen's dress. They were clamoring that he had run over the machine-house and opened two escape-valves, letting the steam out.

A momentary pause and then the young man exclaimed: "Yes! That is just what I did, and not a minute too soon! The steam-gauge stood at ninety-eight, and the steamboat would have blown up."

A wild commotion succeeded this declaration, and a dozen rough fellows sprang at the civilian and were about to throw him overboard. Then I shouted, with almost superhuman strength: "Who will thank the man who has saved our lives? I am going to stand by him."

Immediately a party of tourists and other gentlemen came to the rescue. We flung ourselves upon the ruffians and succeeded in getting the young man out of their hands. It was a wild scene. Finally the captain with some of the steamboat's officers came up and separated the combatants. A breathless silence ensued: only the pumping of the machinery and the panting breath of the other steamboat could be heard.

"Did the steam-gauge really stand at ninety-eight?" asked the captain of the engineer.

"Yes!" the assistant answered.

"Then the man has done right and saved all our lives," decided the captain. "We are all greatly indebted to him."

He took the young man by the arm, and walked aft with him. I saw no more of him, as I left the boat at St. Louis; and to-day, by some strange freak of fate, he was my captain on the "Elizabeth."

My meeting with Captain Norton in Genoa was on Saturday, and on Monday I was to begin work. Early Sunday morning I boarded the "Elizabeth," to see my new home and get acquainted with the crew. The captain called the crew together, announced that William Stower had voluntarily left the "Elizabeth," and an old acquaintance—and here he briefly related our adventure on the "John Ellis"—had taken Stower's place. "Now once more peace and good fellowship will dwell on the 'Elizabeth,'" he concluded.

So I was installed, and the men all seemed well disposed toward me. They were the first mate, an old, weather-beaten, bearded sea-dog, who looked as if he had voyaged at sea a life-time; then two Hollanders, great, simple fellows, with good fists to work; a cabin-boy, with painfully staring little eyes and an enormous bread-chewer; and all the rest were countrymen of the captain, close-mouthed, industrious fellows, with clear, sharp-sighted eyes. Then there was the ship's cook, formerly a Polish tailor, who had a very bald head, a pointed chin, and full lips which inspired me with confidence in his cooking.

THE SHIP'S COOK.

To my surprise I learned that we were to have a lady on board who was to accompany us the whole trip, the captain's wife, the daughter of a very rich Liverpool freighter, who would give her nothing because he was opposed to this marriage with a poor captain. The first mate, Christian Poppinga, told me this. So there was a romance aboard: naturally, I was very curious to see the lady.

We were very busy several days unloading and loading, and finally, early one bright morning, with the turn of the tide, came the captain's wife, who had been staying at a hotel while we were in port.

She was a tall, beautiful lady, with fine blue eyes, and a little rosy mouth in her pale face. The captain led her up to me. "She is named Elizabeth, like my ship," he said jokingly, "and she is often jealous when I say, 'First comes Elizabeth the ship, and then Elizabeth the wife.'—You think I am right?"

"Yes, madame," I answered, "the ship comes first, for it is mother and father, it is the ground on which we stand, it is house and home, and gives us work and food."

"Listen to the noble seaman!" laughed the captain.

"Yes, you are all like that," answered the young wife, smiling, and with a side glance at her husband she continued teasingly: "First you do all sorts of foolish things until you get us, then you name a ship after us, and now it is 'first the ship and then the wife!' You are single?" she asked me.

"I am."

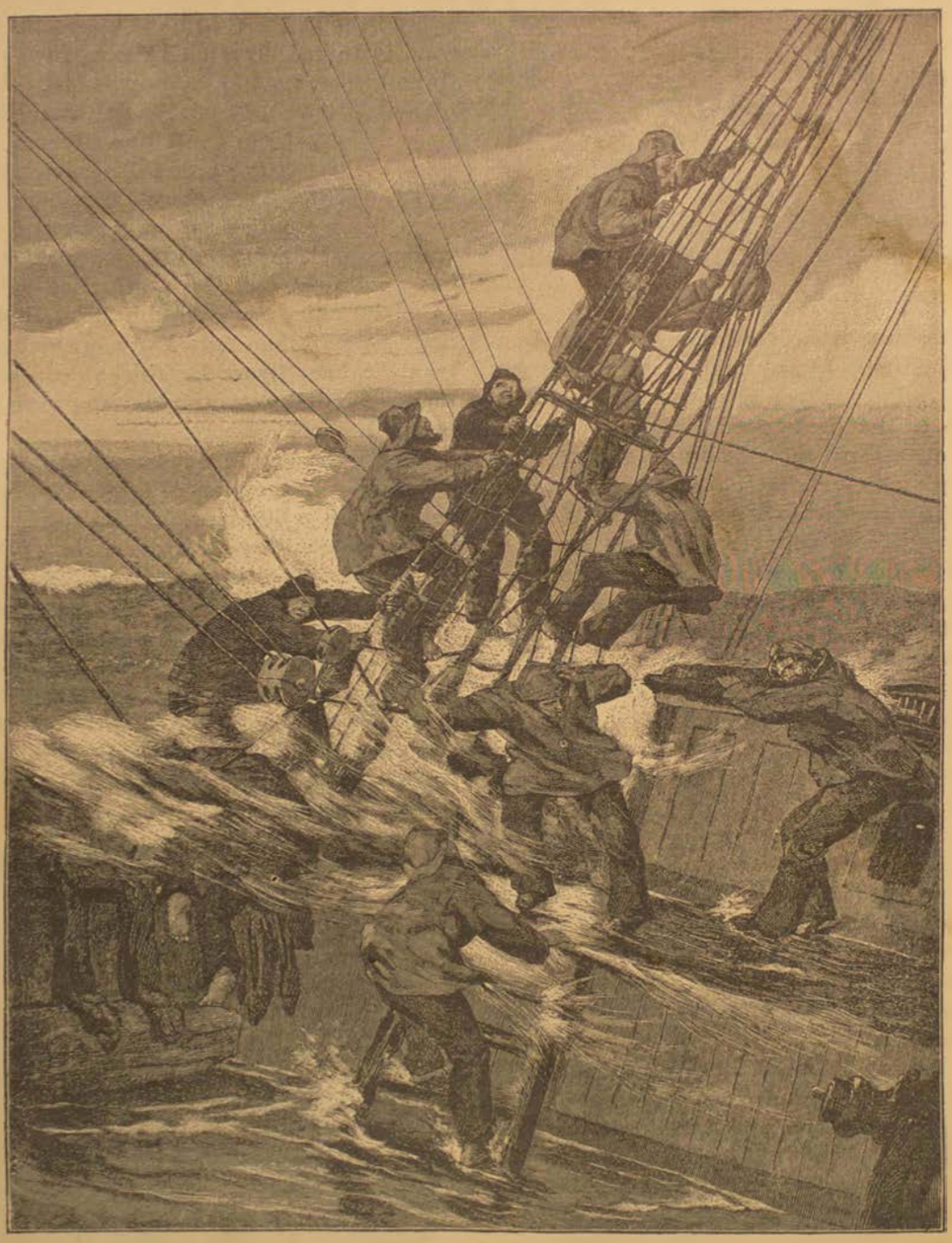
"That is really best for a seaman," said she, and looked lovingly at her husband. "You once did my husband a great service," she went on. "He told me about it, and I thank you for it. I am glad we have such a brave man on board." And here the interview ended, and work began.

The anchor was weighed, the tug-boat with the pilot came alongside, sails were set, and at last we glided out of port. As soon as we were fairly off the coast the wind grew raw and wintry. With full sails the "Elizabeth" sped over the blue, sunlit sea, clear as glass, the spray and foam leaped up before us, and with favorable winds we hoped soon to reach the Atlantic through the straits of Gibraltar. The "Elizabeth" did not fail to come up to my estimate of her: she was a first-rate sailer, never rolling, but cutting the water clean as a knife.

As the Spanish coast appeared in the blue distance a March storm came up, and for a couple of days we danced

about very uncomfortably to an accompaniment of snow, rain, and fog, without making much headway. Then a bright day again, and we were opposite the rock of Gibraltar. In the evening there was a wonderful sunset. The coast of Africa lay steeped in deepest violet, the Spanish cliffs were bathed in purple and gold, the sea was roseate, and in this soft, warm, shimmering atmosphere we floated as if transfigured.

At last we greeted the mighty, blue, limitless rolling waves of the ocean, and we steered for Madeira. In about three days we sighted two great, blue mountain-peaks that rose from the sea to the sky, and both sea and sky were azure blue. At the foot of the blue mountain and above the blue sea lay a snow-white, gleaming chain of tiny houses, looking like a string of pearls. The houses gradually grew larger, the mountains higher, the vegetation seemed luxuriant, and beautiful villas gleamed out everywhere. Our stay at the port of Funchal was only for a day. Our course now lay between the Canary Islands through to St. Vincent, one of the Cape Verde Islands.



IN THE SHROUDS.

Up till now we had had fine weather and fair winds. The first days of March were fine, and my work on the "Elizabeth," excepting for the wearisome night-watches, was not hard. My relations with my shipmates were agreeable, and although the captain exacted of me full service, he treated me as a friend otherwise, and the captain's wife was very civil to me. She often talked with me, seeming astonished that a man who had had a university education should have chosen the hard life of a seaman, and she acted towards me as if she had become acquainted with me in her father's drawing-room.

I had no suspicion that this favor had caused the deepest pain and aroused the wildest jealousy in another on the ship. This person was a young sailor with a pale, sad face, whom I had noticed particularly from the beginning. I found him one day sitting by the capstan staring out into the distance. He looked awfully homesick, and his face had such a sorrowful expression that I felt really sorry for him, and tried to liven him up a bit.

"Hello! Mertens," I called to him, "all your trouble will be over in our next port, where the canaries are: you can catch a canary-bird and get it to sing for you."

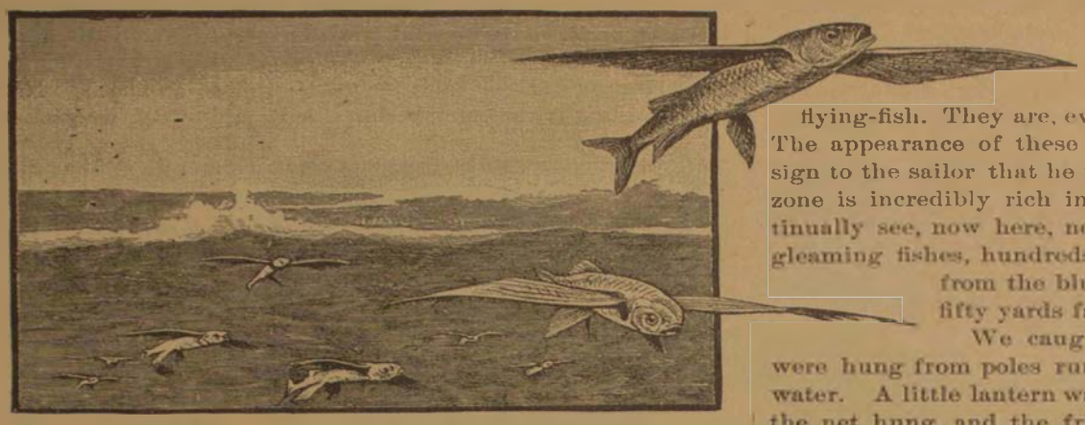
Instead of answering he gave me an angry look and got up and went away. I couldn't imagine what ailed him. As usual, the first mate enlightened me. Mertens, he said, had fallen in love with the captain's wife. He had been her father's clerk in Liverpool, and had known her as a girl, and now he went on the ship with her and her husband, so as to be near her.

"Und he nix ist und neffer vill be ein right seamans: dat vould pe petter vor him if he vonce stayt by his vater and sat still on a dhrei-legged stool," concluded Christian Poppinga, casting a contemptuous glance at the young man, who stood looking out to sea. Just then the captain shouted, "Haul in the royal top-sails! run up the main-sail!"

It was ten o'clock in the morning. The eastern sky had taken a flat amber-yellow color and looked dark and threatening, a couple of steel-blue clouds flew out like a dark veil and overhung us. The sea rose in dull, leaden waves and struck with a hard, metallic sound against the ship. The crew flew to the shrouds and had some difficulty in making the necessary sails fast in the storm. In a minute everything movable on deck was cleared away or made fast, and the storm overtook us, howling after us like a wild beast. The sky was a dark gray, the sea a jet-black with tossing, white foam. We sank into a deep, dark vale of waters, and a huge mountain of water covered us,—in a second the water a foot deep swept over us,—then we emerged wet through, and breathed air again. Streams of rain deluged us from the sky, valleys of water, hills of water, dripping, pouring skies. We could not see twenty feet ahead, and we danced a regular jig in these yawning depths, on these giddy heights, and every moment the streaming wave-crests buffeted us on heads, breasts, and arms, and poured down our legs, and we had all we could do to keep afloat and hold on our course.

But the "Elizabeth" was a good ship: she rose on the bil-

lows, and shot down into their depths, and let herself be pounded and beaten, but she held her own. The storm died down towards evening, and it grew cold and unpleasant. As the sun, coldly yellow, sank below the wide, sea-spanned horizon, a rainbow heralded the night. Dark, rifted clouds scudded across the sky, and the sea was restless and looked



THE FLYING-FISH.

angry. A night's rest was not to be thought of: all remained on deck, for there was plenty to do to put the lights in order, to mind the helm, to keep a lookout, to spring to the shrouds and handle the heavy wet canvas, hauling it now this way, now that, and all the while with a bitter consciousness that we were off our course. Not a star was to be seen, and to find out where we were was impossible.

At last the day dawned, and between the heavy banks of clouds the golden-yellow light broke forth, coloring the gray-blue sea a glassy yellow, and in a few minutes the sun's disk rose over the unquiet waters, making a broad, glittering, gold-paved path between its shining countenance and the tossing "Elizabeth." But how did our "Elizabeth" look! The masts, indeed, were standing, but our sails and rigging were badly damaged. The captain looked grave, and the men stood about silent and gloomy. What should we do if the storm broke out afresh?

Suddenly the cook cried out in his cracked voice, "The coffee is boiled!"

That sounded so incongruous in the midst of our dismay and grief, that every one laughed: the spell was broken. The hot and invigorating beverage put new courage and strength into us, and in five minutes we were again hard at work repairing the damages, until our ship was again in a condition to make headway.

Luck favored us. The sky remained clear, and although the constantly falling barometer and the restless winds indicated that the stormy state of the atmosphere had not yet subsided, towards nightfall we had cleared up and got the "Elizabeth" with enough canvas before the wind to bring her back to her course. The weather continued to improve, and soon we had reached the region of the trade winds.

Anyone who has never visited the tropics can hardly imagine what the trade wind is to the ship and her company. It is the paradise of every earthly sea-farer. A current of spring air that carries the ship along for weeks under a mild, warm, smiling sky; hardly a ripple to disturb one's comfort; in rosy light the sun sets, in rosy mists it rises; the sea is a shining blue, the sky of untroubled clearness; the waves dance sportively, and are so full of light that it seems as if one could look to the very bottom of the ocean.

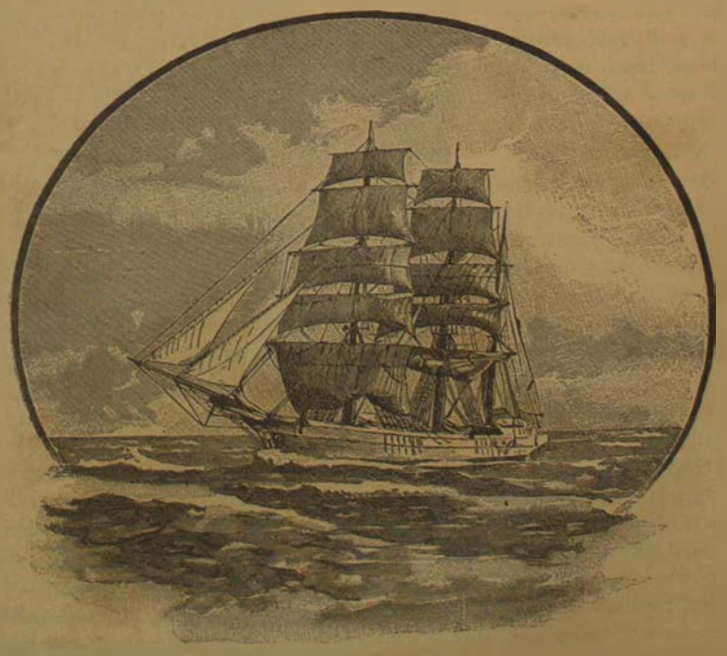
The sailor has a holiday, for there is no hard work to do, and he can feast off the variety of sea-food that the teeming waters yield him. Often shoals of porpoises follow the ship, and schools of gleaming bonitos and thick-headed white whales show themselves. Quantities of tumbling dolphins, rolling over each other stupidly, will accompany the ship for hours; an almost fabulous wealth of life inhabits the waters, and the seaman attempts to catch some of them, not often with line, for they are very shy, and very seldom is a porpoise caught excepting with the harpoon. However, when one of these fat fellows is fished up, it makes an awful mess on board, and, after all, very few care for porpoise as a table delicacy.

It is quite otherwise with the flying-fish. They are, even for a dainty palate, fine eating. The appearance of these strange denizens of the sea is a sign to the sailor that he is approaching the equator. This zone is incredibly rich in rare forms of life, and we continually see, now here, now there, schools of these silvery gleaming fishes, hundreds and thousands suddenly leaping from the blue water and after a flight of some fifty yards falling back into the sea.

We caught some at night in nets which were hung from poles running out from the ship over the water. A little lantern was fastened to the pole from which the net hung, and the frightened fish flew by dozens away from the ship, towards the light, and were caught in the net. Our kitchen hero had a special gift of preparing these trout-like sea-flyers for the table: he cooked them in boiling fat, and the captain's wife contributed some lemons to eat with them.

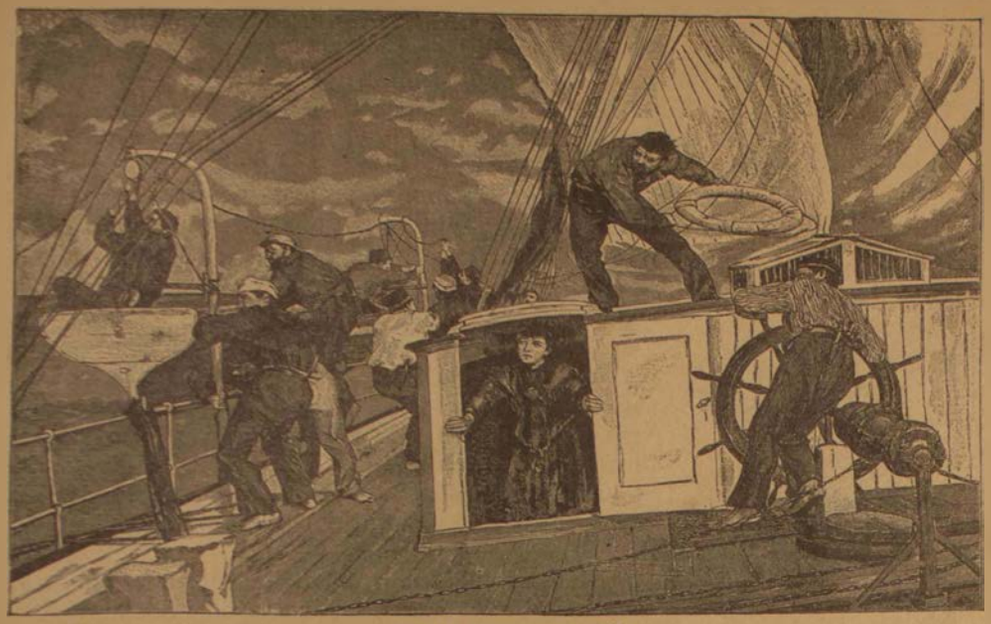
Yes, we were in the seaman's paradise. For fourteen days we led this lazy, happy life, only slightly varied by easy duties. Summer air, smiling sun, glittering sea as far as the eye could see, for days, for weeks; and between sunlight and sea our ship swayed lightly, with white, swelling sails, borne steadily along by a constant breeze.

For some days the captain had been looking eagerly to the southwest: we were nearing the Cape Verde Islands. Then one morning the shout was heard, "Land to leeward!" and we looked to the west, where, scarcely distinguishable from the sky, was a faint broken line of cliffs, and in a few hours we should reach the second most important station of our long voyage.



BETWEEN SUNLIGHT AND SEA.

Suddenly the ship, as often happens when it meets an unusually heavy wave from the coast, rose to the crest of the billow and dropped heavily over it. At the same moment the ominous cry, "Man overboard!" from the



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

lookout, sounded to windward. In a moment the foremast sails were lowered and the helmsman brought the ship to. Two men sprang in the boat and lowered it, the others jumped to help, and the first mate flung out a lifebuoy. This takes time to tell, but it was done in a few seconds. It was a wild, feverish rush, for we knew that every minute of lost time might cost a man his life. We saw the unfortunate, like a dark shadow, already far behind the ship. The buoy, although well thrown, was too far from the man. The boat made for him and a wild struggle began: the rescuers seemed endowed with miraculous power. The man sank and came up again, he floated toward us and away again; finally, with a sudden curve of the boat, the body struck against us, and we caught him with the boat-hook. It was Mertens. The poor fellow was senseless. He had been working at the arm of the royal yard when the unexpected motion of the ship knocked the dreaming fellow off. In a few minutes we had him on deck, but it was a long time before he gave any sign of life. At last his eyelids fluttered and a weak breathing set in, and in the course of an hour he recovered from his deep swoon; but he talked wildly and showed signs of severe illness, so he was put in the "hospital," with the cabin-boy for nurse.

Sickness on board is a bad sign, and sailors are superstitious; so a somewhat gloomy mood pervaded the "Elizabeth," and more silently than we had thought to, we sailed into the beautiful harbor of St. Vincent. We were compelled to take in water, and after this was done we left the gloomy, colossal rocks behind us. The fine weather continued, and we should have done splendidly if young Mertens had not come down with typhus fever. Pale and worn he lay in his cabin and talked at random, and, especially at night, when the sky was so clear that it seemed one had only to put out a rod to touch the great, mysterious, shining stars, we could hear him, calling, laughing, swearing, weeping,—a frightful contrast to the fairy-like, delicate beauty of the tropical night.

The captain's wife had relieved the cabin-boy of his duty in caring for the sick man. For hours during the day, and at night also, the kind woman sat by his bed doing all that she could to relieve his suffering. The fever delirium grew stronger and alternated with periods of complete unconsciousness, and one marvelously lovely night, when the Southern Cross mirrored its splendid stars in the silvery murmuring waves, young Mertens gave up his spirit, with his trembling hand held by his faithful care-taker.

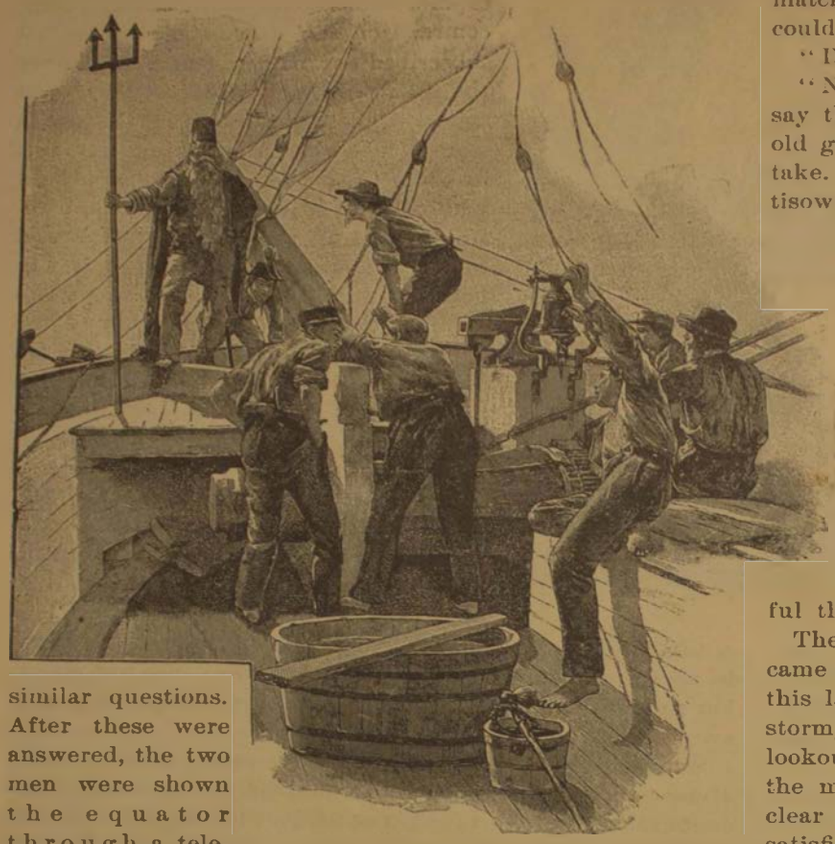
A strange, awed silence reigned on board; and when the captain entered the death of our young comrade on the ship's book and we all subscribed our names, tears rolled over the furrowed cheeks of the hardened sailors. The next morning the decks were cleaned up, everything was put in order in the "hospital," and after a while the body of poor Mertens, carefully sewed up in sail-cloth and bound to a board, was brought forth. It was borne to the side of the ship. The "Elizabeth" was brought to, and the flags put at half-mast. A stroke of the bell assembled the men, who gathered in a semi-circle around the body, the captain said the Lord's prayer, and we repeated it after him. Then we lifted the weighted board over the rail and launched it off into the bright, laughing waters. We saw it sinking, always growing darker, first deep blue, then black, and finally disappear, till only a rising bubble told where our comrade had found his grave in these cool depths. Then the ship was again put about, her rudder-chains rattled, the breeze swelled her sails, and away we went to the south.

Soon we approached the equator. Crossing the line which divides the earth's globe into equal halves, no ship's crew omits to celebrate. It is a great festival for the older sailors, but for the new ones who have never "crossed the line" it is not so pleasant, for they have to pay for all the fun.

One morning after the captain's mess, a great running back and forth on deck was observable. A bucket of sea-water was fastened over the bowsprit, the tar-bucket was brought, and a board was arranged to make a seat over a tub of water. The ship's carpenter, gorgeously arrayed as Neptune, with an enormous wooden trident and a hempen beard a foot long, and Spia Tjaden arrayed as an admiral, looking like an organ-grinder's monkey in his uniform, were stationed under the jib-boom, and the rest of the crew were grouped near the anchor. Finally Neptune came forward and asked in a jovial tone, "Can we come aboard?" Loud hurrahs answered him, and then Neptune began to promenade around to the tune "A life on the ocean wave," afterward taking his place on the forecastle, his admiral back of him.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

A sailor and the cabin-boy were the initiates. First the cabin-boy was asked if he knew what a ship was; what was the maiden name of the devil's grandmother; what happened when anyone ate stewed plums for tea; and other



CROSSING THE LINE.

similar questions. After these were answered, the two men were shown the equator through a telescope over the lens of which a hair was stretched. This was the equator! Then the initiation began. The candidates had not shaved, and Neptune could not suffer anyone to pass unpunished who neglected to shave on his festal day. The unfortunates were condemned to be shaved with tar for soap, and a wooden knife for a razor. In the midst of this proceeding a man standing behind the victim pulled away the board on which he was seated, and he fell into the tub of water. He struggled out, amid the shouts of his comrades, who poured a couple of bucketfuls of water over his head, thus completing the ceremony.

The equator was now behind us, and we were on our way to Pernambuco. One day we were sitting in holiday trim on the quarter-deck. The weather was lovely, and the ship was cleaned up as usual on Sundays. The captain was sitting in front of the cabin lights, his wife close beside him, resting her head on his shoulder and looking at a box of geraniums and pansies, plants from her garden at home. The helmsman and I glanced across at the tranquil happy pair.

"What is there out of the way in the captain's marriage?" I asked.

"It is nix so bad vor him as vor the old man."

"Why?"

"Because the captain hat no ship, he vas poor, he hat nix ein penny to his pocket."

"Then the old man was right!" I broke in.

"Vas he?" growled the helmsman. "Vell, t'girl vas bound to have our captain. She hat some gelt left her by her mother, nix mooch, but enough to puy a ship. But her vater vouldn't let her have Norton: he vanted a petter match for his taughter. Then the taughter told him he could joost go to crass."

"Did he hear her?" I interrupted.

"Nein! nein!" the helmsman said crossly. "She tidn't say that exactly, 'tis only my vay of it. But she told the old gentleman that she loved this man and vould no other take. Then there vas troubles, and the vater threatened to tisown her. But his taughter hat her own vay, and vent to Scotland vith the captain and married him. Then she came back and vent to live with her husband and his vater. Then Captain Norton vent to his vater-by-law and vanted his vife's money, and t' old fellow to give it up had. Then Norton bought the pretty 'Morning Star,' named it 'Elizabeth,' and vent avay mit his vife. Now she can look off her flowers and think mit her vater and the big house at home, full von gold and silver!—But she doesn't regret it, that I know sure for," concluded old Christian.

"No, certainly not," I replied with conviction, "although she must have some very sad and painful thoughts."

The ship "Elizabeth" sailed on, but the fine weather came to an end. We approached the Brazilian coast, and in this latitude winter begins with the rainy season. Another stormy fortnight, and one evening there came a cry from the lookout, "Land in sight!" The sun was near setting, and the mountains formed a line of pale rosy light across the clear sky. For the present our longings for land had to be satisfied with the sight of it in the distance, for Pernambuco harbor has a dangerous reef which we could not undertake to cross at night. The next morning two pilots came out in a little sailing-boat and steered us a good bit towards the north, where a steam-tug met us at the end of the reef, and we glided into the bay and anchored.

As soon as the arrival of the ship was announced, a boat came to us with the mail. Among it was a letter addressed to Mrs. William Norton, care of Captain Norton, of the bark "Elizabeth." I saw Mrs. Norton pale as she saw the address on the letter. She trembled and leaned against the cabin wall for a moment, then broke open the letter and read it. Her pale face flushed, and suddenly she fell upon the captain's neck and laughed and wept and wept and laughed. The letter was from her father. It told her of his forgiveness, and that he had sent her a fine steamer to sail back home in, and requested her husband to exchange the "Elizabeth" for it.

ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

Naturally the captain did not hesitate to exchange the "Elizabeth" for a splendid steamer, it being understood that the steamer was worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and the sailing-ship about ten thousand; and then he could lodge his bride more comfortably than on the finest sailing-ship.

The next day Captain Norton bade farewell to the "Elizabeth," as well as to me. The new captain was a good man,—I knew him,—but he was only an experienced sailing-master, and after I had sailed under a captain that was my friend, I did not care to remain on the same ship under such different circumstances, so I concluded to remain in Pernambuco as long as my means would permit, and wait for another opportunity. And so ended my short but eventful service on the "Elizabeth."

THOMAS ATKINSON.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

WHY MARRIAGE IS SOMETIMES A FAILURE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(*Continued from page* 668.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS PART.

