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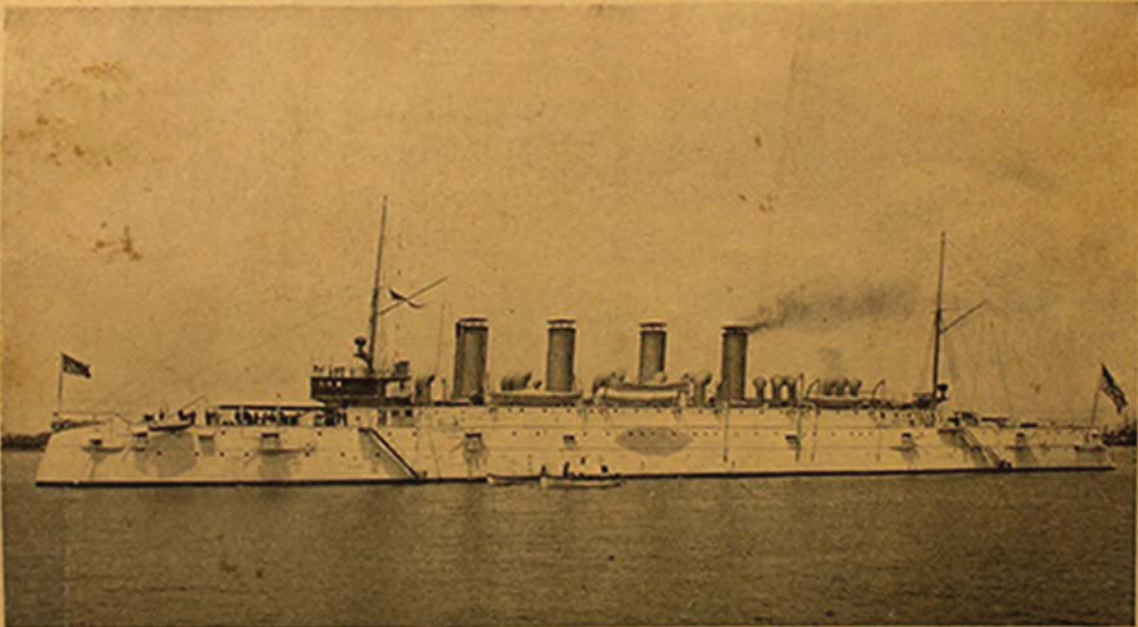
THE GREAT NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

WHILE it is scarcely probable that war between this country and Great Britain will result from the differences over the Venezuelan boundary dispute, it is interesting to consider what, in the event of a conflict, would be the relative equipment of the belligerents. The struggle, of course, would be largely one of battle-ships; and it must be gratifying to every American that, while this country holds fourth place in the naval strength of the nations, in a most important respect it ranks first.

Every nation of any prominence on the globe to-day is

mined to lead, and France and Russia combined mean to be a match for England. Germany is working to the front as a naval power, and even Italy is spending millions in adding to her fleets. Japan has proved her right to be recognized as a naval power of at least the second rank, and so the story runs. Small powers like Greece and the South American countries are in this race for naval prestige, and those nations which are not trying to get to the front are trying at least to beat some neighbor or rival.

In this struggle the United States has cut a figure which even English critics acknowledge has been the most con-



From a Photograph by W. H. Roe

TRIPLE SCREW CRUISER "COLUMBIA."

busy with the making of war-ships. Battle-ships, armored and unarmored cruisers, torpedo-boats, and other grades of vessels, are springing into existence with a rapidity that might well alarm thinking men were it not for the fact that, in these days of tremendous expense and terrible possibilities in warfare, every new vessel added to the war fleets of the globe makes more for peace than for war. Nevertheless the race among nations in the creation of navies, or in adding to them, goes on. England is deter-

spicuous of all of the nations." She at last has a navy, a respectable navy, and one which, ship for ship, surpasses any navy afloat. But ships alone do not make a navy. Men must go with them, and men have as much to do with the victories as the ships themselves. While this country may justly claim fourth place in the naval strength of the nations, it is outranked by England, France, and Russia, in the order named. Germany and Italy have a larger naval outfit than the United States, but in a contest with this

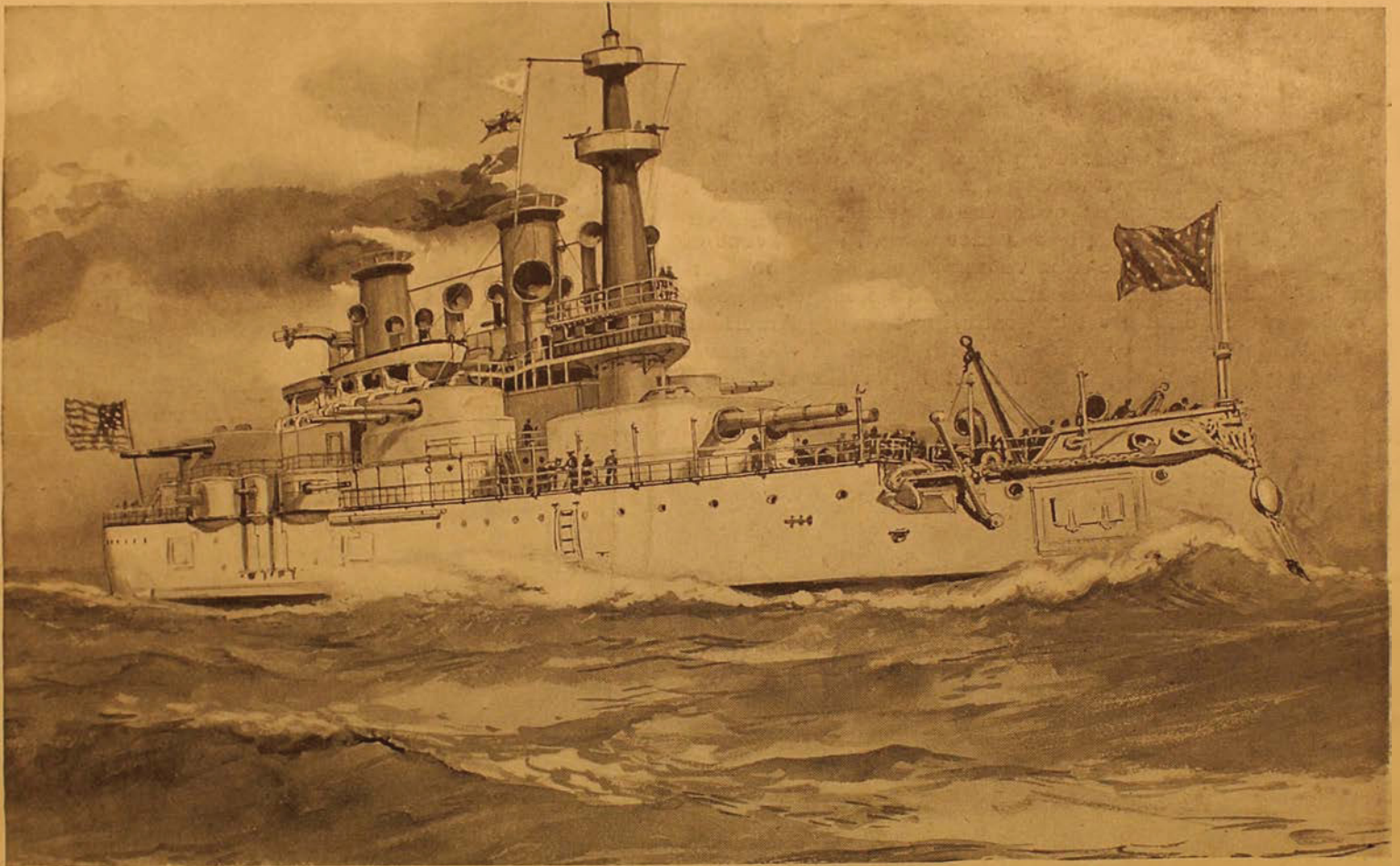


Drawn by F. H. Schell.

THE RAM "KATAHDIN."

vided for by the last session of Congress, six battle-ships, six coast-defense steel-clads, two armored cruisers, one armored ram, thirteen protected cruisers, eighteen gun-boats and unprotected cruisers, and a dozen torpedo-boats. That constitutes the new navy of to-day of the United States.

Perhaps it would be well to define the grades of the vessels, so that the average reader will understand the characteristics of each. A battle-ship is just what its name implies; it is built to give battle. To stand and fight and never to run away is its mission. It usually carries very large guns, almost never less than ten inches in bore. A coast-defense iron-clad or steel-clad is a battle-ship of the monitor type,—and every American knows what that



Drawn by F. H. Schell.

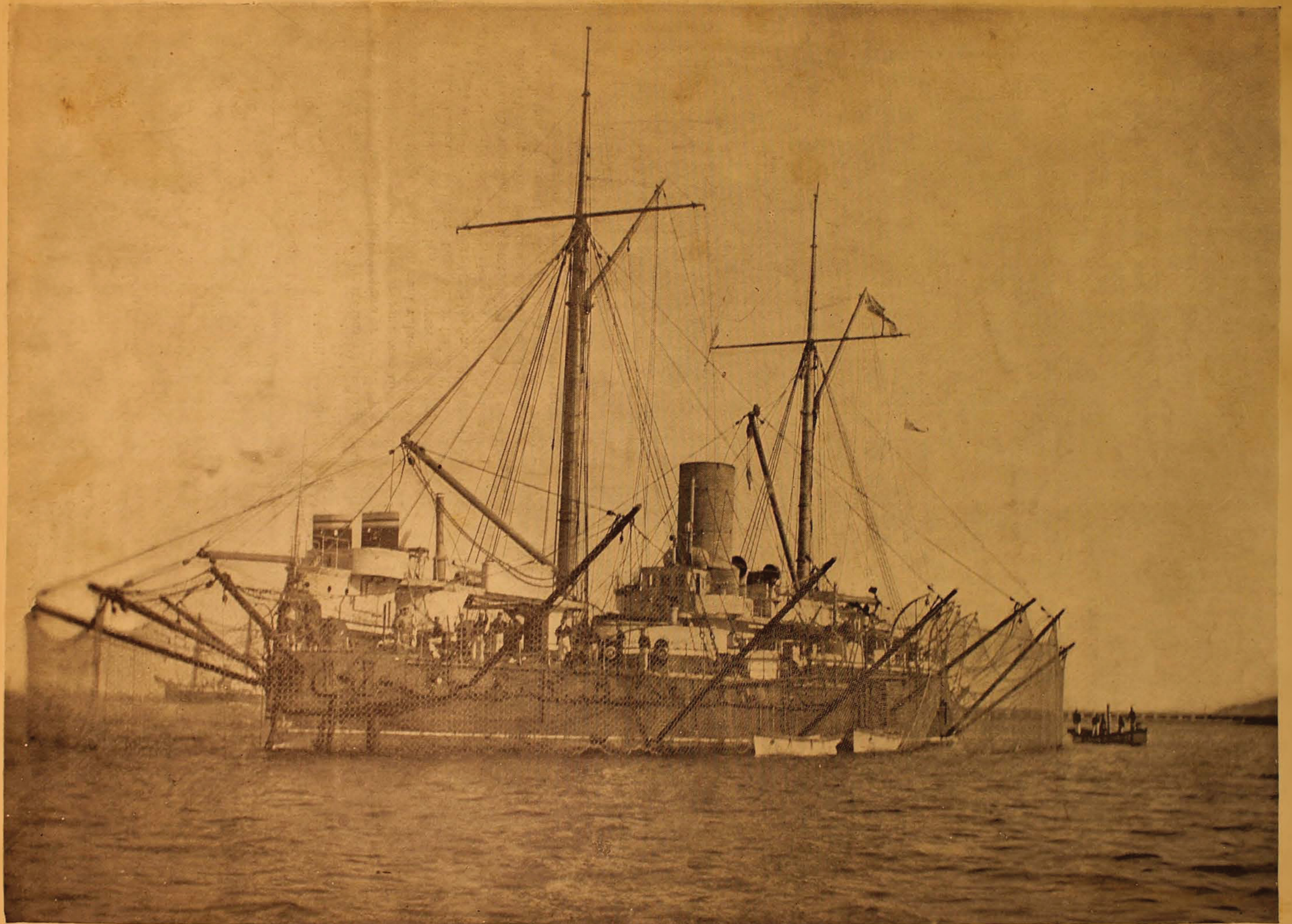
THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

country no naval expert would doubt the result. In one respect the United States ranks first. No battle-ships are being built that equal ours; our cruisers surpass those of every other nation in their class, and we have produced swift-going commerce-destroyers that are the wonder of the world in ship-building. We have produced other marvels in war-ships, and are preparing to accomplish still greater feats. Not only have we a dynamite cruiser, and also a vessel for ramming, but we are about to build a submarine craft, and thus solve another problem of naval warfare.

All the preliminary work in building a navy worthy of the country has been done. We have vessels of every grade, and some the like of which no other nation possesses. The navy consists of about sixty vessels, of which one-fourth are armored. Its cost in round numbers thus far may be set down as at least sixty millions of dollars. We have built or are building, excluding the vessels pro-



A SHIPBOARD OCCUPATION



From a Copyrighted Photograph by Symonds, Portsmouth, England.

ENGLISH COAST-DEFENSE BATTLE-SHIP "HOTSPUR," WITH TORPEDO-NETS SPREAD.



THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

means. An armored cruiser is a vessel built for both fighting and commerce-destroying purposes. It has a strip of armor of varying thickness along its water line to protect its machinery. Some of the guns are protected by armor, but as a rule the slender strip of armor along the waist of the boat is all the protection of real value that the vessel has. A protected cruiser is a commerce-destroyer, with an inner deck of steel from two to four inches thick covering the machinery. The sides of this inner deck, sometimes called a "turtle-back" deck, slope below the water line, and thus the machinery is protected from the danger of serious damage. Gun-boats and unprotected cruisers are without this inner steel deck, as a rule, and they are intended for a display of strength in rivers and on distant stations. Of course everyone knows what a torpedo-boat is and for what work it is intended.

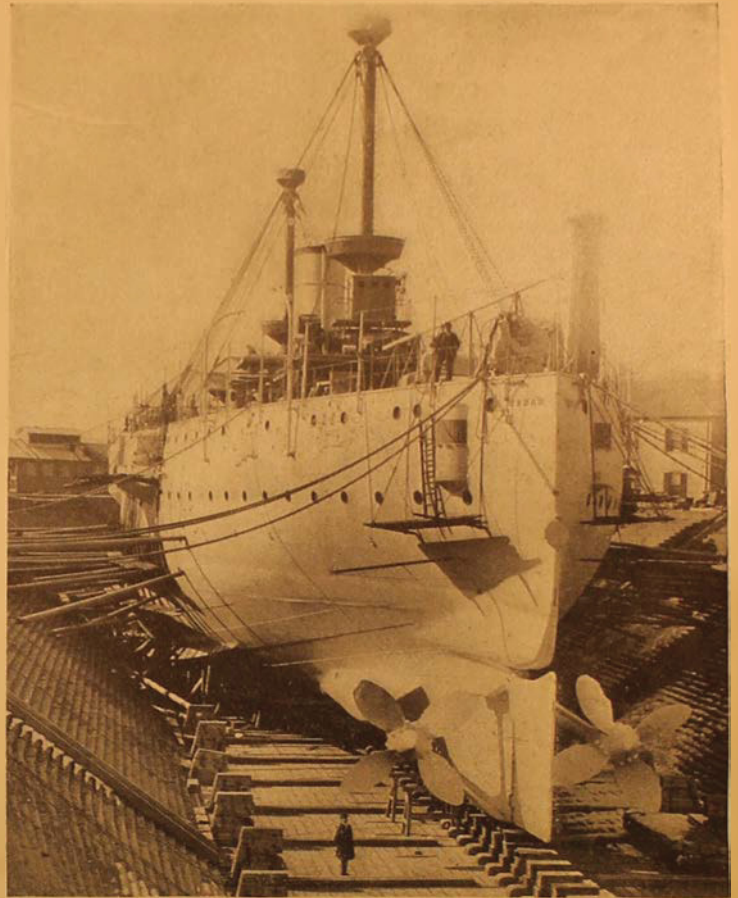


SIGHTING A SHIP.

There was general surprise when it was learned that our first modern battle-ships, which were one-third smaller than the battle-ships that England and France were building at the same time, were the more effective fighters. Six years ago we could scarcely build a modern armored cruiser. A battle-ship required tremendous armor plants, enormous tools, and clever designers, none of which, apparently, we had. But the resources of the American people have always been equal to their emergencies; and

forthwith our battle-ships began to appear, and they not only equaled the best that other nations were building, but passed them at a bound. The fact that our battle-ships were one-third smaller was a distinct advantage, for they were that much less of a target.

Secretary Tracy of the Navy Department insisted on having battle-ships; every naval expert of recognized au-



SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS."

thority declared that battle-ships were our greatest need; and finally Congress decided to build three of them, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and the *Oregon*. They were to be of about ten thousand tonnage. The next year another battle-ship, the *Iowa*, was provided for, one thousand tons larger than the *Indiana* class, and more effective. In England these battle-ships would be called second class to-day, because of their size only. The fact is, they can "do" more than even the newest of their battle-ships,



From a Photograph by C. E. Bolles.

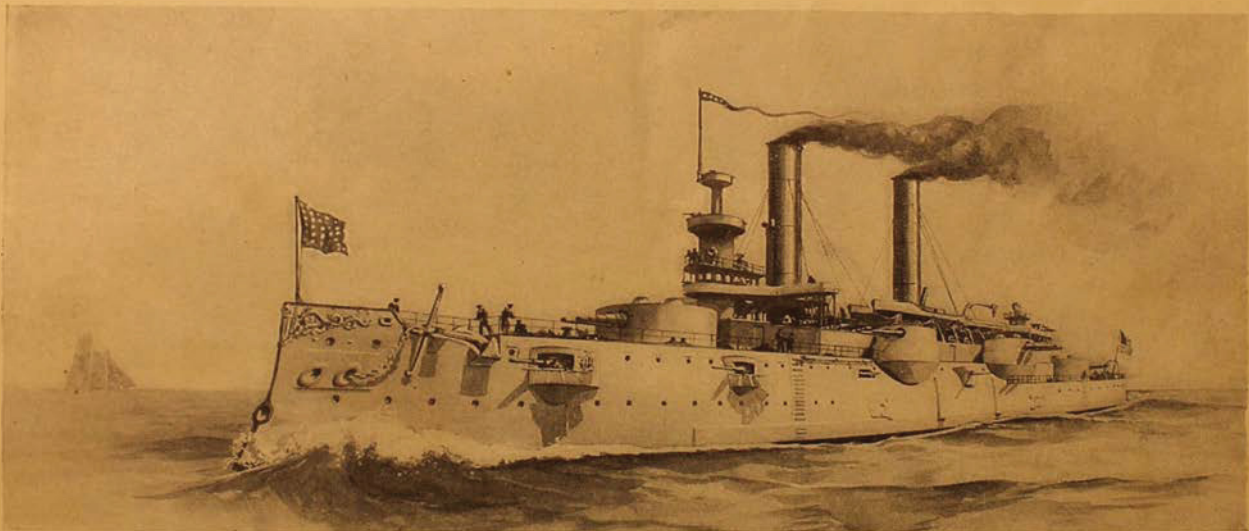
THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON."

the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. These battle-ships are nearly one-half as large again as ours, but it has been discovered that ours are the better armed, and that, notwithstanding the great effort of the English to surpass the world, they are behind us in quality.

In order to make an intelligible comparison it should be remembered that a battle-ship, theoretically, is simply a fort of toughened steel placed on a boat. It is a floating fortress. When the *Indiana* was laid down the English government had just decided to spend about one hundred million dollars on the upbuilding of their navy. Included in this programme were about ten first-class battle-ships. They are popularly known as the "Royal Sovereign" class. Upon examination it was found that only in the matter of speed could the English boats surpass our

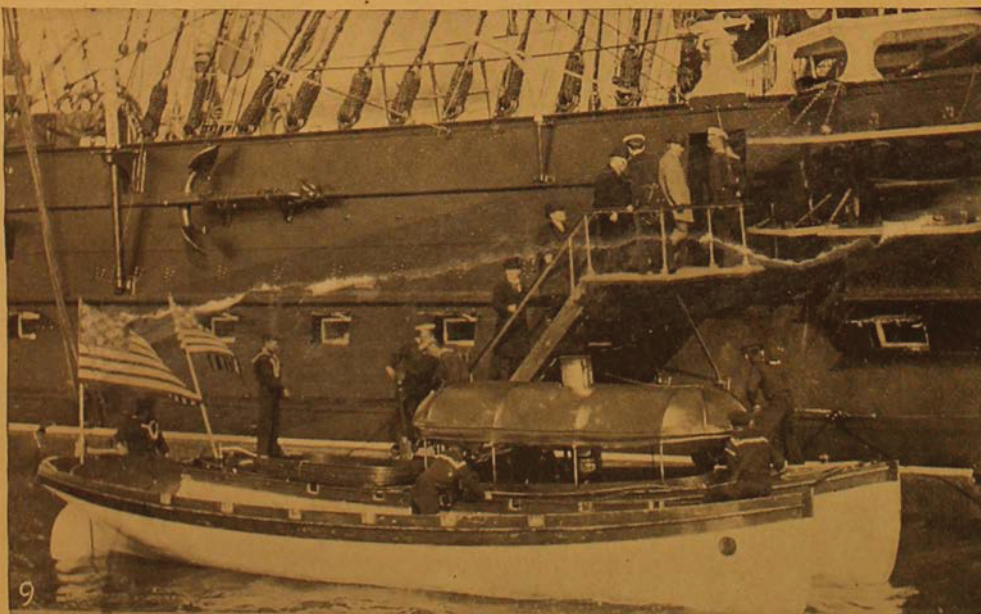


MANNING A BOAT.



From a Drawing Supplied by William H. Cramp & Sons.

FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."



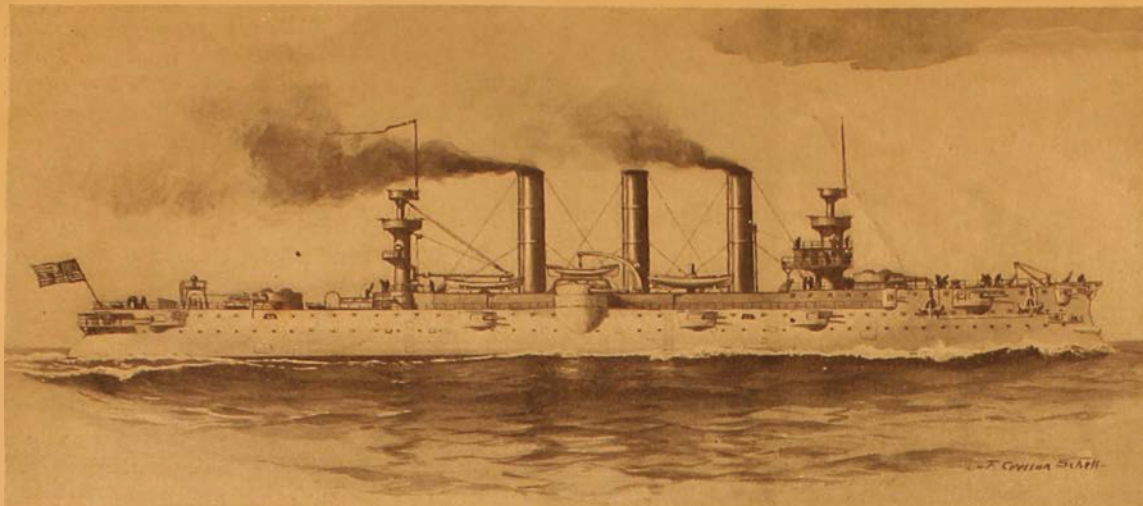
VISITORS GOING ABOARD A WAR-SHIP.

battle-ships. This was true also of the French battle-ships that were being laid down. The *Indiana* was designed to make only sixteen knots speed; but it is known that she will make nearly eighteen knots, and thus equal even the English boats in their strongest points.

Let us see now what the *Indiana* could do in a fight. At one discharge of her guns she can throw 6,724 pounds of metal. The English ship of her class can throw only 2,740 pounds. The *Indiana* can throw 3,299 pounds ahead, and the *Renown*, which has been taken as a similar type in the English navy, can throw only 1,219 pounds ahead. Astern, at a single discharge, the same figures hold true regarding the two vessels. Abeam, however, there is a great



ITALIAN CRUISER "GIOVANNI BAUSAN."



From a Drawing Supplied by William H. Cramp & Sons.

THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

Majestic and *Magnificent*, of 15,000 tonnage each, and larger than any that ever had been built with the exception of the well-known unwieldy Italian iron clads. But again the English are behind us. Even the *Indiana* class are better fighters than these two will be. The *Indiana* throws 5,000 pounds of metal where the *Majestic* throws 3,000. She draws four feet of water less, and of course that is an immense advantage in navigation. Her coal



WAITING FOR VISITORS.

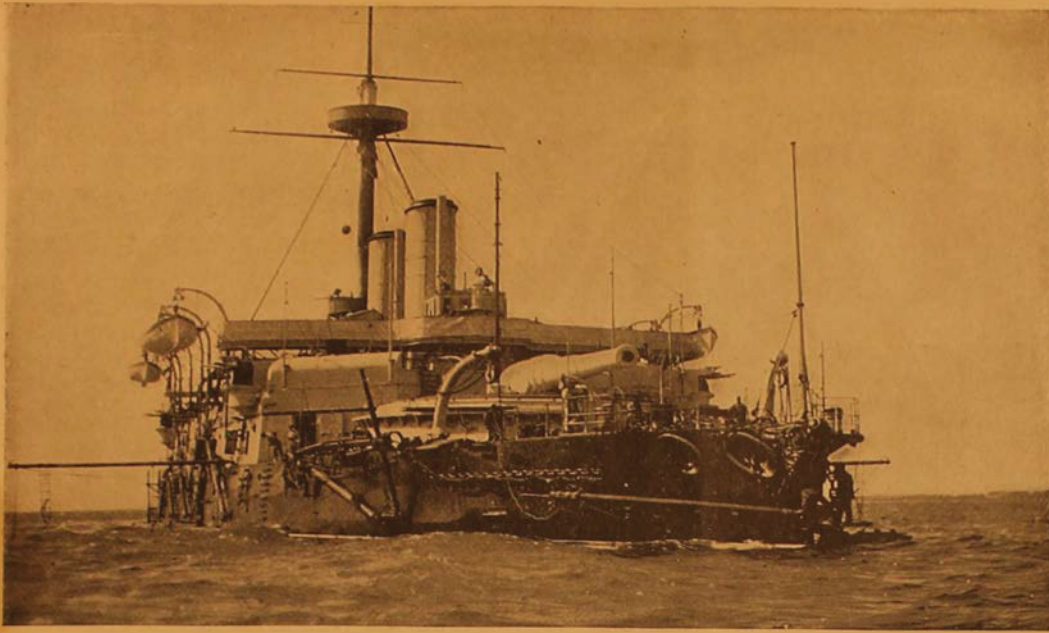
difference in favor of the American boat. The *Indiana* can throw 5,530 pounds of metal at a single discharge, and the *Renown* can throw only 2,571 pounds with a similar discharge. The fighting superiority is therefore plainly two to one in favor of the American boat. The *Renown* is nearly two thousand tons larger than the *Indiana*, but the steaming radius of the *Indiana* is sixteen thousand miles, while that of the *Renown* is only five thousand miles. The *Indiana* carries eighteen hundred tons of coal, and the *Renown* carries only eight hundred tons. Theoretically the English boats are a knot and a half faster; but really they have the same speed, and the American boats can whip the English vessels in a stand-up struggle two to one. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for thirty years the English have been building iron and steel vessels, and yet up to 1890 this country had absolutely no facilities for the building of any large sea-going craft of the battle-ship variety.

A writer recently declared that the *Iowa* would be king rather than queen of the seas. She is a vast improvement on the *Indiana* class. When the English heard of this they at once decided that they must try to get at the head again. So they ordered two tremendous battle-ships, the

capacity is the same as the English giant's. Her armor is twice as thick as the *Majestic's*. It is difficult to see where the superiority of the English vessel lies in any



THE CRUISER "CHICAGO."



From a Copyrighted Photograph by Symonds, Portsmouth, England.

FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH BATTLE-SHIP "BENBOW."

respect. She is simply bigger, and that is a disadvantage. The English must try again.

Come now to armored cruisers. It has been universally acknowledged that our cruiser *New York* is immensely superior to anything afloat as an aggressive war-ship. The only vessels comparable to her are the *Blake* and *Blenheim* type of the English navy. The *New York* is faster than either. As a commerce-destroyer, therefore, the *New York* is superior in the chief requisite, that of speed. When it comes to fighting, the *New York* has a capacity of 60,000 foot-tons muzzle energy, to 48,000 of the *Blenheim*,—the same old story. The *Brooklyn*, an armored cruiser of the *New York* type, has even greater fighting capacity. A great English expert, in summing up this matter of superiority, declared that in armored cruisers the American boats were better all-around scouting and fighting machines by from fifteen to forty per cent.

This brings us to another remarkable aspect of our subject. We have two vessels, the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, the like of which the world never saw. Secretary Tracy said that half a dozen such ships could drive the commerce of any nation off the high seas in a few months. They are the fastest vessels, war-ship or merchantman, that have ever been built for sea-going traffic. They have been called "pirates." That describes their mission in warfare. They are meant to run away from any war-ship of greater fighting capacity and to capture anything that is not equal to them in ability to fight. They are intended to capture merchant vessels and to terrorize the commerce of any nation with which we are at war. The

English are trying to match these two ships, in the *Pow-erful* and the *Terrible*, which are now building

Another feature in our navy is the so-called "dynamite cruiser" *Vesuvius*. This vessel never was intended to throw dynamite; gun-cotton is the explosive intended to be the chief ammunition in her grade of warfare. It has been proved that her guns throw with an accuracy that guns using powder cannot surpass.

We have another craft that is unique, concerning whose capabilities there can be no doubt. She is the so-called "Ammen ram." Admiral Ammen planned her in the rough, and for many years urged the government to build her. The use of the

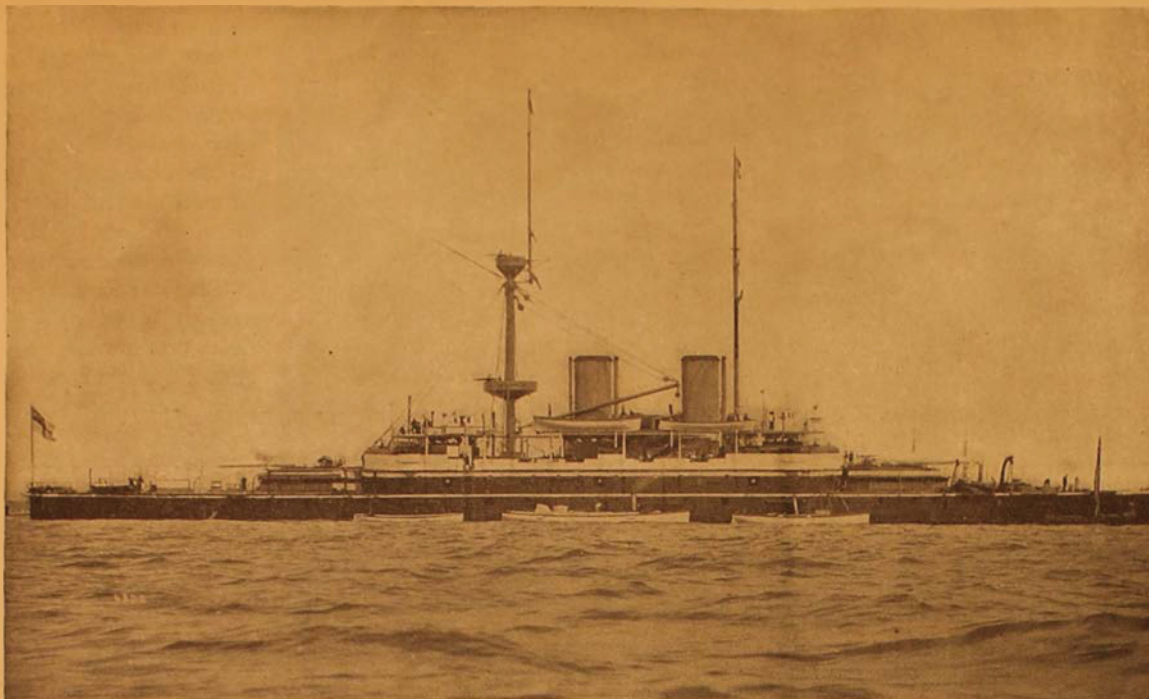
ram was doubted in warfare; but one day, long after the *Katahdin* had been laid down, there came the news that in a collision at slow speed the *Camperdown*, of the English navy, had sunk the *Victoria*, of the same navy, in some peaceful evolutions, in the Mediterranean. The ram on the bow of the *Camperdown* struck a trifling blow compared to that which the *Katahdin* could give, and the good sense and enterprise of the American navy was once more vindicated. The English experts unhesitatingly assert that their navy ought to have a ram, or more than one, like the *Katahdin*. She is a small craft, armored moderately, but equipped with a ram of enormous strength, and the ship does not float that could withstand an attack that she might make.

Among our older vessels are the *Newark*, the *San Francisco*, and the *Baltimore*. These ships are better, ship for ship, than those that have been constructed else-



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SECOND-CLASS ENGLISH BATTLE-SHIP "INFLEXIBLE."



From a Copyrighted Photograph by Symonds, Portsmouth, England.

FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH BATTLE-SHIP "CAMPERDOWN."

where. But they are not of the most effective type. The *Cincinnati*, at least one-third smaller than the *San Francisco* class, is equal to that class in speed qualities, and almost equal to it in fighting abilities. Then, too, we have some mighty smart gun-boats. Our *Machias* and *Castine* are from ten to twenty per cent more effective than the little craft of a similar size in other navies, and our *Montgomery* and *Detroit* are marvels in speed and cruising abilities. The *Yorktown* class has excited the admiration of the world in steaming qualities, the *Bennington* having beaten the record in long steaming under disadvantages; and we are about to build some gun-boats with sheathed bottoms which are expected to surpass those that any other nation is building.

All our naval experts assert that our greatest need is battle-ships. They all agree, also, that our next greatest need is torpedo-boats. The harbors of this country need a hundred of these boats.

The English naval manœuvres proved that one in about three is lost in every naval engagement on an extended scale, but that proves their worth as well. They alone can sink an iron-clad with a single blow. Battle-ships first and torpedoes next should be the cry of the American navy.

So much for the ships of our navy. The men are the next consideration. We have been told that our vessels are manned by foreigners, with the exception of the officers. That has been true to some extent; but these foreigners under American guidance have proved their great capacity. This objection is true no longer. Our new sailors are American citizens. The laws have

been changed, and Congress has made provision for the enlistment of more of these sturdy men. No better fighters exist in the world. With ships superior in quality, and with these men to man them, we have an immense advantage over any other nation.

