DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"WHERE shall we go this summer?" The answer to this question, so frequently repeated as to have lost the charm of novelty, was so often contained in the suggestion, "To Norway," that we finally decided last spring to undertake the novel and enjoyable journey to the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

The chief object which lures most travelers to "Noroway acrass the faem," is what the great Barnum, if he were interested in the matter, would undoubtedly call "the greatest show on earth!"—the midnight sun, which is to be seen at Tromsoe, Hammerfest, or the North Cape, from the middle of May to the latter part of July. During this period of continuous daylight, the stars are not seen, the pale moon jealously refuses to enter into competition with her potent rival, and sheds no light until the sun disappears entirely and the aurora borealis covers the northern heavens with radiant light and glory.

The three days' voyage from London to Göteberg (called Gothenberg by the English), the principal sea-port of Sweden, was not specially notable, although as we approached the Scandinavian peninsula the little steamer in which we had made the passage rocked right merrily over the dark green waters of the Kattegat,—"strait of Catti,"—and I congratulated myself when we reached the quiet sound between the countless barren cliffs and islands that crowd the Hake fjord.* An hour later we landed in Göteberg, and in three hours more were on our way over Trollhattan to Christiania.

Christiania, the metropolis of Norway, is a large town composed chiefly of dwelling-houses and stores, and possesses very few of the attractions we expect to find in a city. Even the royal palace is a huge yellow brick building, resembling a factory more than a king's residence.

The greater part of my stay in Christiania was occupied in preparing for the Northland trip. In the first place, it was very hard to find my artistic co-laborer, who had preceded me a week and was making little excursions among the picturesque arms of the sea called fjords (of which the friths of western Scotland convey an imperfect idea), which might well excuse an artist for losing himself in their tortuous branchings amid sublime mountain scenery. However, he was found at last, and the cabin passages and tickets secured for the North Cape trip on the steamer Capella.

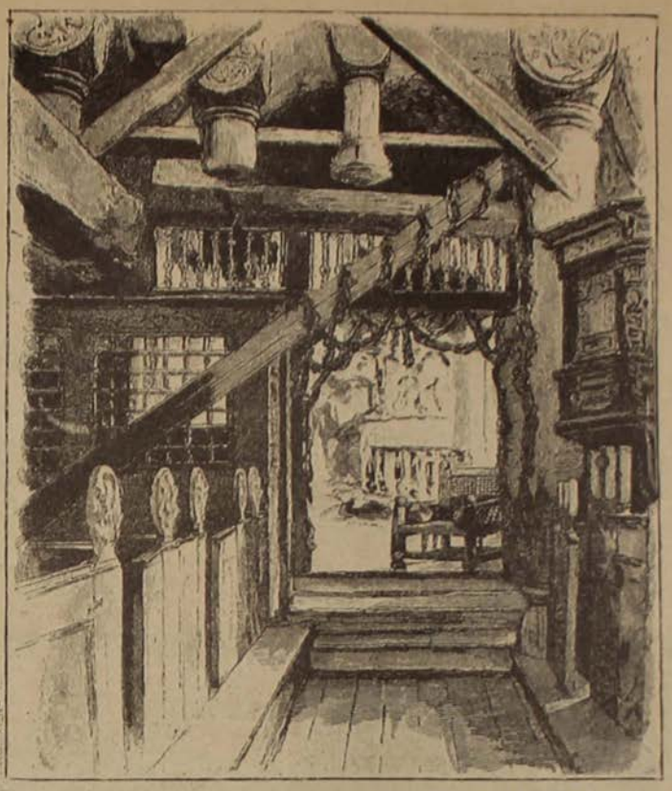
The railway ride from Christiania to Trondhjem occupied some seventeen hours, for the most part through the interior of Norway, and gave us an opportunity to get some idea of the topography of the country. The only popular method of traversing the hilly interior is by means of the curious vehicle called the carriole. It is a species of sulky, with large wheels and long elastic shafts, fastened directly to the axle. The seat rests on cross-bars. The luggage is carried behind the axle-tree, upon a board attached to the ends of the shafts. The postilion, a boy—or frequently a girl—of twelve or fourteen, sits here, and the passenger drives.

Ninety miles by rail, and then we began to travel by carriole post, making a détour from the railroad in order to see some of the peculiar features of Norwegian life and

* Pronounced fee-ord.

scenery. The carrioles are on a regular route of relay stations, called *gästgif varegård*, in Swedish.

One of the oldest buildings in Norway was not far from our route, and we went a little out of our way to see it. This was the old *stav* (wooden) church of Borgund, one of the most interesting in Norway. It belongs to the oldest style of ecclesiastical architecture in the country, dating probably from the time of St. Olaf. Its steeple is surmounted by a cock, and the shingled roofs are ornamented with dragons' heads and crosses. A low, open gallery on the ground protects one part of the edifice, and its entrances are covered by porches. The small interior, with its curious carvings and arrangements, is almost as odd as the exterior. A space of about twenty-four feet square forms the main area, and is surrounded by ten pillars, behind which are benches for the congregation. This quaint little wooden church is most picturesquely situated. It stands in the midst of a large meadow and at the extremity of a rather large opening in the valley, surrounded on every side by immense dark rocky walls.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH.

A little further on we took a steamer through the Noero fjord, at the head of which we again had recourse to the primitive pony carriole. The road, which led around the mountain, was a marvel of engineering, winding along a raging torrent and up a deep valley, the sides of which rose high above our heads. The cone-like mountain rose in polished splendor, and further up the cañon avalanches of stone made the way well-nigh impassable.

STAV CHURCH IN BORGUND.

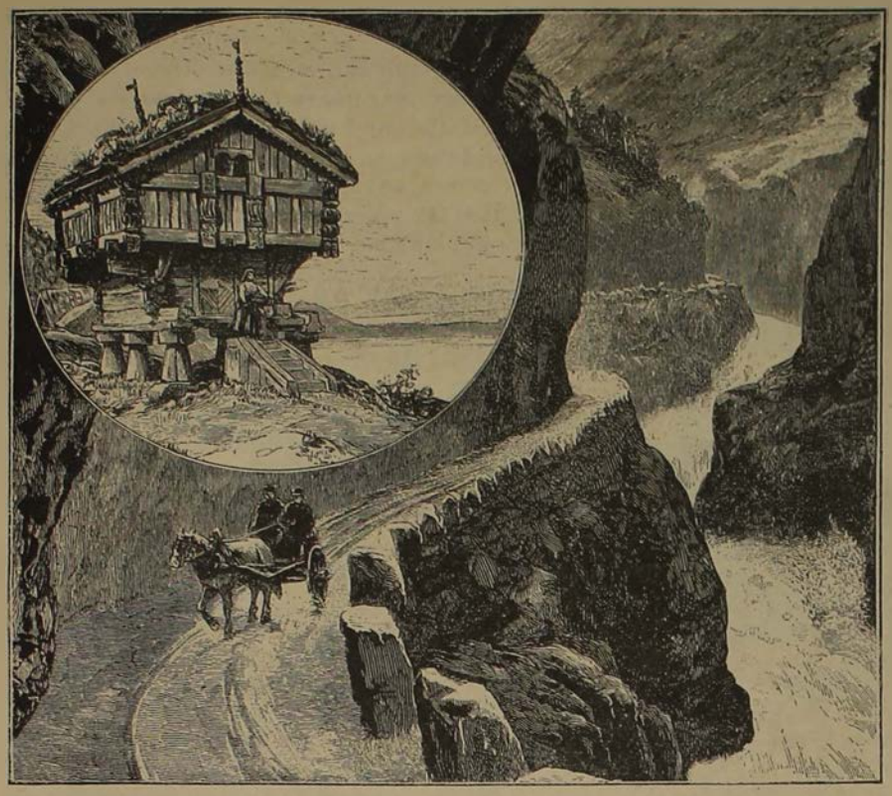
On the railway from Bergen to Trondhjem the peculiar features of the Northland trip begin to appear. At the station Eidsvold the railway runs through a purely Norwegian landscape. We pass wide fjords covered with floating logs and tree-trunks; lakes in which the wooded hills are mirrored, here and there a little steamer towing a raft of logs; a still inlet with a pretty farm on its shores, near the dwelling-house the stables built on wooden or stone piles, the *stabbur*, or storehouse, where the stores and clothing of the family are kept, built of wooden blocks joined together, with an overhanging roof, as in China.

At Böraas the railroad begins a steeper grade. We are already twenty-one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and it is bitter cold in this longitude. The country is very barren: ice-peaks, rocks, and sand-barrens alternate with swamp and moorland; on the heights lies snow long since and lately fallen; the poor huts are thatched with turf; and the scanty growth of trees is destroyed in spots by copper mining. Since the year 1644 more than eleven million hundred-weight of this metal have been mined here. At Tyvold station the railroad reaches its highest point: the rocks are ragged, and only dwarf birches creep on the ground; here and there we see the old mountain paths; and now the road sinks through tunnels and rock-cuts down into deep ravines and cloves, recalling the Alpine railways, until we reach the valley of Gulaelv.

We stop at a charmingly situated refreshment-station, Stören, in the Glarus canton, for breakfast, and the train waits here for some little time. A fresh, rosy girl serves coffee and tea in the two precisely similar rooms which entertain the travelers. We take of that which each prefers, butter and eggs, cold meat, and the inevitable *flad-bröd*, or unleavened bread, black bread or cakes, and then lay a *kronor* (crown) on the table, having breakfasted excellently without speaking a word.

Dinner and supper we manage in the same way at the next two railway restaurants. Soup is not to be had, but they serve us a number of attractive little delicacies: the appetizing *smörbröd;* a series of dishes eaten as a relish,—caviare, sardelles, sardines, smoked salmon, reindeer, ham, etc., and raw salted herring; *sillsallat*, made of pickled herring, small pieces of boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, red beets, and raw onions, and seasoned with pepper, vinegar, and olive-oil; then some sort of boiled fish, probably salmon; then two roasts (the weak point in Norwegian cookery, especially on board the steamers), with potatoes or vegetables; then flour puddings, tarts, fruit—strawberries or mulberries—strewn with sugar and eaten with *flot* (clotted cream); and for dessert from two to four kinds of cheese, nuts, raisins, etc. Finally the pretty blue eyed, flaxen-haired waitress brings us a flask of "*oel*," which is not oil at all, but beer. Silently she places it before us; but as we motion her that we do not want it, she removes it with many bewildered smiles. The dinner is finished, for which each one pays two crowns, and the more kindly disposed a *douceur* of twenty *oere* for the smiling Kristin.

Those blest with good appetite and digestion will find the fare pretty good; but one who among the ten dishes served cannot find one he is not afraid to taste, will fare



STABBUR, OR STORE-HOUSE. MOUNTAIN ROAD.

badly: he will have to put up with a tough piece of reindeer roast and a potato. And one who sets up for an epicure, will feel obliged to sit with his knife in one hand and his fork in the other, and devour with his eyes what he dare not touch with his teeth.

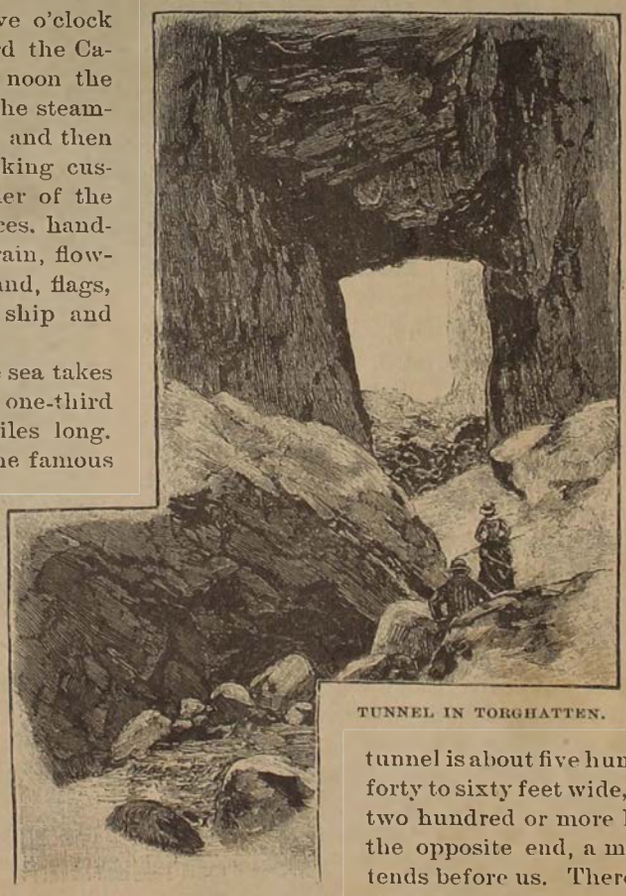
We did not linger in Trondhjem. Before twelve o'clock at noon on the fourteenth of July I was on board the Capella, the stanch old mail-steamer. At precisely noon the anchor was weighed and the hawsers loosened, the steam-whistles shrieked their shrill signals of departure, and then began that cordial, never quite completed leave-taking customary in Norway and Sweden. As at all other of the principal stopping-places, any quantity of embraces, handshakings, and kisses were exchanged again and again, flowers bestowed, and as the ship drew away from land, flags, handkerchiefs, and hats were waved from both ship and shore.

The trip from Trondhjem through the fjord to the sea takes almost four hours, although we only traverse about one-third of the Trondhjem fjord, which is seventy-five miles long. The shores are hilly and well settled; here dwelt the famous Norsemen of old. As we approach the sea, the forests become scantier, the harvest-fields, the grass and meadow lands dwindle gradually, and finally we see nothing but barren, smooth, steep rocks and precipices, and beyond, the boundless sea. It is the same in all the fjords: near the sea, grim desolation, where all life seems to be extinct, the waves washing only the bare stones and the planks of the ship; but further inland, the shores grow green and greener, until the fjord is at length, like a quiet inland lake, surrounded by a little paradise.

But now we have left the cliffs and river islets behind us, the sea is as smooth as the fjord was, only each long-rolling mighty wave, silently swelling under the steamer, leads us to suspect its latent forces. At the right lies the coast, the crags of Heligöland rising in remarkable formation, at least fifteen hundred feet high, in round bowlders, sharp ridges and pyramids, high plateaus stretching far inland, with here and there along the shore a wild rivulet rushing through a narrow clove, gleaming amid the scanty green of the grass and mosses; and in the distance, glittering glaciers and snow-fields.

As our ship sails through the interminable "Skarengaard," again and again we are seized with the feeling of isolation. Interminable as the rocks and reefs, as the sea, as the white wake following our vessel, is the now ever-light day. Our ideas of time become vague, and we helplessly confront something which gives us a sense of discomposure and unrest, although we have heard it explained a hundred times since our school-days.

We are opposite Foldenfjord. The cliffs on the mainland and on the islands are higher, more distinctly grouped; there rises Lekö out of the sea, the Jungfrau followed by the Heftmand (horseman), her brother, who, going to her assistance, has cast aside his hat. Not less picturesquely bold are these than the cliffs of the islands. Torghattan (market-hat) really floats on the water like a colossal hat; between the wide, rocky walls, some eight hundred feet high, we see the opening of a natural tunnel through the mountain. The ship lays to, the boats are let down quickly; clambering over mossy hills and crags, and then over bare rocks, we reach in a little less than an hour the entrance to this enormous tunnel three hundred and fifty feet above the sea.



TUNNEL IN TORGHATTEN.

Masses of débris lie before it; the inner walls rise dark and forbidding to the jagged roof, high as a cathedral; on the ground below lie immense blocks, broken up by the Titanic work of the sea. Only the everlasting fury of the waters could have wrought such a breach in the mountain. The tunnel is about five hundred feet long, from forty to sixty feet wide, and from seventy to two hundred or more high. As we reach the opposite end, a magnificent scene extends before us. There lies the broad, sunlit sea, with hundreds of cliffs and rocky islets, and on the mainland, mountain-masses of rock rising skyward; boats and ships are gliding over the silver surface of the water, and below us, on the level, lie two or three pretty farms, calm and still, as if there dwelt eternal peace.

The melody of song floats to us from the other entrance: the Norwegians of our traveling party have clustered in a group and are singing one of their quaintly sweet sagas, or folk-songs, celebrating the adventures of a sturdy Norsk hero who sailed away from these shores more than eight hundred years ago, yet, unallured by even the charms of Italy the beautiful, returned to these rock and ocean solitudes where we hear his deeds sung. Then the Germans of the party sing,—the Lorelei, of course,—and the English follow with "Annie Laurie," the Russians with a monotonously sweet air, and finally the only Italian of our party. But the steamer's whistle shrilly calls for us to return on board.

The ship proceeds further north. We steam past fells and fjords, those rock-set arms of the sea, stretching inward amid fir forests and hilly shores, blue expanses of water, above which rise the blue ice-masses of the mighty glaciers in dark peaks and cone-like pyramids.

It is eleven o'clock at night. We lean over the bow of the vessel and gaze across the shimmering sea with its sunlit waves gleaming with the gorgeous tints of sunset blending and mingling violet, crimson, rose, and gold-color, as the waves rise and fall. The sun sets, but its light does not leave us, and the sky by one o'clock is again aflame with the streaks of dawn, and the gleaming rays across the snow and ice-fields tell us that a new day has begun; and soon the sea and rocky shores are again aglow with sunlight.

At last the day, or rather the night, on which we expect to see the midnight sun, arrives. It is ten o'clock in the evening. A perfectly clear sky arches the sea and the snow-clad hills; everyone is talking about the midnight sun,—shall we see it or not? The scattered crags of Ringratsö, the moss-covered, brownish-green hillsides, the many little snow-fields lie in shadow, while the peaks beyond the strait toward the east from Renö shine in the sunlight. Twenty minutes to twelve: we are murmuring that the end of the strait is still some distance off, but we are assured that we shall see the midnight sun between Helgö and Bandö. The ship seems to us to crawl along; yet another point of land, another reef. Two minutes before twelve o'clock: now the ship forges out into the Band sound, and before us lies the longed-for sight!

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

It is twelve o'clock at night: over the low-lying rocky reefs hangs the full broad disk of the sun, shining through light, striped veils of clouds which soften its brilliant light, streaming in a red gold path of splendor across the purple waves of the North Sea. All is radiant around, but not with the dazzling light of the sovereign of day; as queen of night, the sun shines with a milder, deeper light. It is as strange to us as if we had never before beheld the orb. Now the sun's disk rises higher, the snow-fields gleam redly, the rocks are tinged with violet. The island Helgö lies between ship and sun, and we sail in the shadow of its cliffs to Kvalö. Yet we all remain on deck, perfectly silent, deeply impressed with the glorious spectacle; and it is four o'clock before we seek our cabins.

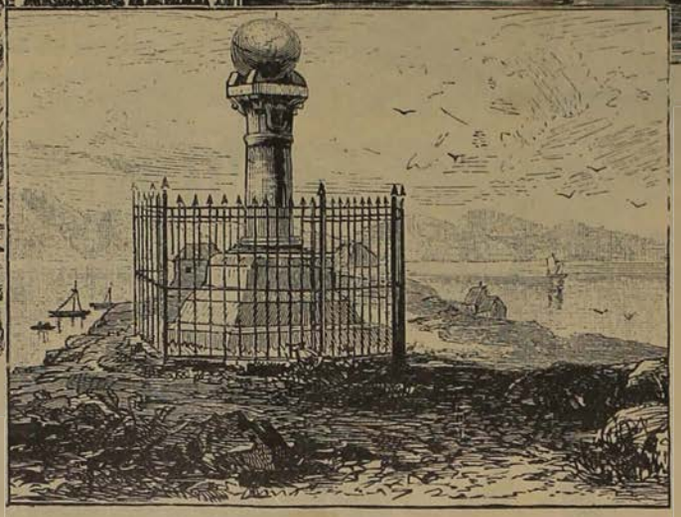
At the Arctic Circle the sun seems to travel around a circle, requiring twenty-four hours to complete its circuit, it being noon when the sun has reached its highest point in the sky, and midnight at the lowest. At the pole its ascent and descent are so imperceptible, and the variations so slight, that it proceeds toward the south very slowly, and when it sinks below the horizon almost immediately reappears.

For six months the North Pole is in sunlight, and has a day of six months' duration. The nearer any point is to the pole, the longer during this time is its day. Thus, at the pole the sun is seen for six months: at the Arctic Circle, fourteen hundred and eight geographical miles south of the pole, for one day; and at the North Cape, from May 15 till August 1. If we ever succeed in reaching the North Pole, the fortunate observer will seem to be in the center of a grand spiral movement of the sun, which, south of the pole, seems to be north of him.

As we go further north, the desolation of the barren rocks causes a sensation of loneliness. We seem to have reached the end of the world. How grimly comfortless stand these groups of gray houses, how empty these streets, how gray these Russian ships that lie before these gray store-houses filled with dried haddock. At the right, on the lonely hillside, stands the lonely church in its lonely churchyard, and

HAMMERFEST AND HARBOR.

DRYING FISH.



THE MERIDIAN COLUMN.

close behind the houses rises the barren, rocky precipice. This is Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world. At one side of the harbor are the cod-liver oil factories, which fill the whole town with a horrible odor. I felt, when witnessing the processes of manufacture, that I would rather have consumption—a little, interesting consumption, of course, not too fatal—than to swallow any of the nauseous remedy! There are great numbers of cod-fish hung up on rails to dry, and the sea is as dreary as the shore beset with bare reefs beyond which rise Alp-like hills of snow.

Across the harbor of Hammerfest stands a small granite column surmounted by a bronze terrestrial globe. This is the meridian column erected by the sovereigns of Norway and Sweden and Russia. An inscription on it in Latin and Norwegian states that this is the most important station, the septentrional terminus, of the great European arc of meridian 25° 20', of which the southern extremity is on the Danube. This is also one of a train of stations, extending from the equator to the pole, for making pendulum observations in order to learn the variations of gravity on the earth's surface.

As we travel farther on we see scarcely a vestige of civilization: the complete desolation of the coast and the islands threatening to bar our progress, awaken in us a longing for the life of our bright cities. But the Vogelberge, the bird-mountain of Hjelmsö, rises before us, partly perpendicular, partly in terraces, towering above the sea; here nest millions of gulls, auks, boobies, and eider ducks. It is said that nearly every fowl of Northern Europe which preys upon sea-fish is to be found upon the coasts of Norway.

Frightened by the shots fired at them from the vessel, they fly up in thick clouds, from every crag and crevice which a few moments before had seemed destitute of life. Screaming shrilly they fly around awhile, and then the ducks settle down in their holes again; only the gulls circle silently around the rocks and the ship. Walruses in great schools are spouting jets of water in the air, and attend us to the island of Magerö, where the steamer now lands us at its northern extremity, the North Cape. The coast of the island is indented with bays and fjords, and, abrupt and barren, the rocks rise from the sea; but as we land we see green grass, buttercups, dandelions, violets, and forget-me-nots, long-stemmed enough for any florist.

The North Cape is a huge mass of mica-schist, rising majestically from the sea; and far beyond lies that unknown region whose icy barriers have so repelled all approach. Even the grandeur of nature seems sad, as if its desolation were indeed that of neglect, and its only variety the salt sea-spray which dashes ceaselessly in gray cloud-like foam against the opposing rocks. If the North Cape is so desolate

GUEST ROOM.

COSTUMES OF THE GUDBRANDSDALS.

in the continuous day of summer, what must its desolation be in the dreary winter season!

We return to Trondhjem through rain, storm, and fog, the entire way; yet the summer is not over, and we retrace our steps through the characteristic provinces of Norway and make some acquaintance with the residents of Thelemarken, Hardanger, and Gudbrandsdal. Everywhere the stranger is heartily welcomed, for there is no country in Europe where the rites of hospitality are held more sacred than among the Scandinavians.

HARDANGER MAIDENS.