Morris Hobart and Mrs. Sybl Sanders were classmates at college, where she became desperately in love with him, but he treated her only as a comrade: and finally, out of pique, she married his room-mate, Joel Sanders, and after five unhappy years, when she was only twenty-three, Joel died. Morris was still unmarried, being distrustful of women, but three years later married, after a very short acquaintance, a pretty, unsophisticated country-girl of nineteen, whom he met by chance while on a pedestrian tour. Maud was one of those gentle-looking creatures, stubborn as a rock, entirely ignorant of fashionable accomplishments and the ways of society, and being naturally narrow-minded and bigoted she made Morris miserable by her inexcusable jealousy, and by debarring him from all his wonted pleasures and giving no new ones as a recompense. In consequence of her behavior Morris gradually dropped out of society, his friends became estranged, and finally, after nearly three years of such life, they decided marriage was a failure and resolved to walk different ways. The separation was not made public, Maud remaining in the city home, and Morris going to Europe.

Immediately on his arrival he met Sybl Sanders, who had been over two years in Europe with her sister, and to her he told the true state of affairs. Sybl urged him to return and be reconciled to his wife, but he replied, "Impossible!" and excitedly detailed the reasons why, ending with, "And, now it is too late, I realize what happiness I might have had in life,—happiness that seems to me like paradise lost." The look in his eyes, the tone in his voice, made her heart leap: a fierce joy took possession of her for a moment, but terror and shame quickly followed, and she coldly bade him good-bye.

So constantly did Morris' tone and look haunt her, that, for her own safety, she determined to do all she could to bring the husband and wife together again. So on returning to New York she called on Mrs. Hobart, and although at first coldly received, she finally prevailed on Maud to visit her country home for the summer, not letting Maud know that Morris had told her how matters stood.

On intimate acquaintance she realized how difficult and thankless a task she had undertaken; but, although strongly tempted to give it up, she persisted in her self-imposed duty, offering to teach Maud how to swim, ride, and fence. Maud then spoke freely about her separation from her husband, and when Sybl urged her to study how she might win him back, she replied: "It would be a triumph to win him back only to cast him off; I would like nothing better than to pay him off in his own coin. * * * Make me as charming as yourself, and I will be satisfied that I can succeed."

Sybl was enraged and disgusted, and abruptly left the room. She thought of the difference between the wife's love and her own. "I would die, die so gladly, if I might be his wife for one hour,—yes, even his unloved wife," she sobbed. She caught her breath in terror and self-loathing. "He is another woman's husband: nothing can give me the right to love him but this woman's death," she thought. "I must conquer myself, I must make Maud worthy of him. I *must* reunite them: it is my only safeguard."

II.

THE next day Maud began her lessons in physical development. In an incredibly short time she became a fearless rider and a fair fencer. A party of gentlemen and ladies came down from the city for a few days in August, and among them was the impressionable managing editor of a daily paper. Among the society personals which appeared in his columns, the following Sunday, was a flattering reference to the beauty and skillful equestrianism of "the lovely young wife of Mr. Morris Hobart."

A marked copy went out in the next foreign mail, addressed to Morris Hobart. The address was in Sybl's hand.

"If he is thinking of any woman aside from his wife, with regret or desire," she said, "this will remind him that he has a wife, and it will tell him that she is my guest."

The newspaper item affected Maud as the first glass of a stimulant sometimes affects a youth. She conceived a strong passion for newspaper notices; and when any woman in private life becomes affected with this fever, she is almost sure to reach the court-room or the stage before very long.

In the beginning the desire for newspaper praise caused Maud to devote herself with great enthusiasm to all her new accomplishments. She longed to achieve fame as a horsewoman, a swimmer, an athlete. As is often the case when one enterprising reporter has set his seal upon a lady as a "belle," others follow suit; and Sybl was alarmed to find Maud's name in nearly every "woman's column" of the Sunday papers. She was described as young, beautiful, wealthy, accomplished, and vivacious; her costumes and her various achievements as an *equestrienne* and fencer were written about; and Maud suddenly found herself a belle, whom every eye regarded wherever she appeared. She enjoyed it all with the zest of a school-girl, and Sybl regarded her with eyes of astonishment.

"She seems to have utterly forgotten Morris, and is perfectly happy in this silly rôle of married belle, which has been created for her by a few newspaper items," thought Sybl, with pained surprise.

Among the men who came to the villa was a young Englishman whom Dr. Converse had met abroad, and who had renewed the acquaintance on his arrival in America for a season. He was young, effeminate, and full of affectations. With but a small income he managed to make a fashionable appearance in dress, and lived in a manner calculated to impress Americans with his social eminence. His object in visiting America was to seek a rich heiress and marry her. Maud was one of the first ladies whom he encountered, and his attentions to her became so marked in a brief time that Sybl found it necessary to remonstrate with her. Maud broke into tears at the mention of Arnold Crossman's name.

"He is the first man who ever understood me," she sobbed. "He says I am a creature to be loved, petted, cared for, and sheltered like a delicate plant. He says I am made to dwell in old ancestral halls, and to have servants follow me about anticipating every wish, and a noble lover to kneel at my feet, happy if he might kiss my hand. He says I am too sensitive a nature to be mated to a commercial-minded American."

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Sybl, shocked. "You have no right to listen to such words from any man,—no right to repeat them. I had no idea he had dared to talk to you like this. You are a wife: you should not forget that for one moment, Maud."

"A deserted wife. Yes: I have not forgotten it," Maud retorted quickly. "Mr. Crossman says that the man who could desert me must be a brute."

"Oh! Surely you did not tell him of your domestic troubles," cried Sybl, aghast. "Surely you did not, Maud."

"It all came out so accidentally," explained Maud. "Something he said made me cry, and he was so sympathetic, and then it came out; and he says he felt drawn to me the moment he saw me, and that he never felt the same toward any other woman."

"Oh, don't!" cried Sybl, holding up both hands as if to ward off blows instead of words. "That is all so old, Maud,—such worn-out trash, that every woman since Eve has listened to. If you had not been brought up in complete ignorance and innocence you would be a far more discreet wife; and here you are jeopardizing your husband's name and your own reputation by listening to the veriest trash that an oily-tongued foreigner finds you silly enough

to believe! Why, Maud, he talks that to every woman he meets; and he is no more in love with you than he is with Mrs. Converse. He is a fortune-hunter, and he is merely amusing himself with you."

Before twenty-four hours had passed Maud discovered the truth of Sybl's words. Dr. Converse informed her that Mr. Crossman had been making inquiries of one of the gentlemen in the party regarding Maud's financial condition, and that he had expressed surprise, and something of indignation, at what he chose to term the "deception" that had been practiced upon him regarding Mrs. Hobart.

"I understood that she was very wealthy," he said; "and the lady herself gave me to understand that she was separated from her husband. I took the trouble to sympathize with her sorrows; but really it is not worth a fellow's time, if she has only a beggarly allowance from her husband, and no certainty of more in case of a divorce."

Fortunately Mr. Crossman was called suddenly away that same day, and sent his adieux to the ladies through Dr. Converse. But the little affair was ferreted out by one of those spies who infest all circles of society in New York, in the interests of certain low-grade journals, and it appeared a few weeks later in the "City Sewer" in most sensational paragraphs. No names were used, but everyone knew who was meant by "a certain pretty blonde who came to New York three years ago as the wife of a well-known society man who had long been the despair of designing mammas." The article went on to state how the handsome husband had gone abroad on a supposed business-trip which seemed indefinitely prolonged, and the pretty wife had become the guest of certain well-known ladies and had blossomed out as the belle of the season at a certain resort not many hours from New York. Indeed, the husband's absence had not seemed to weigh upon the fair wife's spirits, and she had shown herself so attractive that a certain young English swell had become enamored, and the fair young wife had confessed to him that her husband had gone not to return. But the English swell had set himself, with real foreign thrift, to discover the state of "ye fair ladye's" pocket-book before he caused a suit for incompatibility to come before the courts, and the result of his investigations had proved so disappointing that "ye English swell" had left the resort post-haste, and "ye fair wife" was now without husband or lover.

Fortunately it was the very end of the season when this atrocious article appeared, and Sybl could leave the resort the day after the publication in the "City Sewer," without an appearance of flight; but in reality she left a week sooner than she had anticipated, to escape the gossip she dreaded might result from this scurrilous newspaper attack.

When she showed the article to Maud, that young lady only shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Isn't that horrid!" but with a half-smile upon her lips, which said plainly enough to Sybl that the silly girl was half-flattered by the prominence the paper had given her name.

Sybl was unable to sleep all that night, and her head ached and her eyes burned as they journeyed back to New York. Her constant thought was of Morris, his chagrin and sorrow at Maud's actions, and his surprise that she had been permitted to make herself a subject of gossip while under her chaperonage. Her only hope was that he might not see the article, and that all gossip over it would die out before his return.

In less than a week after her return she was taken with fever, and it was spring before she left her room. During the first six weeks she was delirious, and Maud was constantly at her bedside. All the best part of Maud's nature was aroused by her friend's dangerous illness. She realized the strength and worth of Sybl's friendship, and she devoted herself to her care day and night, until the patient was declared out of danger. During that time she made a startling discovery. In her delirium Sybl had called constantly upon Morris, begged him to return to his wife, cried out to him not to tempt her beyond her strength, and in a thousand broken sentences betrayed her long-guarded secret.

"Remember my church," she cried once. "I could not be your wife were Maud to be divorced. Do not tempt me, Morris—dear Morris."

Maud's shallow heart was sounded to its depths by this discovery, and all the slumbering, inert love for her husband was wakened to sudden life at the knowledge that Morris was perhaps thinking of making Sybl his wife if she should set him free. As is frequently the case with such natures, the object of another woman's love seemed of greater worth in her eyes than when he was merely her own undisputed property.

In spite of her natural jealousy of disposition and the new fuel this discovery of Sybl's secret gave to the flame, Maud was compelled to admire and respect the nobility of her friend's character. She realized the strength and force which Sybl had exercised to guard her secret from all eyes, and she recalled her many counsels, and each word seemed to possess a new meaning now.

"She tried to make me worthy of being taken back into the heart of the man she loves, when by my final separation from him she might win him," thought Maud as she leaned over the pallid face of the unconscious sufferer. "She is a noble woman, and a true Christian. I can never be half as good as she is, but I will try. When he comes back, Morris shall not find me the same as he left me; and he shall not find me so utterly inferior to Sybl as he no doubt thinks me now."

This thought remained with her constantly, rankling in her bosom night and day, and driving all vanity and folly away. She thought of Morris as a general thinks of some disputed fort, and she realized the strength of her adversary.

"Sybl does not mean to be my adversary," she reasoned, "but if she loves Morris as I am sure she does, all her religion and honor would fall before him if he once cast me wholly off and were free to woo her. Oh, how blind I have been!"

When Sybl began to convalesce she was surprised to find Maud changed in so many ways. She was earnest where she had been flippant, appreciative where she had been indifferent, thoughtful where she had been shallow. Sybl studied her with a new interest, in which her paradoxical feelings toward the girl were more strongly mixed than ever before. She had been disgusted and angered by Maud's shallowness and frivolity, and now she was irritated by her earnestness and devotion. She had been disappointed in Maud's failures to become the woman worthy to be Morris Hobart's wife, and now she was unhappy to find her liable to become worthy.

Maud was eager to take lessons in singing and French, and Sybl forced herself to encourage her; and as soon as Maud left the room she broke into tears of self-hatred and depreciation.

"I am so weak, so wicked, so selfish," she sobbed. "I said I was pained at Maud's worthlessness, but I was not,—I was not. I was secretly glad of it; for now that she has developed a new character and worth, it hurts me and irritates me. Dear God, have pity on me! My struggle has but just begun." But as her strength of body returned, her strength of will returned also, and she was able to play her old part with her accustomed success. She encouraged Maud in her studies, and aided her in every way to utilize her days to the best advantage.

Sybl was living very quietly, seldom going out, and seeing but few people, and those, old friends. Her illness, from which she was slowly recovering, lent a reasonable excuse for this; but the real cause was the gossip which the newspaper article had caused regarding Maud's estrangement from her husband. Sybl knew that she would be subjected to much unpleasant notoriety if she took Maud out with her. During her long illness, after she had regained consciousness she had resolved to separate from Maud, and to let the young woman work out her own destiny. She had felt a fierce sort of joy in the thought that her efforts had failed, sincere and earnest as they were; and now Morris must accept the destiny he had chosen in marrying such a woman: if she covered his name with disgrace with her folly, he, not Sybl, must hereafter deal with her.

But the great change in Maud rendered it impossible for Sybl to discard her now; so the only thing for her to do was to remain in seclusion with the young wife until Morris could be induced to return and become reconciled to her. She sang duets, read French with her, and gave her long philosophical counsels, to which she found Maud ever eager to listen, even if she did not at once agree with her arguments.

One day Maud threw herself upon the lounge in Sybl's room after an hour of practice at the piano. Her golden hair was coiled high on her shapely head. Her oval face was far more beautiful than it had ever been before. The look of dull, peevish discontent, which had caused her to fade so quickly after her marriage, was replaced by one of animated interest and robust health. She had gained perceptibly in beauty, grace, and expression, since she had come to dwell with Sybl; but she had never been a tasteful dresser. Her garments were expensive and fashionable, but seldom becoming; and she was indifferent in the matter of hosiery and shoes and skirts.

As she lay stretched upon a lounge in all her grace, beauty, and youth, Sybl's eyes fell upon an inch of wrinkled, faded hose, and a glimpse of a frayed skirt displayed beneath the folds of a rich morning-gown. Her slippers were trodden down at the heel and rusty at the toes.

"If I were a man," thought Sybl, "and she were my wife, that sight of her feet would send me to the club, I fear. Yes, it might send me to the theatre, even, where I would sit in the front row and gaze with zest and appreciation on such glimpses of lace flounces and trim slippers as were accorded me." She reveled in the thought for a moment, secretly delighted that she had again found Maud below par. Then she conquered herself and spoke.

"Maud, I want you to go with me to-morrow and make some purchases just to please me. Buy a box of pretty hosiery, and two pair of slippers, and some dainty skirts in cambric, mull, or silk, as you may prefer. Will you?"

Maud lifted her blonde head by means of her two hands clasped under it, and peered down at her feet. "Am I so shabby?" she queried.

"Not absolutely shabby, but certainly not attractive, in some respects," Sybl replied. "Your gown is charming, your nails well kept, your hair well arranged; but your hosiery is faded and carelessly worn, your skirts frayed, your slippers out of shape. Were I a man, and ever so much in love with you, I should be disillusioned if I saw those things."

"Then I fear I should be disillusioned with my ideal of a man I love, if it depended on such poor objects as slippers and hose," responded Maud, with a tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "A man's love ought to be on a stronger basis than that."

"'Ought' and 'is' are different words," replied Sybl. "We take men as they are, when we marry them, and so we must make the best of them. If a man is not to be satisfied with goodness served plainly, we must put on a top salad-dressing of attractiveness, and garnish it with accomplishments. First of all, we must keep them in love with us. We can do nothing if we lose their love: we can do everything if we keep it. No matter how earthly and unworthy neat slippers and hosiery may seem compared to a tender heart and an intelligent mind and a devoted love, we must cater to a man's appreciation of the former in order to make him value the latter. So long as there are women in the world, on the stage of theatres or elsewhere, who make themselves exquisitely attractive in these ways, for the gaze of masculine eyes, it behooves every wife to not become careless in any detail of her toilet."

"A wife would not like to compare herself to a variety actress," sneered Maud.

"That is just what she wants to avoid having her husband do, in spite of himself, to her disadvantage," retorted Sybl. "The sooner wives think of men as they are, the better for the safety of society. It is almost impossible to keep husbands true through appealing wholly to their mental and spiritual natures. Their physical tastes must be catered to adroitly, their earthly vision pleased: there are women who will think of these things if we do not. A wise wife lets her husband find no pleasing novelty, no fascination, outside of his home, that he cannot find within. She makes herself as charming in dress, she renders herself as attractive in deportment, as less worthy women can be, to fascinate him, and she adds to all that the charm of moral worth and exclusiveness. Then she defies comparison from every standpoint with others. Eternal vigilance is the price of conjugal happiness."

"One grows careless living alone," said Maud. "You must remember I have had no husband to dress for during the last year."

"Nor I for thirteen years; but see!" and with a finger-tip and thumb Sybl lifted her simple cashmere gown, and displayed a fleeting glimpse of snowy mull, silken hose, and a trim bronze slipper. "If I were shipwrecked on an unpeopled island, I should polish my nails with the palm of my hand, daily," she said. "One should be ever ready, anywhere, to meet the most scrutinizing gaze of the man one loves."

Maud felt a spasm of jealousy contract her heart.

"If Morris, the man we both love, were to see us this minute, I know which would please his masculine taste the better," she thought; and then she said aloud, "I will buy hosiery and shoes by the wholesale to-morrow; and I will learn a few theatrical songs and dances to exhibit them, if you like," she added, laughing nervously.

"You need not go so far as that," replied Sybl. "I sometimes think I would like to start a training-school for young girls—a school to fit them for becoming wives. If they would follow my teachings, I believe eighteen out of every score would keep their husbands loyal and in love. I would have them understand mankind as it is, from the outset, and then I would teach them how to uplift and ennoble it. I think my opening address would be something like this. Consider yourself the school, Maud, and me the preceptress. Now listen."

Sybl assumed the school-teacher's air, rose and bowed to an imaginary audience, and began her address:

"Young ladies, you have entered this school to learn the most difficult as well as the holiest task, that of keeping your husbands true and your homes pure. Let me tell you, to start with, that men are only in a chrysalis state of moral and spiritual development; therefore you must not expect the men you marry to regard all things, immediately, from the same ideal and moral standpoint as yourselves. If you

undertake to argue or drive them into moral development, you will fail: they must be led, not driven. The world has allowed and forgiven men their shortcomings as husbands for so many centuries, they are quick to take advantage of this fact on small provocation. Take nothing for granted. Guard against all disillusionment. Keep yourselves models of virtue and constancy, but make yourselves mistress of every art of entertainment, of every charm which less worthy women perfect themselves in.

"Keep your blood in circulation, study the science of health and every rule of physical development. Do not try to be angels: be perfect women, in preference. Angels belong to the realm where there shall be no marrying and giving in marriage: they are not meant for wives. Cultivate your mind, but do not become aggressively intellectual or argumentative. Seek wisdom rather than knowledge. Be good-natured, and tolerant toward all peculiarities of your husband. Meet irritability with patient good-humor, indifference with affection. Prove yourselves, each one of you, the most attractive woman, in all respects, that your husband can find, go where he will. Give him liberty of action: be his home-keeper, not his jailor. Let him realize that you need and expect a share of entertainment, and that in return he is to receive his share of liberal treatment and freedom of action. Do not make a scene if he sometimes goes out without you, but go to bed, and go to sleep; and if he wakens you on his return, don't refer to the hour. Tell him you hope he has enjoyed himself; and, ten to one, you will find him ready to devote himself to you the following evening, like a lover.

"Learn to sing, and to play on one or two instruments; but be careful that you never sing while he wants to read aloud, and do not play noisy music while he is chatting with someone in the room: be willing to make your music an accompaniment for conversation.

"Appear as cheerful and happy as possible, at all times. A man likes a happy atmosphere, and is attracted to a cheerful woman, even if she is his wife. Study attractive women in all grades of life. Analyze, and adopt, if necessary, their methods of pleasing, but keep ever in your mind that you must surpass them all in discretion and virtue. Consider no woman too far below you to emulate whatever charm she possesses, and let no woman surpass you in virtue and goodness.

"Let your husband find nowhere such entertainment as he finds at home, and compel him to respect you. Compel other men to make their admiration of you as a woman subservient to their respect for you as a model wife. Any vulgar woman can indulge in vulgar flirtations: prove that you can avoid the semblance of one. Cultivate warm affection and display it at times, no matter how undemonstrative your husband may be. Praise his friends, and cultivate the acquaintance of every lady he admires. Avoid wounding his feelings in small matters, and show a disposition toward economy; yet let him realize that money is necessary to the keeping up of an attractive home. Be modest, but do not be prudes in your homes. Act the prude toward all other men, but occasionally be a little coquettish with your husband, is a safe rule of conduct. Never let him see an action or hear a word that is vulgar, in his home; but do not keep him in a strait-jacket of conventionality. Be——"

"Be perfection, in fact," interrupted Maud, "and then find oneself deserted for the club six nights out of seven, quite likely. You would have a woman a Venus, a Diana, a Circe, a Vesta, all in one, Sybl; and even the Creator did not make such a goddess as that."

"The Creator only began us: we are to finish the work ourselves, with the aid of the god of love. I think a woman might combine the four in one, if, by so doing, she believed she could keep the heart of the man she adored."

"She can try, at least," Maud answered soberly.

A few weeks later a brief epistle crossed the ocean, like a carrier-dove of peace; it was written by Sybl, and was addressed to Morris Hobart. It contained but few lines.

"Your wife has been an inmate of my home for the past year," it said. "During that time she has greatly changed. The barriers to your happiness are broken down. She is no longer a silly, prejudiced village-girl: she is a wise and liberal woman. She loves you, she is lonely for you. Come home to her." No answer came.

In July Mrs. Converse and Sybl proceeded to their seashore cottage at Bedford. Maud accompanied them. A week after their arrival Sybl found it necessary to return to the city for the day, on a matter of business. Just as she took her seat in the shore-bound train, toward nightfall, someone spoke her name. Looking up she met Morris Hobart face to face.

"I posted a letter to you a few hours ago," he said, as they sat down in the same compartment. "I hope no one else will receive it before you arrive. It was quite personal. I called at the house to see you, and was told that you were at the shore."

"I came in this morning on some business affairs," she explained. "When did you arrive?"

"Almost a week ago."

"So long?" she exclaimed, "and did not let us know of it? O Morris!"

"I went out to Bedford the day after I arrived in New York," Morris answered gravely. "It was evening when I reached the hotel, but before I dined I walked up to your cottage. The blinds were open, and I saw the interior of the cottage. You sat by yourself, evidently lost in deep thought. Maud—Mrs. Hobart—sat near the open window, singing a plantation melody, and there was a group of gentlemen surrounding her. I came away and returned to the city on a late train. You had awakened in my heart a spark of sympathy for Maud, by your letter describing her loneliness. What I saw fully and forever quenched that spark. I returned to ponder over the situation. While here my attention has been called to a most scandalous article which appeared in the 'City Sewer' last summer. I have also heard the gossip rife about my affairs. I wrote you how I felt on the subject, in the letter just posted. I asked to see you alone. This opportunity has come, and we will understand each other at once. I——"

"Let me explain about the gentlemen who were at the cottage last week," interposed Sybl, excitedly. "They were a party of strangers, gentlemen from the West, whom Dr. Converse had known at college. They were making a flying trip through the East, and sent their cards to their old comrade. He called upon them at the hotel and asked them down to the shore as his guest for one day. They dined with us, and after dinner Maud played and sang for them, at Dr. Converse's express wish. This is the truth, Morris."

Morris bowed coldly, with unmoved countenance.

"Yes, I believe you," he said. "But how about the scandal last summer?—before I had been three months absent. I knew Maud was shallow, but I certainly was not prepared to have her conduct herself quite so frivolously so soon. It is no use to argue with me, Sybl. I have appreciated your action in this matter, most highly. You meant to befriend Maud, and to protect her from gossip. You meant to do me a service. But you could not re-make a nature like Maud's. I came home thinking that if it were all as you said in your brief letter, I would try to make the

best of a bad affair and go back to her, though my heart was dead to the old affection I once entertained for her. It was affection, not love. I know I never loved, never could love but one woman, and that one,—yourself. Your devotion to Maud in this crisis of our lives has only added fuel to the flame; and when I saw you sitting apart, looking sad and preoccupied, and Maud laughing and nodding to the half-dozen men about her chair, a great wave of feeling took possession of me, and I said: 'I will not sacrifice my future on the altar of a false duty. I will not let Sybl sacrifice hers on the altar of a false creed. Maud shall have her freedom, and she shall marry whomsoever she will; but I will marry my own true love, whom I ought to have married thirteen years ago.' I am going out to Bedford to have a plain business talk with Maud. She will gladly let me have my freedom, I know; and I can make her a wealthy young *divorcée*, whom all the newspapers will be ready to launch into the notoriety she loves. And you and I will go abroad and live for each other, away from it all. Let the world's tongue wag as it will: we have both suffered enough for duty's sake, we will live the rest of our lives for love's sake."

His voice was low and steady; the words poured in a torrent from his lips; his eyes shone; his face was pale with suppressed passion.

Sybl's face was turned toward the window before he had ceased speaking. She closed her eyes and listened like one in a dream. The train rattled a noisy accompaniment to his words: she was conscious of a wish that it might go on forever, only to pause at the station of death. She was steeped in a luxury of the senses. The car was dimly lighted: Morris and she were virtually alone. He was beside her,—he loved her,—he was telling her of a way which seemed to open the doors of Paradise to her tortured heart. Maud would not mind the disappointment after a little: she would be quite content to pose as a *divorcée*. They would go away and leave all the gossip and the scandal behind them: other women had married divorced men and society had forgiven them,—other women who had not loved so long and well as she——

"Bed — ford!" cried the brakeman's loud voice, "Bedford!" and the glaring electric lights of the station shone in upon her, and in its ghastly rays Morris' face looked like the face of the dead.

"Dead to me,—dead to me," she said to herself; then, aloud, "It will be all different when you see Maud. I shall not tell her of this meeting: you must send her a note and appoint an interview. However you decide in regard to her, I can never be your wife, Morris. My creed forbids. I should never know a happy hour. Besides, Maud loves you, and will make you a good wife now. I have helped her to understand her duty to you. Good-night, Morris."

She glided away from him and was lost in the shadows.

The ladies were leaving the cottage for the bathing-beach the next morning, when a message came for Maud. She read it and turned to Sybl with gleaming eyes.

"Morris is at the hotel, he is coming to see me this afternoon," she whispered. "O Sybl, pray for me! Pray that he may not be disappointed in me."

They went down to the beach. The tide was in, and the surf just strong enough for vigorous bathing. A few people were already disporting themselves in the waves. Sybl seemed excited and full of high spirits.

"Let us go in and have a good swim," she said. "I feel as if I could race with sharks, this morning."

The three ladies were soon in the water. Maud had become an expert swimmer, and she soon caught the infection of her friend's mood.

"Let us have a race," she said, "out to the buoy and back. One,—two,—three,—go!"

They set out with slow, even stroke, shoulder to shoulder. When they reached the buoy Maud was half a head in advance: as they turned for the home-stretch, she gave a sharp cry. Sybl glanced at her and saw her white face distorted with pain: she had been caught with a sudden cramp. At that moment the demon awoke in Sybl's heart and seemed to take mastery of her. She made a long stroke toward shore, calling out to Maud to follow, as if she had not seen her danger. Still another and another stroke, but Maud did not follow.

"Well, what of it? Is it my fault if she is seized with a cramp? How should I know it?—bent upon the race as I am. If I tried to save her we might both drown."

Still another stroke toward shore, where she could see and recognize the people who moved to and fro.

"Sybl! Sybl! save me!" cried the agonized voice behind her; and just at that moment Sybl saw a tall form on the beach, standing beside her sister. It was Morris.

With a swift, dexterous motion of one hand she reversed her position in the water, and with the velocity and grace of some sea-born creature she glided back to where the almost exhausted form of her companion lay struggling and strangling in the waves. Seizing her by the long, golden braids of hair, which had escaped from their confinement in her struggle for life, she cried out to her to be of good courage, and to remember the rules she had so often impressed upon her mind in their hours of practice.

"Grasp my belt, keep your head above water, and do not impede my movements," she cried. "I will soon land you safely."

She set forth laboriously under the weight of her burden, but she seemed endowed with superhuman power. No one had noticed them thus far, and they were still several yards farther out at sea than any of their companions. It was five minutes before Sybl could make her voice heard above the merry laughter and shouts of the bathers. At length some one saw them, and a man swam rapidly to their assistance.

"Take Mrs. Hobart ashore: I need no help," Sybl said, as she relinquished her charge to his keeping.

"Are you not exhausted,—had you not better cling to me?" he asked. "I can easily carry one upon my back and tow you along beside. I am very strong, and perfectly at home in the water."

"I am not at all exhausted, thank you, I need no aid," Sybl answered. "I will follow you slowly."

But few of the people on shore knew what had occurred until Maud lay fainting from excitement and exhaustion upon the beach. Then a crowd gathered. All thoughts were centered upon Maud. The man who had brought her ashore was lost sight of for some moments, then he was hunted up and questioned. Sybl's part in it was told, and search was made for her. No one could find her.

"She went directly to the cottage to avoid the scene she knew must ensue," Mrs. Converse said. "We will find her there wrapped in hot blankets, drinking ginger-tea, no doubt."

But Sybl was not at the cottage. The waves washed her body ashore next day.

Morris Hobart and his wife Maud sailed for Europe ten days later.

Confession of a Materializing Medium.

WE laugh at the unfounded fears which laborers once had at the introduction of machinery; but there is at least one class whose credit and occupation suffer more and more with the advance of science,—the ghosts. "Real" ghost-stories are left now to the "penny-dreadful" or to the very juvenile reader. Among the unprofitable rubbish unread by busy and intelligent people are newspaper articles headed "Reported Ghost."

This is, no doubt, why certain reports attracted so little attention, a few years ago, outside of a certain town in one of the Middle States. Very few would now recall the circumstances or identify the parties: the latter have long since moved away, and are now not opposed to the publication of a correct account of the whole affair. It is morally instructive, and involves some psychological questions. It is to be hoped it will put an end to worse reports or suspicions that may linger in the minds of a few, and if there are any very sensitive friends or connections they will be content, since this publication is the will of those most concerned; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Emoren—let us call them for the nonce.

They were commonplace people, and their early history is immaterial to the present narrative. He was first drawn to her because she was a very talkative young lady and he was fond of conversation; and she loved him because he loved her. That is about as near as the cause of their marriage can be stated. Nor shall I take the responsibility of judging between them in the disagreements that followed: upon the whole they are now satisfied to assume equal blame. I shall not try to apportion particular faults, but shall say "they," "each," or "both," as often as possible instead of "he" or "she."

They had never been taught that skill and virtue should be exercised in listening as well as in talking, that "brilliant flashes of silence" are often highly appreciated by the other party to a conversation. After marriage his society would have satisfied her, perhaps, if he had only continued an attentive listener to her daily and nightly discourses on dress, neighbors, aches, and servants; his love of conversation would have lasted, no doubt, if she had only continued to hang upon his words as he "talked shop." Unfortunately, at that time they knew too little to get interested in anything but their respective daily doings. At first their replies to each other generally began with "Yes, indeed," or "Yes"; later it was more frequently a hesitating "Y-e-e-s," or "W-e-ll, y-e-s"; by and by it was more likely to be "Yes, but—"; finally, "No" became more and more commonly the preface to the rejoinder. In other words, their replies at first were mainly assentive, acquiescent, and supplementary; then they became more qualifying; and finally, contradictory.

This grew upon them unconsciously, in a measure, and almost automatically they got to antagonizing on every subject broached. Neither had the much stronger will, else there would have been the result usual among people of their class of mind,—a hen-pecked husband or a brow-beaten wife. He would argue with her a week about the temper of one of the servants, whom he would not have known if he had met her in the street (to be sure, the servants were frequently changed); and Mrs. E. would wrangle with him by the hour about his machinery, although she "confessed" to temperance friends that she could never recall which name, "corkscrew" or "screw-driver," belonged to which tool, without remembering that one was used to open a bottle, and the other to fasten coffin-lids. Instead of listening when the other spoke, each was thinking what to say next; when they listened it was only to pick the first apparent flaw, whether it was germane to the subject or not: and thus the lines of argument went from tangent to tangent, beginning anywhere, going everywhere, and ending nowhere. Their nearest approach to good humor was a kind of verbal game of tag with each other.