In considering the navies of other countries, that of Great Britain stands of course pre-eminent. It amounts to between four hundred and five hundred vessels, of which one hundred and twenty are armored cruisers, and it employs eighty thousand men. It aims to be equal in offensive and defensive strength to any two other navies combined. For example, in the matter of battle-ships Great Britain

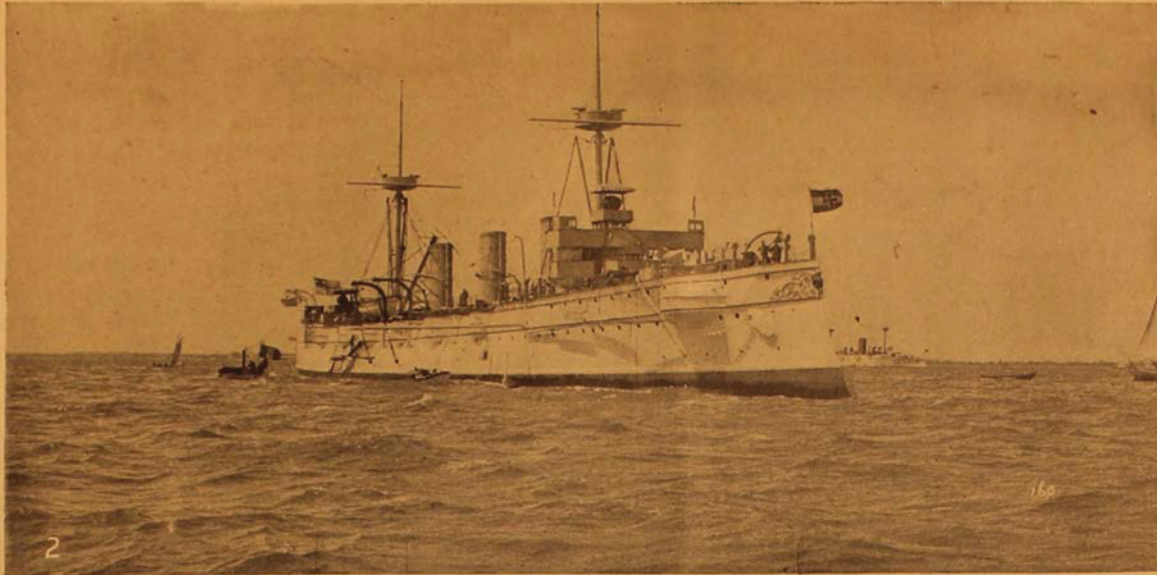
has built or is building fifty-four; France, thirty-seven; Russia, eighteen; Germany, twenty-two; Italy, twenty-one; United States, six,—a total of one hundred and fifty-eight. This of itself represents an outlay of fully three hundred million dollars, and only one class of ships is included. In the matter of armored cruisers the figures are: Great Britain, one hundred and twenty; France, seventy; Russia, sixteen; Germany, twenty-eight; Italy, six; United States, three; Austria, twelve; Spain, six; total, two hundred and sixty-one. This represents an outlay of at least two hundred million dollars.

In 1889 England found that if Britannia should continue to rule the waves she must wake up. The Naval Defense Act of that year provided for the expenditure of more than one hundred million dollars for new ships, and most of these vessels are in commission to-day. This expenditure has given England fifteen new battle-ships, fifty-eight



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FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH TURRET-SHIP "SANSPARIEL."



GERMAN BATTLE-SHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."

cruisers, and twenty-seven torpedo-catchers, besides numerous torpedo-boats. That was a tremendous addition to any navy, and, with the changes and repairs that were made in other vessels, was enough to astonish the world.

In 1893 another agitation arose for an increase in that country's naval strength, and in that year and the following provision was made for another tremendous addition to the navy, amounting to no less than one hundred and ten vessels, eight of which should be battle-ships of fifteen thousand tons capacity, the first two of which have recently appeared in the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. This plan included the two great protected cruisers which are also under way, the *Powerful* and *Terrible*, and which are intended to match our *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, and also be equal to the great Russian cruiser *Rurik*, one of the most formidable commerce-destroyers yet built.

The *Majestic* and *Magnificent* are the most conspicuous of all of England's new navy. While they are not equal as fighting-machines to our battle-ships, they are magnificent creations. The *Powerful* and *Terrible* will be the longest war-ships in existence, having the unusual length of five hundred feet. Their estimated speed is twenty-two knots, close on the record of our *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*. They will be armed with two 9.2 inch guns, and these and all their smaller guns will be mounted in armored turrets and casemates. This is an advance in naval construc-

tion that England alone seems to be employing on a large scale. Six of her new battle ships are to be completely armored on the broadside, and carry their guns in casemates.

The "Royal Sovereign" class of English vessels includes the *Empress of India*, *Resolution*, *Revenge*, *Royal Oak*, *Ramilies*, *Repulse*, and, to a certain extent, the *Renown*, although that vessel is supposed to be somewhat of an improvement on the "Royal Sovereign"

class, being nearly two thousands tons larger.

France has been spending fifty million dollars a year in upbuilding her navy. Her public and private shipyards have been crowded with work. By the year 1900 all her wooden vessels—and some of them are superior craft—will have disappeared. I have already given the figures showing the strength of the French navy. It is a navy noted for its smartness and the quick adoption of new ideas. It has a distinct peculiarity, however: whenever you see a naval vessel built up two or three stories above the water, with monster masts and great steel flanks, until she looks as if she would be so top-heavy, that a child could blow her over with a good stout puff, that is a French battle-ship. They seem to think that their sailors will fight better if they make an appearance of giving them complete protection. If you also see a war-ship with a very pronounced ram and with an appearance



ITALIAN CRUISER "ETNA."

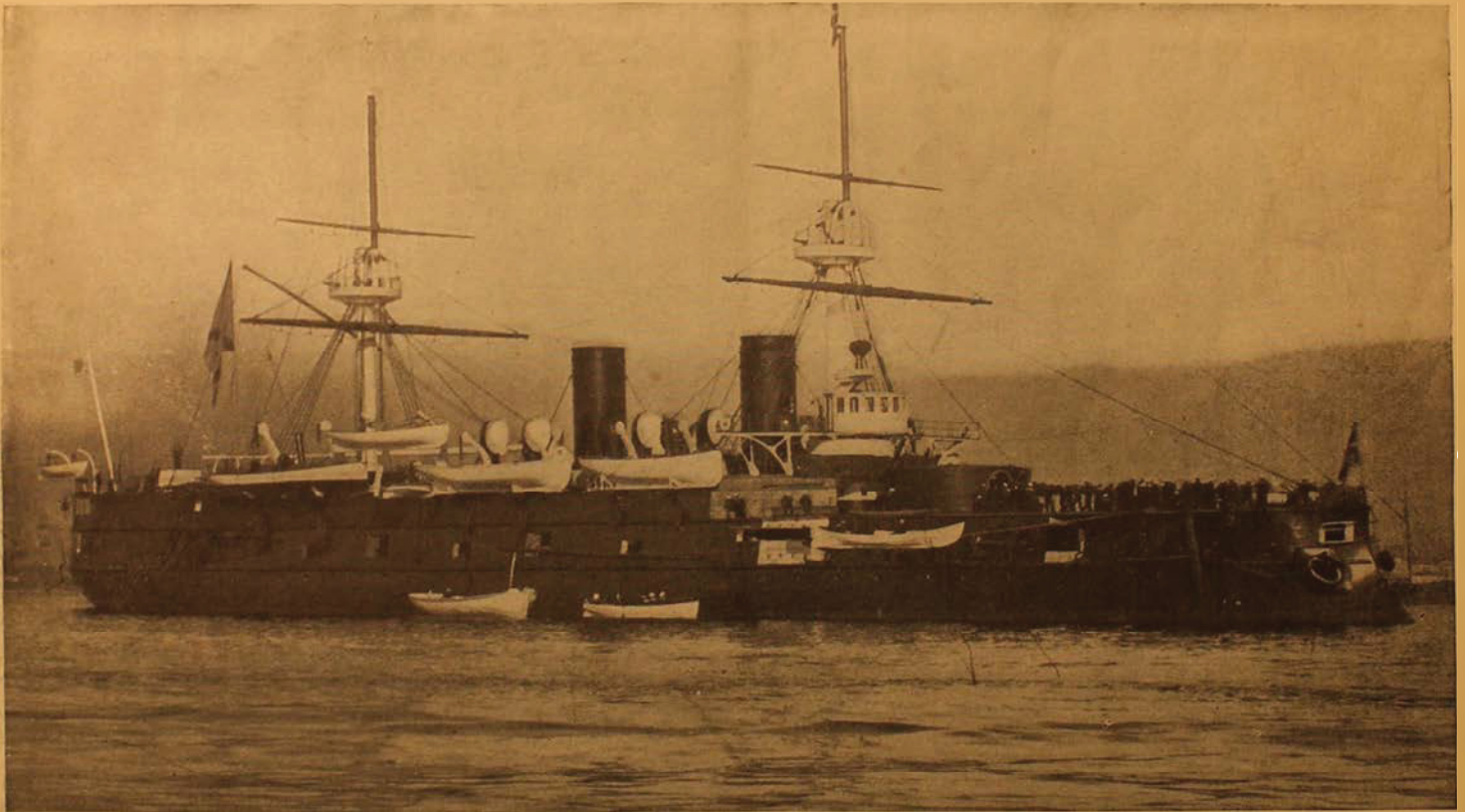
that is conducive to fright on sight, that is a French cruiser.

The French are building a battle-ship that would seem to surpass our ships of the first grade, but it will not. The *Jaureguiberry* is to match the English *Renown*, and it does, in size. The French vessel, however, does not equal our *Indiana* in fighting capacity, but it surpasses the English type by at least thirty per cent. In the cruiser line they are building the *D'Entrecasteaux*, which is similar to our *New York* but not equal to our *Brooklyn*. France is a great believer in torpedo-boats, and she has two hundred of them. The French are great students of modern naval problems, and are experimenting in them constantly.

When we turn to Russia we see a conservatism in naval building that is suited to the exact needs of Russia and no more. They go in for solidity, and have become close students of the methods in the United States. Indeed, they have placed the contract for the armor of their new

of the German navy are on a par with those of England, as to excellence. The navy employs about twenty thousand men, but it never has played, and probably never will, a conspicuous part in Germany's warfare.

Italy, poor, debt-burdened Italy, is never so poor that she cannot find money in some way to make additions to her navy. Her tremendous iron-clads of ten years ago, with their ponderous guns, are already obsolete, but year by year she has added to her fleets until her navy is what might be called respectable. Whatever else may be said of Italy's navy, it is true that she has always clung to the battle-ship, and has set her face steadily toward the best ideas in naval matters. She spends from five million to fifteen million dollars each year on new ships, and has perhaps experimented with oil as a fuel for naval vessels to a greater extent than any other nation. Many of her ships are using oil as fuel already. Italy is no mean naval power, but this country never need be alarmed over any prospect of serious harm if we should ever clash with her.



RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "EMPEROR NICHOLAS I."

battle-ships in this country, after a competition in which all the makers of armor in the world took part. They admired our vessels at the great naval-review in 1893 more than those of any other nation.

The most interesting thing about the Russian navy is the fact that she is copying after the American idea in battle-ships instead of following after the English plan. She does not believe in making these ships too big. Her *Cisoi Veliky* is a model type of her second-grade battle-ship, and her *Rurik* is an armored cruiser larger than our *New York*, but apparently no more aggressive.

Of the naval situation in Germany it may be said that Emperor William has given considerable attention to the navy. He is always a soldier and sometimes a sailor, and that sums up the real extent and power of the German navy. They have modern battle-ships, some fine cruisers, a notable specimen of which, the *Kaiserin Augusta*, participated in our naval review in 1893. The battle-ships

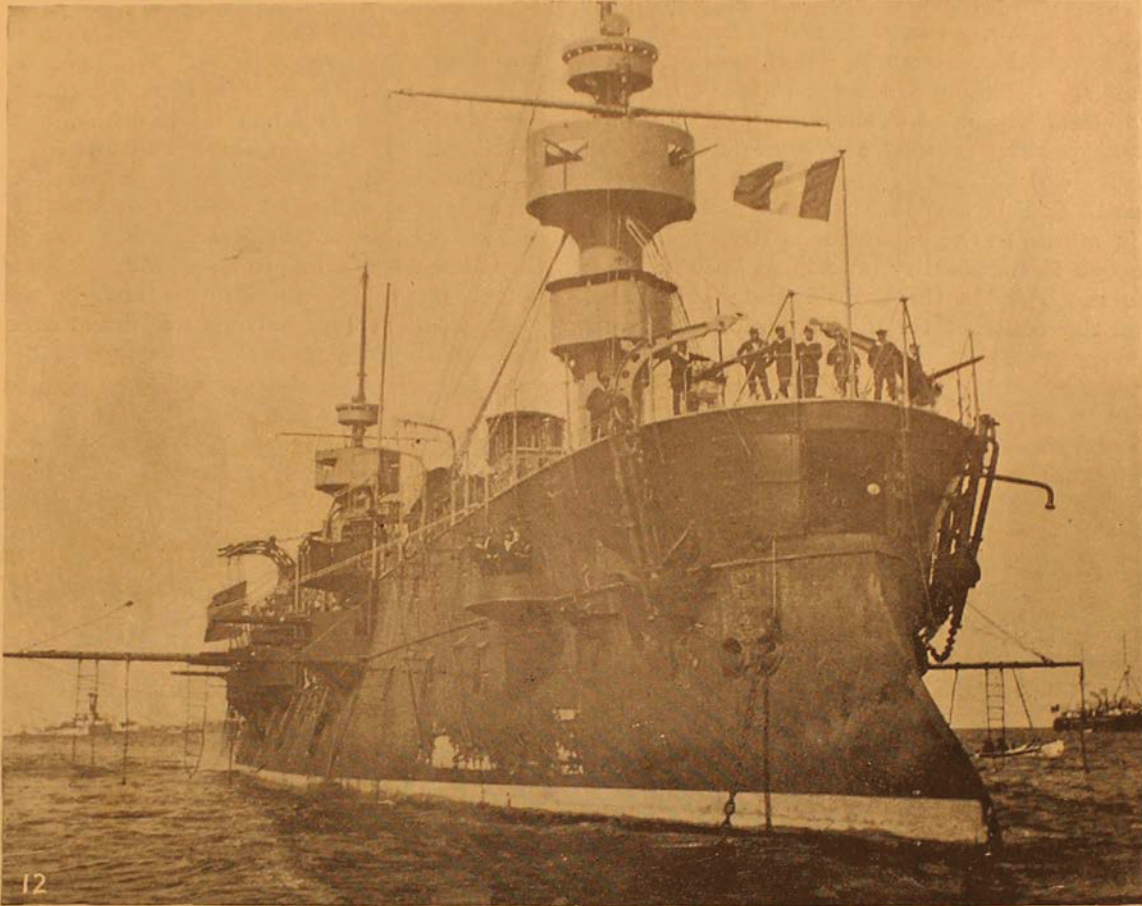
Two of her boats, the *Etna* and *Giovanni Bausan*, participated in our naval review of 1893, and they were very superior specimens of naval handicraft. Her *Dandolo*, *Italia*, and *Lepanto* are also fine battle-ships.

In Spain's navy are three armored cruisers which are fine ships. They are of seven thousand tonnage, and one has made a record of 20.23 knots. She really has only one modern battle-ship, and she would be hopeless in a contest with the *Indiana*. Although practically of the same size as the *Indiana*, she can only throw two-thirds as much metal in one discharge of her guns. In a struggle with Spain, ship for ship, we could overmatch her easily, and with her lack of money and coal facilities she would hesitate to enter into a combat with us.

Japan's right to be considered a naval power can be disputed by none. The achievements of her navy in the war with China are too recent to need recounting. She has swept the Chinese navy, almost as strong as her own,

theoretically from the seas. Her *Naniwa* and *Itsukusima* are known the world over. Most of her vessels have been built in England. Her naval men, however, have learned their lesson well in almost every country of naval importance. Commission after commission, in the last seven years, has visited this country. Her admirals, and her great generals, too, Yamagata and Oyama, have inspected

So much for the more important naval powers. When we think that, in addition to England, France, Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, the United States, and Japan, the Argentine Republic, Austria, Brazil, Chili, Denmark, Greece, Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Portugal, and Turkey, all make some naval pretensions, to say nothing of Mexico, Hayti, Venezuela, and other small powers, we



FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "JEAN BART."

all our great ship-building plants, and have studied our naval system in all its details. Her students have been educated in our naval academy. The Japanese have used our ideas in warfare, as in other things, and they have proved their country worthy of being called the "England of the Pacific."

may realize to some extent what the expenditure of millions upon millions in the making of war-ships means. One can realize, also, why it is important that the United States should join in this apparently wasteful expenditure of money. Her commerce and her dignity demand it.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

A THANKFUL SOUL.

I TAKE life jest as I find it,
If it's hot I never mind it ;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze !
If it's snowin',—why I go
Jest a-skimmin' crost the snow !
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all !

Folks say this world's full o' strife ;
That jest 'livens up my life !
When the good Lord made it He
Done the best fer you an' me,—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throwed in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light,—
Sun by day an' stars by night ;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always makes complaint
They ain't healthy,—that they ain't !
Some would jest *live* with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills !
Always findin' fault with things,—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it,—
Hot or cold, I never mind it ;
If it's a sunshiny day
That's my time fer makin' hay ;
If it's rainin', fills my wish,—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish ;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all !

FRANK L. STANTON.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

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XII.

TO-MORROW! Notwithstanding the agonizing news with which Laroche had loaded Jaffray's heart, the young fellow had looked forward to the to-morrow with a secret hope of happiness. At all events he would have more right than ever to console his sweetheart, and surely his new position would enable him, in any fierce emergency, to help Marie's friends and patrons.

'To-morrow! Well, it came; but it found Marie Bruyset out of humor for all considerations of self. Before Jaffray's arrival she had received her father without an upbraiding word, but there was a silent scornfulness in her manner that cut him deeper than words.

"It was my duty," he said, apologizing for his successful capture of De Fournier and Mathilde.

"Duty," she answered, "does not compel a free man to be an instrument of evil."

"It is no good discussing that, Marie."

"No, I suppose not. He that lives by the sword shall die by the sword. Have you no fear?"

"None."

"Has Grébauval no fear?"

"None, I should say."

"Does he think God sleeps?"

"No; he thinks God has awakened. If they die by the sword who live by it, there should be many just deaths before the year is out, and I fear there will be."

"And David slew Goliath with a sling and a stone," continued Marie, as if she had only partly heard her father's reply. "Do you think Robespierre and Marat and Danton and Fouquier-Tinville and the snake Grébauval will escape the sling of God's vengeance?"

"I think they will," said Laroche, somewhat satirically.

"We shall see," said Marie; "we shall see. You take pains to warn me; be warned yourself, father,—for you are my father, God help me!" Marie turned her bright eyes upon Laroche with what seemed to him an almost unearthly expression, and passed him to open the door to Jaffray.

"*Bon jour*, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, going to the window and drawing the curtain aside that he might give his mind the freedom of a large outlook. The towers of the Palais de Justice stood out against the sky.

Jaffray kissed Marie's hand silently. He could see that she knew what had happened. She had not yet, however, felt the strange mysterious touch of greater calamities to come, a weird foreboding of some mysterious peril that pervaded all Paris, the kind of foreboding that might, perchance, have been felt in Pompeii before the eruption of the burning mountain.

"Marie is not well," said Laroche; "she grieves because she cannot stop the hand of Time."

"Not Time, father," Marie answered. "You call tyranny, persecution, assassination, by every other name but the right one. What has Time to do with the malice of Grébauval and the devilry of Marat? Time would register deeds of mercy just as surely as it will register your own deeds—of duty, father."

Every time Marie used the word "father" she emphasized it in a way that wounded Laroche, but only to stimulate his obstinate sense of his own self-sacrificing

fulfillment of the duties of his office and his loyalty to France.

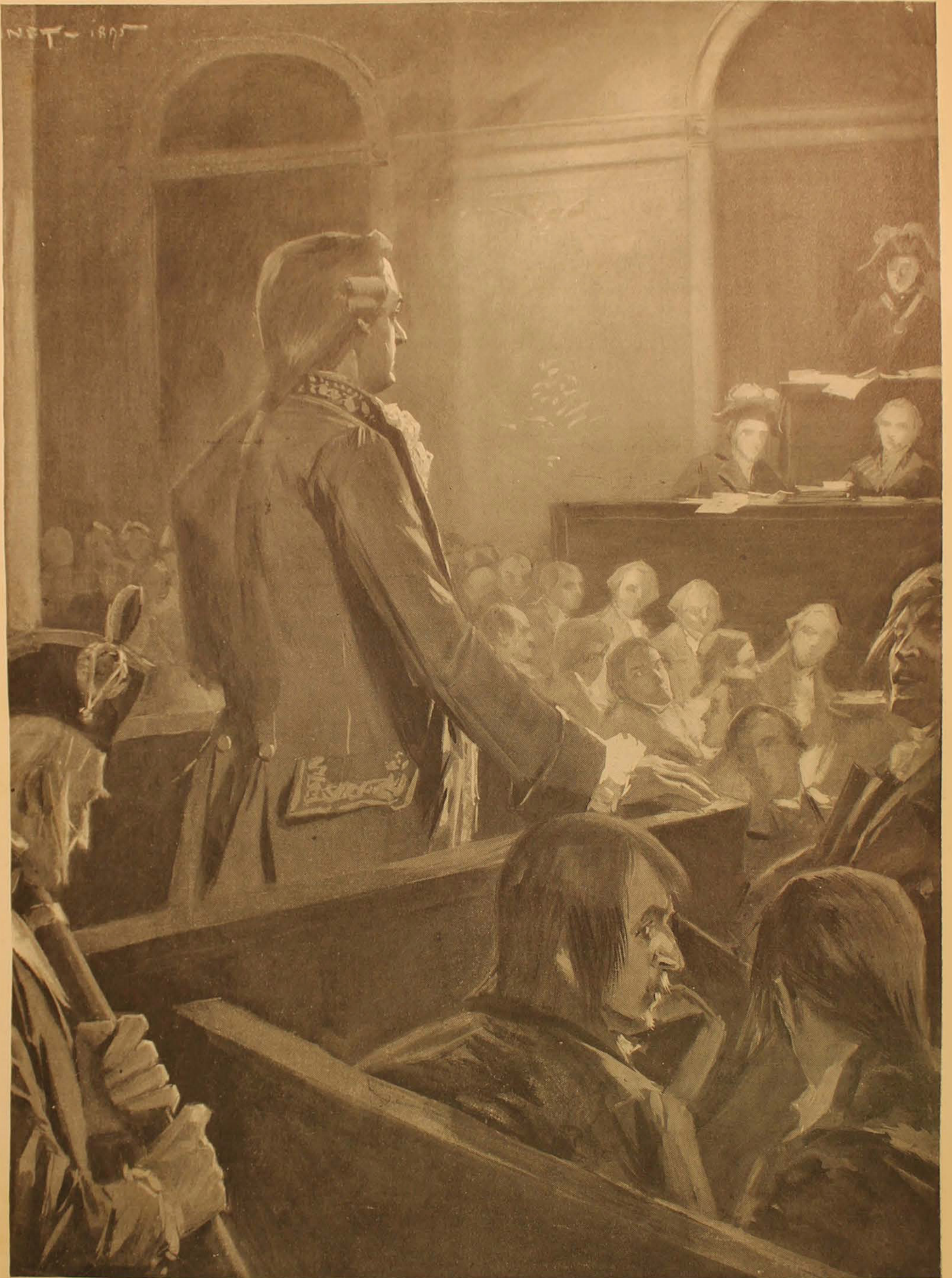
"I have loved my daughter," he exclaimed, "but the time may come when that love will be swallowed up in the patriot's love of his country. *Bon soir*," he added abruptly, "*bon soir*. If I am only an agent of police in my daughter's eyes, why *ventre bleu!* I will stick to my trade. *Bon soir!*"

Laroche went straight to the Ministry of Justice. He was late. Robespierre, Danton, Grébauval, and the rest, however, needed no apology from their devoted agent of police. Encouraged the day before by shouts of "*Vive la Commune!*" excited by cries of "*Vivent nos bons commissaires!*" from a thousand croaking throats, they had already framed the list of proscriptions; and Laroche was in time to accompany them to the Assembly, where Danton and his colleagues appeared to give an account of the measures taken to insure the public safety.

"What is required?" asked Danton, looking round upon the Assembly with flashing and murderous eyes, and pronouncing the reply, which rings like a death-knell through every history of the Revolution,—"Boldness, boldness! and France is saved!" Not alone his words, but his thunderous voice "produced," to quote an eloquent record of the time, "the most appalling impression, and a decree of the Assembly was immediately proclaimed, announcing urgent danger to the commonwealth and commanding all citizens to repair, armed, to their several posts, as soon as the cannon of alarm should be heard, and appointing a committee of twelve, with absolute power, to concur with the executive, of which Danton was the head, in the measures necessary for the public safety."

Thus were the massacres of September 2d inaugurated. The echoes of the din in the streets penetrated the Conciergerie; but what impressed the prisoners more than the noise was the anxious looks of their jailers, the hurried conferences of officials. The knives were removed from the dinner-tables, and everything that could be used for defense or offense taken away from the cells. At night, in the barred room where De Fournier was confined, the prisoners were conscious of a deathly stillness. Even the dogs in the court-yard ceased to bark. They howled piteously, as if they had seen some unnatural apparition. The savage animals in the little yard beneath the window were regaled with the meat of half a dozen dishes of the day's dinner, and Daniel cooed to them in soft, soothing tones as he filed at the last bar. He had said, when he began work on this last night, "Friends, something tells me that if we are not out before the dawn we are doomed." By one o'clock every bar was removed and the way was open. An agreed signal was given to the friends who had kept watch on the quay and had slept in doorways and down by the river, night after night, among them De la Galetière's brave wife. The last bar removed, the eight were distributed as weapons.

Soon after dinner, and while there was plenty of light, the order of precedence in leaving had been settled by ballot. Each man knew his place. De Fournier was last in the rank, De la Galetière first; but it was decided to give this position to Daniel because of his control over the



"THE PRESIDENT THEREUPON PRONOUNCED SENTENCE OF DEATH."

dogs. They had pushed a table beneath the window ; only a chair added was necessary for them to reach the opening, from which the evening breeze now blew gratefully into the fetid room. One after another the men passed safely through the aperture,—one after another, calmly and in perfect order, De Fournier awaiting his turn. As if misfortune were still holding him with a deadly grip, no sooner did he mount the chair to quit the prison than, broken with the already heavy strain it had borne, it gave way, table and all, prostrating him upon the floor.

“No bones broken,” he said, gathering himself up, “no blood drawn. Thank God for that at all events ! I must reach the window if I crawl up the wall.” He began to feel for the chair. At that moment the bar of the door was stealthily drawn, and someone entered. Groping for anything that could be used as a weapon, De Fournier found the leg of the chair.

“De Fournier,” came a low whisper, “are you asleep ?” Jaffray, by means of an order surreptitiously obtained, and through personal influence with the jailor of the room in which De Fournier was confined, had come to remove him to safer quarters, and, if possible, to release him ; though there were still difficulties in the way of this undertaking which would require skill and audacity to overcome.

“Do I know that voice ?” said De Fournier, after a moment.

“I am Jaffray Ellicott,” was the reply, at the same time producing from beneath his coat a small lantern.

“God bless you !” said De Fournier, embracing him.

“Alone ?” asked Jaffray. “Alone ?”

“Yes ; the others have escaped. I have been unfortunate, you see ;” and Jaffray turned the light upon the broken chair.

“Quick, then !” said Jaffray ; “that is your best way now. Quick !” and in a few minutes it was possible for De Fournier to mount.

“Do you know the Rue de la Monnaie ?”

“Yes.”

“The third turning down, by the left, you will see a deep passage-way, with a lantern hung over the arch.”

“Yes ; I can find it.”

“Enter ; on the right there is a dark entry. Await me there. Here are pistols ; I will join you. Every scoundrel in Paris will be too busy about the prisons and in the richer quarters to disturb you. Wait for me. Hush ! Shall you know this whistle ?”

Jaffray gave a low, peculiar whistle.

“Yes.”

“In half an hour you shall hear it under the archway with the lantern.”

“*Au revoir !*” said De Fournier, and disappeared.

FROM a troubled sleep, soon after midnight, Mathilde was awakened by the stealthy unlocking of the door of her cell and the entrance of the warder with a lantern.

“Who is there ?” she asked, starting up.

“It is I,—the jailer.”

Mathilde had been immured in a cell on an upper floor of the Abbaye, overlooking the inner court of the prison. Her waiting-woman was permitted to sleep with her.

“There is a messenger to see you,” said the jailer. “Get up and dress.”

“Who is he ? Why is he here at this time ?” asked Mathilde.

“You are to be removed,” the jailer replied.

“We prefer to remain where we are until it is daylight,” said Mathilde.

“And if you do,” said a second voice, as another man entered and closed the door, “your sleep will only be interrupted once,—for evermore.”

“You mean that we are to be murdered ?” asked Mathilde, with all the courage she could command.

“I have a carriage awaiting you, and can secure your safe departure from the Abbaye. Get up and dress.”

“I know your voice,” said Mathilde.

“I am Laroche,” replied the man.

“Laroche the spy, the police agent, the——”

“Spare your words and your time,” said Laroche. “I am here to save you.”

“From what ?”

“Listen.”

A distant murmur was heard, with sharp cries above the lower tones.

“What is it ?”

“Listen,” said Laroche, going to the window, unfastening the latch, and swinging it free of the iron bars. The sound came nearer. It was the voice of the raging multitude.

Mathilde still hesitated.

“Nay, madame,” said Laroche, “the person you call queen has to make her toilet in presence of a national guard. I am the father of Marie.”

Mathilde made no further reply, but arose, with the help of her waiting-woman dressed herself, and in a few minutes said she was at monsieur’s command.

There was a crashing of doors, a wild hooting, penetrated by the cries of men in despair, and a sudden burst of people into the court-yard beneath the barred window of Mathilde’s cell. Every minute fresh victims were dragged from the carriages in which the prisoners had been brought from their miserable den in the Hôtel de Ville.

Mathilde crept to the window. Fascinated and horrified, she gripped Laroche’s arm. She tried to turn her head away from the scene, but her eyes held to the awful vision. Her heart beat violently. Laroche compressed his thin lips and stood stiffly up.

“Come,” he said, “come,” as he took her by the arm. She leaned against him for support. “Permit me,” he said, and encircled her waist with his left arm. “Have no fear.”

The cell door swung to, the prisoners and their guides being now in the corridor. Here the noise was terrible, increased by the prisoners in the cells, who answered the yells with groans and cries of terror. They entered what was once the monastery garden, used as such before the Abbaye was converted into a prison. The jailer led the way to a spot that was overgrown by creepers and trailing plants, thrust his lantern into the darkness, pushed back the foliage, and unbarred a door. They passed through, he closed it behind him, and bolted it on the other side. Traversing a corridor that might have been a crypt, they came to a strong, oak gate. The jailer unlocked it, opened it cautiously and peered out. In the dim light Mathilde saw a carriage drawn by two horses, with a soldier on the box next to the driver, and several troopers on either side.

“You will find your mother in the coach,” said Laroche, opening the door. The moment he had closed it he mounted a led-horse and the party moved rapidly away, while the scene of carnage continued within the Abbaye.

“Oh, my dear !” exclaimed the duchess, as Mathilde crept into the carriage. “Oh, my dear, how I have prayed for this moment !”

“My dear mother !” said Mathilde, embracing her as

the carriage provided by the Deputy Grébauval rattled through the streets.

"Alas! your father is a prisoner," said the duchess, in reply to Mathilde's inquiries.

"My dear father!" said Mathilde. "And poor Joseph?"

"And the Bertins," said the duchess, "every one of them. But for our dear friend Citizen Grébauval you would not have twenty-four hours to live. It is he who saves you."

"Mother," said Mathilde, laying her head upon her shoulder, "where are we going now? To an official prison, or to some other?"

"To your husband's house," said the duchess, a tone of triumph in her voice.

"To my husband's house?" said Mathilde.

"To the Hôtel de Fournier."

If her mother had said "To Monsieur Grébauval's," she would have known how to reply; but to her husband's own house was a strange destination to have been selected by the Citizen Grébauval.

Arrived at De Fournier's house, that stood back, behind heavy gates, in a court-yard near the lower part of the Rue St. Honoré, the driver was challenged by a national guard on duty. Regular response being made, the gates were opened and the carriage entered. Inside the court-yard other soldiers were posted. Mathilde wandered through the suite of rooms set apart for her with strange emotions. From the dark cell of a prison to the home of her husband; but, alas! by favor of her husband's enemy and the man who might still "look, if not for love, at least for respectful treatment,"—to quote the duchess's words.

XIII.

WITHIN AN hour of his parting with Jaffray Ellicott at the Conciergerie, De Fournier was at the trysting-place. A low whistle,—the signal agreed upon. De Fournier responded. Jaffray entered the passage beneath the archway.

"Any difficulty in getting here?" the young fellow asked, in a low whisper.

"None," said De Fournier. "A patrol passed me; I crept into a doorway."

"You are fortunate in the darkness of the night."

"Yes," said De Fournier.

"Why, you are wet through!" exclaimed Jaffray, below his breath.

"I swam the Seine."

"And your pistols?"

"I stuck them in the collar of my coat."

"Very well," said Jaffray. "Follow me."

Jaffray groped his way along a narrow passage, De Fournier by his side. They made a sudden *détour* to the right and entered a small court-yard. A swinging lantern disclosed two stairways that led to upper stories of a rambling building which might have been a large workshop. Wooden balconies stretched along the front. Jaffray kept close to the building, in the shadow of stairways and balcony. In the farther corner of the court-yard he paused, and tapped twice upon what seemed to be the coping-stone of an abutment of the building. Then he waited a while and struck another part of the stone once, followed, after a brief interval, with three rapid knocks, none of his signals loud, but very distinct. He placed his ear to the stone.

"The reply should be my whistle signal; remember that should you come here alone," said Jaffray.

While he spoke the wall opened sufficiently for them, by stooping very low, to enter. The aperture closed with a slow, heavy thud, and they were in total darkness.

"*Fidélité!*" said Jaffray.

"*Fidélité!*" repeated De Fournier.

"*Fidélité!*" said the inner guard of the club. "Advance by your right."

A few yards, and they entered a low, small room, dimly lighted.

"Jaffray Ellicott and the Count de Fournier, his friend," said Jaffray to a man who was sitting by a lamp and smoking a long pipe.

The man laid down his pipe, and gave three knocks upon an inner door, a wicket of which was opened.

"Jaffray Ellicott and the Count de Fournier, his friend," said the janitor, whereupon the door opened upon a well-furnished apartment in which a number of men were assembled.

"Ah!" said the giant-like Daniel of the Conciergerie, seizing De Fournier's hand; "my congratulations. You were last on the list. My fears were true. Ere this, the massacre has begun."

"Our friend requires change of raiment," said Jaffray, "and refreshment."

"First the oath," said a gray-headed, official-looking person, rising from a table where he and three others were playing cards.

"What is it?" asked De Fournier, his eyes becoming accustomed to the light of the apartment.

The occupants numbered about twenty, young and old; some in the characteristic attire of the noblesse, but most of them soberly clad, with cropped hair, and wearing the Republican colors. These were the more cautious members of the club, royalists all the same. Their more reckless friends were of the Duke de Louvet type, who were just as much extremists in their defiance of the new régime as in an opposite direction were their compatriots who had fled from France at the first sign of danger. Daniel was dressed in the garb of a merchant. He was powerfully built, above the ordinary height, and a picture of good humor. He was one of the first members of the White Button Club, and to him was accorded the duty of administering the new oath:

"We swear allegiance to each other and the throne; individually and collectively we swear to obey the orders of the Committee of Three, duly elected or re-elected on the first of every month; and each and severally undertake, wherever and soever opportunity may present itself, within the frontiers or beyond, to execute and kill any member proved guilty of such breach of this oath as shall be deemed punishable with death; the which, as in all other things, we do for the honor and glory of France, as provided for by the royal and duly constituted authorities."