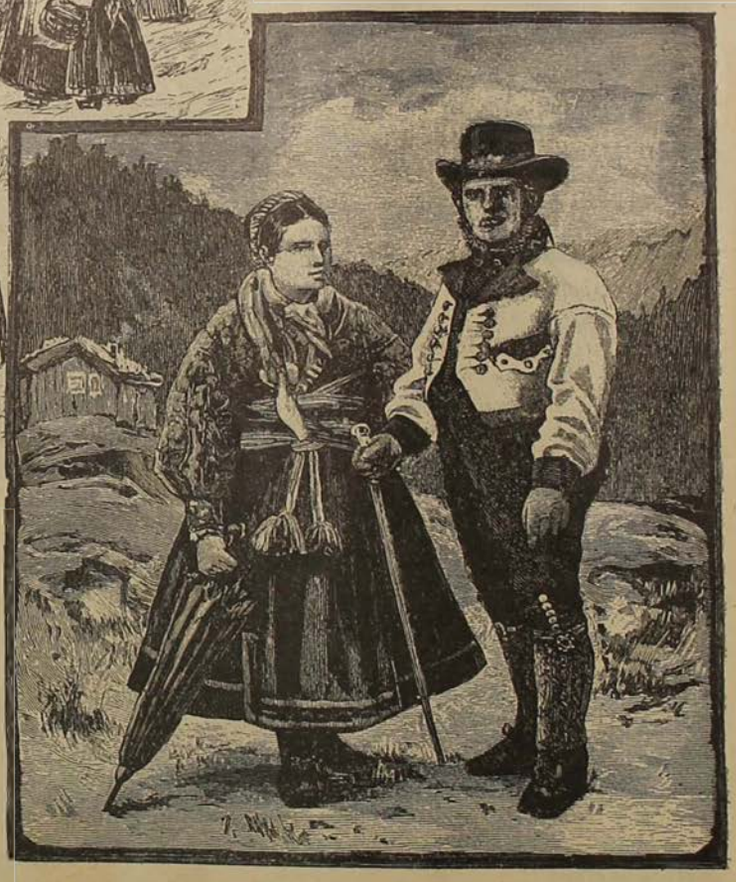
The dwellings usually are but one story high and contain only two rooms. One is used as kitchen, living and sleeping room; in one section there is an open fireplace for cooking. Beds are placed along the walls, in number according to the size of the family. These are a kind of sliding box, so that they can be made of different widths, according to requirements; they are filled with hay or straw, and made up with home-made blankets or sheep-skins, and sometimes eider-down covers and pillows. On the other side is the guest-room, arranged in the same quaint fashion, with the bedsteads reached by a high step. This part of the building is always kept scrupulously clean, whatever the rest may be, and reserved for the use of guests.

The Norwegian *bonder*, or farmers, are industrious, and the women are, as a rule, neat, and take a pride in their housewifery. In Gudbrandsdal the *bonde* women are often very pretty, with oval faces, soft gray eyes, and fair hair. Their holiday costume is picturesque enough, consisting of a dark jacket gayly decorated with large buttons, a skirt of *vadmal*, or homespun cloth, and silver brooches, earrings, and shoe buckles. The men wear jackets or coats of *vadmal*, fancy vests, knee-breeches, and red worsted caps.

In Thelemarken the men wear dark trousers and a queerly shaped white jacket with large silver buttons. The women dress in dark, thick *vadmal* with gay borders on the bottom of the skirts, a short, blouse-like jacket, and a colored kerchief on the head. The Hardanger maidens wear longer skirts, and low bodices with straps crossing the shoulders, above which the high-necked and long-sleeved chemise is visible. The head-dress is a silk kerchief arranged as a turban, its ends falling to the waist behind. All the women are very fond of gay colors and silver trinkets, and quite adepts at fanciful crochet-work and simple embroideries.

The women are not especially respected by the men, although for the most part the characters of both men and women are seriously amiable. Perfect social equality seems to prevail among the rural population of Norway. The poor hired dairymaid and the rich farmer's daughter walk hand in hand like sisters, chattering merrily, pictures of health, cheerfulness, and happiness, with their fair Northern complexions, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair.

To have seen and admired so much artless, simple beauty was almost worth the trip to Norway, even if



COSTUMES OF THE THELEMARKENS.

we had not had in view that wondrous spectacle, that sublimely unique paradox,—contrasting its bright splendor with the cold grandeurs of the Arctic headlands, and leaving in our minds an ineffaceable impression,—"The Midnight Sun."

ALEXANDER FAIRLIE.

A HOUSE without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them.

NOAH PORTER.

The Birds In Our Homes.

THE pets of a household are often the most attractive things in it. The whole subject of the relations between man and the lower animals is one of fascinating interest, and particularly so when the friendship exists between us and the freest of living creatures, possessors of wings, whom we have won, not only to confidence, but to love.

The readiness with which nearly every bird and beast accepts the kindness and protection of man, hints at possible friendliness with our brothers in feathers and fur, truly delightful to contemplate. How charming to make acquaintance, in our walks, with the ways of animals and birds, and not alarm them!—to be a welcome spectator of Madam Goldenwing's housekeeping in the oak-tree; to call upon the old hermit woodchuck under the bank without frightening him out of his wits; to peep into the cozy home of the saucy squirrel and not be scolded "within an inch of one's life." Above all, how pleasant to be an accepted providence to our little fellow-creatures; to replace the venturesome robin-baby tumbled out of the nest, without driving his whole family to suicide; to restore to society the careless sparrowling hanged by a stout horsehair from the nest, and not create a panic.

Before that happy day can come, however, a new generation of men, with an entirely new code of morals, must be born and reared. The whole attitude of man toward his weaker "brothers" must be altered, and we of this age shall have to content ourselves with the acquaintance we can make of here and there an individual, by slow and patient endeavor. The Chinese have proved, beyond doubting, the possibility of establishing such comradeship with birds that they show no more inclination to leave them than does the faithful dog or cat.

The only way—in these barbarous days when every man's hand is raised against their lives—that we can come to know a bird, is to cage it till it has learned confidence in us, or, rather, not to fear us. Now I have not a word to say in extenuation of the cruelty of caging a wild bird. I never allowed one to be killed, caught, or even disturbed for my pleasure or study. But I affirm, as my conclusion from several years' close study of birds in confinement, that almost any bird once domesticated, either caged or free, that *is well cared for*, is happier in that life than he would be if restored to freedom. (Mind, I don't say happier than before he was caught.) Nor is this opinion based entirely upon my own experience. A vast amount of evidence can be produced of the return of birds to their captivity after being set free. In some cases it has been impossible to cast them off without actually losing them, a deed cruel beyond words to the trusting and affectionate captive.

The solution of this apparent mystery is perfectly simple. The bird, having learned to trust, finds himself protected from enemies, supplied with everything necessary to life,—food, water, warmth, comforts,—and all without labor or care on his part. He is no fool; he is intelligent enough to appreciate the advantages of his position, and often to be willing to sacrifice his freedom for its sake. This need not surprise us; for do we not see every day, in a higher circle of intelligence, people living in abject, even galling slavery, for the sake of food and comfort without labor?

Let me be clearly understood. I do not assert that caged birds in general are happy: no bird regarded as a piece of furniture can be so. Properly cared for, treated as an individual, his acquaintance cultivated, his tastes consulted, his comfort assured, it is entirely possible to make a bird so contented, so fond of his human friend, that he cares nothing for his liberty. No doubt if the window were opened he would fly out; but in thousands of cases birds have returned, and in many of the others they were probably unable to find their way back.

We know very little of the true character of the beautiful creatures who live out their reserved and mysterious lives in gilded prisons on our walls. A pet that wears feathers is, to most people, simply a bird, while one wearing fur is a beast,—and nothing further. As a matter of fact, each one has strongly marked characteristics of his own, and is capable of becoming a most interesting companion, even a loved and loving friend.

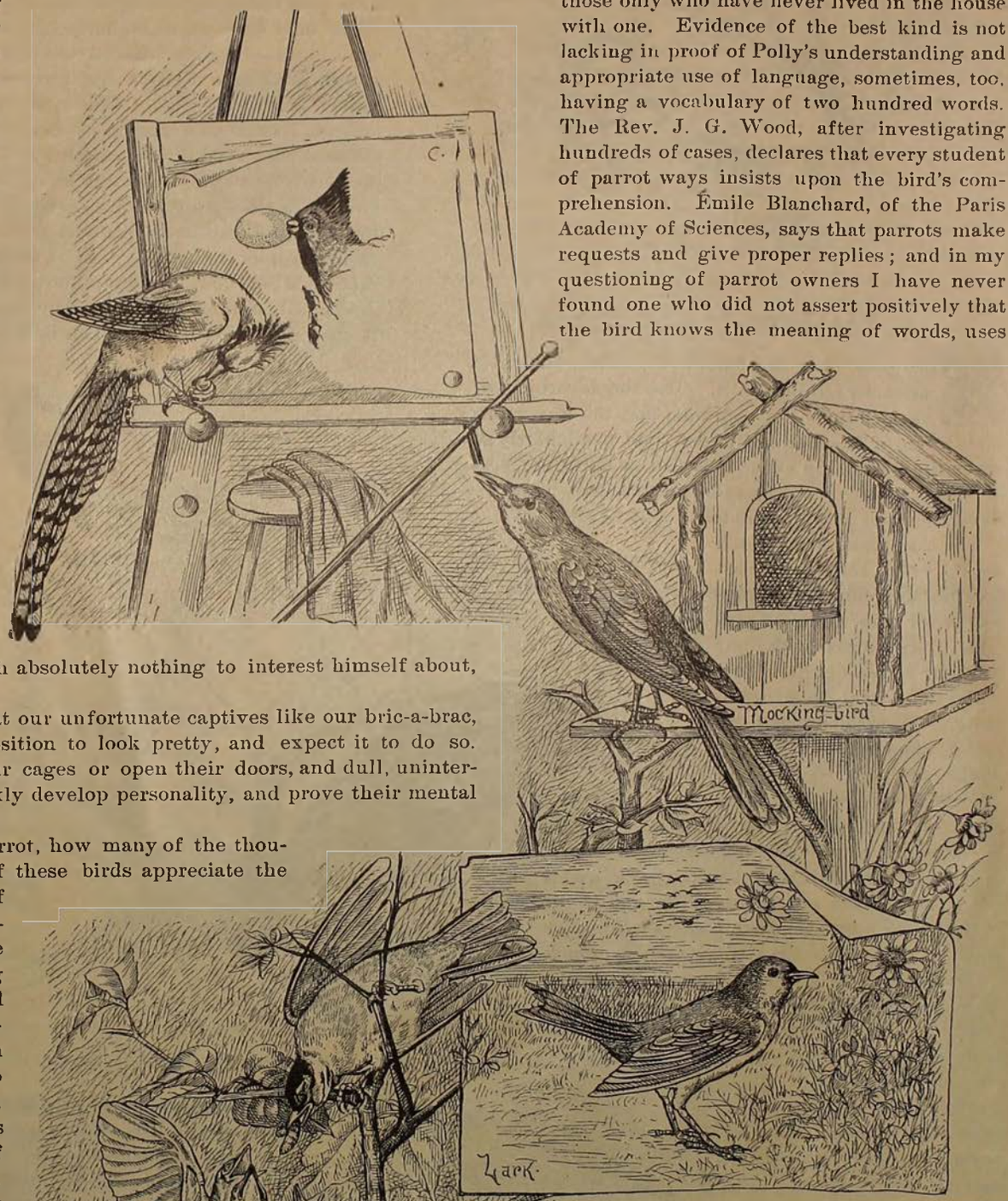
One would hardly think the parrot, standing stupidly on his perch, had much originality of character; or that the mocking-bird, jumping inanely from perch to perch in his narrow quarters, was a distinct personality. But consider the circumstances. Who could show much individuality while packed into a place too small for free movement, with absolutely nothing to interest himself about, excepting his food?

The truth is, we treat our unfortunate captives like our bric-a-brac, which we put in a position to look pretty, and expect it to do so. We should enlarge our cages or open their doors, and dull, uninteresting birds will quickly develop personality, and prove their mental quality.

In the case of the parrot, how many of the thousands who own one of these birds appreciate the temper and spirit of their pets? In captivity, a parrot seems quite reconciled to standing on a perch all day, and if it is allowed occasionally to waddle about on the floor, it seems to have no further desire. How different is this from the natural life of the bird! In freedom, parrots, and their near relations the cockatoos, live in crowds. Hosts of them together fly screaming over the land; in flocks they seek their food; by hundreds they sleep in hollow trees, often packed to the very rim.

Again, who—unless he had carefully studied him—would suspect a parrot of being affectionate? Yet so attached are all the members of a flock to each other, that if one is injured, the rest will rally around to help and defend him, till the whole party, one after another, may be murdered—if a man is brutal enough to do it. In captivity they become violently attached to persons, and often die if separated from them.

The parrot is of great interest because of his ability to talk, and the question of his intelligence is a question to those only who have never lived in the house with one. Evidence of the best kind is not lacking in proof of Polly's understanding and appropriate use of language, sometimes, too, having a vocabulary of two hundred words. The Rev. J. G. Wood, after investigating hundreds of cases, declares that every student of parrot ways insists upon the bird's comprehension. Émile Blanchard, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, says that parrots make requests and give proper replies; and in my questioning of parrot owners I have never found one who did not assert positively that the bird knows the meaning of words, uses them rightly, and altogether is so knowing as almost to be what the Scotch aptly call "uncanny."



Not only can they talk, but innumerable stories are told in proof of their reasoning powers. Here is one entirely new, whose truth I can vouch for. A lady was trying to teach her parrot to say "I want a peanut." Polly was stubborn and refused to commit herself on the point. Suddenly, while the lesson was going on, the outside door opened, and the well-known voice of the bird's special favorite sounded through the hall. At once Polly began to scream and shriek, and became at last so noisy that her mistress started to shut her up in a closet,—the usual punishment for naughtiness. Seeing her fate, repentance seized the bird: she didn't like

to be shut up, and to propitiate her mistress and avoid the punishment, she shouted out hurriedly at the top of her voice,

"I want a pea-nut! I want a pea-nut!"

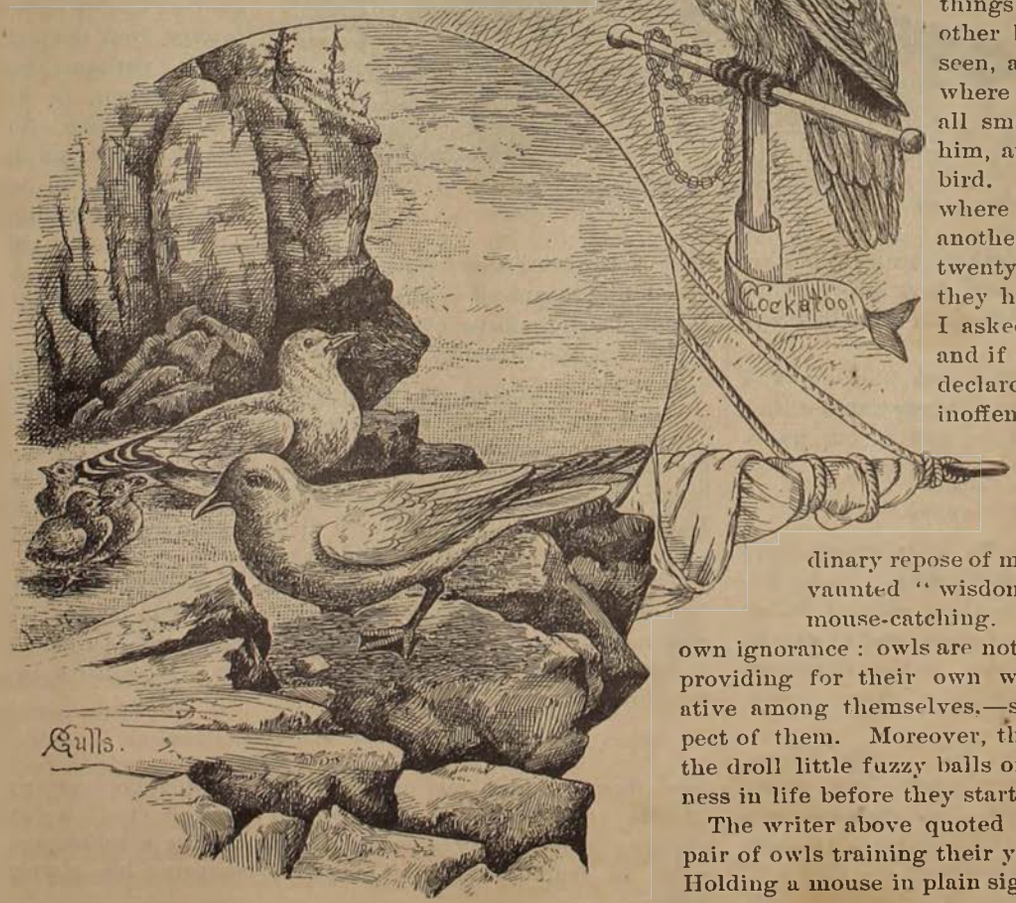
Was there not a process very like reasoning in that wise little head?

Another parrot that I know of was very fond of the master of the house, and fairly made herself a nuisance by calling his name as loud as she could scream, whether he were near her or not. Some months ago the gentleman died, and although the bird did not see anything to enlighten her on the subject, yet since that day she has never spoken the name aloud. Just at dusk she frequently whispers it over to herself, in a weird, solemn tone, as though trying to solve a profound mystery.

Parrots become attached not only to people, but to birds other than their own kind, mourn their absence, and even die of grief. They also take violent dislikes, and cannot be won.

The mocking-bird is a favorite inmate of our homes, where he figures most frequently as a noisy singer, a "winged voice" indeed, who must be put as far off as possible. Yet the same bird in freedom, even within the limits of a room, is one of the most original and spirited of pets. He will carefully investigate everything in the room, he will select perches and abiding-places for himself, he will utter many new notes. If he considers one worthy of his confidence, he will even become familiar, though never effusively so. He has not the loving disposition of the parrot; he can be quite contented without affection, if his place is assured to him as the head, the leader. He is a constant picture of grace: his flight, his hops, every movement, in fact, is beautiful.

The blue jay, uninteresting squawker in a cage, is an incarnation of frolics and pranks outside.



The jay's life has never yet been well studied. Although so common, he is not at all a confiding bird; indeed, he has reason enough to be suspicious of men, and he surrounds all his deeds with mystery. But a few things have been discovered about him. Dr. Abbott has seen him carry on what was apparently a set dance, with spectators; and the same writer denies that the jay's life is spent in quarrels and constant contention, as is popularly supposed. He says, on the contrary, that they are boisterous and rollicking in their manners, exceedingly jolly, and full of talk at all times. Maurice Thompson has heard the jay sing, so I shall not hesitate to assert that a jay I had in captivity sang often, although only when alone in the room with me. It was a very low but exceedingly captivating song,

"In voice as sweet as singing thrushes."

Jays, too, notwithstanding the character usually attributed to them, are very affectionate. Not only will they help other birds, for example, join a party to drive away an enemy,—

"To chase the owl at midday if he stirs,"

—but they become tenderly and almost painfully attached to people.

Much abuse has been heaped upon this bird because he likes eggs,—coming, I must say, with a bad grace from the human race, that not only steals eggs, but kills the parents without the excuse of needing food. Terrible things are also told about his treatment of other birds. I can only say what I have seen, and know. One jay lived in my room where eight or ten different kinds of birds, all smaller than himself, were free with him, and he never in any way molested a bird. Another case: I know of a bird-store where five blue jays were placed one after another in a large cage containing perhaps twenty little birds of several kinds. After they had been together two or three weeks, I asked the owner how they had behaved, and if they ever touched another bird. He declared that they had been as harmless, as inoffensive, as any bird of the party. Surely the jay cannot be such a villain as he is represented to be.

The owl, with his cat-like face, wide, unblinking eyes, and extraordinary repose of manner, certainly looks as if his much-vaunted "wisdom" was confined to the business of mouse-catching. But this opinion only proclaims our own ignorance: owls are not only wide-awake, alert, and wary in providing for their own wants, but they are really very talkative among themselves,—surely the last thing one would suspect of them. Moreover, they are careful and wise parents, and the droll little fuzzy balls of owlets are well taught their business in life before they start out for themselves.

The writer above quoted had once the good fortune to see a pair of owls training their young family in the use of their wings. Holding a mouse in plain sight, though a few feet away from the

hungry, teasing infants, the parents chattered to them, and plainly offered it as an inducement to fly over. On one occasion, when a youngster did make the attempt, and fell to the ground, the remaining owlets who had not tried, scrambled with one accord, in great haste and evident disgust, back into the nest, and the parents devoted their attention to the lost and distracted baby in the grass. They uttered low, tender calls of encouragement, they took short flights to show him how easy it was to fly, and before long he followed their example.

Even in captivity, when allowed the freedom of a house the owl has repeatedly proved himself to be a wise as well as an affectionate bird. As an aid to farmers, he is of the greatest value. Recent studies, set on foot by the Ornithological Branch of the Agricultural Bureau in Washington, have proved that he kills immense numbers of mice, moles, and other destroyers of crops.

The brown thrush, in "snuff-colored coat and dappled vest," often to be seen in a cage, is rarely appreciated either as pet or as musician. Not only is he one of our finest singers,

> "That crowds and hurries and precipitates
> With fast, thick warble his delicious notes,"

inferior only to the mocking-bird, in the opinion of some writers, but he is a true thrush in intelligence. In his domestic relations he is altogether lovely, the charming father of most attractive babies. He is shy of man, and he avoids the neighborhood of the English sparrow, so that more and more as the latter spreads over the land, the brown thrush secludes himself in the woods.

The robin is familiar to everybody; but he who knows the domesticated robin only in a cage, knows little about him. The one peculiarly pleasing trait of his character is a generous protection of everything that needs care. Robins will feed caged birds if left within their reach, and they will fairly adopt and bring up the nestlings of other birds left by any chance desolate. If a robin is free in a house, he will become excessively familiar, eating from the table, and nestling in the arms of his friends.

The last thing one would think of while watching

> "the shining gull,
> Half wing, half wave, flash through the foam,
> And gray and silver up the dome
> Of gray and silver skies go sailing,"

—as they may be seen every day the year around in New York harbor,—would be of petting them. Yet a gull is really a delightful bird for domestication in places where he can be sometimes—or generally—out of doors. He is bright, quick-witted, a jolly playmate for kitten or children, and quite able to defend himself against dogs, whom he discomcerts by seizing by the nose.

Full of mischief as a monkey, full of pranks as a roguish boy, is the common crow in a house. In fact he is suitable only for an out-of-door pet; but there, in his powers of amusing and making fun, he is really inimitable. Like the parrot, though perhaps not so readily, he may be taught to talk. In character this bird is by no means "so black as he is painted" (or dressed). By thousands of experiments, under Government authority, he has been proved to do his bitterest enemy, the farmer, much more good than harm. It cannot be denied that he pulls up corn; but who shall count the millions of worms and grubs he disposes of, which, left alive, would be more destructive to crops than he? He deserves and must have our hearty respect, both as pet and as benefactor, though he suffers, with other benefactors, the persecution of those he benefits.

The thrushes, one and all, are birds of individuality, as useful in freedom as they are charming in captivity. The robin is the best known of the family, and the cat-bird, perhaps, the least known, in his true character. Not one surpasses him in intelligence, and not one is so confiding and so readily responds to man; alas! that I must add, not one is so slandered and despised. Mrs. Treat in one of her books tells some pleasing stories of the intelligence of cat-birds.

None of the thrushes like much, in confinement, to

> "Chant their low, impassioned vesper hymn,
> Clear as the silver treble of a stream;"

but the English or European song-thrush, almost the exact image of our own shy wood-thrush, is a fine cage-singer. Each of the family has his own distinct characteristics, and all are enchanting to study and to know.

The Baltimore oriole and the cardinal grosbeak are favorites on account of their gorgeous coloring. The former will sing a little in a cage, but the latter becomes more attached to life in a house than any bird I know. If well-fed and comfortable,

> "Like a living jewel he sits and sings"

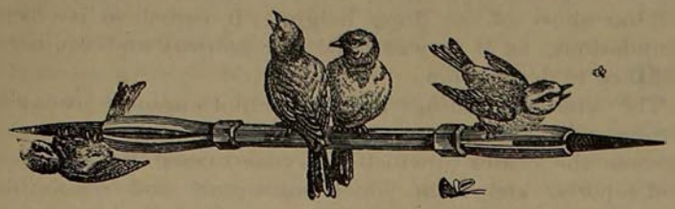
from dawn to dark, and cares nothing for open doors or any outside attractions. A dish full of "rough rice," a cup of clean water, an occasional meal-worm for a relish, and a bit of fruit by way of dessert, comprise his simple wants.