He had made money by inventions in a trade he had formerly followed, and was prosperous in his present manufacturing. They entertained considerable company at first, but that ceased through another mistaken course toward each other. For instance, she would say, "Mr. Blank, don't you think so and so?" or, "I think thus: don't you agree with me?" In most cases the unwary Mr. Blank would more or less agree with her, whereupon she would use that as a solid backing to her arguments against Mr. E. Mr. E. learned the trick, and made reprisals in the same way. From that unseemly wrangling ensued, which ended their social gatherings.

What brought things to a crisis was their dinner-hour. Theirs was not a symposium to be desired. One was dyspeptic and the other bilious. The fate of how many empires and families might have been different with a little physic! And how it would strain the poetry and romance of most lovers' quarrels and estrangements if the real cause, and not simply the occasion, were given!

Of the laws of health Mr. and Mrs. E. were more ignorant even than most people. He often neglected lunch, and came to late dinner tired out and went to table without a moment's rest. The servants being generally new, Mrs. E. usually came from the kitchen "hot and huffy," as he remarked. They would begin eating, and, too often, bile and acid would begin to work on their inmost souls. The sky would become overcast, the clouds would gather, by and by the thunders muttered, then rolled, and the lightning flashed, so to speak. At last, after they got to pitching food at each other every few days, they decided to keep away from each other as much as convenient. The loss of his company added little to her loneliness, for she was always gossiping with the servants; but she knew he could not be long without somebody to talk to.

The house was a large "three-story and basement" building. He had a room on the top floor refurnished, and there spent most of his time when at home. After a few weeks it seemed that he felt his loneliness too much, for she heard of his visiting acquaintances. Then he would take a valise and be gone for a day or two. He never had anybody to visit him. Curiosity was strongly aroused when he had his room door doubled by adding an outer shutter. After that the doors were always double-locked except when the servant "did the room," and that was always in his presence.

It was a corner room. On one of the inner sides was the narrow passage from which it was entered. On the remaining side was a servant's room, entered from the same passage. Between the two rooms was the chimney, and on either side of the chimney a closet, one for each room. The servant's closet was not ceiled, and only one thickness of lath and plaster separated it from Mr. E.'s room.

Mrs. E. and the servants now often retired to this closet; and they did not go there to pray. The present set of servants stayed with them longer than any they had ever had before. The listeners were rewarded: they heard conversation in Mr. E.'s room; but who the visitor was, and how and when he came or went, was a mystery, for none of the household ever saw him. They kept so strict and unsuccessful a watch that they began to suspect it was only Mr. E. reading plays by himself, for pictures of actresses had been seen by the maid who attended to the room.

Afterwards, from time to time, her sharp eyes saw slight

evidences that somebody besides Mr. E. had been in the room: but there was nothing to indicate the character of the visitor. They redoubled their vigilance in vain. "He must hide in the closet," thought the maid; and once, when it happened to be unlocked, she boldly looked in on some pretext, but saw nobody. Then, thought they, he comes and goes through an opening made above the closet, and so by the roof. They got the coachman to lay on the roof for several nights. However, he perceived nothing the whole time but that he was catching a terrible cold.

About that time Mrs. E. happened to read in a newspaper the description of an escaped criminal.

"Jane," said she, with suppressed excitement, "did you say the color of that lock of hair Mr. E. threw into the fire was light?"

"Yes mum," was the reply.

Then Mrs. E. sat to thinking, and explained to her own mind clearly and fully the reason for every detail of Mr. E.'s past temper and conduct. He was implicated in some crime!

"Mr. E.," said she, next day, with a tragic air, as he was going out, "you can't deceive me. I know you are harboring that criminal."

Mr. E. looked startled for an instant; and then, with something between a snort and a sneer, he passed on.

She was now for the first time solemnly troubled. All that day she thought more and talked less than she had ever done before in all her life. Pity and apprehension took the place of animosity. Before night she went to the servant's closet, selected a spot where two laths were wide apart, and scratched the plaster thin with the point of her scissors. Mr. E. came home in the evening, dined alone, and went up to his room. She followed to the closet, placed her ear to the thin spot, and soon heard Mr. E.'s loud voice with considerable distinctness, and to the following effect:

"You think I look tired, do you? Well, I must say I am. [A pause: other voice too low.] What about the factory? What's been going on to-day? Well, let's see. [He talked for some time about that.] Think I've been a success, eh? [Delivered quite a lecture on his past labors and achievements.] And the great satisfaction of it all is to talk it over this way with somebody that agrees with me,—at least, that don't disagree with me. [Mrs. E.'s conscience, in her then state of mind, smote her.] In fact, it's the same if I go to the theatre or travel or see or hear anything nice and great: it's spoiled if there ain't somebody to talk it up with. [Another little smite for Mrs. E.] Yes, I'm modest; but I'm honest, and must confess I've a pretty good face; features good,—anyhow, suits me. And my figger too: it used to be called fine. [Conscience stops smiting Mrs. E.] As for you," he resumed, "you are the only one of your kind in the world. I've seen all sorts and tried a good many. Been trying them lately, on purpose. You are the only soul I can talk to and be perfectly free and easy. You never quarrel, and you are confidential to perfection. I talk as I like to you and just as long; and when I want to hush and think, I'm just as easy as if you were a thousand miles away. What's more, you cost me next to nothing. Yes, the doctor says it's good for health; but talking to some folks makes me fret."

Two of the servants had joined Mrs. E. They wanted to borrow the thin place. Mrs. E. could not spare it, but kept them on the rack by her whispered ejaculations. At last she gave a convulsive start.

"What is it?" they shivered out. "Who is it? Is it the counterfeiter?"

"Worse than that!"

"Is it somebody deranged?"

"No."

"A burglar?"

"Worse!"

"A murderer!" they exclaimed, almost aloud.

"No, no! Worse! Worse!!" she gasped. "It's a woman!!! I shall shriek!"

"Oh! don't! Be sure, mum,—be sure first."

"Oh! I shall faint!" They supported her.

"Let me listen for you, mum." But Mrs. E. braced up, flattened her ear to the thin place, and heard her husband's voice:

"I never thought I should find you. I waited and worked till I got you at last. Just the temper, just the figger, just the complexion, just the hair, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, that are nowhere else in the world together. Oh, you needn't protest, you needn't blush."

Mrs. E. snatched her scissors, stabbed a hole in the plastering, and put her eye to it just in time to see Mr. E. put his arm about a woman's neck and draw her to the fireside and—just out of sight.

Mrs. E. upset one of the maids, rushed out into the passage, crying "Help! Murder! Fire! Thieves! Women!!" and began beating at Mr. E.'s door and demanding admittance. Mr. E. opened the doors.

"Who is it? Where is she?" she demanded.

"Who's who?"

"The woman."

"What woman?"

"There's a woman in here."

"There isn't."

"There is!"

"There isn't."

"I tell you there is!"

"I tell you there isn't."

"I say I saw her!"

"I say you didn't. How could you?"

With the accompaniment of this excited antiphon they set to work without delay, she searching the room, and he, rather inconsistently with his denial, examining the inner and outer doors, the cracks, locks, keyholes, etc., to see if it were by any means possible she could have seen into the room. She searched half a dozen times every hole and corner by which a human being could hide or escape; and he a dozen times scrutinized every crack in the doors. They both stood baffled, but they could still talk.

"I tell you again, I say there's a woman in this room!"

"I tell you again, I say there isn't!"

"I saw her!"

"Prove it. What sort of a looking woman was she? Where is she?"

"You've let her out the roof."

"You said she's *here*."

"I did not. I said she *was* here."

"How could she get away?"

"Up the chimney."

"You said by the roof."

"The chimney's on the roof, ain't it?"

"No! It's *here!*"

"It isn't! It's *here!*—I mean it's on the roof."

"Then if it ain't *here*, how could she get out of here by it?"

"Good lor'!" she yelled, frantically, "you talk like a raving jackass!" and flounced out of the room.

She talked the matter over downstairs with the maids. Then the latter recollected that when listening on previous occasions they thought they had heard a female voice. The conclusion they finally agreed upon was that it was either a spirit, or a real woman who entered and left by the window, by a rope ladder,—either a ghost or a trapeze woman.

Mr. E. kept searching, and next day discovered the hole in the wall. He had the servant's closet cleared out, the door securely locked, and kept the key. After listening many days, they heard conversation once or twice when his own closet-door happened to be open. The more they watched the house, inside and out, the more they felt it was not a trapeze woman, but a ghost.

It was reported in the papers that the house was haunted, and for some nights a crowd collected in front of it. Various visions were announced, most of them seen by hysterical people and liars. The skeptical believed that Mr. E. had simply fallen into the infatuating power of some bad woman, and they could easily see her influence in some things that went wrong at the factory. She became the object of many maledictions. No one could elicit a word from Mr. E. on the subject: few that knew him would try. Years before he had lost valuable patents by being too communicative. It had preyed on his mind at the time, and resulted in his becoming a little eccentric in general, and very reticent on special subjects.

It now became difficult to keep servants in "the haunted house." It was no doubt owing to this and the general excitement in the neighborhood that Mr. E. now left his private room and everything in it unlocked; and no more ghostly conversations were heard there. But, as he left home now more frequently, it was suspected that he met the strange woman by appointment elsewhere. A nephew of Mrs. E., by careful watching, found that Mr. E. often resorted to a country hotel. The nephew consulted with the proprietor, and he, in turn, by much inquiry among the waiters, learned that one of them had once caught a glimpse of a lady in Mr. E.'s room.

That same nephew, by industry, collected in various places a number of wild-sounding stories, such as no person would credit or any newspaper publish. For example, a certain hack-driver, who had a name for honesty, solemnly declared that once he was taking Mr. E. on a considerable journey at night. Going up a hill a harness-buckle broke. He got down to mend it, looked in to explain the delay, and saw someone hide behind Mr. E. Nothing was said, but a little later the driver took another peep, and the other passenger was gone.

One of the best authenticated reports was that of a man who was not acquainted with Mr. E. but knew him by sight, and had heard the rumors about him. He happened to put up at the same house once, at an obscure watering-place on the New Jersey coast. He naturally kept an eye on Mr. E. He saw him go out alone in a sail-boat, and kept the run of him through a telescope. When Mr. E. was far out, the gentleman called other guests of the house to corroborate him, they looked, and all declared that there was a woman with Mr. E., and they watched him return and land alone.

Again, there was a party of tourists ascending one of the Catskill peaks that was seldom visited. In passing a point some distance from the top, they noticed a man and woman on the highest rock. He was gesticulating and appeared to be enthusiastically pointing out the scenery. When near the top they turned a ledge of rock and suddenly came in sight of the couple again, now near at hand. Just then the man violently attacked the woman, and hurled her down. Part of them thought he stabbed her; the rest, that he choked her before he threw her over the precipice. He was arrested. It was Mr. E. The body of the woman was not found, but he had much trouble before he was released.

Within six months from the time Mr. E. began his curious course, and while all was still a public mystery, he and his wife became reconciled, and were as constantly together as young lovers. They seemed devoted to each other and to looking after health,—walking, driving, and, as the cook said, "taking their medicine together like turtle-doves." They looked improved and happy; but other people were not, for nothing was explained to anybody. The nephew, who had taken so much trouble on his aunt's behalf, felt aggrieved, and swore in slang terms that he would "find the nigger in the wood-pile or bust!"

Late in the following fall Mr. E. journeyed alone to a town not a hundred miles from New York. At the hotel where he put up there arose a controversy among the servants as to who had blundered in putting two guests, a man and wife, in No. 19, a room that accommodated only one. The clerk was appealed to.

"No," said the clerk, "Mr. Emoren is alone, so registered, at least."

But time and again they caught glimpses of a woman as they passed the door when it happened to be open,—a blonde lady, dressed in white. But no such lady came to meals or was seen by the chambermaids. The clerk told the proprietor. There was a convention of spiritualists just gathering in the town at that time, and a number of them put up at this hotel. The proprietor, in a joking way, said to one of them that he was just about to turn out a guest who was harboring a too familiar spirit. The spiritualist inquired the particulars, and accompanied the host to Mr. E.'s door.

"Mr. E.," said the host, as the door was opened, "you ought to know that this is a respectable house. If the lady that comes to your room is your wife you should have registered her name at the office. If she is not, you must both leave."

Mr. E. showed him that there was nobody with him, and denied that there had been. The host retired, muttering and undecided. The spiritualist lingered a moment; then, taking Mr. E.'s right hand between both of his, he said, in sepulchral tones:

"Brother, I congratulate you! I yearn to you-ward! You are one of the highly favored! I saw that you knew it would be useless to explain to the earthly skeptic."

The spiritualists felt strengthened, and held their heads higher among the Philistines of the hotel. It rolled the reproach from them to be able to point to one of their number who was a powerful materializing medium.

That evening his room was full of the brethren, who hungered for manifestations, and some others who were not brethren, but just as hungry. He was rather reticent and made no pretensions, but said he hoped to be able to materialize for them the next evening.

Next day the skeptical nephew arrived and had an interview with the host.

"Spirits be hanged!" said he. "He's up to his old game. It's that same vile woman!"

The nephew kept out of sight, and the servants were quietly told that the first one who saw any sign of the woman was to come at once to the host. Sure enough, after tea, one of the waiters came in haste to say that he had just caught a glimpse of the woman as he handed in some envelopes to Mr. E. The host notified the nephew. The waiters did not require notification.

"Bear in mind," said the nephew, as they proceeded in a crowd to No. 19, "you all will be called as witnesses in a divorce case."

They knocked at the door.

"One moment," called out Mr. E. within.

"Not a minute!" said the nephew, and turned the knob. But the door was locked. They heard Mr. E. climb upon something, and saw him look out through the transom over the door. The foremost put their shoulders to the door.

"Now, all together! One,—two,—three!"

The crowd shoved, the door flew open. There was a heavy fall heard within and the report of a pistol, and Mr. E.

and the woman lay upon the floor. He jumped up excitedly and the whole crowd fled. Some forced themselves into the rooms of guests who were peeping out of their doors, and the rest made a stampede along the corridors and tumbled over one another down the stairs.

"Great heavens! I didn't bargain for this kind of thing," said the breathless host to the pallid nephew.

Several waiters ran for police and doctors. The police came, entered No. 19 without opposition, and found Mr. E. smoking, but no sign of a woman, dead or alive. An hour was spent in searching the room and premises, but no woman or pistol was found. Even the spiritualists were astounded at such an openly public, visible, and audible materialization. The clerk and the nephew, who had helped to search, at last gave it up and went downstairs.

"Well, sir," said the host to Mr. E., "whatever you've done or haven't done to anybody else, you are ruining this hotel. Nobody'll stay here if this goes on."

"Oh, I see that," said Mr. E. "That must be righted. Now, if these officers will send everybody else about their business, I think I can satisfy them, and you, too. First, have some refreshments brought. You may tell the young man, my wife's nephew, to come too, if he likes." But the nephew had just left for home, remarking to the clerk that he had "got enough."

"Now I'll be short as I can, gentlemen," began Mr. E. as they closed the door and drew up round a table. "I wasn't born to keep secrets. Fact is, I'm naturally a talker,—too much so for my own good, sometimes. But after I was married some time I got a notion into my head, somehow, that what we human beings enjoyed was not talking *with* somebody, but *to* somebody, because I got to noticing how long some of us talkative talkers would talk without anybody else saying much of anything. Thinks I, it's just to hear ourselves talk, as the saying is. It's good for the health, they say; but why not talk to ourselves some, said I. I tried it; but talking to nothing didn't seem natural, somehow,—force of habit, maybe. Then thinks I, how'll it do to talk to some *thing* instead of some *body?* Poets talk a lot to things,—all kinds of things: very nice talk it is, too,—some of it.

"Now I never studied mental philosophy: my education was picked up; but I'm a natural inventor. The only way I could ever keep quiet comfortably was inventing something,—no matter what. Well, you see while I was thinking over this matter I concluded it was according to laws of human nature to talk to things. Just see what piles of satisfaction children everywhere get out of talking to dolls; and what heaps of comfort all sorts of people get out of talking—that is, praying—to or at or in front of images. Imagination does the work, and I've got lots of that. Then, next to people, what's the most natural thing to talk to? A doll,—an image. That was just to my hand. I enjoyed thinking it out. My old trade was India rubber. I made some journeys and got my stuff together. I planned it, and worked it out, improving and improving, till at last I succeeded in building the biggest, the prettiest, and the neatest dressed rubber doll in the world! She is thin-skinned, but tough. There's a valve on her arm: she materializes in a few seconds and collapses still quicker. I can blow her up or squelch her, and she only smiles. Her dress is fine, and without plaits, folds, or flounces. She collapses, clothes and all, just as she is. You can roll her up and stick her anywhere. Hanging on my arm, folded up, you'd take her for a shawl or water-proof or whatever happened to be the outer dress.

"Well, I tried her some months, just to talk to. As a companion, I consider her a great improvement on some people; and in some points she can't be equaled by anybody. But still, even just for talking to, I think there's something wanting. However, I wanted to test that mental philosophy question,—about poets talking to things, and about dolls and images. And I'm not satisfied about that yet.

"This ghost I hadn't trotted out for some time, till the other day I happened to see a notice of this spiritualist gathering, and took it into my head to come on and have a little amusement. I let the waiter see the figger on purpose to get it spread around among the faithful. They were coming in to-night. I had just blown up the ghost and was going to put her under the bed, when you came."

S. C. THOMPSON.

"Famous Beauties of the South."

EVERYONE loves to see a beautiful woman, or, if that be not possible, her picture; and everyone may have a chance of seeing superb pictures of the most "Famous Beauties of the South," which we shall publish in the next (the November) number of Demorest's Family Magazine, with brilliant biographical sketches of the fair originals, by the gifted young writer Miss Fitzhugh, of the Kentucky Press Association.

These pictures will include portraits of Mrs. Sallie Ward Downs, the most noted belle that Kentucky has ever known, whose career has been a series of gay triumphs since her début, before the war, and who is still a brilliant factor in the gay world; Miss Adele Horwitz, a belle of Baltimore, that city renowned for lovely women; Mrs. T. G. Gaylord, of Louisville, Ky., a young matron of rare beauty, and a thorough society belle; Miss Loulie Lyons, of Virginia, one of the most notable of American beauties, whose loveliness creates a *fureur* wherever she goes; Mrs. Delos Mellen, a young creole matron, from that city of lovely daughters, New Orleans; Miss Louise Braughn, also of New Orleans, crowned queen of one of the world-famed *Mardi-gras* carnivals; Mrs. "Willie" Allen, a Georgian by birth, but now living near Richmond, Va., the charms of whose person and manners have been extolled all over the Union; Miss Sadie Gladys Williams, of Nashville, Ky., whom Mrs. Astor declared to be the most beautiful woman she ever beheld; Miss May Handy, of Richmond, Va., a most noted young belle; Miss Mary Pearce Phelps, of Mississippi, whose father was assistant surgeon-general on General Grant's staff; Miss Mary Maben Cullen, of Richmond, Va., whose father held the same position on Gen. Lee's staff; Mrs. Wm. F. Draper, formerly of Lexington, Ky., but now residing in Massachusetts, daughter of the late Gen. William Preston, at one time our minister to Spain; Mrs. Mary Triplett Haxall, said to be the most celebrated Virginia beauty since the Revolution, and called by the Parisians "La Belle Américaine"; Miss Louise Maguire, ranked among the most beautiful women of Kentucky; Miss Martha Burwell Dabney Bagley, of Virginia, daughter of the well-known southern humorist who wrote under the *nom de plume* "Mozziz Addums"; Miss Cora Townsend, of New Orleans, whose beauty is known in the social world from one end of the Union to the other; Miss Imogen Morris, of Virginia, a beauty who has been a royal belle since her coming-out, a year or two ago; Mrs. James E. Pepper, a typical "blue-grass" woman; and Miss Curry Duke, daughter of Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Confederate fame.

The portraits were collected at great expense and trouble, and have been reproduced in a superb manner; and they will form a collection of pictures of American beauties which will be well worthy of preservation.

Aunt Essie's Cure.

IT could not have been more disagreeable out-of-doors. It had been raining all day, and was still pouring down upon the pavements that had had a preliminary coating of sleet to add to the discomfort. Within doors, in the cheerful sitting-room, all seemed warmth and comfort, from the deep-hued curtains draping the windows, to the glowing fire in the grate. I say "seemed," for a heavy sigh from a girl sitting before the fire contradicted the impression of perfect peace the room suggested: she had a book in her lap, but for the last half-hour not a leaf had been turned, and she had sat staring fixedly into the flames.

Her maiden aunt at the window, hearing the long-drawn breath, glanced up from her knitting for a moment, and regarded the listless figure in the big arm-chair with some solicitude.

"What is the matter, Alice? I have heard you sigh a half-dozen times in the last half-hour. I know you are not dyspeptic, and to the best of my knowledge you are not in love; so as those are the only reasons given for sighs, I am at a loss to account for yours. What is the trouble?"

"Nothing particular: I've got a fit of 'the blues.'"

"And yesterday you were in 'the dumps,' and the day before you had 'the horrors,' and to-morrow you will probably be 'bored to death.' Why don't you bestir yourself and do something?"

"I'm tired of everything!"

"Get yourself a book and read."

"That's just what I have been trying to do; but the books are alike; same hero, same heroine, same love, same everything! I have read a hundred like this!" and Alice gave a contemptuous toss to the volume that sent it flying across the room.

"Practice your music, then."

"I hate music!—at least, I hate my own. I know *good* music when I hear it, and mine is not that."

"Finish that painting that you commenced."

"Bah! the smell disgusts me, and the sight of my impossible green-and-red-and-yellow abominations makes me wish I had been born color-blind or something, so that I could never have taken lessons in painting."

"Well," said her aunt, as a last suggestion, holding out the mitten she was knitting, "begin to crochet or knit yourself something."

"I have everything imaginable in the shape of woolen things, and I have supplied everyone in the family with mittens and caps and nubias, so that there is nothing more for me to make."

"I can't think of anything else that you could do; but why you can't sit and enjoy that beautiful fire like a reasonable being, instead of sighing away as if you had all the cares of the world on your shoulders, I can't see. What trouble can a pretty girl like you have, with everything she wants and nothing to do but enjoy herself?"

Alice rose from her chair, came over to her aunt, and knelt down by her side.

"Aunt Essie, I believe that's just the trouble: I am so tired of myself, so tired of waiting on myself, so tired of pleasing or trying to please myself! If I could only forget myself once, get out of myself and get into something else! I'm sure there must be something of interest left yet. I'm tired of theatres, tired of parties, tired of dancing, tired of reading, and tired of everything. The only thing I really enjoy is to go off all alone and take a long brisk walk. I always see so many things that please me then: I like to watch the children, and sometimes I stop and talk to them; I like to imagine things about the workmen, about the brick-layers and the men who are working at houses and in the streets, what their homes are like, and whether they are happy or are in trouble. I always feel like a new person when I reach home after my walks, but then comes the old story again: the same thing every day,—calling, shopping, amusements, amusements, shopping, calling,—until I get to hate the sight of everything."

Aunt Essie pushed the hair back from the white forehead, and looked thoughtfully into the girl's moody, troubled eyes.

"You are depressed in spirits by the dismal weather, Alice," she said. "Your discontent will pass away with the clouds and rain, and you will be bright and cheerful again, wondering at yourself that you could say or think for a moment that there is nothing more of interest to you in your world."

"I wish it would pass away, but I know it will not. This is no temporary mood with me: I have felt the same way for months,—dissatisfied with everything. Aunt Essie, what do you do to keep yourself from discontent? You always seem busy and interested in something or other, and I'm sure you never have 'the doleful dumps' like this silly niece of yours. Give me your receipt for cheerfulness, won't you, auntie?"

"I'm afraid that my receipt would not prove potent in all cases, for I am often sad and sick at heart at the sights I sometimes see. When I feel in low spirits I generally get right to work at cleaning the house, and I find the broom and scrubbing-brush first-rate exorcisers of the demons of discontent. I'm afraid that little nose of yours would tip-tilt itself in horror at the enumeration of the pursuits with which I ward off dull care."

"I am sure I would not be a bit horrified at anything you would do, aunt. Come now, tell me, for instance, everything you did yesterday. I would love to hear, and you will be doing a really good act in amusing a disconsolate, wearied-to-death damsel."

"Poor, candy-sick, sweets-surfeited damsel! Get yourself a more comfortable seat on that ottoman, and I'll feed you on dry husks for a change. What did I do yesterday? Let me see," said Aunt Essie, who, by the way, kept house for her bachelor brother, just three doors below her niece's home. "I'll begin at the very beginning: I rose from my bed at five o'clock,—"

"Auntie!" exclaimed Alice in an incredulous tone.

"My usual hour in winter: in summer it is a half-hour earlier, and sometimes an hour. I dressed by gaslight, attended to the fires, put on the draughts, and in half an hour had a warm house. I made the breakfast, called brother John at six, we ate at half-past, then I cleared away the dishes, made the kitchen neat, did the upstairs work and put the house in order, and at ten I sat down to sew awhile. Shall I tell you what I was working at?"

"Of course, tell me everything."

"It was a little girl's shroud."

"Why Aunt Essie!"

"Yes: poor little Hetty, she was only five years old. She lived in the alley back of our houses. Her parents are miserably poor; yet I believe they would sooner starve to death than ask charity. They have five children beside this one, and the eldest is only nine. The father is a cigar-maker, but he is out of work owing to the strike, and supports his family on the few dollars allowed him weekly by the trade union. Hetty took sick with a sore throat, and grew rapidly worse: no wonder, for the only fire in the house was a starved handful they kept going in the cracked kitchen-stove. Her sore throat developed into membranous croup: they sent for a doctor when it was too late, and the poor child died in agony. So poor are they, that they had not

even a nightgown to put on the body. I was there when she died, and when I left, an aunt of hers, poor, too, for she takes in washing, followed me to the door and said between her sobs, handing me a dollar :

"'Miss Kent, I always promised little Hetty a white dress when she would be six years old, and I want to keep my promise to her. Will you go down town for us and get enough white muslin or lawn to make a Mother Hubbard dress for her to be buried in? I hope that is enough, for I can hardly spare that much ; yet I would rather go without dinner for a week than not get it for her.'"

"I promised to do my best : I procured cream nuns'-veiling and satin and some cream satin ribbon, and made a dainty little gown. I finished it yesterday morning and took it over before dinner, and I could not describe to you the look that came into the bereaved mother's face when she saw the pretty dress. Hetty was her only girl, and she had loved her, perhaps, more than her many boys, and taken pride in her pretty face, though she could not set it off with pretty clothes. She dressed her for the coffin herself, she would not let any one else do a thing for her ; and it was the saddest sight to see her smoothing the dead child's hair, kissing her, and talking to her about her new dress as though she were still living and would understand."

Aunt Essie paused a moment to steady her voice : there were tears in Alice's eyes.

"I never thought that there were such poor people so close to us, aunt. Of course, I know there are plenty of poor in the world, and in this city ; but they always seemed far off. I never dreamed such things could happen next door, almost, and no one know of it."

"'The poor have ye always with you,'" Aunt Essie said softly. "But to continue with my day's doings : I prepared the dinner at twelve ; the funeral was at two, and as they had asked me to attend, I did so ; it was four before I got back ; I ran in to see you and your mother for a few minutes, that you know ; I started these mittens before supper ; after supper I read the evening's paper, and knitted awhile: Brother John sat at one side of the fire and I at the other, and I assure you we enjoyed our bright grate better than you did yours this afternoon ; then I closed the house, fixed the fires, and at ten o'clock was in bed ; and that is my whole day's work."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes : Alice was thinking of the pathetic little scene brought before her mind's eye by her aunt's short, unvarnished tale. She watched the flying fingers a moment as they finished the second red mitten.

"For whom are those mittens, aunt?" she asked.

"They are for Hetty's aunt's little boy : he goes to school, and I am going to take a pair of shoes and these mittens there to-day. I have a customer for his mother, too. Will you go with me? See, it has cleared off beautifully, and it is not yet three o'clock. You will be killing 'two birds with one stone' : get a nice walk, and find out something about the workmen whom you wonder so much about."

"I will be delighted to go!" said Alice, as she tripped away for her wraps. Her aunt looked after her wistfully.

"If I could only get her help," she thought : "she could do such a noble work if she only would. I know she is sweet and good in a negative fashion, but she has such a luxurious life here as the only daughter of her parents, that I never dreamed she would be dissatisfied or long for something different. This last hour has been a revelation. Are there many young girls, I wonder, who, while seemingly in the highest enjoyment in life's favors, conceal within their breasts a restless desire for something else, they know not what? I know if there are, I could tell them their need : I could open their blind eyes to the hundreds before their very doors, in the satisfying of whose wants they would find a solace and a peace they know not of ; and not always among the very poor would they need to go, for in many apparently well-supplied homes the need is sometimes the bitterest. I could show—"

But Alice's return put a stop to her mental soliloquy, and the two were soon picking their way through the slippery streets. They walked until the closely built houses began to give way to rows of small cottages, each set in its own little plot of ground, and all presenting a neat and thrifty appearance : before one of these they stopped.

"Why, aunt, I thought you said they were so poor?"

"Wait, and see," replied her aunt ; "you can think the mother does not take in washing for pleasure."

In a few minutes the door was opened by a girl of about fourteen. Miss Kent having made known her errand, she ushered the ladies into a neatly, though somewhat scantily, furnished parlor, and, with the remark that they should take seats and she would call her mother, she vanished, and they were left to their own devices. Alice had just time to notice that the room felt actually colder than the outside air, when Mrs. Block appeared. She was a stout woman with a coarse, though kindly, face : she greeted Miss Kent with hearty good-will, and then led them back to the kitchen with many apologies for the want of fire in the front room, and for the upside-down condition of the back one, which was at least warm. It *had* a rather confused appearance : there were a couple of tubs full of clothes on a bench, buckets and wash-baskets standing around, a wash-boiler steaming on the stove, and a particularly lively baby on the floor was making litter of everything its busy, dirty little hands came in contact with. The girl who had let them in was sitting at the window, and Alice took a seat near her while her aunt transacted her business with Mrs. Block.

"The baby is a girl, is it not?" asked Alice, to open conversation. She felt some curiosity about these people and spoke in her most winning tones to the sullen-faced girl, admiring secretly her big black eyes and thick braid of black hair.

"Yes, it is," was the brief reply.

"Is she your only sister?"

"No indeed : I've got three others and four brothers besides : the young ones are in school."

"How nice that is! I have no sisters or brothers, and I have often wished I had : one can have such nice times, I should judge, in a large family."

"We have fun sometimes, but sometimes it's too lively, like the other night when our Johnny came home from a spree. I don't believe you'd have thought they were such nice times then, till we got him to bed."

The girl, her name was Molly, spoke in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable. Alice was dismayed at the suggestion offered of a struggle with a drunken man, but she managed to say :

"How dreadful! Does he do that often?"

"Get on a spree? Oh, every month or so : when pay-day comes he nearly always gets drunk."