"Do you subscribe to this?"

"It is a trifle vague," said De Fournier. "I give you my word and honor that your secret is safe with me, but I subscribe to nothing until I know how your committee is elected and what is the present command."

After a brief murmur of surprise several members held a conference, in which Jaffray took part.

"We consent to your conditions," said the official-looking person who had first spoken. "They are evidence of your earnestness and honor. Our committee is elected by ballot on the first of every month; and the order of the day is the rescue of the king and queen and dauphin, and other members of the royal family, or any of them, from the Temple."

"Good," said De Fournier.

"Our plans are complete; you shall be made acquainted with them."

"I accept your oath," said De Fournier.

It was put to him in due form; and on full confirmation

thereof he was presented with a white button, and then with some dry garments, which were an effectual disguise.

"And now, Citizen Rennie," said Daniel, "as you are to be known so long as you wear Rennie's clothes, *au revoir*. We shall meet anon."

The red and gray streaks of an early dawn were in the sky as De Fournier made his way through the streets of Paris. His first idea was to keep clear of the Conciergerie; his next was to seek for shelter in his own house. There was more than one entrance open to him; he carried a master-key to most of the doors.

He could hear the shouts of the mob making its way to the Palais de Justice. From the Pont Notre Dame, across the Rue St. Denis and the Rue St. Martin, into the Rue St. Honoré, he found Paris still and calm; but it was the calmness of a city that might have been stricken with the plague. When skirting the Palais Royal, and with a view to reconnoitering his hotel from various points, he arrived at the outer gates giving upon the Rue St. Honoré, he saw a carriage and pair drive from the court-yard. The gates were held open by his butler; a gendarme sat on the box with the driver. Before the gates were closed he observed that the windows in the grand façade were illuminated. What could this mean? Had the Municipality taken possession of his property? Who was going to occupy it? What was the meaning of his butler being in attendance? And on whom?"

The sun was beginning to rise. It would hardly be discreet to remain out-of-doors. He knew an *estaminet* near the Halle aux Blés, the haunt, as Daniel had informed him, of some of their brethren, kept by a pretended insurgent of the most obtrusively murderous type, and as safe a place for a meal as any in Paris. "The Ortolan" had already opened its doors; if, indeed, they had been closed all night. Citizen Yonne and his buxom wife were busy, even now, serving early guests with coffee and other refreshments. Cooking was going on in a room behind what might be called the bar, with its counter, its stove, and its assortment of bottles and mugs.

"May I wash, citizen?" asked De Fournier. "I have been at work. It's all right while it lasts, but I don't like the smell of it after."

"You are proud, comrade," said one of the three.

"Proud of my work, yes; but I am a confectioner by trade, and cleanliness is a habit."

"If you really would like a wash," said Yonne to De Fournier, "being, as you say, a bit squeamish,—though I hold no man should be squeamish over the blood of priests and aristocrats,—why, come this way; anything to oblige a true patriot." Yonne opened a door behind the bar. De Fournier followed him.

"Madame Yonne," said the inn-keeper, "some water and a towel."

"Has madame a bedroom where a tired man might rest?" asked De Fournier, as she poured a bowl of water for him and placed in his hands a piece of soap.

"Yes," said madame. "Observe the door on your right; it leads to the yard; outside, there is a gangway to the upper rooms on the left. Say nothing; when you have washed, disappear. Take the first room. Yonne will come to you."

De Fournier washed, and presently acted upon Madame Yonne's instructions and found himself in a small chamber, not ill-furnished, and with a comfortable bed. He fastened the outer door; there were two heavy bolts upon it. He had barely done so when another door opened near the bed and Yonne entered.

"You may rest here, monsieur, and in safety. Take your fill of a good bed while you may. I have brought you

some refreshments; make your breakfast and go to sleep. A man's no good who has had no rest; and you look overdone, *triste*, broken. Eat, drink; and sleep. I must leave you now. I will give you five hours' rest. Five hours, mark you; five hours of safety, five hours of repose; not a minute more nor less."

XIV.

"CITIZEN the Deputy Grébauval," said a servant, announcing an early visitor at the Hôtel de Fournier.

The duchess had prepared Mathilde for Grébauval's visit, though she was as little expectant as Mathilde of the melancholy mission which the deputy had undertaken. He arrived in a sober costume of brown, but in admirable taste and with every token of careful grooming. His likeness to the count, her husband, struck Mathilde, and she shivered at the thought of it.

"I have to congratulate you, madame," said Grébauval, "on your escape from the Abbaye."

Mathilde bowed.

"I fear you do not quite realize what has happened at the Abbaye, and what has occurred at the other prisons in Paris."

"Oh, yes, we do," said the duchess. "My daughter was a witness of the deaths of several of the unhappy priests."

"Is that so, indeed, madame?" asked Grébauval, addressing Mathilde.

"Yes," said Mathilde; "a terrible sight."

"The people have taken into their own hands the punishment of the Tribunal's prisoners," said Grébauval. "It is deeply to be deplored, but the executive is powerless, as the troops are marching to the frontier."

"It is not to give us this information that you have done us the honor to make so early a call, Monsieur Grébauval?" asked Mathilde, sustaining, with a bad grace, the effort of a civil conversation with Grébauval, even though she owed her life to his good offices.

"You have a penetrating judgment, madame," said Grébauval; "and I am not much of a diplomatist. I have a sad mission to you. I have been anxious, and am desirous of serving you; but I am only a subordinate in the government. I have powerful friends, it is true; but there are privileges, there are concessions, which even Citizen Robespierre has to forego."

"And your mission?" asked Mathilde.

"A band of patriots, believing that they do their duty in ridding France of enemies within the city, while their allies are marching upon us, have taken the law into their own hands. They have borne down the guards of the Conciergerie and slain many of the prisoners."

Mathilde, pale to the lips, pressed her hands upon the arms of the chair in which she was sitting and rose to her feet. Grébauval stood motionless before her. The duchess looked anxiously from one to the other.

"I am at your mercy," said Mathilde.

"It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you of the death of your husband, the Citizen de Fournier."

Mathilde uttered no cry. She stood supporting herself by the chair.

"Dead?" exclaimed the duchess. "Henri dead?"

"Alas! yes," said Grébauval; "with many others who were awaiting their trial. The affair was too sudden for any resistance from the officials."

"And the duke?" cried the duchess, "the duke?"

"I have no report as to the duke, madame, I believe he lives. I know how impossible it is at such a moment, and for me in particular, to offer you one word of consolation. Madame, your daughter is a widow."

Something in the tone of Grébauval's voice and the

manner in which he suggested that she was free to marry again, struck Mathilde as if it were a blow. It brought the color to her cheeks for a moment, stiffened her nerves, and saved her from the fainting fit that threatened her.

"And if it be so," she said, hoarsely, "I shall die a widow."

"Pardon me. I have fulfilled my painful mission," said Grébauval. "Unless I can be of any service to you I will take my leave."

The duchess gave way to her grief in an outburst of tears and sobs. Mathilde dropped upon her knees at her mother's feet and buried her face upon her knees. Grébauval paused a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then quietly withdrew.

From the Hotel de Fournier he walked to the Café de la Régence, where Robespierre might occasionally be seen. Here he found Robespierre intent upon a game of chess with an old *habitué* of the *café*; and passed on to take his coffee in a corner, where, on the pretense of reading "L'Ami du Peuple," he could quietly observe Robespierre, and held himself ready to join the incorruptible one as soon as he should have finished his game. It ended at last, and, turning to Grébauval, Robespierre walked aside with his friend and they left the *café* together.

They entered a poor-looking house and climbed a plain stairway to Robespierre's apartments, the domestic economy of which was presided over by his sister. On the walls and hanging over his desk were several portraits of himself,—one a miniature by Marie Bruyset, presented by Laroche. Whichever way he turned, a mirror reflected his form and figure. He was dressed with an almost affected fastidiousness, which characterized his attire during the entire sanguinary period of his reign. He wore a delicate muslin waistcoat lined with rose-colored silk, and a blue coat of the softest cloth; his linen was of the whitest; his sword-hilt and scabbard ornately decorated.

Compared with Grébauval, Robespierre was, physically, a poor creature. The ancient blood of the De Fourniers made itself apparent in the well-poised head, the strong, domineering face, and the haughty swing of Grébauval's gait. The swarthy face was pale, but not with the livid hues of Robespierre's thin cheeks.

Grébauval, moved by his passion for Mathilde, was anxious to control the fate of the Duke de Louvet, but Robespierre would not rise to either his hints or his proposals; he was in no mood to consider even the smallest concession of mercy or policy.

"I have proved my devotion to France," said Grébauval; "my life is my country's."

"And your country your mistress's, eh?" Robespierre replied, with his threatening smile.

"Your recreation is chess," said Grébauval. "I permit myself to be in love."

"I, too, have been refused. Go to, man!" was the quick reply. "And when the time comes I will not buy her with the life of her father. Under similar circumstances I would not save my own father," Robespierre continued.

"The name of father represents nothing to me," said Grébauval.

"Then say mother, sister, brother,—what you will. I am indebted to my sister for every little domestic comfort of these humble apartments. I would not spare her if she rebelled against the government of the people. No, by God! I would not!"

There was something so ferocious in the expression of Robespierre's face, livid with the intensity of the thought that he might have to sacrifice his sister, and would do so without a murmur, that Grébauval changed the subject abruptly, and presently took his departure.

XV.

THE Revolutionary madness spread and grew in feverish strength. Fate, so busy with the leading characters in this present narrative, paused, with De Fournier a fugitive from death; his wife, Mathilde, at home in her husband's hotel, under the official protection of Grébauval; Marie Bruyset, shaken in health but untamed in spirit, a constant visitor at the Conciergerie, where prisoners and jailers knew her as "the little mother"; Laroche, torn between his love for Marie and his devotion to France; Madame Bertin and two of her daughters at rest, with other victims of the massacre of September 2d; the Duke de Louvet, rescued from the massacres, but still a prisoner; and, when Mathilde most needed his watchful care, De Fournier ordered by the committee of the White Button on active duty in the interests of the royal family.

And now it was the New Year. The old one had gone out ragged and torn, cut and gashed, a weary and battered pilgrim, foot-sore, heart-sore, decrepit; not put to bed calmly with the chiming of church-bells and the singing of carols, but flung headlong into his grave amid the bel-lowings of the Revolutionary maëlstrom and declarations of war from the four corners of the earth, answered with Danton's "gage of battle, the head of a king," and such other portentous incidents and omens as prophecy might well have seen in John the Divine's vision of the opening of the Fourth Seal.

The elastic law of suspects made it possible for the number of prisoners to become almost unlimited. From three hundred they rose rapidly to three thousand. They were disposed at the Mairie, at La Force, at the Conciergerie, at the Abbaye, at Saint Pélagie, and at the Made-lonnettes, or women's prison, and in all the state prisons. Every day carried fresh victims to the guillotine; and it was the knowledge that any moment might be their last that fired some prisoners with a reckless courage and kept others equally depressed.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was made up of two sections formed of individuals taken almost haphazard from among the fiercest and most enthusiastic of the Revolutionists. They included the best-informed and the most ignorant of men.

It was before this tribunal that the Duke de Louvet, Joseph, his valet, and the other prisoners were arraigned. Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, was brief in his words and somber in his manner. He had nothing to regret during the day. Every prisoner had been condemned. Those among whom De Louvet and Joseph were arraigned, as they looked upon him and heard his voice, must have given up all hope.

"And now, Georges de Louvet, *ci-devant* duke, and you, Joseph Millet, you have heard the charges against you; you were one and the same in the plot against the convention and the government of the country, master and man. What have you to say?"

Joseph looked at his master. The duke, bearing himself with the dignity of a nobleman who had reason to be proud of his descent and his services to the state, said,

"Citizen President, if it is permitted, I would ask your clemency for my servant."

"He will defend himself. My question is to you. What have you to say on your own behalf? Do you deny that you have conspired against the republic?"

"As this man by my side was faithful to his master, so was I to mine."

"And who was yours?"

"The king, whom you have slain."

A murmur ran through the court.

"I am not opposed to any reforms sanctioned by the states of the realm," the duke went on. "I am a soldier of France; I have fought her battles in the field, I have represented her interests at foreign courts. I would at any time have sacrificed my life in her cause, and do not fear to lose it now."

A few, more daring than the rest in the motley crowd of lookers-on, cheered the brave speech, but were immediately shouted down.

"I would undo nothing that I have done, even to escape the vengeance of your tribunal. Life is sweet, if it is to be shared with those we love. I have a wife and daughter. You have made my daughter a widow, as you have made the queen. It will break her heart if you make her fatherless. For that reason I would desire to live. Conscious that I have done nothing to deserve death, I will not burden my conscience with a lie to save my head."

"You have forfeited it, to begin with, in that you are an aristocrat, hostile to the republic, an enemy in our borders, a possible ally of the enemies without. Your case will be considered by the jury. Sit down."

The duke, with a sigh, took a pinch of snuff and fixed his eyes upon Joseph, who now stood forward.

"Your plea is that you did what your master told you? Is that so?"

"No, it is not, Monsieur le President. My plea is that I only did what I thought was my duty. I have no feeling

against France. Why should I? It is my birthplace. I was born in Paris, and have as much right to live here in freedom as any man."

"But not to abuse it," said the president. "You took part in the rescue of Henri Lavelle, *ci-devant* Comte de Fournier?"

"It is true."

"You fought against the national troops?"

"I defended myself."

"You accompanied Henri Lavelle and Mathilde Louvet to St. Germaine?"

"I did."

"You endeavored to get them on board a vessel, that they might leave France?"

"God help me, I did so and failed."

"You regret that?"

"With all my heart."

"Sit down; the jury will take counsel on your case."

The jury retired and visited the restaurant in the building, where they drank heavily and did no deliberating, the names of both Joseph and the duke being already on their list to be condemned. On their return into court their spokesman answered to the president's question, that on their honor and conscience they found the prisoners guilty. The president thereupon pronounced sentence of death.

(To be concluded.)

THE BOERS, THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR TROUBLES.

FEW are the travelers in South Africa who do not know the Transvaal. There is an enchantment in this immense stretch of territory, which lies eight hundred miles north-east of Cape Town, and which is ordinarily reached by a journey through the Orange Free

State and across the river Vaal. This enchantment, however, cannot be said to be that of scenery. When the barrier mountain-ranges have been crossed, undulating plains spread out desolate and illimitable. It is true that they are broken here and there, but only by rounded and flat-topped masses of hills which confuse rather than rest the eye. Only stunted bushes clothe the brown earth. There is neither green shrub, nor tree, nor dwelling-house to relieve the dull monotony of the landscape.

Neither is the enchantment of the Transvaal to be found in the people who live there. They are the descendants of the Dutch and the French Huguenots who settled in



COMMISSIONER STREET IN JOHANNESBURG.



PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

South Africa two centuries ago, and who were an intelligent and thrifty people; but the Boers, as they are called, have degenerated from the condition of their ancestors. They are for the most part farmers, and have immense farms of eight and ten thousand acres which could be made fertile and productive, yet they content themselves with raising only a few hundred head of cattle, and just enough grain to supply their own small needs. It has been said that the Boerish farmer never plants a tree, never digs a well, never makes a road, and never raises a blade of corn beyond that required for his own bare necessities.

In "John Bull & Co." Max O'Rell says: "The Boers are farmers and sportsmen. Their ancestors were farmers, and they do not conceive that they themselves could be anything else. Ignorant, bigoted, behind the times, these Dutch Bretons transplanted to South Africa cultivate the soil like contemporaries of the patriarchs, and refuse even to look at agricultural machinery."

It is natural that intelligent and ambitious Europeans and Americans find little congeniality in the society of these people. It is neither the climate nor the inhabitants that attracts the travelers; it is something more potent than either,—the glitter of the gold and the sparkle of the diamonds that lie hidden in this dull soil. These are the things which have made the Transvaal a Mecca for the restless and wandering spirits of the earth; and these, too, are the things which have caused this soil to be stained with blood.

It may be well to state briefly the situation. Most productive gold-fields have recently been opened in the Transvaal, or the South African Republic, as it is known officially, and fortune-seekers all over the world have invested their money in them. The sudden rise of Barney Barnato, a London speculator, from comparative obscurity and poverty to fame and fabulous wealth is due to specu-

lation in South African gold-mines, which he himself staked out after the lucky find of a thirty-carat diamond in what was supposed to be a worked-out mine. He left Africa with one million pounds, and, forming companies in London for so-called development, has easily piled up countless millions. A great many of the most active seekers after wealth, however, have not been content with buying their gold in London or Paris; they have gone to the Transvaal to see and prospect for themselves, and the result has been a very eager and urgent population of adventurers in the gold-bearing districts of the South African Republic. These foreign gold-hunters have been inclined to encroach upon the possessions of the Boers, and the latter have put irksome restrictions upon their efforts to find fortunes. For two years these men have been asking England to interfere in their behalf, and Dr. Leander S. Jameson, administrator of the South African Company, recently responded by invading the Transvaal. It is believed that this move was sanctioned and encouraged by Cecil Rhodes, then Premier of Cape Colony; because of the criticism to which he was subjected, Mr. Rhodes resigned his office. Dr. Jameson did not receive the expected co-operation of those who had urged him to



A STREET IN KIMBERLEY.



PIET JOUBERT, COMMANDER OF THE BOER FORCES



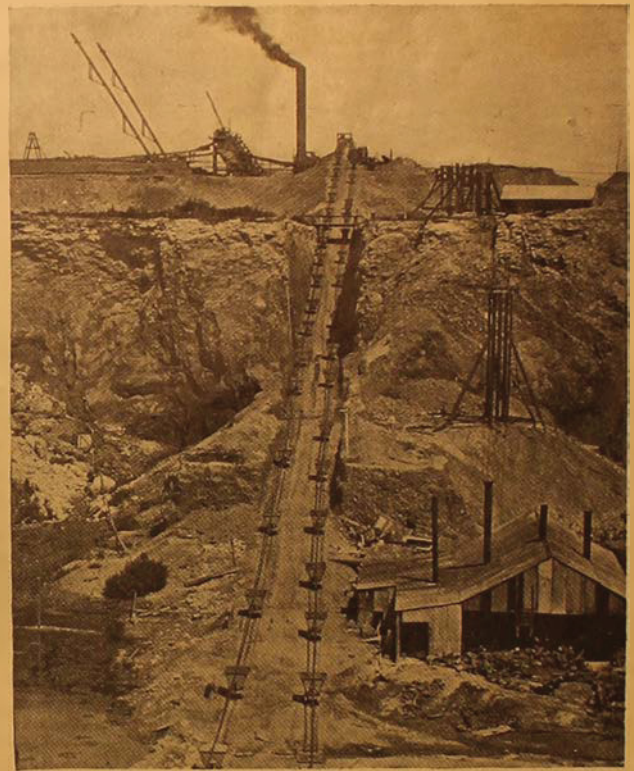
THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES.

invade the Transvaal; in a pitched battle with the Boers his men were defeated with severe loss, and he and about five hundred others were taken prisoners. This resulted in the complications between England and Germany, which have since become history.

Heretofore there have been many acts of aggression on the part of England against the Boers. To obtain a true idea of the relations existing between these two races in South Africa it will be necessary to outline the story of the settlement of the country. The Dutch ship *Haarlem*, engaged in the East India trade and belonging to the Dutch East India Company, was wrecked in Table Bay in 1648. Her crew lived on the shores of the bay for five months before they were rescued, and during their so-

journey saw that a trading-station there would be a great advantage to the company. The station was shortly afterward established, and a small colony of people from Holland settled there. They and their descendants continued to live on the shores of Table Bay, amid the vicissitudes and difficulties incident to life in an undeveloped country with savage tribes in close proximity, until the year 1795, when, the Dutch East India Company having become hopelessly effete and bankrupt, the settlers capitulated to the English, who were fighting France then and were anxious to keep this strategic point, from which India and the East Indian trade could be attacked, out of the possession of the enemy. Meanwhile, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a large company of Huguenots, who had fled from religious persecution in France, had sought refuge in the colony and become assimilated with the Dutch population.

Not a great while after the occupation by the English, the Dutch, or Boers, began to find that life among these



A DIAMOND MINE.



SIFTING FOR DIAMONDS.

new and domineering settlers was not to their liking, and in 1835 ten thousand of them left Cape Colony and passed into the interior; in the years which immediately followed, more and more migrated northward, although the aggressive English followed them closely. It was their desire to keep to themselves and live their lives in their own way, and finally they crossed the river Vaal. The region satisfied them, and here they permanently stopped, despite the fact that the English colonists still pressed their footsteps. The British Government in 1877 proclaimed authority over the Transvaal, on the ground, principally, that the local government of the Boers was too weak to restrain the Zulus and other native tribes who, it was said, were threatening the safety of the Europeans in South Africa. But the Boers, under the leadership of Krüger, Joubert and Pretorius, determined to make a stand against English encroachments; they proclaimed an independent government, and on a December day in 1881 the flag of the South African Republic was floated in the breeze over the desolate plains of the Transvaal. Very

soon this flag waved over a bloody scene enacted to justify its right to exist at all; but it waved triumphantly. There were several fights about Mount Prospect, and in all of them the British troops, to the surprise of the whole world, and of themselves most of all, were badly beaten. This burgher community of farmers proved themselves to be daring patriots and skillful soldiers. They were rewarded for their courage; England agreed that the South African Republic should be allowed complete self-government. Paul Krüger was elected President, and the Boers lived peacefully and contentedly in their nation until the growing wealth of the gold and diamond fields made the English eager for possessions and advantages which have been denied them in the Transvaal, and they overstepped the proscribed bounds again, with the result of grave complications. The Boers, as their only means of self-defense, pacifically, against the constantly increasing influx of foreigners,—Uitlanders,—have persistently denied them the right of suffrage. The Uitlanders largely outnumber the Boers now, and if they were granted suffrage would



GROUP OF KAFFIRS.

quickly grasp the reins of government; when, presto! Britain would own the Transvaal, for the British form a large majority of the Uitlanders.

The mineral wealth of South Africa, and particularly the Transvaal, is great and varied; but the value of the ores has been somewhat obscured by the luster of the gold and the brightness of the diamonds. As early as 1854 discoveries of gold in the Transvaal were reported, and ever since that time gold-digging has been a constantly growing industry in the uplands. It has brought cities into existence and transformed desolate plains into fields of feverish activity. On a ridge of hills in the southern part of the Republic, where ten years ago there was nothing but a barren waste of brush, is now situated the city of Johannesburg. For thirty miles along the ridge of hills are the shafts and engines and tall chimneys of gold mines. The town itself presents the appearance of an English manufacturing place, with well-paved streets and substantial buildings of attractive architecture. The marvel of the growth of Johannesburg is made even greater by the fact that every plank and brick and nail and morsel of food was carried up to the desert plateau, a hundred miles or more, on ox-wagons. To-day, however, it has a railroad which connects it, by a ride of forty-nine hours, with Cape Town.



DR. LEANDER S. JAMESON, LEADER OF THE FILIBUSTERS.

The diamond-fields of South Africa are no less valuable than the gold-mines. The country's rich store of precious stones was first brought to public attention by a hunter, who found among a collection of river pebbles in a farm-house a white stone, which he perceived to be a diamond. Two years afterward, in 1859, the farmer who had sold the diamond to the hunter found another, an exceedingly fine one, which he sold for ten thousand pounds, or fifty thousand dollars. It was christened "The Star of South Africa," and came into the possession of the Countess of Dudley, who is said to have paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for it. The news of the finding of these valuable stones spread rapidly, and diggers flocked to the region, directing their search first to the banks of the Vaal River, where the first diamonds had been found, and working their way northward along the river's course. Their labors were fairly well rewarded; but two years afterward diamonds were found on two farms in the fork of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, and here, within a radius of three and a half miles, nine-tenths of all the diamonds of South Africa have been obtained.



A KAFFIR WOMAN

These are "dry" diggings, as distinguished from the wet river-bank excavations, and have come to be known collectively as Kimberley. The diamond-mines of Kimberley are sunk in the craters and pipes of extinct volcanoes, and the stones are found in a blue mud which fills these craters.

The methods of diamond-mining are interesting. The first step is to raise the "blue ground" to the surface. When this is accomplished by hoisting, the earth is dumped into "surface" boxes and hauled away to the "floors" for



MAIN STREET IN PRETORIA.

pulverization. This second process is effected by exposing the blue ground to the action of the air and rain for a period of from three to six months. The elements are assisted by men with picks and harrows, who break up the lumps of earth. The next step is the "washing." The blue ground is first put through a sort of sifting process, and that which passes through the perforations in the machine is put into the washing-pans, which are about fourteen feet in diameter. The light earth is shaken out of this, and the solid deposit which remains contains the diamonds. In very brief outline this is the general process. It is quite complicated in reality, and the ground is sifted and washed several times so that there can be no chance of any of the precious stones escaping notice. The greatest precautions are taken to prevent employés in the diamond-mines from appropriating stones; the native workers are virtually prisoners during their term of service. Perhaps the largest and most valuable diamond in

the world was found in South Africa in 1893. It came from a mine in the Orange Free State, and weighs nine hundred and sixty-nine carats, with a measurement across the axis of three inches. It has a blue-white color, and is of fine quality.

The town of Kimberley suggests nothing of its wealth and fame. It is a straggling, irregular collection of unpretentious dwellings, the same, indeed, that were erected at the outset of the diamond excitement, when the people thought that Kimberley, like most mining communities, would die, as it grew, in a night, and that the most temporary buildings would be sufficient. But the town has remained, and its diamond-bearing resources are now known to be practically inexhaustible. The mines, however, do not constitute an El Dorado for the casual fortune-hunter. Riches cannot be picked up from the ground. It takes much capital and labor to obtain the stones, and where a few investors have made fortunes many have failed.

The gold and diamond mines have had a large influence in bringing South Africa to its present stage of development, but the country has other wealth. In addition to the richness of the mineral deposits in general, there is fine agricultural land in the interior, which can be converted into vast fields of grain and tracts of grazing ground. The difficulty in the past has been that great

swamps lie between this productive country and the markets on the seacoast. Adequate transportation has been lacking. This, however, is being rapidly supplied by railroads, constructed chiefly through the instrumentality of Cecil Rhodes, who, however he might have erred in his attitude toward the Boers and the Transvaal, is an exceedingly able man, and as premier of Cape Colony did much to develop the splendid resources of South Africa.

The future prospects of the country are very bright. The climate is dry and most healthful. The European population, excepting the Boers, is progressive. Even the natives, the Kaffirs, and other tribes are unusually high types of Africans. They have waged relentless and ferocious warfare upon the Europeans in the past, but are now peaceful, and are profiting by the influences of civilization. They are intelligent, fairly trustworthy, and make an excellent laboring and serving class.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

ANSWERED.

WHAT dost thou hide from me, mysterious year?
Thou unwrought marble, is it hope or fear
Whose outline, in thy secret heart concealed,
Will be by Time's deft chiseling revealed?
My spirit trembles,—still I long to know
The form thou shadowest, of weal or woe

What wilt thou make of me, O man? Thy hand,
Not Time's, uplifts the graving tool! I stand
The lasting monument of ill, or well,
Of hope's high heaven, or despair's deep hell,
As thine unfettered will shall model me!
The form thou fashionest I wear for thee!

CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.



AMONG all the scraps of romance which I have in my life of wandering collected, I find, as I look back, that the one which includes Tatters is by all odds the most satisfactory, not only in its dramatic correctness, but also in its results; though, to tell the truth, it has always been a question with me as to whether Tatters or Teddy Archibald has the better right to the rôle of hero in the little drama which for months so agreeably diverted me.

But as my acquaintance with Teddy somewhat antedates my introduction to Tatters, I have accepted that arrangement and have endeavored to mete out an even-handed justice in my very inadequate attempts to describe two of the most delightful creatures I have ever known.

When I first met Tatters's owner on the sea-wall at St. Augustine, I saw only a long, lazy, picturesque boy of twenty four or five, whose air of semi-invalidism did not in the least distinguish him from the hundreds of other invalids who sadden the Floridian sunshine with the shadows of coming death. But after running across him a half-dozen times in the course of a couple of days, I discovered that he was one of the handsomest men that I had ever seen, and that, furthermore, he was terribly ill; and then, as if to emphasize this fact, what should Master Teddy do but take it upon himself to faint away within twenty yards of where I sat in the little phaeton which, with its accompanying pony, is the one luxury from which I never separate myself. He came to his senses with creditable rapidity, and Mr. Stanfield, with whom I was indulging in a safe, middle aged flirtation, gave up, at my suggestion, his seat at my side, to allow some ready hands among the little crowd which had collected to deposit handsome, helpless Teddy in the midst of my numerous cushions.

He was quite conscious by this time, and gave me an address to which, after some cogitation and several wrong turnings, I at length found my way. A shabby little place it was, picturesque among its orange-trees and roses, but no suggestion of even that poor comfort which is all that the average St. Augustine boarding-house at its best affords. The ever-present darkey who emerged from the broken gate to hold my pony's head volunteered no other assistance, confining himself to the somewhat superfluous announcement, "Mist' Archibal' mighty sick, sho' 'nuff;" and poor Teddy was deathly white once more before we reached the open door of what my accustomed eye recognized as a very much out-at-elbows studio,—a bare little room, with nothing to recommend it but a good light and plenty of ventilation, while the disorder was that of similar artistic work-shops, except that, even at the first glance, there were painful signs of poverty and physical weakness.

Teddy dropped helplessly into the only decent chair to be seen, while I, interspersing occasional words of apology, poked about in holes and corners for something in the nature of a restorative. But by the time I had begun to suspect the uselessness of my search Teddy gasped out:

"I'm afraid you won't find anything, and really there is

no need to take all that trouble. I'm coming out of it all right, you know."

But this case was one in which looks were considerably more impressive than words; and I was at my wits' ends to know what to do with the poor boy, when, at the open door, appeared Mr. Stanfield, who, from that moment, became unmistakably an instrument in the hands of Providence.

"The doctor is the man wanted here, I think, Miss Leigh," he said, and turning to Teddy, "Shall I bring Foster or Smith?"

Apparently Teddy had no preference, for he only shook his head, with the ghost of a smile and a long, hard breath, which sent Mr. Stanfield off like a shot,—if one may be permitted to use such a comparison in connection with an elderly gentleman noted, as a rule, for his repose of manner.

Luckily the interval was not long between his departure and the moment of relief when the doctor's gray head appeared at the door. A half-dozen professional questions were asked and answered, and then something administered from the doctor's pocket-case which brought back the faint color and gave a little strength to the tired voice.

"How long have you been here? 'Three weeks,' eh? Seen no doctor? That's bad; ought to have somebody looking after you. All alone, too? H'm, this won't do at all."

The trained eye had taken in all the surroundings, and Dr. Foster made no excuse as he drew Mr. Stanfield out of sight of the patient, whose disquietude was only too evident. In the midst of the excitement I had until then only vaguely noticed the sober face of a small terrier, who throughout the whole scene had kept beside his master; but I suddenly remembered the little dog as Teddy's faithful attendant whenever I had met him, and thankfully seized upon this as a pretext for a somewhat one-sided conversation, the object of which was, if possible, to divert the sick man's attention from the interview going on outside.

"What a dear little fellow he is," I said. "See, he seems quite puzzled; he doesn't understand this invasion. You must tell me his name, for I see he will never condescend to begin an acquaintance without a proper introduction."

As I learned before long, I could not have struck a happier vein; and my affection for Tatters dates from that moment. So well-conducted a dog I have never seen, and the few words which his master was able to give him by way of explanation put our intercourse at once upon a friendly basis. Tatters accepted my interest in his master as sufficient excuse for my uninvited presence, and before Mr. Stanfield returned the three of us, Teddy, Tatters, and I, were quite at ease, and indeed fairly launched in the friendship which has lasted ever since. The quiet, business-like manner with which Mr. Stanfield told us the doctor's verdict was admirably adapted to the situation, and the boy was really too ill to do anything but passively submit to the arrangements made, as a matter of course, by the elder man.

Briefly, the doctor's directions, positively given and carried out by equally positive hands, put the invalid to bed for several days, at the end of which time Mr. Stanfield and I, between us, had become possessed of the main facts of his case, and had fallen victims to the charm which will never leave Teddy Archibald so long as one of his yellow hairs is left on his head. It was not a very new story, to be sure, this of Teddy's,—only the loss of friends and fortune, the breaking up of a home and the beginning of a lonely fight; but in his case it had an added element of distress in an accident, a fall from his horse, which, at the outset of his career as a bread-winner, had put him out of the running for months, possibly forever. Only unlimited pluck could have pulled him through to where he stood when we made his acquaintance; and if there be a Providence in the affairs of men it certainly interfered in Teddy's behalf on the day when Mr. Stanfield picked him up and fetched Dr. Foster to tell us that our big, handsome protégé could get well only under certain conditions. Of course, it was the usual formula, "rest, climate, and peace of mind," so often, alas! an unattainable prescription, and so luckily, in the present case, ready to the patient's hand; for Mr. Stanfield, dragged to an idle Floridian winter by his little autocrat of a daughter, was absolutely grateful for the occupation which the care of this heaven-directed invalid afforded him.

From the day upon which Teddy was so summarily put to bed, his affairs fell, without appeal, into the hands of his self-appointed guardian; and after a few struggles the boy yielded, looking at it all with the honest eyes which have never deceived him, nor anybody else. He knew that, in time, he could recover if only he had a fair chance; and he knew that, one day or another, in one way or another, he could pay back, to the warm-hearted friend whom the Fates had sent him, all, and perhaps more than all, he was accepting from him.

Not that it did not cost a struggle; but in the end Mr. Stanfield's determination and Teddy's common sense conquered, and when the latter was once more able to walk I am sure that there was not a more contented pair in all the sunny St. Augustine streets than these two, as they wandered together from one end of the old town to the other. Of course it was a good many weeks before matters had settled themselves on this comfortable basis, and in the meantime, as I often ask myself, "Where was Anne?"

Now Anne Stanfield was by no means the sort of young woman who was likely to obliterate herself, or to submit to any neglect on the part of those upon whom she considered herself to have lawful claims; and "papa's last fad," as she called Teddy, had been, at the earliest possible moment, subjected to her critical inspection.

"A very nice boy, papa," was her verdict. "You can't do better than to amuse yourself with him. So long as you play fair and don't spend more than half your time in his 'studio,' as he pleases to call it, I won't interfere. You might be doing much worse, you know."

Anne had inherited all her father's business talent, and having, by reason of her mother's early death, fallen entirely into his hands, had received a training somewhat peculiar, perhaps, but in its results undeniably successful. All that money could do in the way of governesses and tutors, society and travel, had been hers; but with it all she was quite as much at home in her father's office as in her own drawing-room, and at twenty-two, with her quick wits and cool head, had gained an experience such as comes to most men only after years of alternating success and disaster. She was her father's closest companion, and in most things his chief adviser, and as he grew older had

assumed a pretty air of responsibility in regard to him that gave to the somewhat abrupt candor of her character the softening touch which it needed. So when she had pronounced favorably upon Teddy the last obstacle was removed, and through many weeks of soft, Southern days, the four of us found life very pleasant.