Even the canary, the most common of pets, born a slave and showing the fewest signs of individuality,—even this poor little cage product,

"Swelling its little breast so full of song,"

has its peculiarities of temperament and humor, its personal tastes and notions. If half a chance is offered, it proves itself to be companionable and worthy of affection.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



Extravagance in Expression.

IT is a fundamental truth in rhetoric that strong thoughts are expressed in few and simple words. When the speech is profuse and swelling, it is safe to infer that the ideas are scanty and shallow. The reason for this is obvious; for when the speaker has something to say worth hearing, he is able to rely solely upon its interest and force, and there is no occasion to try to divert his listeners with splendor or prettiness of style. In fact, any attempt to overlay a thought with ornament, or prevent its immediate apprehension by the glamour of an artificial rhetoric, is an impertinence which is sure to be rebuked by the weariness and distaste of all judicious persons.

If the principle that force of thought implies simplicity of expression, which is acknowledged by rhetoricians as the basis of their art, were applied to the ordinary speech of these days, we should be forced to conclude that we live in an epoch of excessive mental weakness. Not only are some of our professed public speakers and writers, in their speeches and documents, lavish in the quantity and size of their words, but men in their ordinary conversation have become equally liberal. The rhetorical defect of the average orator, lecturer, and publicist, has been long since traced to its true cause,—the habit of speechifying, lecturing, and writing without thorough knowledge of the subjects. Abundance of words with them often supplies the scarcity of ideas.

The present unsatisfactory style of conversation is also owing to meagerness of thought. One of the results of the general progress of the age, of which we have so good reason to be proud, is a great increase of talkers. Everyone nowadays being a reader of a daily newspaper, and therefore versed thoroughly, as he thinks, in all political, social, literary, artistic, and financial subjects, ventures to express an opinion upon them. The necessary consequence is a great deal of ignorant talk, or many words empty of thought. Before these happy days of universal information, the great majority of men and women knew, and professed to know, only what immediately concerned their daily life. Of this they had a thorough knowledge, and they opened their mouths solely for the purpose of conveying it. They accordingly spoke in a few direct words to the purpose. You might in those times get from the cobbler, for example, some facts, simply uttered, about leather; or learn from the housewife the processes of pickling, clearly expressed: but nowadays you must necessarily "sink the shop," and cordwainer and dame must only be questioned upon the affairs of state and manners of society. You get words in answer, but console yourself for want of ideas with the proud reflection that knowledge is becoming universal.

The tendency to conceal poverty of ideas by an opulent show of words is greatly to be deplored; and also that those intense expressions, "splendid," "magnificent," "awful," "delightful," "frightful," "horrible," "charming," "superb," "fine," "delicious," etc., etc., are so much more frequently used by women than by men. It would appear as if the critical faculty of some women was restricted to the superlative degree, and that their taste, whether in regard to what is material, spiritual, or intellectual, consisted only in the indiscriminate use of certain loud-sounding adjectives. Thus they will speak of a "splendid" ice-cream, a "sweet" prayer, a "magnificent" tart, a "frightful" bonnet, a "delicious" sermon, an "awful" fine man, and a "pretty" statue. These and other equally exaggerated words are applied, without apparently attaching any precise meaning to them. Thinking, however, that something must be said expressive of sentiment or emotion, the first loud-sounding word which rises to the lips is allowed to gush out.

Precision of language is so much the proper accompaniment of exactness of thought, that anyone who indulges in a profusion of large and inapplicable words will be sure to incur the suspicion of ignorance and mental weakness. All, therefore, but the young especially, should set a watch on their lips, and avoid extravagance in expression.

L. Q.

Horoscope.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Two sisters they, with arms intwined, the gypsy dame importune,
The wild-eyed sibyl who has learned strange lore in foreign lands:
Down by a corner of the hedge she reads them each a fortune,
And slips the cards of destiny between her withered hands.

One dark, one fair, and both as fresh as daybreak's early hour;
One like a pale anemone, one like a deep red rose;
One like a spring-time blossom, one like a summer flower;
One steeped in golden sunshine, one touched by winter snows.

"Your life, alas!"—this to the rose—"will bring you care and sadness."
"But shall my lover love me well? his love be mine alone?"
"Yes." "Then you read my fortune wrong, I'll have enough of gladness:
For what reck I of sorrow if his heart be all mine own?"

"Your love,"—this to anemone—"will meet with no returning."
"But shall I love with all my soul e'en through this cruel test?"
"Yes." "Then you read my fortune well, true happiness discerning;
For if 'tis bliss to be beloved—to love is to be blest!"

Translated by EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

(*Continued from Page* 476.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

WOLKENSTEIN had shrouded its head more closely than ever; heavy clouds surrounded its peak and clung to its sides, wild mountain torrents sprung from its ice-fields, and the storm raged round it day and night. The Alpine fay swung her scepter over her kingdom: the wild goddess of the mountains displayed all her awful power.

The autumn storms were indeed often fatal—more than once had they brought floods and dangerous avalanches, many a village, many an isolated mountain castle had felt their force: but such a catastrophe had not happened in a generation. Even this time the most of the villages escaped; the floods and storms threatened only the railroad, which, following the course of the stream, traversed the whole Wolkenstein district, and with its countless bridges and buildings offered only too many points of danger.

The chief-engineer had acted from the first outbreak of danger with his usual foresight and energy. The whole force of workmen was set to work to save the railway; the engineers were at their posts day and night, and Elmhorst seemed to be ubiquitous, for he was apparently in ten places at once. He flew from one threatened point to another; encouraging, directing, inspiring, and paying no regard to his own safety. His example was inspiriting: all that human power could do was done, but all seemed futile opposition to the enraged elements.

For three days and nights the rain poured in torrents; the thousand tiny rills which usually ran down from the height so harmlessly and so silver-clear, now raged and foamed in torrents down into the valley; the brooks were swelling streams, which burst through the forests, carrying away fir-trees and hurling down fragments of rocks in their course: and all swelled the mountain stream, which rose higher and higher and dashed its swelling waves impatiently against the railroad dikes. It did not look as if they could hold out against this terrific storm,—here they were overflowed, there they were burst through; the wet, undermined earth would not hold together, and, where it gave way, carried the masonry with it.

The bridges could not hold out any longer; one after another they succumbed to the onslaught of the waves. The rain washed out earth and rocks everywhere; one of the station buildings was completely destroyed, the others, very much damaged. The wind rose in gusts and overpowered the workmen. If the chief-engineer had not been at their head the people would have given up the work long since. But Wolfgang Elmhorst would battle till the last. Step by step, as he had conquered the ground, he now yielded it. He would *not* give up, would *not* let his work be sacrificed; but as he struggled with redoubled energy to save it from destruction, the last words of the old Baron von Thurgau still rang in his ears:

"Take care of our mountain that it does not fall upon you and break all your buildings and bridges into splinters. I would like to stand by and see the whole cursed work go to pieces!"

The sinister prophecy seemed likely to be fulfilled after years. However, the Wolkenstein bridge held firm and fast, where all else weakened and fell. Even the white, seething spray, flung up by the maddened, foaming Asche, fell far short of its dizzy height. It rested on its rocky foundations, as if it was fixed for eternity and could bid defiance to destruction.

The station-building that the chief-engineer occupied temporarily had, since the outbreak of the catastrophe, become the center to which everyone turned for directions and reports, and from which all orders and regulations emanated. Until now this portion of the railroad had been considered safe, for here, where one of the narrow deep side-valleys crossed, the Wolkenstein ravine was bridged over, and here the mountain stream was turned aside by the steep high precipices and made a wide curve. The high waters, which were so fatal below, could not reach this point; but now the wild brooks of Wolkenstein were flooded, and the mud and masses of rock they loosened threatened the bridge. The danger must be here, for Elmhorst himself was on the spot directing the workmen.

In the universal hurry and confusion, the appearance of the president and his companions was hardly noticed; only one of the engineers stepped up and volunteered the latest information. In spite of the weather, all were working with feverish activity: numbers of workmen were busy near the bridge and around the station-building, while the rain poured and the storm howled so that it often was impossible to understand the calls and orders of the engineers.

Nordheim dismounted from his horse and approached Wolfgang, who left his post and went to meet him. They had both believed that the interview which had finally separated them would be the last; but now they saw and spoke to each other daily, and amid the anxieties of events scarcely felt embarrassment in this renewed intercourse. They knew best what was to be lost here, what in part was already lost; and the danger which threatened the undertaking in which they were both concerned, united their interests again indissolubly.

"You are here on the upper line," said the president anxiously; "and the lower —— ?"

"We have had to give it up," completed Wolfgang. "It was not possible to hold it any longer. The dams are broken, the bridges torn away. I have only left the necessary people in care of the stations, and assembled all the available force here. We must restrain the torrent at any rate!"

Nordheim's glance traversed the bridge to the station-building on the other side, where a number of men were busy.

"And what is going on there? You are having the house emptied?"

"I am having the books and the plans and drawings removed to a place of safety, for we are in danger of an avalanche from Wolkenstein; we have already had warning of it."

"That, too?" murmured the president, and went on as if seized with a sudden thought:

"My God! you don't believe then that the bridge——?"

"No," said Wolfgang. "The forest guards the ravine, and with it the bridge. I have foreseen this possibility from the beginning, and provided for it."

"It would be frightful!" groaned Nordheim. "The damage already is incalculable; if the bridge falls, it is all over!"

The gloomy brow of the chief-engineer grew still more clouded at this outbreak.

"Control yourself," advised he in an undertone. "We are observed; they all look to us. We must give the example of hope and courage."

"Hope!" repeated the president who seized upon the word as upon an anchor of security. "Do you really yet hope?"

"No—but I will struggle to the last!"

Nordheim glanced at the speaker. The pale, stern face was set and immobile, betraying nothing of the storm which raged within, and yet he had everything at stake. Since the proud dream of power and wealth had vanished, only his work remained to him, upon which he might found a new future, if indeed he lived; at least it would be an ineffaceable record of his existence if he fell by Waltenberg's bullet. But now it was threatened!—and yet he stood firm and battled, while the president was only an image of faltering despair.

"I must go back to my post," said Elmhorst. "If you remain, select your position with care—rocks and land-slides are coming down all the time; we have had accidents enough!"

He turned away, and for the first noticed that Nordheim had not come alone. For a moment his foot seemed rooted to the ground, and his glance flew to Erna. He suspected what brought her there; he knew how she had trembled and suffered for him, but he did not attempt to approach her: for near her, silent and inexorable as fate itself, was the man to whom she belonged, who already considered her as his inalienable property. Waltenberg saw the agonized gaze which followed Wolfgang as the latter turned back to the workmen and took his position on the threatened dam, and, as if accidentally, he grasped the bridle of the other horse and held it with an iron hand. Behind the two now loomed up the lank figure of Gronau, dripping wet and mud-bespattered, but serenely composed.

"Here we are!" said he. "We come direct from Oberstein, but we swam rather than walked."

"We?" asked Ernest. "Is Doctor Reinsfeld with you?"

"Certainly; we have finally succeeded in bringing the people in Oberstein to reason and convincing them that their home is not in danger this time. It was a difficult piece of work, and we had hardly got down when there came a message from the chief-engineer for the doctor, that two of the workmen had been injured. So I came too, for I thought that a pair of strong arms would be needed; and it was a lucky thought. In the first place I have established a hospital in the station-house, and only came over a moment to announce myself, for, unfortunately, we have our hands full."

"Accidents already—not serious ones?" asked Erna hastily.

"One of the men slipped into the stream and was fished out half-drowned; another was struck in the head by a land-slide, and lies between life and death; the injuries of the others are of a slight character."

"If Doctor Reinsfeld needs any further help I am at his service!" declared the young girl, and made as if to turn her horse towards the house indicated.

"Thanks, Miss von Thurgau, we can get along alone," said Veit, while Waltenberg turned to his betrothed and looked at her astonished.

"You! Erna? There are plenty of others. You certainly heard that Gronau was assisting the doctor. Why all this superfluous heroism?"

"Because I cannot bear to be the only one idle and inactive while all around are exerting all their efforts."

There was a sharp reproof in the answer, but Ernest would not understand it.

"Well, you are not inactive, at least; you are really feverish with excitement," remarked he coldly. "But it is true, the men are going to extremes, in spite of the fact that the work leads them into danger."

"Because the chief-engineer is always at their head," explained Veit. "If he was not the first everywhere, to show them how to despise danger, they would certainly think of it and hold back; but such a leader inspires them. There he stands in the center of the dam, which the raging water threatens to destroy every minute, and gives orders as if he could command the whole mountain world!—Well, I must go back to the doctor."

He went; and the president, who now returned to his companions, saw him disappear in the door of the station-house. Involuntarily he drew back: the appearance was ill-omened, the more so on this ill-omened day; he recollected that something else threatened him which the present catastrophe only postponed, and this catastrophe was already frightful enough.

His short interview with Wolfgang had robbed Nordheim of his last ray of hope. If the upper line had finally to be given up, what would be left of all the work which had cost millions, and which to replace would be for him a thing impossible. He had been from the beginning the chief owner of the road, and lately, with a view to the ultimate profits, taken still more of it on his hands; and now the whole enormous loss would be his alone. He knew that his fortune that was invested in many other undertakings would not stand such a blow, and if Gronau fulfilled his threat and made a public complaint, all was lost. In silent, despairing mood he stared at the rain, and at the workmen whose direction the chief-engineer had again undertaken.

Wolfgang was indeed everywhere: now he stood above the dam at its most hazardous point; now he was in the middle of the bridge facing the storm that rattled at the iron trestlework as if it would tear the delicate structure away; now he was at the station issuing orders from there. His whole costume was dripping, the water ran from his hair, from his mantle; he did not seem to feel, or to need either rest or refreshment: and yet it was only by terrible exertions that he retained the forces of soul and body in this struggle that had now lasted three days. It was an hour in which Wolfgang Elmhorst commanded the respect and admiration of his bitterest enemy.

But hatred and jealousy only flamed the stronger under this constrained respect. Waltenberg was also familiar with danger: he had often enough sought it and played with it, foolishly and purposelessly; but there was something different in this unflinching energy with which Elmhorst did his duty. He knew that he was leading a forlorn hope, that he had already given up half of his work, that it was not possible to save the rest; and yet he held out and appeared determined neither to fall nor to give way. And during all this Ernest Waltenberg remained on his horse as spectator of the "highly interesting" sight; but he now felt to what a rôle he had assigned himself. It was not without a motive that he had proposed to Erna to ride back with him to the road; the same calculating cruelty with which he had enforced her silence, dictated this attack also. He knew she would not draw back, because it gave her a possibility of seeing Wolfgang again; and she should see him in the midst of danger, should tremble to see death threaten him, and yet not dare to betray the anguish it cost her. Elmhorst was right: even the love of this man was

egotism; he would not ask whether he was torturing or martyring a beloved being, if he could only satisfy his wild revenge. Erna should suffer as he did: he was as pitiless to her as to himself.

But he undervalued the high-spirited, fearless nature of his betrothed if he believed she could only tremble in this danger. True, her eyes followed Wolfgang in agonized, breathless suspense; but these eyes flamed also with passionate admiration, with glowing, proud satisfaction, as she saw how he battled, how he looked the Alpine fay in her terrible face and struggled with her to the death. In this battle and struggle he grew to the hero, to whom her whole soul went out. All the shadows which had so long darkened his image vanished in this light; he stood before her as he had confronted Nordheim, free from all the shackles which had fettered his better, his true nature.

Ernest must have seen how the shaft he had so revengefully aimed had recoiled upon himself. He had wished to show Erna her beloved in danger, and he only had shown her his heroism. Although he remained a guardian at her side to hinder all approach, he could not hinder the silent language with which they conversed with each other, the glances they sought and sent, through separation and distance, through storm and destruction; and in this language all was said. Wolfgang felt that the barrier had gone which his wooing of Alice had raised between them, and in the midst of the gloomy hopelessness with which he did his duty, this gleamed like a bright, radiant sunbeam,—like a last ray before the setting of the sun.

It was indeed upon the presence and watchfulness of this one man, that all the work of saving depended. Where he himself ventured and inspired, the struggle with the elements was not without result; and at last the terrible struggle seemed about to be crowned with success. It had been an effort to make the torrent harmless which raged against the railroad dam. For the moment immediate danger was averted. The rain lessened, the wind lulled, and it began to look lighter over Wolkenstein.

The work also ceased for a few minutes. The president and Waltenberg, who had also dismounted, walked out upon the bridge where part of the workmen were assembled. Everyone breathed more freely, and new hope was created. Only the chief-engineer stood aside, apart from the rest. He did not hear the joyous exclamations of the workmen, but seemed absorbed in listening to something sounding from the air above, like the distant, far-off murmur of the sea; he gazed fixedly at the summit of Wolkenstein above, and suddenly his face grew pale as that of a corpse.

"Away from the bridge!" thundered he to the terrified men. "Back! run! For your lives!"

The last words were already lost in a dull roar that in a few seconds grew to thunder; but the warning call was obeyed. The men fled; they felt that something dreadful was near, but to see and distinguish there was no time; they fled in wild haste to either end of the bridge. Nordheim and Waltenberg were together in this flight, and the first really reached solid ground, while Ernest at the bridge entrance stumbled and fell. Around and over him the others crowded. In the selfishness of mortal terror each thought only of his own safety, while he, stunned by the fall, lay on the ground for a minute, perfectly unable to raise himself, and there was not a second to lose. Then he felt suddenly a strong arm lift him and drag him up; he was held fast, carried a short distance, and set down, dizzy from his fall, against the trunk of a tree to which he clung.

Then there came through the air, howling and furious as a hurricane, that to which all the storms of the last few days were as summer zephyrs; and whatever came in its way was cast down or carried away. The storm's messengers had prepared a path for the Alpine fay, and now she herself descended from her throne of clouds. A roar like a thousand thunders echoed through the hills and valleys, as if the whole mountain world were upheaved: the rocks seemed to shake, the earth to give way, as this frightful something, white and ghostly, passed by. This lasted for a moment, then all was still—with the silence of death!

The avalanche had taken its way from the mountain peak directly into the ravine, a way of destruction. The forest at the foot of the precipice had disappeared, and where it had been was only a desolate waste. The course of the river was impeded, the chasm half-filled with an icy, floating mass, above which rose jagged rocks and twisted tree-trunks; and there where the bridge had swung its wonderful trestles from rock to rock, yawned a sheer void. Two of the massive shafts still stood, the others were wholly or partly broken down, and to them still hung fragments of the iron-work, bent and snapped like bamboo latticing—and all the rest was gone! The wild Alpine fay had avenged herself. In splinters lay the proud work of man—at her feet!

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ALPINE FAY'S TRIUMPH.

To the frightful elemental catastrophe succeeded a scene of indescribable confusion. For the first few minutes no one really knew what had happened. The first thing to be done when it became clear was to summon assistance. The warning cry of the chief-engineer had averted the worst. At the moment of the catastrophe there was no one on the bridge, but a number of the men lay stunned on the ground, others had been more or less injured by the flying stones and ice-fragments; but none of them seemed to be dead, and all that were uninjured now came running up. The wildest confusion ensued. No one knew what to do first, until a discovery silenced them.

The engineers, the workmen, all were assembled in a group around the more severely wounded, when suddenly a whisper ran like wildfire from lip to lip: "The president?"—"Nordheim himself?" "Thank God there is a physician here!"

It was indeed President Nordheim who lay there upon the ground, bleeding, senseless, almost without a sign of life. He had apparently reached a place of safety, when one of the heavy flying bits of iron from the rending bridge-pillars struck him. Erna and Waltenberg were busy over him, and everyone was offering assistance, when the circle opened to make way for the chief-engineer and Doctor Reinsfeld. Benno was somewhat paler than usual, but perfectly calm as he knelt down and began to search for the wound. The pain of being moved brought Nordheim to his senses; with a deep groan he opened his eyes and fixed his gaze on the face of the man who bent over him. He might not have recognized it, but thought that he saw the features of his early friend, which were reproduced in those of his son, for his face assumed an expression of unmistakable terror, and with a convulsive movement he attempted to rise and to push away the helping hand; but his strength would not avail. With a second agonized groan he sank back, and a stream of blood poured from his lips.

The bystanders saw only the expression of physical suffering; Benno alone suspected the truth: and as he bent down and put his hand under the head of the sufferer and attempted to raise it, he said gently:

"Do not repulse my assistance. I offer it most willingly—with all my heart!"

Nordheim was unable to speak; that passionate movement had exhausted his strength, and he again lost consciousness. The young physician examined the wound as cautiously

as possible, and then turned gravely to Waltenberg and Elmhorst.

"You have no hope?" asked the latter, in a low voice.

"No; nothing can do any good," said Benno in the same tone. "We will try to get him back to his house, however; if he is transported with the utmost care, he may be able to last through it.—Miss Erna, may I beg of you to go on ahead and prepare his daughter, so that the shock will not come on her too suddenly? We cannot conceal from her that her father is dying, for he will not live through the night."

He went away and gave the necessary directions. There was no lack of helping hands; a litter was quickly improvised and arranged with a cloak and cover, the wounded man placed on it with extreme care, and the mournful procession set out for the villa. Erna had gone on, and Reinsfeld, who had promised them to follow shortly, turned his attention to the others who were wounded and who needed immediate assistance, although none of them were mortally injured. Waltenberg also remained behind, and stood irresolute and seemed to struggle with himself; but as he saw the chief-engineer turn to the Wolkenstein ravine, he followed and overtook him.

"Herr Elmhorst!"

Wolfgang paused and turned to him; there was a fixed, unnatural calm in his eyes, and his voice was perfectly expressionless as he said: "You came to remind me of my pledged word? I will be at your service in an hour,—my duties are at an end."

Ernest had really no such object in view; he made a hasty, deprecatory motion, and replied:

"I believe that we are not now in the mood to discuss our quarrel; you certainly are not."

Elmhorst passed his hand over his brow; now, when his nerves were relaxed from the frightful suspense, he felt for the first how exhausted and weak he was.

"You may be right," said he with the same mechanical, unnatural expression. "It comes from overwork. I have not slept for three nights; but a couple of hours' rest will completely restore me, and I repeat that I will then be entirely at your service."

Ernest looked silently in the face of the man for whom the present day had destroyed everything: this composure did not deceive him. He had apparently a response upon his lips, but he did not utter it, and his glance roved to the entrance of the bridge opposite, where he had fallen at the time of the flight. Directly on that spot the side supports were broken down, and the heavy iron portions had buried themselves deeply in the ground. There he also would have been felled and crushed had not a saving hand snatched him from the danger; probably he was not so unconscious as he seemed, of whose the hand was.

"I must go and see how the president is," said he hastily. "Dr. Reinsfeld has promised to spend the night with us. We will send you the news."

"Thank you," said Wolfgang, who only seemed to hear and speak mechanically. His thoughts were not on what he was saying; and as Waltenberg turned away, he slowly walked along to the place where the Wolkenstein bridge once stood.

It was a terrible night which followed for Nordheim's family and household. The master of the house struggled in his last conflict, a long, torturing struggle that would not end. Unable to speak or to move, but perfectly conscious, he saw and felt how the son of the deceived, betrayed friend of his youth, whom he had sacrificed to his ambition and avarice, while he himself, with the fruits of the work he had stolen, acquired princely riches,—how this son strove to alleviate his sufferings and to make his dying moments, which he could not delay, at least easier. One could not perform his duty more punctiliously and devotedly than Benno did, and perhaps this very devotion was a heavy chastisement to the dying man. In the face of death, lies and treachery will not avail: the truth alone shows her inexorable face, and in this case it was an annihilating one. The hard, torturing struggle only lasted for one night; but in these few hours were compressed the agony and the retribution of a lifetime.