There was a moment's pause, and then Alice changed the subject.

"Do you go to school?"

"Sometimes, when it isn't wash-day and I must'n't mind the baby and I have shoes. I can't go just now because my shoes have no soles any more, and I won't get any new ones until the end of the week. I don't care. I won't go to school much longer, anyway. I've got to work in another year, so it doesn't matter much."

"I should think you would want to make the most of the time left for schooling."

"I hate to study! I'd rather earn some money so that I

could git some decent clothes. I know a girl that's only a year older than I am, and she earns lots of money in between schooltimes, knitting mittens and clouds and things for people. I wish I'd know how, then I could earn myself shoes and a nice dress to go out in."

"Yes, it's too bad!" broke in Mrs. Block. "I was going to get Moll a dress this month, but Johnny came home dead drunk last pay-day, without a cent in his pockets. I suppose he was robbed, for he couldn't have spent it all for liquor. Of course he couldn't pay his board, so she'll have to wait till next month."

"And stay in the house all that time, too," added Molly, the sullen look returning to the face which had brightened somewhat during the little talk with Alice.

"You're entirely too anxious to go out of doors; and if that's all you want a new dress for, to go running out at every chance, day or night, I think you'll wait longer than you expect. Home is the best place for girls like you, that haven't sense enough yet to take care of themselves. Go get the baby and mind her while I show the ladies out. Don't you see she's at the stove? Next thing she'll set herself on fire, through your carelessness."

Molly prevented the baby from making a burnt sacrifice of itself, dumped it down on the floor, and seating herself beside it gave it the end of her braid of hair to play with, all with an air of furtive defiance of her mother's words. It was not pleasant to see. Her mother followed Aunt Essie and Alice to the door, giving voice to her troubles all the way: her "man" had been sick for three weeks, and Johnny hadn't paid board for months; they were back in the rent; Moll wanted to be on the street every night, and it was all she could do to keep her in; and so on and so on, until the door closed upon a final repetition of thanks for what Aunt Essie had brought.

"Wasn't that dreadful about her brother getting intoxicated and spending all his money! And did you notice Molly's shoes? I wonder how she kept them on. I pity her very much. Hasn't she beautiful eyes and hair! Her eyelashes are as long and black as black can be. She said she'd like to learn to knit caps and mittens so that she could earn some money; and, do you know, I felt like telling her that I would teach her."

"Not such a bad idea: there's no better cure for the 'dumps' than by helping others who need help. That is one prescription, and a very effective one."

"I have forgotten that I was a prey to dull care but one short hour ago: I can think of nothing but the home we have just left. How does it happen that she takes in washing when her husband and her son both earn money? I should think they'd have money saved away against a rainy day, instead of not having enough to keep the children in shoes."

"There are two kinds of people in the world, Alice: one kind that can save, and another that can't. They belong to the class that can't: if they make good wages they live high, dress well, and indulge in whatever extravagance their money will permit; if the head of the house falls sick, or they have misfortune in any other shape, the children, as you see, go without proper clothing, and sometimes with scarcely enough to eat. Thriftless and careless they are, but, with it all, as honest as circumstances will permit, and being so, they deserve sympathy and aid when the 'sore foot' comes."

"Molly can read, I suppose," said Alice, stirred to generous action. "I believe I will drop her a note telling her to come to see me, and I will teach her to crochet; but no: she can't come, on account of her clothes. I'll tell her that I'll come out on Saturday and bring some wool with me. Would you?"

"Indeed I would!" replied her aunt. "She will learn quickly, for she is very handy and bright when she chooses, and I know she will choose to be if you are her teacher."

"Where are you going now?" asked Alice. "Who lives here?"

"A family by the name of Bord: as it is not yet four o'clock, we will stop a minute."

The house was one of a long row, each one exactly like the other, the kind of narrow, cheap little houses put up to sell, which building associations and individual speculators, anxious to get rich, delight in. A pleasant-faced lady-like woman opened the door: she was delighted to see Miss Kent, acknowledged the introduction to Alice with grace, and led them into a cheerful little sitting-room. A couple of rosy-cheeked, neatly aproned children, one of perhaps five and the other several years younger, were playing on the floor.

"You did not know I had a namesake, Alice, did you? How is little Esther to-day? Are all the naughty teeth through?" asked Aunt Essie, lifting the baby to her lap, kissing her, and then thrusting a professional finger between the rosy lips.

"Almost all," said the smiling mother, "I haven't much trouble with her any more."

"And I forgot to put something in my pocket for the dears. What a shame! Look here, young man, can you tell me what that will buy down at the corner store?" holding a five-cent piece before the elder child's delighted eyes.

"An orange and a cake and two pop-corn balls," he answered very promptly.

"Good boy! Go and invest, and mind you give the baby a bit of cake."

"He knows he dare not eat candy, and he never asks for it or buys it when he is given money," said the proud mother after she had extinguished the little fellow in a big comforter and seen him rush off on his pleasant errand.

"Quite right. I don't believe in giving children sweets: it spoils their teeth and their stomachs," observed Miss Kent.

Given an old maid and a young mother, seated for a ten or fifteen minutes chat, and you can tell, without hearing a word they say, what the burden of their talk will be,—the babies, of course. So Alice experienced; and as she knew little or nothing on that subject, she was rather left out of the conversation: so she amused herself with making well-meaning, though rather ineffectual, play at the shy little girl, and furtively examined this tiny bird's nest of a room. There was a crimson striped rag-carpet on the floor, and a pretty scrim curtain draped the widow where a "Christmas-plant" hung its clusters of red bells in the sunshine, and made a bright dash of color against the creamy film of the curtains; the furniture was plain; there was a sewing-machine in one corner, with the sewing still under the needle, telling what work they had interrupted Mrs. Bord in; a lounge, with a gay cover on it, a few chairs, mostly small rockers, a table, and a pretty square stove completed the inventory: taken all in all, Alice thought this seemed a very cozy room indeed.

Presently Miss Kent rose to leave.

"I see you are at Brother John's shirts," she said, glancing at the machine.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bord, "they will be finished this week yet, I expect."

"Are you busy just now?"

"Not so very: I have some ladies' underwear to make after these are finished, and that is all unless I get orders in the meantime. I hope I will, for I have plenty of time, and I like to sew."

"I hope, too, you will," said Miss Kent. After a little more talk they took leave, and were once more in the street.

"They belong to the kind that save," said Miss Kent. "I thought I would show you a specimen of the other class

we were talking about. They have been married seven years: her husband is a carpenter, a very steady, industrious man. I have known them for some years, and she has told me all about their circumstances: at first they lived in a rented house; but she said she never could feel at home in a house that belonged to somebody else, so they contrived to scrape together a couple of hundred dollars, put it on the house we have just left, and, in time, hope and expect to own it entirely. She is an excellent manager: her children are always clean, her house and herself as neat as wax, and yet she does all her own work, and a good deal of plain sewing, besides, for other people. I give her all John's sewing, and am always on the lookout for custom for her; for if any one deserves encouraging, she does."

"I think I'll have something for her do to: I'm almost sure I need something in the way of underwear, and if I don't it will not do me any harm to have a supply on hand. Aunt Essie, you cannot think how I have been interested this afternoon in what I have seen. Do you know many such people? and how do you get acquainted with them?"

"Mostly through the church, Alice; those families we visited belong to our congregation. Have you been interested sufficiently to want to see more like them, or will this couple of hours do for the coming year?"

"Indeed, no: I want to go with you again, and soon; and I mean to show that poor little Molly how to crochet everything that I know myself. Why, aunt, it is better than the theatre, for it is real! There was comedy and tragedy out there in the little cottage, and a domestic drama on a small scale in the other house."

"And the bitterest tragedy you did not see, Alice. I am going to say something to you, which, had you not spoken as you did this afternoon, revealing your dissatisfaction with yourself and pursuits, would forever remain unsaid. I intend asking your help: there is a daughter in the cottage, an elder sister of Molly's, of whom it must be said the angels weep for such as she. She, it seems, is irreclaimable, and Mrs. Block's chief fear is that Molly will follow in her footsteps. She, as you saw, is still little more than a child, and innocent of wrong; but already, with gay girls of her own age, she has felt the fascination of the brilliantly lighted streets. You have seen what home influence she is under: it is natural she should prefer the laughter and gayety of the crowded thoroughfares and the bold admiration of passers-by, to the dull, sordid room where scoldings are her hourly portion, and a troublesome baby her only diversion. I know many girls like her: young, eager for pleasure, as is natural for youth, and almost certain to take the wrong way in the pursuit of it. I cannot reach them, it seems: such girls turn a deaf ear to the chidings of old folks; but you, Alice, and such like you, could save them. You could, if you would, give them the pleasure they demand as their right; you could give their dull lines the touch of color they require; and by sacrificing but a comparatively small part of your customary pursuits, you could do a noble work indeed. Will you do it? I will help and advise you to the extent of my power if you will."

"O aunt! how can I, an ignorant, inexperienced girl, do such a work? I believe, with such a motive, I could sacrifice, if sacrifice it would be, every one of my unsatisfying pleasures; but what good can *I* do?"

"I will tell you: you are pretty, you would please the eyes of such young girls; you are rich and stylish, they would feel proud to be with you and would try to imitate your ways; you have tact, are intelligent, and well read, you could interest them in many instructive subjects, teach them much that would benefit them, and waken a desire to know more. As to the ways and means: come to Sunday-school as a teacher; I will give you a class of the girls I refer to, and you will soon understand the mere routine of a teacher's work. Have your scholars to spend an evening with you every week; find out each one's special need, and help them as you yourself would desire to be helped were you in their places; treat them as companions; talk to them freely; advise given and opinions expressed by one so near their own age will be listened to when 'granny talk' would be laughed at. Will you try? I know you can succeed if you will."

"I am not all that you have said I am, and I am afraid my ignorance and inexperience will prevent my accomplishing all you say I can do; but with your help I *will* try to be of what service I can to those who need help, and if I see that I am aiding but one poor girl, I will feel glad, and not be discouraged at ten failures."

They had reached the steps of Aunt Essie's home, and the old maid and the blooming young girl clasped hands in a compact for mutual work and mutual help.

"That is the right spirit, Alice; and if you do not feel yourself twenty times a better girl within a year, having twenty times a clearer view of what life really is with the great majority, I'll—I'll go and get married."

"Don't forget that now, aunt," said Alice laughingly. "I'll remind you of it some day, when I have my next attack of low spirits."

"You can, when that day comes: I do not fear its return, for the blue imps must fly before an occupation which calls for the earnest pursuit of a good object."

"We will see," rejoined Alice, as they parted.

And they did see; and Alice found, before many months, that Aunt Essie was right. Alice is married now, but her zeal in the work she has chosen is unabated. Some of her first scholars are also married, and have happy homes of their own: they love her still as their old teacher, although they do not realize what many of them surely owe to her. She does not think of it herself: she keeps her eyes open, and whenever and wherever she finds a young girl, poor, surrounded by the coarsest and most unsatisfying of home influences, she makes of that girl a friend, calls upon her, entertains her at her own house, helps her to congenial work and suitable amusements, and in every way tries to make her life what it should be, innocent, happy, and useful. There are so many such girls, she finds her hands full; but it is a pleasant occupation, at least she finds her fireside musings bright with pleasant, peaceful thoughts. Sometimes there is disappointment and failure, as in everything undertaken in this world; but, with all, the good predominates, and she finds in her heart a daily blessing on Aunt Essie for showing her what to do with empty hours, idle hands, and useless mind.

Is there, perchance, some other Alice who reads these lines? If there be, may I make myself so bold as to say to her, "Go thou, and do likewise"?

L. R. S.

THE very act of receiving, if done graciously and with thankful kindliness, is in itself a gift, and one that stimulates renewed generosity.

IT is a great mistake to imagine that success without effort will ever make a man or a woman happy. What we cease to strive for ceases to be success, and gradually becomes more and more worthless.

To do well is to be well. Persevere in the thought, "I shall be better to-morrow," and it will help you to become so. It has been said that no man ever died without his own consent. Never get your own consent to dying. Resolve to live; resolve to be well. You yourself must make the effort; you must work out your own salvation.

Sanitarian.

How and What to Feed the Baby.

EXAMPLES OF DIETARY FOR HEALTHY CHILDREN, AT DIFFERENT AGES.

THE vital importance of the diet of children, as furnishing materials for maintenance of health and for growth and development, cannot be over-estimated; and no point is of higher importance in the rearing of children than the proper management of their meals and meal-hours. Errors in feeding probably rank first among causes of infantile diseases and mortality.

Maternal milk is the sustenance provided by nature for the infant, and as yielded by healthy mothers is superior to all artificial substitutes; and suckling is the best method of feeding.

When the mother enjoys good health and has a sufficient quantity of milk, an infant requires and should have no other food than breast-milk until from the sixth to the ninth month. Even during the first day or two the breast usually furnishes sufficient nourishment. The too common practice of giving butter and sugar, gruel, etc., to a new-born babe should be strictly interdicted as an act of cruelty. Should the formation of milk be unusually long delayed, a few teaspoonfuls of new cow's-milk (unboiled and unsweetened), diluted with an equal quantity of warm water, may be given until the function of the breast becomes established.

Regular habits of feeding may be soon acquired; and it is a great mistake, and the cause of wind, colic, and other disorders, to give the infant the breast whenever it cries, or to let it be always nursing. It is important, too, that the infant should nurse from each breast alternately.

A nursing mother or wet-nurse does not require an extra or rich dietary, but should exercise discrimination in the selection of her food. To overload the stomach or to eat indigestible food would occasion digestive derangements injurious to the infant as well as to herself. The meal-hours should be regular, and late meals avoided. The thirst to which nursing mothers are liable is best appeased by milk and water, barley water, toast water, and similar beverages.

The regimen and diet of a wet-nurse should be as near as possible like those to which she has been previously accustomed. A woman accustomed to active duties and frugal diet is certain to suffer in health if she suddenly changes to a life of indoor idleness and takes a too abundant supply of food. A wet-nurse taken from industrial pursuits should continue to perform at least light duties, or take a large amount of regular open-air exercise. The use of ale, stout, and other stimulants is injurious, and if taken with the mistaken idea that they will cause a greater supply of milk, will surely result in disappointment and possibly debility, and bring on a host of evils from which the infant cannot escape.

Should a nursing mother begin to suffer from headache, dim sight, dizziness, shortness of breath, palpitation, or night sweats, it is evident that nursing exhausts her, and it should be discontinued. If a wet-nurse should have similar symptoms, the child should be at once taken from her.

Mothers will appreciate the value of the following detailed examples of dietary adapted to infants and older children at ages when they are most likely to be improperly fed, and when the consequences of such feeding are sure to tell disastrously: namely, from birth to six months old; from six to twelve months; from twelve to eighteen months; and from eighteen months to two years, and upwards. As it is impossible to make one invariable rule applicable to the different constitutions and requirements of children, it is scarcely necessary to add that the quantities stated in the following arrangements are only approximative; but the amounts of farinaceous food stated will generally be found sufficient.

FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS.

DIET 1.—Children who enjoy their inalienable right to maternal breast-milk, assuming this to be suitable in quality and quantity, positively require no other food. The infant should be applied to the breast every two hours and a half during the day, for about the first six weeks; afterwards, only once in every three or four hours. But he should not be awakened from sleep to be fed. After about the first month it will not be necessary to give the breast at all between the hours of eleven P.M. and five or six A.M. The early commencement of this arrangement is very important, as it affords the opportunity for that regular, undisturbed repose which contributes much to the well-being of both mother and child.

DIET 2.—For children brought up by hand, cow's-milk, assimilated to human by dilution with water and the addition of sugar of milk, is the best substitute for maternal milk. One ounce of sugar of milk, dissolved in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and mixed, as wanted, with an equal quantity of good new cow's-milk, should be given from the feeding-bottle at the same intervals as recommended for maternal nursing. Milk as sold in towns, being often largely mixed with water, requires a smaller proportion of the latter to be added by the nurse. If good milk cannot be obtained, condensed milk may be tried; but this often contains an excess of cane sugar which is absolutely injurious.

No greater comfort has ever been invented for children, whether partially or entirely brought up by hand, than the modern feeding-bottle with dark rubber nipple; but great care is required in the use of it. Absolute cleanliness is of the utmost importance, as any neglect of this is likely to produce illness. As soon as the meal is over, the nipple should be removed from the child's mouth; and he should never be allowed to fall asleep with it in his mouth. The bottle and nipple should be thoroughly washed after each meal, and the former always kept filled with cold water when not in use. It must be repeated that a sweet feeding-bottle is of the greatest importance. It is well to have two bottles, so that one can be cleansed while the other is in use. Neglect of scrupulous attention to the feeding-bottle is a frequent cause of indigestion, marasmus, thrush, etc.

DIET 3.—If from poverty or scantiness of the breast-milk a combination of nursing and feeding is necessary, the breast should be given twice a day. For the other meals, the child should be fed on the diluted sugar-of-milk and unskimmed cow's-milk, as prescribed in Diet 2; or the artificial diet may consist of new cow's-milk diluted with about one-third of warm water, so as to bring the temperature to that of breast-milk. This diet is infinitely preferable to any variety of starch food, and to the ill-selected additions to maternal milk often supplied at the fifth or sixth month. The popular notion that two milks do not agree is not sustained either by chemistry or practical investigation.

The result of hand-feeding may be accurately determined by the child's gradual increase in weight from 200 to 400 grains daily. If the child does not thrive on this diet, he may, after three or four months old, have milk in which a small quantity of gelatine and arrowroot has been boiled.

Starch is not necessary to the infant, for breast-milk contains none. Starch requires, before it can be digested and absorbed, to be converted into a soluble substance called dextrine, which can only be effected by the starch being

ground up and mixed with saliva. But as the child has now no teeth, and much of the saliva dribbles away, starch-food passes into the stomach unmixed with its natural solvent, and therefore is insoluble and indigestible. It is easy, then, to understand how an insoluble mass of boiled bread, gruel, arrowroot, baked flour, rice, crackers, rusks, or any other starch-food, passing through the stomach and scraping and scratching along the delicate, sensitive bowels, might readily produce all the ills to which infantile flesh is heir.

FOR FROM SIX TO TWELVE MONTHS OLD.

DIET 4.—When the mother gives evidence of indisposition or feebleness, and medical treatment fails to remove it, it is generally desirable to wean the infant at six months old, or even at the end of the first or second month. If the health of the mother and child is fairly good, the child may be nursed until it is nine months old. But if the child is very feeble, or suffering from any disease, it may be well to nurse it to the tenth or eleventh month, if the mother's health is robust and she continues free from any symptoms of over-lactation. Beyond that time, nursing is always productive of serious consequences both to the mother and child.

When weaning is decided upon, the mother should gradually diminish the allowance from the breast, and increase the supply of suitable kinds of food ; at length she should nurse him only once or twice in the twenty-four hours, and feed him at proper intervals. When weaning is commenced, or when the mother's breast-milk requires supplementing, one of the farinaceous foods will be found a most valuable substitute. Every mother, after trial, will have her own opinion as to which food is the best. It should be mixed, in the proportion stated in the directions given with each, with cow's-milk of pure and good quality, and given at a uniform temperature, namely, that of maternal milk.

DIET 5.—For a weaned child above nine months old, the following arrangement may be adopted.

First meal, 7 A.M.: A breakfast-cupful of prepared food, prepared according to the directions given with it. If the bowels are confined at any time, a rather larger proportion of the food, and less of the milk, should be used ; or the reverse if the bowels are relaxed.

Second meal, 10.30 A.M. : A breakfast-cupful of milk. A teaspoonful of lime-water may be added when the milk has appeared to produce discomfort.

Third meal, 2 P.M. : The yolk of one egg, well beaten up in a teacupful of milk.

Fourth meal, 5.30 P.M.: Same as the first.

Fifth meal, 10 P.M. : Same as the second.

DIET 6 (to alternate with the above).

First meal, 7 A.M.: A dessert-spoonful of pearl-barley jelly dissolved in a breakfast-cupful of warm milk and slightly sweetened with loaf sugar, or a bowlful of milk porridge, may constitute the meal.

[Pearl barley boiled for six hours forms, on cooling, after the water has been strained off, a jelly which dissolves readily in warm milk.]

Second meal, 10.30 A.M.: A breakfast-cupful of milk, to which, if necessary, a teaspoonful of lime-water may be added.

Third meal, 2 P.M. : This may consist of a small egg-pudding made as follows : Beat up one egg with a teaspoonful of flour and sufficient milk to fill a bowl rather larger than a teacup ; tie the bowl and its contents in a cloth and boil for twenty minutes, or cook in a double boiler. It may be taken with a little milk, sugar, or gravy. As the child grows older, more flour may be added. Or the meal may consist of a small teacupful of beef tea (half a pound of meat to the pint) and a stale rusk or a piece of stale bread.

[Beef tea may be made in the following way : Put half a pound (or a pound, according to the strength required) of rump steak, cut into small pieces, into a covered enameled saucepan, with one pint of cold water. Let this stand in a cold or cool place for four or five hours, and then by the side of a fire until the temperature approaches, but does not reach, the boiling point. It is then fit for use. The meat should be freshly slain, and divested of all fat and gristle ; otherwise a greasy taste is imparted to the beef tea which cannot afterward be removed by skimming. Only enameled saucepans should be used. In re-warming beef tea which has been allowed to become cold, care must be taken to warm it only to a point at which it is to be served. On no account should it be allowed to boil. When children become tired of beef tea, it may be seasoned with some vegetable,—celery, or celery seeds, which should be strained from it before using,—when, possessing an entirely new flavor, it will generally be eaten with zest.]

Fourth meal, 5.30 P.M.: A teacupful of farinaceous food, carefully prepared as directed in Diet 5.

Fifth meal, 10 P.M.: Same as the second.

No food of any kind should be given between the meals, which should therefore be made sufficiently large to meet the requirements of the system, always stopping short of repletion. A healthy child from ten to twelve months old requires from a pint and a half to a quart of milk in twenty-four hours.

FOR FROM TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD.

DIET 7.—First meal, 7.30 A.M.: A stale rusk or a slice of stale bread with a breakfast-cupful of new milk. The bread may be soaked in the milk ; but if the child have teeth, it should be well masticated dry, and the milk taken in sips. The teeth and gums are improved by proper employment.

Second meal, 11 A.M.: A drink of milk, with a plain cracker or thin slice of bread and butter.

Third meal, 1.30 P.M.: A pudding like the one recommended for the third meal in Diet 6. Or, as a variety, a teacupful of good beef tea (a pound of meat to the pint) or of beef gravy, with stale rusk or stale bread. A good tablespoonful of light farinaceous pudding may follow the beef tea.

Fourth meal, 6 P.M.: Same as the first.

DIET 8 (to alternate with the preceding).

First meal, 7.30 A.M.: The yolk of a lightly boiled egg, a thin slice of bread and butter, and a cupful of milk.

Second meal, 11 A.M.: A drink of milk and a thin slice of bread and butter.

Third meal, 1.30 P.M.: A mealy potato, well mashed with a spoon, and moistened with gravy as it runs from the cut surfaces of a joint, without fat. A cupful of new milk.

Fourth meal, 6 P.M.: A stale rusk or slice of stale bread well soaked in a breakfast-cupful of milk. If the child can be trusted to masticate, the bread may be eaten dry.

In cases of debility, or when there exists any exhausting discharge, a little milk may be given at 10 P.M. ; but in good health nothing is required after 6 P.M. The sooner a child becomes accustomed to sleep all night without food, the better. When, however, he wakes in the morning, refreshed by his night's rest, he should not be compelled to remain fasting for an hour or more, but should have his breakfast early.

Many children between twelve and eighteen months old, who take large meals, will be found to do well on only three meals a day, as in the following :

DIET 9.—First meal, 8 A.M.: Some farinaceous food in three-quarters of a pint of new milk.

Second meal, 1 P.M.: A teaspoonful of baked flour, one teaspoonful of fine oatmeal, three-quarters of a pint of boil-

are ordinarily helped too much, thereby destroying self-reliance and helpfulness, two very important attributes if one would be happy and successful in the struggle of life.

NO. 5. ROLLING-PIN.

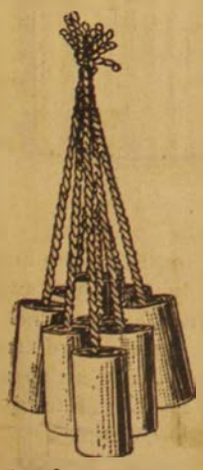
Much of the kindergarten material is put into the child's hands ready for use, but now he has to prepare his own in the rolling of the strip. They must be rolled into tight rolls or cylinders, and the ends pasted so they will not unroll. This is rather difficult. In learning, let some of them be shaken out into "curls," like those of shavings or dandelion stems. They can be played with in various ways in this shape; and except that shavings and curled dandelion stems are so easily destroyed, they might well be a part of kindergarten material.

NO. 6. WASH-BOARD.

For the rolling, hold the strip (glazed side out) with the left thumb and finger. Moisten the right thumb and finger a little, so as to take the stiffening out of the end of the strip, then begin and roll, as tightly and smoothly as possible. When once started it is easier to keep the roll straight if the left thumb and finger do the rolling while the right ones guard the ends of the little cylinder.

Make a number of these, and before attempting the variety of things possible let a great deal of play come in with them, calling them rolls of oil-cloth or carpet, spools of thread, cans of vegetables or fruit, etc., all of which offer a fine chance to play "store," one of the most fascinating, as well as the most instructive, of plays, if it is well conducted. Here may be taught all the principles of commercial life, good or bad, as we choose. Trickery of all kinds may become attractive if the play be conducted upon false principles, or, on the other hand, truth, honesty, reliability, fair treatment in all dealings, will become a feeling that will be a part of the child's thought and life, if the play be true in every respect. The ideas of mutual service (due from us all) and respect for honest work, which are so vital, will be sure to grow in these plays.

NO. 7. MUSIC-ROLL.



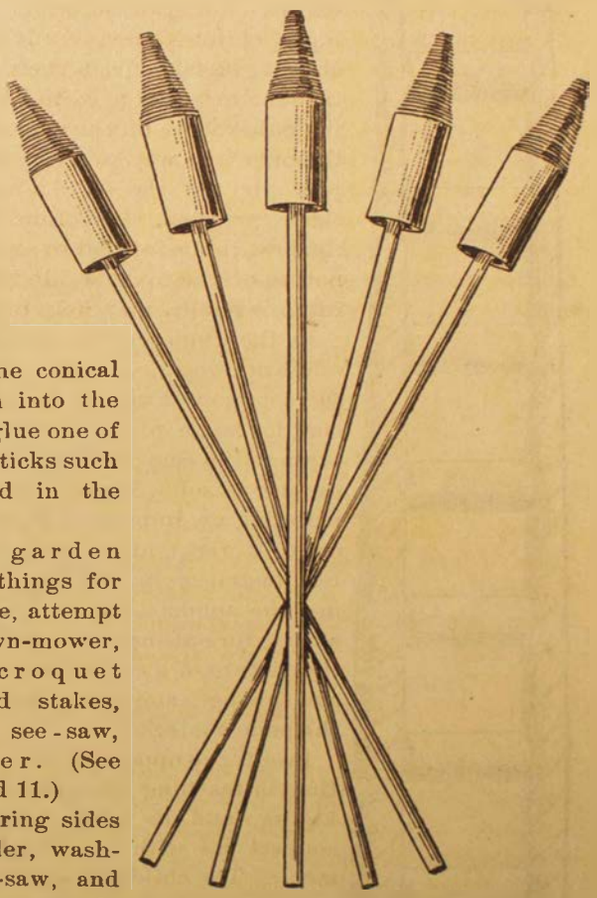
NO. 8. FIRECRACKERS.

One of the simple things to make is the square table, the legs of four of these rolls, the top a square of stiff paper. Or it may be a round center-table (see No. 1), the construction of which is clearly shown in the cut. Make the legs of strips one inch wide, using two for each leg.

Other pieces of furniture are a sofa, writing-desk, bed-stead, cradle, easel, and chairs and stools of various shapes. (See Nos. 2 and 3.) In rustic designs, the table, bench, chairs, summer or boat house, arch, bridge, or urn for growing flowers, may be made. No. 4 shows a flower-stand like those seen in parks.

Use pieces of stiff paper for seat of bench, roof of house, and top of table, or else weave a piece of the quarter-inch strips. Forts, towers, monuments, wind-mills, light-houses, pigeon-houses, or the pipe-organ are some of the more elaborate things which can be made from this material when the children become skillful in the handling of it.

Among kitchen things, try the rolling-pin (see No. 5), potato masher, quart cup with handle, the wash-board (No. 6), tub, wringer, and bench. The music-roll (No. 7) suggests a flute or horn, both very simple. Excellent fireworks can be made, as firecrackers (for which you roll in a bit of thread when you begin), Roman candles, and sky-rockets. (See Nos. 8 and 9.) For the rockets make the tight roll, and with coarse pin or pencil-point push out one end into the conical shape, then into the other end glue one of the round sticks such as we used in the peas-work.

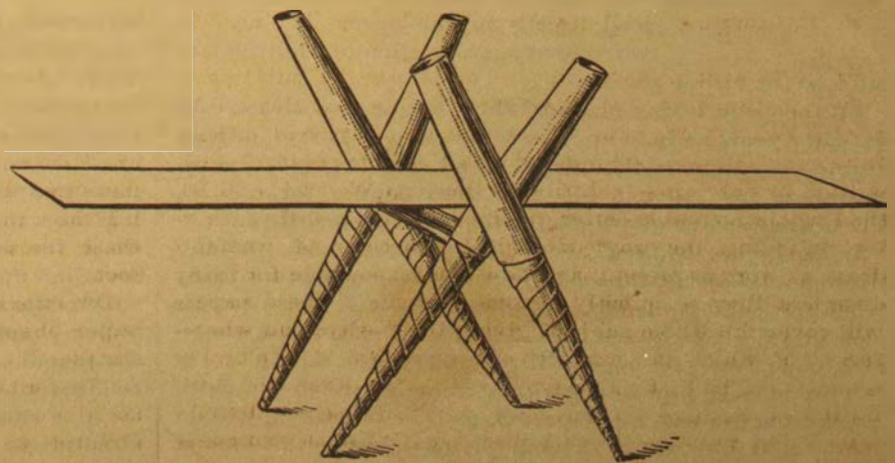


NO. 9. SKY-ROCKETS.

Among garden tools and things for outdoor use, attempt a rake, lawn-mower, hose-reel, croquet mallet and stakes, saw-horse, see-saw, and ladder. (See Nos. 10 and 11.)

The tapering sides of the ladder, wash-board, see-saw, and camp-stool are made like the old-fashioned lamp-lighters, by holding the strip slanting as you roll, lapping it more or less, as you want the slope to be sudden or gradual. The telescope and easel are two articles suggested by strips rolled in this way.