Our plans were made, at least so far as Mr. Stanfield and I were concerned, with reference to what was best for Teddy, and for some time Anne accepted this order of things with a good grace, spending in our society the few idle hours which she permitted herself. We had to suffer occasionally, we two older ones, from her sarcasms on our devotion; and when I spoke of our "*partie carrée*" I made a flagrant omission, for it was usually Tatters who was Anne's companion, and their active feet carried them, well satisfied apparently with each other, for many a mile, while the three of us, of whom she spoke collectively as "the remainder," took life more easily, on the sands or in some quiet rose-garden.

But as spring drew near an indefinable sense of change in our relations to each other began to assert itself, and I could see, as I looked back over the weeks that had grown into months, that two things had happened. First, Teddy was getting well,—he was no longer a passive invalid on our hands, but a young man with the fire of a new life pouring into his veins; while, though I confess that for some time I stupidly failed to connect the facts, Anne was no longer one of us. That is, for days at a time we had no more than glimpses of her bright face, while, when she did honor us with her presence, her tongue was sharper than of old, and Teddy, poor Teddy! was its victim.

But even after my old brains had got thus far on the track, my chief anxiety was still because she had somehow lured Tatters, the loyal Tatters, from his allegiance to Teddy, who evidently felt the desertion as only friendless men can feel such things. It was Anne now whom Tatters obeyed, it was for Anne that his *répertoire* of tricks was drawn upon; his pretty ways and his devotion were all for Anne. Teddy, once again "poor Teddy," was neglected and indeed quite forsaken, and all the years through which he and Tatters had been inseparable were, for that wicked little dog, as though they had not been. Like everybody else who has had similar experiences, I wonder now at my own blindness; but then my only feeling was of pity for Teddy and annoyance with Anne. That the old "Love me, love my dog" theory had been put in practice in this instance did not occur to me, because, in the eyes of all who knew her, Anne Stanfield's fate had been for many years an accepted fact. It went without saying that love and marriage had no allurements for her. She was too sensible and well-balanced for the first, and there was no room in her life for the second.

By nature strong and somewhat self-willed, all the circumstances of her training had favored a positive development which removed her from the sphere of ordinary young ladyhood, while the possession of a good many thousands in her own right, and the prospect of a good many more from her father, made her position, to the average lover, quite unassailable. Why should she marry? we all asked. Who, short of a fairy prince, would dare to suggest it to her? So, as I have said, Anne and Hymen were understood to have nothing to say to each other, and I was perhaps not so stupid as I seemed.

However that may be, the days went steadily by, and the relations of our little party to each other became still more complicated. Anne had dropped almost away from us, while, without apparent cause, Teddy was growing dull and talked gloomily of the outlook, which a short time before had been, in his eyes, so full of promise. At

last, being thoroughly disquieted and not a little vexed, I confronted the boy myself with my perplexity, and flatly asked him what was wrong. But I have found, from various painful experiences, that people who indulge in the luxury of plain-speaking usually get their trouble for their pains, and this occasion proved to be no exception. Teddy, holding his head very high, informed me that I was making mountains out of mole-hills, and, in a general way, sent me to the right-about with no reserve to fall back on; for I knew that Mr. Stanfield could not be counted on in an emergency which I believed to be entirely the result of wounded feelings. I decided that Teddy's pride had been hurt by Anne's demeanor, that his heart was sore from Tatters's defection, and I was forced to the belief that, on the whole, the approaching break-up of our little party might be the best, if not the only, solution of the difficulty.

But, on the very day when I arrived at this philosophic conclusion, vexation got the better of me and I unwittingly precipitated a most unforeseen climax. We were all on the beach together, just at sunset, idly chatting, when Anne rose and, as usual of late, called Tatters to follow her. A queer light came into Teddy's blue eyes, and I heard a new tone in his voice as he said, very quietly:

"Tatters, lie still!"

The dog stood for a moment, a quite pitiful picture of indecision, and then started in response to Anne's little silver whistle, only to be silently caught by Teddy's ready hand, which held him in a grasp that seemed to me unnecessarily heavy. Anne walked on for a few steps, unconscious, and then, missing the little rush with which Tatters always followed her, turned, to see him securely held by his master, whose face, with a curious set look on it, was turned seaward.

Anne stopped short, and for a moment my heart was in my mouth, for the defiance was too open to be mistaken. But scenes were not in her line, and with one look at the rebellious pair she resumed her quick walk and was out of sight in the gathering twilight before her father had missed her. Fortunately Mr. Stanfield had not noticed the brief side-play, and the tremendous sigh with which Teddy gathered himself together and rose from the sand only attracted his attention so far as to make him say that it was high time we three were at home.

As we left Teddy at his gate in the moonlight the boy's face was sadder than I had ever seen it, and when we met Anne at the gate of the hotel it was something more than malice that prompted me to say suddenly:

"Oh, Anne, what if it is all to be of no good, and that boy isn't going to get well after all!"

To my amazement, and at the same time to my enlightenment, Anne turned as white as Teddy, and caught her father's arm as he stood beside her.

"Papa, is he worse? Why does Miss Leigh say that he is not going to get well?"

"No, no, child," said Mr. Stanfield; "Teddy's all right,—sound as a brick. The doctor says he can go North in a week or two. It is Miss Leigh who is used up. She must see the doctor herself, for it isn't like her to be getting nervous about nothing. Come, Anne, you look as if bed would be the best place for you, too, Good-night." And we separated, I to my own thoughts, Mr. Stanfield to the quiet night of an unsuspecting man, and Anne—well, only the next morning told how Anne's night had been spent.

Now if ever father had a daughter upon whose common sense he felt that he could implicitly rely, that father was Mr. Stanfield; and the shock which awaited him at his

next interview with Anne has probably never been realized in its full intensity by anybody but himself. Naturally, I should never have known the details had he not later wickedly divulged them; but as Anne still stoutly maintains that never in her life did she do anything that she was less ashamed of, there is, I suppose, no reason why I should keep the secret.

Just after breakfast on the morning of this eventful day Anne sent for her father to join her in the sitting-room. "On business," the little note said; and as there was nothing unusual in this, Mr. Stanfield was quite unprepared for the very unusual agitation of his daughter's manner.

"Sit down, papa, please; I want to talk with you for a few minutes. In fact, papa, I have a very great favor to ask of you."

Papa's eyes opened, for, to tell the truth, he was not often put in this position; but being a man of few words he said nothing, and after a moment Anne went on with an undeniable shake in her voice.

"Papa, I want you to buy Tatters for me."

"Buy Tatters, Anne? What the deuce have you got into your head, my girl? Why, Teddy would not sell the little brute for a thousand dollars!"

"Offer him two thousand, then, papa," said Anne, trying hard to speak as if it were all a matter of course. "I have plenty of money just now, you know, for I have hardly spent anything this winter. You know, too, that Mr. Archibald is poor and needs the money. If he will sell Tatters to me, he can be quite at ease until he has time to recover and is able once more to help himself. It seems to me a very reasonable arrangement, papa."

But "papa" failed to see the reasonableness of it, and there was some impatience in the tone with which he ejaculated:

"Nonsense, Anne! You forget how these two have been together, how Teddy loves the dog; besides, the boy's not a beggar. Well, I can only say that I don't understand you, Anne."

"Never mind understanding me, dear, only do what I ask. Go and buy Tatters for me, please; you know you can do it if you try." But Anne's laugh was too forced to give much encouragement to her father, and his patience fairly gave way.

"It is a ridiculous errand, Anne, and I will have nothing to do with it. Why! you might as well try to buy Teddy himself."

And then the girl gathered up all her courage and walked straight to where her father stood. She took his two hands in hers, and there were big tears in her eyes, though her voice was clear enough, as she said:

"Papa, dear, don't you see that's just it. I want to buy Tatters and Teddy both. You must help me, papa, for it is all right,—I know he loves me truly, just as you would like him to love me; but, you know, he will never tell me so. He is afraid of the money, and—and—that he isn't going to get well——"

The tears came in earnest now, and her astonished father could only smooth the curly brown hair, and listen for the whispered question:

"Would you be satisfied, papa, with Teddy? He almost belongs to you now, you know."

And somehow, between them, it was settled that papa would be satisfied, and he undertook the somewhat startling commission which he had received with a mixture of amusement and trepidation which made him conscious that, in the interest of all concerned, he must get it over as soon as possible.

An hour later he walked into Teddy's studio, a good

deal graver than was his wont, and with a sort of reserve in his manner which was quickly felt by the young man, who was standing before a sketch, which at his guest's entrance he quickly turned to the wall.

"Good-morning, Archibald; how are you? Packing up already? Why, you're not going till next week, surely?"

Teddy's answer was buried in a big packing-box into which he was attempting to squeeze a last armful of traps, and Mr. Stanfield, whose courage was rapidly making its farewells, took the bull by the horns by picking up Tatters, who was soberly surveying the situation, and asking with as much nonchalance as he could command:

"By the way, Teddy, what are you going to do with this little chap? You can't have him knocking about with you always, you know. Why not turn him over to Anne and me? You know what a fancy the girl has taken to him. I really think she would be glad to buy him from you,—in fact,—you know what girls are,—she said this morning she would be glad to give any price you chose to ask for him. All nonsense, I told her, for I don't suppose you will listen to it,"—somewhat weakly concluded Anne's emissary.

Teddy was white to the lips as he echoed Mr. Stanfield's words:

"Sell Tatters! Doesn't she know me better than that?"

Poor Mr. Stanfield! What a morning that was for him, between those two young things, and what an effort it cost for him to answer Teddy's pale face.

"Come, now, don't be offended, my boy; the girl's heart is set on it, and the money will help you. It would be a fair bargain, you know."

Teddy shook his head and walked to the other end of the room, very rudely turning his back on Mr. Stanfield, who found his task even more unpleasant than he had expected. He waited a moment and then walked up to the young fellow and laid a kind hand upon his shoulder.

"See here, Teddy, be reasonable, now. Anne does not mean to be unkind; in fact—she means"—but here he was obliged to call a halt. Anne's meaning, whatever it might be, must evidently be left for Teddy to find out for himself, and Mr. Stanfield had reached his limit. "I am seriously vexed, Archibald," he continued, in the sternest tones he knew how to use, "and I insist upon it that I will not be made a cat's-paw of any longer. Go up and see Anne and settle it with her yourself."

Teddy shook his head and set his teeth, and I think the aggravated parent may be forgiven for his final argument and the feint of kicking Tatters which accompanied it.

"Confound the little beast! I can't understand what you all see in him. He seems to me pretty much like any other dog. But I give you fair warning, Archibald, the girl will be down herself after him if you don't take him to her. A spoiled child she is, and no mistake."

He did not wait for the result of this last shot, and there were no farewells wasted between him and the implacable young man; but he had the satisfaction, later on in the day, as he was smoking his afternoon cigar on the hotel piazza, of seeing Teddy, with Tatters at his heels, ushered up-stairs to "Miss Stanfield's sitting-room."

I don't believe that Teddy ever looked so handsome in his life as he did that afternoon when the door was opened for him into the soft, scented darkness of Anne's room, where she sat at her writing-table, alone and very still.

"Hard lines this," he said to himself, as the composed little woman rose to meet him; but his blood was up, and I don't doubt it was in his very best manner that he said:

"Your father asked me, Miss Stanfield, to call on you on a matter of business. I am quite at your service, if I can do anything for you."

Anne, also, was no coward, and the abruptness of the attack pleased her well.

"Thank you, Mr. Archibald," she replied; "it was very good of papa to break the ice for me, so that there might be no need of preliminaries. He told you, I suppose, that I should like to buy Tatters? If you would be so kind as to mention a price we might perhaps come to terms, and I am sure you know that Tatters will be no loser by the exchange of owners."

But Teddy was, after all, only just beyond the borders of invalidism, and, as events proved, had overestimated his capacity for endurance. Something in the girl's voice and her dainty feminine surroundings brought back to him, in a quick flash of association, the days when he was neither unloved nor alone, and he dropped on to Anne's big sofa as if a bullet had gone through him. He did not speak for a moment, and then the words came slowly, as if each one cost him something:

"No; Tatters will lose nothing,—indeed, in most people's eyes, he will be the gainer; but have you thought, Miss Stanfield, what I shall lose? Do you know what Tatters, my one friend, has been to me through all these years of sorrow and illness? No; it is impossible, you cannot know,—you to whom life has been so fair and pleasant. I ought not to be angry with you, but can't you understand that I would as soon sell myself?"

And I think it was small shame to Teddy that his head went down on his two big, brown hands, while a suspicious shake of his broad shoulders struck straight to Anne's heart.

Tatters, luxuriously reposing on the cushions beside his master, pricked up his ears. Anne's only answer was a soft whistle and a beckoning hand. In an instant Tatters the faithless, Tatters the wise, was in her arms. She swallowed something in her throat, and then, soundlessly, steadily, crossed the room to the side of the man whom she had so bravely chosen, for whose sake she was risking so much.

"See, Teddy," she whispered, "Tatters has come to me of his own free will; and, oh, Teddy, look! Tatters and I have come to you."

The handsome head was lifted and Teddy looked, to see close beside him the face of the girl whom he loved better than anything on earth, while on his cheek the soft touch of Tatters' little cold nose told its own story.

After this it is understood that the interview was no longer conducted strictly on business principles; but as Mr. and Mrs. Archibald are the happiest couple I know, and Tatters' portrait is one of their most valued possessions, I suppose that Anne's claim that her first investment is her best may be considered proved. Certainly nobody disputes that Teddy Archibald is a lucky man.

F. M. ARMSTRONG.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the woods and fields grow green again in spring,
The earth and flowers are full of life,—new life in everything.
We fall asleep and rest, and wake, and call it daily life,
And sleep at last,—an end of pain, an end of care and strife.

Nothing is lost, for life itself is only a passing thought!
We lose our yesterday, 'tis true, but hold the good it brought.
Nothing is lost, the sweet, sweet songs come to us o'er and o'er,
The same fond faces oft return, and will forever more.

J. W. DONOVAN.

UNFORTUNATE ARMENIA.

A TURBULENT but narrow strip of water is the Strait of Bosphorus. Before the little steamer leaves her wharf at Constantinople for the trip across, you can see the slopes of the olive-clad hills on the other side ; and very soon after the paddle-wheels begin to turn they

if you are bound for Persia or India or China you keep straight on toward the heart of Asia. You pass the lake of Van and the scenery of natural grandeur which surrounds it, and to the north you see Mount Ararat with its seventeen thousand feet looming up solemnly and grandly.

You do not forget that it was upon this mountain, according to Biblical history, that the ark of Noah rested after the rains of forty days and forty nights had ceased, nor that it was in this land that Noah and his family dwelt when the waters had subsided and the earth was dry again.

It is strange and interesting to imagine the descendants of Noah in the fine-featured, long-bearded men you pass, but there is some reason for your fancy, because the traditions of the Armenians, who inhabit this region, say that their race is descended from Togarmah, the great-grandson of Japheth, who was a son of the builder of the ark. A handsome people, of strong vitality, are these. If they had been anything else they would have long ago perished as a race, for their national life has been one of the most tragic in the history of nations. Their native land, the country through which you are passing, is the great highway between Asia and Europe. Here it is that the East and the West meet. The religions, customs, and civilization being very different, naturally there has been friction ; the Armenians for

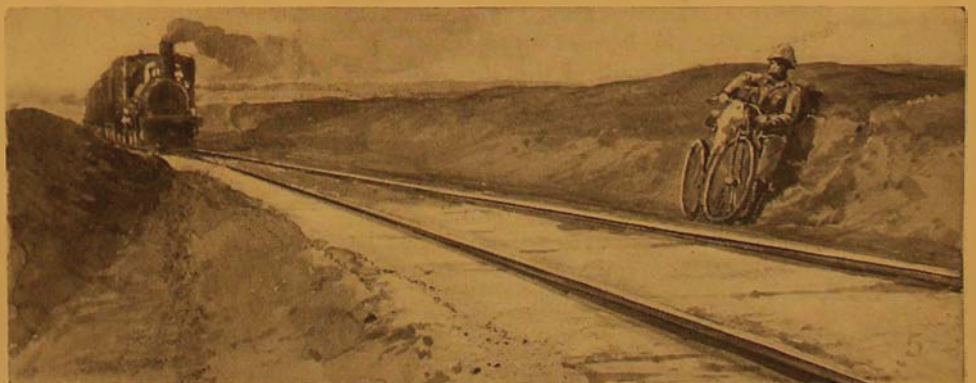


A TURKISH DERVISH AND HIS WIFE INTERVIEWING A RIDER OF A "DEVIL'S CART."

stop again and you are in Scutari. The time has been short, but the step is a great one,—a step out of the West into the East ; Europe is behind you, and the vast territory of Asia stretches out in front. Through a country which combines barren ruggedness and quiet beauty of scenery you journey on. You see verdant valleys with placid lakes nestling in their depths, and bleak plains from which bristling peaks arise, and little houses with the look of great age upon them. You have studied your atlas of the region, and know that you are in Asia Minor ; that to the north the Black Sea lies, and far to the south stretch the waters of the Mediterranean.

If you are going to Arabia or the Holy Land you travel directly southeast to Aleppo, and then turn south ;

three thousand years have felt it and suffered from it. Through their territory have marched many devastating armies and migratory hordes. This was the route for the



THE ONLY RAILROAD IN ASIATIC TURKEY.



A SQUADRON OF TURKISH CAVALRY.



A DETACHMENT OF TURKISH INFANTRY.



From "Black and White"

ARMENIANS AT A CAFÉ IN CONSTANTINOPE.

conquerors Nebuchadnezzar, Xerxes, and Alexander the Great, of the Parthians, the Saracens, and Crusaders, on their errands of war and conquest, and here they fought and plundered. From the third to the seventh centuries of our era the Persians and Romans waged war upon this middle ground.

The Armenians bore the burden as only a strong and brave and patient people could have borne it, but the strain and struggle proved too great at last. They gave way in the eleventh century to the Seljukian Turks, who destroyed their ancient kingdom. Then the race in great numbers migrated from their dwelling-places in the vicinity of Lake Van and the headwaters of the rivers Euphrates, Tigris, and Aras. Some went southwest into the fastnesses of Cilicia, and in the twelfth century founded another kingdom there; others journeyed north-east, and in Russian Transcaucasus their descendants now dwell in peace and prosperity; others settled in Persia; but many clung to their ancient homes, the seat of their kingdom. To the number of a million and a half Armenians still dwell in the shadow of mighty Ararat; and the suffering of these has never ceased. If the snow-clad peaks of Ararat were eyes and the mountain had a voice it could tell the world a tragic and stirring tale of heroism and steadfast clinging to home and faith at the cost of martyrdom. But the world has already heard something of these tales. In every Christian land the massacre of Sassoun, which occurred early in the autumn of 1894, near Mooch, just west of Lake Van, aroused mingled feelings of horror and pity and indignation.

The country is one of surpassing natural beauty; great mountain-peaks rise grandly from the plains, streams of water wind like silver ribbons through the valleys, and

along these streams were forty Armenian villages. The dwellers in them were very peaceful; all their time was spent at the excessive labor necessary to pay the exorbitant taxes levied upon them by the Turkish government, under whose rule they are. They had little skill in warfare; indeed, they were forbidden by the Sultan to carry weapons. They did resent, however, the depredations of the neighboring tribes of Kurds, a wild, nomad people, who, being fanatical followers of Mohammed,



From the "London Graphic."

THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



From the "London Graphic."

ARMENIANS BURYING VICTIMS OF THE TURKISH MASSACRE AT ERZEROU.



A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN ASIATIC TURKEY.



ERZEROU, CAPITAL OF ARMENIA.



From "Illustrated London News."

TYPES OF SOFTAS (MOHAMMEDAN STUDENTS), INSTIGATORS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



MOUNT ARARAT.

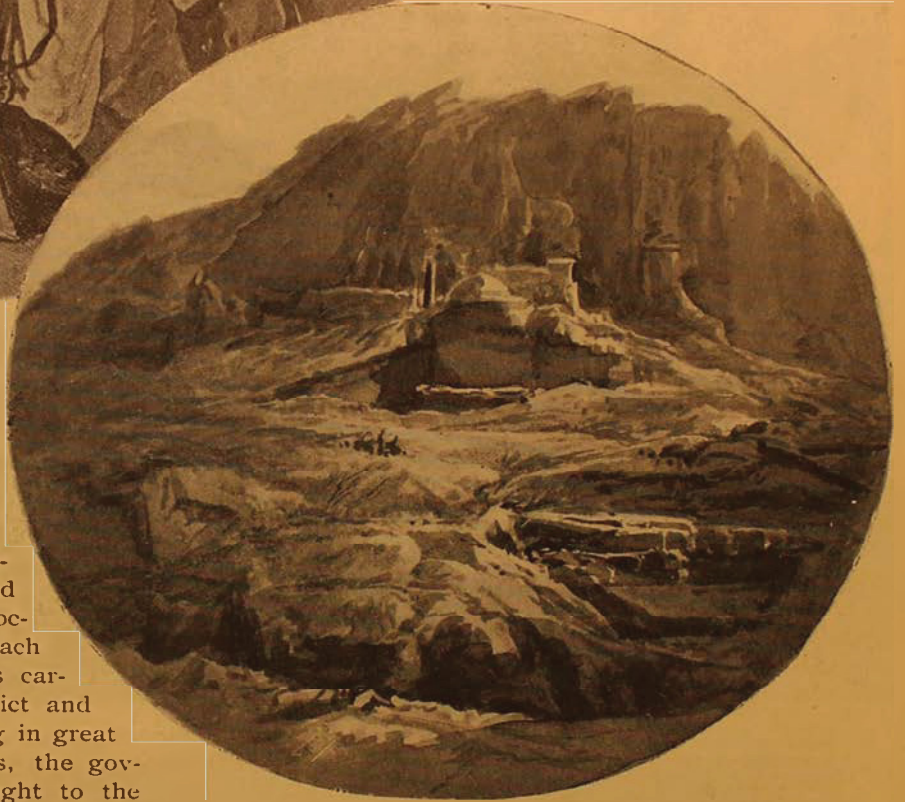


KURDISH MOUNTAINEERS.

hate the Christian Armenians as "infidel dogs." In sheer wantonness, and to provoke conflict, the Kurds are in the habit of plundering and maltreating isolated families of Armenians. Just before the massacre they had carried off several oxen, which were traced by their owners to the Kurdish tents. The demand was made that the oxen be returned; and upon the refusal of the Kurds a scrimmage occurred between them and the villagers. On each side several men were killed, and the Kurds carried their dead to the governor of the district and reported that the Armenians were gathering in great force to rebel. Very willing to believe this, the governor ordered that Turkish soldiers be brought to the scene. They came from all directions, and the Kurds

themselves gathered to the number of twenty thousand. Then the latter fell upon the Armenian villages. They were followed by the soldiery, who hate the Armenians for the causes which have given rise to the animosity of the Kurds, and for days the work of annihilation went on. At the lowest estimate ten thousand men, women, and children were massacred, and every one of the forty villages was destroyed.

Before that time there were many massacres of Armenians by Kurds, and since then they have occurred with growing frequency and barbarity. The soldiers of the Sultan of Turkey, moreover, have assisted the Kurds in their ghastly work. The pretext has been that the Armenians refuse to pay their taxes, and are



A TURKISH STRONGHOLD NEAR MOUNT ARARAT.



TURKISH PLOWMAN.



TURKISH GUARD IN THE LAND OF THE KURDS.

inclined to rebellion; but the truth of the matter is that the taxes are so excessive that many of the people have been reduced to abject poverty by them, and find it impossible to meet the demands of the tax-gatherers. Those pay who can, and there has been no real rebellion. The tax matter is nothing more than a pretext, as is shown by the fact that those who have paid their taxes have been murdered with the rest. The Armenians have been killed because they were Christians, while their conquerors and rulers are Mohammedans of an intense fanaticism. Time and again Armenian victims in the hands of their Mussulman enemies have been offered their lives if they would renounce their own faith and accept Mohammed as their prophet. In almost all cases they have refused, and died heroically.

Great Britain and the Christian powers of Europe have given evidence of their growing dissatisfaction with the administration of affairs in Asiatic Turkey by demanding of the Sultan protection for the Armenians. That potentate has practically confessed that he is unable to control the fanaticism which has led to the Armenian atrocities. The powers are becoming weary of his weakness, and were it not for the fact that there would surely be a quarrel over the division of territory they would lose no time in combining on decisive action, and effecting a disintegration of the Turkish Empire in the interest of humanity and civilization. The Sultan has recently made new promises; but he has been very prolific in the same way in the past, and it is the general opinion that not until the Christian powers take charge of affairs in Turkey, or until the Armenians are exterminated—a dark possibility which has been spoken of—will their sufferings and religious persecution cease.

They have had a long travail. Theirs is the distinction of being one of the first races to accept Christianity, their king Dertad receiving baptism in 276 A. D., which was thirty-seven years before the Roman Emperor Constantine dared even to issue the Edict of Toleration; and theirs, too, is the distinction among the nations of having suffered most for Christianity. With every century their martyr roll has grown, until in this enlightened age the thousands upon thousands of victims have marked the climax. Through the centuries of their trial the church has been their rallying point; even the most ignorant have been deeply impressed with the life of Christ, and in their troubles his example has been their strength.

It is said that the preaching of Gregory, a Parthian noble who was afterward canonized and who has been called the "Illuminator," was the cause of the acceptance of Christianity in Armenia. He baptized the king and queen, and the people on the Euphrates; he consecrated four hundred bishops and an immense number of priests and deacons. The idol temples were destroyed, and churches and convents erected on their sites.

The worship in the Armenian Church is Episcopalian in

its form, and neither the Pope at Rome nor the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople has any authority over it. There are two patriarchal sees: one in Constantinople and one in Jerusalem. The Armenian Church discards the doctrine of purgatory and holds to baptismal regeneration. The priests marry, but after the death of their wives are forbidden to remarry. Matrimony is prohibited to the bishops and all ecclesiastics above the grade of priest.

The introduction of Christianity marked a period of great literary activity in Armenia. A number of philosophers and historians made valuable additions to the national literature. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Armenian writers were very prolific, and in the eighteenth century there were numerous authors of note. In almost all the Armenian towns printing-presses are now to be found, and several newspapers and magazines are published. In literature and in general culture the Armenians are far in advance of the Turks and Kurds. They are, indeed, one of the most intelligent of Eastern people. They are peaceful, generous, and hospitable in character, and would doubtless develop a civilization which would compare favorably with that of Europe and this country if they were freed from the oppression of the Turks and Kurds. Their great source of weakness in fighting their own battles and protecting themselves in the past has been an exaggerated sense of individuality, which has prevented the unity and combined action necessary to their welfare in their peculiar geographical position.

The chief town in Turkish Armenia is Erzeroum, which is an important strategical point on the Turko-Russian frontier and the principal trading-post on the main route from Persia to the Black Sea. It is situated in a wide valley, with high mountain peaks around it, among which is Ararat. The streets are narrow, irregular, badly paved, and infested with dogs. The small houses with flat or dome-shaped roofs are made of a dark, volcanic stone, and present a particularly dull and somber appearance. There are a considerable number of mosques and Christian churches and public baths, none of which have the slightest architectural pretensions except the Armenian cathedral and another striking edifice of ancient origin. A certain picturesqueness is given to the general view by a large number of circular towers which are supposed to be the tombs of holy men. Erzeroum has long maintained an extensive trade, but a large proportion of the townspeople, the whole number of whom is estimated at about sixty thousand, are owners of sheep and cattle, which they send daily to the mountains in charge of a common herdsman. One of the sights, which is remarkable to a stranger, is this great herd, which, as it passes through the town in the morning grows larger and larger by the addition of cattle that, with great regularity, leave their stalls to join it. The weather in Erzeroum is very severe, the snow remaining on the ground for six months of the year.

J. W. HERBERT.

THE EAST WIND.

The world is out of sorts to-night,
 There's gloom and grumbling everywhere;
 No skill can make the fireside bright;
 In vain we pile the logs with care.
 For from the sea the east wind moans,
 Ill-omened, hated as of old,
 With chills and aches for weary bones,
 With sleet and blight for field and fold.

About the clattering eaves it whines,
 Through every chink it fiercely shrills;
 And he who reads aright the signs
 With kindly hand each manger fills.
 Now drives the storm; and void of hope
 We scold and shiver and complain,
 And all prepare to sit and mope
 Through three long days of dreary rain.

P. MCARTHUR.

IS DIVORCE TOO EASY?

MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, MISS STANLEYETTA TITUS, MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AND MRS. A. M. PALMER GIVE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE THEIR VIEWS UPON AN URGENT SOCIAL QUESTION.

ONLY ONE CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.

MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, WIFE OF THE EMINENT NEW YORK CLERGYMAN AND REFORMER, BELIEVES THAT DIVORCE IS A GROWING EVIL.

THE sacred bonds of marriage are now so easily thrown off that the sanctity of the most vital relationship in life is lost. Let the laws on the subject of divorce be stringent. Those in this State are none too severe. I think that only the crime of adultery is sufficient cause for the total disruption of the home and marriage ties. The growth of the divorce evil is threatening the integrity and happiness of our homes, and through them is threatening the State and the morality of the people. In the early, sturdy days of Rome divorces were almost unknown; in the last days of the empire, in the days of Rome's decadence, when all of her old strength and virtue were gone, and she was tottering in her place as ruler of the world, divorce was very easy and very prevalent.

One of the most important considerations in the question is the children. They cling to both father and mother; their hearts are rent asunder when their parents separate. It is unnatural, and the children suffer with a keenness which their elders can hardly appreciate. It casts a blight upon their young lives which is never forgotten and which never wholly disappears. A man and woman who have agreed to live together in the married state owe to themselves, their children, and society, the great duty of forbearance and patience and reasonableness in their relationship with one another. If this duty be fulfilled there will be little desire for divorce; and the difference in the lives of those who fail in the duty and those

who do not fail will be the difference between happiness and misery.

THE LEGAL VIEW.

MISS TITUS, NEW YORK'S FIRST WOMAN LAWYER, DISCUSSES THE DIVORCE LAWS AND THEIR LACK OF UNIFORMITY IN THE VARIOUS STATES.

IN every State in the Union, with the exception of South Carolina, divorces may be obtained for various causes. In some of the States these causes are very few, as, for example, in New York, where only the breaking of the seventh commandment is ground for an absolute divorce. In many of the other States it is a comparatively easy matter to obtain a divorce; and it is interesting to note that these States are chiefly those of the North. In Maine the divorce laws are very liberal; and this same liberality or laxity is found in most of the States along the line of northern migration westward. This fact is seen in North and South Dakota, where the comprehensive and ambiguous term "general neglect" is a good ground for divorce; and in Utah, failure on the part of the husband and wife "to live together amicably" is sufficient.

I think, as do most students of social problems, that the divorce laws in these States are too loose. Marriage is at the foundation of our social life, and it must have stability

for the best interests of society. The welfare of the children, particularly, demands that the relations and obligations of matrimony shall not be thrown off at will. And yet as the divorce laws now stand, people whose financial resources are not greatly limited, no matter what State they live in, may take advantage of the most lax law of all. The person seeking the divorce need only to remove to a State where the marriage bonds are easily abrogated, and live there for a brief time, the shortest period being the ninety days which are required in South Dakota. Then the divorce is obtained and is good everywhere, as the courts of one State recognize the decrees granted by the courts of another State. To obviate this objectionable feature of the divorce laws they should be uniform in all the States, and somewhat less severe, I think, than in New York, but certainly more strict than those in Maine, South Dakota, and some other States.

"TILL DEATH DO US PART."

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD'S DECIDED OPINION.

I AM very much opposed to divorce. In my opinion the marriage vows should be irrevocable. At the altar two people take each other "for better or for worse"; if it turns out to be for "worse," I think that they should make the best of it; if they know when they make the vows that they cannot be revoked it would not be for "worse" as often as it is. Marriage, the most important and vital of all human institutions, is regarded too carelessly and flippantly. It was different in my young days. Divorces were ten times more difficult to obtain then than now, and they have increased a hundred fold, it seems to me. This condition makes me think that society is degenerating.

DIVORCE A LAST RESORT.

MRS. A. M. PALMER, PRESIDENT OF THE PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S LEAGUE, BELIEVES THAT ONLY IN EXTREME CASES IS DIVORCE JUSTIFIED.

MARRIAGE is the most important and serious relationship in life, and therefore it should not be treated lightly. The ease with which divorces are now obtained has resulted in a tendency to regard the matrimonial bonds flippantly and semi-comically. The wrong of this is obvious. If the contract of marriage were almost irrevocable it would not be assumed without the greatest caution and consideration, and the causes and need for divorce would therefore be decreased. I believe that there should be other grounds besides adultery, but they should be few; if there are children, and if a divorce would be detrimental to their welfare, it would be the part of true womanhood to endure and suffer much before seeking the relief of the divorce courts.



SOCIETY FADS.

LENT is the season recognized by society as set apart for rest and repentance, but not necessarily for entire abstinence from recreation. Now there are many ways of passing this season, and if you are a little run down, needing a change, in short, you will sail away to Nassau and take a series of warm salt baths. If you must stay at home and yet must be amused, you will join one of the clubs that study ecclesiastical embroidery, or ally yourself with a lady orchestra. These are both considered very *chic* and improving organizations. The students of church needlework meet twice a week in circles of seven to study somebody's collection of ancient copes, chasubles, stoles, and maniples. They listen to a talk on the wonders of medieval needlework, are initiated into the mysteries of couching, gothic stitch, and *opus plumarium*, and all the while are lending their individual talents and needles to the completion of a splendid set of book-markers, altar-scarfs, or alms-bags, with which to delight the rector at Easter. But if you are not particularly gifted with your needle, and music is one of your weaknesses, the orchestra club will prove a delight. It must be admitted that nearly every young woman wants to play the great bass-viol or the equally melodious 'cello, because these two instruments have, for no apparent reason, become fashionable; nevertheless there are many orchestras of mandolins, banjos, and violin quintets, and a corps of smart women meet mornings before luncheon and learn to play Japanese music. They have had a complete set of instruments and a professional leader out from Japan, and are studying to give a Japanese concert, both vocal and instrumental, for the sake of sweet charity, in Easter week.

EVERYBODY supposed she would, but no one looked for her so promptly to set a fashion. However, as she is the Duchess of Marlborough, her example was sure to find many and ready imitators. It happened when she was in Rome, and the idea was all her own,—to have her piquant, rather celestial little features cut in pure Parian marble. So she went to a famous sculptor, gave him sittings, and to Blenheim Castle will presently be shipped a bust of the girlish duchess, to be mounted on a column of polished rosy marble in the great green drawing-room. News of the duchess' doings quickly reached this side of the water, and an eminent master of the chisel stared in astonishment when no less than five very elegant dames found their way, one morning, into his dusty studio, and after eyeing his blue working-blouse and clay-caked hands through their *lorgnons* ordered their portraits done in marble. They made no murmur at the big price he put on his talents, but some of them decided to be done in bronze, the brown bronze, in place of the chilling white stone. It takes only a few sittings for the sculptor to catch the pose he wishes, then the subject is photographed; the master of clay takes his other studies from that. When chipped in marble or cast in bronze the bust must next be suitably mounted; and the women who so far have had home their stone or metal likenesses mount them on richly carved columns, placed in the drawing-room before a length of rich dark tapestry or a curtain of deeply colored velvet.