When at length the morning broke, a gray, clouded dawn, the struggle and the torture were at an end, and it was Benno Reinsfeld's hand which closed the eyes of the dead. Then he gently raised the sobbing Alice, who had sunk on her knees by her father, and led her away. He spoke no word of love or hope to her—it would have seemed impious to him in such an hour; but the manner in which he placed his arm about her and supported her showed that he now considered it his right to do so, and that he had no thought of leaving her again. He could never have given the name of "father" to the man who had treated his father so hardly, but now that was spared him; and if Alice became his wife, her wealth, which had resulted from that betrayal, was for the most part swept away: there stood nothing now between them.

Erna, when all was over, retreated into her own room. Alice did not need her now: she had another and a better consoler at her side. The young girl, pale and exhausted, sat down by the window and looked out into the cold, gray morning. Her thoughts, indeed, were not with the dead: they sought the living who now perhaps stood in the gray mists before the ruins of his lifework. She knew what this work had been to him, and felt the blow which had descended upon him. Erna would have given her life for the possibility of being at his side to console and encourage him, but instead she must leave him alone in his despair. She did not even notice that her faithful dog Grip had followed her and caressingly laid his head in her lap, but motionless stared out into the sea of clouds.

The door opened and Waltenberg entered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"TO SAY—FAREWELL."

ERNA recoiled as she perceived her visitor: it was an involuntary motion of terror and aversion which did not escape him. He smiled, but it was a smile of deepest bitterness.

"Do you really dread my presence so? I regret it, for in spite of that I must inflict myself upon you, for I have something to say to you."

"Now? At this time, when death has just crossed our threshold?" asked the young girl, in a weary, reproachful tone.

"Yes, now; later, I may —— lack courage."

Erna looked up surprised, the words sounded so strangely depressed. Her eyes encountered his, but that lurid glow which had inspired her with such nameless dread of late, had died out of them. Now in their dark depths gleamed something else—hatred, or love, or both together—she knew not how to interpret that look.

"Speak on," said she simply, "I am listening."

Still he was silent, looking at her fixedly; finally he said with strong emphasis:

"I came to say —— farewell."

"You are going away? Now, before uncle is laid to rest?"

"Yes—never to return! Do not misunderstand me, Erna; it is not for a day or a week—this farewell is forever!"

"Forever?" The girl looked at him incredulously, half-

uncomprehending: the message was so abrupt and unexpected she could hardly grasp its meaning.

"You do not seem to believe in my magnanimity," said Ernest, bitterly. "Indeed, until yesterday I would rather have seen you both destroyed—you and your Wolfgang—than have given you back your freedom. That is past—he has taught me how to treat a rival. Do you think I did not know the hand which dragged me up when I fell at the bridge entrance? But for that hand I should have been crushed out of existence. You saw it, I know, and it made you still more admire your hero, whom you saw yesterday in his true light. With that act he rose to your ideal—how can I exceed that in your eyes?"

"Yes, I saw it," breathed Erna with downcast eyes, "but I did not think that you, stunned by the fall and in the confusion of the flight, knew who it was."

"One always recognizes his deadly enemy, even when he is saving one's life! I would have said so to him yesterday, but I could not bring myself to speak the words of gratitude to this man. Let him hear them from you. Tell him that I withdraw my challenge and give him back his word, and that I give you your freedom. Then we are quits—more than quits. I give him ten times more than the life is worth which he saved for me."

Erna had grown pale as death. "You have challenged him? Then it had come to an understanding between you?"

"Did you think it was my intention to allow him a chance for your favor?" asked Waltenberg with a bitter laugh. "That is not my nature. Except for what happened yesterday, I should have shot him down; and he gave me his word to meet me as soon as the Wolkenstein bridge was completed,—but fate has decided otherwise."

The scornful, bitter tones no longer angered Erna: she only heard the agonized torture in them, only felt what this resignation cost the passionate man. Gently and pleadingly she laid her hand on his arm.

"Ernest, believe me! I feel the sacrifice which you are making for me, in all its severity. You have loved me so much——"

"Yes," said he, "and I was fool enough to imagine that a passion like mine *must* win a responsive love. I thought that when I had taken you to another part of the world, when I had put the ocean between you and—and—him, that then you would learn to forget and turn to your husband. Now it is clear to me that I have lost! I could never have uprooted this love from your heart, and if I had shot him you would still have loved him in death. Now, when he is in trouble, your whole soul flies to him; so go to him, I will no longer hinder you. You are free!"

"Let us go together," implored Erna with passionate emotion. "Give Wolfgang the hand of reconciliation. You can do it, for now you are the magnanimous, the generous,—we have you only to thank."

He pushed her hand away with almost wild vehemence.

"No, I will not! I can not meet this man again. If I should see him again I should stop at nothing; then all the demons in me would be aroused again. You do not suspect what it has cost me to subdue them,—let them rest!"

Erna did not venture to repeat her prayer: she comprehended that this passionate nature might resign, but could not forgive. In silent submission she bowed her head.

"Farewell!" said Ernest, in the same constrained, bitter tone he had maintained throughout the interview. "Forget me—it will be easy for you to do."

She looked at him with eyes full of hot tears. "I shall never forget you, Ernest, never! But I shall never cease to reproach myself that you leave me in hate and bitterness."

"In hate?" cried he with an outburst of passion; and suddenly Erna felt herself clasped in his arms and strained to his breast. Yet once again he overwhelmed her with that wild, passionate tenderness that never yet had found the least response; but in this moment she felt a real sympathy with his pain. Then he tore himself away from her and was gone · the short, passionate love-dream of his life was at an end,—was past forever!

* * * * * * *

Without the day was breaking. The rain had ceased and the storm abated during the night: the wild tumult of nature seemed to have subsided. The work of trying to save the road had ceased, and only the necessary watches were stationed at certain points. There was indeed little left to save since the Wolkenstein bridge had been destroyed. The heaviest blow had fallen. The creator of the whole undertaking lay dead in his house. Who would undertake to resume the half-destroyed work, only time could tell.

It was a frosty, cold, autumn morning. In the ravines and valleys lay thick, whitish-gray mist-masses, and along the Wolkenstein road they clung to the mountain as if they would conceal the havoc of that terrible day. Everywhere, uprooted and broken-down trees, crushed blocks of stone, masses of mud and débris; everywhere, traces of the desperate conflicts the workers had had with the elements. The brawling of the torrent rose over all, though it no longer threatened but restlessly flung its waters from the heights above; and the rustle of the winds through the storm-lashed forest gave the vexed valleys no rest.

Only in Wolkenstein ravine reigned the silence of the grave. Like an enormous glacier lay the chaotic mass of earth and masses of rocks, white and still. The avalanche, which had come from the peak of Wolkenstein, must have frightfully increased in its passage, and even torn away part of the mountain wall in its descent. And then the whole mass of ice and snow, rocks and uprooted fir-trees, with a tenfold force acquired by the terrific velocity of its course, had struck the Wolkenstein bridge and destroyed it. No work of human hands could have withstood such an onslaught.

It might have been some consolation to say this; but Wolfgang Elmhorst did not seem to be susceptible to this consolation. In brooding melancholy he stared at the icy grave where all his proud hopes and endeavors rested, perhaps never to be raised again. Even if the plan of the railroad was resumed, the Wolkenstein bridge might be left out because of its enormous expense. The ravine could have been crossed higher up, and a détour of the road made which would not have cost half so much. But Nordheim was charmed with the audacity and magnificence of the work, and saw that it could be made to enhance the attractions of the road, and had his way about it. For the future it could not be hoped for, since it could not be recommended on the score of economy; and it would be condemned because the elements had destroyed it at the very moment it was to challenge the criticism of the world and bring its creator name and fame.

Something came bounding in great leaps over the wet, muddy ground,—a great lion-like dog, who, overjoyed to escape from his long indoor confinement, gave expression to his delight in this violent fashion. He stopped before Elmhorst and began to show his teeth in his usual amiable fashion, but left off because something else attracted his attention. The sagacious Grip noticed what was gone. He became restless, looked now to the bottom, now to the other side of the ravine, and then lifted his great dark eyes questioningly to the chief-engineer.

Wolfgang had until then retained his composure, at least outwardly; but at this significant incident, the dumb questioning of the dog, he broke down. He put his hand over

his eyes, and tears, the first he had shed since boyhood, rolled hot and scalding over his cheeks.

Then he heard his name called, low, timidly, with a tone which he had never yet heard, and yet which was not strange to him.

"Wolfgang!"

He turned, and with a quick motion of his hand dashed the tell-tale traces from his cheek; then he went, collecting himself with a mighty effort, to meet the slender figure enveloped in a long cloak, with blonde hair hidden under a black lace scarf, which stood a few paces distant, as if she did not dare to come nearer.

"You here, Erna?" asked he,—"after the terrible night you have passed?"

"Yes, it was terrible!" said the girl with a deep sigh. "You have heard of uncle's death?"

"Two hours ago. I had no longer the right to watch at his death-bed; besides, my presence could only have been painful to him, so I stayed away. How does Alice bear it?"

"She is very much overcome just at present; but Doctor Reinsfeld is with her."

"Then she will recover from the shock. They love each other, and when one has loved ones near, to console and protect, all can be borne, even the bitterest ills of life."

Erna did not reply, but she came nearer and stood at his side. He looked at her; but his countenance grew dark.

"I know why you come. You would speak a word of consolation, of sympathy to me—to what purpose? The curse your father invoked in dying is now fulfilled; the destruction of the ancestral home of the Thurgaus is revenged: and I believe even the Baron would be satisfied."

"Do you really attach any weight to the words wrung from despair and the anticipation of approaching death?" asked Erna reproachfully. "Since when have you become superstitious?"

"Since faith in my own powers lies buried there! Leave me alone, Erna! What to me are the alms of your sympathy, which you have stolen away secretly to give, for which you will perhaps have to answer to your intended husband. I need no pity,—not even from you!"

With all the irritability of suffering he turned away and glanced up at Wolkenstein, whose summit gleamed white and ghostly through the clouds.

"I do not come secretly nor with alms," said Erna, in a voice whose tremulousness she strove in vain to master. "Ernest knows that I am seeking you, and has given me a message."

"Ernest Waltenberg?—to me?"

"To you, Wolfgang. He tells me to say that he gives you back your word and withdraws his challenge."

Elmhorst contracted his brows, and an almost contemptuous expression played around his lips as he answered:

"And he has sent you to say that? Very thoughtful of him, indeed! Usually such things are treated as confidential between men. At any rate, I have accepted his challenge, but this act of generosity I cannot accept—especially now."

"Yet you set him the example of magnanimity. Do not deny it! He knows whose was the hand that dragged him from death—here, on this very spot—as well as I do."

"I would allow no one to perish if it were in my power to save them, even my enemy," said Wolfgang coldly. "In such moments only the instinct of humanity is paramount: I cannot receive his thanks. Tell that to Herr Waltenberg, Baroness Thurgau, since he has selected you to be his messenger."

"Will you really send back such a harsh message?" The maiden's voice sounded gentle and subdued, and her great, deep blue eyes turned with a singular light in them to the man who could no longer endure this torture.

"Why tantalize me with this look and tone?" cried he with an outburst of passion. "You belong to another——"

"How you misunderstand me! now, indeed, I can realize the full extent of the sacrifice which he has made for me, for I know how unfeignedly he loved me; and with this love in his heart he gave me back my freedom and said farewell to me forever."

Wolfgang was overcome by the unexpected news; through the night of his hopelessness and despair shone a dazzling ray which promised new light and life.

"You are free, Erna?" he began. "And now—now you come——"

"To you!" declared she. "You are bearing your misfortune alone: I wish to take my part in it."

These words were uttered in simple sincerity, and were unmistakable; but Elmhorst's brow flushed darkly and his glance fell. He was struggling with his pride; for this offer at this time was a bitter humiliation.

"No! no! not now!" murmured he. "Let me first collect my courage to rise above myself: now I cannot accept this sacrifice——it humbles me to the dust."

"Wolf!" The old caressing name of his boyhood, which he never heard save from Benno, came softly and sweetly from the maiden's lips. "Wolf, you need me now! You need a love to encourage and sustain you: do not listen to your false pride. Once you asked me whether I would remain at your side while you climbed the rugged, steep way which led upward; now I come to give you the answer. You shall not go alone: I will remain with you, in toil and struggle, in need and danger. Although you may no longer believe in your power and your future, I believe unfalteringly in——my Wolfgang!"

She looked up at him with a radiant, conquering smile. This broke down his resolution, and with a passionate gesture he extended his arms and clasped his love to his heart.

In the meantime Grip had viewed the development of affairs with great wonder and evident displeasure. It was not all quite clear to him, but he comprehended this much: that the chief-engineer who clasped his young mistress and kissed her was no longer to be growled at. He had been standing expectantly, but now he lay down and gazed at them with his intelligent eyes.

The cloud-veil still hovered around Wolkenstein, but its peak rose clear and distinct above. To-day it was not veiled in mystic moonlight: icy, white, and ghost-like it loomed up against the dark sky, amid storm-clouds and fogs, and at its feet the destruction it had wrought; and yet from this destruction had arisen a higher, purer happiness.

Wolfgang folded his beloved in his arms and looked up: all bitterness and despair had vanished forever.

"You are right! my Erna," cried he. "I will not be cast down. I will yet conquer that unapproachable power; and although it has annihilated my work——I will build it anew!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

VICTORY.

It was already evening of a lovely midsummer day when the express steamed up to the Oberstein station, and two passengers alighted. They were the chief-engineer and his wife, invited guests to the Reinsfield villa, and Gronau, who also dwelt in Oberstein, was at the station to meet them; but after a few words with the chief-engineer he drove away.

"I have sent the carriage away, Erna," said Wolfgang,

offering his arm to his wife. "I think we will go on foot. It is a magnificent evening, and it is the first time we have been alone together to-day. We have not had a moment's conversation since morning."

"And yet it was a day of happy triumph!" returned Erna, clinging closely to his arm. "But you were so serious, Wolfgang, in the midst of all the triumph and congratulations—and you are so still!"

He smiled. "I was thinking how hardly this triumph had been bought. Only we two know that! you were my only *confidante*, my only believer, while I exerted all my courage and strength, when I was beset with petty intrigues. If you had not been at my side—I should perhaps have failed."

"Yes, that was the hardest to a nature like yours,—to see yourself thwarted and hindered everywhere; yet you have struggled through and conquered in the end."

"But Benno helped me! As soon as Alice was his wife, and as soon as he could act, he put all into my hands with unlimited confidence. I shall never forget it of him!"

"But he has to thank you still more than you him!" said Erna. "With Benno's knowledge of business he could have saved nothing from the catastrophe which befell uncle's fortune. It needed a strong hand like yours. It is all your work that Alice and Benno are still rich."

"But they care very little for that," said Wolfgang half-jesting. "They would be happy and contented in a hut if they were together."

At that moment the train left the station, and the glittering row of lights again glided over the bridge and wound around like a gleaming snake until it disappeared into the mouth of the tunnel. The shrill shriek of the locomotive was echoed through the mountains. Wolfgang stood still, and as his gaze followed the vanishing train a proud, glad sigh escaped him.

"At last she is conquered! She has made me struggle hard; but I have overcome her at last. See! Erna, there goes the last cloud from your Alpine fay. She seems only to unveil herself on midsummer eve."

Yet over Erna's beaming face lay a shadow. As she glanced up at Wolkenstein tears glittered in her eyes as she replied softly: "Another conquered her—but he paid for his temerity with his life!"

"For a mad, fool-hardy undertaking that was of no use!" Elmhorst's voice had a harsh sound. "He certainly sought death, and he only found what he sought. Can you not forget this Ernest yet?"

She shook her head.

"Do not be unjust, Wolf, nor jealous of the dead. You know, best of all, to whom my love belonged from the first. But you, with your energy, your struggles and efforts upon the solid ground of reality, could not understand a nature like Ernest's."

"It is possible we were too opposite in character to be just to each other. Yet no more of these reminiscences, Erna. To-day all your thoughts and feelings belong to me alone! The first steep height is now attained, and with the completion of the Wolkenstein road my vocation and future are assured;—but it has not been easy climbing."

"And yet it was beautiful, in spite of the rough way!" said Erna with shining eyes. "Am I not right, Wolf? It is so beautiful to climb up from the depths!—with every step that one takes forward, with every obstacle that one overcomes, to see one's own strength grow, and at last to stand on the heights of freedom, in the consciousness of self-won victory!"

"And my wife at my side!" completed Wolfgang with passionate tenderness. "You came to me in the darkest hour of my life, when all tottered and fell around me, and my lost good-fortune came back with you. Now I have it fast, and it may again advance—to new achievements!"

The mysterious midsummer night again deepened around them. It was not flooded with dreamy moonlight, as on that night long past, but the clear starry sky extended its glittering legions above, and here and there on the mountains blazed out the sunset fires of St. John's Eve like huge, glowing stars. The most brilliant of all gleamed from the cliffs of Wolkenstein. They illumined the realm of the Alpine fay, that conquered realm where the genius of man had made its way in spite of all fears of destruction, and had finally conquered even the blind fury of the elements. The great work was completed. Newly built and securely placed, the iron way led up from the depths, the bridge again swung across the ravine, and veiled Wolkenstein looked down upon it. A great shining star hung just above its peak, over the hidden head of the Alpine Fay.

THE END.

Swallows.

THE swallows fly high, the swallows fly low,
And summer winds come, and summer days go;
They are buildings nests 'neath the cottage eaves;
They dream not of autumn or fading leaves.
The soft showers are falling, the west winds blow;
The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low.

But summer is passing, and golden sheaves
Are whispering of winter and withered leaves;
The woodlands are ringing the whole day long;
The swallows are singing their farewell song;
They sing of a land where they long to be,
Of endless summers far over the sea.

O sunshine! O swallows! Sweet summer-time!
Ye sing to my heart of youth's golden prime—
And distance and death, and long years between,
Recede with their joys and their sorrows keen;
And tender eyes lingeringly rest on me—
Loved eyes, that on earth I shall no more see.

For spring brings the swallows to last year's nest,
And world-weary hearts wander home to rest.
No home like the old of sunshine and dew;
No faces so dear, and no heart so true!
Whenever, wherever my feet may roam,
My heart turns with love to my childhood's home.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

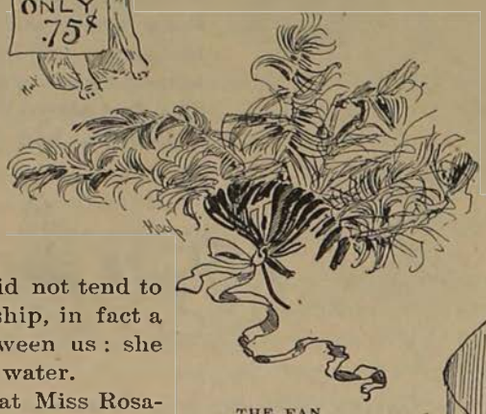
As to the traveler's eye the varied plain
Shows through the window of the flying train,
A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,—
So, as we look behind us, life appears,
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

O. W. HOLMES.

Five Fiery Factors.

I AM the first fiery factor. Generally I've the sweetest disposition in the world; but when Rosalee Ricker called me an old-fashioned fossil, I fired up. Yes, I *am* old-fashioned, but I don't enjoy having it thrown in my face. I was ruined by cheap imitations. The first were works of art, besides being unique and expensive; but when things came to such a pass that one could buy a stony-hearted imitation for seventy-five cents, then my star of fashion set.

"I fired up;" and when the curred, I, in a quiet, unos-



THE FAN.

tentatious way, toyed with her feather fan in such a manner that when I had finished it looked as if it had been to a political convention. Of course this delicate attention on my part did not tend to cement our friendship, in fact a coldness came between us: she threw me into the water.

I cannot deny that Miss Rosalee was generally considered a very attractive young lady, particularly to my friend Mr. Poolado; but in my quiet little way I did all in my power to free him from the fascination, even going so far as to chew up a love-letter he had written her.

Now I counted on this mastication to break up the whole affair. In all well-regulated novels I had read, an unanswered letter was always sufficient to make the "Lover" fly to Greenland's coral strand or to India's icy mountains; but my faith in romances received a fearful shock when, after twenty-four hours of pine, Poolado calmly inquired of the "Heroine" and found that the missing letter had never been received.

Here we were, off for three days to spend the "4th." Our cargo consisted of the freshest things in confectionery for Miss Rosalee, the latest summer novels for her mother, the newest things in fireworks for the children, and the most fashionable attire for himself.

Rosalee having a weakness, or rather a strength, for out-door sports, Poolado thought it would

MISS ROSALEE.

be a point in his favor to affect the athletic style. So we paddled down the river in a brand-new canoe. He was entertaining himself by imagining the impression he would make on the "Adored One" by gracefully swinging his craft to the steps, springing lightly ashore, and falling on her alabaster neck with a five-pound box of *bonbons*.

Late in the afternoon her home became visible with its well-peopled verandas, with the musicians on the lawn, and, alas! her big dogs roaming at large.

In order to do it all with an air of careless grace, Poolado proceeded to light a cigarette. Where he threw the burning match I know not; but it is barely possible that it fell among the fireworks. I have no particular reason for thinking so, only about this time a peculiar hissing sound came from our cargo, followed by sudden flashes of light.

I remember distinctly seeing the air filled with unchristian language as Poolado flew into the water, where I joined him, just as an explosion occupied the space we had so recently filled.

"WHERE I JOINED HIM."

Was it Epictetus or "Mr. Barnes of New York" who remarked, "When a dog falls into the water he wets his coat and pants"? Anyway, this was my condition; and not being much of a swimmer, I seized a piece of soap as it floated by from our wrecked cargo, and was washed ashore.

Of course this unpremeditated pyrotechnic exhibition made us the center of observation, and the men came rushing down from the veranda; but the big dogs were ahead of all, and, planted on the edge of the water, with upper and lower teeth on dress parade, simply waited for us.

In vain Poolado tried to pacify

"UPPER AND LOWER TEETH ON DRESS PARADE."

them as he waded along the shore. At every attempt he made to approach, their anger and their teeth seemed to increase.

The men were equally powerless to control them or get them away from us ; and as soon as it was seen that there had been no serious accident excepting to the canoe and its contents, the spectators showed uncalled-for hilarity, which naturally was not soothing to us.

Nothing could be done till Miss Rosalee herself arrived and took command of the refractory dogs.

When she recognized us through our disguises, she, too, smiled, and it was the most irritating kind—the half-suppressed smile. Now if she had simply ordered a steamer chair brought down from the house and had seated herself on the river bank and laughed, shrieked, and hallooed for three-quarters of an hour, it would have been balm to our jaded spirits, compared with her attempt at sympathy which but thinly concealed her almost uncontrollable amusement.

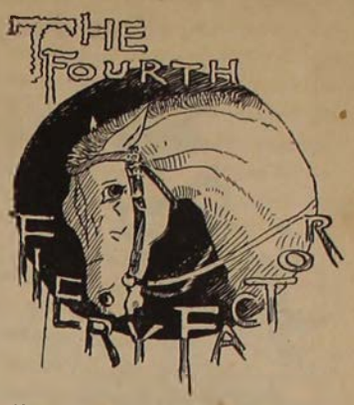
"SHE, TOO, SMILED."

Think of what a stage entrance for Poolado, who counted on making such a fascinating impression by swinging gracefully to the shore in his picturesque canoe and his fashionable bored smile ! And, to add still another agony to the occasion, there was the "Hated Rival," Mr. Junius Brutus Jonas, in spotless garb, whose assistance we were obliged to accept to drag us up onto the bank !

"STILL ANOTHER AGONY."

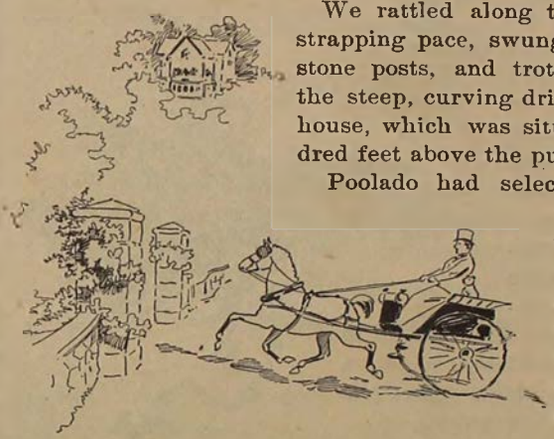
The contrast between the two suitors as we plodded toward the house was just what you would imagine between an elegantly dressed, contented, and amusing man, and a dripping, shivering, cross-grained specimen of disgusted humanity.