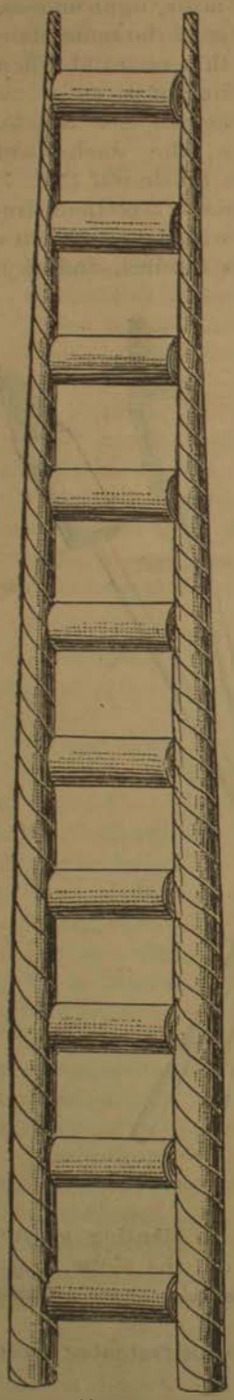
Glue or strong mucilage is necessary for fastening these



NO. 10. SAW-HORSE AND SEE-SAW.

rolls side by side, or at right angles to any surface. Here, as elsewhere in kindergarten work, taste in the choice of colors and neatness in doing the work is well repaid.

The purpose of this series of articles has been to show some of the beginning work in these various occupations, possible in every home where the mother can command some time for the direction of her children's thought and play, also to inspire a love of natural objects, and to encourage mothers to *begin* science work, no matter how primitive at first. It is a subject which grows wonderfully, and one always pleasing to children. Try to realize the deep meaning of childish play. In it you see your child as he is, and can there best see the tendencies which need to be checked by the cultivation of the good, for that is the only true way to resist the evil. In play you see the child struggling for self-expression. Aid him by offering the best thing for that expression. The nature of the toy, the kind of work put into his hands, may help or hinder.



NO. 11. LADDER.

In the kindergarten material Froebel offers nothing absolutely new; but from the commonest things which the little one loves he planned a united whole, arranged in easy, progressive steps. In the use of solid, surface, line, and point material, an important point is consistency, if right ideas are to be gained. For instance, in building real things, use the solids,—blocks, clay, or rolled strips; for outlines, slats and sticks; for the picture of a real thing, the surfaces and sewing; and to emphasize position, the point material.

Be alive to opportunities: don't waste time in teaching what the child already knows, and in every work and play connect all with his life, his environment. The child will lead us if we will but reverently study his nature. Live with him: enter into his life. Give all possible chance for him to help you about your daily tasks: that is a strong desire in every child, and the first budding of usefulness and industry. Rightly nourished, this instinct will become a real love of work; if checked, it will lead directly to indolence. We need to work for the cultivation of right habits and less for visible results.

All the child learns should lead straight to conduct. In the early years he is in an affectional state. Are we helping him to become more thoughtful, kind, and loving? Do we encourage him to use his gifts and powers for others? These are the live questions for the true mother to ask.

In the home, the family life is the prominent idea. All the ties and relationships should be made strong and dear; then, when the child is ready for kindergarten or school, broaden this into the community idea, society, a brotherhood where each one affects, for good or ill, the life of the whole.

This idea is probably the most valuable which the child gains from the true kindergarten, and the one which will do most to fit him for a virtuous, helpful, happy life among his fellows.

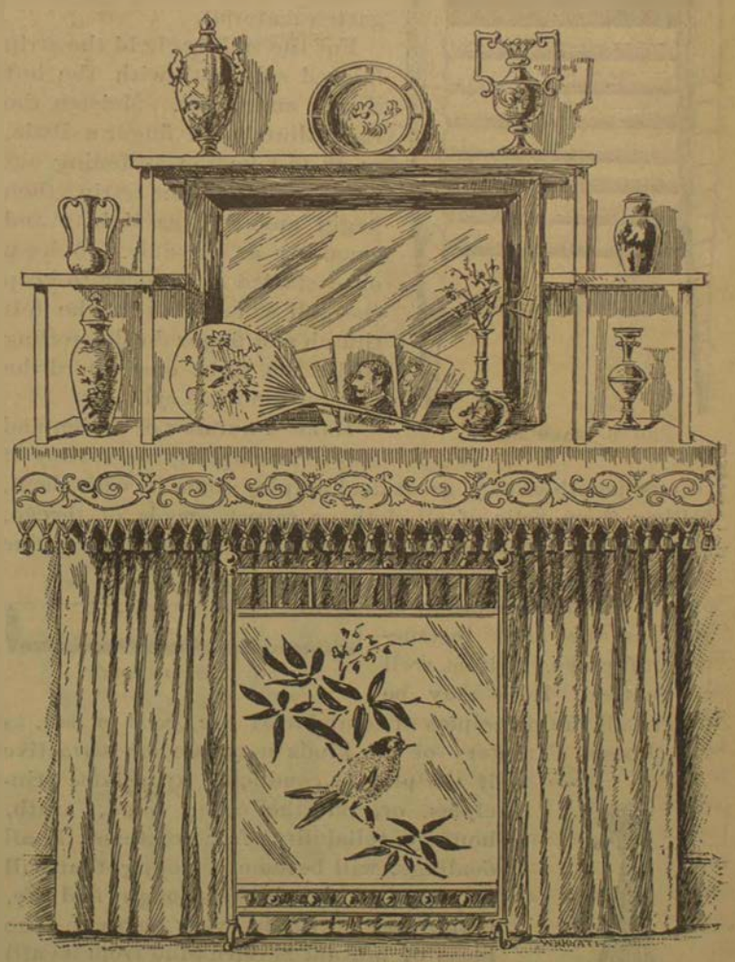
KATE HAWLEY HENNESSEY.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Fireside Nooks and Corners.

"By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching,
For a well-known footstep in the passage."

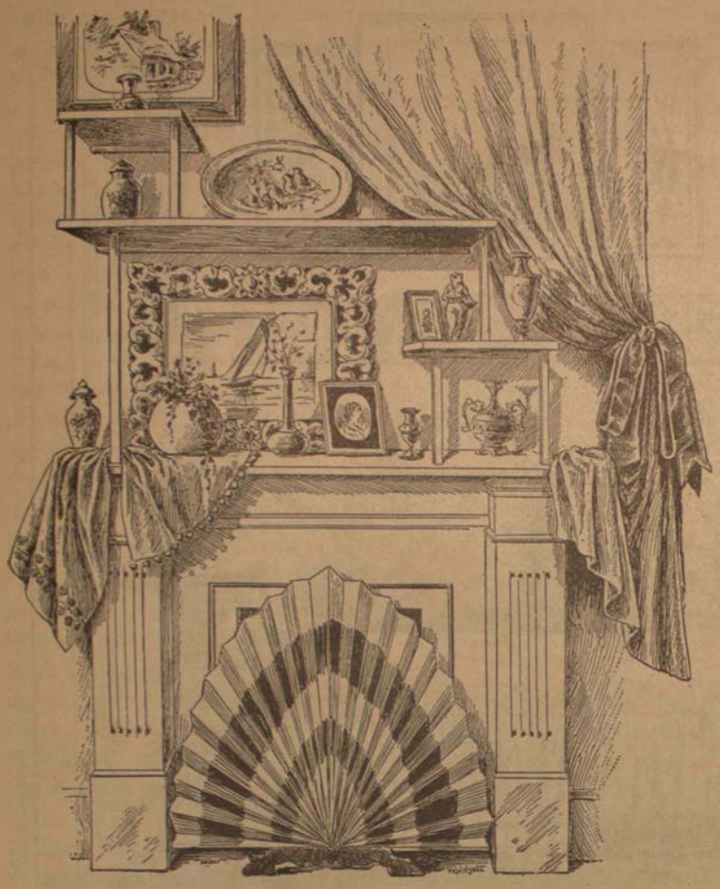
THE cheerful fireside, of which the chimney is the external representative, has always been one of the most cherished features of domestic life. It has been the favorite theme of poet and artist from time immemorial. Pictures of the old-fashioned fireplace, with its



A DRAPED MARBLE MANTEL.

ingle-nook, and the kettle singing on the hearth, make one long for a revival of the fashion that had both beauty and comfort to recommend it. The very modern fireplace is taking on much of this old-time fashion; but many a woman is obliged to live in a house where even if she have an open fire it is surrounded by a mass of white marble so tombstony in appearance that one shivers in spite of the fire.

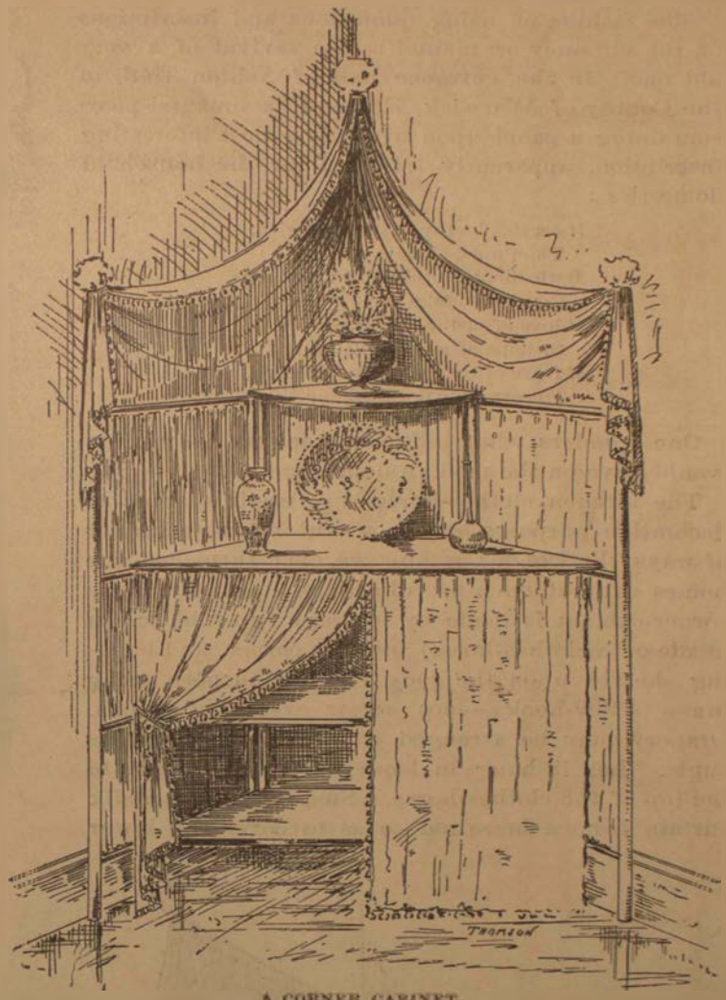
If one may not build a new chimney-piece of brick or wood, the next best thing is to devise some good way of covering up the offending marble. An English fashion, which does not seem to have made much headway here, is to hang draperies from a little brass rod which is bent to the shape of the mantel-shelf; or on the mantel-shelf may be fitted a board covered with suitable material, and drapery—China silk or some soft-draping goods—suspended from a rod placed underneath the shelf, close against the mantel front. A screen is sometimes added. These draperies either



A WOODEN MANTEL.

match or harmonize with others in the drawing-room: chintz or cretonne is used for chambers or sleeping-rooms.

The broad expanse of chimney above the mantel is harder to deal with, because the heat is apt to ruin pictures or books which one may desire to place there. The open wood cabinet is most commonly used. One of these may be made with very little expense if one be handy with the hammer and saw. Inch-square posts are used, and the different compartments divided to suit one's fancy. It is better to break the long length, in one or two places, than to put



A CORNER CABINET.

straight, long shelves all the way across; or the shelves may be graduated, for the sake of variety.

An over-mantel of this kind is especially suitable in a room where Henri II. table and chairs are used: these are all made with square posts, and can be bought in the rough and covered at home with plush or cretonne and finished with brass nails and knobs. The over-mantel can be covered to match.

With an ordinary wooden mantel the over-mantel can be made of pine wood and painted white, black, or a color to match the mantel. The drapery shown above the wooden mantel is suspended from a rod just below the picture-molding, which is usually from one foot to two feet below the ceiling. Small stuffed birds secured to the drapery, as if in flight across it, will add to the effect.

Another way to dispose of the upper part of the chimney is to hang a handsome rug from ceiling to mantel; or cover it entirely with plush and set upon it the half of the skin of a lion or tiger, cut in two lengthwise, and stuffed out to appear quite life size. This is rather expensive, as both head and tail are used; but one may dispose of a fur rug

A READING NOOK.

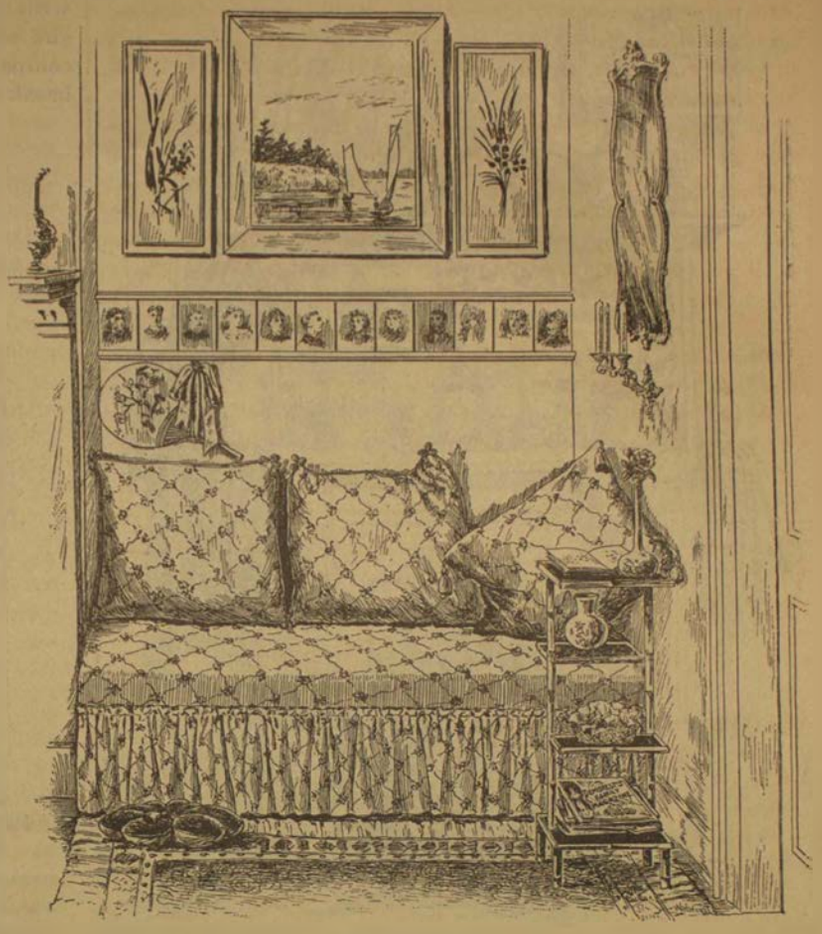
to good advantage in this way, at small cost. A foot and a half from the ceiling a shelf may be placed to hold Mexican pottery or any other large pieces which can stand the distance.

The fashion of using quotations and inscriptions on the chimney or mantel is the revival of a very old one. In the entrance hall of Ashton Hall, in the County of Warwick, England, is a mantel-piece containing a panel upon which is a most interesting inscription, apparently intended for the household domestics :

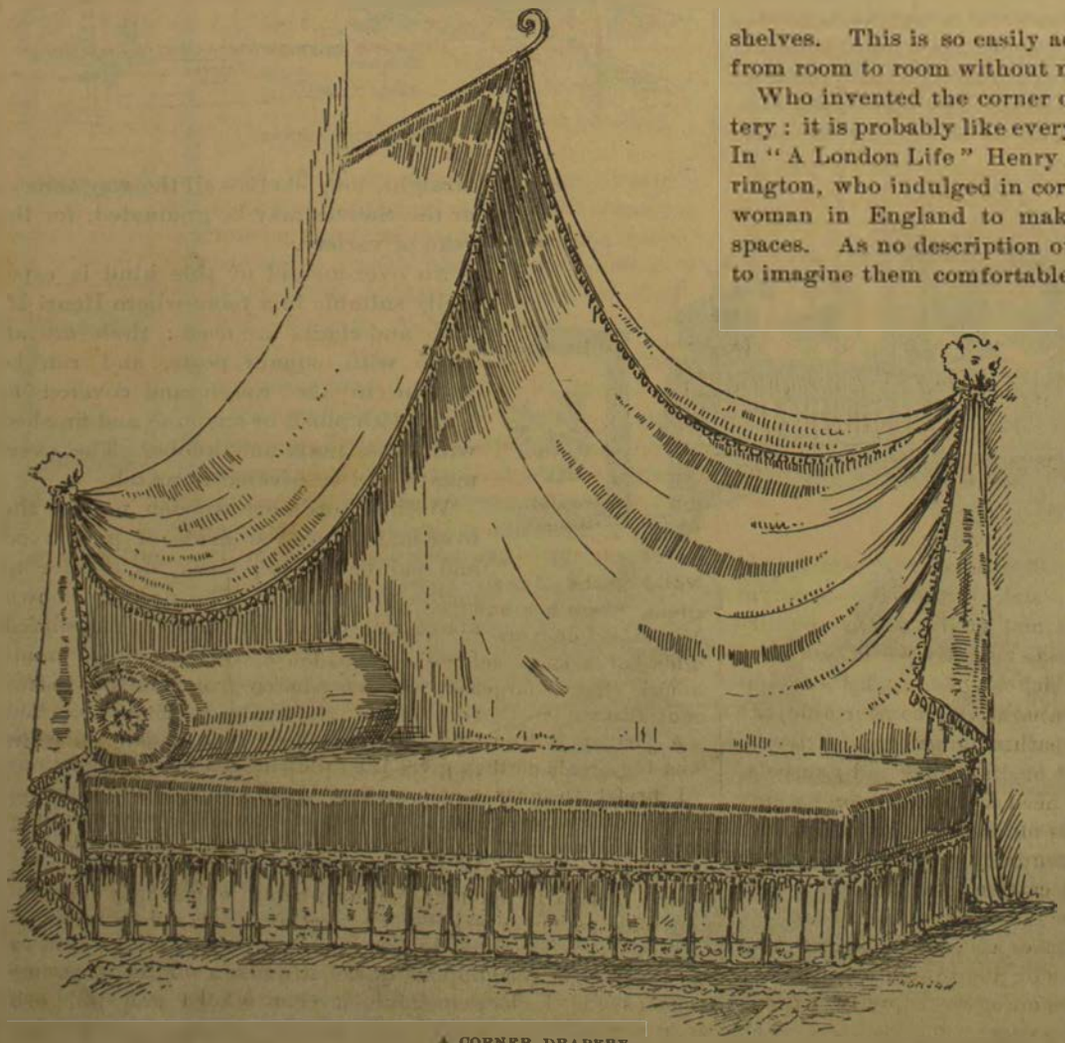
"If service be thy meane to thrive,
Thou must therein remaine,
Both silent, faithful, just, and true,
Content to take some paine.
If love of virtue may allure,
Or hope of worldly gaine,
If feare of God may thee procure,
To serve doe not disdaine."

One wonders what influence such an inscription would have on the modern domestic !

The kitchen clothes-horse is so easily adapted to decorative purposes and so useful in such a variety of ways the wonder is how we ever furnished our homes without such useful articles. A very pretty corner-cabinet is made by setting a two-fold screen (made of a clothes-horse) into the corner, and hanging shelves upon the rods, for this purpose using brass screw-hooks,—not screw eyes, but hooks. Drapery may be arranged from a hook set in the angle. Let it hang in loose folds, and fasten to the top of the clothes-horse. Suspend a China-silk curtain from a brass rod so as to cover the lower



A COSEY CORNER.



A CORNER DRAPERY.

shelves. This is so easily adjusted that it may be moved from room to room without much trouble.

Who invented the corner or the "corner cosey" is a mystery : it is probably like everything else, a thing of evolution. In "A London Life" Henry James tells us of old Mrs. Barrington, who indulged in corners : possibly she was the first woman in England to make use of these out-of-the-way spaces. As no description of them is given, we are bound to imagine them comfortable, as comfort is the first consideration of an Englishwoman. We may imagine she arranged it somewhat after the following fashion :

She had the carpenter build her a triangular box with a lid that fitted the corner ; this she cushioned and covered with chintz or handsome drapery, according to her surroundings ; above the seat she covered the wall with yellow matting, upon which was inscribed in bold letters one of the following quotations :

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music break on our ears."

"The grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round."

Or perhaps she only hung an etching or two there, with a bracket or a vase of flowers, and downy pillows and handsome draperies finished a delightful little corner.

If a reading nook is desired, a small stand and shaded lamp must be added, with a shelf for holding a few of one's favorite authors. In the one illustrated, the seat is a triangular-shaped board measuring thirty inches on each side next the wall, supported by cleats on the wall, legs at the corners, and one in the middle of the front. The cushion may be either tufted or plain, but should be securely fastened to the board. The book-shelf is five feet from the floor, and supported by cleats and brackets, the latter painted with gold bronze; and the upper shelf is ten inches above the lower one. The arm-rests, or side-shelves, are twelve inches square, and about thirty inches from the floor.

Two large pillows, four feet square, stuffed with "excelsior," covered with denim, and placed one upon the other in a corner, will serve as a good foundation for a nook where one may ensconce oneself and say,

"No fairy tale nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the spot."

A cosey corner can easily be arranged at the side of the fireplace, with a home-made divan, of the necessary length and about two feet wide, and pillows (divan and pillows covered with cretonne). A row of cabinet photographs of one's friends can be fastened to the wall with picture-molding or two strips of ribbon; a small mirror with candles or a bracket lamp before it, on the wall at the head, will make it bright; and a table in Japanese style, which also can be home-made, will furnish accommodation for books or work.

Draperies are now more often arranged from a hook set in the angle of the wall or from an adjustable pole that swings out like a crane, than from a pole that cuts off the corner entirely. A long, wide divan may have draperies arranged above it by the use of a hook: they should be so draped that one end will come down to the foot of the divan, behind it, and be caught there with cord and tassel; the other end, which comes around the head so as to protect from draughts, should be caught and fastened like the one at the foot. The divan may be home-made, and may serve as a receptacle for dresses or other clothing.

Drapery for a bed is arranged by passing a long strip of chintz through a white wooden ring suspended from the ceiling, above the pillows, by a small gilt chain. The long ends sweep to the floor on either side, and are a shield from draughts as well as a pleasing decoration.

LAURA B. STARR.

The Little Patient.

(*See Colored Picture.*)

A KITTEN is the very quintessence of sportiveness and arch vivacity; but a sick kitten is a synonym for an utter lapse of animal energy. Our picture shows us a pretty creature who has evidently, as its bandaged paw witnesses, been one of the sickest of sick kittens, but who is now convalescent and comparatively comfortable, the center of an interested and sympathizing group of friends, erstwhile the tricksy companions of its sports and gambols.

The little convalescent has no need to expatiate on its sufferings: its wounded paw pleads eloquently for sympathy, and each serious-faced kitten demurely regards his or her stricken comrade with a comical cattish gravity that is perfectly delightful to witness. The children and other cat-lovers will enjoy our charming picture, and, while sympathizing with the interesting invalid, will find infinite amusement in the study of the droll expression on each pretty kitten's countenance.

What Women are Doing.

Next to America, France employs more women in clerical positions than any other country.

Mrs. Douglass, wife of one of General Grant's physicians, has received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Women are employed in all the Scandinavian statistical offices. The Norwegian Ministry of Finance has expressly stipulated that women shall be employed in the statistical bureau for a particular branch of work.

By Mrs. Harrison's express orders, no foreign goods will be used in re-furnishing and decorating the rooms of the White House, except where it is impossible to procure the necessary material in America.

Mrs. L. H. Stone, Ph.D., who led an earnest fight in Michigan to secure the admission of women to the university of that State, has now begun a new campaign to have her sex represented in the faculty.

Sir William Gill, one of the most eminent physicians in Great Britain, says that the benefit derived from a university education, such as girls get at Newnham and Girton, makes them and their children healthier. The percentage of childless marriages is also less with the educated women.

Miss Victorine Jeans, a young English girl, recently won the Cobden Club prize of £60, offered in rotation at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Victoria University. The subject set by the Cobden Club was "The Industrial and Commercial Effects, Actual and Prospective, of English Factory Act Legislation." This little economist is president of a factory girls' club. She says, modestly, that she learned as much from the girls as from books.

Arrangements have been perfected for the National W. C. T. U. Convention, to be held in Boston in November. Tremont Temple has been engaged, and two-thirds of the floor has been reserved for delegates. The first balcony and six rows of the second balcony, comprising six hundred and twelve seats, have been reserved and are to be sold at $2 and $1.50 apiece. These are season tickets, and transferable. Nine hundred sittings in the second balcony are free.

Mrs. Frances Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine at Ashland, Pennsylvania, since the death of her husband, several years ago. She employs one hundred and eighty men, and is liked by all of them. At an early hour in the morning she appears at the head of the shaft, and she remains there until the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she assumed charge of it.

Mrs. Lydia M. Mountford, the lecturer on Bible history, was born in Jerusalem, of Russian parentage, and lived in Palestine until she was twenty-two years old. She is familiar with Arabic, Russian, French, German, English, and Italian, and, although she is only thirty-five years old, has lectured entirely around the world in the last six years. She expects to make her home in India, where her husband has a post in the civil service. Mrs. Mountford delivers her lectures clad in Oriental costume, in the midst of a stage setting of a Bedouin tent or Galilean farmhouse. She is large and imposing-looking, and has a powerful contralto voice.

A girl at Fulton, Ky., who has been sent to jail twice for wearing men's clothes, gives the following reason for her action: "I prefer to wear men's clothes because they insure me employment wherever I go. If I were to come into this community dressed as a woman, and asked to be allowed to do a hard day's washing for fifty cents, I should neither get the work nor be allowed to stop in the house without being indorsed by some responsible person or showing a pocketful of recommendations to satisfy the household of my respectability. But if I come dressed as a man I get plenty of work at one dollar a day and no questions asked. I discovered a long while ago that it doesn't pay to be a woman."

The World's Progress.

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

James Russell Lowell.

America's greatest man of letters, the Hon. James Russell Lowell, died at his house in Cambridge, at 2.15 A.M. on the twelfth of August. The author of the famous "Biglow Papers" is known and quoted by all who write our language, and even the merest tyro in literature has directly or indirectly felt the influence of his genius and noble character. John G. Whittier's tribute to Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday, February 22, 1889, best describes the latter's service in the anti-slavery conflict. Mr. Whittier writes anent the "Biglow Papers": "The droll quaintness of dialect and the rollicking humor and sarcasm of his verses were a power in the anti-slavery conflict. The boomerang of denunciation sometimes came back on the heads of those who hurled it, but Lowell's arrows hit their mark and stayed there."

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, February 22, 1819, and graduated at Harvard College in 1838. He studied law in Harvard University and was admitted to the bar in 1840, and opened an office in Boston; but he soon abandoned the profession and devoted himself entirely to literature. In January, 1855, on the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, he was appointed professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard. From 1857 to 1862 he edited the "Atlantic Monthly," and in 1863, in conjunction with Charles E. Norton, he assumed the editorship of the "North American Review," and retained the charge till 1872. In 1848 he published several anti-slavery writings, and the "Biglow Papers"; in 1864, the "Fireside Travels"; in 1868, "Under the Willows and Other Poems," and in 1870, two volumes of literary essays, "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows." The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him in 1874 by the English University of Cambridge. In June, 1877, he was appointed, by President Hayes, minister to the court of Spain, and in 1880, was appointed minister to England, and retained the office until 1885, when he was succeeded by Mr. Phelps.

Persons whose authority may be considered good say that Mr. Gladstone declared to an American visitor that it was to the unanswerable arguments and flawless logic of Mr. Lowell that his own conversion to home rule for Ireland was due. But the death of Mr. Lowell's wife, in the midst of his social and diplomatic success in London as the representative of his country, had an untoward effect upon his health. He returned to his home in Cambridge, "Elmwood," and there he died. He leaves an only child, Mrs. Edward Burnett, the "Mabel" of his poem called "The First Snowfall." She has five sons, two of whom are in Harvard.

The Telegraph Lines of the World.

The length of the telegraph lines of the world at the end of 1889 had reached a total of 1,680,900 miles, a length sufficient to encircle the earth at the equator thirty times. Of this total the United States had 776,500 miles of wire, on which 56,000,000 messages were sent during the year. France has 220,890 miles of wire, on which 30,050,000 dispatches were transmitted last year. Great Britain possesses 180,000 miles of wire, and in a year sent 50,000,000 messages. Russia has strung up 170,500 miles of metal line, and dispatched 10,280,780 telegrams in the year. Australia, with 105,360 miles of wire, sent 12,000,000 messages. Canada records 4,027,581 dispatches over its 58,500 miles. Italy has 19,500 miles, and sent about 7,000,000 electric messages in a year. Egypt has 5,500 miles, and is connected with India and England by submarine cables, on which 1,600,205 messages were flashed from one end of the globe to the other. China has 5,500 miles of wire across Mongolia, and Japan owns 16,500 miles, over which 5,000,000 messages were sent in one year. New Zealand has covered itself with 11,375 miles of electric wires and dispatched 1,835,394 messages. Tasmania has 2,500 miles of telegraph. Persia, with its European wires, has about 6,124 miles. South Africa has 4,310 miles of wire. Besides all these there are 942 submarine cables, exclusive of the seven Atlantic cables, with an aggregate of 112,740 nautical miles.

A Circulating Library of Bones.

One of the most remarkable institutions in the world is the "Bone Circulating Library," an attachment of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. In order to accommodate the students there is a separate room fitted up with shelves, cases, etc., just as any other library-room, but the contents are hundreds of thousands of human bones of all sizes, shapes, and forms. These bones, numbered and labelled, are placed in order on the shelves and in the cases, with an attendant, acting in the capacity of librarian, to take charge of them. It is his duty to keep track of the bones lent, to enter them upon books, and to see that they are returned uninjured. During the day scores of students flock in and out of this queer place, carrying angular packages or with strange parcels, sticking out of their pockets. These are composed of human bones, which they are returning or taking from this "Bone Circulating Library."

The Half-Cent Coin.

The "American Newsdealers' Association" is about to petition Congress to establish half-cent coinage. On one-cent papers the dealer's profit is only half a cent, and often this is lost because there is no coin of this value. In the course of a year an appreciable loss arises from this source. In marking retail goods of all kinds it is a favorite way to rate them so that the half-cent comes in, and invariably falls to the dealer. In a large establishment the odd cent amounts to several dollars daily, which the buyer loses and the seller gains, for want of a half-cent coin. The infinitesimal divisions of industry and retail supply long ago made these coins a necessity in Europe. A centime is a fifth of a cent. Switzerland has a centime piece, Belgium a two-centime piece, and Germany has the *pfenning*, equal to one-fourth of a cent.

Hygiene and Demography.

The seventh annual session of the "International Congress of Hygiene and Demography," which opened in London during the last month of summer, discussed a wide range of topics. The Prince of Wales opened the Congress in person with an address of welcome, and among the more prominent delegates in attendance were Professor Pasteur, of Paris, and Professor Koch, of Berlin. The work of the Congress was arranged to fall under the two chief divisions indicated by its title,—hygiene and demography. In the first division there will be nine sections: Preventive medicine; bacteriology; the relation of diseases of animals to those of men; infancy, childhood, and school life; chemistry and physics; architecture in relation to hygiene; engineering in relation to hygiene; naval and military hygiene; and State hygiene. In the second division there are no sections, the members assembling as a whole, and the word "demography," from the same Greek word as democracy,—*demos*, the people,—is said in the programme to include industrial hygiene and the conditions of communities, from a statistical point of view. Among the many important subjects discussed is the general question of the means to be employed for preventing the spread of epidemic diseases from country to country. The range of subjects is wide, and the results will doubtless be greatly to the advantage of humanity.