WE have been hearing a great deal of jewel robberies lately. Last year four famously big hauls were made from splendidly provided caskets, the value of the jewels

stolen being estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Of course, it's not surprising that these accidents have alarmed and excited the owners of big fortunes in gems. Many of them have followed the example of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who hide their diamonds. No servant in either of these households has any notion where the precious stones are secreted. An hour before making her evening toilet Mrs. Vanderbilt produces the ornaments she proposes to wear, and when they are unfastened from her throat, arms, and bodice they seem to vanish utterly. Since the great robberies many wealthy women wear their more valuable gems only on special occasions, and then a messenger from a safe deposit company brings the articles to be used a few moments before the lady is to assume them, and though it may be at three o'clock in the morning when milady returns, the messenger is on hand to carry the valuable stones back into the almost impregnable bank vaults. Since the jewel robberies women have ceased having their photographs taken, as has lately become the fashion, decked in all their flashing treasures; and unsophisticated folk, who sweep the parterre and grand tier of opera-boxes with their glasses, to take in the glitter of diamonds and gleam of pearls, may be careful how they express admiration over even the most gorgeous display, for much now seen is but a delusion and a mockery. Women who can afford it have invested in complete sets of paste diamonds and Parisian pearls, and wear them to the public functions. In private, only, the true jewels appear; and so the woman whose fingers even are guiltless of jeweled rings may congratulate herself that rich men's wives suffer from some anxieties she does not know.

THESE are some of the tiny odds and ends of the mode, noticed by a keen-eyed damsel who takes a thoroughly feminine interest in man as a friend and a brother. She has observed that the perfectly up-to-date young gentleman is wearing a low-cut nankeen waistcoat in place of a white or dark one. The nankeen is fine and soft and a pale lemon-color. It is now the fashion to lift off the hat completely when bowing to a woman, on the street or anywhere else, and bring it down low enough to look into it before replacing it where it belongs. The approved masculine perfume just now is English lavender; the afternoon button-hole bouquet is of rosy Scotch heather, and at night it is white hyacinths or lilies of the valley.

CONCERNING her own sex, this little society detective has learned that the jewel of the hour is the topaz or Scotch cairngorm. The big, winking, yellow stone is embellished with a gray setting and worn as a brooch, or set in a big, round belt-buckle with a silver frame. The most extravagant fancy of wealthy housekeepers is for table lace. Most gorgeous pieces of old Venetian point, Duchesse, and Malines, are bought up to be inserted into rarely fine linen doileys, scarfs, or table-cloths. No hostess scruples to boast of the value of the lace displayed on her table for a single dinner; 'tis proper to examine and remark on the beauty of the lace-fretted cloth, to exclaim over your finger-bowl napkin, and in turn try to collect napery even more expensive than your neighbors, not scrupling to pay five dollars an inch for the lace on your tea-tray cloth, and attempting always to get historical old laces for this purpose.

MADAME LA MODE.

OUR GIRLS



CLEVER YOUNG WOMEN SCULPTORS AND MODELERS.

“THERE is a grand future open to a distinctly American School of Art.” In making this statement at a recent lecture in Chicago, Mr. Lorad Taft, the prominent sculptor of the West, has undoubtedly voiced the new art sentiment of the country. The closing

paragraphs of the same lecture are also worth quoting as embodying the desire of the younger generation of artists for a national impulse in American art:

“It is not Italian art that we want now,” he said; “its day is past with the vigor of the people and the Catholic fervor that inspired it. Nor is it German art that we want, with its heavy and classic folds of drapery; yet we would do well to emulate its purity and loftiness of aim. We do not want French art, with its lewdness and license,—we are not a nation of libertines; but we do need its perfection of technique, its wonderful drawing, its intense realism that takes one out-of-doors when he paints a landscape and keeps him there until it is finished. We can have no characteristic American art until we have that same fidelity to nature. Why! if our prairies could only be painted as they really are, what wonder and admiration they would excite! European landscapists would come in throngs to share our privileges as they now go to paint the vast stretches of the Sahara.”

This statement of Mr. Taft's should not for an instant be confounded with the old, provincial, “America's-good-enough-for-me” feeling. It is only the awakening of that desire which comes, sooner or later, to every nation to express its own individuality in its national art. It is one of the growths of civilization that come just so sure as there is soil enough to support it.

Mr. Taft has done much to push forward this growth and development of art in the West, especially among women. When called upon by the managers of the Horticultural Building at the Columbian Exposition to take charge of the art work, Mr. Taft did not at once send East for a corps of assistants, but asked permission to employ the most talented young ladies in his class at the Art Institute. This suggestion was first received with scorn; but when Mr. Taft insisted, he was finally told by the commit-



THE “SUMMER GIRL,” STATUETTE BY MISS POTTER.



MISS JANET SCUDDER.

tee that he might bring "rabbits" to work if he would only begin. Mr. Taft now mentions with pride that some of the "rabbits" have an international reputation

It is almost needless to say that these pupils, without exception, belong to what their master calls the "New American School" of art. Their work is distinctly original broad, and full of animation, showing a national as



BUST OF PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, BY MISS POTTER.

well as a personal individuality." The freedom of the great West is there. The breath of the prairies, the almost appalling newness of a vast, unplowed land, and the strength of an unconquered people are quickly "felt" in the sweep and vigor of the unique line of work done by these young women.

Miss Bessie Onahotema Potter, whose work in Mr. Taft's class was so markedly original as to bring her fame while yet in her teens, is a St. Louis girl, young, enthusi-

astic, with the light-hearted cordiality of a happy child. She is a wee mite of woman, with great, dark eyes and an expression of rare sweetness and strength. Miss Potter is an artist by instinct, affection, and training. Her art impulse is essentially modern and realistic. Indeed, her ability to see the artistic possibilities in modern life is undoubtedly one phase of her genius, and it is this characteristic that has so individualized her work and brought her such immediate recognition in the art world.

When the fashionable young women of Chicago come to Miss Potter's studio to be "done" in one of her portrait statuettes, she does not insist upon their donning Greek or Empire gowns, or suggest a Gainsborough hat or lace drapery. She accepts her sitters as they come, dressed by

Worth, Doucet, or a Chicago modiste, finding, as she expresses it, "'lines' and grace enough in the Nineteenth Century maiden and her gowns to satisfy her in the interpretation of art."

One of the peculiarities of the dainty statuettes, for

PORTRAIT BUST OF A CHILD,
BY MISS POTTER.

MISS CARRIE BROOKS.

which Miss Potter is already famous, is the lifelike touch given by tinting the clay after the statuette is completed. She uses her color sparingly, "sketching it in," as she would say. Sometimes it is only employed to deepen the

shadows, while occasionally she will introduce a dashing bit of color in a bunch of roses or in a modern gown, that is realistic in the extreme.

The statuette of the "Summer Girl," which was modeled from a well-known Chicago belle, is probably the most strikingly modern of any of the exquisite plaster ladies of Miss Potter's creation. The very pose, the careless crossing of the well-shaped limbs, the firm outline of the bust and waist, and the fearless, upward movement of the delicate face, are all typical of the "summer girl" of to-day, who "dares all that man may dare," and who is crowding Venus a little to make room for Minerva among her lares and penates.

Miss Potter does not confine herself to this work in miniature; she has done excellent work in life-size busts and bas-reliefs. Her bust of Professor David Swing, completed a year ago, is, perhaps, the most impressive piece of work she has ever modeled. After seeing the bust one does not need to be told that Professor Swing was a great-hearted, big-brained leader of men. Next in interest to this wonderful character study is her half-length portrait



PORTRAIT BUST OF A CHILD,
BY MISS POTTER.

of Julia Marlow. It is an excellent likeness and a clever bit of modeling, but infinitely more, it is a dreamy, poetic embodiment of dramatic art in its highest phase.

Miss Potter's studio is a charming place, at once a workshop, lounging-room, and nest for curios. Fine copies of antique art, modern busts, photographs of famous people; palms, peacock feathers, rich rugs, and comfortable chairs form an interior as luxurious as it is artistic. The favorite visitors to this pleasant room are the baby sitters; for Miss Potter has met with most pronounced

success in the difficult work of portraying the lineless faces and plump expressionless bodies of little children. She has a charming way of chatting with her little sitters until they seem to feel her affection and give her smile for smile. Her success has come to her early in life, and she accepts it as she did the gift of her genius,—gladly and earnestly, but without egotism or a tinge of complacency.

Another one of Mr. Taft's "rabbits" is Miss Julia Bracken, who did the beautiful statue of "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," which was so conspicuous a decoration in the Illinois Building at the Columbian Exposition. Miss Bracken was born in Apple River, Illinois, in 1870; and small towns in Western States cannot, as a rule, be consistently regarded as hotbeds for the development of genius. She was seventeen when she decided that Apple River was not a satisfactory art environment, and decided, without money or influence, to try her luck in Chicago. For six months she attended the Art Institute evenings, and earned her living in the daytime. Just then Providence, in the guise of Mr. Taft, intervened in her behalf. A cigar-box that Miss Bracken had carved with grotesque figures came to this artist's notice. He at once recognized her wonderful ability and took her into his class.

Miss Bracken is small of stature, and her face expresses both refinement and indomitable will. She is modest about her phenomenal success, and cannot tell you in so many trite sentences how she



MISS BESSIE O. POTTER IN HER STUDIO



PORTRAIT BUST OF JULIA MARLOW, BY MISS POTTER.



THE AMERICAN GIRL, BY MISS POTTER.

achieves such wonderful results in clay and marble. Her work comes to her as an inspiration. Miss Bracken is an excellent draftsman, which is a rare accomplishment for a sculptor. Her latest notable work is a fine bust of James W. Scott, which has been placed in the vestibule of the Times-Herald Building in Chicago.

An artist friend in speaking recently of Miss Bracken's work said: "She is so quiet, so reticent about herself and her genius, it is hard to realize that such a young girl has accomplished, by her great gifts and indomitable pluck, more in five years than most artists of average ability do in thirty."

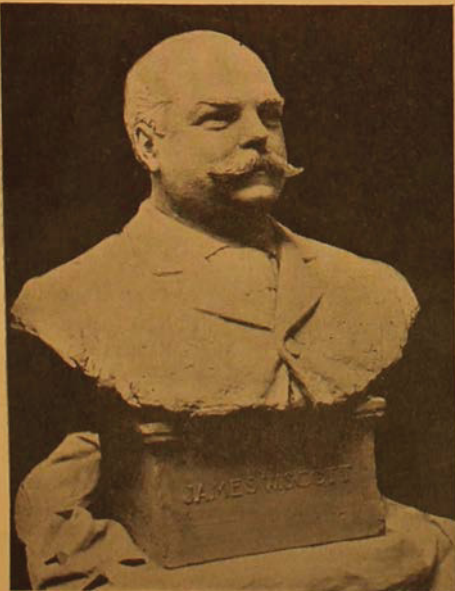


MISS JULIA BRACKEN.

Carrie Brooks, of Chicago, belongs to an artistic family. Her father is the well-known painter A. F. Brooks, and it was his desire that his daughter should carry out the family tradition and use color rather than clay to express her genius. But even when a little tot at school she made use of every handful of clay provided in the modeling class, which was

member of the School Board. The bust was shown Mr. Wight by one of the teachers, who realized that the resemblance was excellent, if not flattering. Mr. Wight at once announced himself as willing to sit to the delighted child for a more elaborate bust, and Miss Brooks still regards this bust as one of her best likenesses.

As soon as her father could be prevailed upon to relinquish his project of having his daughter for a fellow-worker in his studio, she entered Mr. Taft's class and added to her original gift and enthusiasm five years' steady plodding. Her work is remarkable for her facility in handling her material, and for a certain breadth of treatment which atones for an occasional lack of symmetry and of accuracy of proportion. One feels in these shortcomings the impatience of a strong, masterful mind over



LIFE-SIZE BUST, BY MISS BRACKEN.

a fad at the time, to reproduce some familiar object. On one occasion, instead of copying the basket of fruit given as a model for the children, this embryo sculptor set herself the task of shaping a tiny portrait bust of Mr. Charles Wight, a man of marked individuality of features, and a



MISS ZULIME TAFT.

the unessential, rather than the carelessness of ignorance. Her recent striking bust of her father has been pronounced by Miss McDougal, the art critic, as one of the finest busts yet produced in the West. It is not merely a portrait, but a character study of a very clever man by an equally clever woman.

Miss Zulime Taft and Miss Janet Scudder both arrived in Chicago in the fall of 1891, Miss Taft coming from her home in Kansas to study drawing in the atelier of her artist brother, and Miss Scudder from Terre Haute, Indiana, to seek her fortune as an artist in the great Western city. From their first chance meeting in Mr. Taft's art class they have been firm friends. They were Mr. Taft's assistants during the Columbian Exposition, executing his designs sympathetically and conscientiously.

Miss Scudder's "Nymph," which few will fail to recall as one of the most interesting decorations of the Indiana Building, at the Exposition, is a figure of exquisite grace and beauty. It is a delicately wrought, lightly poised reproduction of a beautiful female figure. It seems to tell no story beyond the oft-repeated, ever new one of the indescribable perfection and loveliness of the human form divine. Miss Taft's finest modeling, the work to which her brother alludes with most pride, is the bust of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, which has been put in bronze and exhibited in Chicago.

Together these two friends sailed, over a year ago, for

Paris, where they are still at work; not, if one might paraphrase the old saying, putting old wine into new bottles. Their object is not to copy, but to study; to improve their own methods, not to change them. They still are enthusiastic advocates of the "American School," although they spend whole mornings drawing in the classes of the poet-painter Luc Olivier Merson, and numberless afternoons viewing the "old masters" in the great galleries of the Louvre, and in countless salons. Modern technique they study in the Luxembourg, and at studio teas; and human nature, which they still count as most important, everywhere.

It must not be thought, however, that these young workers regard the art of the past as of minor importance; a characteristic of the true artist is a keen, intellectual appreciation of the genius of other people and times. But recently a new sentiment for art seems to have been awakened in the hearts of American people; they seem to stand at the beginning of a new art development,—a development which shall, as it unfolds, tell the story of the growth and progress of a new nation. The present outlook is that the women sculptors of America will do much to quicken and nourish this sentiment, winning for themselves, at the same time, the renown which is always eventually accorded to the genius that is willing to push ahead and break new ground.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

SANITARIAN

HEALTH BY CORRECT LIVING.

SO important are the results for good or evil of the observance or violation of hygienic laws that a person of delicate constitution, inheriting weak organs, who is careful in the daily habits of life will enjoy better health and much greater immunity from transient ills than another blessed with a strong constitution but either ignorantly or defiantly ignoring the body's demand for proper care. These needs are not great, but they are constant; and everyone who does not satisfy them must pay the penalty in some way.

Good and wholesome food to repair the wastes of the body is, of course, a necessity; but cast-iron rules for its healthful selection cannot be given, because one man's food is another's poison. People in good health and blessed with good digestion can eat, with moderation, almost anything they like, provided they have the good sense to choose things which agree with them, and those which contain the kind of nutriment their bodies require. For example, the strawberry is, for a majority of persons, a most healthful fruit; but there are certain others whom it affects most unfavorably, acting almost like poison, and if fondness for the berry, under these circumstances, leads to repeated indulgence, very unpleasant, even painful, results follow.

Again, people whose occupations take them out-of-doors a great deal and insure a certain amount of regular exercise can safely eat an amount and kind of food that, as a daily diet, those engaged in sedentary pursuits would find it impossible to digest. It is the duty of every adult to learn

enough about the laws of health and the idiosyncrasies of his own body so that he can supply its needs with judgment and discretion. Appetite should be regulated by reason, and everyone has to learn by experience what agrees with him. Dietary rules, except those founded upon general laws, are impossible to formulate.

Tall, thin persons, if they take sufficient exercise to digest it, should eat starchy foods,—plenty of bread and cereals,—sweet fruits, cream, all meats but pork and veal, and drink an abundance of milk and pure water. Fleshy people must avoid all breads and grains, sweet foods, pastries, cakes, etc., cream and milk, and confine their diet to rare beef, well-cooked mutton, poultry, fish, a few green vegetables, and sour fruits, drinking only sufficient water to aid digestion. Lettuce, celery, and water-cress, though possessing little nutriment, have great dietetic and chemical value, and their free use is commended to all. They are specially important in the diet of persons engaged in sedentary occupations, and these should also eat an abundance of fruit. Almost all kinds are of value to them, but oranges, apples, grape fruit, figs, and dates are most important.

There is no one simple regulator of the internal economy more efficacious than hot water, which should be drunk freely a half-hour before breakfast, and again at night, before retiring. It stimulates the alimentary canal and the kidneys to do their work, and performs the necessary office of scavenger for the whole body. Persons especially who do not take sufficient exercise to impel the tissues of

the body to throw off the daily waste will derive great benefit from drinking hot water.

The women of this day and generation could do no greater work for the progress of civilization and improvement of the human race than to establish a propaganda leading to the enlightenment of all women, and especially mothers and heads of households, upon the subjects of physiological chemistry, food values, and the healthful preparation of food. While thoughtful women in large centres, or in intellectual communities where there is an active club-life, have for a number of years given more or less attention to these matters, public sentiment has not been roused to such a point that the dead level of women leading narrow lives, or women in isolated places, have felt its influence.

There are meals set upon farm-house tables within fifty miles of the metropolis, and plenty of others on boarding-house tables in the city itself, that are a disgrace to civilization and a menace to health. Half-cooked, glutinous cereals, sodden potatoes, sticky hot rolls that the moment they enter the stomach become an inelastic, gelatinous mass, almost impervious to the action of the digestive fluids, fried and stewed steaks, and half-raw vegetables have almost no value as nutriment, and at the same time impose an enormous tax upon the digestive organs.

The mother's responsibility for the physical well-being of her family does not stop, however, with the provision of nourishing food. If there are girls in the family, the same care must be given to their physical development that is considered necessary for the boys. There will be no flat-chested women when common sense regulates the daily life of growing girls. There is, fortunately, so widespread an interest in physical culture, nowadays, that few girls have to be urged to take the needed exercise; but judgment and intelligence should direct this so that it be adapted to individual needs. It is also as great a sin to

allow a child to take on too much flesh as it is not to train the body to take it on in the right place; and wise exercise and diet can regulate both evils. The time is fortunately fast approaching when a mother must feel it a disgrace not to know how to do this, and recognize it as of the first importance to acquire the knowledge necessary to secure the physical perfection of her children.

An erect carriage of the body—which does not mean throwing the shoulders back, they should be on a line with the heels—and deep breathing are the first encouragements to chest expansion, accompanied, of course, by the usual arm and shoulder movements which develop the muscles of the upper part of the body. If the simple movements are not followed by gratifying results, wooden dumb-bells and Indian clubs should be used in the rhythmic exercises taught in all gymnasiums and illustrated in many manuals. An admirable exercise for filling out the hollows of the neck, and especially the unsightly hole often seen beneath the chin, was given in the "Sanitarian" in Demorest's for October. If but five minutes, night and morning, be given regularly to that exercise, the improvement in a month's time will be surprising.

Some other simple movements producing admirable results are these: Double up the fists and bring them up to the shoulders, then energize the elbows, bring them forward, and then throw them as far back as possible. After this, extend the elbows horizontally—keeping the arms doubled as before—and move them up and down like a pump-handle. Throw the arms straight forward four times, then sideways, then up above the head. All these movements must be made with energy,—just as if you wanted to hit something,—and with the head erect, chin held in, but not dipped, and shoulders erect. Don't expect startling results if half the mornings of the week you forget to take the exercises.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M. D.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT



RECLAIMING A DESERT.

"A DESERT." That is what she called it when she was brought home, a bride, to the dear, quaint little nest of a Queen Anne cottage. Not the cottage itself, you know, but its parlor. It had been understood that it was to be left unfurnished, that she might adorn and fill it to her own taste; but when she found the woodwork a white eggshell finish, the mantel white marble, of dainty Empire design, but white, and worst! the walls white, she called it "a desert."

She reclined, supine, on a steamer-chair in the middle of the empty room, shuddering, with her eyes shut.

"I can't bear to look at it," she said.

"Why you said you wanted a white-and-gold parlor," remonstrated the brand-new Benedict.

"A white-and-gold parlor,—not a polar scene," returned the sufferer, in a dying voice. "It'll have to be papered at once."

"Can't have it done for six months or a year,—till the

walls have time to settle," with all the authority of a new-fledged householder.

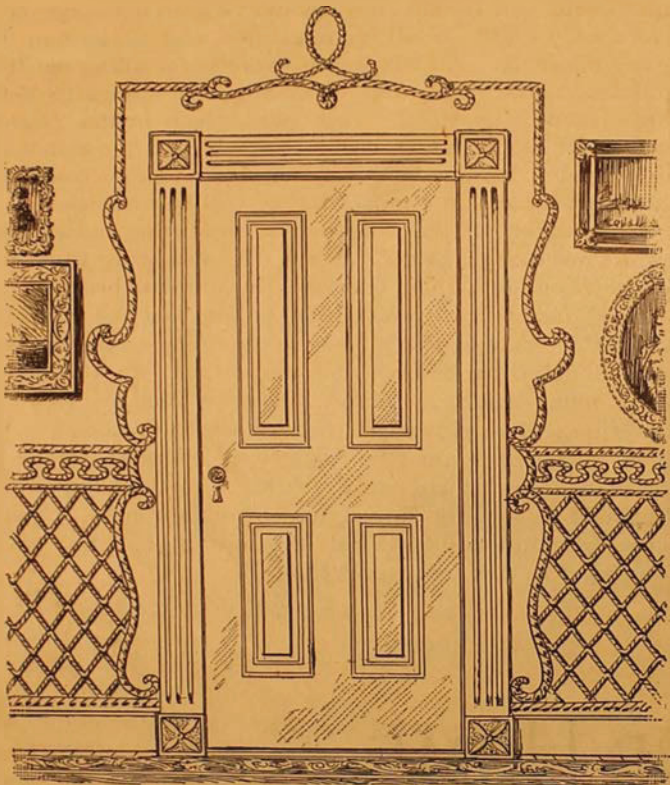
"Six months!" "A year!" with sudden animation. "I shall be in my grave, or in an insane asylum, by that time, from looking at it, besides losing my eyesight from the glare!"

"Wear smoked glasses, like the fellows on Arctic expeditions."

"Never mind," with suddenly opened eyes, "I've got an idea. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. No, I won't; I'll let you wait and see."

He waited, and this is what came of it: For several days she prowled among the dingy stores down on the river front, buying ropes and cords of assorted sizes and the cheapest quality, by the bale, glue by the pound, a quantity of burlap from the bagging factory, and a wholesale package of gold bronzing powder. Then the parlor was locked, and he was never allowed to see inside of it.

She went to work systematically; laid off a frieze of about twenty-four inches, a dado four feet high, and some fancies of her own in the way of irregular panels framing the doors and windows.



FRAMING OF A DOOR.

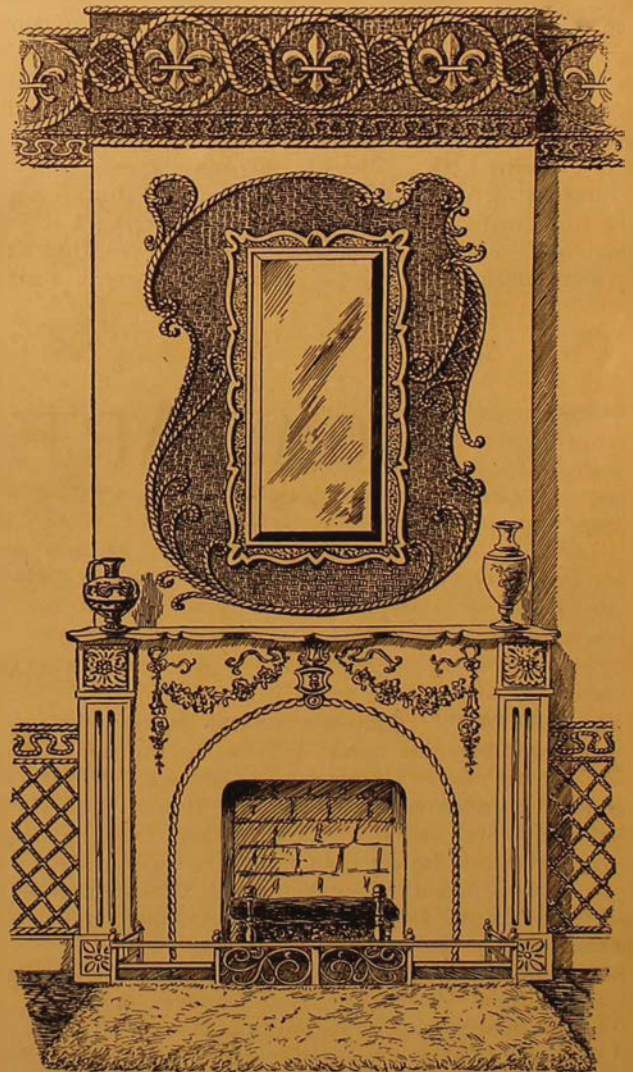
The heaviest rope she had, about an inch in diameter, was tacked, smooth and straight, along the upper line of the dado, wire nails, imbedded in the twist so that their heads did not show, being used to hold it in place. Below it, for she was bent on Empire decorations, and wanted curves, was a smaller rope laid on in a series of loops. The whole surface of the dado was then marked with dots about three or four inches apart, big-headed carpet-tacks were put in place at each dot with the heads about a quarter of an inch from the wall, and a vast quantity of large, soft cord set soaking in a bucket of rather thin glue. This cord was taken, wiped a little to free it from any glue that might drip, and woven deftly over the tacks in a fish-net pattern, and pressed in against the wall with a cloth.

By the time a yard of the pattern was done it would be about half dry, or what the painters and decorators call "tacky," when the fair operator would dip a badger blender into her bronze powder, and dust lightly over it. The natural raw Sienna tint of the cordage formed a good shading color, and the gilding caught most in the high lights, so that when she was done she had a netted tracery of gold cord standing out on her white wall. When the ropes on the upper border were sized and gilded she had so handsome and unique a dado that she proceeded to her more fanciful work with the greater confidence.

The panels were laid out around each door and window in the irregular Empire outlines which have become familiar to us of late, their beautiful curves and arabesques (taken from the framing of pictures in illustrated papers, or the borders of advertisements) were followed with rope or cord, large or small, as their position seemed to call for, all glue-soaked, and all gilded when they were partially dry. During this operation the amateur decorator was "not at home to anybody," being, as she afterward said, "literally too stuck up to speak to anyone."

Her frieze was a twenty-four inch band of burlap, gilded till it looked like a massive cloth of gold before being put in place, framed in twisted ropes and cords woven into a pretty pattern, and put on and gilded as those in the dado. Conventional fleur-de-lys were cut from white paper, gummed on at intervals of a foot, and shaded up with a small sable brush, and some mixed gold paint.

The prettiest bit of decoration in the room was the chimney-piece. She laid out a beautiful panel, with a very elaborate border, above the low shelf of the marble mantel, cut its irregular shape from the gilded burlap, and framed it with the ropes, making some gold, and some, where they came against and framed the gilt panel, white, with mere touches of gilding upon them. This white was put on with white lead thinned with turpentine,



THE MANTEL PANEL.

applied with a small bristle brush, and the gilding dusted on before the paint was dry.

Then she hung her rehabilitated walls with delicate

water-colors and etchings, in white-and-gold or oaken frames, put a few white fur rugs upon the oak floor, purchased and got in place the beautiful white-and-gold spindle-legged cabinets, wicker chairs, and other fittings of which she had been dreaming, and asked the master of the house in to view her handiwork. He was dazzled at the thought of possessing a creature so gifted.

"You called it 'a desert,'" he said, in an awestruck tone.

"It was; but I have reclaimed it."

And the wall was so handsome, and so much admired, that there was no talk of covering it with a paper at the end of six months, nor for many six months thereafter.

KATHARINE WHISTLER.



MODERN HOSPITALITY.

FROM people who have passed middle age and cannot easily adapt themselves to new points of view, it is common to hear a complaint of the decline of hospitality; and so little do we see of the old-fashioned sort, the sort that kept a bed and a plate ready without discrimination for any guest who chose to make use of it, that we are inclined to believe there is some reason for the complaint.

But it does not follow that the true spirit of hospitality, the willingness to receive our friends into our family circle and make them comfortable there, is less prevalent than it used to be. The conditions of life are so changed, the manner of living so much more complicated, and the duties so much more severe and taxing, that it is impossible to continue in the old way (the good old way, I think) that obtained when interests were fewer and simplicity was the rule of life.

There is certainly no kindness or generosity in offering to our friends what we cannot give; and if the obligations of hospitality have any meaning to us, it is much better that we should use some discrimination in assuming them, than that we should make ourselves miserable and our guests uncomfortable in attempts to entertain them when we have neither time nor strength nor means to do it. We have no right to ask people to our houses only to make them feel that they are burdensome.

Since modern life will not admit of the same sort of hospitality that was practiced by our grandmothers, the best we can do is to adjust ourselves to the new condition of things, bearing in mind that the true spirit of hospitality is not satisfied with merely opening our doors to our friends, but must make them heartily welcome and, so far as possible, happy while with us. This is not so hard to do as many hostesses seem to think. It requires, to be sure, some tact and management, the more the better. But true hospitality requires above all else strength of character enough to know how to protect oneself from unwelcome guests, and to know one's capability of entertaining desirable people. It is before the doors are opened that the best judgment is needed, and the lack of it has been the cause of many a troublesome visit.

One is continually hearing of persons who think they have been imposed upon by visitors; and who, in fact,

have been, by the guests coming without a special invitation or by staying too long when they have come. But in almost every such case the hostess has only her own weakness to blame for it, though that weakness is often the result of a tender-heartedness which fears to speak out lest some one's feelings will be hurt.

While no very considerate person will make an unsolicited visit, yet it often happens that under a misapprehension of our situation, and sometimes through lack of thoughtfulness, friends will write proposing to visit us at most inopportune times. Many of us feel under such circumstances that all our plans of work should be sacrificed to receive the visitor, and we accordingly abandon what domestic projects we have in mind, turn ourselves and our households into confusion, and for days and, unhappily, sometimes, weeks, we devote ourselves to the entertaining of our guests under the feeling that we are at least showing proper hospitality, however grudgingly in our hearts we may do it.

It would surely be much fairer toward one's friends and more just to one's own household to say frankly to such visitors that it is not convenient to receive them. Any reasonable person would appreciate such honesty. But even if it should not be quite understood, or liked, it is much less apt to have unpleasant results than an enforced hospitality which, however well meant, is almost sure, sooner or later, to be felt, and would certainly cause a guest more discomfort than a kind refusal in the beginning.

Nor is it necessary in order to avoid an inconvenient visit that one should have reasons which one can put down in black and white and all the world would proclaim good and sufficient. The management of her own household is a woman's private business; and what may be for her all-sufficient reasons for maintaining some seclusion might not seem so excellent to those who do not feel as she does. It may be that she has had guests shortly before and wants solitude; or that she expects to have some duties later on to which she needs to come fresh and alert in mind; or she may have one of several other purely subjective reasons for not wanting a stranger in

(*"Household"* Continued on Page 301.)

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Relations of England and the United States.

President Cleveland's message on the Venezuela boundary line caused grim War to stir in its sleep, but nobody need have much fear that it will awake in the United States. A conflict

between this country and England has not been at any time more than a possibility, and it has recently been made a very remote one by the belligerent spirit which has sprung up between England and Germany over the British invasion of the Boers' territory in South Africa. With the Germans threatening her, and Russia apparently not adverse to aiding in the attempts to harrass and humiliate the British lion, it would be extreme folly on the part of England to go to war with the United States, and she probably appreciates the fact.

Aside from the English-German complication there are grounds for belief that the people of England and this country have reached a point in national development and intelligence where they would hesitate a long time before going to war against one another. If arms were taken up by the two countries vast commercial interests would be sacrificed, a tremendous number of human lives would be lost, and an almost incalculable amount of money would be expended. Beneath their patriotism and martial spirit

both the English and American people have a stratum of strong common sense, and national pride on either side would be sorely hurt before either would be willing to buy the balm for wounded feeling at the enormous cost of a conflict in arms. It is true that immediately after the President's message was issued there was much bellicose talk on both sides of the Atlantic; the eagle screamed and the lion roared. But a marked change has come over the complexion of opinion in the matter. The people of both this country and England are now inclined to make concessions and grant that the other side has some ground for its stand. The prospects are bright for a compromise.

If, however, the recently appointed commission, which is composed of five men of high ability and character, with United States Supreme Court Justice Brewer as chairman, should find that the claims of the British in Venezuela are unjustified, President Cleveland and Secretary of State Olney would probably not recede from their position that there shall be no English encroachments. It is probable that the chief concession would be made by England, who, in addition to her difficulties at home, has, with her great territorial possessions on this continent, much more to lose in a transatlantic war than we have.

The New United States Supreme Court Justice.

One of the interesting things about the elevation to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States of Rufus W. Peckham is the conspicuous example of the workings of heredity it contains. The new Justice inherited his great legal ability from his father, Rufus W. Peckham, who was for years an able jurist in New York State. The early careers of father and son are strikingly parallel. Each began his public life as district attorney of Albany County, and each at an early age was the recipient of the great honor of election to a seat in the New

York Court of Appeals. Here both gained widespread recognition for the brilliancy and judicial character of their legal attainments. The parallel ends, however, in 1873, when Rufus W. Peckham, senior, lost his life in a collision at sea while on a voyage from New York to Havre. His son is distinguished by a particularly forcible, calm, and independent mind, and a personality of great dignity and attractiveness. His massive head of prematurely white hair gives him a particularly venerable appearance. His older brother, Wheeler H. Peckham, is also a lawyer of great ability. President Cleveland named him as Justice of the United States Supreme Court two years ago, but the Senate, chiefly through the machinations of the Senators from New York, refused to confirm the nomination.

A Purchase of St. Thomas.

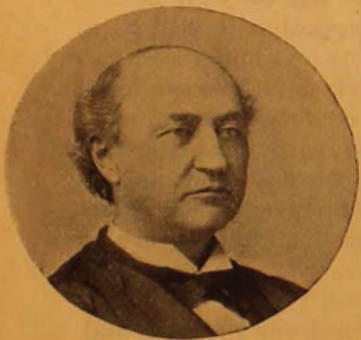
The advantages to the United States of the possession of St. Thomas and the other Danish West India Islands has been brought to public attention by Senator Lodge, who has introduced in the Senate a resolution to purchase these islands from the Danish government. That country is very willing to sell, the administration of affairs in her colony being a great expense to her and bringing no compensating return. There is a widespread opinion in this country that St. Thomas would be very useful to the United States as a coaling and naval station. At present we have no such station in the West Indies, although all the important European countries except Germany have a foothold there. Admiral Porter has expressed his opinion on the subject of possessing the islands, as follows: "St. Thomas lies right in the track of all vessels sailing from Europe, Brazil, the East Indies and the Pacific Ocean, to the West India Islands or the United States. It is the point where all vessels coming from these places stop for supplies when needed. It is the keystone of the arch of the West Indies. It commands them all. It is of more importance to us than to any other nation." The harbor of St. Thomas is spacious and deep, capable of floating the largest naval vessels, and is surrounded by natural barriers which would make it almost impregnable in case of war. In 1865 President Lincoln notified Denmark of this country's desire to purchase the Islands, which are St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz. The Danish government was perfectly willing to sell, and the negotiations were almost completed, when the project was defeated in the United States Senate by insignificant political influences.