Poolado lacked the moral courage, and his flannel suit lacked the non-shrinking qualities to face the audience. So early the next morning we quietly returned home.



Two weeks later we arranged to spend our regular vacation at a fashionable hotel in the vicinity of Miss Rosalee's summer home.

Among other attractions, our repertory included a bronco : gentle and unkind, could be driven by a lady,—with a big club,—and warranted to always do the wrong thing at the right time ; but with his russet harness, white lines, and a neatly appointed, stylish cart, the general effect was—great ! So with these pleasing accessories we made our second attempt to shine in Miss Rosalee's presence.



"WE RATTLED ALONG THE ROAD AT A STRAPPING PACE."

We rattled along the road at a strapping pace, swung between the stone posts, and trotted right up the steep, curving drive-way to the house, which was situated a hundred feet above the public road.

Poolado had selected an hour when he knew the guests would be assembled on the front piazza; and the effect we produced—I with a new jeweled collar from Tiffany's, and my companion a combination of all the latest fads in men's dress—quite satisfied our sore feelings.

Miss Rosalee immediately fell on the pony's neck, called it all kinds of sweet names, admired the trappings, enthused over the cart, and finally even complimented me ! For the first time I realized what a really charming girl she was.

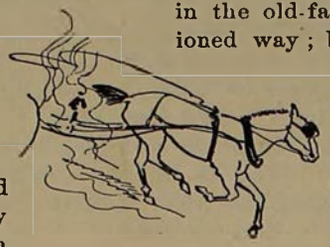
To all this, Mr. Junius Brutus Jonas, whose complexion we imagined was fast assuming a greenish tint, with a

"MISS ROSALEE IMMEDIATELY FELL ON THE PONY'S NECK."

sickly smile, had to listen. After all, there are times when life *is* worth living.

As Miss Rosalee, having accepted an invitation to drive, stepped into the hall to gather her wraps, some of the children, with shrieks and howls and the uncontrollable big dogs, came bounding playfully round to the front of the house.

The whole onset was too much for the bronco's nerves; and with a frightened snort he clawed the air with his front feet, and then, before anyone could put out a hand to arrest him, he plunged madly down the curved drive and gave a good imitation of a horse running away.



To the careless observer I've no doubt he appeared to use his legs in the old-fashioned way; but for the sake of art I am glad to state—and to prove by these sketches—that he ran in the correct Muybridge instantaneous photographic style.

Poolado rushed wildly down the straight path, arriving at the gate just in time to slip and sprawl out in the mud, giving the pony an opportunity to roll all over him: a chance which the bronco availed himself of with alacrity and evident enjoyment. The effect was all very pretty, and the result—a symphony in mud!

If the pony had only continued his race, smashed the carriage, ruined the harness, or even broken a few of Poolado's legs, it would have given some dignity to the scene; but, as it was, the ludicrous held undisputed sway: even the bronco seemed too overcome, at the general hilarity, to move.

Of course the "H. R.," Mr. Junius B. Jonas, in a spotless lawn-tennis costume, was the first man on hand to drag the mud-frescoed Poolado to his feet and assist him up the hill, while others helped untangle the pony and proceeded to repair a slight break in the traces.

ASSISTED BY MR. JUNIUS B. JONAS.

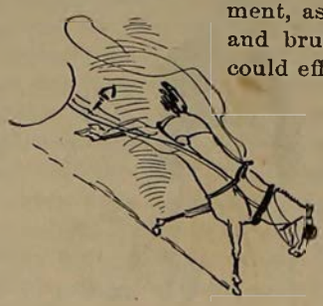
Imagine the contrast! Mr. Jonas in snowy white flannel trousers, a blue silk shirt with cravat and waist-scarf of blue and white, a sparkling blazer, and immaculate straw hat; and by his side, wrecked, dilapidated Poolado, with his coat split down the back and the opening nicely plastered up with rich brown mud, both sleeves torn open from shoulder to elbow, his hands in the same condition as his face,—not exactly spattered with mud, but bearing a solid coating of dust, dirt and clay about two inches thick, which tended to injure the expression of his clear-cut features. At the first glance one might have thought there were only thirteen holes in his trousers; but on careful examination twenty-one rents, more or less concealed with clay, could be discerned.

As for me, there was one pound of mud to every hair on my hide.

Rosalee gave one glance at us as we tottered up the steps,—just one little bashful look—and then flew into the house.

I don't say she laughed,—I simply saw her cramming her handkerchief, her lace fan, and some embroidery, into her mouth as she rushed for the door; and when she was within, the wildest peals of uncontrollable laughter shook the walls. But I trust Miss Rosalee was too polite to allow herself to be excited to merriment at our eccentric appearance, though the rest of the party on the veranda were not so punctilious; and it was with quiet satisfaction that I saw one man dragged away in a fit.

For the next few days we kept ourselves in close retirement, as we were wearing several marks and bruises which only time and arnica could efface.

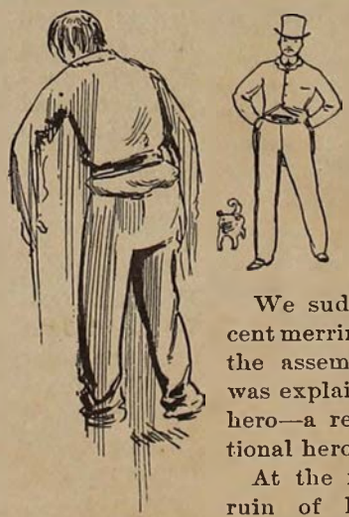


We resolved on our next appearance to avoid both canoes and broncos. So arraying ourselves in our tartest raiment, and assuming our imported bored look, we sauntered to the picnic grounds by the river bank, where Miss Rosalee and her party were assembled.

In consequence of the two disastrous incidents we had experienced in trying to make an impression on Miss Rosalee, this our third attempt made us feel decidedly nervous. All the conventional picnic accidents rose up before us like ghosts.

On approaching we saw that the wildest confusion and excitement seemed to prevail; then out from the crowd walked the "H. R.," Mr. Junius Brutus Jonas. Yes, there was no mistake, though his appearance was unusual.

His elastic step, his nonchalant air, his patronizing smile, and his spotless garb were not with him. At every move water spouted from his shoes, spurted from every seam, and ran in torrents from the edges of his clothes.



"MR. JONAS WAS WET!"

Yes, as the intelligent reader has already surmised, Mr. Jonas was wet! For once he had reached our level. I don't hesitate to say we smiled—in fact, my amusement was too large for my collar and I came near having a fit.

We suddenly observed that our innocent merriment was coldly frowned on by the assembly; and, a moment later, it was explained to us that Mr. Jonas was a hero—a real, life-sized, first-class, sensational hero!

At the risk of his life, and the sure ruin of his chaste costume, he had plunged boldly into the raging torrent and snatched the beautiful Miss Rosalee from the jaws of death!—that is, she would no doubt have drowned, in time, if the water had sufficient depth; but, to tell the truth, Poolado and I afterwards quietly sounded the water in that locality, and found it only three or four feet deep. There was no current, and no holes; and if she

had been let alone she would have walked comfortably out and saved her bangs, which, alas! were lost in the confusion of being dragged ashore.

But of course we could not say all this to the enthusiastic admirers of the thrilling deed, and the "H. R." posed as the lion of the hour.

Some of the reports placed the depth of the water at seventy-five feet, and said the young lady was being rapidly swept out of sight by a furious current, and that she had already sunk four times before the daring swimmer could grasp her.

All this was too much for Poolado. We wandered to our hotel, and he paced the floor nervously all day, and wrote desperately all night. And the result was a letter to Miss Rosalee, of which this is a synopsis:

He told her of his unconquerable love; he declared his intention of never seeing her again; he would leave the field to Mr. Jonas, the man whom fate had favored in allowing him the privilege of risking his life to save the loveliest girl in the world; and he could only hope her happiness would be as great as his own misery was deep; etc., etc.

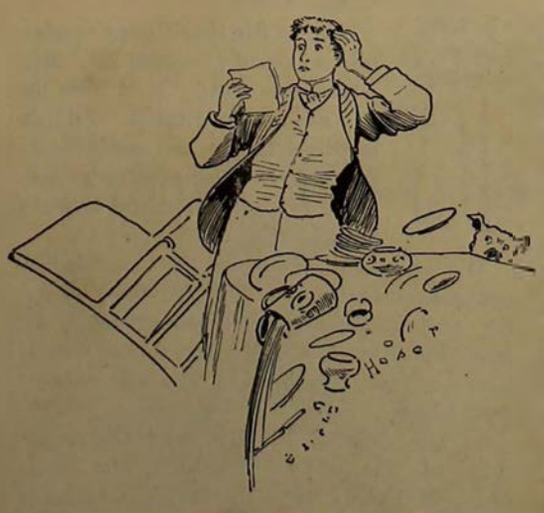
"HE PACED THE FLOOR ALL DAY."

The number of hours and the amount of writing-paper it required to compose this effusion, were beyond reckoning. It was sent to her by a messenger as we rolled to the station the next morning on our way home.

The following day at the breakfast table, as I occupied my accustomed stool at Poolado's elbow, watching him listlessly open his mail, he jumped from his seat, upsetting the chocolate-pot and nearly overturning the whole table. I sprang just in time to avoid the flying china and falling chairs as he rushed wildly to his room, where I was not slow in following him.

Already his traveling-bag was in his hand, into which he was crowding a lot of articles. Then, without one word or thought for me, he flew out of the house.

Now from experience I knew that if I went uninvited it would simply make a scene; so while I was standing there undecided, my eye fell on the letter which had caused this sudden emotion, and which he had accidentally dropped.

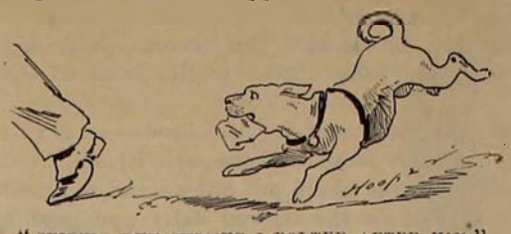


"HE JUMPED FROM HIS SEAT."

Behold the contents:

"YOU DEAR FOOLISH OLD BOY: I thought everyone knew that Mr. Jonas was engaged to my pretty cousin who is now abroad, and he seeks my society simply so that he can find a patient listener while he enthuses about his absent love.

"In regard to his saving 'the loveliest girl in the world,' as you so charmingly word it, I may as well let you into the secret now: it was all a practical joke we girls planned. We made wagers as to which man would be the first to jump in after the—supposed-to-be—drowning girl.



"SEIZING THE MISSIVE I BOLTED AFTER HIM."

"Besides being an expert swimmer, I knew the shallowness of the water. But the particulars of all this will keep till I see you, which I trust will be—*very soon*.

"YOUR WAITING ROSALEE."

Now I'm no fool: at a glance I saw the chance to make myself welcome to Poolado. I realized how he'd prize the precious letter, so seizing the missive I bolted after him.

"MRS. POOLADO HUGS ME."

Talk about an enthusiastic reception! You should have just seen him hug me when the letter in my mouth was recognized.

"Oh! we felt on very good terms with ourselves," and even to this day, Rosalee, or, I should say, Mrs. Poolado, hugs me whenever she thinks of that letter.

Oh! I may be old-fashioned and out of style, but there are two people who appreciate me. Two people? Why! there are three now,—I almost forgot the baby!

WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.

Three Remarkable Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

MANY Americans who have visited London have occasion to remember with pleasure the hours they have spent in a charming and artistic house, the residence and studio of Mr. Felix Mendelssohn Moscheles the artist, godson of Felix Mendelssohn the composer.

The studio-dwelling is in Cadogan Gardens, South Kensington, part of the residential estate of the Earl of Cadogan, and has been threatened with annihilation for years, to make way for other improvements; but the revolutionary changes are still postponed, and still the stream of happy sojourners finds its way into the charmed precincts shut in by iron gates, down the pretty grass-grown brick walk, and into the low door of a home which is of itself an idyl.

It is not my purpose now to describe it: those who have seen it will remember the low, lovely rooms with their outlook on the grounds of the large, park-like gardens. The studio—with its wide, antique fireplace, old Dutch andirons, and carved wood-work from the rich relics of an ancient monastery; its altar, which served for models in working hours, and as a platform draped with tiger-skins when friends were to be entertained, and lit from above with a striking piece of yellow Tiffany glass—must always live in the memory of those who have once caught a glimpse of its spirit and intention.

It was on one of the frequent occasions during the season, when the studio was crowded with people, nearly all of them men and women famous in the literary and artistic world, that I found, seated near together, three women, two of

them aged, the other no longer young, who have all led eventful lives, and who each typify and anticipate the best elements of the modern woman. One of these ladies was already, in her life, an historic figure. Silver-haired and beautiful, her sweet, serene face and still graceful form the embodiment of the charm which grows and grows forever out of a good and happy life, Mrs. Charlotte Moscheles attracted all eyes; and one needed not to be told that the greatest genius had found in her clear brain and loving heart its strongest inspiration and best reward.

At this time Mrs. Moscheles must have been over eighty years of age, for she was born in Hamburg, Germany, in November, 1805. She lost her mother while still very young; but her father, though engaged in mercantile pursuits, was a broad thinker as well as a cultivated gentleman. His daughters received the best education of that day, and developed their womanhood in an atmosphere of sunshine and affection. There were no Vassars, no Girtons, no Wellesleys then; but the young ladies were instructed thoroughly in their own language (German), and also in French and English. They were taught the history and geography of all countries, could draw correctly from nature, play very well upon two instruments, and were adepts in all kinds of knitting and sewing, and in all housewifely arts, from the most simple to the most complicated. They were, in short, brought up in the happy exercise of those faculties believed to be essentially womanly; and in this case the result was that perfect type which Wordsworth has so perfectly outlined for us.

In these days such a woman is a revelation. We have to see and know one to realize what was the gain and what is the loss to the world of the woman whose admirable individuality was willingly lost in that of another,—who lived for love, for duty, and for sacrifice, and found a great happiness in it.

One of the differences in the training of that day deserves to be emphasized. Only books selected by their father were read by the Embden girls, and Charlotte was fifteen years old when he placed in her hands her first novel, "Ivanhoe." The theater was not forbidden; but the plays were selected and were such as would inspire noble thoughts, not vulgarize mind and character.

At nineteen Miss Charlotte Embden became Mrs. Ignaz Moscheles, and thereafter the friend of composers and great artists of the period, among whom her husband shone a star of the first magnitude. It was while his young wife was still a bride that the exigencies of his profession took them to Paris. In the gayest society of the gay city, the simple young German girl, with her refined ways, and her plain but dainty white dress with its little bouquet of fragrant carnations, became the rage of the butterflies, whose elaborate attentions she did not in the least understand; and she was glad when they finally pitched their tent in London, where for twenty-one years their house was the center of the finest artistic life of the great capital.

In London Mrs. Moscheles found a life more congenial to her nature. The serious, reliant, trustworthy temper and habits of the people suited her, and here began those famous friendships with Malibran, Madame Schröder-Devrient, Paganini, and, above all, Mendelssohn, which exercised so strong an influence upon their lives, and specially upon that of Mrs. Moscheles, whose work as a true helpmeet not only included the entire control and economical arrangement of the household, but the principal detail of her husband's correspondence, and the entertainment and social manipulation of many exacting, if distinguished guests. Paganini, for example, who knew not a word of English, begged Mrs. Moscheles to translate for him all the notices of his performances which appeared in the English press; and it was the same kindly and indefatigable friend who wisely distributed tickets, and instructed him in programmes to suit the English taste.

Among the most beloved of these visitors and friends was Sontag, with her charming voice and sweet, thoroughly ladylike manners, and Malibran, the great and never-tired singer. Serious and wholly absorbed when composing or improving her wonderful cadences, she was transformed when away from her work, and played with the children with all the *abandon* of a child. But all this and much more is told in Mrs. Moscheles' biography of her distinguished husband; and it may also be inferred that the effort to maintain the traditions of so hospitable a household, and educate a family, taxed all the housewifely skill in which Mrs. Moscheles had been so carefully trained. There was no effort, indeed, on the part of husband or wife to vie in elegance with the great people they visited: their efforts were more directed toward the achievement of a thorough education for their children.

Of all their friends, Felix Mendelssohn was the dearest, the best-beloved of both husband and wife. He stood godfather to the son, named Felix, after him, and who was recently in this country with his charming wife, a lovely young German woman who looks as though she might have been the counterpart of his mother in her young days. Mendelssohn, who when not nineteen produced his overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" before an enthusiastic London audience, enjoyed a romp with the children like any schoolboy, and came to Mrs. Moscheles, only four years his senior, for instruction in all the niceties of the drawing-room and of society, to which ignorance and ill-breeding are alone indifferent. He always wanted her to lay down the law for him, even in the choice and "pinning" of a cravat; and jocularly called her "grandmother." The intimate correspondence of Mendelssohn with Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles has been recently embodied in an interesting volume by Mr. Felix Moscheles, and Mrs. Charlotte Moscheles is still the possessor of original manuscript copies of some of his finest works, including his "Songs Without Words."

After a residence of twenty-one years in London, Mendelssohn induced the Moscheleses to fulfill a long-cherished dream, by becoming associated with him in the Musical Conservatoire of Leipsic. But alas! in one year the master was called away by death, and Ignaz Moscheles, except for his wife, was left to his own unaided efforts. All of their power was, however, conscientiously put into the work. The school acquired fame; the house, its London reputation for hospitality. The pupils clung tenaciously to their "professor," and among them were Madeline Schiller, Georg Henschel, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and others who now occupy the highest musical positions both in England and America. When the Christmas-tree was prepared for the children, the pupils were not forgotten, nor the poor either. For these last a great festivity was prepared by means of a Savings' Club, called "Groschen-Verein," instituted by Mrs. Moscheles, to which every member of the family, and others who chose, made small but regular contributions for the benefit of the needy.

Mrs. Moscheles makes no claim to ever having been an author, yet she was sought for by a publisher and urged to write a book of "Advice to Young Ladies About to be Married," and this has passed through six editions. Later, the stories told to her grandchildren, as "bits of history," which they preferred to fairy-tales, were written down and printed both in German and English, and have been reprinted in this country.

Forty-five years of happy married life were severed by the death of Ignaz Moscheles in 1870; Mrs. Moscheles then went

to London to live with her only son, Felix, the well-known artist, unmarried then, but since, as the delightful old lady remarked, with shining eyes, wedded to a lovely lady who had been lovingest daughter to her, and never called her by the hated name of mother-in-law. Mrs. Moscheles has introduced many minor German arts and industries among the poor whom she befriends in London. Among the rest, she introduced the knitting of lace in colors, and crocheting in two or more colors. It was at her husband's request that she wrote his biography, which was printed in England and Germany, and has been reproduced here under the title of "Music and Musicians."

Of course a life so long and active has been checkered with sickness, sorrow, and bereavement; but faith in God's mercy and goodness came to the aid of the sufferer, and the feeling that she enjoyed more than falls to the lot of many, helped her to bear such trials as came to her. She is still granted the use of her senses, and when decreasing strength and other troubles of age beset her, says: "I am neither deaf, blind, nor lame. What more can I expect? While I can work and occupy myself, I am more than thankful." And she does occupy herself constantly, reading, writing, or making pretty things for children or grandchildren; praying only that when her faculties fail she may be removed from this world, and surrounded by the tender care of children and grandchildren, the oldest of the latter having married a son of Charles Dickens, a barrister, and they, with their children, living near enough to be her constant companions. This is surely the woman of the Proverbs, whose "children arise up and call her blessed."

When I started I did not intend to make the story of this lady so long; and I fear it will oblige me to curtail the record of the other two.

Next to her, on the occasion to which I referred in the beginning of this article, was a lady nearly, if not quite, as old, but the exact opposite in personal appearance. A strong, possibly, in more active days, an aggressive face, but now softened and mellowed by time, yet still containing and suggesting the latent possibilities of a nature that had evidently derived its tendencies from the side of the father rather than the mother, and had probably been suppressed, rather than helped to its best growth and development. The old lady was a descendant of eight generations of Massachusetts ancestry, and daughter of one of the early mayors of New York City, Gideon Lee. She married Colonel Ward, who represented this country abroad for many years in various honorable capacities, and became the mother of Miss Genevieve Ward the actress, and Albert Lee Ward, who was American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, and lost his health, and nearly his life, from exposure, fatigue, and privation.

Mrs. Lucy Lee Ward possessed all the vigor, and all the genius for doing things, of the early American stock. She was equally at home in the kitchen and in the courts of Europe. She married her daughter at seventeen to a handsome young Russian count who was then the rage in Paris, and when the Russian empress, to whose service he was attached, refused to release him or to acknowledge the marriage, she traveled day and night till she reached Russia with her daughter, procured the emperor's order, through Prince Gortchakoff, for a second ceremony according to the rites of the Greek church, and his passport for their instant return when her daughter's good name had been vindicated. Thus Miss Ward became, and remained, the countess, though she never saw the man who was her husband a moment alone in her life, and was widowed before she became a wife. Still the marriage was never annulled, and the count was never again married; so that in fact, as well as in law, Miss Genevieve Ward is the countess. The family, however, inherit from the mother's side all the qualities of the sturdy old American stock; and their greatest pride has ever been in the country of their birth, and the qualities which have distinguished them, irrespective of position or acquired rank.

At nearly eighty Mrs. Lucy Lee Ward still possessed a voice which had once displayed the finest elements of two distinct male voices, tenor and baritone. In the depth of her tones when she recited "The Old Mistletoe Bough" or some other favorite parlor piece of half a century ago, one discovered easily where Genevieve Ward obtained the tragic strength of her Queen Katherine and Marquise de Mohrivart. Mrs. Ward is not now able to move about much, and her home in London has been exchanged for a quiet, lovely dwelling on the Isle of Wight, where the small income, which would hardly suffice to preserve from starvation here, is sufficient to preserve for her and her son, who devotes his life to her, the traditions and habits of race and life.

The decorations of this home chiefly consist of paintings executed by Mrs. Ward, and sculptures by her daughter Genevieve. The chief treasure possessed by her son, Col. Albert Lee Ward, is a collection of miniatures painted by his mother with a delicacy and finish which would hardly have been credited to so robust and vigorous a personality.

Mrs. Ward, like all the early American women, was a most notable housekeeper; and even yet will give more "points" in a chat over the breakfast-table than would be contained in an ordinary column and a half of modern housekeeping drivel.

Comfortably installed upon her lounge in a corner of the pretty sitting-room, the wide windows opening upon the rose-framed piazza, the house and garden shut in by the high, thick hedge of hawthorn and *arbor vitæ* which surrounds the grounds on three sides, Mrs. Ward spends her days resting, reading, hearing, or entertaining her visitor with reminiscences of the dark days of the siege of Paris, the earlier days of the Empire, the brilliant seasons spent in the gay society of Nice and Carlsbad, and still more distant recollections of old New York and the events and personages of the period. "A wonderful woman!" you say, as you look and listen, "and more interesting than many found in printed books."

The third of my group bore a name which is at once recognized in England and America. Dear Grace Greenwood! There are women who never grow old. Sorrow seizes them, but turns to sweetness; trouble attacks, but cannot conquer them. The strong, courageous, buoyant nature rises superior to everything, and simply goes on, doing its duty, seeing the bright side, working as well as waiting for the good thing to come, and accepting it, when it does come, as a gift to be cherished, not neglected or despised.

Grace Greenwood was a true American girl. Born in western New York, she credits her long life of vigorous health, her capacity for any amount of hard work, and her power of resistance to all changes of climate, to the fact that she was brought up as a "Tomboy," allowed to run, jump, row, ride horseback through the pasture, with or without a saddle, but not in the least according to the rules of a fashionable riding-academy. She has been one of the most versatile and voluminous of current journalists and writers, yet preserves the literary tone and finish in all her productions. She has never lent herself to the prevalent low note in journalistic work, and her style is as simple, and admirable in its use of the English language, as it is bright, free, and attractive to all classes of readers.