The First Iron Bridge.

We are so habituated to-day to see immense arches in iron bridges, that it seems as if the first bridge constructed after this manner must have been made very, very many years ago. It is not so, however; for the first arch constructed of iron is in the bridge of Ironbridge, which was opened to the public in 1779. It crossed a small water-course in Salop county, England, on the railroad from Shrewsbury to Worcester. There is at this spot a little settlement of 4,000 inhabitants, and there are some iron foundries in this town to which the bridge gives its name. The experiment was a timid one, the work comprising only three spans, two quite small, over a forked road, and the third, a large one, over the river, and weighing only 378 tons. The framework was cast at Coalbrookdale, each arch being composed of two segments. Robert Stephenson said of this construction: "If we remark that the manipulation of cast iron was then in its infancy, we may be convinced that a bridge of these dimensions was a stroke of audacity, as well as an original enterprise, and, besides, that the intelligence which provided for and executed all the details equaled the audacity of the conception." The bridge is still in service and in good condition, which shows how chimerical are the fears which have often been expressed on the subject of the lasting of metallic bridges, and in particular of the pernicious influence of rust. Several accidents happening recently to wrought-iron bridges, would seem to contradict this opinion, but these were exceptional facts.

The Crops.

On the basis of present prospects the corn crop of 1891 is estimated at 2,000,000,000 bushels, wheat, 500,000,000 bushels, and oats, 622,000,000 bushels, against 1,500,000,000 bushels, 400,000,000 bushels, and 524,000,000 bushels, respectively, in 1890, and 1,700,000,000 bushels, 445,000,000 bushels and 578,000,000 bushels as the average for the preceding eleven years. Farm products will be $1,000,000,000 more this year in the United States than they have been during the recent years of depression. Unless some unexpected influence changes the current of events, the value of corn on the farm will average in December fully 50 cents a bushel, wheat $1 a bushel, and oats at least 40 cents. Cotton and rice will command better prices than last season. Cattle are worth one-third more than eighteen months ago, with other live stock in proportion. Conservative agriculturists predict better profits for the farmers of the United States during the next five years than ever before.

In Chili.

The fateful crisis in our sister Republic cannot but cause solicitous interest in every member of the great family of republics which occupy the greater part of the Western Hemisphere. The war in Chili has been a long and desperate struggle, and the army of President Balmaceda, about equally matched with the army of the insurgents, is still in the throes of the death-struggle. Both parties are full of nerve and vigor. Indeed, it has been said of the Chilians that they would rather fight than eat. But while the decisive moment delays and the ardor of battle increases the business of the late thriving Republic is at a standstill. Every industry is paralyzed, for war demands the whole attention of the people who indulge in it. The telegraph wires are cut, the streets of Valparaiso are dismal, the shops are mostly closed, the wharves are deserted, and crops are left neglected. But as the darkest hour is just before the dawn, so Chili's revolution may be just approaching its climax, and at any moment we may hear that the clouds have rolled by and that the rebellion is over.

The "Soo" Canal.

Nature gave to our country a magnificent chain of lakes connected with rivers, so that from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi an almost continuous water-way was created. But there are two barriers to a free navigation of this water-course from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Duluth, and man's energy and ingenuity were required to get around them. The Welland Canal goes around the Niagara Falls, and at the wild and turbulent stream the Sault Saint Marie, or St. Mary's River, is the "Soo" Canal. This canal and the large Government lock were absolutely necessary before vessels could get from Lake Superior to Lake Huron. The "Soo" lock is one of the largest works of the kind ever built. Between the big gates there is a space of 500 feet. From wall to wall on each side the distance is eighty feet. At the gates the lock is sixty feet wide. The present lock has a depth of water of fifteen feet, three inches. It will hold from three to four lake steamers. When it was first built the lock was much smaller than it is now, but the constant and rapid growth of business on the lakes compelled the extension of the lock to its present proportions. This was done in 1881. But large as the present lock is, it was found some years ago to be entirely too small to keep pace with the rapid increase in the lake traffic, and the steamship men made an appeal to Congress for the construction of a new lock, which will cost about $4,500,000 before it is completed. Work upon it was begun four or five years ago, and when it is completed it will be as large as any lock in the world. Since the work was begun the Canadian Government has started one on a similar scale, and the two locks will be completed about the same time. The United States lock will hold ten or fifteen vessels.

Shedding his Skin.

A strange case was reported at a recent meeting of the Chicago Medical Society, that of a man who shed his skin every summer. He was taken with feverish tremors, and in a few minutes the skin of the chest began to turn red. The redness rapidly extended over the entire skin, and the feverish tremors continued uninterrupted for about twelve hours. Then he arose, dressed, and walked about in perfect health. The skin then commenced to peel and come off in great patches. From the arms and legs it could be pulled off like gloves or stockings. As the old skin came away a new epidermis, soft and pink, like a baby's, was revealed. This new skin was very sensitive. After the old cuticle had been entirely removed, the finger and toe nails began to drop off, new nails literally crowding them out. Finally the change was complete, the man had a new skin and a new outfit of nails. This shedding recurred every July.

The London Eiffel Tower.

A new building is about to be erected in the most central position in Blackpool, London, being midway between the north and south piers and within 150 yards of the central station. The plan of the buildings is almost rectangular in form, and the plot contains about 6,000 square yards, the Eiffel Tower between 4,000 and 5,000 feet high, to stand in the center of the plot. It will be 100 feet square at the base, and will be reduced to 30 feet square at the foot of the cupola. The base of the tower is to be used as a circus, with four entrances from the central beach and Bank Hey Street, besides performers' and horse entrances from the narrow street. On the right and left of the circus are large arcades for the sale of toys, jewelry, and other fancy articles. Each arcade will have six entrances, three being from the central beach and three from Bank Hey Street. The space between these important thoroughfares will be traversed by eight broad passages. The outside portion of the ground floor facing the three principal streets will be devoted to shops. The first floor will be occupied by the circus gallery, and the remainder of the floor by the menagerie and aquarium, which will be reinstated on this floor, by an attractive wax-work exhibition, and by popular exhibitions of varied kinds, either permanent or annual. The second floor will be a spacious promenade-concert room and floral hall, with an area of nearly 30,000 square feet, with two stories of open-air balconies and *cafés* facing the sea. The Eiffel Tower's first gallery, 70 feet above the level of the ground, will consist of an inclosure 80 feet square, with an open balcony surrounding it, 18 feet wide; and at this level the elevators from the ground floor will terminate, and the central elevators to the summit will commence. This inclosed hall will be fitted with shops for the sale of refreshments, confectionery, photographs, and other fancy articles, and with *cafés* raised several feet above the level of the gallery outside. The means of access to the upper floors of the building and to the tower will be very commodious, elevators being provided in abundance to convey visitors to the upper floors of the buildings or tower. Besides these ample provision is made for staircases. It is intended to construct the tower of wrought iron and steel, but in order to make the fullest provision against the contingency of fire, the 16 great legs will be formed with square iron lattice pillars, filled and clothed with Portland cement concrete of a decorative character, with the light iron lattice work showing between. Besides giving great security in the event of fire, the additional weight of the concrete legs will afford immense stability against wind pressure, which is a power to be carefully considered in Blackpool. The materials intended to be used for the fronts are red brick-work, with terra cotta dressings of a somewhat elaborate character. The buildings will be lighted throughout by electricity, which will be produced by machinery in the basement. The cost of the buildings is estimated at £120,000, or $600,000.

Microcidine.

Antiseptics are greatly made use of at the present day. But, notwithstanding their efficacy, all the chemical agents of this order in use up to the present time present inconveniences more or less serious. Corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury), for example, the most energetic of all, possesses such poisonous properties that its use presents all sorts of inconveniences and difficulties. A new product, presented at the Academy of Medicine in France, by Dr. Berlioz, professor of the Faculty of Grenoble, seems to combine the qualities more or less lacking in all of the previously known antiseptics, extreme solubility, innocuity, efficacy, and rapidity of antiseptic action. This product, designated as microcidine, a combination of naphtha and soda, is distinguished from thymol, phenic acid, and their essences, by its almost indefinite solubility in water. It is twenty times more active than boracic acid, it is not a poison, nor even an irritant, and does not expose one to any of the accidents so often observed in the use of sublimate. Microcidine is presented under the form of a grayish-white powder: the solution employed is very slightly colored, and will stain neither the hands nor the linen bandages. It is unnecessary to speak of the services which antiseptics can render, as they are well known and made use of in all enlightened families.

Iridium.

This metal, which is met with in the ores containing platina, is beginning to be extensively used in industry. It is a white metal comparable to steel and is almost as hard as the ruby. When cold, it breaks, while at red heat it is a little malleable, its specific gravity being 22, 3. It is the most infusible of metals: it only commences to soften at 2200° and melts between 2300° and 2400°. A great application of this metal is in the manufacture of pen-points, and it is employed with success in spinneries for drawing out threads of gold or silver. It replaces the ruby advantageously, and is mounted, like it, with a piece of whalebone upon which it is solidly fastened. In the manufacture of knives of balance and precision, iridium can be substituted for agate. The resistance which this metal offers to the action of heat has suggested the idea of making electric pencils with points of iridium, which would be, to a certain degree, indestructible. Iridium is found in a natural state under the form of osmiure of iridium, or in an alliance of platina and iridium; it is supplied chiefly from California, Canada, South America, the East Indies, Borneo, Australia, and Russia.

Destruction of Birds by Railway Engines.

An English naturalist who has undertaken a very interesting study upon the causes of the destruction of birds, after having mentioned that a number of migratory birds are killed during their nocturnal voyages, by telegraph wires that they cannot see in the obscurity, he cites another cause which very few people would suspect: the railway engine. This is what Mr. Pilkington says: "The locomotive, this iron monster, traverses the country, destroying innumerable insects and also a great number of birds. The Midland express, in England, traverses a country abounding in partridge and grouse: these birds, excited by the noise of the approaching train, often fly against the engine and meet death. Several have thus been transported a distance of many miles, but the greater number fall each side of the track. Sometimes only the traces of blood are seen on the engine, proving that birds have found in this moving object a cause of premature death."

The Trial of Dr. Briggs.

The trial of Professor C. A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, for heresy, will shortly absorb public interest. The New York Presbytery, before which it will be tried, will meet early in October, when the committee's report will be made. As the members are unanimously in favor of prosecuting Dr. Briggs, there will be only one report and all will sign it. Mr. McCook, the lawyer of the committee, who is an elder of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, will draw up the indictment. The three principal charges against Professor Briggs are these: Disbelief in the Bible as the only true source of Divine authority; disbelief in the verbal inspiration and inerrancy of the Scriptures; disbelief in the immediate sanctification at death of the souls of those dying in the faith.

Artistic Notes.

In the early part of this century an English artist named Holland came to this country and painted water-color landscapes prolifically. A few examples are still in existence, and show the old method of shading the entire painting with India ink first, and then going over the whole with faint tints of blue for sky and green for trees and brown for foreground. In some families in this country there are specimens of the grandmother's flower-painting done in this old method, but influenced by the brilliancy of American skies and foliage. These ladies of long ago laid on bright colors over the India-ink shadings. These productions should be kept as curiosities, for they illustrate the first page in the history of American art. Naturally, this country was influenced by English methods.

To-day, the English school of water-colors is the finest in the world. Turner the great English painter, made renowned all over the world by the many panegyrics of Professor Ruskin the poetical art-critic, helped to develop the possibilities of water-color painting. Like all the pre-Raphaelites, Turner used no black or India ink in his painting. John Cozens was the first English painter to use a mixture of indigo and Indian red to produce a neutral tint for shading in his water-colors. Turner in early life was influenced by Girtin, who threw aside all the old methods of painting in water-color and boldly tried to represent the brilliant colors of nature.

One distinctive feature of the pre-Raphaelite school is the achievement of brilliant coloring by excessive painstaking and the largest expenditure of time. The landscapes of Thomas Farrer are an example of this: they are to be seen in many American exhibitions, as he is a resident of the United States. He was a pupil of Professor Ruskin, who proved himself a great teacher of drawing and painting in England.

In **"Roman" water-colors** the subjects are painted in thin tints of color and finished all around with a pen-and-ink outline of black. This was the method of the old English painters.

The French artists sometimes make a pencil drawing wherein the chief effort is to give the form with great precision, and then the natural colors are suggested by thin washes of water-color paint. These are colored drawings.

Italian water-colors are generally in opaque colors like the old illuminations which in the sixth and seventh centuries were the glory of Ireland.

American water-colors of to-day are strong and brilliant. Each artist strikes out for himself boldly, trying to represent nature. Many painters work with almost magical rapidity, on the spot, like Corot.

"Corot's Studio" was an oil-painting that attracted much attention, not long ago, representing the now famous French artist painting in oil under the shade of a tree, with his landscape in front of him.

One of the newest ideas in New York is to hire pictures for an entertainment. True, it is not given out that the paintings are let out for one evening only, but it is done, is popular, and is very sensible.

The Japanese hire flowers for a feast, and New Yorkers do so for a church wedding. Some of the professional florists' decorations have no more sentiment in them than a stamped tidy. Think of the bridal pair walking up to the clergyman to be married and facing a mass of India-rubber plants! And this in one of the most beautiful churches, with stained-glass memorial windows of American, French, and German work. There are flowers, like the rose, the honeysuckle, the pink, the myrtle, the orange-blossom, associated with the poetry and romance of centuries. There are American plants, distinctively native, which may be used at weddings very properly, because essentially symbolical of fertility. Corn, for example: Longfellow's "Hiawatha" will supply pretty quotations for the origin of the corn, which would be appropriate in illuminated letters either on white ribbon to bind the corn, or, better still, on white Bristol-board.

There is a beautiful design for wall paper, hand laid (*i.e.*, it is printed by individual work, not by machinery), of wind-tossed peonies, which could be used as a frieze for a room, by cutting it in half. It costs only sixty cents a roll. The flowers and leaves are life-size, the background is a light terra cotta. This wall-paper is only suitable for a large room.

A pretty painting for a ceiling is a sky, blue, with a few light clouds. This may be painted on canvas and fastened to the ceiling, which is a capital contrivance where the plaster is liable to crack.

The combination of embroidery and painting on silk, surah, and Japanese silk, for draperies of chairs and sofas, which originated in France, keeps evolving variations to suit all purses.

A shade for a standing lamp may be made of a large Japanese umbrella, by cutting away the middle and binding the top edge with ribbon. The wire frame may be made of flexible wire twisted into a supporting shape. For a wrought-iron lamp, orange and red, or shades of orange or red, are most effective. For an oxidized silver lamp or one with the Persian silver finish, pale yellow is best to use for a shade.

The wild-flower shade is made in panels like a *passe-partout*, and between two pieces of bobbinet lace pressed wild-flowers are arranged. The light of the lamp gives life and delicacy to this arrangement.

The present "fashion" in pottery is a good one, *i. e.*, to brighten the tea-table with various colored dishes, regardless of "matching." Care must be taken to have them all harmonize in color.

"Pottery" is a safe word and comprises everything ceramic, from Sèvres porcelain to a flower-pot. Majolica and *faïence*, earthenware and stoneware, all are pottery.

A collection of pottery would not now be complete without something American. The pitcher-plant vase, exhibited at our Centennial Exposition, by the Union Porcelain Works, is a capital example of pure porcelain.

There are a few heads by Hartley, in low-relief, glazed tiles, that would add very much to the artistic value of a ceramic collection.

Volkmar, our great American potter, has painted beautiful landscapes on large tiles. These ceramic pictures have the advantage of not being injured by dust or water, or by darkness or light like oil-paintings. They are very brilliant in coloring, and show the picturesque possibilities of pottery in this country. No collection is complete without one of Volkmar's ceramics.

Charles Volkmar inherited some of his talent from his father, who was a professional restorer of pictures in Baltimore, Md. He studied in Paris. His paintings were quickly appreciated and readily bought in London.

A fan with good ebonized wood sticks and mounted with black muslin may be bought cheaply, and then decorated with zinc white and ivory black oil tube-paints, such as are used by artists, and some aluminium powder applied with a sable-brush. Mix various tints of gray by using different proportions of black and white. Keep the darkest shade of gray for one corner, and keep making as many different gradations as possible. Then dust the silver-like aluminium over the paint while still wet, and allow it to dry where it will be free from dust. When one side is dry the other side must be painted, else the oil from the tube-colors will soak through the muslin and give it not only an oiled, but a soiled, appearance. For those who have had any experience in painting in oil, like the copying in boarding-schools, it is possible to suggest a pretty idea for the other side. Make with the black and white paint as much of a cloud effect as possible, then with aluminium, or silver powder, mixed with gum arabic, and a fine-pointed sable-brush, draw a few curved lines circumscribing a very black cloud. On the sticks paint the words, "Every cloud has its silver lining."

One letter on each stick is enough. Leave one stick between each word, for intelligible spacing. While it is neither important nor beautiful to imitate the necessity of type by making every *e* alike, it is imperative to make each letter legible and graceful. Anyone who can write an ordinary good hand can paint pretty lettering by exercising care, patience, and common sense, and observing the two following rules: First, contrast the straight lines with curved lines in making the letters; second, remember that the most beautiful curve is that which nearest approaches a straight line. Make the letters with white paint first, and put the silver outline on afterwards.

ALICE DONLEVY,
Of the "Ladies' Art Association."

Household.

Five O'Clock Tea in Paris.

"VOULEZ-VOUS *fifoclocky avec moi?*" sounds as much like Choctaw as like French, does it not? Yet such is the form of a familiar invitation to tea this day of ours in Paris.

If you know tea in a London house,—the cosiest hour in the day,—or, fairer the leisure still, in a pretty home lying back of the green that slopes to the Thames, you are acquainted with something all unlike the *goûter* at five o'clock in a Paris *salon*,—I mean of course among the fashionable Parisians who go in for everything English because it is *la mode*. Mr. Emerson was more truthful than merely humorous when he said that all the world, even the Chinese, were trying to be English.

The "tea," as my observation goes, does not rob the English hour of its cosy radiance, for it is, in fact, a funnily dramatic idea of the custom. Of course, at the house of an English resident who, for all her distance from Great Britain, is distinctly English and always *chez-elle*, you will get tea, and delicious tea at that; but among the Parisiennes, who detest tea, and only attempt it because it is in style (and only those who would be fashionable or die in the attempt), it is sometimes so farcical that one has difficulty in keeping one's face straight. They all drink it as if they were taking something nasty, but with a bravery and derring-do as good as ever was shown at any battle ever fought and recorded in antiquity.

But five o'clock tea has a mission; for there are houses in which it is partaken of and where French and English meet and know and regard one another kindly and become true friends in spite of the popular superstitions of the average English newspaper correspondent that a Frenchman only opens his mouth to say "*Perfide Albion!*"

From a lady in Paris and of a rather important hostess of Versailles, both English, of course, but always entertaining French people, I obtained some receipts for delicious tea sandwiches. Tea is dear here: good Indian is one dollar a pound, and good Chinese nearly two dollars a pound; but the cost does not affect the accompaniments which I shall proceed to describe, and which can be copied by any American hostess. Beauty first, since it includes the excellences of economy and piquancy with good relish.

NASTURTIUM SANDWICHES.—Cut some white or brown bread *very* thin, and spread with the most delicate fresh butter. Then pick some nasturtiums, choosing the youngest and most perfect in form and color. Separate the petals, lay them between two pieces of the wafered bread-and-butter, and add a sprinkling of salt and white pepper. The crimson petals should peep out between the edges of the bread. I suppose the reader knows what a piquant addition to a salad nasturtium petals are.

AYRSHIRE TEA-SCONES.—These, as all of this group of dainties, are for drawing-room tea. To one pound of wheaten flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one of tartaric acid, a little sugar, a little salt, milk enough to make a smooth batter, and, lastly, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Roll out lightly, and cut into scones, small or large, and bake in a moderate oven. They should be buttered and laid together before serving (hot) in the drawing-room with tea. The edges must not be touched with the butter.

SURREY SANDWICH.—Blend with a tablespoonful of good, fresh butter, two saltspoonfuls of mixed mustard, a little salt, and some white pepper, half a spoonful of chopped parsley, as fine as a powder, and, lastly, the juice of one quarter of a lemon. Spread on some thin slices of bread cut into fingers. Join them, press, and wrap in a napkin an hour before tea-time.

TARTINE "SURPRISE."—Cut some finger-slices of bread, not too thin, and spread them with butter. On one half sprinkle salt and pepper; to the other half add mustard (mixed), and lay on these halves English walnuts, in halves, if possible, if not, in pieces. Join a buttered half to each of the halves overlaid with walnut, press firmly, and wrap tightly in a napkin till needed. I think you will agree with me that they are daintier than meat.

TEA TOAST WITH FIGS.—The slices are to be made into buttered toast, and therefore must be thicker. When toasted they are well buttered (the bread must not be stale), and between each is laid a hot broiled fig which has been opened and flattened a little. I mean the ordinary, but good, dried figs.

GINGERBREAD TOAST.—The gingerbread or molasses cake must be of the loaf-shape, and firm. It is cut in thin slices, toasted brown, and spread with best unsalted butter, and the slices laid as sandwiches together. It is very good, and worth the trouble.

Round and oval tea "surprises" are bread sandwiches buttered and laid with slices of firm, fresh tomato spread with a *mayonnaise* dressing. Parmesan fingers are little slender sandwiches spread with an inlay of fresh butter, in which grated Parmesan cheese is blended. Some fruit-fingers are made of thin bread slices spread with unsalted butter and sliced peach, apricot, or pineapple preserve.

I have made all these and enjoyed the enjoyment of friends who have partaken of these "tea" sandwiches, and I think them quite worth the "bother."

FLORENCE GREY.

Rye Muffins.

A FLURRY of snow-flakes in the morning air awakens varied memories, incongruous as the childish legend of the old, old woman picking her geese while shaking her feather-beds, and Lowell's "First Snowfall." There would seem to be no connection in the thoughts, and yet the fragrance of delicious rye muffins is wafted to me on the snowy atmosphere, and the dear memory of a visit to a country parsonage, during a snow-bound experience, is revived with the freshness of yesterday.

We knew we were very welcome in the little parsonage, but we knew as well that the salary of the country minister was very small and illy paid, and the larder could be but scantily supplied. We had sat up late, listening to the gudeman's rendering of Whittier's beautiful idyl "Snow-bound," a treat for which we would willingly have foregone breakfast, if necessary; but with the awakening call in the morning came the ravishing fragrance of rye muffins, recalled by this snow-flurry. When we descended to the table we found they looked as good as they smelled, a rich, beautiful golden brown, plump and light, and tasted even better than they looked and smelled. Oh! they were so good!

I will tell you how the dear housewife made them, as nearly as I can in her very words. "Take one pint of warm water, one cupful of rye meal, half a cupful of molasses, one cupful of fresh yeast; mix enough wheat flour with these to make a batter about the consistency of pound cake, and two eggs,—if you can get them: I often make them without," she merrily said. "They should be mixed at night, and if they are acid, a little soda should be dusted in the next morning. The same batter will do a long time for raising in cool weather.

"The muffin-rings should be very thoroughly greased, and also the pan, or they will trouble you by sticking. If they are not good at first trial," she added, "don't give them up; they will soon behave better when they are a little more

acquainted with you. Bake them in a quick oven about twenty minutes, and you will, if you persevere, find they make a most excellent breakfast. If you fail in having them light it will be owing to the thickness of the batter, and practice will make them perfect.

"Now," continued this little rosebud of a woman, "*ma bonne ménagère*, as you have relished your coffee, I must tell you how I manage about that. Old Java we love, but cannot afford, and perhaps it might make us bilious and 'nervous' and cross, if we could; and so I make coffee from the crust of the cold muffins that are left. I brown them in the stove oven until they are very hard, and then I pound them and make them do for nice browned coffee, putting in a piece of dandelion root about half the size of an egg. Prepare as if you were using Old Java, settle with an egg-shell, and you will have the most delicious coffee you ever tasted, —quite equal to Chalmers' Mocha, or Johnson and Leigh Hunt's tea,—only don't forget the cream, for pity's sake!"

She had not, and indeed we had not had a ghost of suspicion that we were not drinking Old Java.

"I have no marmalade to make my breakfast thoroughly English, but these 'Cæsars' we think quite as good," said the merry little housekeeper. "It is a family dish, invented by an old servant named Cæsar, after whom it is called. Now for the receipt. Nice sweet apples, steamed or baked till soft. Place them in a deep tin dish with a cover, then make a syrup of sugar, butter, and a little, very little, thickening, just about as you make sauce for puddings, and use any flavor you like best: lemon or vanilla is very good. Pour this over the apples and let them stew on the stove till quite soft."

Indeed they were delicious: no marmalade could have been nicer with the fragrant muffins. The entire breakfast was a running commentary on the favorite family legend,

> "We've not proud and soaring wings,
> Our ambition lies in little things."

MARY LANSING.

"Slowtoes."

MRS. VAN TASSEL was a person of strong prejudices. Her father, Colonel Peter Gambrell, like his father before him, was a person of strong prejudices. The little village of Coxville, where Mrs. Van Tassel had spent the most of her life, abounded, too, in prejudices, so we must judge her leniently. If one lives in brine he will be salt, more or less.

Mrs. Van Tassel's mother, being an old-fashioned housekeeper of the kind most approved by Coxville, had never deputed any of the duties of her home-keeping, save those of the roughest sort. The fine baking, the fine ironing, the pickling and preserving, the care of the children, and of course the keeping of the sacred parlors, were her work. She died an old woman at forty-five, but the event was called a dispensation of Providence. Coxville was a great place for second, third, and even fourth, wives.

It was also a Coxville notion that domestics, as a class, are untrustworthy, and inclined to be thievish. Mrs. Peter Gambrell, being a Virginian by birth, had always insisted upon having colored people in her kitchen, and had locked up everything, from the spice-boxes to the plate, to shield her property from these suspected assistants. When Matilda Gambrell married it is not wonderful that she bore away from her home, along with her wedding-clothes, a good many of her mother's ideas.

Michel Angelo Van Tassel was a mild, blond, middle-aged man, who believed himself an agitator, and was the editor of the "Yorkberry Daily Bugle." Colonel Gambrell was an ardent anti slavery man, and then an ardent Republican. During the administration of President Hayes he had run for Congress, and had been elected, owing to the support of the "Bugle," which was the county organ. Matilda had graduated about this time, and had begun to feel stirrings of ambition in her gentle breast. Her brief essays upon the topics of the day attracted the notice of the jaded eyes of Mr. Van Tassel. He took some trouble to make her acquaintance. The result was a wedding so sumptuous it took three columns of the "Bugle" to describe it. Eighteen months later, Matilda found herself a widow, an orphan, and, thanks to the failure of the Yorkberry Union Bank, nearly penniless. In her arms was a tiny, blue-eyed boy, the image of his father. It was a great problem how to take care of him and add to the income, and after long and tearful consideration she had decided to return to Coxville and board the young ladies who came from the country round about to attend the "De Lacy Seminary for the Higher Education of Women," when she received a call from Mr. Cowgill, the owner of the "Bugle."

Of a peculiar temper, and knowing it, Mr. Cowgill was in difficulties. Mr. Van Tassel and he had always agreed. Since his editor's death he had quarreled with four men, and now he told himself he had rather go to Jericho than face a fifth. Then recollecting that after Van Tassel's marriage a new sort of editorials had appeared, far better than the old, he put on his rusty old hat and went to call upon the widow. He found her mending stockings and nursing little Michel Angelo. But he was not deterred from making known his errand.

"Want me to write editorials for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Tassel. "And what could I do with my boy?"

"Hire a nurse," said Mr. Cowgill, briefly. That he found it all but impossible to find anyone to serve him to suit his mind did not give him any sympathy with other people's troubles. "I am going to run that paper myself. You can help me first-rate, and I will hire a young chap to do the local work; and your income will be a good one,—a first-rate one for a woman. I shall pay you just the same that I would a man."

Mrs. Van Tassel thought this magnanimous, and perhaps it was. The next day she had secured the services of Dinah Dixon, a very black young woman, who seemed to be trusty. At any rate, the baby took to her wonderfully. Mrs. Van Tassel had just established herself in a Venetian cottage, that is, a small, one-story house with a high basement, and had secured a good cook, when little Michel Angelo fell sick with measles. In vain Dinah protested she had not exposed the baby to infection. In vain she declared she had not visited an infected house. She was dismissed without a character, and as soon as little Michel Angelo permitted, his mother wrote a fierce article upon the shortcomings of servants, and colored nurses in particular.

Fricka Samuelson succeeded Dinah. She was a rosy-cheeked, strong young Swede, and as soon as the baby could become accustomed to her complexion he seemed to love her dearly. But one afternoon Mrs. Van Tassel returned from a visit to the "Bugle" office to find his little right hand burned. A doctor was doing it up in cotton and sweet oil, and Fricka, pale and weeping, was covering him with kisses.

"He wass alvays tetermined to put his fingers troo dose mica off te stove," she explained. "I wass catchin' him more as six or four times alretty, unt I djust wass in de kitchin gettin' his milk, two or one minutes, when scratch, unt den I hear him cry, unt oop I flies. He wass creep oop an put his little hand on dose hot stove."

"Get your things together and go home, Fricka," said Mrs. Van Tassel. "I will not have a girl who neglects my son. This is gross neglect. Go this instant."

"But, Matam!" cried Fricka bewildered. "Mein mudder iss old, unt I wass not a pad girl like as you s'pose, I——"

"Go!" said Mrs. Van Tassel, sternly.

Mrs. Van Tassel did most of her work at home, and several weeks elapsed before the baby had a new nurse. He grieved for Fricka, and the pain in his hand made him fretful.

The first applicant smelled of brandy, and had a dirty face. The second was dressed in purple silk and glittered with rhine-stones. The third had alarming front teeth, and small eyes that promised temper. The fourth asked too many questions, and demanded too many privileges. The fifth was a small woman, past middle age. She looked meek and kind, and said she was a Methodist. She had, too, seen better days, and spoke in a refined manner. Mrs. Van Tassel engaged her on the spot, and that day wrote a most readable article upon American women as servants.

"They would make the best in the world," she said, "if only they would pocket their foolish pride, which now drives them, at starvation wages, into the shop and the mill."

But Mrs. Mary Ann Wakefield did not "pan out well," in western phrase. Her dresses were grimy, her hands were grimy, and the result upon the white dresses of little Michel Angelo may be imagined. And the longest day was not long enough for her to get through with her duties. "Melases in winter is chain lightining to her," complained the cook. Her fingers did duty for the coal tongs, and she washed such a small circle in her face that back of her ears could be called, like central Africa in the old maps, "unexplored."

In a week Mrs. Van Tassel had written half a dozen crisp articles for the "Bugle." One was entitled, "An Inquiry Into the Causes of Hydrophobia Among the Poor;" another, "The Worst Kind of Poverty."