Travel at a Hundred Miles an Hour.

Sixty miles an hour seems an excessive rate of speed to the traveler who looks out of the railway car-window and sees the landscape scurrying past him in a mad dance. Yet the National Rapid Transit Company has been formed for the construction of a railroad whose cars are designed to travel at double this speed; and the United States Senate has been petitioned for rights to build the line between New York and Washington. In the bill which has been introduced an average speed of a hundred miles an hour has been guaranteed; to counterbalance stops on the way this guarantee would necessitate an actual running speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Such very rapid transit is believed to be easily possible. Indeed, the General Electric Company of New York has agreed to furnish motors and other electrical apparatus which they warrant will be capable of maintaining a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Such results cannot be attained, however, on railroads of the present style of construction. The system must be that of so-called "bicycle" roads, which have but a single rail for the wheels. The momentum of the cars, which are of a peculiar story-and-a-half design, will be sufficient to hold them in an upright position while they are traveling rapidly; there are, however, side-wheels with pneumatic tires which will touch the track lightly when the train sways and when it is running slowly, as when entering and leaving a station. The track will be elevated



HON. RICHARD OLNEY.



JUSTICE BREWER.

to avoid the great danger at grade crossings which would result from running at so high a rate of speed, and to keep the line on as even a plane as possible. Curves interfere with speed, and for this reason there will be very few or none of them. The motive power will be electricity. The great aim in building the new line will be to avoid friction, the great retarder in locomotion, to the greatest possible extent. To attain this end the single rail and light trains will be used. The rotary motion of the electric motors will, moreover, cause a great gain in speed. This motion is continuous and is said to be capable of attaining twelve times the speed of the reciprocating motions of a steam locomotive's pistons, which come to a dead halt with every stroke and reverse their movement. The proposed plan of rapid transit, which is known as the Broit system, is in the line of recent mechanical development. Present railroad methods are not in keeping with the scientific progress of the times, there being much unnecessary bulk and friction. It is estimated that steam railroads carry a ton of car weight for every passenger. The first line of the new system will probably be an experimental one of thirty miles between Washington and Chesapeake Bay. Another is proposed in the vicinity of Minneapolis.

England's New Poet Laureate.

When Alfred Tennyson died, England was left without a poet laureate, and remained without one until the appointment, at the beginning of this year, of Alfred Austin. It would be a most unnecessary statement to say that the latter is not as great a poet as his predecessor in the honorable office of laureate. Indeed, a comparison is apt to provoke a smile. Even at the

present time there are several poets in England who can sing in loftier and more inspired strains than Austin. There are serious objections to all of them, however; they are either not wholly loyal to British institutions and the present administration of the government, or they have opinions which are not conservative enough for Queen Victoria. There are no such objections against the new poet laureate. He is a Tory of a pronounced type, and his muse never strays far outside the bounds of conventionality. On the other hand, during a career of more than forty years of prolific writing, both in poetry and prose, he has shown, to use the words of his brother poet, William

Watson, "an underlying sentiment and enthusiasm for England's greatness, and for whatsoever is splendid and heroic in her rude island's story." On this account, and because his political views are approved of by the present ministry and the Queen, he has been made the singer of England's glories at the end of the nineteenth century, and has thus been more highly honored by his country than several greater poets.

A Marvel in Photography.

A discovery, which, if authentic, is one of the most remarkable of the century, has been announced by Professor Roentgen, of the Bavarian State University. It is nothing less than a process of photography by which organic substances, such as wood and human flesh, are penetrated by light, and pictures taken of objects which these substances conceal from the eye. According to the reports, some startling results have been obtained from the practical application of the discovery. In one photograph said to have been taken, a charming young lady is pictured seated on a sofa with the arm of a skeleton around her. The camera, it seems, was focused upon her companion, a handsome young man; his clothing and flesh faded into mere shadows, leaving upon the sensitive plate of the camera a clear and detailed outline of his bones. The same experiment was successfully tried on a human hand, and with a leather purse. The skeleton of the hand and the coins inside the purse were seen plainly, it is said. These remarkable pictures are obtained by sensitizing photographic plates with chemicals which are acted upon by radiant heat, which is light that cannot be seen, but which is of intensely penetrative power. Impossible as photography through entirely opaque substances seems, no less a scientific authority than Thomas A. Edison is reported to think that the process is practicable. If this be true,

the possibilities of the discovery can be imagined. If the interior of the human body can be photographed, its mechanism in full operation can be seen. Diseased conditions which can now only be surmised, or discovered by the explorations of the surgeon's knife, will be plain to the physician's eye. Among a multitude of other uses of this wonderful photography, the bottom of the sea could be photographed, and wrecks and breaks in sub-marine cables thus located.

The Troubles of New York Liquor-Dealers.

The path of the saloon-keeper in New York City is not strewn with roses just now. Through the courage and vigor of Police Commissioner Roosevelt he has been forced to keep his doors shut tight and sell no liquor on Sunday, which was his most profitable day; and now, as a further blow to him, comes a decision from the New York Court of Appeals which says that there shall be no dram-shops within two hundred feet of any church or school. There has been a law to this effect on the statute books since 1892; but pending the opinion of the Court of Appeals as to its constitutionality it has not been enforced, and a great many saloons have sprung up within the prohibited limits. These may do business until their licenses expire, and then they will be forced to close their doors. Much money is invested in these places; the decision will mean a loss to the liquor dealers of between three and five million dollars. Another gratifying prospect to people who are opposed to the liquor interests is an era of high license which it is expected the Legislature will inaugurate, and which will result in the closing of a great number of the smaller saloons.

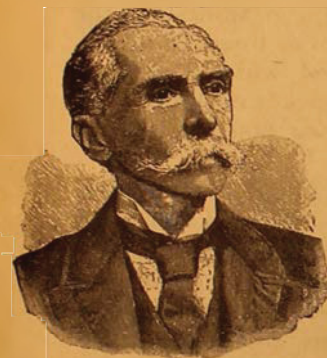
The "Isle of Fire."

One of the greatest natural phenomena in the world is the "island of fire," which is situated in the centre of the plains of Grobogana, in Java. The island, which is about two miles in circumference, is really a lake of boiling mud. From its centre great columns of black slime may be seen rising and falling back again, impelled by some mighty force. Huge bubbles of hot mud, which fill up like balloons, are constantly seen on the surface of the "lake," and they burst with loud detonations. Surrounding the lake is a sea of bright vegetation, which when seen from a distance glows with a subdued lurid color, giving the whole the appearance of smoldering fire.

Carrier Pigeons in War.

Interesting experiments have been recently made at the Naval Academy at Annapolis with a view to ascertaining the usefulness of pigeons in warfare, and it has been proved that these dainty and fragile birds can render valuable service if they are properly trained. Their distinguishing quality, and the one upon which their usefulness to man depends, is a strong domestic spirit. The carrier pigeon loves its home, and wherever it may be it makes every effort to get back to its cote as quickly as possible. As it possesses also a keen sense of locality and remarkable swiftness of flight, it will at a hundred miles or more from its breeding-place dart off toward it when released, and continue the journey until it is cooing once more among its feathered companions in its favorite perching-place. These curious instincts of the homing pigeons have been developed by training and breeding to such an extent that messenger service by them is fairly reliable and very useful when there is no other means of communication. The birds at the Naval Academy have been trained to bear messages between the shore and ships at sea. It is more difficult to establish a carrier-pigeon service of this kind than between two points on the shore, for the reason that the sea is not the bird's natural environment and it does not find its way as easily as upon land, particularly when there are fogs or storms. The fact that the vessel does not remain in one place is another obstacle. It has been found possible, however, to train the pigeon so that it will regard the ship as its home and will follow it. The distance at sea from which the trained birds may be relied upon to find their way back to shore is not definitely known as yet, but it is believed to be not less than four hundred miles.

The use of carrier pigeons in war is not by any means a new idea. Almost every European country has a regular military carrier-pigeon service, maintained by liberal appropriations from the government. During the siege of Paris, in the Franco-German war, pigeons were employed with great success to carry dispatches into and out of the city. A regular service was established, with a post-office. To make the bulk of the messages as small as possible the writing was reduced by photography.



ALFRED AUSTIN.



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

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

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

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

Of course the picture can be awarded to only one person; but all working for the object will receive a generous

commission on all subscriptions sent in, in addition to the regular club commission, so they will be liberally recompensed for the time and labor expended, which should be small, as the Magazine always recommends itself on sight, and this year will be made the very best family magazine in existence.

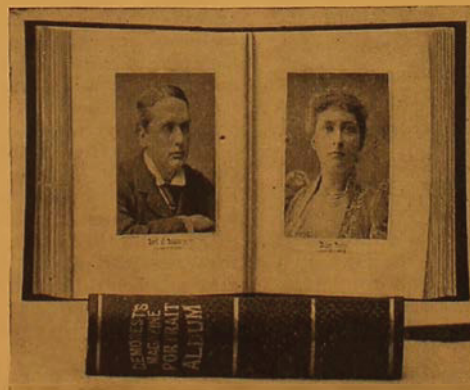
This is an offer in which every one should be interested. To those wishing to compete for the picture we will send, on application, full and detailed information, subscription blanks, etc. Do not lose any time, but begin at once. Our rates for clubs have also been amended, and are decidedly the most liberal given by any magazine. For full information, write to Subscription Department, Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

HAVE you provided yourself with a Demorest Magazine Portrait Album? If not, why not? By neglecting to do so you are missing one of the greatest opportunities of your life, one you will regret more and more as time passes. Filled with the interesting portraits of celebrities of all eras that are published each month in Demorest's Magazine, it will prove a treasure-house of pleasure and profit for yourself and future generations.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing, eight portraits in each number, is literally incalculable. In the first place, each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. It is evident, beyond the need of suggestion, that such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading-matter on the backs,

which can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.



The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits. Send at once for an album, and start your collection.

A list of the portraits that have been published since January, 1895, will be found on page 316, and any or all of these may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazines containing them.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

MME. MARCHESI is able to instruct pupils of seven different nationalities in their native tongues.

MRS. EMMA WALKER HERR, of Lexington, Ky., has been elected enrolling clerk of the Kentucky State Senate.

MISS LOUISA ALDRICH-BLAKE is the first woman to receive the degree of Master of Surgery from London University.

PATTI is a clever billiard-player and has one of the handsomest billiard-rooms in the world at Craig-y-Nos.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has had printed for private distribution some songs which she has composed for the zither.

MRS. STANLEY, wife of the explorer, has not, it is said, a green gown, hat, wrap, or garment in her wardrobe. For some unknown reason Mr. Stanley has a strong dislike or superstitious aversion to that color.

MELBA is never nervous on the stage. She attributes her calmness and repose to her simple diet, and believes that a prolific cause of nervousness among actors and singers is indigestion brought on by irregular and self-indulgent eating.

MISS CONSTANCE GARNETT has made a new translation, directly from the Russian, of Tourgenév's novels, and they are pronounced as near an approach to the elegance and poetry of the original as it is possible to achieve.

MME. PAUL BLOUET, who was Miss Mary Bartlett, of England, is a true "helpmeet" to her husband, adding to the duties of a perfect housewife and charming hostess the post of translator of his works. She it is who makes the admirable and racy translations of his novels which have found so large a circle of readers on this side of the ocean.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD'S example in learning to ride the bicycle bids fair to be imitated by many other women of mature years. The Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, who has left her first youth some distance behind her, is practicing with the wheel, and Madame Hanna Korany, of Syria, has become so far infected with Occidental ideas that she, too, is taking bicycle lessons.

MRS. MCKINLEY, wife of the ex-Governor of Ohio, recalls the fact that during the term of President Hayes she and her husband occupied the White House for ten days by invitation to "keep house" there while the President and his family were absent. She says she had all of the White House she ever cared for, having had "all its pleasures with none of its woes."

MRS. GRANT is said to be happier in her new Washington home, with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her children about her, than she has been since the death of General Grant. She is busily occupied with her household duties and with the preparation of a book of reminiscences on which she has long been at work, and which is likely to see the light of print soon. Her new home is the old Edmunds house, which was occupied by Secretary Olney just before Mrs. Grant purchased it.

MRS. NELLIE MARSHALL SHOWALTER is perhaps the most accomplished woman chess-player in the world. She was born at Donerail, Fayette County, Kentucky, in 1872, and is directly descended from Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court. She was educated in her native State, and in 1887 married Jackson W. Showalter, who taught her to play chess. She has played many brilliant games, and will undoubtedly achieve still higher distinction in this particular field. Mrs. Showalter is a Southern belle, with a petite figure and a most charming manner. She is to take part in the international chess-match by cable, which will be contested in April between the women of England and America.

MISS CLARA BARTON exhibits a remarkable degree of energy in her resolution to lead the Red Cross relief societies personally into Armenia, for she is some years past seventy. Her health is excellent, however, and she considers herself thoroughly equal to the task. Miss Barton lives in Washington, in the old house that Grant used as his headquarters during war times. She was a clerk in the United States patent-office when she was a young girl, and was still in the employ of the government in that capacity when she resigned her position, just after the war broke out, to organize societies of nurses for service on the battlefield.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1896.

Forsaken. Oil Picture.	
Winter Game. Full-Page Gravure.	
An Open Countenance. Full-Page Gravure.	
Two Pages of Portraits.	
The Toiler's Good-Night. Full-Page Gravure.	
United States Cruiser "Minneapolis." Full-Page Gravure.	
The Great Navies of the World. (Illustrated.)	
	<i>Franklin Matthews.</i> 245
A Thankful Soul. Poem. - - -	<i>Frank L. Stanton.</i> 256
When Greek Meets Greek. A Tale of Love and War. XII., XIII., XIV., and XV. (Illustrated.)	<i>Joseph Hatton.</i> 257
The Boers, Their Country and Their Troubles. (Illustrated.)	<i>J. Herbert Welch.</i> 263
Answered. Poem. - - -	<i>Catharine Young Glen.</i> 267
Tatters. - - -	<i>F. M. Armstrong.</i> 268
Nothing Is Lost. Poem. - - -	<i>J. W. Donovan.</i> 271
Unfortunate Armenia. (Illustrated.) - - -	<i>J. W. Herbert.</i> 272
The East Wind. Poem. - - -	<i>P. McArthur.</i> 277
Is Divorce Too Easy? (Illustrated with Portraits.)	
	<i>Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst, Miss Titus, Mrs. John Sherwood, and Mrs. A. M. Palmer.</i> 278
Society Fads. - - -	<i>Madame La Mode.</i> 279
Our Girls.	
Clever Young Women Sculptors and Modelers. (Illustrated.)	<i>Mary Annable Fanton.</i> 280
Sanitarian.	
Health by Correct Living. - - -	<i>Marcia Duncan, M.D.</i> 284
Home Art and Home Comfort. (Illustrated.)	
Reclaiming a Desert. - - -	<i>Katharine Whistler.</i> 285
Household.	
Modern Hospitality. - - -	<i>Josephine E. Martin.</i> 287
Here and There About the House. - - -	303
The World's Progress.	
The Relations of England and the United States. The New United States Supreme Court Justice. A Purchase of St. Thomas. Travel at a Hundred Miles an Hour. - - -	288
England's New Poet Laureate. A Marvel in Photography. The Troubles of New York Liquor-Dealers. The "Isle of Fire." Carrier-Pigeons in War. - - -	289
An Unprecedented Offer. - - -	290
Demorest's Magazine Portrait Album. - - -	290
What Women Are Doing. - - -	291
Mirror of Fashions. (Illustrated.)	
Review of Fashions. - - -	292
A New Shirt-Waist. For Home or Receptions. - - -	293
A New Cycling Suit. - - -	294
Supplement of Fashions. - - -	296
Corsages and Their Garniture. A Dressy Visiting-Costume. - - -	297
Some New Hats. Lady's Sacque Night-Gown. Baby's First Gowns. - - -	298
In Blue Serge. Girl's Reefer. A Neat Frock. - - -	299
A Simple Model. Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement. Standard Patterns. - - -	300
Correspondence Club. - - -	304
Answers to Puzzles. - - -	306
Gleanings. - - -	307
List of Portraits Published During 1895. - - -	316
Biographical Sketches. - - -	317
Spice Box. (Illustrated.) - - -	318
Pattern Order. - - -	321

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MARCH.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 321.

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

THE attractive cottons and batistes, with which our merchants are wont to brighten their shop-windows while we are shivering, often, under the sharpest cold of our late winter, are not so out of season as many think, for the Lenten days are just the time when provident women like to have these simple fabrics made up. The sales of these goods are so large even in January that it takes but a short time for the stocks to be entirely culled over, with the result that tardy shoppers find all the choicest patterns sold.

The new batistes are prettier even than last year, and are in even greater variety. The lace-striped ones, called linen grenadines, are very handsome. They will be made with plain, full skirts, mounted over bright taffetas, and have blouse-waists with elbow sleeves trimmed with ruffles of embroidered batiste or *beurre* lace, and relieved with *chine* ribbons. This sounds very like the description of a last year's gown; and the economist can take this comfort to her heart, — the changes are so slight that any of last season's gowns can be brought up to date with but a few freshening touches. The polka-dotted and striped batistes are shown in many colors on the natural linen, and there are also dark and light blue ones dotted with white, and a few other combinations. The all-over embroidered batiste is much used for parts of blouse waists, as yoke and cuffs, or the entire front of the blouse, with the back and sleeve-puffs of the plain fabric.

Dotted Swiss muslins, lawns, and organdies are in exquisite designs of blurred and overlapping flowers in soft and delicate colors, plainly suggested by the popular *chine* effects in silks and ribbons, though not copied from them, and achieving an original beauty of their own. Sheer fine

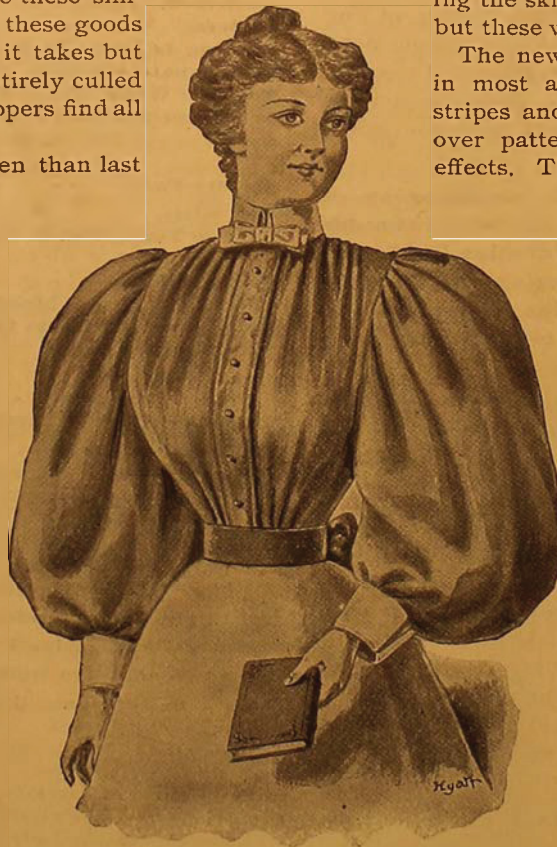
lawns and *plumetis* come also in the modish Persian and Oriental patterns, which gain an added softness and charm from these sheer fabrics. They will be made up with plain, full skirts, gored in front and on the sides, with straight back breadths, and hung over white or colored lawn or taffeta skirts. The ruche or double frill of narrow Valenciennes or Chantilly will be again seen as a finish at the foot, and lace and *chine* or dark satin ribbons will trim the full waists and fichus. More elaborate gowns will have many rows of insertion banding the skirts or inserted between the breadths, but these will be the exception.

The new gingham and cheviots are shown in most attractive styles, fine, clean-looking stripes and checks prevailing, with a few all-over patterns in dots, dashes, and coral-like effects. The neatness and daintiness of the designs, smooth and fine texture, and delicate colors render them unusually desirable for children's wear, for simple morning-gowns, and for blouse or shirt waists to complete outing gowns.

Large lines of these blouse-waists are already offered in the shops. Many of the fancy-striped gingham, lawns, and percales have separate collars and cuffs of white linen, and some women think this a great convenience, both in wearing and in laundering. Most sleeves are of the straight, wide, bishop shape, with either square or turned-over cuffs. There is a yoke in the back, with either one or two points, and the fullness below is either gathered or laid in meeting side-plaits. In front the fullness is all gathered to the neckband, and there is either a plain or lace-frilled box-plait or a row of insertion in the centre. The natural-colored batiste waists will be much worn,

and the prettiest have fronts of sprigged or embroidered stuff, while the backs and sleeves are of the plain fabric; the collars and cuffs are either of white linen or of the batiste.

As the winter wanes modes have grown more fluffy, and skirts spread, ripple, and rustle more than ever. There are those who think this indicates a return of ruffles, flounces, and other elaborate skirt-trimmings; but skirts



A NEW SHIRT-WAIST
THE "VANORIS."

must lose half their present width before any trimming more than a narrow border at the foot can be tolerated.

An occasional effort is made to vary the monotony of plain skirts by the introduction of vertical trimmings, in the form of panels bordering the front breadth, narrow vines of silk or spangle embroidery—or of passementerie simulating it—on the seams, and fan-plaitings introduced

over cuff. There is a shallow, pointed yoke in the back, and in making up striped materials a pretty effect is given by cutting this bias and having the stripes meet in the centre in a chevron. The collar and cuffs are detachable. The *habutai* silks, silk flannels, and a great variety of cottons, linens, and batistes, are made up in this simple fashion, because the garments are so easily laundered. At least a half-dozen of them, in varying weights, are now considered necessary for a season's use.

FOR HOME OR RECEPTIONS.

HELIOTROPE zibeline and velvet of a darker shade, with passementerie of steel and amethystine spangles, are em-



FOR HOME OR RECEPTIONS.
ALWIN BASQUE. WALDRON SKIRT.

between the gores. This last method is convenient for remodeling narrow skirts of rich fabrics. A velvet can thus be widened with plaitings of satin, of harmonizing shades, extending from the waist to the foot, and inserted between the back breadths as well as on the sides of the front. This is not an economy, however, except to utilize expensive stuffs, as a whole breadth of silk or satin is required for each plaiting.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Stern Brothers for courtesies shown.

A NEW SHIRT-WAIST.

THE devoted adherents of the blouse or shirt waist may take the comfort to their hearts that its end is not yet. This garment has really become a standard one for woman's use, and until something equally comfortable and convenient can be devised to take its place there is no prospect that even Dame Fashion, fickle as are her moods, will relinquish it. Our new pattern—the "Vanoris"—differs but slightly from those of last season, the only marked change being the full bishop sleeve with turned-



A DRESSY VISITING-COSTUME.
VALOIS COAT. BRIANNO SKIRT.
(See Page 297.)

ployed in the fabrication of this effective gown, which has so much dignity and simplicity that it would be becoming to both young and old. The skirt is the "Waldron," illustrated and described in the December number. It has nine breadths, and measures six yards at the foot; and is a favorite pattern because the narrow gores insure a trim fit over the hips and are not liable to sag. The basque is the "Alwin." Its plain back extends in a short postilion over the *tournure*, and it is fitted with the usual seams, which the home dressmaker generally finds easier to adjust than the smoothly stretched, seamless backs.



SOME NEW HATS.

(For Descriptions, see Page 298.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 300.)

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

CORSAGES AND THEIR GARNITURE.

No. 1.—Theatre-waist of ivory *chiné* silk, with shirred yoke.

No. 2.—Fichu of dotted and embroidered mull or batiste, with ribbon-run insertion of guipure heading the ruffle. It is round across the shoulders.

No. 3.—Blouse of dark green velvet, with shoulder-trimming of guipure and *Lièrre* lace. The back is like the front.

No. 4.—Black satin blouse, with yoke of batiste guipure, and shoulder-frills of embroidered mull.

No. 5.—Fichu of fancy *beurre* lace, with guipure appliqués and ivory *chiffon*.

No. 6.—Guipure collar to be worn with stock-collar of ribbon or *chiffon*.

No. 7.—Shoulder-collar of batiste, with embroidered ruffles and insertion of the same.

THE ruffs of stately Queen Elizabeth's day are quite equaled in size this winter; but the *fin de siècle* touch has transformed their repellent stiffness into a *débonnaire* grace and becomingness which that proud dame wot not of. All regularity of plaiting or arrangement of bows is studiously avoided, and every ruff seems a "happen-chance" of the ingenious fingers which created it.

MANY of the new basques have a modified postilion at the back, and are rounded or pointed in front.



1. THEATRE-WAIST.

A DRESSY VISITING-COSTUME.

(See Page 203.)

THIS handsome visiting-cos-tume illustrates the favorite combination of the season, a skirt of fine, silky finished faced-cloth, with a velvet coat. The model gown is of brown cloth and puce-colored velvet. The skirt—the "Briano"—is a new pattern, having a narrow front and six other gored breadths, and it measures about five yards at the foot; the fullness in the back can be either gathered or plaited. Stiff interlining, when used at all now, is confined to a depth of eight or ten inches around the bottom. There is no change in the finish of skirts, and only an occasional trimmed one is seen except in elaborate evening-dress. The coat—the "Valois"—is fitted with the usual seams, and cut well away in front to disclose the pointed waistcoat of cream-colored bro-caded satin. The coat-lining of light *chiné* silk is put in in tailor fash-ion, with all the seams inside. The edges are finished with narrow spangled passemen-terie. Large jeweled buttons ornament the fronts of the coat, and tiny gilt chased ones fasten the waistcoat. A full jabot of *Lièrre* lace falls from the throat to the waist.



2. MULL FICHU.



3. VELVET BLOUSE.



4. SATIN BLOUSE.

GOWNS of cream-white *crépon* are lined and trimmed effectively with yellow; and these are chosen by blonde and *brune* alike, for the skillful color-students of to-day have discovered that every complexion can find its harmonizing shade of yellow.

SOME NEW HATS.

(See Page 295.)

No. 1.—Green felt hat, trimmed with *chine* ribbons, velvet, and partridge feathers.

No. 2.—Black fancy-straw hat, trimmed with ribbon and velvet in shades of heliotrope, and black ostrich-feathers.

No. 3.—Toque of sapphire velvet, with steel-spangled crown and trimming of jet, *cog*-feathers, and ivory satin ribbon.

No. 4.—Reception-hat of white lace and heliotrope-velvet, trimmed with ostrich-tips and Dresden-flowered ribbon. The crown is the popular irreg-

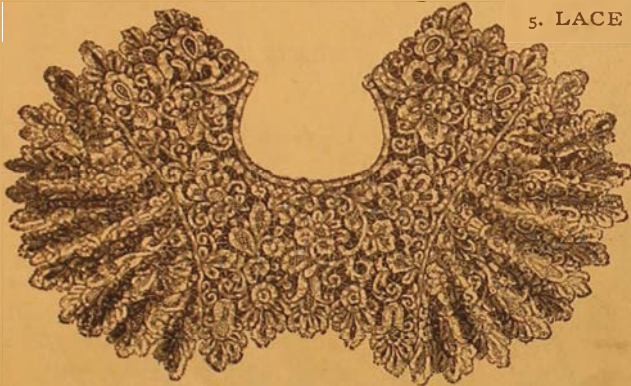
LADY'S SACQUE NIGHT-GOWN.

THE pattern of this simple sacque gown is suitable also for the bed-gowns of soft flannel, cashmere, and pongee, which delicate women find both comfortable and useful.

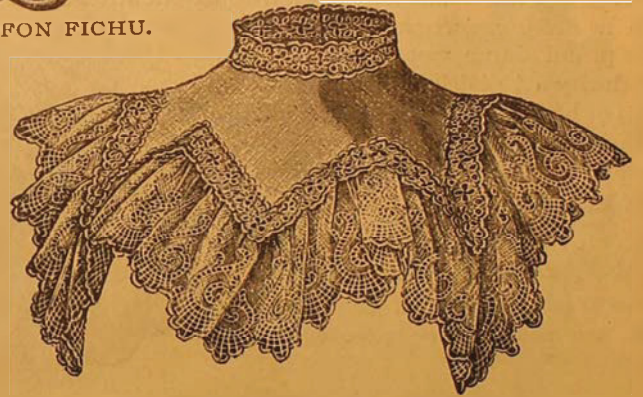
India long-cloth is one of the softest and most desirable cottons for such gowns. A ruffle of Valenciennes, four or five inches wide, round the collar, put on very full, and carried down the front to the waist-line, makes a very pretty trimming. The usual finish for flannel and cashmere is to buttonhole the collar and wristbands with embroidery silk, and feather-stitch the yoke



5. LACE AND CHIFFON FICHU.



6. GUIPURE COLLAR.



7. BATISTE SHOULDER-COLLAR.

ular puff of velvet, which lies out on the rim in irregular folds.

No. 5.—Walking-hat of fancy green chenille braid, trimmed with silk poppies, loops of green velvet, and a green aigrette.

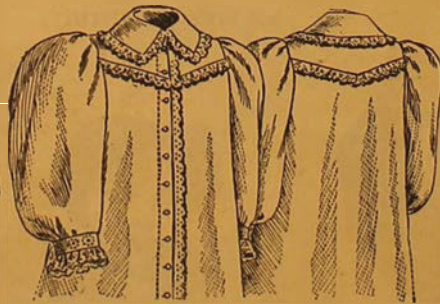
No. 6.—Theatre capote of cameo velvet, trimmed with jetted wings and sprays and velvet geraniums.

No. 7.—Round hat of black velvet, trimmed with green satin ribbon and black ostrich-tips

BABY'S FIRST GOWNS.

PATTERNS for infants' slips, night-gowns, wrappers, etc., change little from year to year. Of course they have large, full sleeves now; and, as they are not carried to an extreme, it is a sensible fashion, for the little plump-growing arms are no longer

pinched by the fitted coat-sleeves, which were often outgrown before the long gowns were discarded. Cambric and India long-cloth are used for the night-gowns, which are



LADY'S SACQUE NIGHT-GOWN.



INFANT'S YOKE SLIP.



INFANT'S WRAPPER.



"MOTHER HUBBARD" SLIP.

VEILS and colarettes of black Brussels net, bordered with white appliqué lace in vine-like designs, are worn by women of all ages.

thirty - three inches long, and have no trimming except a tiny embroidered edging or narrow lace around the neck and wrists. For

ELABORATE floral garnitures are worn on evening gowns. Châtelaine effects, formed of ribbon and flowers, are especially popular.

the little slips, which are the same length, nainsook is the favorite material, and many of them are finished with a hem and tucks, or merely a wide hem around the bottom. Only



INFANT'S NIGHT-DRESS.



IN BLUE SERGE.
AILSA FROCK.

the finest patterned embroideries should be used on a baby's garments; coarse, open-worked designs are entirely unsuited to the dainty things. A little plastron of tucks and embroidery to which the skirt is gathered gives a yoke effect, but is cut in one with the slip. The "Mother Hubbard" slip is a yard long and has

pattern is also commended for the heavy cotton fabrics which mothers like to have made in the early spring. Nothing prettier than this style has ever been devised for traveling and general use. The fullness of the blouse is held in place by an easily fitted lining, which gives a trim appearance without confining the child in the least. The V. chemisette can be made of white or light blue serge, of the gown fabric strapped with braid, or of tucked lawn. The pattern is the "Ailsa," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

GIRL'S REEFER.

ALL the rough *bouclés* and cheviots as well as broad-waived diagonals are used for these convenient reefers. Though dark blue remains the leading choice, black, brown, and green are also much worn, and occasionally one of dull, dark red, braided with black braid, is seen. Our new model is fitted with the usual seams and lined with silk or not, as preferred. The front is finished with a double row of large horn or pearl buttons, or with straps of the cloth held by small pearl buttons. Brandebourgs of braid are also used. The pattern, the "Annetta," is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years of age.



GIRL'S REEFER.
THE "ANNETTA."

a yoke of tucks and embroidery. Sheer and fine lawns and nainsooks are used for these gowns, and they are made plain or elaborate, according to the mother's fancy. If economy is necessary, it is always better to put the money into the material rather than into trimming.

Every baby should have at least one cashmere or flannel wrapper, and a change of them will be found very convenient. Ivory white, pale pink, and "baby" blue are the usual choice. Some mothers also make them of India silk and of fine pongee, and the silk is found to have a very beneficial and soothing effect upon nervous babies. They are cut about a yard long, and the fullness at the neck is either held in feather-stitched tucks or smocked the depth of a yoke. They are finished up the front and around the bottom with silk embroidery, simple button-holing, or a feather-stitched hem. Pale-tinted silks are often used on white fabrics, and white on colored. All these patterns may be ordered by the names under the illustrations.

IN BLUE SERGE.

ALTHOUGH blue serge is the favorite and always standard material for these becoming little sailor-frocks, alpaca in blue, brown, and gray is also liked, and later in the season white serge and alpaca will both be used; and the



A NEAT FROCK.
THE "ELLICE."

A NEAT FROCK.

TAN-COLORED cashmere is the fabric of this simple and becoming gown for afternoon use and for little visits. The straight, full skirt is unlined, and the hem is finished with a row of feather-stitching done with dark brown silk. The waist is full in the back over a fitted lining, and the blouse front is of ivory

India silk. The bretelle arrangement, the straps of which extend to the waist in the back, can be of the cashmere or of velvet, and in either case is finished with passementerie, lace appliqué, or feather-stitching. The simple lines of the pattern—the "Ellice"—commend it for washable fabrics, as well as soft wools and silks. It is in sizes for eight and ten years.



A SIMPLE MODEL.
CERETTA FROCK
(See Page 300.)

A SIMPLE MODEL

(See Page 299.)

THIS cunning little frock can be made, like the model, of cashmere, for present use, or of Chambéry and other washable fabrics for warm weather. Bands of Oriental embroidery, feather-stitching, and button-holed ruffles are the trimmings used for cashmere and India silk, and for cottons, Hamburg embroideries in open lace-like patterns are chosen. The straight, full skirt is sewed to the waist, which for the little ones is considered the most convenient fashion. The pattern is the "Ceretta," in sizes for four and six years.

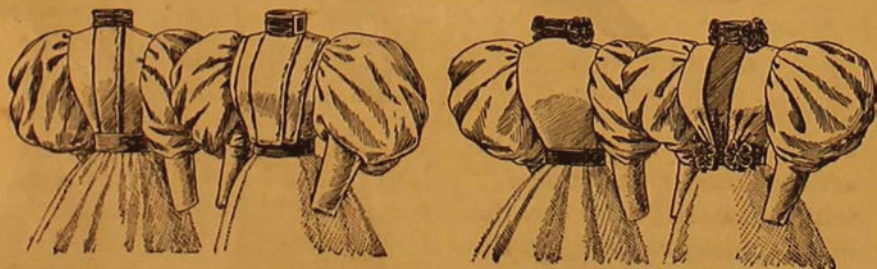
DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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.—Tailor-gown of iron-gray camel's-hair serge; black velvet collar and large smoked-pearl buttons on the coat.
- 2.—Evening-gown of *chiné* grenadine.
- 3.—Theatre-waist of brocaded satin and black *chiffon* under gilt network, with collar and sleeve-bands of black velvet.
- 4.—Evening-gown of cameo satin, trimmed with lace frills; black satin girdle; garlands of violets round the neck and heading the ruffles.
- 5.—Tailor-gown of wide-waled blue serge.
- 6.—Louis Seize coat of Persian-patterned Liberty velvet, with white satin revers and white lace blouse-front; skirt of dark green velvet.
- 7.—Afternoon-gown of fancy *crépon*, with blouse-front of lace-frilled *chiffon*.
- 8.—Reception-gown of black satin; corsage and sleeves trimmed with jeweled *passementerie* over white satin.
- 9.—Visiting-gown of gray faced-cloth combined with pearl-colored *chiné* silk. Black velvet hat trimmed with turquoise satin.
- 10.—Louis Seize coat of ivory brocaded satin, with *chiffon* front and lace cravat; skirt of black velvet, and toque of purple *miroir* velvet.
- 11.—Heliotrope cloth wrap, with Marie Antoinette hood, and trimmed with natural ostrich-feathers.
- 12.—Evening wrap of brocaded silk, with Marie Antoinette hood.
- 13.—Divided-skirt cycling suit of iron-gray covert cloth, lined with dark changeable taffeta.
- 14.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta, trimmed with guipure insertion and spangle embroideries.
- 15.—Tailor-gown of rough, heather-mixed tweed.
- 16.—Tailor-gown of tan-colored whip-cord, with waistcoat of checked velvet.
- 17.—Black cloth gown lined with green taffeta; basque finished with bindings of green velvet and chased gilt buttons.
- 18.—Tea-gown of rose-colored *crépon*, with front of accordion-plaited *crépe* and trimmed with lace and braiding.
- 19.—Breakfast or tea gown of blue Chambéry trimmed with lace-patterned embroidery.
- 20.—Modish corsage for demi-dress, of changeable *peau de soie* and guipure lace.