Grace Greenwood is no octogenarian; but as those persons are many of them middle-aged, who were fed by the charming Child's Magazine she edited, and of which her husband

was the publisher when the middle-aged persons aforesaid were boys and girls, it is not possible to call her young. Yet who would think of calling her old! There is such a fund of health and life and spirit in her yet, that when she gives her lecture on New England peculiarities, or describes, in verses of her own making, her girlish feats of horsemanship, you find her still as vivid as Lady Gay Spanker, as full of humor as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

No writer in this country is more versatile, has done more or better work, or better preserved that rare sweetness of disposition which is the true wine of life, than Grace Greenwood. Mrs. Lippincott, as she is known in private life, has lived much abroad for the sake of the musical education of her daughter, whose voice and gifts have received the most careful training. Both mother and daughter have now returned to this country and established their home in New York City; so that the three women whose lives and gifts are so diverse, yet so remarkable in their own way, will never meet again under one roof, and must each in the course of events enter soon upon the great unknown that puts the limit to all mortal life and hope.

A Mysterious Affair.

"JACK! Jack!—O Jacqueline!"

The clear, dry air takes up the boyish voice and carries it far and near. It penetrates deep into the forest, and comes faintly, but distinctly, to the ears for which it was intended. But the owner of the name, in her hammock hung between two of the tall, slim pines, is deeply interested in the contemplation of a party of chickens that are wandering, with mingled dignity and solemn importance, near by. Dignity, she thinks, as regards the ladies of the feathered tribe; the solemn importance seems to find its seat and center in the breast of the rooster that upholds his crest proudly in their midst.

"But then they are so deferential in their manner to him. They move aside as if they are in his path, and they let him see in every way that he is master. Pshaw! why can they not have some spirit and—and snub him!" And she abruptly comes to a sitting posture in the hammock and clenches her small hands in her excitement on behalf of her meek sisters.

"Jack! Jackie! Jac-que-line!" comes her brother's voice again in the midst of her indignation. Evidently he is very near; and in another instant he comes bounding into his sister's presence.

"Well, I never!" he exclaims.

"Saw a more charming sight," rejoins his sister calmly, as he pauses, perhaps to give weight to his eloquent remark.

"Ugh!" scornfully turning up the small nose that is a trifle tilted by nature.

"Ah, that I should be wasted upon a brother's unappreciative eye!" goes on Miss Jack, mournfully. But she does not know what a pity it is, or that the study in pink she makes would delight an artist's eye, or, indeed, make warm the heart of any man.

Miss Jacqueline is a young lady whom it is generally found very hard to describe. She is "Frenchy" and suggests no English adjectives. She is *petite*, *chic* to a degree, and rejoices in the possession of a pair of blue-gray eyes, whose beauty lies chiefly in their expression, a saucy nose, wonderfully like her brother's, and a small, well-shaped head upon which she can dress her chestnut hair in any and every style and have it just suited to her *riante* face.

"Ugh! don't be silly," resumes Master Freddie. "I don't think you are a charming sight at all. You'd look much more sensible if you had on some old dark thing that you could rush around and have some fun in, the way I do. Just look at your skirts! Think you could climb a tree in those?"

"But I cannot wear trousers," murmurs Miss Jack pathetically. Freddie laughs long and loud at the idea. Evidently he is very much amused.

"What have you got behind your back, Freddie?" she resumes as he subsides into a mirthful chuckle.

"Something nice!" answers Freddie; "and you shall have it if you just do me one little favor," coaxingly.

"What! a bribe? Well then, what do you want? Don't ask me to go and steal—er—procure peaches with you, because I really cannot reconcile it to my conscience,—and then,—we might get caught, you know, and I dislike being in an embarrassing position."

"Not a bit of danger," asserts Freddie stoutly. "It's a great big orchard, and I have never met a soul there. And it's not at all far,—right next to that pretty white church you like so much. Do come! Jackie."

She hesitates,—and is lost; and as she descends from the hammock and proceeds to adjust a very becoming shade-hat, Freddie hands her a letter, which she rapidly tears open without even stopping to study the envelope.

After one has been in a quiet country-place for some few weeks, one does not linger long before opening one's mail; and Miss Jack has been away from home for three weeks now, in a quiet farm-house, with little or no companionship beyond her brother's, and nothing to vary the monotony of her life save an occasional skirmish with that young gentleman, and her letters, which serve to keep her convinced that, although she is so quiet, a few hours' trip will bring her back to the gaiety and excitement of city life. But she will not allow any homesickness until Freddie has enjoyed his vacation to his heart's content; for Miss Jack is very fond of her brother, who is wonderfully like her in looks and disposition, and with whom she gets along admirably.

"Well, what is the matter with you?" demands Freddie as his sister raises her voice in the latest waltz and energetically dances down the road that leads to the imperiled orchard.

"Tum ti tum! tum ti tum! I'm invited to a dance Thursday evening at the Shaws'," says Miss Jack, rather breathlessly, but unmistakably joyously. "Mrs. Shaw writes she has invited quite a number from the city and a few of her neighbors, and she will be so glad if I will come and help to make her party a success. Hum! no danger of my refusing. Tum ti tum! tum ti tum!" And Miss Jack resumes her animated progress down the road.

"Not half so much fun as steal—er—procuring peaches," says Freddie calmly.

"Wait until you are a young man and you will tell a different tale," rejoins his sister.

"Never!" asserts Freddie emphatically.

"In the meantime," she resumes, "'an' you love me,' remove the ridge of mother earth from your darling little nose, for it is too much like mine for me to stand calmly by and see its symmetry thus sullied."

"In short, wipe my nose," rejoins Freddie vulgarly.

"Ah, give me the charming candor of childhood!" exclaims Miss Jack. "But come on!—do walk quickly and let us get out of this hot sun." Which they do, and soon find themselves in front of the large orchard with its acres of trees bent with their burden of delicious-looking fruit.

"Here we are," says Freddie.

"Er—yes—" a trifle blankly, as her eyes wander over the high, broad, stone wall that confronts her, and in which she sees no opening. "Where's the gate?" she adds.

"Gate!" exclaims Freddie with fine scorn. "Do you think they want to make things easy for us? Why did they put up a wall at all, I wonder?"

"O Freddie, you crush me! But how do they get in?—the people who own the place, I mean."

"Well, it's easy enough for them, as they do not have to avoid the house. But you would not care to come within sight of the windows, I suppose."

"Under the circumstances, and after careful consideration of the matter in all its aspects,—no," she answers. "But you should have told me there was a wall, Freddie. Now how am I to get over it?"

"I'll show you," responds Freddie blithely; and in an instant he is on the top and gaily assuring his sister "it is nothing of a climb." "Come on! Jack," he says impatiently as he skips to and fro over the stones. "What are you waiting for?"

"I'm lost in admiration of your princely disregard for your trousers, for one thing, and I am thinking how I can get up there, for another," she answers a little dolefully.

"Oh, come on! It's awful easy. Goodness! did you ever try barbed wire?"

"No, I never did," she responds quite positively as she puts one foot on a projecting rock and prepares to begin the ascent, while Freddie dances up and down above her, with suggestions as to stepping-places, and assurances, for encouragement, that the getting down the other side is as nothing. Finally, Miss Jack, after one or two slips, reaches the top, rather breathless, but beaming. As she looks down the other side, however, her face falls, and the look she casts upon her brother is fraught with a mixture of despair and reproach.

"I'll go down first and help you," says the young gentleman gaily, totally regardless of his sister's expressive face; and suiting the action to the words he is speedily on the ground at her feet, looking up at her and urging her to follow his example. With a sigh and a mental resolution to abjure peaches for the future, she puts one foot out and it soon finds a resting-place.

"Now turn around," shouts Freddie, "and come down like a step-ladder,—backwards, you know." So Miss Jack obediently turns, and after feeling carefully around finds an adjacent stone for the other foot. Here she pauses to take off her hat, which has fallen over one eye, and throw it down before her.

"Come on!" shouts Freddie again. "The next good stone is pretty far down. It's a stretch, but you can make it."

Miss Jack groans faintly, but proceeds to do as directed. She extends her pretty, canvas-shod foot as far as it will go, which, alas! seems to be not far enough, for she cannot find a foot-hold.

"Why were short girls ever allowed to live!" she exclaims as the little foot despairingly feels from side to side. "Freddie, I cannot reach down far enough. Where *is* that stone?" But she receives no answer.

Freddie, no doubt, has flown to the nearest tree, and, regardless of her distress, is already feasting. Little gourmand! She will not do anything for him again very soon. Oh, where is that stone! With an energetic hitch to her skirts to get them well out of the way, she manages to reach down a little further, and as she does so she hears Freddie exclaim, in a stage whisper, "Sh-h-h." But she is too busy and too anxious to complete her descent, to pay any attention to him.

"Sh-h-h," he repeats; and then, after a second, "Have you come to steal peaches too? Well, don't you know you mustn't make a noise? He will hear you, and that will spoil all the fun."

"He—whom?" questions a surprised masculine voice, to Jack's intense consternation and, indeed, horror.

"Why, the feller that owns the peaches, of course," responds Freddie. "You don't want to go away without getting any, do you?"

"No, indeed!" is the answer, with a laugh, as Jack reaches the ground (how, she never could tell) and turns to confront an undeniably good-looking, and, at present, decidedly amused young man, who, in spite of his flannel shirt and comfortably worn clothes, is unmistakably a gentleman.

"Well, come on then," says Freddie genially. He is evidently doing the honors of the orchard. "I'll show you the best tree, but don't make a noise. Come on! Jack. There's your hat on the ground." And Master Freddie, unaffected by the situation, rushes ahead, leaving Jack rooted to the ground and gazing at the young man as though she had never seen his like before, while her mind is filled with agonized conjectures as to how much of an *exposé* she made in her descent.

"Allow me to pick up your hat," he says, after returning her look with one of decided interest and admiration. "You look so warm—perhaps the sun——"

"Oh no." And as Miss Jack thinks of her undignified descent her flushed cheeks once more become crimson. But she thanks him graciously, and proceeds to adjust the charming frame-work that sets off her piquant face to such good advantage.

"Come on!" shouts Freddie, with his mouth full.

"He is not wasting his time," says the young man laughing. "Let us follow his example." And he proceeds to gather some choice peaches for Miss Jack, who seats herself under a tree and tries to recover her peace of mind. By the time the peaches and their new friend reach her, she has so far recovered that she is her lively, happy little self once more; and soon she and Freddie and the stranger are chatting away as though they were the best of friends.

"You see, Jack, we are not caught yet," says Freddie gleefully, as they are preparing to leave for home.

"Thank heaven for all small mercies!" she responds. "But I will never venture here again. In spite of my seeming appreciation of the peaches, my enjoyment of them has been quite clouded by awful visions of an old man creeping toward us with a big stick in his hand and a vicious-looking dog following him closely. Then he reaches—Freddie, and seizes his coat-collar while the dog snarls and shows two rows of large, cruel-looking teeth. The old man raises his stick high in the air and——"

"Oh don't! Jack," says Freddie, apprehensively glancing over his shoulder, for Jack is a good actress and her description is most graphic; while the young man laughs heartily and suggests that the aged farmer may, in reality, be still young in years.

"No," explains Freddie, "of course he is old, because young men don't own places like this."

"Oh," in a convinced tone, "I see.—Let me assist you before I leave," he adds, as they reach Jack's *bête noir*, the stone wall.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs Freddie. "Didn't Jack come down funny? Looked just like a little girl again with short dresses."

Now this is rather trying, and poor Jack's memories of their parting are rather blurred; but Freddie's recollection of the walk home, and particularly his sister's remarks, remain fresh in his mind for some time, and their relations seem a little strained until the evening of Mrs. Shaw's dance, when Freddie, who is quite downcast and very anxious to be in his sister's good graces again, bethinks him of gathering her a choice nosegay to add to her toilet, and thus show his penitence. So, being acquainted with all the neighbors, with whom he is a great favorite, he manages to select from their gardens a really beautiful collection of

flowers, which he takes to his sister's room, and that young lady forthwith gathers him in her arms, flowers and all, and gives him a hearty kiss.

"You really look way up, Jack," he exclaims as she releases him with a hug, and he stands off to gaze admiringly at the pretty figure in its simple, but perfectly made gown of delicate yellow, in which enough quaintness and fashion is combined to make her a most charming picture.

"Thank you," she says gaily, sweeping him a courtesy; and then picking up her wraps and bouquet she kisses him good-night, and soon finds herself in the midst of the gay party that fills the artistic home of the Shaws.

It is about nine o'clock the next morning when Miss Jack is aroused with a start by Freddie's voice asking coaxingly through the key-hole, "May I come in?"

"Yes, I suppose so," says his sister, not very cordially. The door opens cautiously and Freddie's curly head peeps in, and Freddie's voice asks in a whisper, "Are you awake?"

Jack has to laugh in spite of herself; and Freddie, emboldened, explains that he could not wait another moment to hear about the party. Thereupon her face clouds.

"Didn't you have a good time?" he asks, astonished, for Jack is a favorite and always receives enough attention to turn her pretty head were it not very well poised.

"Oh yes," brightening, "I did have a glorious time! But Freddie," sorrowfully, "I lost my pet pin—my diamond and opal fly."

There is a long pause. Freddie is evidently quite overpowered by the news. Finally he rouses himself and looks at his sister.

"Well, I never!" he exclaims soberly.

"Yes." she continues sadly, "I was at supper with Mr. Dowling and Mr. Bevin, when I happened to think of my pin and I felt to see if it was still in my dress, and it was not there. I would rather have lost any other piece of jewelry I possess; and now my dear pin is gone forever!" with a deep sigh.

"Oh no," says Freddie soothingly. "You will find it. I would not give up hope. But tell me about the party now. What did they have to eat? Did you bring me home anything?"

"Well," answers Jack, "I will give you a full account. The supper was lovely; and there are some paper caps I brought you, on my bureau."

"Hurrah!" shouts Freddie, trying one on before the glass.

"O Freddie! to whom do you think I was introduced last night?"

"Give it up," answers Freddie, absorbed in his caps.

"Well, sir, to our orchard friend!—but rather different-looking, and intensely 'swell' in his dress suit. His name is George Dowling; and you should have seen his white teeth gleaming under his dark moustache when he was introduced to me. And I blushed like a perfect idiot, Freddie, thanks to your *naïve* remarks, and looked hideous!"

"Oh no, Jack, you always look pretty when you blush," murmurs Freddie.

"Well," slightly appeased, "he was very nice to me all the evening, and so was Mr Bevin——"

"Oh! your city beau," interrupts Freddie. "Was he really there?"

"Ye—es," says Jack reflectively. "If only he did not have such a peculiar look in his eyes! It is a shame! as he is so handsome and so very kind to me, but I do not quite trust him. I am almost ashamed to say so after the trouble he took about my pin. He was hunting for it almost all the evening after it was lost, and my heart really warmed toward him; but then when he was leaving he gave me such a—a—well, an inscrutable look. I do not understand him at all, and I do dislike not knowing a person thoroughly, and half-distrusting him."

A moment's pause, while Miss Jack's thoughts are evidently with the inscrutable-eyed Mr. Bevin. Then her brow clears and she exclaims: "Oh! And Freddie, you are a brilliant young man!"

"Um?" questioningly.

"Yes sir. You have quite a faculty for getting me into nice, embarrassing situations. Before I discovered that I had lost my pin, and while I was at supper with Mr. Dowling and Mr. Bevin, they asked me if I liked it here, and I mildly remarked I had found it a trifle monotonous and I longed for 'green fields and pastures new.'

"'My fields are at your disposal,' Mr. Dowling said quickly.

"'Do you live here?' I asked, rather surprised, for I thought he was a city man.

"'Yes,' he answered; and then added quickly, as though he wanted to change the subject, 'Will you have some more ice-cream?'

"My saucer was full and I was a little mystified; but I understood his innate nobility, his self-abnegation, and—and that when Mrs. Shaw, who had wandered up to speak to us, said:

"'Yes indeed. Mr. Dowling owns one of our finest places here, right next to the white church you admire and think so picturesque.'"

Freddie falls back with a gasp.

"Yes, Mr. Frederick, I gasped, too, and a lively shade of purple was as the most delicate petal of a blush-rose compared to my suffering complexion. It was his own orchard we helped him to rob! to rifle! to plunder! The thought makes me grow eloquent. We were more than caught in the act. We prolonged the agony. We pictured him to himself in a most unattractive light. We—we actually insulted him in every way we could—" She pauses as Freddie gives vent to a piteous groan, and begins to laugh. "'Have you come to steal peaches too?'" she says between gales of merriment. She is keenly alive to the humor of the situation, evidently.

"Oh don't! Jack;" and Freddie groans again. "What did you say to him?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," says the graceless Jack, somewhat breathlessly, "our eyes met—and we both simply roared!"

"Then he was not very mad?" says Freddie, reviving.

"Not with me," demurely.

Freddie droops again. But soon, between bursts of laughter, they are recalling the scene in the orchard, with shameless enjoyment.

"Oh, my poor pin!" sighs Jack at last, as her mind reverts to her loss.

"My goodness!" exclaims Freddie, jumping up and feeling in his pockets. "I have a letter for you, Jack. I forgot all about it before."

"A letter?" with languid interest. There is a short pause while she opens it, and then a little gasp breaks upon the quiet. But Freddie is again interested in the caps and evidently does not hear.

"O Freddie!—why—my goodness!"

"Well, what's the matter?" asks Freddie at last, still busy with his reflection in the glass.

"Freddie, just listen to this. What am I to do?" And Jack, her face flushed and her voice actually trembling with astonishment, reads her letter aloud:

"'My Dear Miss Ludlow, Your pin is found, and will be returned to you if you compli with the following wish. It may seam like a good deel to ask, but if you will think it

over carefully I am sure you will deside that your pin is wurth it. I want you to meat me tomorow evning at half past seven at the end of the lane that leeds to the white church you think so pixureske and there give me a kiss in return for wich you shall have your pin as good as new.

'A SINSEAR ADMIRAR.'"

Jack pauses, speechless from fresh astonishment, and Freddie, busy with a refractory button, slowly but expressively murmurs, "Well, I never!"

"The spelling is atrocious!" goes on Jack reflectively. "That is to mislead me, I suppose; and it is printed so as to disguise the hand-writing. Very bad printing, too; even you could do it better."

"Thank you," says Freddie with a chuckle. "You don't often pay me compliments. I suppose you will go to meet him, hey?"

"No indeed!" positively.

"Don't you want your pin? And don't you want to see who the 'sincere admirer' is?" asks Freddie persuasively.

"Ye—es," slowly. "But how can I kiss—er—kiss——"

"'Kiss?'" says Freddie laughing. "Why don't you go on? Kiss whom?"

But his sister's thoughts are evidently far away.

"I have it!" she exclaims suddenly.

"Have what?" asks Freddie animatedly; "a musquito?"

"Now Freddie, listen to my plan," says his sister, ignoring his flippancy. "You know you are the living, breathing image of me, and dressed in one of my dresses there would be a wonderful likeness between us, which as late as half-past seven would deceive anyone. Now this evening I will fix you up in my clothes and you shall go and get the pin!"

"Well—er—do you think that is quite honest?" asks Freddie.

"Do you think it's quite honest to keep the pin and extort a reward for it?" demands his sister in return, and Freddie is silenced.

"It will be a good revenge and will serve him right," she goes on thoughtfully, after a moment.

"Him? Who do you mean?" asks Freddie.

"Well Freddie, I hate to be mean or to judge anyone unjustly, but I am almost sure either Mr. Bevin or Mr. Dowling wrote that note, and will tell you my reasons: Either of them was likely to find my pin, as they were both hunting for it a good deal. Then, they both heard me say I thought that little white church picturesque, and that was, very stupidly, put in the note, and is a clue, decidedly. Then when I said 'good-night' to Mr. Bevin, he gave me such a peculiar look as he said, 'Do not worry about your pin, Miss Jacqueline, I am quite sure it will be found.' Now how could he be 'quite sure' unless he had it all the time? I would be confident he was the culprit, but then Mr. Dowling whispered to me when we were dancing together, 'Miss Ludlow, I feel that I shall be the lucky one to return your pin to you. Do you not think you should offer a reward?' And he looked so—so—well——"

"Yes, exactly 'so!'" says Master Freddie with a grin.

"But," resumes Jack gravely. "I am sure that they are both gentlemen; and be it Mr. Dowling or Mr. Bevin whom you meet to-night, we will find that he only wrote this note on the spur of the moment, and instead of exacting a kiss he will apologize most humbly."

"I'll take the kiss every time," says Freddie as he goes off.

It is seven o'clock and the country has assumed that calm, quiet, beautiful aspect that comes with the evening. In Jack's room the curtains are thrown far back, and it is quite light enough to see two charming young ladies who bear a remarkable resemblance to each other. One is walking mincingly up and down the room, swishing her skirts from side to side, while the other is in peals of laughter on the edge of the bed.

"Freddie, if I were half as attractive as you I should be well satisfied," says Jack, breathlessly, when she can stop laughing long enough to speak. "It is a shame you are a boy."

Freddie is attired in the light pink lawn in which his sister looked so charming the day they went for peaches, and which hangs perfectly about him; for although he is but thirteen, he is his sister's height. Around his shoulders is thrown a dainty white shawl which is adjusted with the same amount of *chic* that Miss Jack manages to give to everything. A touch of powder gives him the requisite fairness. His hair, which fortunately is not shingled, is curled above his brow, and the back is partly hidden by the coquettish little hat upon which Jack now proceeds to tie a tulle veil which reaches just to the tip of the *retroussé* nose that is the fac-simile of her own.

"Ugh! it tickles," disgustedly.

"Now Freddie, do be quiet! You look so lovely!"

"Too bad I'm wasted," says Freddie, feelingly, as he gazes appreciatively at his charming reflection.

"Wasted!" exclaims Jack. "What do you want? A whole audience?"

Freddie blushes (is it with noble shame at his thirst for admiration?), and taking up a fan starts off, while his sister awaits his return in a fever of impatience.

After what seems an age to her, she hears Freddie's steps ascending the stairs, cautiously, for this little adventure is of course a secret from the good country folk under whose roof they are. Jack throws open the door, and Freddie, with a tragic gesture that would win his fortune on any stage, hands her a package, while in sepulchral tones he says:

"He kissed me and said, 'Take this package, and I hope the contents will be as satisfactory as the kiss has been to me.' Then he left me."

"He—who?" gasps Jack, while she tears the paper from the package.

"I don't know. He wore a mask."

"A mask?" repeats Miss Jack in a dazed tone, while her mind wanders dime-novelward.

"Go on and let's see what you got," says Freddie impatiently. Evidently it is a sort of prize package to him. Jack quickly tears it open and finds inclosed in the outer wrapping something hard covered with a white paper. She quickly unfolds this and there drops at her feet—a stone!

"What's written on the paper?" asks Freddie excitedly.

"'Hoping the contents will prove as satisfactory to you as the kiss is to me,'" reads Jack weakly.

There is a pause. Freddie's head is turned aside. Jack seems speechless. A small cough from Freddie. Jack starts.

"'The lady or the tiger?'" she murmurs, with an hysterical laugh. "Mr. Dowling or Mr. Bevin?"

"Neither," quoths Freddie. "Here is your pin. You left it in your cushion last night, and I have played my first practical joke."

"KAWEEN."

"I SHOULD so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth!" said a maiden lady of an uncertain age; "do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied; "those old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And he wondered why she cut him the next time they met.

Molly.

MOLLY CAMPBELL stood looking up earnestly at a little old daguerreotype in a quaint pine-cone frame that was hanging between the sitting-room windows of her home, as she said:

"Mother, I wish you would let me have this likeness copied and enlarged by Mr. McCloud the photographer in the village, so that I might try my skill at painting it. I have seen Miss Barber, the artist at his rooms, work on photographs, and I have practiced at odd times in school upon the old proofs she has given me, until I am sure I could make a picture of this that would be a real comfort to you."

"It has always been a comfort to me," said gentle Mrs. Campbell, crossing the large, low room to stand beside her daughter and gaze with her upon the precious, pictured, childish face. "My poor little Angelia!" she sighed, in the sweet motherly croon that the repetition of years had made into a family idyl. "My first-born child, so soon and so cruelly snatched away from me! I hardly know what I should have done without this picture."