Mary Ann, otherwise Mrs. Wakefield, was nicknamed "Slowtoes," by the cook, and the name, being appropriate, stuck. Michel Angelo, however, was contented and happy, and received her always with a joyful crow. Dirty frocks were not so bad as measles and burns. But, in the long run, negative faults are more irritating than positive ones. On Sunday little Michel must be washed by his mamma, or go dirty. To bathe him hurt Mary Ann's conscience. It hurt her conscience, too, to make up the crib. Then, when one has the dearest little son in the world, and has stitched many days to make him a dainty wardrobe, it is hard to see him looking always as if he had just been rolling in the dust-bin. Mrs. Van Tassel resolved to make a change, and went to see Miss Flemming, who kept the intelligence office.

"I must have a good character," she explained to that shrewd person. "I will not keep a dirty, dishonest, or deceitful creature one moment."

"What a dale of D's the lady has," said Miss Flemming's old mother when Mrs. Van Tassel had departed. "I belave she thinks most av the poor folks is the deevil."

The sun was shining brightly but a cold wind was blowing, and as she hurried up Forrest Street, Mrs. Van Tassel was uneasily conscious that Mary Ann would know just enough to take the baby out for an airing at the usual hour, though he was croupy. "She is the most stupid of the lot," she said to herself as she neared her home; and there, sure enough, was the natty little willow cart at the foot of the long flight of steps that led into the cottage. Mary Ann, with her charge so wrapped up she could not see over his head, had just come out. Mrs. Van Tassel uttered a loud exclamation and ran forward. Recognizing the voice, Mary Ann started, turned, slipped on the edge of the steps, and fell heavily to the pavement.

"Her left elbow is smashed, the arm is out of joint, and there is a compound fracture of the fore-arm. I also apprehend some grave internal injuries," said the surgeon, with professional calm, when he had carefully looked Mary Ann over.

The baby was without a scratch: Mary Ann had shielded him with that unlucky old arm of hers.

In three weeks Mary Ann died. "I wa'n't brought up, I was snatched up," she said one night when her mistress was tending her. "I come up by myself, after I was ten. My husband was not a very good carpenter. When I think it over I see the reason we never got on, and why I was obliged to do as I did. I know I have been a sore trial to you. I never saw things done as you do them. Folks that were brought up do not know how much patience they ought to have with folks that were snatched up or that had to come up themselves. Don't mind my dying. I am satisfied that the baby is safe."

"Auld Slowtoes had a kind heart," said Bridget the cook when she gazed at the still, meek, plain face. "Perhaps 'tis bether to have that, than to be so smart. I dunno."

Mrs. Van Tassel, like her neighbors, has never found a perfect servant, but she has learned patience with the folks who are "snatched up"; and never since the death of Mary Ann has any one had any injustice to complain of at her hands.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

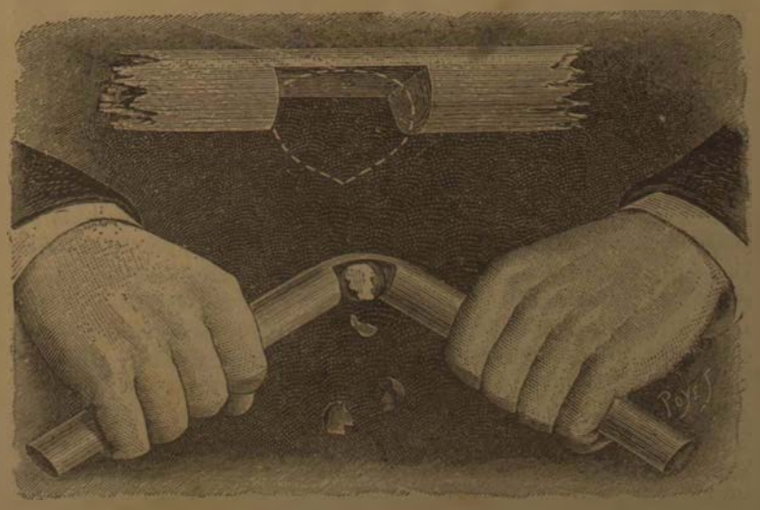
("*Household*" *continued on page* 769.)

Amusing Science.

(*For the Children.*)

IMPROVISED NUT-CRACKERS.

THIS utensil is made of a flexible branch of a tree: a branch of a nut-tree itself will do splendidly. To gather nuts is a delightful pastime, but to eat them is by no means disagreeable, when one has triumphed over the resistance of the shell.



IMPROVISED NUT-CRACKER.

In breaking this between two stones or with a stamp of the foot you risk destroying the kernel, while in trying to crack nuts with the teeth, the latter may be injured.

A boy's pocket always contains a knife: it will serve to cut in the branch you have chosen a niche thick as the finger and quite deep, leaving only some fibers of wood and

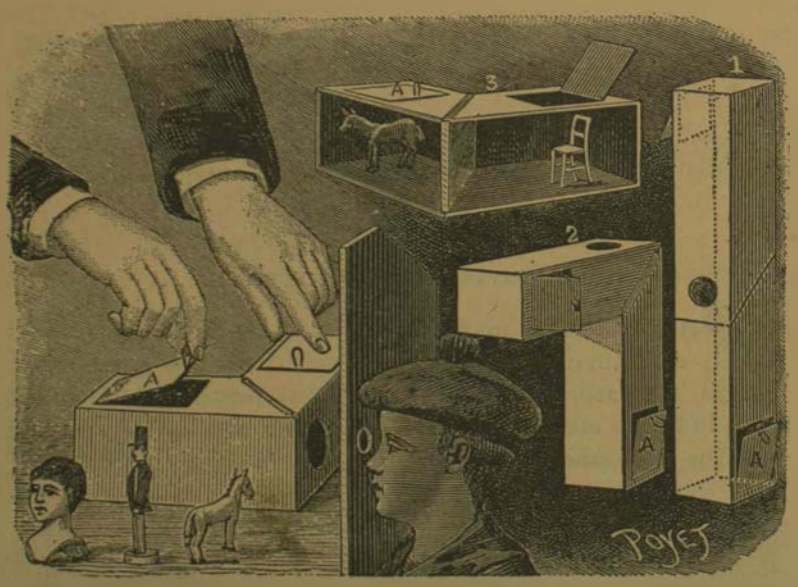
the bark intact, so as to connect by a flexible band the two ends of the branch. Take each of these handles in the hand, after having placed a nut in the cleft, bring them together with force, and you will break the shell.

In a few moments you can crack a number of nuts, and supply your companions who, less fortunate than you, do not know how to manufacture nut-crackers.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

Commence by making an oblong box of heavy cardboard or wood, four inches wide and one yard and a half long ; close it at each end, near which cut, at opposite ends, two openings two inches square, and fit two covers of cardboard, A, two and a half inches square, opening and closing on muslin hinges. Now cut the box in halves by an oblique section at 45°. Cut a circular hole in one of the larger lateral faces : the middle of the hole should be two inches from the open end and half-way between the top and bottom of the box. Place upon the table the two pieces thus arranged, turning one of them at right angles with the other and with the two covered openings at the top. Bring the two oblique sections together and gum them fast securely, leaving in the upper side a slit of about three inches, in which slip a piece of ordinary window-glass, three inches wide and five high. Thus arranged our apparatus will have the appearance of a cabinet-maker's square, as No. 2 of our illustration shows.

Now for the transformations. Put into the apparatus two



TRANSFORMATIONS.

different toys ; for instance, a toy donkey and a chair, each placed under one of the openings. Figure 3, in which the larger lateral faces are presumably removed, shows exactly the position of these two objects. Now if the spectator looks through the circular hole, the cover over the donkey being open and that over the chair closed, he will not see the donkey which is opposite to him, because this object is in complete obscurity ; but if the chair is brightly illuminated by the sun, or by a light placed near the apparatus, its image will be reflected in the bit of glass as in a mirror, and the chair will be clearly seen by the spectator, as if it were like the donkey directly opposite. Now if you suddenly open the cover over the donkey and close that over the chair, the donkey will suddenly appear through the glass and the chair will have disappeared. Finally if you desire that the public shall remain in the most complete delusion, hide the whole apparatus behind a large sheet of cardboard in which there is cut a hole corresponding to the hole in the box, and no one can know how you work your curious transformations, which may be indefinitely varied.

Chat.

A DAHLIA TENNIS-PARTY was one of the charming novelties of the late season. There were three double courts, but there were other guests than those invited to play tennis. All the players wore white serge, the ladies with corsage bouquets of dahlia red, golden yellow, and light pinkish-purple dahlias, respectively for each court, their white felt hats ornamented with pompons of flowers to match, and the gentlemen had *boutonnières* of dwarf dahlias of the same colors, and their hats painted with flowers to correspond. The nets were tied with dahlia-hued ribbons, and bouquets of dahlias surmounted the posts. The refreshments were served at small tables decorated with dahlias of all hues, one color to each table, which were placed in groups on the lawn. Each player had a souvenir, enameled silver lace-pins in floral designs for the ladies, and silver scarf-pins in the design of a racquet holding a golden ball, for the gentlemen. The players were photographed in a characteristic group by the "camera fiend" of the household.

* * * * * * *

AUTUMN FLOWERS have very appropriately had the preference for the elaborate floral decorations at recent entertainments. At the last dinner of the season given by a young matron in her summer home, yellow asters and autumn leaves decorated the table, the asters in a low, cut-glass bowl in the center of the table, surrounded by a wreath of autumn leaves, the browns and dull greens and brilliant reds making a most effective setting for the golden-hued flowers. At a previous dinner the same hostess used pink asters and maidenhair fern in a silver bowl, for the centerpiece on the table, and suspended from the chandelier by a pink satin ribbon was a solid ball of pink asters from which trailed garlands of asparagus vine, one extending to each plate, where it ended in a smaller ball of asters, which served as a support for the name-card. The effect was especially beautiful.

* * * * * * *

THE TYPICAL DECORATIONS at a farewell "tea" at a handsome country-house consisted of sumach, goldenrod, ferns, sunflowers, large clusters of rushes tied with red satin ribbon, garlands of oak-leaves looped with clusters of acorns, for the interior, and shocks of cornstalks were tied about the pillars of the piazza with ivy vines. The hostess wore a dress of goldenrod yellow silk and black lace, and her daughter's dress was sumach red trimmed with embroidered *chiffon* of the same color.

* * * * * * *

AT A SEPTEMBER WEDDING in the country, the ceiling of the wide hall was entirely hidden by grapevines from which hung clusters of purple grapes. Passion-flower vines were festooned about the doorways and mirrors in the drawing-room, and panels and banks of white roses, carnation, and phlox, and festoons of white satin ribbon completed the chaste and unique decorations. The bride and bridesmaids wore exquisite dresses of white *chiffon* over white satin, the only color in the toilets being contributed by fronds of maidenhair fern surrounding the loose bunches of white roses, which were tied with yards upon yards of white "baby" ribbon that hung in long loops.

* * * * * * *

A YOUNG MOTHERS' RECEPTION, with dancing, is the unique entertainment to which only young married couples are invited. Round dances are tabooed, and what time can be spared from the discussion of the charms and precocious sayings and doings of their little ones is devoted to sedate square dances. To give a little touch of piquancy to the affair, partners are selected by favors, children's toys being used for the purpose. The following day the guests call on the hostess, with their children.

* * * * * * *

A MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT CLUB (limited), for the cultivation of the art of impromptu speaking in response, controversy, or acknowledgment, is a fad adopted by ten ladies ambitious to become prominent in a fashionable ladies' club. According to the projected programme, all are to meet once a month at the home of one of the number, attired in full dinner-dress, and after the dessert, either in response to a toast, or at the request of the hostess, each is to speak at least five minutes, entirely impromptu, no intimation of the topic or the toast (which are selected by the hostess) being permitted.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—OCTOBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 781.

BEAUTIFUL colors, handsome goods, exquisite trimmings, and graceful designs are the materials at hand, and on the happy selection and artistic combination of these elements will depend the "style" of individual dressing this season. And each season does this matter of individual dressing become more and more a question for individual decision. To be sure, there are certain distinctive decrees of fashion that dominate, the acceptance or rejection of which determines whether the individual is *au fait* in matters of dress; but modifications to meet personal needs are allowable, are becoming imperative, even, that the toilet may possess individuality.

The models this season are chiefly the outcome of these individual modifications themselves modified: we still have clinging skirts, but not of so pronounced a *fourreau* shape, and while comparatively long for all purposes, still a woman need not become a gratuitous street-sweeper unless she so elects; the long-waisted effects are retained, and numerous are the devices to enhance the effect without the reality; high sleeves remain, but ultra designs are rejected; and altogether it will not be difficult to remodel last season's dresses.

The coat retains its prestige, and the modifications of this becoming garment are legion; but for dresses designed especially for house wear, the princesse, the very short basque, and round waists are preferred.

One of the distinctive features of costumes is the appearance of one dress or garment worn over another. The jacket and blouse is one example of this, and the coat with cut-away fronts like the "Trevelyan," illustrated on page 759, showing a waistcoat, is another. Skirts are slashed at one or both sides, showing panels of contrasting material or *quilles* of trimming, and some are shortened at one side in mounting, *à la Marguerite*, but not draped, while others are in points of more or less depth, displaying flouncing or plaiting or flat trimming between.

In autumn wraps the round cape shape, in various lengths, without much height on the shoulders, is the favorite. These are in black and colors, and the quantity and richness of trimming is only limited by the purpose for which they are intended. There are yokes and collars and shoulder-pieces and *motifs* of all designs, in rich passementerie, with and without jet, in colors and black, especially made for trimming these wraps, but the garniture is chiefly disposed about the shoulders, few edges, excepting feather or fur bands, being used.

Of devices in passementerie there is no end. There are collars of all shapes and sizes, yokes round, square, and pointed, bretelles and belts and ceintures and half-ceintures and corselets, and even corsages reaching nearly as high as a full-dress bodice, and many of them are extremely elegant. Some of these pieces, although classed under arbitrary names, can be used for different purposes: a standing collar, open in the back with a deep point below, can, if turned up-side down, be used as a half-ceinture on the front of the basque, the point forming a bodice; and others can be made to serve different purposes with equal facility.

Narrow rows of jetted passementerie or of closely woven silk-cord passementerie and other narrow garnitures are used to outline seams, to edge draperies, and to head folds and cover joinings wherever they occur in drapery or coat. Wide bands are put on around the skirt, but not so often on the very edge as a few inches above. Fur bands and velvet cordings, however, are placed directly on the edge, and so are some one-sided garnitures which have one straight edge, and a running pattern in sprays or offsets of geometric figures on the other.

Braid is arranged in a single row or a succession of festoons or bunches like loops of ribbon, or in the darling "bow-knot" pattern which dominates everything. These bow-knots are spaced with a connecting undulating row of braid, apparently to hold them together.

Buttons are considerably used as garniture. On the skirt they are put on as obvious fastenings to some joining or overlapping of seams, and on the basques and coats in neat rows, with a uniform effect.

FOR information received regarding costumes, thanks are due to B. Altman & Co.; for dress materials, to Stern Brothers; for trimmings, to James G. Johnson; for millinery, to Thomas H. Wood & Co.; and for children's fashions, to Best & Co.

For Indian Summer.

ZONA WAIST. LEVANA COAT.
FULL SKIRT. CLITHEROE SKIRT.

For Indian Summer.

FIG. 1.—A charming design for a young girl's costume, suitably made in any seasonable material for ordinary use, or in light-colored cashmere or soft silk for dressy home wear. The illustration represents it made in blue cashmere with cream-colored figures, the yoke of blue velvet, and the bretelles, collar and belt of blue gros-grain ribbon. The design of the waist—the "Zona"—is the same back and front, even the bretelles and belt being arranged the same; and the dress is completed by a skirt made of straight breadths gathered at the top. The hat is of blue velvet, trimmed with white wings and bows of blue-and-white *gros-grain* ribbon, and the brim faced with blue silk.

This is an excellent model for autumn and winter school-dresses to be made in serge and similar goods, either with or without a contrasting material for the yoke, and for this purpose the bretelles and bows on the belt are better omitted. The addition of a jacket or other wrap will make this a comfortable and sensible winter costume. The waist pattern is fully described on page 764.

FIG. 2.—A particularly stylish costume of medium green camels'-hair, with vest of green-and-gold brocaded silk, and collar, cuffs, and sash at the back of green satin-faced velvet ribbon. The neck-frill and jabot are of green *chiffon*, and the hat of green velvet, edged with black lace, and trimmed with green ostrich-tips and gold wheat and aigrettes. The back view is shown below.

The patterns used are the "Levana" coat and the "Clitheroe" skirt, the latter described and illustrated in the July number. The model is an excellent one for an autumn or winter costume, and embodies several of the distinctive features of the season's fashions. Plaid, striped, or figured goods with the vest of plain material would be quite as appropriate as the style of combination illustrated. The coat pattern is fully described on page 764.

For Silk Attire.

THE quaint and charming designs in brocaded and figured silks are unexampled since the days of our grandmothers. Every pattern in existence of those days of yore has been searched for, and in many cases found and reproduced in modern silks.

Medallion and Pompadour brocades are in rich and dainty colors. Gold and silver tinsel liberally introduced, or composing the chief figures of a brocade, are very much liked for evening silks. Louis XIII. and Louis XVI. brocades have satin grounds in black, white, cream, and evening colors, with brocaded festoons and Pompadour bouquets in chintz colorings. A new brocade is a Luxor weave,—a satin-finished silk in quality something between satin Rhadames and satin *merveilleux*,—in colors, black, and white, with tiny polka-dots in self-color, and figured with sprays, bouquets, or single flowers, in gay colorings.

Besides these are armures and other fancy weaves, with colored bouquets, which, especially in black, are the fancy of the moment.

Levana Coat. Clitheroe Skirt.
(BACK.)

A Common-Sense Costume.

ELVIRA JACKET-BASQUE. YVETTE SKIRT.

A Common-Sense Costume.

A DRESS for business or general wear made after this model would be comfortable, appropriate, and becoming. The jacket-basque—the "Elvira"—is the same length in the back, and has a box-plait laid on the under side at the middle seam; and the skirt, the "Yvette" (illustrated and described in the September number), is to many figures more becoming than the sheath style, as it has box-plaits laid on the inside at each side, giving a panel effect, and the fullness is not massed so closely in the middle of the back.

Serge, flannel, or other heavy woolens are especially suitable to be made in this style, either with or without a different material for the vest, and all trimming can be dispensed with if desirable. For autumn wear it would be complete for the street without a wrap, and any style of cloak could be worn with it for winter. The basque pattern is fully described on page 764.

A Tailor-Made Coat.

FOR an independent garment to be worn with different costumes, or for a completion to a suit made in the same goods, the "Trevelyan" coat can be used with equal propriety. It is jaunty, stylish, and becoming. Broadcloth, either black, brown, blue, green, dark red, drab, or fawn, will make a handsome coat, but coarse serge is very popular for coats for general wear. The edges should be finished plain, or with a fine silk or mohair cord. The vest can be of plain or figured velvet, either matching or contrasting in color, or of the cloth braided. The back view is shown separately below. See page 764 for full description of the pattern.

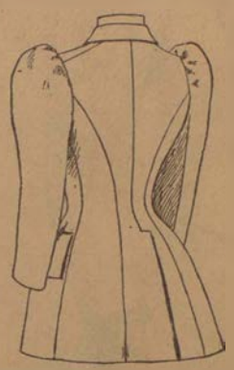
Autumn Costumes.

SUBDUED or sumptuous in color and fabric, the newest costumes imported and of home manufacture are very similarly simple in styles of making. But the happy disposition of a fold or draping, the unique and novel arrangement of an unexpected garniture, and the fortuitous combination of colors and materials, afford ample variety and unlimited choice.

For instance, a gray mixed cheviot with occasional outbreaks of red in its invisible stripes is made up in a plain, deep drop-skirt falling over blue velvet. The Louis XV. coat has a velvet vest to correspond. Similarly combined with blue velvet in a dark navy shade is a corded and puffed almond-brown *crêpon*. Rich brown silk passementerie, jeweled with amethystine stones, trims the back of the jacket.

Another combination with dark blue velvet is a handsome blue-and-gold mixture in heavy cheviot bound with blue velvet cords in double rows at the sides of the skirt, which open to the belt over a *quille* of gold-cord braiding.

Another cheviot costume has a short skirt arranged in mounting to the belt so that, without draping or lifting, it hangs from the right side at a distance of ten inches from the bottom of the foundation-skirt, disclosing a plain underskirt of dark moss-green velvet. This cheviot is an exquisitely fine heather-mixture, and the coat has a back with long tabs, the front being a full vest of cheviot incased in a low-cut pointed bodice of green velvet. A pretty plain Scotch mixture is made up in a severely simple style, the only garniture being some rows of large flat pearl buttons in an upright row on the side of the skirt where the front laps over the back.



Trevelyan Coat.

(BACK.)

One of the oddest and most attractive promenade-gowns is made of a black and cream pekin stripe, the black being a hairy, fluffy line on the cream foundation. This is made up simply, but not unexpectedly, over an underskirt of green velvet in a rich mossy color, which appears between deep slashes on either side of the skirt. The imported "bell" skirt with demi-train is a feature of the season, and a blue-and-black striped material like that just described is made up with a bell skirt and short jacket.

A green mohair with black stripes is arranged over a black skirt with three deep slashes in the outside skirt, which permit the under one to show. A narrow black silk passementerie outlines the slashes. Nearly all the imported costumes have moderate trains, the report that short skirts were to be worn being evidently erroneous, or applying to dresses intended exclusively for walking.

Dark navy blue in many shades is a color revived in popular favor, and seen in many of the dressiest of costumes for the street and carriage. A very rich and elegant dress, suitable for wear late into the fall, is a dark blue serge finished on all its edges with black astrakhan and a row of diagonal straps of black braid. The coat is cut open in front to display a vest of surah in the rich crimsons of the Scotch clan plaid, and a V-shaped silver ornament, like a half-belt, confines it at the waist.

A Tailor-Made Coat.

THE "TREVELYAN." (FRONT.)

As an example of how showy a costume may be evolved from so simple a material as the Princess of Thule's favorite gown, this same blue serge, the following description of an imported dress may suffice. It is a striking combination of blue velvet with polka dots of gold flecks, and blue serge. The underskirt is of velvet, the drapery of serge, straight and plain, but falling open at the sides. The coat has a vest of canary-yellow silk under rich black silk guipure, and handsome dark-blue silk buttons ornament the costume wherever they find an excuse for being.

A Jaunty Basque.
THE "ELURA." (FRONT.)

Gray is a leading favorite in costumes, and a dainty gray dress for carriage-wear and calling is a silvery shade of cashmere, the trained skirt and coat trimmed with a narrow but thick ruching of pinked-out black silk. In front an embroidered band of jet and silver crosses the skirt a few inches above the foot.

A bell skirt and coat of gray Bedford cord is trimmed with narrow bands of rich cut jet outlining the seams and edges; and another combination of gray and jet is a gray broadcloth made in the same style as the preceding, with an edging of black lamb's-wool and exquisite jet embroidery across the foot and up the sides of the skirt. A vest of black silk brocaded in purple bow-knots completes the costume.

Elura Basque.
(BACK.)

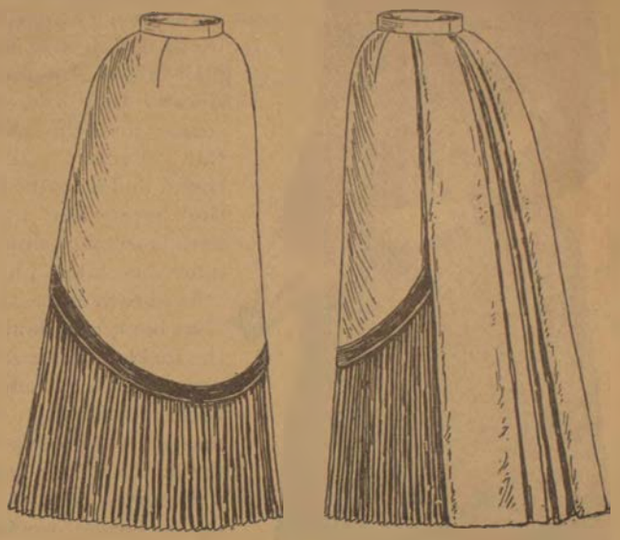
A Jaunty Basque.

FOR a tailor-made costume for autumn, or for a winter dress to be worn with an outer garment, no more stylish and becoming basque could be selected than the "Elura." The narrow coat-shaped back and the graceful point in front impart the long-waisted effect so desirable at present. Embroidery of black soutache is very effective on brown, blue, green, and other colored cloths, but rows of braid can be used if a less elaborate trimming be desired.

The illustration represents the basque of dark blue broadcloth with black soutache embroidery, and the hat of blue velvet, with a *rouleau* of blue velvet and gold-embroidered black lace, and butterflies of gold-embroidered black lace. The basque pattern is described on page 764.

Placida Skirt.

STYLE and simplicity are happily blended in this design, which is especially appropriate for light and medium weight woolens, either plain, striped, or plaided. The trimming above the graduated flounce may be a band of velvet or silk cut to fit, passementerie, or braiding. Any style of jacket or basque can be combined with this skirt to complete a particularly becoming costume. The pattern is fully described on page 764.



Placida Skirt.

For Cool Days.

A PRACTICAL and stylish costume of navy blue cloth trimmed with braiding of black soutache. This is arranged with the "Bell-gored" skirt (the pattern for which was given in the August number) and the "Circle" cape (illustrated and described in the Magazine for last February), the latter cut a trifle longer than the pattern, and having a Medici collar like the second size for which a pattern was given in the Magazine for December, 1890. Any simple style of basque can be worn with the skirt.

For Cool Days.
CIRCLE CAPE. BELL-GORED SKIRT.

This model is very stylish, and withal so simple that a mere novice in dressmaking could not fail to achieve a successful result. The cape is preferably lined with surah or some other light-quality silk, but farmers' satin makes a most durable and satisfactory lining for heavy goods; and an interlining of flannel can be used with either, if necessary. The patterns are fully described in the magazines in which they are illustrated separately.

SMOOTH felt hats in new low shapes will be the first choice for autumn wear.

No. 1.

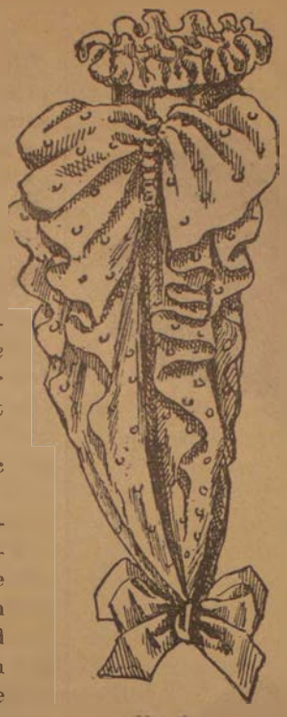
No. 2.

Dressy Neck-Wear.

No. 1.—Collar and vest-plastron of lemon-colored *crêpe de Chine* trimmed with amber beads and lemon-colored velvet ribbon.

No. 2.—Double ruffle of lilac *chiffon* with gilt beads.

No. 3.—Collar and jabot plastron of écru silk mull with crimson chenille crescents. The collar and bow are of crimson satin ribbon, the former hooked in the back and finished with a full frill of the mull. The jabot is made of two double pieces of mull, one wider than the other, shirred down the middle and plaited in narrow under the bow.



No. 3.

For Woolen Gowns.

THE rough-finished and shaggy dress-materials so popular last season are in their decadence, although a few are seen for special purposes: the preference and fashion are for plain-finished and smooth-surfaced. Plain cloths, therefore, are in great demand, and the retail dry-goods houses show an extensive line of exquisite ladies'-cloths in two qualities and in all the season's colors.

Even for dressy evening-wear these cloths are used in combination with silk, and their soft, clinging quality makes them delightful wear in cool weather. The best quality costs about $2.75 per yard, but there is a lighter weight, with less perfect finish, for $1.25.

Crêpons and Bedford cords are the next choice for handsome all-wool gowns, the former for evening wear, carriage dresses, bridal traveling-dresses, etc., and the latter for all sorts of promenade wear. There are also fine chevron diagonals in all the season's colors, with the diagonal lines meeting on the fold of the double-width goods to form a chevron which will come in the middle of the front when the goods is made up.

But the very newest in fine woolens is the woven *plissé*, a sort of *crêpon* with quarter-inch plaits, or tucks, woven regularly across the fabric. This will be a perfect *fureur* on account of its attractive novelty.

Besides these the seeker for plain goods will find an almost innumerable variety of cheviots, tweeds, and serges, in homespun blues, grays, browns, and various mixtures. The regular storm cheviots, especially suited for a hard-wearing gown, come in navy blue, black, and white, and they are often combined with another fabric for really handsome costumes. There is also unlimited variety in the cheviots and Scotch mixtures; and for anyone who prefers a little livening in their wool dresses these are just the thing, for the mixture of colors in the so-called plain material is really almost jewel-like, sometimes, in its rich contrasts.

In black dress-goods there is this season even greater novelty than in the colored goods; and the variety, except for the one color, is as great also. Fine mourning-goods in cords, self-stripes, and line plaids, *plissés*, *crêpe* effects, and other novelties, are shown in all-black to be worn either plain or in combination with a colored silk or velvet.

Black astrakhan is a fashionable combination and garniture, and some of the new woolens are in woven plaids of astrakhan, which in so showy a color as cardinal has a very striking effect. In pattern dresses, also, black astrakhan is introduced as bordering and ornamentation in medallions. Seal plush medallions in ovals and diamonds are set in brown cloth pattern-dresses which have rich borderings of silk embroidery, and bands of mink fur trim other handsome designs in similar style. These pattern-robes, however, have the disadvantage of being quite expensive, so that many prefer to buy cloth and fur garniture separately, and combine the same at discretion.

What Trimmings to Select.

THERE is no material so rich or so inexpensive, in any fashionable color or black, in texture heavy, medium, or diaphanous, for which an appropriate trimming cannot be selected this season; and a dress without garniture, be it only a fine silk or mohair cord as a finish for the edges, is an anomaly. In fact, many of the handsome costumes in solid-colored goods owe their effectiveness to the judicious selection and arrangement of the garniture: "it's the seasonin' as does it," as in Sam Weller's historic "weal pie."

Some of the most elegant garnitures are gorgeous, but not gaudy,—brave with embroidery and lace and tinsel and jewels and pearl beads and jet and spangles, but unless used inappropriately and to excess, they will not be bizarre in effect. These are intended only for elegant fabrics, and the style of the toilet decides the arrangement and the quantity to be used.

The brilliant jeweled effects of last season are modified by the use of pearl beads in all colors in combination with the jewels, and some of the newest trimmings are made entirely of dull pearl beads in soft shades, which in the popular floral designs copy nature's tints. The combination of these *mat* beads with embroidery is especially effective, and the less elaborate designs are appropriate for quite simple dresses. As in millinery, spangles are conspicuous in dress trimmings, not only the bright spangles in gold, silver, and bronze, laid on flatly and separately, but in all colors, with a *mat* finish that imparts a soft tone, and arranged in clusters, the spangles set on edge, closely together, looking, in some colors, like closely trimmed feathers, the illusion being heightened by their gently swaying like feathers moved by a breeze. A floral design in a delicate heliotrope tint resembles a quilled artemisia with a center of dull gold.

Jet is perennial in its attractions, and maintains its well-deserved prestige. Fine-cut beads are prominent in the handsomest trimmings, combined with round and oblong faceted beads about the size of small peas, especially in the all-jet fringes, which come from three to twenty-seven inches in depth. There are festoon fringes made of strands of fine beads, of graduated lengths, festooned between square or oblong *clous*, which, when applied, as to the bottom of a waist, give a scalloped outline. The same design is repeated in a narrower trimming.