STANDARD PATTERNS.



GRASMERE CORSAGE.

RISLEY CORSAGE.

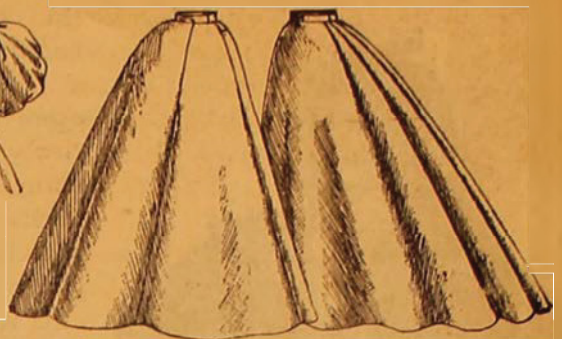


MERIVALE WAIST.

WILMOT HOUSE-JACKET.



CLOVER WAIST.



BLAGDON SKIRT.



ATLANTA RAIN OR DUST CLOAK.



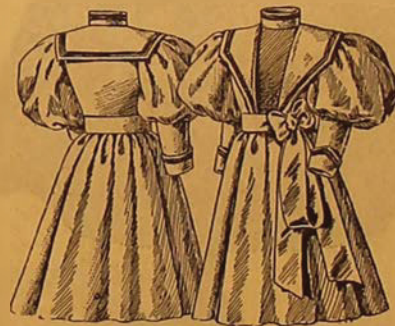
ADAIR COAT.



DILSEY GOWN.



AMARYLLIS FROCK.



FINETTE DRESS.



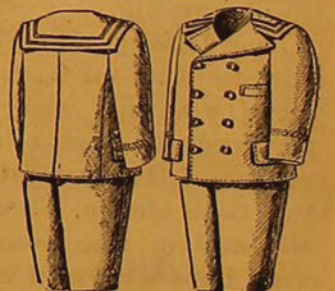
JOYCE DRESS.



RIGBY SUIT.



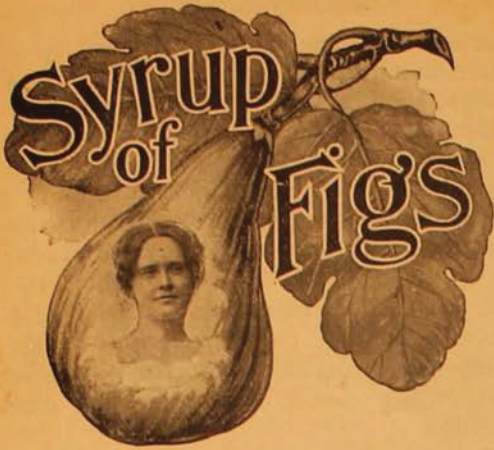
MISSSES' DRAWERS.



MALCOLM SUIT.

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

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



has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it; permanently curing Constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

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HOUSEHOLD.

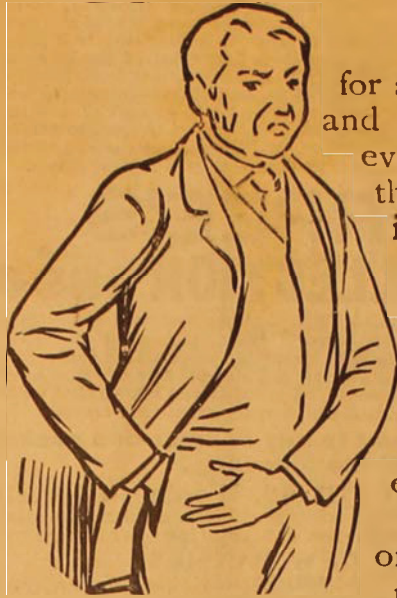
MODERN HOSPITALITY.

(Continued from Page 287.)

her household. They are all just as important as those more easily understood by an outsider, and it is her duty to heed them if they are likely to be a disturbing force in dispensing hospitality.

This does not mean that one is justified in being too selfish to take the trouble to entertain visitors, or that all alike should be refused if the hostess does not happen to

(Continued on Page 302.)



Who pays

for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with **Pearline**, and with **Pearline only**. Then that ruinous, expensive rub, rub, rub, over the wash-board, which makes all the trouble, will be done away with.

It isn't a little matter, either, this needless wear and tear. It's big enough to pay any man to look after it, and stop it. **Pearline** saves not only hard work, but hard-earned money.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

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BROWN'S French Dressing



A Brilliant, Lasting and Flexible Polish

Known in almost every land where boots and shoes are worn. For nearly fifty years it has been the choice of discriminating ladies. It gives a brilliant polish which lasts and leaves the leather soft. When wet it will not soil the skirts. Do not experiment with doubtful polishes, but buy **Brown's**. It has a record

Ahead in Quality and Quantity.

MOST ECONOMICAL.

DOES NOT HARDEN OR CRACK THE LEATHER



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need cost no more than ugliness. The most beautiful

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at half what you expect they'd cost. Samples and book on home decoration **FREE.** Describe rooms and state price you want to pay. Paper hangers' outfit complete. \$1.00.
CHAS. M. N. KILLEN, 1255 Filbert St., Philada., Pa.

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

(Continued from Page 302.)

Another safeguard against preventing a pleasant visit from becoming a burdensome one is, in giving invitations, to specify how long the visitor shall remain. Some hostesses hesitate to do this lest it might imply something vaguely unfavorable to the attractions of the guest; but this is a mistake. Many a charming visit has been spoiled by being prolonged beyond a convenient time, and no end of uneasiness has been caused both to guest and hostess by failures to see clearly just when a visit should end. It is surely much better to say in the first place, "Come and visit us for two weeks." At the end of that time, if strongly desired, the invitation can be extended for another definite time, or it will come to an end as a matter of course, and probably to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Two weeks, by the way, is a very proper limit to be set to any visit unless it might be that of a near relative; one week is usually long enough for any but relatives and particularly intimate friends. Better have the time too short than too long. Many persons who are agreeable for a week or two become less so after that, and longer than two weeks is likely to develop any uncongenial qualities that either hostess or guest may chance to have. It is not necessary for people to visit together until they know every fault and every virtue that the other possesses.

These restrictions are the needs of modern hospitality. They did not exist to the same extent when we lived more simply, and need not now in those rural communities where guests come in as one of the family, and frequently even help with the daily work as any other member of the household. But if we would keep the spirit of hospitality warm within us and enjoy the delights of receiving pleasant visitors and making them happy to be with us, the varied interests of modern life and the less simple customs of modern society demand that we exercise some wholesome restraint on our hospitable inclinations.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

CHAMOIS-SKIN dipped in powdered pumice-stone can be safely used to cleanse the most delicate-hued book-bindings.

UTILIZE FRAGMENTS OF TOILET-SOAP by putting them in a small bag made of Turkish toweling or heavy butchers' linen; when the bag is about three-quarters full sew up the end and use it as you would a cake of soap. It is especially nice in the bath.

REMEMBER in making a bed that the double end of the blankets should be at the foot, and if too long a fold should be laid there or the extra length turned under the mattress. Never turn them down at the head.

A PAN OF LIME set on the shelves near jellies, fruits, and jam, will prevent their molding.

(Continued on Page 304.)

White as Snow

We watch with never-ending pleasure the fall of the feathery flakes, and marvel at their beauty.

Mankind with equal delight gaze on pearly teeth, "far whiter than the driven snow," made so by the perfect liquid dentifrice.

RUBIFOAM

Most deliciously flavored, adds fragrance to the breath, keeps mouth and gums in a healthy state, preserves and beautifies the teeth.

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Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.—(New.) Pure White elegant. **Grace Darling.**—Silvery, Peach a beauty. **Clothilde Souper.**—This is everybodys favorite. **Bridesmaid.**—the most charming Pink Rose. **Pearl of the Gardens.**—Deep Golden Yellow. **Sunset.**—Beautiful shades of Copper and Gold. **Scarlet Bedder.**—the richest and brightest of all Red Roses. **Franciska Kruger.**—yellow flushed pink charming. **Mad. de Watteville.**—the famous Tulip Rose. **Rheingold.**—deep Citron and Gold, a remarkable color. **Mad. Welche.** Amber Yellow, deepening toward the center. **Mad. Hoste.**—A Pure Snow White, none better. **Duchess de Brabant.**—Amber Rose, delicately tinged apricot.

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| Set 34—13 Ever-blooming Roses all different . 50 c.
35—12 Fragrant Carnation Pinks, 12 kinds, 50 c.
36—8 Lovely Flowering Begonias, all sorts, 50 c.
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39—4 Choice Decorative Palms, try them, 50 c.
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43—15 Coleus, will make a bright bed, . . 50 c.
44—12 Double and Single Fuchsias, all colors 50 c.
45—6 Choice Hardy Shrubs, 6 sorts, . . 50 c.
46—30 Pkts Flower Seeds, no two alike. . 50 c.
47—20 Pkt's elegant Sweet Peas, all different 50 c.
48—18 Pkt's Choice Vegetable Seeds 18 sorts 50 c. |
|---|---|

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E—20 pkts choice Flower Seeds, 20 sorts 50c
F—10 Fragrant Carnation Pinks, 10 sorts, 50c
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P—6 hardy ornamental Shrubs, 6 sorts, 50c
Q—6 hardy Climbing Vines, 6 sorts, 50c
U—2 elegant Palms, strong plants, 2 sorts. 50c | FRUIT TREES, ETC. MAIL SIZE.
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104—3 Apple, 4 sorts, 50c
105—2 Pear, 2 sorts, 2 Cherry, 2 sorts, 50c
106—6 Grapes, 3 sorts, 50c
107—10 Grapes, all Concord 50c
108—4 Gooseberries, 4 sorts, 50c
109—10 Currants, 3 sorts, 50c
110—30 Raspberries, 5 sorts, 50c
111—50 Strawberries, 5 sorts, 50c |
|---|--|

One-half each of any two sets 50c., any 3 sets \$1.25, 5 sets \$2.00.

Everything of the best for **LAWN, CONSERVATORY, PARK, ORCHARD, VINEYARD and GARDEN.**

42nd YEAR. 1000 ACRES. 29 GREENHOUSES.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 194 Painesville, O.

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

(Continued from Page 303.)

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish

BEARDSLEY'S SHREDDED CODFISH

YOUR BREAKFAST FOR 10 CENTS IN TEN MINUTES.

A Superior "Picked-up" Codfish.

All chefs and housewives pronounce it perfect, and many manufacturers "try" to imitate it. All good grocers sell only the genuine article — "Beardsley's."

J. W. BEARDSLEY'S SONS 185 West St., New York City.

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

GRAND OFFER IN FLOWER SEEDS

Pansy 40 kinds	Poppy 26 kinds
Nasturtiums 10 "	Candytufts 10 "
Phlox 20 "	Morning Glory 15 "
Verbena . . . 18 "	Sweet Peas . 36 "
Pinks 15 "	Mignonette 6 "
Petunia . . . 12 "	Allysum 5 "
Asters 47 "	Portulaca . 15 "
Balsam 10 "	Zinnias . . . 10 "

(A) The above 16 pkg. Choice Annuals . . . 10c.
 (B) or, 2 ounces Tall Nasturtiums, choice . . . 10c.
 (C) or, 2 " Dwarf 10c.
 (D) or, 1 " Martha Washington 10c.
 1,200 kinds flower seeds, 10c.
 (E) or, 10 pkgs. (10 kinds) Choice Vegetable seeds (Beet, Carrot, Parsnips, Cucumber, Squash, Cabbage, Lettuce, Radish, Onion, Melon) . . . 10c.

50c.

We will send any one of the above lots postage paid for price quoted.

Special If you will send us 50 cents we will send you, POSTPAID, all the above 5 lots, and 1-4 lb. of the Sweet Peas Free. finest and best named varieties of Sweet Peas Free.

Address HILLSIDE NURSERY, 214 Broadway, Somerville Mass. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

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

FREE STAMPING OUTFIT, 75 PATTERNS

New and beautiful, for every kind of embroidery, conventional, floral, Grecian and motto designs for tidies, dollies, splashers, tray cloths, etc. Choice alphabet for ornamental marking, one cake **Eureka Compound**, and instructions for stamping without paint, powder, or trouble. Everything new and desirable; over \$2 in value as sold at stores, and all sent FREE to every one who sends 12c. for 3 months trial subscription to our new 64-col. illustrated magazine, containing stories and the brightest household and fancy-work departments. Address, POPULAR MONTHLY, 171 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.

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

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The latest, surest and best. Sample sent free on mention of this Magazine.

The Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind.

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

AN ALCOHOL SPONGE-BATH is an excellent stimulant for delicate women, and many a cold can be averted if the shoulders and arms are bathed with it before donning a low-cut evening-gown.

THE WHITE OF AN EGG applied with a sponge will restore the lustre of morocco.

A TINY BIT OF COTTON in the finger-tips of Lisle and silk gloves will make them wear longer.

ICE CREAM, it is said, should be frozen in a warm place, for the more rapidly the ice melts the quicker the cream will harden.

CORKS STEEPED IN VASELINE are an excellent substitute for glass stoppers. Acid in no way affects them, and chemical fumes do not eat them.

CREAKING SHOES can be made noiseless by soaking the soles in linseed oil; turn a small quantity into a pan or plate and let the soles stand in it for twenty-four hours. This treatment will also render them waterproof.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

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

"H. K."—The length of time required to master the Kindergarten system would depend entirely upon individual application, and upon the preparation and the natural qualifications of the student for the work. The course varies from three months to a year, and even two years. The system is taught in all Normal Colleges, and in the Teachers' Training College in New York. Instruction costs from sixty-five to one hundred dollars per

(Continued on Page 305.)

FREE Yourself from the disagreeable task of washing dishes the old way, by using the new **Model Dish Washer**

Agents wanted. Big Profits. C. F. Black & Co., Toledo, O.

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

(Continued from Page 304.)

school year of about eight months. In Normal Colleges residents of the State are admitted to all classes free.

"ROSE."—When playing upon the piano for friends, you must have the tact to discern whether you give pleasure or not; if they enjoy your music you can play a second, or even a third piece.—Hem-stitching is the approved style of finishing nice pillow-cases, and the old style of making them—the width of the pillow, and from five to nine inches longer—is best liked. This leaves only the one open end to trim; a handsome initial is sometimes embroidered in the centre just above the hem; and occasionally insertions of lace or embroidery are used.—There is no set form of congratulating a bridal couple; one's own tact and ready wit must dictate the words adapted to the occasion. Avoid affectation or a strained effort,—simplicity is always good form; congratulate the bridegroom and wish the bride much happiness.

"S. A."—Various fancy covers of Turkish or Japanese embroidery, or of cloth or plush with appliqué borders, are used for parlor tables; chenille ones are used in sitting and living rooms. They cannot be said to be fashionable, and are only a *dernier resort* for those who want something, but must avoid expense.—There is no "second seat of honor" at dinner. The host takes out the most distinguished woman present and seats her on his right hand, and the most distinguished man in the party escorts the hostess—who is the last to leave the drawing-room—and is seated at her right. The napkins are laid upon the upturned plate, with a bit of bread or a roll placed within the folds; knives and spoons, in the order in which they are to be used, are placed at the right of the cover, and forks at the left. If detained from a dinner-party, luncheon, card-party, or other social function where the number of guests is limited, it is imperative that regrets be sent to the hostess, even at the last moment. For a large reception or ball it would not be of so much moment, provided the failure to send them were explained in a courteous note to the hostess on the following day. If sickness prevents your making a party call when due, or you go out of town, send cards by messenger or mail; but unless the absence is for a long stay do not put p. p. c. (*pour prendre congé*) in the lower left-hand corner. The same rule applies when circumstances prevent the timely return of a first call.—Any batter-cakes baked upon a griddle or in a pan may be called "pancakes," *vide* Webster.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER" and "VIRGINIA."—The February number was in print before your first letter was written. Write to the Women's Exchange, 12 East Thirtieth street, or to the Young Woman's Christian Association, 7 East Fifteenth street, New York City, for information concerning the sale of home work.

"MRS. P. H."—The office of the society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" is at No. 64 Madison Avenue, New York City. Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers is President-General, and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Secretary-General.

(Continued on Page 306.)



Tailor-Made Suits \$7.50

To every lady who desires to dress well at moderate cost we will mail—*free*—our handsomely illustrated Spring catalogue of Ladies' Suits, Skirts, etc., and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments. Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$7.50 up.
(In Serges, Cheviots, Mixtures, Coverts, Whipcords, etc.)

Mohair, Outing and Blazer Suits, \$8 up.
Mohair, Cloth and Moreen Skirts, \$5 up. Jackets, \$4 up.
Capes, \$3 up. Silk Waists, \$4 up. Silk and Satin Skirts, \$10 up.
Duck, Crash and Pique Suits, \$4.50. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. We make every garment to order, and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay express charges to any part of the world. Write to-day—you will get catalogue and samples by return mail

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
152 and 154 West 23d Street, - New York.

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

AS WE HAVE SAID BEFORE...

Sterling Bicycles

NEED NO REPAIRS

—are
"Built Like a Watch"
and run as easy

Ride an Olive Green Sterling in '96

Our New Catalog is a beauty!

STERLING CYCLE WORKS

GENERAL OFFICES:
274-276-278 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 B'way, New York
Pacific Coast Branch, 314 Post St., San Francisco

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FREE FROM ODOR, CLEAN TO HANDLE, WILL KEEP ANY LENGTH OF TIME

ESSEX

Flower Food

A PERFECT FERTILIZER FOR HOUSE PLANTS AND WINDOW GARDENS.

PRODUCES RAPID GROWTH, RICH FOLIAGE AND GENEROUS FLOWERS.

THE ESSEX IS THE LATEST & BEST and costs only TEN CENTS of your dealer. If he doesn't have it, send us eight 2-cent stamps and you get the package by return mail
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., WORCESTER MASS.

ESSEX costs 10c.

Others cost more.

ESSEX weighs 6 1/2 OZ.

Others weigh less.

ESSEX lasts the longest—10 plants a year.



"PARTED BANG."

Made of natural CURLY HAIR, guaranteed "becoming" to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for Illustrated Price Lists.

E. Burnham, 71 State St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

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

OVER 500 STYLES.



WE WILL PRINT Your Name Nicely

On 50 CARDS with LOVELY VERSES & MOTTOES on them, also send you our great JOKER'S BUDGET of BUTTON BUSTERS—FUN for a YEAR, Comic Courting, Mystic and Escort Cards, Parlor Games, Album Verses, Popular Songs, Conundrums, &c. The Lover's Guide in F. P. & H. flirtations, Lan'e of Flowers, Portraits of Famous Ladies, FORTUNE SECRETS, and a 16-page Story Paper, ALL FOR 10 CENTS.
BIRD CARD CO., OLINTONVILLE, CONN.

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

(Continued from Page 305.)



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



THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration.

"Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has cured and been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

No. 1. PRICE \$15—REDUCED FROM \$25.
No. 2. " \$25—LATEST AND GREATLY IMPROVED.

Dr. Sanche:

Owego, N. Y., June 21st, 1895.
 Dear Sir:—When I received the Oxydonor I was suffering with Sciatic Rheumatism. After the second application it entirely disappeared and has not returned since.

I cannot recommend it too highly for all rheumatic and nervous diseases, and would as quickly remit one hundred dollars as twenty-five, provided I could not get another. Very truly yours, B. F. DAVIS.

Large book of information, and latest price-list mailed free.

Dr. H. SANCHE, Discoverer and Inventor, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

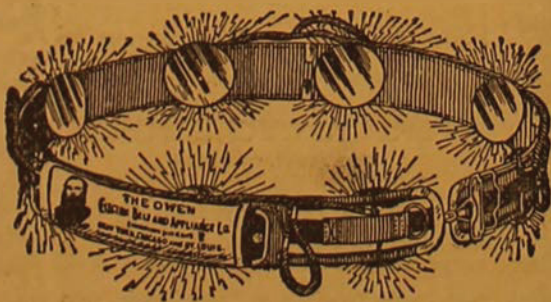
RHEUMATISM

CURED BY THE

Dr. A. Owen's Electric Appliances.

Mr. Henry Wendt, of Peru, La Salle Co., Ill., under date of July 27, 1895, writes:

"I had Rheumatism all over my system. A few applications of Dr. Owen's Electric Appliances gave relief and after six weeks' use of them I was entirely cured."



Mr. J. H. Matteson, of Morrice, Mich., in a letter Oct. 14, 1894, says:

"I had tried several kinds of medicine and two doctors for my Rheumatism, but could get no relief. I bought one of Dr. Owen's Electric Appliances and experienced relief at once; after two weeks' use I was as limber as an eel and could work all day. Now am entirely cured."

Our large illustrated catalogue contains many endorsements like above, besides cuts and prices of Appliances and much valuable information for the afflicted. Write for it at once, enclosing six cents in stamps for postage.

We have been before the public many years, and our Electric Appliances have become a recognized standard of merit, curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.

205 TO 209 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

"DOCTOR."—We do not know of any sure treatment for smoothing wrinkled parchment, but suggest as experimental means stretching smoothly, face down, upon a flannel-covered board and sponging with hot water, after which rub freely with white vaseline; let it lie twenty-four hours and then rub with sweet oil.

"LOVINGTON."—Good form has never recognized bowls as proper receptacles for soup; soup-plates are *de rigueur* on all private tables, and also used in all first-class hotels and restaurants. *Bouillon* for luncheons and suppers is served in tea-cups or in special *bouillon*-cups.

"B. Z."—Make your application for admission to a nurse's training-school by letter; give brief particulars as to your health, age, education, and general fitness for the work, and address "The Superintendent, Illinois Training-School for Nurses, Chicago, Illinois."

"A. S."—Solid ice is subject to the usual law, and contracts more than other solids; so in excessively cold weather, upon small bodies of water, the ice in shrinking cracks in the weakest place with a loud report. The crackling sounds which you call "funny noises" are caused by this contraction, and are only a sign of good ice in so far as they indicate its increasing compactness and the intense cold.—Send your soiled felt hat to the hatter to be dyed black.—A pure cold cream agrees with most complexions; both it and vaseline are healing and beneficial to a skin troubled with eruptions and comedones, but if there is a pre-disposition to superfluous hairs, neither should be used on the skin, upper lip, or low down on the cheeks. Bathe the face night and morning in hot water to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin has been added. Read "The Care of the Skin" in the January number of Demorest's. A radical change of diet and habits of life may be needed. Read "Daily Hygiene" in the February, and "Health by Correct Living" in the present number of Demorest's for valuable hints as to diet, exercise, and breathing. Avoid starchy, clogging foods, and pork and veal; eat plenty of lettuce, celery, and water-cress.

"E. L. P."—Adam de la Halle was a French poet and dramatist. He was born at Arras about 1240, and died in Italy about 1287. He was a very erratic man; at one time a monk, he withdrew from his monastery and married, afterwards deserting his wife and family and going to Italy. His play "Li Jus de la Feuillie" is the earliest example of a comedy in the vulgar tongue, and "Robin et Marion" is the earliest specimen of a comic opera.

"M. D. Q."—It has always been considered that the husband is the head of the family, and he occupies the head of the table; that is, his place, wherever it may be, is by courtesy called "the head of the table."

"SECLUSAVAL."—"The Swedish Movement Cure" is a system of gymnastics; some of the exercises require apparatus, and some do not. It is taught and exercises given under the advice of a physician at an institute in New York City, the address of which you can obtain in the directory. *Parquet* is pronounced *par-kay*, and *parquette*, *par-keet*. The last is a mongrel word without much authority for existing.



BOWKER'S FLOWER FOOD

For house plants. Makes luxurious growth and brilliant flowers. Clean, odorless, applied occasionally in solution.

Enough for 30 plants all winter, 25c.; for 100, 50c. We pay postage and send book on

Window Gardening free with each package.

Grocers and Druggists sell it—or address

BOWKER Fertilizer Co.
 43 Chatham St., Boston, Mass

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

UNEQUALED IN
AROMA,
FLAVOR,
PURITY,
STRENGTH.
"TWO CUPS IN ONE"

**Ceylon
TEA**

**India
TEA**

Why?
Because
IT'S PREPARED
BY MACHINERY
NOT BY HAND.

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

- I. Boy-hood.
Bay. Wood.
Fay. Wool.
Fan. Fool.
Can. Foot.
Car. Boot.
Cur. Boat.

Fur-coat.

II. General Forbes (4 B's) led his forces (4 C's) in the East Indies (East in D's).

- III. p a d D o c k
s t r O c a l
c r i C k e t
r a c K e t s
b i c Y c l e
J a m A i l e a
K i n R o s s
s t u D e n t

IV. "Familiarity breeds contempt."

V. Mendelssohn.

GLEANINGS.

A \$15,000 GRAVEL WALK.

An exchange vouches for the truth of the story anent this marvelous walk, which is really in existence in St. Louis. It is neither long nor strikingly beautiful, but the miraculously glistening paths of the fairy-tales are outdone in its cost.

The manager of a St. Louis coffee company is the proud possessor of this unique walk. It is composed of several tons of Brazilian pebbles that came to him in an ordinary business way during the last few years.

This firm are heavy importers of Brazilian coffee. Before the berries are ready to be roasted for the market the sacks are opened and the contents carefully examined for twigs, leaves, and other impurities, the latter generally taking the place of small pebbles about the size of a coffee berry.

These came with such regularity and in such quantities that long ago the idea that they were accidentally in the sacks was abandoned and the conclusion reluctantly reached that they were purposely placed in the bags to make weight. The daily

(Continued on Page 308.)

The opinion of a Leading Druggist of Lynn: "We sell more Nervease than all other headache remedies combined. This is the best testimonial to its merits, in our opinion, it could possibly have." CURTIS & SPINDELL, Lynn, Mass.

"I prescribe Nervease and do not hesitate to say it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age." DR. R. D. BIBBER, Bath, Me.



'Don't Wait
till your head aches,
buy a box now.

25 Cents per Box.
All Druggists or by Mail prepaid.
NERVEASE CO., Boston.

NERVEASE Cures any
HEADACHE
in 5 Minutes.

It will save you many hours of misery.

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

CHOICE ROSES AT 5 CENTS
OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION
OF 20 ROSES FOR \$1. PREPAID BY MAIL



The Roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly Roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as \$1. They are nearly all new kinds. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. We also GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF ROSES YOU EVER PURCHASED.

Augusta Victoria, pure white, always in bloom. Champion of the World, (New) rich bright pink, finest rose grown. Star of Gold, the queen of all yellow roses. Marion Dingle, richest velvety crimson in clusters. Colthilde Souper, everybody's favorite, always in bloom. Bridesmaid, rich pink, none better. Pearl of the Gardens, deep golden yellow. Scarlet Bedder, the richest of all red roses. Senator McNaughton, lovely canary yellow. Sunset, yellow, highly colored. Franciska Kruger, coppery yellow and peach. Marie Guillot, the greatest of all pure white roses. Duchesse de Brabant, amber rose, tinged apricot yellow. Madame Camille, beautiful salmon and rosy flesh. Grace Darling, clear maroon red passing to lake, elegant. Catherine Mermet, everybody's favorite. Md. de Watteville, rosy blush, bordered deep crimson. Rheingold, beautiful shades of saffron and tan. Md. Welche, amber yellow, tinged with copper and orange. Md. Hoete, immense large double pure white, very fragrant.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, \$1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, \$1. 16 Geraniums, double and single flowered, and scented, \$1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, \$1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, \$1. Our handsome, illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cts. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. We have large two year old roses for immediate effect. Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half. When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address, **GOOD & REESE CO., Box 25, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.**

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

BICYCLE.
THE
'New Haven'
BEST \$100
Cycle on Earth.
The U. S. Government and good judges buy of us.
Lists of each sent free.
New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

Rolling Chair.
A Priceless
Boon to those
unable to
walk.

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



Agents Ladies or Gents, \$75
a week at home, using or selling
Gray Platers, or taking orders for us
to plate. Plate gold, silver, nickel,
copper, white metal, manufacture
the materials and outfits, teach the
art, only complete outfit, including
trade secrets and formulas, lathe,
wheels, tools, all materials for pre-
paring, polishing, plating and fin-
ishing, no toys, small in traveling
case, large for shops, description,
prices, testimonials, samples free.

Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 16, Columbus, O.

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

Is Your Child Thin?

A THIN child is apt to get sick. You know this, mothers, and don't feel anxious about plump children. Thinness comes from not being able to get the necessary fat out of their bread and butter and meat and potatoes. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

H-O is for children who are thin. It is the only oatmeal we know of adapted to the weaker digestion of children. If you feed your child H-O he is almost safe. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

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

(Continued from Page 307.)

discoveries of these Brazilian pebbles, which are paid for as coffee, will fill an ordinary bucket. They are still added to the gravel path as they come in.

THE FIRST PATRIARCHS' BALL.

The decorations for the first Patriarchs' ball this season were unusually beautiful, a striking feature of them being the abundant use of holly and mistletoe. In Delmonico's gold ball-room, which is always the scene of these important functions, the frames of the many mirrors which line the walls and the spaces between them were almost hidden beneath masses of glossy holly, while from the top of each mirror, hanging directly in the centre of the glass, was suspended, by pale green ribbons, a cornucopia-shaped basket filled with Easter lilies and lilies of the valley. Masses of American Beauty roses and lilies were used about the room and decked the chandeliers.

CORRECT DRESSING.

There are some unwritten laws of harmony in materials and styles which every woman aiming to be recognized as a mistress of good form must master; and while it may be said that these are formulated by a few fastidious women whose instincts are so subtle that they never err, and who consequently are always examples on every occasion, be it a golf meet, a shopping expedition, or the smartest ball of the season, of



The Robinson Steam Cooker.

It is the most perfect cooker on the market, and the only one that does all that is claimed for it.

Cooks the entire meal at one time without watching. Odors do not mingle. Impossible for food to burn. Saves 75 per cent. of fuel.

Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded.

AGENTS WANTED - Either sex. Write for Circulars.

The Cincinnati Stamping Co.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

1100 to 1118 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SELF THREADING THIMBLE.



Teeth and eyes saved. Needle threading conquered at last. This patent thimble combines a needle threader through which a needle can be easily threaded. Also a thread cutter which never dulls. Two ingenious attachments saving teeth, biting thread, and eyes threading needle while sewing.

The thimbles are highly polished and plated and resemble coin silver. The threader is the most perfect ever produced. The combination thimble and threader retail for 10 cts. though they have been sold as high as a dollar a piece. Agents make \$3.00 a day. Sample by mail postpaid 10 cts., one doz. 85 cts.

H. T. ROOT & CO.,
34 Park Row, New York.

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

SHORTHAND for note-taking in a few HOURS; reporting in a few WEEKS. No shading, no position. Exclusive WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. FREE lesson and circulars. Write H. M. Percin, Author, Detroit, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

faultless dressing, yet there are many women who spend large sums of money on their wardrobes, and occasionally stumble into good effects, in whom the instinct of harmony seems never to have been born.

Every walk on Broadway and Fifth Avenue reveals many violations of these laws, and every one of them does its part in demoralizing taste; for the eye of the untutored and uncultured is caught by some conspicuous feature and straightway copies it. It is not at all safe for the stranger walking our streets to form an opinion of the winter's modes from what is seen on the promenade, unless weighted with the taste and judgment which can distinguish the true from the false. It would be a mistake, for instance, to copy the attire of a woman in a rough tweed gown worn with a dressy Watteau sacque of black silk, who completed her iniquity by crowning her head with a dainty theatre capote of spangle-embroidered white velvet, bordered with mink-tail fur! Of course a felt or small, dark velvet walking-hat and a fur or cloth wrap were the only suitable things to wear with a tweed gown.

The woman who knows how to dress reserves her large picture-hats for the carriage and social functions, and never spoils a tailor-gown by anything so incongruous; she uses her velvet wrap for similar occasions, and wears for shopping and all morning walks a plain wool gown. If she cannot

(Continued on Page 309.)

No Fire, Smoke, or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send for Catalog.



\$250 and up:

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Drawer E, St. Joseph, Michigan. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 308.)

have both plain and dressy gowns she dispenses with the latter rather than the former; and if she can have but one hat she chooses a small, inconspicuous one that can be worn on all occasions.

THE BUREAU OF RECIPROCIDY.

From Iowa comes the most novel idea yet originated in the realm of woman's club life. It is a system of intellectual borrowing by which all the women belonging to clubs in the State shall benefit by the mental efforts of a few. This unique bureau is an adjunct of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, and the headquarters are at Cedar Rapids. Thirteen towns are represented in the bureau, and seventy-five women residing in them have prepared one hundred essays, readings, lectures, etc., upon a wide range of topics, which under certain conditions will be circulated from one club to another. Three of the women are so abundantly blessed with this world's goods and so deeply imbued with a desire to take an active part in the mental improvement of their sex that they will upon invitation visit any club and read their own papers free of charge, paying their own expenses. Some will send their manuscripts to be read, and still others will visit any club if traveling expenses are paid. The topics are suited to every craving, ranging from "The Man Who Thinks" to "The Beginning of Aryan Civilization," with minor subjects like "The Ideal Home," "Shall We Teach Our Daughters Specialties?" and "The Kindergarten for Mothers," grouped between.

1900 NOT A LEAP YEAR.

Many people are greatly surprised by the statement so often repeated in these days that there will not be another leap year for eight years, and they find it difficult to understand why. Our present calendar was adjusted by the master mind of Julius Cæsar, forty years before the birth of Christ. Men went on through succeeding centuries, reckoning their days, months, and years by the Julian system, with the feeling that the matter was settled for all time; but there was really an error of eleven minutes and ten seconds in every year, and in 1582 this had amounted to ten days. The time of Easter, by which all the movable feasts of the Church are dated, was thus thrown out of place and season; and, in consequence, Pope Gregory XIII., to remedy the trouble, ordered that October 5, 1582, should be reckoned October 15. Further than this, to prevent a like necessity arising in the then far-distant future, Gregory also decreed that

(Continued on Page 310)

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "CHAUTAUQUA" RECLINING CHAIR OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" DESK,

WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR \$10.00.