"It has been a comfort to me, too," said the young girl. "It is all the sister I have ever known. I fancy I have her in my mind just as she looked when she was drowned, and just as she would have looked now, as a young lady, had she lived. I would like two photographs; one to paint her as she really was, the other as I imagine she would have been now."

At sound of their voices farmer Campbell came to a window opening upon the garden, bringing with him the pungent odors of the onion and beet seed he was sowing, and observed:

"So you can imagine how Angelia would look were she now alive? Well, well! You had always, from a baby, imagination enough to make the river run up stream, if imagination was all that was necessary to accomplish the impossible. I have always wished that I could see some of the things that are so real to you, and now that you propose to give me the opportunity, I will not refuse. You shall have the picture 'thrown up,' as you call it, and if you succeed well enough with it, so that it seems to be worth while, I will send you to Boston so that you may take lessons from a good teacher. Mr. McCloud says that but few people succeed in such work, for in painting the picture they lose the natural expression; but that you have a gift."

"Oh, thank you, father!" said the slight young girl, taking the little heart-shaped frame from the nail where it had always hung since she could remember, and placing the wreath of immortelles that surrounded it, in the uplifted hands of her mother, who was reaching out as if to save the precious picture from possible harm.

"Bring Angelia's picture back with you, Molly, child," called the mother, an hour later, as her daughter was leaving the house to go to the photographer's. "I should be very unhappy were any accident to befall it."

Mrs. Campbell was one of those women whose strength of character consists largely in their persistency in following the same excellent ways, and in doing year after year the same pleasant things; so, indeed, she would have been greatly disturbed could she not have read, as for years had been her habit, at bed-time, a chapter in the Bible that always lay on the stand beneath the little likeness, and kneeling there thanked the Lord for giving her the beautiful child, if only for a little time, and also for at last making the sad memory a tie between her and her heavenly home. She recalled now with a sort of terror the rebellious bitterness of her first agony, and could understand that but for the Saviour's tender love she might still have been left to hate the hand that had stricken her.

Molly, with the carefully wrapped little picture in her arms, walked with all the buoyancy of youth and health along the narrow foot-path on top of the high, steep river-bank that led from her home to the turnpike, it having been a whim of her grandfather's, the setting of the farm buildings on a knoll in the center of his great meadow. It was a lovely spot in summer, just a sea of green with the broad, placid river running along in front, but bleak in winter, and fearful when at times the river overflowed and transformed the wide, fertile meadow-lands into a seething lake.

She loved the river, and yet she looked upon it with awe, and shivered now, as she often did, when she tripped past the little boat-landing where her sister Angelia had fallen between the grassy bank and the skiff floating near by, and had drowned. She pictured the scene in her mind as it had been often described to her. As the fond young mother had been brushing the long, golden hair that was her pride, the willful, petted child, growing restless, had escaped from the loving, restraining hand, and running down the grassy bank, intent upon gaining the rocking boat where her father had often sportively placed her, had, with a mischievous laugh still ringing on the balmy air, been lost to sight beneath the gleaming waters. She pictured her mother's agony, her father's less demonstrative grief, and the beautiful child in her dripping blue gown and streaming yellow hair when the poor little lifeless body, after long delay, for an under-current ran close to the bank, was found.

"All that happened before I was born," she soliloquized; "yet what an influence that dainty blue-eyed girl has had upon my whole life!" And she recalled how, when almost a baby, she had learned that nothing was ever refused her when she put out her rosy under lip in the bewitching half-pout that characterized the baby face in the precious old daguerreotype. She also recalled her first mental and moral triumph when, as a little girl, it had first occurred to her that it might be wrong to thus take advantage of the tenderness of her parents, and she had made a resolve, that had been sacredly kept, "never to do so any more." For this sweet young Molly had all the constancy in little things that characterized her true and tried mother. These traits, combined with the desire to be as a woman all that her sister would have been had she lived, in the way of comfort and help to her parents, had given her a habit of thought and a beauty and nobility of character that she might not have otherwise attained.

It was interesting to note in what a beautiful way the whole life of the family had centered about the little girl who had been drowned. The father and mother mourned without hope at first; but as the very bitterness of their grief drew them to the foot of the cross, the influence of the child in the trend of their daily lives had been stronger and more helpful than it would have been if the halcyon time when she was with them in her tasteful blue frocks and her golden hair flying about her like a halo, had gone uninterruptedly on.

Molly was not as beautiful as the lost darling had been, and it seemed as if a certain perception of this had early come home to her childish heart; but she had determined to make her character so lovely and perfect that no one should ever care that her complexion was sallow, her cheeks thin, her eyes a sober black, and her hair a dull brown. In everything else she was resolved to make herself all that Angelia could have been.

"I am sure I shall never like to teach school," thought Molly, as she walked along to the village on the hill, a mile away. "Everybody teaches school. I don't like to settle down to doing just what everybody thinks themselves capable

of, if the Lord has made it possible for me to do something different, although, as mother said very truly yesterday, anyone may take any employment out of the rut of the commonplace by doing it exceptionally well. I am sure mother thinks Angelia would have been a model teacher, and so will I be if I teach; but there can be no harm in my trying my hand at painting photographs, first."

The next few weeks passed swiftly and happily for the sweet young girl who was devoting her leisure, under the supervision of her artist friend Miss Barber, to the carrying out of her ideal. The apple-blossoms came and went, the lilacs faded, the red peonies scattered their gorgeous petals, and the white, creamy roses were all in bloom when Molly hung her completed work, the enlarged picture of her sister, beside the faint little sun-picture that had for so long held its place between the sitting-room windows.

She trembled with the chill of suppressed excitement when she went out to the veranda where her father and mother were sitting, and invited them to come in and look at it. It was the anniversary of that sad day long ago when the light of their lives went out so suddenly: not counted as a sad day now, but kept happily and peacefully like a Sunday in the little household, with a walk to the cemetery at sunset to carry the white roses that in their beauty, their sweetness, and their frailty, were so like their lost darling.

Molly's heart beat fast as she preceded her parents into the room, drew back the curtains, and opened the shutters of the garden window where her father had stood that spring morning when he gave her leave to make real trial of her artistic skill. Her misgivings in regard to their opinion and decision were of short duration. Her mother looked at the picture with her hands clasped above her heart as she sobbed:

"It is her very self! And to think that our own Molly should give her back to us like this!" And her father added in a trembling voice: "You shall go to Boston, my child. I am more than satisfied that it is best."

So, in the late autumn to the great city she went, away for the first time from the quiet home and from the beautiful river that had filled so large a place in her life. Away, too, from the neighbors, all of whom, of course, had their say about this venture, some approving, all wondering what John Campbell thought he was going to make out of that girl, and one woman, Mrs. Tarrant, almost ridiculing her to her face when she ran in to say good-bye.

"For my part, I never cared nothin' about picters," she said. "I never could see no need on 'em nohow. I allus thought it was redik'lus, the fuss Miss Campbell made over that picter of Angelia. Molly might have pieced up blocks enough for a hull bed-quilt, or braided rags fur a rug, while she was fussin' over that picter. It does look exactly like Angelia, though, I will say that!"

The Tarrants lived upon a meadow farm just below the Campbells', and the narrow foot-path on top of the river-bank went past the Campbells' and continued along to their door.

It had always seemed to Molly that Mrs. Tarrant took delight in hurting her feelings. She had always sneered at all her girlish plans, found fault with her dresses and bonnets, and never could see why Mrs. Campbell allowed Molly to do this or that. Mr. Tarrant, or "Cy," as he was called, often worked for Mr. Campbell on the farm. He was a kind-hearted, quiet man, who had the sympathy of the neighbors on account of the uncomfortable life his wife led him. Cy shared in the affectionate enthusiasm with which the Campbells remembered Angelia. He had been very fond of her, and it was he who had found the dear little body and brought it up from the dark clay bottom of the river. Molly had heard him tell it over scores of times, and he usually ended by saying:

"Somehow I've held a grudge against the river ever since." At which expression his wife would retort:

"I never could see no need er makin' so much more fuss over that Angelia than if she had died a nateral death. Children die every day without their folks goin' on so over them. She was a pretty young one, to be sure; but it was mostly on account of her hair, real red gold, and sech a sight on't! It was a pity she was drownded, to be sure; but for my part I wish we could all forgit her instid of talkin' about her es if it was only the day before yisterday that it happened. It's nateral enough that some folks should be drownded when there's so much water, but if my young one don't know enough to keep away from the river, let her get drownded, I say."

After hearing this repeatedly, it came to Molly with a strange significance that the very first letter she received from home after her arrival in Boston, detailed the drowning of ten-years-old Cora, the Tarrants' only child. She was not a pretty child, she resembled her mother too closely to be interesting; but Molly's heart went out to the stricken parents with a great sympathy, and she often bemoaned the fact of Mrs. Tarrant's caring nothing for pictures, as that seemed to cut her off from doing anything to give her comfort.

* * * * * * *

It was a cold, cheerless, early spring day when Molly arrived at home once more. A heavy rain was falling, and the river was rising fast.

The sweet, unselfish young girl's advent made sunshine enough in the roomy old farm-house, but the crowning joy of the home-coming was when she unpacked and placed upon an easel the picture over which she had spent the odd hours of her winter,—her own conception of what her sister would have been like had she lived to womanhood. The childish face had been thrown up into a shadowy outline that preserved the features, and the young artist had created the rest: the golden hair like a coronal about her head, her father's eyes, and her mother's smile, that the sun had caught long years before on what seemed then the magic plate. The picture was beautiful, without a doubt; and the young girl's sensibilities received no shock from the father and mother as they looked at her, at the picture, and at each other, and expressed their delight.

The evening had settled down gusty and gray when their neighbor Cy Tarrant came in, prefacing his greeting with the announcement, "The river is risin'." His tearful welcome of Molly, and the moan "Your girl can come home, but my girl never can," that told the dumb heart-ache he endured, were pathetic in the extreme.

"I am so sorry for you, Cy," said Molly; "and I am sorry, too, that Mrs. Tarrant has such a prejudice against pictures, for I am sure I could make something desirable after that little tin-type you have of Cora."

"Wife has got all over that," said poor Cy in an embarrassed way. "Wife has got all over a great many things. Strange, isn't it, how sometimes the Lord has to be severe in His dealings? Jest *has* ter be! It's like the surgeon's knife: it cuts, but it tells for good. Wife is anxious now to see you. She's glad you went to Boston, and she wishes she had let you teach Cora to swim when you offered to. Oh, she's changed! She wants you to make a picture of Cora right away. I brought up the tin-type, and her little red gownd with the braid on't, to see how much you thought you should charge."

"Oh, nothing at all, Cy! and I am so glad to be able to do it if it will be any comfort! Tell your wife that, and that I will see her in the morning."

"I don't know nothing what she will say," choked poor Cy. "She will be glad. You mustn't mind nothing what

she says This has been awful hard on her;" and he re-tied the pathetic little bundle in a white linen towel, and wrapping that in a newspaper put it under his arm, took up his lantern, and turned to go.

"You had better leave the dress and picture, Cy," said Molly; but he shook his head. "It wouldn't do; wife would send me back after it, she's jist that nervous." He went out and away a few steps, then came back to open the door, put his head in and said, "The river is risin'."

"I suppose there is no danger," said Molly, "but from a child it has made my heart beat fast to know that the river was coming up."

"Not a particle of danger of the water reaching our door-stones," said her father. "Your grandfather was wise enough to guard against possibilities as well as probabilities. You are tired, child, and had better go right away to bed. I will run down to the lower barns and look after the pigs and lambs."

Molly took her lamp, presently, and went slowly up the stairs to her own room, the large south chamber of the square, two-story farm-house. It was pleasant to be home again and to let the tenor of her life drop into the dear, accustomed ways. Leaving her lamp in the hall, that the wind might not blow it out, as was her usual habit she crossed her own room, opened a window, and put out her head for a look at the night.

The river was up, indeed. It had set back at the mouth of the brook and flooded the meadows. The house and farm-buildings, save for the narrow foot-path along the ridge on top of the bank, were upon an island. Far below she sees the light in Mrs. Tarrant's window. That house was entirely surrounded by water in a freshet years ago; she has heard her father tell about it.

Her eye ran from the Tarrant cottage, up the white thread of a path with the mass of black water on either hand, to Cy's tall form speeding along on a half-run. She can see the weird reflection of the lantern's rays in the water, and notices the bundle under his arm. Presently it drops, and he hastens on, unobservant. She understands intuitively that the towel-bound roll has fallen, but that he still holds the paper securely. She shouts, but he cannot hear her voice above the wind and the noise of the surging water.

"Oh, what a pity!" she cries; "what will his wife do?" and rushes down to find her father. He has gone, and her mother has gone with him to save the animals at the lower barns. Opening the kitchen door facing meadowward, she understands at a glance that, as has happened once before within her remembrance, the embankment at the curve of the brook has given way, and the water has come in with a flood.

The voice of her mother floats back to her on the wind: 'I am glad Molly does not know; she always had a certain dread of the river."

Leaning from the doorway she catches the gleam of a lantern's ray and realizes that they are in the little skiff. She shouts, but they do not hear; the wind is against her. But here is a situation that must be met, and she must meet it; there is no alternative.

The thoughts rush through her active brain like lightning flashes. The river is rising fast, and there lies that little package, almost on the verge of the water. She alone knows it is there, and she feels that she is therefore responsible for it. The contents are more to that poor mother than all her other earthly possessions. Cy would feel its loss just as deeply, more deeply, perhaps; but he would bear its loss like a philosopher, or, better still, like a Christian. Yet Mrs. Tarrant always made light of her mother for setting such great store by Angelia's picture.

Then with sickening dread follows the thought, "I am all that father and mother have; what if anything should befall me?" and immediately she is reassured by the words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." That is a command and here is a test. She does not question whether Angelia, were she alive, would do this thing; she does not even glance at the beautiful pictured face smiling at her from its easel. She is saying, "The commands of Jesus never conflict;" and then for her comfort follows the thought, "Nothing shall in any wise harm you."

All this time while these thoughts are filling her mind, she is hurriedly tying a hood over her head, drawing on her rubber overshoes, and wrapping a shawl about her shoulders, bowing a moment over the family Bible upon the little stand before she runs out into the night.

"I am not afraid," she said aloud. "I have skipped along this ridge a hundred times imagining there was water on either hand. I will imagine now that the grass is waving and that the meadow is yellow with buttercups. If I make a misstep I am in the water; but thanks to my father's early training I can swim," and she sped along.

Midway between the houses she came upon the little bundle, partly in the water now, for the river was still rising. She picked up the dead child's picture and dress, and remembered that her body was found under the roots of the great tree whose branches were grating together as she passed, but superstitious fear was unknown to her bright faith and healthy nature.

"I might go back now," she thought; but, not listening to the temptation, she kept along. As she neared the door she heard unrepressed sobs, and opening it gently saw the poor mother looking blankly at the large, empty, crumpled paper. Cy had gone on to the barn, having only paused long enough to lay the bundle in a chair and say, "The river is just about clear up."

"Look here, Mrs. Tarrant, here they are!" cried Molly, and with a few tender words and kisses she slipped out, and away up the narrow path once more. It is almost covered by water now. In places it is lapping, lapping, quite across; but she can still define the white, thread-like line, and as she stands safely on the home door-stone, says again, with triumph now, "Nothing shall in any wise harm you."

Before midnight the path was lost to sight; and when in the morning Cy and his wife paddled in their boat to the house upon the knoll, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell first heard of their daughter's adventure.

"My brave little girl!" said her father tenderly.

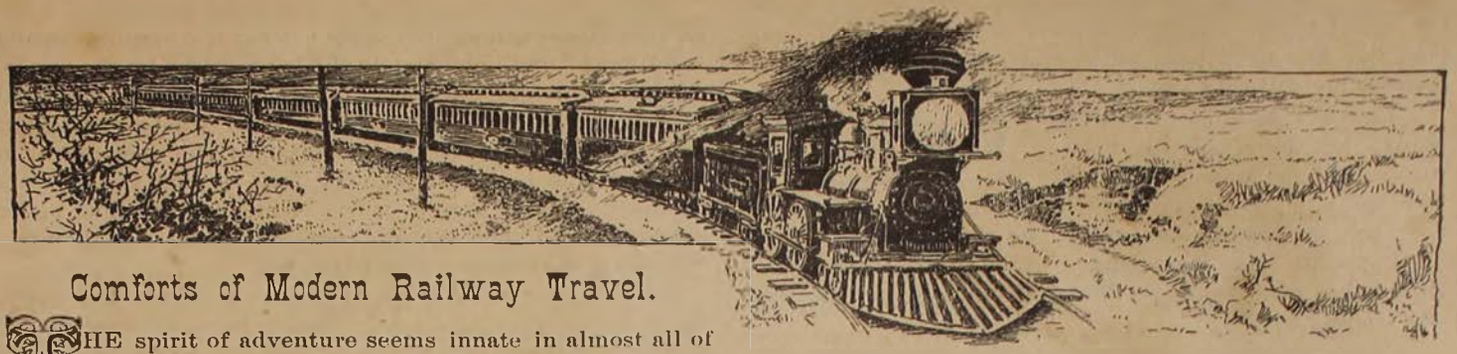
"My kind-hearted, unselfish darling," sobbed her mother, holding out her arms as if to shield her from the danger that had passed.

"I don't think Angelia would ever have done anything like that," said Mr. Campbell; and as his wife shook her head, Molly said modestly, "What could a follower of Jesus have done less?"

So all the forces that had combined to form her lovely character culminated in the one only grand, perfect center.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

THE renowned astronomer Leverrier, while visiting Russia, was entertained by the Czar Nicholas at a court dinner, but as the guest did not know the Russian language, he was, naturally, very silent. The Emperor turned to the court poet Pushkin, who sat near him, and asked: "Alexander Sergeiwitch, what ails our guest Leverrier? He seems very quiet." The poet immediately replied, motioning toward the assemblage of decorated generals: "He is bewildered at the sight of so many unknown stars."



Comforts of Modern Railway Travel.

THE spirit of adventure seems innate in almost all of us. We love to enlarge the horizon of our experiences, even if physically unable to bear the fatigues and discomforts extended travel is supposed to involve. But with the sesame of science modern mechanical genius has opened the door to progress, and conveyance from point to point of the earth's surface, either for business or pleasure, with the luxurious appliances of modern railways, seems almost as if one had invoked the genii of the old-time fairy-tales, instead of the "mighty dollar" which speeds so many hands to prepare the way for us.

Footsore, weary, travel-worn! How we smile at the adjectives as we sit in the superbly appointed palace car "Priscilla," of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and view the ever-changing charms of rock and river, the golden, gleaming sunset, the fair city yonder, seated like a queen upon her throne of hills, and are borne lightly, as by wings, over wonderful bridges and trestles, under dark tunnels and grim mountain-sides, and along lovely stretches of open country, miles upon miles, yet never losing the sense of home-like security and comfort.

On the easy-grade thoroughfare we are traversing from the great lakes, through the lovely valley of the Mohawk, and along the beautiful Hudson, which it is hardly a compliment to call the "Rhine of America," the motion of the train is not wearing, and its noise soon becomes as lost to our consciousness as the steamship's rush through the parted waters. Progressive management and intelligent policy combined with the resources of immense capital have revolutionized travel; and our experience only confirmed what we had been led to expect in deciding to travel to the Atlantic seaboard by the famous New York and Chicago Limited over the New York Central.

Loved faces are with us, all our pet conveniences within easy reach, an electric button will summon an obsequious servant far more anxious to please than our own spoiled dependents. There is no duty to claim us, the price of grain is of not the slightest importance,—till we reach New York,—callers are baffled for the nonce: not till we reach our destination, hours hence, can anything rob us of our *dolce far niente*, unless smiling eyes opposite disturb our enjoyment of novel or river-view.

One of the most dangerous things in the world to encounter is a loose end of electric wire still thrilling with its death-dealing force; and not much less so is the magnetism of a strange, straying glance. With the best intentions in the world one may overdo the thing sometimes, especially in the ardent anxiety to comply with the adored one's expressed desire and act "like an old married man." Between natural chivalry, which would deter any son of Adam from frowning forbiddingly in a lovely, smiling face whose owner only too evidently mistakes painfully assumed indifference for boredom and would fain take pity upon a fellow wayfarer, and the utter impossibility of displaying any of the fond airs of ownership and devoted attentions which would indicate the newly made Benedick—and shock Beatrice's ideas of bridal propriety dreadfully,—the situation becomes hopelessly embarrassing!

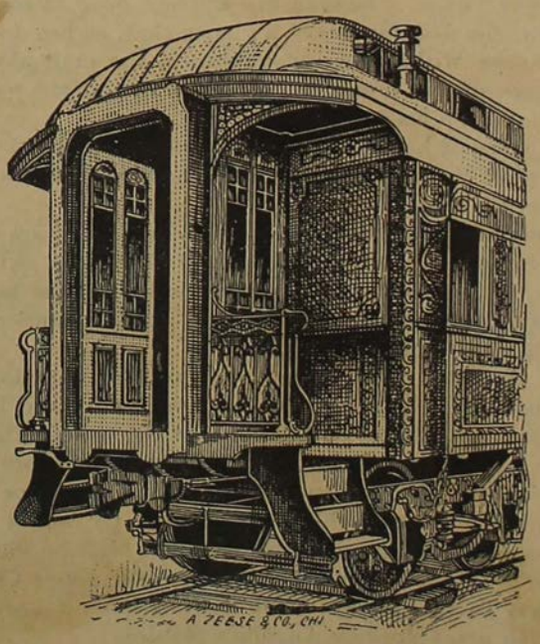
What a relief it is to hear Beatrice, in her soft, cooing voice, venture a brilliantly original observation on the beauty of our immediate surroundings!—exclusive, of course, of the dark-eyed stranger at the opposite window.

If a woman can get a man into a scrape without his even suspecting danger, it is only fair to say that, in nine cases out of ten, a woman's suggestion will help him out again,—like the man "who scratched out both his eyes, and scratched them in again." If the old song had instanced a rose-bush instead of a bramble-bush, the simile would have been just as good, and far more complimentary.

As dress solaces wounded feminine vanity, so the beautiful damask draperies and luxurious upholsterings engross the culpably roving masculine attention. Soft tints of gray and crimson meet the eye, and the plate mirrors at the ends of the car reflect the company seated in elegant lounging-chairs, at ease, differing not much in appearance from the ordinary drawing-room assemblage on an informal reception-day.

The chairs with revolving seats afford opportunity for frequent changes of position, yet withal I still feel something amiss amid all these appliances for comfort, as the Sybarite was disquieted by one crumpled rose-leaf in his couch of roses.

There is generally one sure way out of every dilemma, if one does not fear the charge of cowardice,—that is, to run away, if, indeed, one has not burned all his bridges after him, and so cut off retreat. But in this case retreat is possible, even a masterly retreat, which is always creditable. There are other cars on the train, in which one may enjoy all the comforts of this one, and others besides. I all at once recollected that on this train were the new and

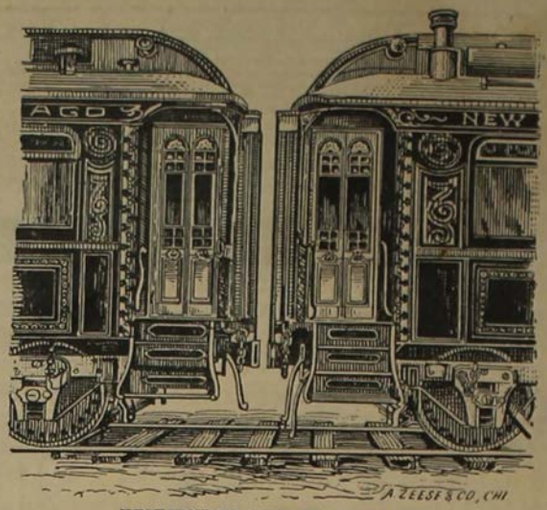


END OF VESTIBULED CAR.