1. Green Felt Hat.

Passementeries of solid jet will divide favor with those of cord and jet, and some of the handsomest are of a sort of *crêpe* cord, fine-cut jet beads, and a coarse guipure net, which produces the effect of an appliqué trimming. Crocheted trimmings are also popular, with and without jet, and in colors as well as black, colored beads being often used with the latter. Lace effects are prominent in fine garnitures, the net used being heavy, often appearing as if the different parts of the design were joined with lace stitches. One handsome trimming is made of fine silk braid and *crêpe* cord, in which veritable lace-stitches of heavy twist complete the scroll-like pattern.

Narrow edges, commencing at half an inch in width, in passementerie and silk braid, are in almost endless variety, in black and colors. Sometimes both edges are straight, sometimes only one, and again both are irregular in outline, in accordance with the purpose for which they are to be used. The favorite bow-knot design has developed into rosettes and many-looped bows of satin and gros-grain "baby" ribbon, which appear in all classes of passementeries. Narrow twist fringes, somewhat wider than the "Tom Thumb" fringe of long ago, have reappeared, also moss trimmings about three-fourths of an inch wide, with beads through the center.

"MME. DEMOREST" A "TRADE NAME" ONLY. (*See Page* 763.)

THE favorite demi-long mantle which became popular just at the close of last season is now seen in seal, otter, and seal-plush, for early winter wear.

FUR trimmings in narrow bands, seal, mink, Alaska sable, and astrakhan, will be used on cloth and heavy silk dresses.

The Season's Colors.

No actually new colors are to be noted, although there is a perceptible difference in colors previously named the same as now. This difference is a slight flattening of tint, so to speak: in other words, a slight falling-off from the extreme richness of color, which, although so exquisite in itself, is often a drawback to the complexion, to which a little crudeness of color sometimes affords opportunity to display its own perfections.

On importers' color-cards there are at least ten shades of blue and brown to five of green, which tells a story of its own. Green is making vigorous efforts to hold its own, but the fact is that gray and navy blues are really and actually the most popular colors at present. Brown comes in many shades, and is increasing in popularity steadily. The newest shade of this color is *choca*, a sort of creamy chocolate-color, which is exquisite in the soft woolens and repped veloutine silks.

Faïence is a delicate old-blue, which in fine ladies'-cloth, silk, and satins, is a perfect foil to pure blonde loveliness such as Rubens delighted to put on canvas. Serpent is a familiar green which has a corresponding note in its own key of color. Dark blue is seen to its best advantage in serges and heavy cloths for street wear, while *datura* is a purplish, dull, dark blue, a matronly hue for elegant reception-dresses of silk, or silk and cloth combined.

As a color combination, gray and black leads; and black with *mandarin*, a vivid reddish orange, is a splendid contrast, much in favor with brunettes and gray-eyed demi-blondes, to whose tigerish beauty this Oriental combination is specially becoming.

There are a few splendid shades of red, which only appear incidentally in fashion's color harmony, and the few heliotrope shades are sumptuous in tint.

The evening colors are *ciel*, a little less blue than last season, turquoise, old rose, maize-color, cream, *bouvreuil*, an exquisite dawn-flushed color, neither lilac nor rose-color, but suggesting both; and besides these, silvery gray, Nile green, and white, complete the list.

2. Black Velvet Hat.

3. Brown Velvet Hat.

October Millinery.

No. 1.—Hat of dark green felt faced with green velvet put in smoothly. The garniture is composed of looped bows of dark green and moss-green velvet ribbon.

No. 2.—Wide-brimmed hat of black velvet trimmed with velvet ribbon loops and orange-colored ostrich-tips.

No. 3.—Brown velvet hat trimmed with butterfly bows of black lace, a wreath of gold flowers, and brown ostrich-tips.

No. 4.—Toque of black velvet, trimmed with jetted net lace, violet velvet ribbon, and lacing of gold cord around the rolled brim.

"Mme. Demorest" a "Trade Name" Only.

PLEASE remember that neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any connection whatever with any other publication than DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Madame Demorest and W. Jennings Demorest retired from the pattern business several years ago, and sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to a stock company. They therefore have no interest whatever in any Fashion sheet or publication bearing the name "Madame Demorest," that name being used, as a "TRADE NAME" only, by the Demorest Fashion and Sewing-Machine Co., in which neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any interest.

We make this announcement, as we are aware, from letters that we are constantly receiving, that our friends imagine we are connected with the fashion publications published by the Demorest Fashion and Sewing-Machine Co. and bearing the "trade name" "Madame Demorest."

We do not sell patterns. The patterns *given* with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE are new designs, gotten up expressly and only for this Magazine, each month, and are therefore newer than any stock patterns can possibly be.

Some Typical Chapeaux.

SOME novel effects are noticeable in a hat of golden-brown velvet, which will constitute a stylish completion to a brown costume. A broad, low, bakers' crown is surrounded by a brim made of a bias piece of velvet at least twenty inches wide in the middle and narrowed to half that width at the ends, which is doubled and then shirred at the edges which are attached to the crown. To support this a narrow stiff brim is placed between the velvet, and beyond this the doubled velvet falls in undulations on the edge. The widest part is, of course, in front. The edge of this brim is finished with bronze spangles set very close together, not flat, but at right angles to the brim. An upright bow of brown satin ribbon and a pompon of sulphur-colored tips with aigrette complete the trimming.

A charming bonnet is of jet net-work, with a small sailor-crown set well back, and a slightly flaring brim curved upward at the back, the edge of the crown and brim finished with large, faceted jet *clous*. The color is contributed by three quillings of apricot satin-faced velvet ribbon placed a little apart inside the brim, and a pompon of small black tips set against a bow with upright loops of black and apricot velvet ribbons. The strings are black satin-faced velvet ribbon.

A lovely hat of two shades of green velvet has a perfectly smooth brim, broad in front and narrow at the back, covered outside with the dark shade and inside with the light, and edged with a cord of fine jet beads, a similar cord with jet crescents at intervals placed on the outside about an inch from the edge. The low crown is in sailor shape, small in circumference and not over one inch in height, and has a long-looped upright bow of green satin ribbon at the back, and in front a careless bow of draped piece-velvet which supports a light green aigrette.

4. Black Velvet Toque.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

ELURA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The notch at the top and the point at the bottom of the front designate the middle. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be laid in a side-plait turned toward the front on the inside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and a half of trimming for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ELVIRA JACKET-BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve. The row of holes down the front indicates how far back it is to be faced to give the vest effect, and also shows where the flaring collar is to be placed. The front side-gore seam is to be left open below the notch. The extra width at the back seam is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, seven-eighths of velvet, and two and three-quarter yards of passementerie to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LEVANA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back of lining, full vest, jacket front, side gore, full back, skirt for front, skirt for back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The full vest is to be shirred top and bottom, above and below the rows of holes, respectively. The full back is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the back on the outside. The skirt for the front is to be shirred at the top, forward of the hole, to match the vest. The skirt for the back is to be laid in two side-plaits turned toward the middle of the back on the outside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and a half of figured, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

TREVELYAN COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, skirt for front, pocket lap, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require five and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the coat, and one yard and a quarter additional for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

PLACIDA SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side gore, and half of back breadth of the foundation skirt, and front, side gore, and half of the back breadth of the outer skirt. The flounce is to be graduated in depth so as to entirely conceal the foundation skirt. The back of the outer skirt is to be laid in a single side-plait at the front edge, turned toward the back on the inside, and two side-plaits at the back edge, turned toward the front on the inside. Nine yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for this skirt. Patterns in a medium size.

ZONA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Plain front, full front, side gore, side form, plain back, full back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The full back and front pieces are to be gathered about half an inch from the upper edge, forward and back of the hole in each, respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The size for fourteen years will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

FERNALDA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Lining for front, chemisette, corselet, jacket-front, side gore, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The chemisette is to be gathered or laid in fine plaits top and bottom, forward of the holes. The back edge of the skirt piece is to be laid in a plait on the inside, turned toward the front. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The size for twelve years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, half a yard of velvet for the corselet, and half a yard of surah for the chemisette. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

BOX-PLAITED SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in one piece. The top is to be laid in two box-plaits in front, two on each side, and two in the back, which are to be pressed in and the inner edges caught to a tape placed across them on the inside, about half-way down. The size for twelve years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

OLGA CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar for front, standing collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The holes in the front designate a box-plait to be laid the entire length. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes, and a graduated frill of doubled goods, about three inches wide at the widest part, is to be sewed in the top of the armhole, with the sleeve. The size for eight years will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8 and 10 years.

CLARINA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side form, and back of lining, full front and back pieces, sleeve, cuff, and one-half of the skirt. The full front for the waist is to be gathered at the top and laid in fine plaits at the bottom, forward of the holes. The full back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the middle of the back on the outside. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for ten years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8 and 10 years.

NETHLA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of lining, full front and back pieces, plain outer front and back pieces, two pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full front and back pieces of the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes in each, respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for six years will require three yards of plain goods and two yards of figured goods, both twenty-four inches wide, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

ELMERETTA HOUSE-DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Lining for front of waist, full vest, outer front, revers, side form, back, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and skirt for front. The full vest is to be shirred at the top and gathered at the bottom. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be joined and then laid in a box-plait on the inside. A similar box-plait is to be laid at the middle seam of the back. The top of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top and sewed to the lining for the front, and at the sides is to be tacked to the outer front. A medium size will require eight yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, two and a half yards of contrasting material for the front, and one yard and three-quarters additional for the revers, collar, and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

EUPHRASIA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Plain front, full front, belt for front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered at the neck, and forward of the hole at the shoulder; and at the bottom is to be laid in three overlapping plaits, forward of the notch. The extension on the back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside. The holes in the top of the full piece for the sleeve denote a box-plait to be laid on the inside; and between the notches at the top and the hole nearest each, is to be gathered. Four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for a medium size. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ROMNEY BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The vest is to be lapped under the front so that the holes will match. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and half a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ESTEVANA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, skirt, collar, pocket, and two sides of the sleeve. The extra width at the back edge of the skirt-piece is to be turned under to give the effect of a side-plait. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require one yard and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

APPHIA MANTELET.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, back, and collar. A medium size will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five and one-half yards of lace. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

VELLA SLEEVE.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: The full outer piece is to be gathered between the notches at the top; at the bottom, it is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. Patterns in a medium size.

ROSINA SLEEVE.—The pattern consists of 3 pieces. The full outer piece is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The extension at the inner seam is to be gathered and drawn in to fit. Pattern a medium size for ladies.

GLORIANA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Plain front, full front, side gore, side form, plain back, full back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full back and front pieces of the waist are to be gathered at the bottom, forward and back of the hole in each, respectively, and drawn in to fit the plain pieces. The large piece of the sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for eight years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and three-quarters of contrasting goods, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 8 and 10 years.

EMMELINE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Plain front, plaited front, plain back, plaited back, side gore, belt, collar, two pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The plaited front is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the front. The plaited back is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the back. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered. The size for six years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-fourths of a yard of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

1.—Girl's dress of white cashmere trimmed with orange velvet ribbon.
2.—Corsage-guimpe and sleeves of gold-cord-embroidered brown velvet, combined with brown silk.
3.—Diamond finger-ring, with overlapping ends.
4.—Bridal toilet of *bengaline de soie* trimmed with white velvet ribbon.
5.—Wedding-gown of white *faille Française* trimmed with flounces of Duchesse lace. Lace veil and wreath of white lilacs.
6.—Triple ring set with a ruby, pearl, sapphire, and diamonds.
7.—Costume of heliotrope silk and purple velvet. Bonnet of gold cord with purple feathers.
8.—Girl's dress of green figured China-silk and white surah.
9.—Street costume of gray woolen with crescents of gray plush.
10.—Traveling-dress of dark-blue serge trimmed with jet nail-heads.
11.—White felt hat with scarlet ribbon trimming.
12.—Promenade costume of dead black silk, with jet passementerie.
13.—Costume of pearl-gray India-silk with black velvet band. Toque of gray silk with black feathers.
14.—Street-dress of tan-colored broadcloth.
15.—Dress of prune-colored wool, with velvet trimming to match.
16.—Finger-ring of triple diamond hoops.
17.—Traveling coat of gray and white striped cheviot.
18.—Costume of black and gray bias-striped fancy woolen, with black astrakhan bands.
19.—Pearl-enameled spray for lace-pin.
20.—Brooch of green enameled shamrock leaf.
21.—Fancy floral spray enameled in blue on gold.
22.—Hat of gray French felt, with gray ribbon and black feather.
23.—Brooch of black-enameled silver, representing a bow-knot.
24.—House toilet of dull black silk with gold-net over-sleeves and front, and jet-and-gold châtelaine belt.
25.—Costume of gray cloth, with gray hat trimmed with pink ribbons and pink feather.
26 and 27.—Back and front of costume of white-and-black striped silk with white silk sleeves.
28.—Daisy brooch set with diamonds and a pearl.
29.—Back of No. 24.
30.—Girl's walking-dress of gray cloth trimmed with gray Krimmer fur.
31.—Costume of black striped velvet and satin, with steel-beaded ornaments, and lace-trimmed black silk panels.
32.—Promenade costume of black-and-white plaid cloth.
33.—Jacket of black diagonal, with black silk revers collar.
34.—Belt of white enameled stitched leather.
35.—Gray cloth mantle trimmed with rows of black braid.
36.—Dressy corsage of jetted black net with beaded bodice and fringes.
37.—Russia leather belt with gilt mountings.
38.—Costume of pearl-gray Henrietta with combination of black-and-white silk.
39.—Black silk jacket to complete costume.
40.—Diamond brooch with star pendant.
41.—Tailor-made costume of dark-green cloth with rich black braidings.
42 and 43.—Short wraps, trimmed with beaded appliqués and embroidered black tulle.
44.—Costume of brown cloth. Brown felt Directoire hat trimmed with brown ostrich-feathers.
45.—Jacket of dark-brown diagonal cloth.
46.—Pendant set with diamonds and pearls.
47.—Watch with a pansy case enameled in natural colors.
48.—Rose brooch in pink enamels.
49.—Hair ornament of silver set with Rhinestones.
50.—Fancy lace-pin set with diamonds.
51.—House-dress of dark-blue serge with blue Hercules braid trimming. Blouse of white-and-blue India-silk.
52.—Walking-costume of dark gray serge with black velvet bindings.
53.—Traveling pelisse of embroidered brown cloth. Velvet toque with golden-yellow plume.
54.—Costume of gray cloth with white velvet vest.
55.—Black silk short mantle gathered at the neck.
56.—Toilet of gray silk and black velvet, with corsage-front of yellow *crêpe de Chine*.
57.—Walking-dress of gray-and-blue striped bengaline, with blue silk band.
58.—Equestrian costume of blue serge. Black velvet jockey-cap with silk-covered visor.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 764.)

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 764.)

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

Clarina Dress. (BACK.)

House-Dresses for Girls.

FIG. 1.—A dainty dress—the "Clarina"—for a little maiden of eight or ten years, which can be made in seasonable woolens for ordinary wear, or in cashmere or lightweight silk for dressy purposes. The illustrations show different materials and different styles of trimming. Blue flannel trimmed with black velvet-ribbon or braid would be very pretty for a blonde, and red trimmed in the same way, for a brunette; or for a party or dancing-school dress, it could be made in cream cashmere, serge, or India silk. For full particulars of the pattern see page 764.

Fernalda Coat. Box-plaited Skirt. (BACK.)

FIG. 2.—A quaint design, the same back and front, which is especially becoming to girls under ten years of age. The model may be simplified by the omission of the outer plain pieces, or the waist may be made perfectly plain, like the lining. While a combination of goods, as illustrated, is very effective, the same material may be used throughout, which for ordinary wear would usually be most appropriate, with a simple garniture of velvet ribbon or braid. For full particulars of the pattern—the "Nethla"—see page 764.

Miss's Coat Costume.

FERNALDA COAT. BOX-PLAITED SKIRT. (FRONT.)

Miss's Coat Costume.

WITH a costume made in this style of golden-brown serge, with corselet, collar, and cuffs of brown velvet, and full chemisette of gold-colored surah, a pretty miss could be stylishly, and withal modestly, dressed. The hat might be of brown felt, trimmed with brown velvet loops and yellow wings, and the brim faced with brown velvet. The gloves should be brown kid.

The patterns used are the "Fernalda" coat and "Box-plaited" skirt, both of which are fully described on page 764. The opposite view of the costume is shown above. The model is suitable for all seasonable goods, and very effective in plaid and striped materials. The coat can be used as an independent outer-garment, and for winter wear the vest could be of fur.

House-Dresses for Girls.

CLARINA DRESS. NETHLA DRESS.

SELVAGES are left to show conspicuously on most of the new cloth gowns, and many silk selvages are also displayed.

A Comfortable Garment.

OLGA CLOAK. (See Page 766.)

A Comfortable Garment.

(*See Page* 765.)

MADE in light-weight cloth, unlined, this is an excellent model for an autumn garment, and equally appropriate for winter if made in heavy-weight goods. Plain or fancy cloths are equally suitable for the purpose, and the trimming is a matter of fancy: it can be made without any, if preferred. The illustration shows brown cloth with black braiding. The pattern of the cloak—the "Olga"—is described on page 764.

Children's Fashions.

WITH the return of the chilly season, dresses for little girls are made considerably longer in the skirt, whether to afford more complete protection to the children's delicate limbs, or whether in blind obedience to fashion's dictates arbitrarily lengthening all gowns for ladies, the presiding genius of children's dress does not tell us.

One of the favorite costumes for little girls is a black slip over a gay-colored guimpe, the latter in scarlet, orange, sky blue, or canary yellow. Even little golden-haired girls wear this gorgeous combination of black and orange.

Sometimes, however, especially for party dresses, this method of combination is reversed, and over a black China-silk tucked guimpe is worn a gay net slip in any of the colors named above. A black ribbon brought under the arms and tied high in front defines the short "baby" waist, and black butterfly bows on the shoulders set it off daintily.

Dressed in this style a party of children look like a group of gorgeous butterflies: the white muslin and blue ribbon stage has vanished into the past for them, as well as for older exponents of fashion.

For play dresses, camels'-hair and tweeds in blues and grays are made up in a single piece, with full waist and gathered or plaited skirt, preferably the latter. Sashes of the dress material are sometimes added, but leather belts and sashes of narrow ribbons are preferred by girls over ten years of age.

Cloaks for the little tots are in Gretchen, Mother Hubbard, and peasant styles, with ornamentations of velvet in the shape of short jackets, yokes, pointed half-girdles, hoods, and sleeve-caps. Light-colored fancy cloths, creams, *faïence* blues, browns, tans, and grays, are trimmed with darker shades of velvet to correspond.

Older girls wear long coat-shaped cloaks with less fanciful garnitures, and for young misses the favorite styles are half-long pelisses for dressy wear, and jackets for all ordinary occasions.

Children's hats are wide-brimmed felts in dark and light colors. They are low-crowned, with profuse garnitures of ribbons bowed up, rosetted, and arranged in long-drawn-out, pinned-down loops. Some hats for smallest girls are loaded with ostrich tips. Girls approaching their teens wear a modified Alpine hat of dark or light felt, or if they wear the wide-brimmed hats, then they are caught up and shaped in the brim to give them a more picturesque effect.

INCROYABLE cravats of wide white *mousseline de soie* go two or three times about the throat and finish with a large bow tied in front.

PINK coral is the most fashionable of jewelry for the promenade. Coral heart-pendants, coral daggers, and coral beads are very popular.

BOAS of iridescent *coque*-feathers are often seen with gay autumn costumes.

THREE small stick-pins are required to fasten the strings of fashionable bonnets, but four or five may be used, each one different.

EVERYTHING gilt and glittering is in order in millinery and ornamental portions of dress.

LADIES' boots for street wear have a straight high vamp, and the buttons fasten at the side with a straight-edged flap, the scalloped edges being considered quite *passées*.

GAUNTLET gloves in white and light-colored *Suède* are affected by young ladies for the promenade.

Suède gloves still are preferred by most ladies, notwithstanding the effort to introduce the more extensive use of *glacé* kid.

OLD pink and canary yellow are favorite evening colors for dancing-dresses.

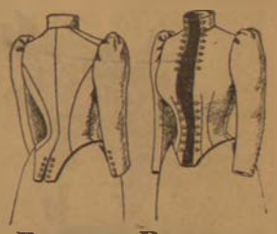
Chiffon ruffles in white, black, or delicate colors, with embroidered edges, are favorite neck-dressings.

LEATHER belts with pointed bodice fronts, studded with cut-steel nail-heads, are worn with separate skirts and blouse waists.

Standard Patterns.

Elmeretta House-Dress.

Apphia Mantelet.



Romney Basque.

Estevana Coat.

Vella Sleeve.

Euphrasia Basque.

Gloriana Dress.

Rosina Sleeve.

Emmeline Dress.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on page 764.

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

Alcoholic Poisoning.

A Public Nuisance and the Colossal Crime of the Nineteenth Century.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

The liquor traffic is not only a venomous poison whose slime permeates all the veins of our cherished institutions, but it drags down and destroys the best aspirations of our young men, and makes of them mere bloated semblances of their former selves, fit only for crime and criminal surroundings.

The magnitude of the evil of the liquor traffic and its awfully destructive, devilish, criminal character render it the most degrading curse and dangerous nuisance that has ever been allowed to exist.

Nearly every home and family in the land has had some sad experience of the awful consequences that follow the use of this poison of alcohol. It is well known that it saps the fountain of virtuous aspirations of the whole people, debauches every good impulse of our noblest manhood, robs womanhood of comforts and pleasure, pauperizes childhood, and its exciting, maddening effects torture the whole community with anxiety for the safety of their lives, health, and property. Certainly there is no other one thing that causes so much misery or that so largely jeopardizes and destroys the interests and comfort of the community.

If it is true that the poison of alcohol is such a public nuisance, so injurious to the people that all other objectionable evils are not to be compared to it for destructiveness, and as there can be no doubt or uncertainty as to the duty and obligation of the government to protect the people from this their worst enemy, any complicity or toleration by the government should meet with the most earnest and determined condemnation of the people, as a treasonable outrage on their rights and privileges. The wholesale poisoning of the community is certainly the most dastardly crime that can be committed, and should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

Where is the moral sense, not to say common sense, of a community that will tolerate such a terrible accumulation of crimes, the violation of every home interest, the destruction of every good and noble impulse in our civilization, that alcohol produces? Is it not strange, or rather is not our sense of decency shocked by the fact, that a community can be so benumbed in their moral sense, so corrupted by passion and the usages of society, that they are entirely oblivious to their desolated homes, their own interests, or personal security?

That intelligent men should be so insensible to the deluge of crimes and terrible wrongs that this acrid, deadly poison of alcohol is producing everywhere is the marvel of our times.

As the crime of liquor-selling has no equal for moral turpitude, complicity or responsibility for this great evil can only be secured by a determined opposition. Moral obliquity in the past can only be overcome by moral heroism for the future.

The tendency and influence of a lazy, cowardly silence is worse than open complicity. The want of moral heroism does more than anything else to justify and perpetuate this monster crime of liquor-selling. What is required is an honest indignation expressed in an intelligent condemnation, with positive, determined, unremitting, zealous efforts to secure the entire destruction of this terrible enemy of our homes and country.

The whole country is groaning under the burden of a criminal complicity with this traffic. Look at our present attitude as a nation, on this great question!

A subsidized government, under the pretense of protection, using its sovereign power to debauch its subjects with indulgence in their vices and crimes, and then employing the proceeds of the debauchery to sustain and perpetuate its power! A government bartering away its right and duty to protect its citizens, and actually in partnership with their enemies!

This is the worst form of piracy, under the pretense of paternalism. We say, "Shame on such a government, and shame on a people whose degradation and blunted conscience will submit to such tyranny or tolerate such ignominious treason!

Not to have our patriotism and zeal awakened in this desperate exigency of our country's peril, not to be aroused to definite and determined political action when our homes are being devastated by a subtle, unscrupulous foe, is a treacherous, mean, and cowardly betrayal of our country, which deserves the condemnation and execration of every true citizen. Not to sympathize with broken-hearted wives and mothers, not to commiserate the suffering of helpless, destitute children, the victims of alcoholic poison, is simply inexcusable selfishness and criminal inhumanity.

The unconstitutionality of this awful crime of liquor-selling should be ventilated in our courts, and our country in this way relieved from its vicious toleration by law.

Judicial and political action must take the place of apathetic complicity in our treatment of this monster enemy of our country, in order to justify our claim of possessing conscientious convictions or patriotic aspirations.

And why this delinquency and insensibility? Is conscience tyranny, religion only a pretense, virtue a sham, common sense nonsense, home a myth, country of no account, when they all ask and plead, aye, more, demand, your vote for Prohibition?

Then let our cry be, "Down with this intolerable nuisance and curse of alcohol, this hideous monster of evil now debauching our civilization, destroying our property, and blighting our homes with crime and misery!"

The Liquor Traffic a Public Nuisance.

Stand on the Constitution.

When a great battle is to be fought it is of capital importance to an army to secure a choice position and thoroughly entrench itself there before the battle begins.

We are on the eve of a great battle in this country, to determine whether the forces that are to govern in the affairs of this nation are to emanate from the homes or the saloons of the country. All the agitation, discussion, and litigation that have preceded are but skirmishes of the opposing forces for the purpose of feeling each other's strength and determining each other's position. The final, decisive struggle, that is to decide whether this nation is to be governed by moral forces and the principles of pure politics or by a great liquor oligarchy, is still in the future.

In preparing for this culminating contest it is of prime importance that the friends of honest laws and pure government shall fortify themselves in an impregnable position. This position is found in the Constitution of the United States. Thoroughly entrenched in the constitutionality of Prohibition and the unconstitutionality of all license and other laws sanctioning the liquor traffic, Prohibitionists may bid defiance to all the forces of liquordom.

The very spirit and intent of the Constitution are antagonistic to the whole liquor-traffic as it exists in this country at the present time. We are told that the purpose of the Constitution is to "establish justice, insure domestic tran-

quillity, . . . promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

Every intelligent person knows that every one of these purposes is thwarted by the legalized dramshops of the country. The justices of the Supreme Court themselves bear witness to this fact. In "License Cases" (5 Howard, 631), Justice Grier says: "It is not necessary for the sake of justifying the State legislation now under consideration to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime which have their origin in the use or abuse of ardent spirits." In a late case against Henry Christensen, of California, Justice Field, speaking for the whole court, says: "By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dramshop. . . . The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor-saloons than to any other source."

In accordance with these facts, the Supreme Court has uniformly held that, in the exercise of their police powers for the protection of the public peace, the public health, and the public morals, the States may absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. And in the late decision in the Kansas cases it was held that no compensation was to be made for losses resulting from such prohibition. A still more fatal blow was dealt the doctrine of personal liberty in the decision of the above-named case from California, where the court says: "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State or of a citizen of the United States."

In order to comprehend the scope and force of this language, it must be remembered that no right which does not belong to the citizens of the country can be conferred by them on any person or corporation. No number of citizens can confer a right they do not possess themselves. It is evident, therefore, that the pretended right or authority conferred in granting a license to sell intoxicating liquors is a fraud, and all such licenses are null and void. According to this decision there is no authority vested anywhere in the government to grant a license to sell liquors; consequently all licenses for this purpose are unconstitutional.

Another fact sustaining this principle is the sanction given by the U. S. Supreme Court to State laws that declare places where liquors are made and sold to be common nuisances. These places are pronounced by law to be public nuisances because of the injury to society that results from their presence. The Supreme Court declares that such laws are in harmony with the Constitution of the United States. Has a nuisance any rights under the Constitution, except the right to be abated? Can a public evil come into the court that has condemned it and claim the right of continued existence? Such a course would certainly confuse all distinction between legal right and wrong.

The protection of the public health, the public peace, the public morals, and the public safety, is the chief object for which governments have been instituted. So we have the Supreme Court in Stone *vs.* Miss. (102 U. S. 816) saying: "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them." But in granting a license to sell that which is the known enemy of all human interests, as is liquor, the State does "bargain away the public health and the public morals," and it does "divest itself of the power to provide for them," at least for the time that such license remains in force.

The conclusion seems inevitable, that according to the Constitution of the United States and the rulings of the Supreme Court the liquor traffic has no constitutional right to exist; and it seems reasonable to suppose that that court will so decide when the question is brought fairly before it. Would it not be well to get the question before it for its decision?

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Figures That Talk.

STATISTICS of the "Beer Industry," as furnished by the government, will arrest the attention of the thoughtful. First, as to the total quantity manufactured during 1890, 27,561,944 barrels, net increase of 2,442,091 barrels over 1889. This is about half a barrel annually for every man, woman, and child in the land. There are human beings who probably require a barrel a week to satisfy their refined thirst.

New York, with a population of 5,911,853, requires 8,910,674 barrels, which is nearly a barrel and a half *per capita*. New Jersey, with a population of 1,444,933, consumes 1,586,266 barrels. Kansas stands next to New Jersey in population, having 1,427,096. Kansas took exactly 2,110 barrels. New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont form one internal revenue district, and have a combined population of 1,328,213. They consumed last year 370,856 barrels of beer. The single State of Wisconsin, population 1,315,497, consumes 2,313,201 barrels. Minnesota, with a population of 1,301,826 in all, got along reasonably well with 356,116 barrels. The Southern States took very little of the increase, South Carolina showing an actual decrease.

There is no subject before the American political world approaching in importance to the problem how to suppress the liquor traffic.

The most enthusiastic Prohibitionist fails of an adequate conception of the immensity of the evil to be dealt with and the consequent necessity of prompt and efficient action. The vast majority of our people are in a state of apathy concerning this subject, scarcely less astounding than dangerous. When we say that the direct waste caused in this country by the saloon is not less than $1,000,000,000 annually, we have only approached the confines of the subject. When we add that the indirect waste resulting from the loss of productive labor, and the cost of that large portion of the machinery of justice necessitated by the existence of the saloon, are not less than another $1,000,000,000 yearly, we have only entered upon the subject. When we have said that a ghastly procession of 2,000 men and women march weekly into drunkards' graves, if not unwept, yet unhonored and unsung, we have only intimated how tremendous the evil is.

Yet multiplied millions of our fellow-countrymen deem their whole duty done when they advocate and practice total abstinence, utterly ignoring the patent political aspects of the question.

Chicago's Condition.

THE terrible condition that exists in Chicago under high license demands the attention and serious consideration of every citizen. The fact that in one saloon on Sunday night there were more young men spending their evening than in any church in Chicago is a matter worthy of the consideration of every Christian in the land.

Chicago has tried high license long enough to demonstrate that that policy is an utter failure as a blow at the saloons. The saloon is more powerful than ever in politics. There is more liquor used *per capita*, and there are more young men going to ruin this year in Chicago, than ever before. Every citizen who does not appreciate these facts should be brought to see them. It is high time for them to realize their danger.

It would be a blessing if every citizen of this nation could go through the black holes of high-license Chicago and see with his own eyes the corruption fostered and licensed by the city and State. Then would American manhood indeed be aroused, and the indignant protest of the people whose homes are threatened would crystallize into ballots for a party that would wipe out these hells.—*The Lever.*