The Combination Box at retail would cost, . \$10.00
Either Premium Ditto, . \$10.00

Total, \$20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR \$10.00

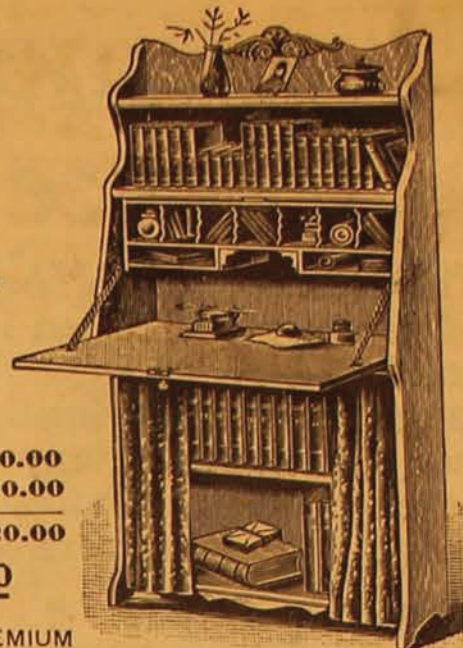
WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT \$10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in Demorest's Magazine, November and December.

NOTE.—We are glad to endorse the Larkin Co. of Buffalo. Personal trial of their goods has been made by members of the Observer staff. Our readers may take advantage of their offers without hesitation.—New York Observer.

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



Six Lovely Roses For 25 Cents.



HALF A MILLION ROSES NOW READY.

For only 25 cents (silver or stamps) we will send one each of following Everblooming Roses, strong, one year old plants, on their own roots, all will bloom freely this summer:—Snowflake, pure white; Maurice Rouvier, pink shaded crimson; Star of Gold, the queen of yellows; Mad. Sadi Carnot, bright cherry red, very fragrant; Mlle F. Kruger, coppery yellow; Mad. Schwaller, best pink known.

For 50 cents we will send 13 ROSES including the above six and seven more of our selection all extra choice varieties, no two alike.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------|-----|
| 15 Prize Chrysanthemums | 50c | 10 Fragrant Carnation Pinks | 50c |
| 12 Geraniums, single & double | 50c | 12 Bright Colored Coleus | 50c |
| 10 Flowering Begonias, choice kinds | 50c | 25 pkts Choice Flower Seeds | 50c |

ANY 3 OF ABOVE SETS FOR \$1.25, ANY 5 SETS FOR \$2.00.

These are samples of our stock and you may be sure we will send no inferior plants. We pay all postage and guarantee the plants safely delivered into your hands, all plainly and correctly labeled. Ask for Catalogue. THE GEO. H. MELLEN CO., Box S Springfield, Ohio.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

RARE SWEET PEAS FREE!



Our BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET COLLECTION, comprising over 30 varieties of Eckford's, New Giant, Gilt Edge Strain. The finest collection ever brought together by any seedsman. Every color, combination and shade are represented, from darkest crimson to snowy white, with flowers double the size of ordinary sweet peas. The very cream of the newest and rarest sweet peas, the fashionable and popular flower of the day. This magnificent collection contains over one ounce of seed (enough for a hedge), and we send it FREE, together with printed directions for growing sweet peas, a copy of our charming new Illustrated Catalogue for 1896, and 20c Premium Coupon on receipt of only 10c., the exact cost to us of postage and putting up. Our catalogue contains many new things that cannot be obtained elsewhere. If you send silver for the above, we include absolutely Free, a regular 20 cent packet of our world famous ROYAL PRIZE PANSIES, said by good judges to surpass anything in Pansies seen at the World's Fair; flowers three inches across, spotted, striped and mottled in endless variety. We make this offer to get you to try our seeds, as we know after a trial you will use no others. The offer is good for 30 days only. The above seeds are exactly the same as we advertise in our catalogue for 45 cents, and thousands of packets have been sold at that price.

Address at once, O. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Florists and Seedsmen, CANTON, MAINE.

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

SEEDS FOR AN ENTIRE FLOWER GARDEN FREE!



Our grand flower seed offer of 1895 proved so popular that we have decided to make the greatest offer for 1896 ever put out by any publishing house. We must gain 100,000 new trial subscribers this spring to carry us over the dull summer season and so have placed an order with the leading seed grower of America for 100,000 flower seed collections at a ridiculous price. Here is the collection, neatly put up in packages and sent fully postpaid:—

- | | | | | | |
|-----------------|---------|------------------------|---------|------------------|---------|
| Pinks, | 22 col. | Portulacæ, Poppy, each | 20 col. | Morning Glories, | 30 col. |
| Asters, | 40 " | Petunias, | 40 " | Marigolds, | 30 " |
| Pansies, | 50 " | Sweet Pens, | 10 " | Mignonette, | 2 " |
| Larkspur, | 5 " | " Alyssum, | 1 " | Zinnias, | 15 " |
| Forget-me-nots, | 5 " | Nasturtiums, | 15 " | Balsam, | 12 " |

Send us only 10 cents silver or 12 cents stamps to help pay for postage, packing and this advertisement, and we will send you The Yank, 3 months on trial and all the above great collection FREE and postpaid. The Yank already has a larger circulation than any similar publication in this section because every issue is full of bright stories, helpful household hints and women's departments. We prefer to introduce our paper in this way, rather than to spend thousands of dollars in advertising as most publishers do. After you have once read The Yank you will always want it. You get all for 10c. silver or 12c. stamps, and your money refunded if not perfectly satisfied. Address, The Yank, 7 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

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

Unanimous Choice

The New York Morning Journal recently offered ten leading makes of bicycles as prizes in a guessing contest, giving the winners free choice of any one of the ten machines. The result was ALL of the ten winners selected

Columbia Bicycles

The Journal accordingly bought ten Columbias, paying \$100 each for them, without discount or rebate. On even terms a few will choose a bicycle other than the Columbia



STANDARD OF THE WORLD
Unequaled, Unapproached.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
Factories and General Offices, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

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

PHOENIX BICYCLES

8TH YEAR They stand the racket

High-Grade In Name and Reality

WE CATER TO THE CRITICAL and guarantee EVERY WHEEL. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co.
Freeport, Ill.

EASTERN BRANCH, 575 MADISON AV., NEW YORK, N. Y.
WESTERN BRANCH, 1510 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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

600 SECOND-HAND BICYCLES
All MAKES and MODELS, must be closed out. Agents wanted. Send for descriptive bargain lists. A. F. LEAD CYCLE CO., 287 Wabash-Av., CHICAGO.

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

FREE SILK REMNANTS. We will send FREE to any person one large package of SILK REMNANTS, for crazy patchwork. Send this advertisement in a letter, to LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York.

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

(Continued from Page 309)

every hundredth year the intercalary day should not be inserted, excepting every four-hundredth year; but that exception begins in 2000 A. D., which will be a leap year. So perfectly does this adjust things that the discrepancy will not amount to one whole day till the year 5000.

FLORIDA CHILDREN.

The children of the Florida Keys are quite wonderful little men and women, acquiring in their isolated lives a certain amount of accurate knowledge and a surprising independence and fearlessness that amazes the stranger. They are like fish in the water; and on it handle their boats with the skill of hardy seamen, and a readiness of resource in emergencies that is the envy of yachtsmen. No professional pilot can give them points on the intricate windings of the reefs and channels, and they know to a minute the state of the tide, with its ebb and flow, as well as that of the moon, and the direction of the wind. They are bright children, and in this outdoor life get very near to nature. The girls can handle a gun as fearlessly and skillfully as the boys; and, indeed, the only thing they are afraid of is strangers, in whose presence a mantle of bashfulness shuts down like a shell over them. Time alone, revealing the harmlessness of the newcomer, is able to overcome this timidity, which is a most refreshing contrast to the case-hardened little ones of our Northern cities with their unblushing self-assertion.

THE SACRED OXEN OF CEYLON.

They have in Ceylon a dwarf breed of oxen which is the greatest curiosity among domesticated animals in any part of the world. A few years ago one was sent to the Marquis of Canterbury, in England, and it has borne the change of climate very well. It is supposed to be about ten years old, and is only twenty-two inches high, weighing one hundred and nine and a half pounds. The largest specimens of the breed never exceed thirty inches in height.

In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull the driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two-hundred-pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel one hundred miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in

(Continued on Page 311.)



100, all dif., Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., only 10c.; 200, all dif., Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmann, 5941 Cote Brillant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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

PURCHASING AGENT. Shopping done free. Best reference given. Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



OVER 34,000 SOLD.
Distinctly Superior and Up to Date.

Highest Award Columbian Exposition, 1893, for Tone, Touch, Scale, Action, Design, Material, Construction.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS TAKEN.
Delivered, Freight Prepaid, at your house.

Send for Handsome Illustrated Catalogue, FREE.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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



Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS

Ladies, if you would have the most perfect Corset made, try this style. Endorsed by thousands now wearing them. SIDE UNBREAKABLE. Handsomely illustrated catalogue of Corsets and Health Waists, with prices, free by mail. St. Louis Corset Co., Mrs., Department A. 19th and Morgan Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO. Lady Agents Wanted.

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

DEEP IN THE HEART OF EVERY RIDER IS A PLACE FOR THE WARWICK

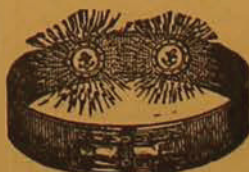
THE BICYCLE THAT'S APPRECIATED ON ACCOUNT OF IT'S DUST PROOF BEARINGS AND OTHER INIMITABLE POINTS OF PERFECTION

IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT'S A WARWICK, THE WHEEL - "BUILT ON HONOR" \$85.00 & \$100.00

SEND FOR CATALOGUE SEVEN MODELS FOR 96c.

WARWICK CYCLE MFG. CO. SPRINGFIELD MASS.

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



Agents Wanted Both Sexes.

The electricity from the batteries will turn a needle through your table or hand. Cures Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, Weak and Lame Back, etc. For advertising purposes we will give ONE BELT FREE to any person in each locality. Address E. J. SMEAD & CO., Dept. 82, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY

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

(Continued from Page 310.)

other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years.

One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that a Buddhistic priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used as a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge a stone in his prison wall, which was exactly two and a half feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free; but he knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the thirty-inch square opening and miraculously passed through it. The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast, and was soon safe in his own country.

Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grow too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative.

HOLLAND IN MARCH.

One of the sights best worth seeing in Holland is seldom enjoyed by the traveler, because he plans his journey too late in the season. From March till June the bulb farms around Haarlem and Ouerveen make a picture that would pay anyone to go a thousand miles to see. Not only has every little villa and house about Haarlem its bulb garden, but there are plantations, or *bloemestries*, where tulips and hyacinths are planted by the acre, and for long distances a glowing mass of color from the richly hued flowers carpets the level fields and low, rolling sand-hills.

(Continued on Page 312.)



BEAUTIFUL CACTUS.

FLOWERS EXQUISITE AND FRAGRANT. Some Measuring 12 Inches Across; Require Absolutely no Care and Very Little Water.

12 FINE PLANTS & 12 VASES

OF GENUINE JAPANESE PORCELAIN in beautiful assortment and various colors, together with soil, labels, Book on Cacti, well packed in light box, and sent by express (buyer paying charges) for THREE DOLLARS.

5 Plants 5 Jars, Soil, Etc., for \$1.50.
 12 PLANTS BY MAIL \$1; 5 FOR 50 cts.
 ALL CACTI DISTINCT AND NAMED,
 Book on Cacti 116 pages, 180 Cuts, 10 cts.
 100 SUMMER BLOOMING BULBS \$1.
 50 for 50 cts. 20 for 25 cts. 10 for 15 cts;
 12 Rare Lilies All Assorted, \$1;
 6 Begonias, 50 cts.; 6 Gloxinias, 50 cts.
 ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE YEAR.
 In Plants, Bulbs, Seeds and Fruits,
 Send for Free Catalogues.

A. BLANC & CO., 316 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

When buying HOUSE PAINTS ask for

Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,

in paste or liquid form. The Best is always the Cheapest. Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. Durability lessens cost of labor. Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: Post Office Box 3499.

CHICAGO: Masury Building, 191 Michigan Avenue.

BROOKLYN: 44 to 50 Jay Street.

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



CLEAN HANDS.

Every lady buys a STOVE POLISHING MITTEN at sight. Polishes the stove better and quicker than a brush. Sample by mail. 35 cts. a set; 4 sets, \$1.00. New Eng. Novelty Mfg. Co., 240 Portland St. Boston, Mass Agents can make, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day.

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



Do you plant Flower Seeds? Do you Grow Flowers?

FRESH Flower Seeds

The Best in America and we've got to make it known in some way—a good many people know it well already—but now for 1896, to get our "GARDENING ILLUSTRATED" into the hands of every single Flower Buyer—

We're Going to Give Away Six Best Novelties

- 1 Pkt. Giant Japan Morning-glory
- 1 Pkt. New Red Pansy
- 1 Pkt. New Yellow Aster
- 1 Pkt. Double Sweet Peas
- 1 Pkt. Yellow Sweet Peas
- 1 Pkt. Verbena—fiery scarlet



NEW SWEET PEA "AMERICA", 15 cts. New White, with wide carmine blotch... Splendid for Bouquets...

These six and the 120-page Book for cost of book... 14c.

We're in CHICAGO and NEW YORK—can't miss us. Send today seven 2-cent stamps and ask for the "FLOWER GIRL COLLECTION" and the book. Mention Demorest.

NEW YORK: 26 Barclay-st. CHICAGO: 84-86 Randolph-st.

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

TO READERS OF

"Demorest's Family Magazine."

We have secured control of a limited number of copies of

"GEMS OF THE WORLD'S SCENERY."

A Collection of 600 Photographic Views, Covering the Scenery of all Countries.

Size of plates 10 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches with Descriptive Text.

Printed on heavy calendered plate paper, handsomely bound and with appropriate cover design. Regular Price, \$6.50. Our price to readers of "Demorest's Family Magazine" only, \$2.25 cash with order, or free for five yearly subscriptions at \$2.00 each, cash with order. As we have only a few copies and can obtain no more at this price, an early application is necessary.

Address: BOOK DEPARTMENT,

Demorest's Family Magazine, 110 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. CITY.

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



Know Enameline?

**It is the modern, ready-to-use Stove Paste.
As clean to use as soap and water. A bright gloss with
half the work of other polishes.**

Sold everywhere. See that you get the genuine;

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TO READERS OF DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE:

The Publishers, always alive to the interests of their readers, have secured a special arrangement for a short time only, whereby they may supply the Great

"MEMORIAL WAR BOOK"

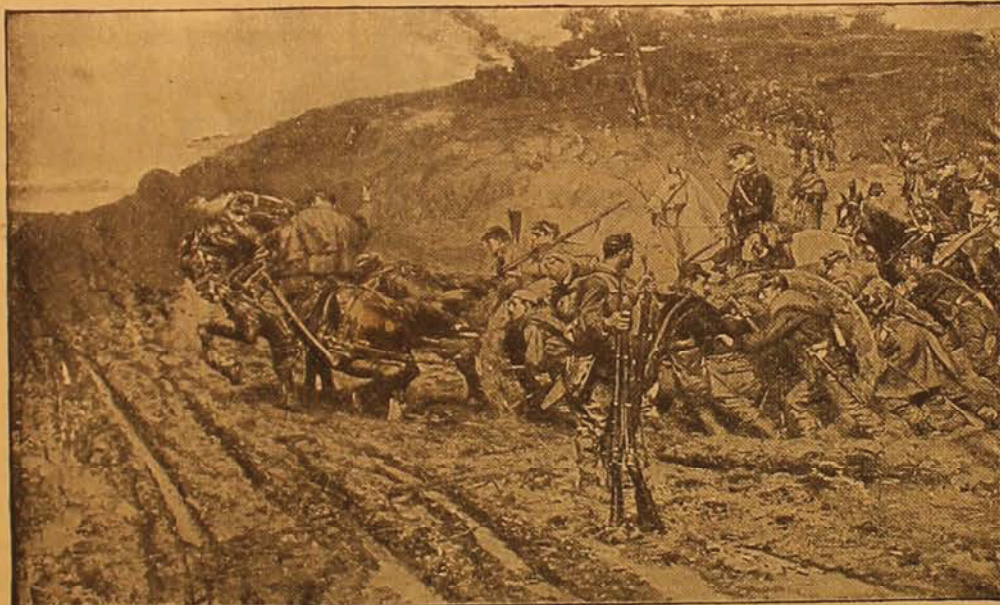
AT A SPECIAL PRICE AND ON SPECIAL TERMS.
THE WORK CONTAINS

TWO THOUSAND MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mostly reproduced from the celebrated series of photographs taken during the war by M. B. BRADY and ALEXANDER GARDNER, under the

AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,

The original negatives of which are now in the possession of the WAR DEPARTMENT at Washington, to which have been added reproductions of several noted paintings of GILBERT GAUL, and the series recently issued by the Messrs. Prang from paintings by de Thulstrup and Davidson, altogether



Forming the most Sumptuous Work on the War ever issued.

The text has been written especially for the work by
MAJOR GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,

and is compiled from Historical Records, Narratives of Men who fought, and from personal observations. It aims to present a series of pen pictures drawn from material that has never before been collected. It is a series of personal reminiscences of stirring adventures and lifelike descriptions of campaigns and battles, as the soldier saw them, rather than a history, with sufficient memoranda of the events attending the progress of the struggle to give the reader an understanding of their relative importance.

PEN AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

OF ACTUAL SCENES on the MARCH, in CAMP, on the FIELD OF BATTLE, and in the TRENCHES.

An early application is necessary, as this offer may be withdrawn at any time.

For particulars, address, BOOK DEPARTMENT, DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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

AUTOHARPS Send for Catalogue.
ALFRED DOLGE & SON, 111 East 13th St., New York.

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



TOOTH SENSE

Your address on a postal will bring a sample of Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap. Gives beautiful teeth and sweet breath. Heals sore gums. Prevents decay. Large china box for 25c. in stamps, post-paid, which includes a complete edition of Webster's Pocket Dictionary and Guide to Spelling. Chas. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

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

(Continued from Page 311.)

HOME SCIENCE.

A noteworthy epoch in the education of women is reached by the syllabus of "Home Science," recently issued by the regents of the University of New York. The new course is to be placed on a par educationally with botany and other scientific subjects, and the usual credits will be given. Domestic science is coming to be recognized widely as the most important means to be employed toward the elevation and prosperity of a nation, through the widespread influence it exercises upon the health and morals of a people. The university examination is divided into four topics, which, as subdivided, cover a broad field, going down to the bottom of many evils, and turning the electric light of knowledge upon many insidious, health-destroying practices. Under the head of "Foods" we find "Their relative importance, modes of preparation and preservation, and the detection of fraudulent additions;" and "Uses of food in the human body; quantity and relative proportion of each food principle needed to sustain life, and to give power for physical and mental work; reasons for varying food according to season, age, or occupation." The second topic covers "Emergencies, Home Nursing, and Hygiene." "Household Science" stops not with plumbing, lighting, heating, ventilation, and water supply, but instructs upon the regulation of work from cellar to garret, and the relations of mistress and maid. "Public Hygiene" considers those regulations necessary for the cleanliness of cities and towns, the prevention of epidemics and spread of con-

(Continued on Page 313.)



A Ruined Gown

Caused by perspiration is generally the result when inferior dress shields are used. The only certain remedy is the use of the

Waist ruined for the want of the Canfield Dress Shields.

Canfield Dress Shields.

These shields are guaranteed. The manufacturers agreeing to replace any waist damaged by perspiration under the arms when the Canfield Shield has been properly attached.

For sale by dealers everywhere. Ask for and insist upon having "Canfield Dress Shields."

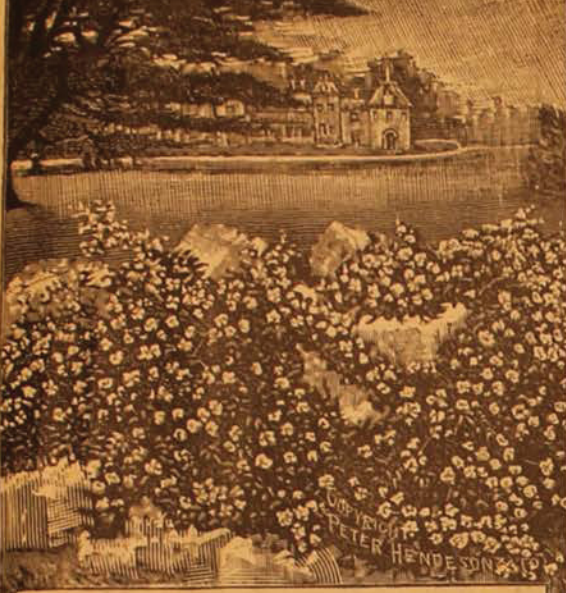
CANFIELD RUBBER COMPANY
NEW YORK, LONDON AND PARIS.



Trade-Mark on every Shield.

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

THE HARDY WHITE MEMORIAL ROSE.
THE IDEAL PLANT FOR CEMETERIES.



THE MEMORIAL ROSE AS IT GROWS.

Growing in sun or shade, possessing the hardness of the Oak, with a distinctive charm entirely its own, the Memorial Rose (*Rosa Wichuraiana*) will be found a singularly appropriate plant for beautifying Cemetery plots. It creeps along the ground just as an Ivy does, growing ten feet in a single season, forming a dense mat of dark green lustrous foliage, with thornless stems. The flowers are single, snow-white with a golden yellow disc, are from 5 to 6 inches in circumference, and have the delicious fragrance of the Banksia Roses. The flowers, in clusters, are produced in the most lavish profusion, and are in their fullest glory just after the June Roses are past. Seen then the clusters look like great masses of snow, and are a sight long to be remembered. But its use is not confined to Cemeteries, for not only is it also perfectly adapted for garden culture, but for screening rocky slopes, embankments and such places as it is desirable to quickly cover with verdure it is unsurpassed. Indeed, it adapts itself to every condition of growth, whether barren or fertile soil, rocky ledge, shady nook or sun-kissed slope.

Prices (free by mail), good plants, 40c. each, 3 for \$1.00, 7 for \$2.00, 12 for \$3.00; extra strong plants, 60c. each, 2 for \$1.00, 5 for \$2.00, 12 for \$4.50.

All purchasers of the Memorial Rose who will state where they saw this advertisement will be sent our MANUAL FOR 1896 of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" (160 pages, 6 colored plates and over 500 engravings). To those desiring the MANUAL only, we will mail it on receipt of 20 cents (in stamps), which is less than cost.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

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

The BEST Dress Shield for TEA GOWNS is Dewey's Improved Acme Dress and Corset Protector A Complete Garment



which can be worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Better and Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six.

Bust measure, 28-33, \$.80
" " 34-39, 1.00
" " 40-46, 1.25

Send money by P. O. Order Catalogue Free.
M. DEWEY, Mfr.
1397 L, W. Monroe St., Chicago.

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

YPSILANTI

Dress reform underwear embodies the true principles of hygiene. All discomforts of the ordinary under garment have been obviated by this great **(DRESS REFORM)** idea. Endorsed by medical men, and all promoters of physical culture as the only correct form of underwear. Write to Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich., for catalogue and book describing Ypsilanti

UNDERWEAR

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 312.)

tagious diseases, inspection of foods, and sanitary condition of all public buildings. Every town and village in the State ought to have at least one woman's club pursuing this course. The syllabus, and further information on the subject, can be obtained from the regents in Albany.

WHAT THEY SAY IN ENGLAND.

A NEW verb that has been coined in America—"to dunraven"—is generally accepted as meaning "to withdraw haughtily from a contest as soon as the impossibility of winning it is manifest."

"SHIPS that Pass in the Night" have sailed. On board were the "Heavenly Twins"; But the "New Book" plague is still in the land, And I am pestered by bores on every hand With opinions on "Trilby's" sins.

PERFUMED butter is becoming fashionable in New York. Wrapped in cheese-cloth, the butter is allowed to stand in a bed of roses or violets.

(Continued on 314.)

WALL-PAPER

Samples mailed free from the largest concern in U.S. Prices 30% lower than others. PAPERS from 2½c. to \$3½ a Roll—8 Yards. DEALERS can have large books by express with **TRADE DISCOUNTS.**

A MILLION ROLLS—An Unlimited Variety
982-984 Market St.
KAYSER & ALLMAN 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

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

RIPPLE-CREEK INVESTMENTS \$300,000 CAPITAL. 3 YEARS ON THE GROUND.
RELIABLE INFORMATION WITH RIPPLE-CREEK MAP-FREE.
the-WOODS INVESTMENT-Co. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

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



If Mermaids Wore Gloves

the sharp shells of the ocean could not harm their dainty fingers. The "Tips" of the

"KAYSER PATENT FINGER-TIPPED" SILK GLOVES

are made so that there is no wear through to them; they wear as long as the gloves, and should they not, the **guarantee ticket** that is in each pair is good for a new pair **Free.** The genuine have the word "Kayser" in the hem. 50c., 75c. and \$1. If your dealer hasn't them, write to

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- 6 Beautiful Single Geraniums, fine assortment, 25c
- 6 Sweetest and Best Carnations, choice colors, 25c
- 6 of the Loveliest Fuschias, double and single, 25c
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(Continued from Page 313.)

SIR HENRY IRVING and his theatrical company, when on a tour in the United States, carry eight hundred tons of scenery, costumes, and other property for their plays.

CERTAIN young East Indian gentlemen who are pursuing the study of the law in London were invited by the Master of the Temple to spend an evening at his house. The time fixed for the assembling of the interesting party arrived, but nobody came. When nearly an hour had passed in fruitless waiting, the master's wife rang for the maid, a new one, as it happened, not yet quite accustomed to the ways of the house. She entered in a state of considerable excitement.

"Have none of the gentlemen arrived?" asked her mistress.

"No," answered the domestic; "but a lot of impudent Christy Minstrels has been a-ringing at the bell, and I have been a-driving 'em away, mum!"

HOW OCEAN LINERS ARE DISTINGUISHED.

Liners are distinguished from one another by their flags or the lights they show at night. The following are some of the distinguishing flags:

Over the Cunard steamers floats a square red flag, on which is a golden lion rampant, holding the "orb of empire" in its paws. The Inman Line's flag is red with a white field, and in the field is a black diamond.

A red swallow-tail with a white star in it is the flag of the White Star Line, and the Red Star steamers fly a white swallow-tail, charged with a red star.

The Guion Line's flag is blue with a large white diamond, in the centre of which is a black star.

A white flag, on which is a red anchor, is the one flown by ships of the Anchor Line; and the North German Lloyd steamers fly a white flag, on which, in blue, are a key and an anchor and a wreath of oak-leaves.

(Continued on Page 315.)

LeMesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. NOTICE.—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price-List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.

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In our catalogue (sent for 10 cents) you will find rare trees and shrubs and plants you probably never heard of; hardy and suitable for our climate, grown out of doors in our nurseries, and not expensive because rare.

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for only 25 cents we will send both the **Palm and Canna—and a catalogue—to any address, FREE!** Our 68-page Catalogue of Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits for 1896, with fine colored plate of Red and Blue Water Lilies, mailed free to applicants.
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- 1 pkt. **Albee Pansy**—all colors mixed, simply grand.
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- These 10 pkts. of seed and 13 choice bulbs (worth \$1.30), will all flower this season, and make a wonderful flower bed of many colors. I will send them with my 1896 catalogue, Pansy Calendar, full instructions for prizes and how to get the most colors, for 30 cents (silver or M. O.) Order at once, and you will be more than pleased. My catalogue shows a photo of such a bed. "Cupid" Sweet Peas, the Floral Wonder, Free with each order.
- F. B. MILLS, Box 109, ROSE HILL, N. Y.**

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Valuable samples, late commendations and full particulars free. **G. BIXLER, Wooster, Ohio.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 314.)

At night, when these distinguishing features cannot be seen, a vessel announces her line by burning lights of a peculiar kind, a certain set of colors and pyrotechnics being adopted by each line.

Thus, if a Cunard steamer should meet another at night, and wish to exchange signals, she would burn a blue light, and fire off two Roman candles, each discharging six blue balls. If the ship signaled were an Inman steamer, she would show a blue light forward and aft, and a red light on the bridge, and fire a variegated rocket.

CALIFORNIA PLUM-PUDDING.

In olden times when a plum pudding was made its ingredients were brought together from the four quarters of the globe: the raisins came from France or Spain; Zante furnished the currants; Italy the lemons, citrons, and oranges; from Spain or the south of France came also the almonds; and the delectable spices—without which the pudding would have had no savor—were brought from the far-away Spice Islands. America furnished only the flour and sugar. However, times are changed. California now boasts that, with the exception of the spice, she can within her own borders furnish everything for a toothsome English plum-pudding.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

The Queen of Madagascar is described as of medium height, thin and lithe, as undulating and supple as a snake. Her feet, which shoes have not deformed, are very small, and the narrow palms and tapering fingers of her hands are at ease in tiny gloves. She has attractive, noble features, fine eyes, and her complexion is of a chocolate color.



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LIST OF PORTRAITS PUBLISHED IN THE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM SINCE JANUARY, 1895.

JANUARY, 1895.

William Cullen Bryant. Goethe.
General Booth. George Inness.
Mrs. Ballington Booth. Nicholas II., Czar of Russia.
Ballington Booth. Princess Alix, wife of Nicholas II.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

George Washington. Neal Dow.
Martha Washington. Rembrandt.
Anton Rubinstein. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D.
Lord Byron. "George Sand."

MARCH, 1895.

Louisa M. Alcott. Schiller.
William Dean Howells. Joseph Addison.
Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Madame Melba. Victor Hugo.

APRIL, 1895.

Chauncey M. Depew. Charles Kingsley.
Robert Fulton. Madame Nordica.
Prince of Wales. Julius Cæsar.
Princess of Wales. Queen Marie Antoinette.

MAY, 1895.

Levi P. Morton. Wilkie Collins.
Richard Wagner. Lucretia Mott.
Walter Damrosch. Queen Victoria.
Louis J. M. Daguerre. Pope Leo XIX

JUNE, 1895.

W. Jennings Demorest. Sir Isaac Newton.
John P. St. John. Joan of Arc.
Daniel Webster. Jean Ingelou.
Horace Greeley. John Milton.

JULY, 1895.

Benjamin Franklin. Peter the Great.
Henry Clay. Catherine II., of Russia.
Charles Sumner. Mme. Sarah Grand.
Thomas B. Macaulay. Heinrich Heine.

AUGUST, 1895.

James Russell Lowell. Emily Faithful.
Wendell Phillips. Louis Pasteur.
Sir Walter Scott. Raphael.
George MacDonald. Queen Louisa of Prussia.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. George du Maurier.
The Marquis of Salisbury. Professor Louis Agassiz.
General Lew Wallace. Amelia B. Edwards.
Dinah Mulock-Craik.
Professor Huxley.

OCTOBER, 1895.

C. Oliver Iselin. Mary A. Livermore.
The Earl of Dunraven. William B. Allison.
Mrs. Humphry Ward. The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter.
Rider Haggard.
"George Eliot."

NOVEMBER, 1895.

Dean Stanley. Madame Blavatsky.
Robert Burns. Margaret Fuller-Ossoli.
Edward Everett. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.
Matthew Quay.
Prof. Felix Adler.

DECEMBER, 1895.

Josephine Diebitsch- Mme. Helena Modjeska.
Peary. General Nelson A. Miles.
Lieut. Robert E. Peary. T. Hall Caine.
Harry Nelson Pillsbury. M. P. Marsick.
Hon. Seth Low, LL.D.

JANUARY, 1896.

Charles R. Darwin. Baroness Burdett-Coutts.
Frances Power Cobbe. Paul Bourget.
"Mark Twain." Anthony Hope Hawkins.
Thomas Jefferson. Nikola Tesla.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

Eugene Field. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
"John Oliver Hobbes." Theodore Roosevelt.
Alfred Tennyson. R. Heber Newton, D.D.
"Pierre Loti." John Hall, D.D.

Any of the above portraits may be obtained by purchasing the magazines in which they are published. See Page 290.



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quality of Flannelette, in blue stripes—finished with neck—neck tied with pretty lace with postage included
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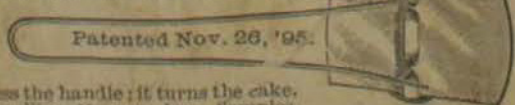
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You press the handle; it turns the cake. Agents selling 10c per day. Samples, postpaid, 20 cents.
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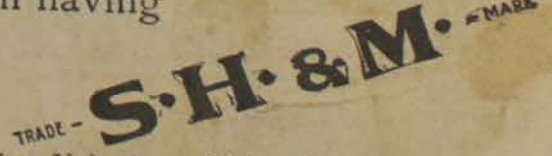
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HAIR CLOTH
for Interlinings—LASTS Forever
AMERICAN HAIR CLOTH COMPANY
SEND FOR SAMPLES Pawtucket, R. I.

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The slashes of velvet in the sleeve-puffs match the full vest. Dark-blue fabrics and black ones are frequently combined with green velvet, and *chiné* silk or Persian patterned velvet are much used in the same way.

A NEW CYCLING SUIT.

THE question of proper dress for cycling, while quite as interesting as heretofore, is not debated with the same heat as last season, because the public has become wonted to almost any eccentricity, and now grants to woman the privilege of exercising her own sweet will in the matter without so much as raising an eyelid or turning a head.



A NEW CYCLING SUIT.
NORFOLK JACKET. DIVIDED SKIRT. KNICKERBOCKERS AND LEGGINS.

The outcome, however, is what all sensible people expected: that the majority of women would adopt a modest, becoming, and convenient manner of dressing, with sufficient variety to individualize it.

We give this month a pattern of a divided skirt, which has found many warm advocates as its convenience on the wheel is incontrovertible. The fullness is so adjusted, both in the front and in the back, that the division is not apparent when the wearer is walking. In length it should be six or eight inches from the ground. Moderately heavy cloths, wide-waled serges, and whip-cords are the fabrics

most used now; but later in the season mohair and alpacas will be employed, and for summer heavy linen and duck suits will be worn by those indefatigable wheelwomen who ride in all weather. The full bloomers worn under the ordinary skirt are not so convenient for the divided skirt as closer-fitting knickerbockers, a pattern of which we also give this month. The ready-made knickerbockers, for sale in the shops, are usually made of mohair the color of the skirt, unless that be lined with silk, in which case they are of the gown stuff. Many women have black satin or dark silk "knickers," as they are far-and-away the most comfortable, preventing any possibility of the woolen skirts clinging to the legs when mounting.

The "Norfolk" jacket is the favorite cool-weather garment for wheeling, as its trim outlines are becoming to all, and it has just that trig, business-like air which is suited to the exercise. Nothing that flies should ever be worn on the wheel; and convenient as the blazer and Eton jackets are, their open fronts, carried out by the rapid motion, give so grotesque an appearance to a rider that they are falling into disfavor. The "Norfolk" is very simply fitted by the usual seams in the back and single darts in the front; the plaits are cut separately and stitched on. Beginners in cycling will find many useful hints in an article on "Woman's Dress for Cycling," in Demorest's for August, 1895. Separate coupons are required for the skirt, jacket, and knickerbockers, but the leggings are included with the latter.

THE importance of buttons is not to be ignored. Enamels, painted miniatures, hand-painted ivory, inlaid enamel, and metal work, all more or less embellished with turquoises and brilliant stones, make them veritable works of art.

FUR is indiscriminately combined with lace in the garniture of dressy gowns.

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



KNICKERBOCKERS AND LEGGINS.