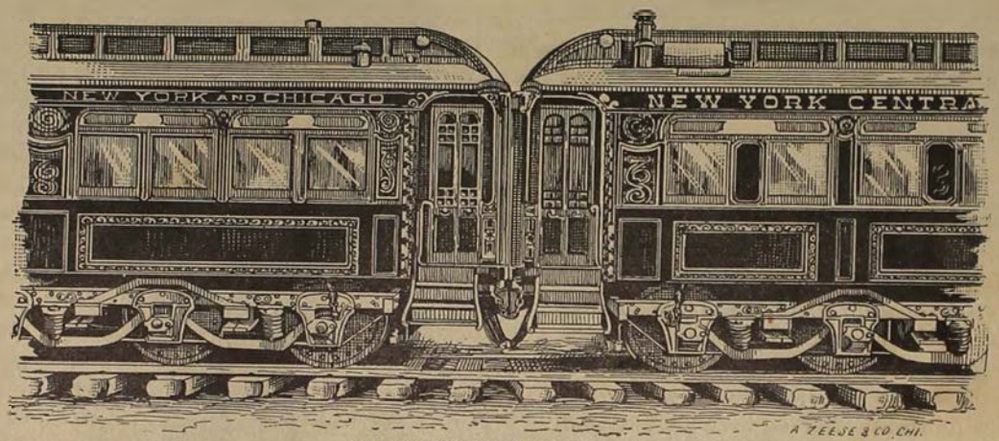
luxurious compartment cars, which are the latest additions to the comforts of railway travel.

Perhaps Beatrice said it, perhaps she only thought it, and with the clairvoyance of a lover I recognized the thought and acted upon it; but, anyway, I became impressed with the idea, the fancy to stroll to the end of the car and interview the porter on the possibility of securing a compartment in one of the new cars. My first thought, of waiting till we reached a station to make the transfer, vanished as I approached the door. Two pair of bright eyes are enough to make any man forget where he is; but by the time I had murmured a hardly needed excuse, and skilfully avoided the half-reproachful look from the other side of the car, I remembered that we had taken the vestibuled train.

The expedient of inclosing, or, as it has been termed, "vestibuling," car platforms, for the comfort and convenience of passengers having occasion to pass from car to car while a train is in motion, has been adopted from time to time, and the device has been in daily use on the celebrated Fast Mail Trains for many years. From ordinary vestibules constructed with board partitions and without ornamentation,—such as are found on the Fast Mail Trains,—to the glass-paneled, securely closed, and handsomely decorated vestibules designed for magnificently appointed passenger-trains, was an easy and natural transition. It is a matter of surprise that the application of the vestibule arrangement to passenger-trains was so long delayed. When so introduced the device could hardly be called a new invention.



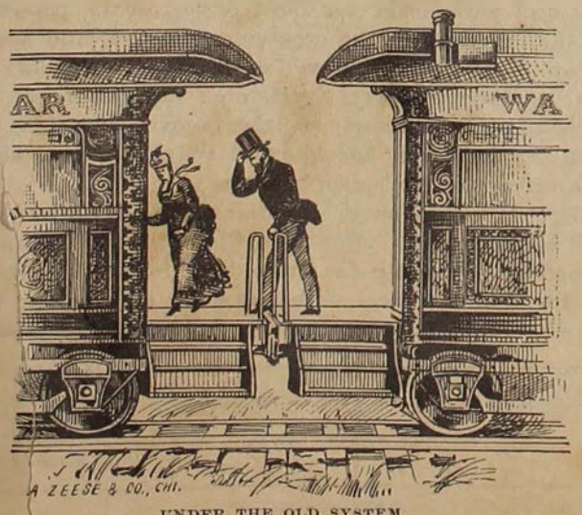
VESTIBULED CARS UNCOUPLED.



VESTIBULED CARS COUPLED.

These vestibuled trains are superbly finished, sumptuously furnished, and serve to illustrate most forcibly the superlative excellence attained in the modern art of transport,—transforming the formidable and tiresome journey of a century ago, into the delightful pleasure-trip of to-day. The "three things" which, according to Bacon, make a nation prosperous, are already realized in the Empire State: "a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance of men and things from one place to another."

Each train consists of a smoking and library car, two parlor-cars, two sleeping-cars, and a dining-car, following the engine in the order named, all united into one continuous covered train by handsome passage-ways connecting the car platforms. The traveler who rides on a vestibuled train and has occasion to go from one car to another, is no longer, as under the old system, in danger of being blown from the platform during the transit, by the fierce gusts of wind which course through the openings on a swiftly moving train; instead, he, or she, can walk through a little carpeted corridor, so nicely fitted up by cunning mechanics that old Boreas is completely baffled.

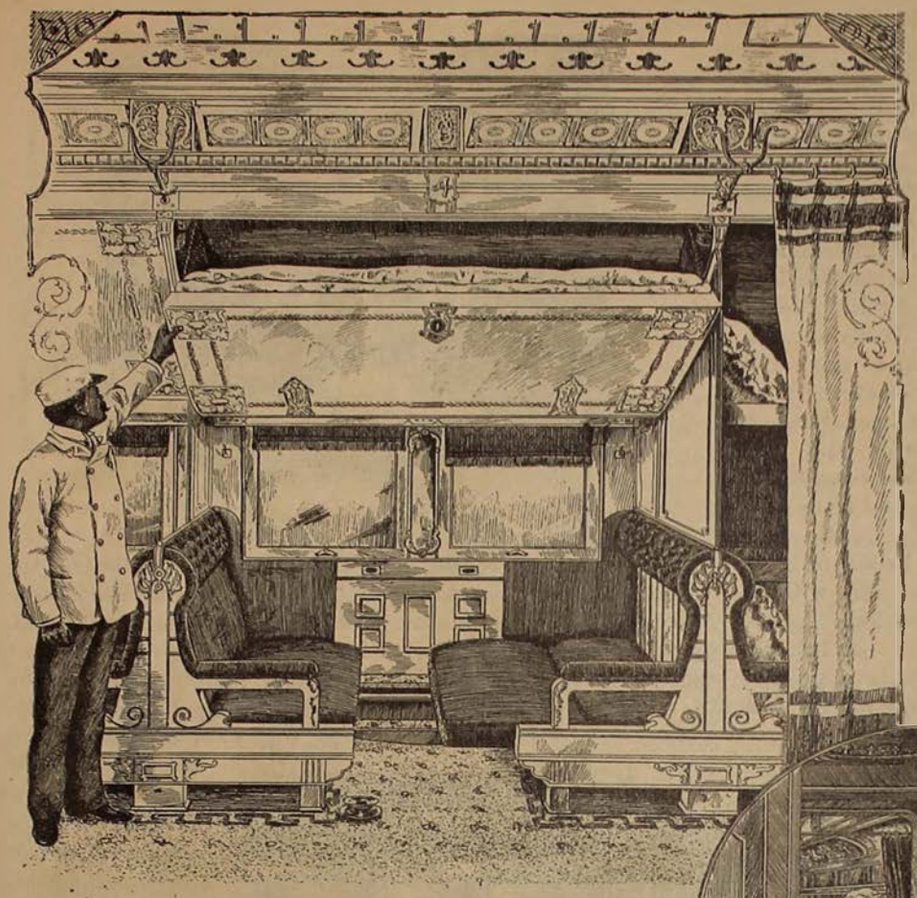


UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM.

The vestibule is particularly conducive to the convenience of ladies and children, every portion of the train being alike protected from the elements, and furnishing a continuous covered promenade from one end to the other. This feature of continuity is also an additional safeguard against the dire results of collision, as it renders telescoping practically impossible. Connected by this method, the aggregated coaches of a train present on the exterior the appearance of an elongated car, endowed in some mysterious way with the sinuosity of a serpent. Plate-glass doors opening from each side of the vestibule afford means of entrance and egress. An accordion-shaped contrivance of steel springs and rubber, between the platforms, secures due flexibility to the train when rounding curves.

"Compartment car, sir? Yes, sir, this way, sir;" and I followed the bowing, smiling porter into the magnificent new sleeping-car "Lorraine," which for beauty of design and elegance of interior decorations and furnishings represents the highest development of the car-builder's art.

The "Lorraine" is one of the new private compartment cars, the latest achievement of the Wagner Palace Car Company. Each of these cars has accommodations for at least twenty persons, the interior being divided into ten separate apartments, each containing two berths, lavatory, closet, and hot and cold running water. The seats have high backs, and are richly upholstered in brocaded plush. These compart-



BERTH BEING LET DOWN.

ments extend nearly the width of the car, and each has a door opening into an aisle running along one side of the car to the middle, where it crosses to the opposite side; thus half of the apartments are on each side of the car. Sliding doors between the compartments admit of their being arranged *en suite*, if desired, for the accommodation of families or large parties.

One of these desirable compartments is available, and the transfer is soon accomplished. We pass through the "straight sleeper," as the usual sleeping-cars are called, with sixteen sections of the standard pattern, designed to accommodate thirty-two persons, and having one state-room and separate toilet accommodations. A servant is letting down an upper berth, which operates very much like a folding-bed, and is drawn down, forming a shelf, strongly supported, which is speedily transformed into a bed with the freshest of linen and gay-colored blankets. The bedmaker takes a bar out from under the two seats below and fits it in sockets underneath the seats, so that it forms a support for the lower berth, which is arranged by drawing forward the seat and then letting the cushion at the back slide down into its place, so that the four cushions compose the bed. The pillows are taken out from boxes under the seats, and the bedclothes from the berth above, where they are snugly stowed away during the daytime when the berth is closed. Finally the attendant hooks up curtains—also folded away in the upper berth—to screen the sleepers from the observation of passers.

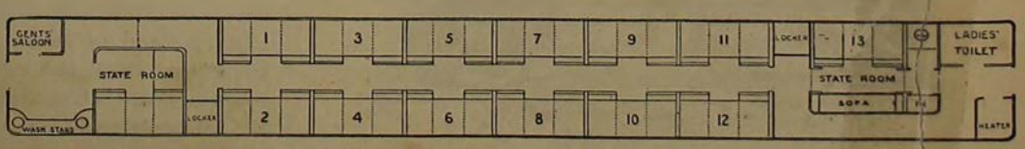
As we pass through, the occupants of the car are amusing themselves in various ways, or carrying on the usual sedentary occupations of travelers: some reading, some chatting; a pretty stenographer in one corner puzzling over her too hastily transcribed "notes;" four gentlemen with a table between them, playing cards; a golden-haired child frisking around her mother and making constant excursions to the ice-cooler. Why is it children always "want a drink of water"?

But when we reach our "compartment," even Beatrice, spoiled darling of luxury, exclaims at the dainty decorations. The berths and wood-work are of antique oak, with trimmings of Circassian walnut and satin-wood, the seats of rich Gobelin blue plush,—the upper portions of the walls above the seat-backs in each state-room are hung with silk panels to match,—and the drapery and window-curtains are of the same. The frieze on the passage-way partition of the room is set with ornate brass *grilles*, and the door opening into the corridor is fitted with small lights of beveled glass set in a brass frame, over which hang rich drapery curtains that can be drawn aside at pleasure. A full-length beveled-plate mirror reflects Beatrice's trim little figure as she turns to put her rather drooping cluster of American Beauty roses into the glass which sets in a rack above the silvered basin that serves as a lavatory. The mirror proves to be a sliding door which leads to another compartment like our own. The servant tells us that half the compartments are fitted in mahogany, and half like our own, differing slightly in each compartment.

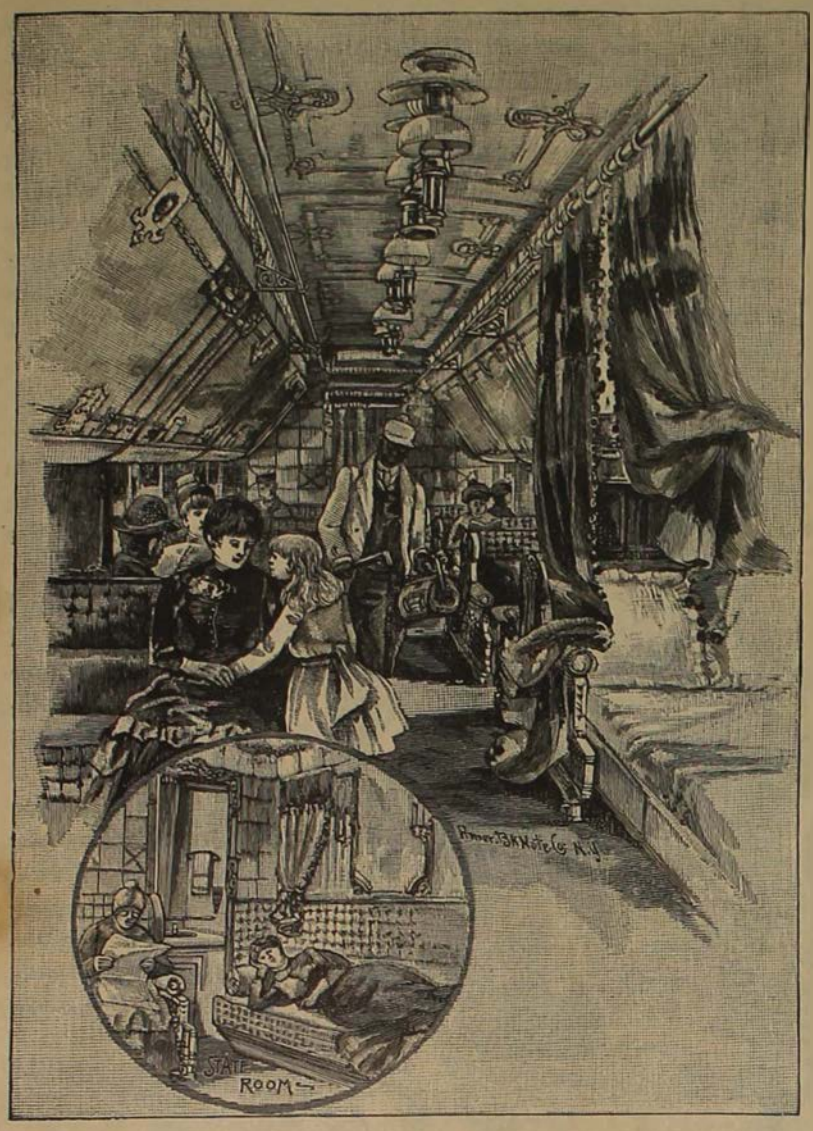
IN THE VESTIBULE.

A soft light floods the pretty state-room. Elaborate chandeliers of Persian brass, in each compartment and in the passage-ways, reflect a soft though brilliant light through opalescent globes, each car being also fitted with appliances for the substitution of the incandescent light whenever deemed desirable. A handsome bookcase, with a well-selected assortment of books and periodicals, for the free use of the passengers, occupies an angle in the cross-over passage, and opposite is a unique buffet, from which light refreshments—tea, coffee, sandwiches, cake, fruit, etc., are dispensed. This seemed to us an extremely popular innovation, a light lunch oftentimes possessing an enhanced relish when partaken of in the privacy of one's own boudoir.

Still, "love has an eye to dinner;" and we by and by find it convenient to adjourn to the vestibuled dining-car, the modern substitute for the old-fashioned "twenty minutes for dinner" meal-station system, and, as we fancy, somewhat of an improvement on the latter. Seated at a



GROUND PLAN OF SLEEPING-CAR.



INTERIOR OF SLEEPING-CAR.

table covered with snowy linen and adorned with dainty china, delicate glass-ware, and polished silver, grateful accompaniments to well-cooked food of prime quality and luxurious variety, dining, and gazing the while at gorgeous river scenery gliding past the large plate-glass observation-windows in panoramic review, one experiences to the fullest extent the delightful sensations of the epicure.

The cuisine and service on these cars is comparable only to that of strictly first-class metropolitan *cafés*, where the price is greatly in excess of the modern tariff in effect on the dining-cars; on these the uniform price for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, is but $1.00. Appended is a transcript of one of the daintily engraved and ribboned dining menus

SOUP.
Chicken à la Créole.
FISH.
Baked Shad, White Sauce.
BOILED.
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.
ROAST.
Ribs of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding.
Loin of Veal, with Dressing.
Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
ENTRÉES.
Chicken Patties à la Reine.
Lobster Farci on Shell.
Queen Fritters. Charlotte of Fruit.
SALAD.
Shrimp. Lettuce.
RELISHES.
Gherkins. Olives. Chow-Chow.
VEGETABLES.
Boiled or Mashed Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Spinach. Green Peas.
Fried Sweet Potatoes.
PASTRY, ETC.
English Plum-Pudding.
Charlotte Russe. Ice-Cream.
Assorted Cake. Preserved Fruit.
Apples. Oranges. Figs. Grapes.
Assorted Nuts. Layer Raisins.
Edam and Roquefort Cheese, with Bent's Water Crackers.
French Coffee.
MEALS ONE DOLLAR.

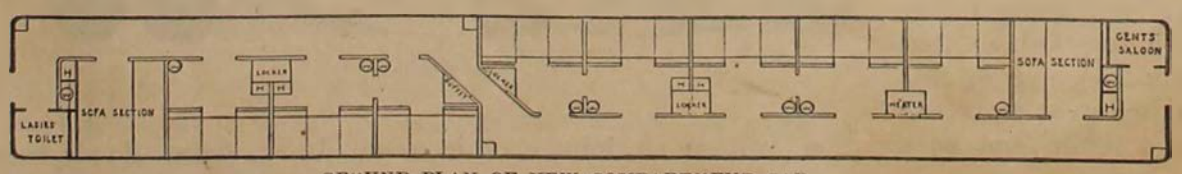
Beatrice lifts her menu-card with delicate finger-tips. "Are these for souvenirs?" she asks the servant, with that confiding simplicity which renders her manners so engaging. "Oh, no'm. Dey's for you to keep, if you want's em," is the amiable response.

The dining-car is really a curiosity in its way. One might expect to find it a little untidy; but in fact it is as neat and nicely fitted up as though Delmonico had furnished it. It

INTERIOR OF NEW COMPARTMENT CAR.

contains a kitchen, which, unless you are of an investigating turn of mind, you would not discover was in the car, so perfect is the ventilation; and also a pantry with refrigerators, provision-lockers, a china-closet, and a linen-closet, with every facility for preparing and serving the meals furnished.

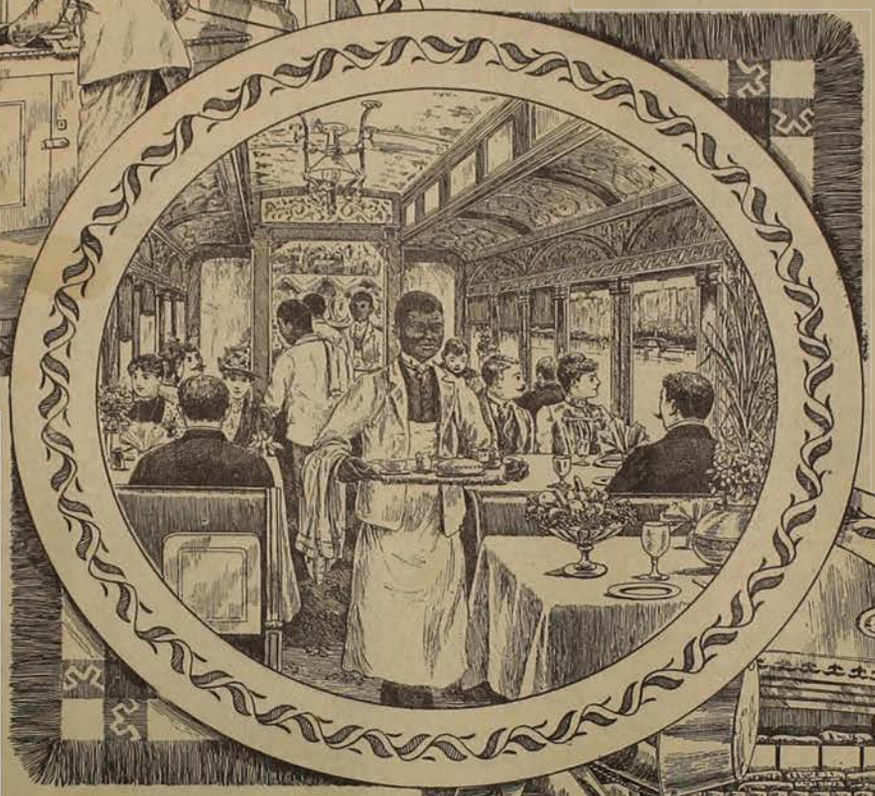
The kitchen is at the rear end of the car: a compact, oblong compartment, with a narrow corridor on one side of it. At the end a range occupies nearly all one side,



GROUND PLAN OF NEW COMPARTMENT CAR.

THE PANTRY.

and a long zinc-covered table, where the meats, etc., are dressed and prepared, is on the other side, next the window. The end next the pantry, and opposite the entrance door, has a wide wooden shelf all across it, which serves as a table, and above this is a sliding door, opening on a corresponding shelf in the pantry, through which the dishes, when ready to serve, are passed. Racks above hold plates, dishes, and platters in snug security. In the pantry are closed lockers and shelves, and all the usual appurtenances of a well-equipped butler's pantry, including the refrigerators for ice, meat, etc. Two doors afford access to the pantry, one leading from the corridor, the other from the dining-room ; but the only communication with the kitchen is by the sliding door mentioned : and as the kitchen is at the extreme end of the rear car, the odors of cooking cannot offend the sensitive olfactories of the most fastidious passenger.



THE DINING-ROOM.

Dinner finally over, we return to our blue-and-silver boudoir, and after a little discover that the pretty portable inkstand in Beatrice's traveling-case is, unfortunately, empty, and she longs to send a line home from the next station. We have learned that there are writing-materials in the forward car, which is fitted up with a smoking-room, a library desk, bath-room, and barber-shop.

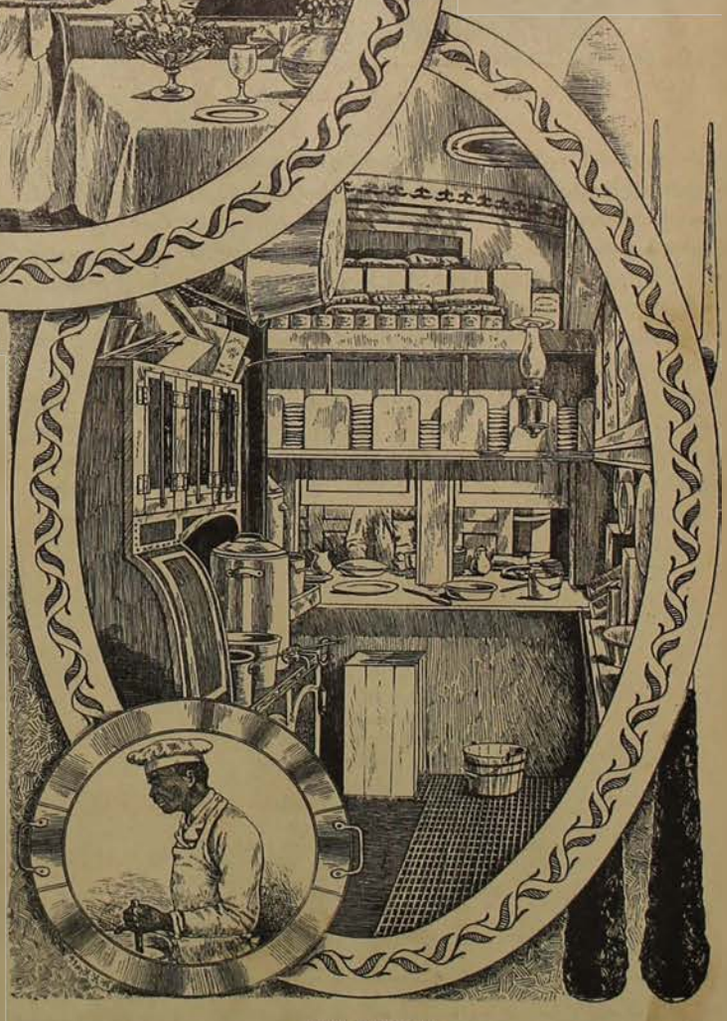
Beatrice is horrified at the idea of my going to the smoking-car. Fortunately it is placed forward, so that she or any lady need not traverse it in her tour of this city on wheels. But I explain to her that it is not necessary to smoke in order to write a letter, and betake myself to the distasteful locality.

I write my—her—our letter very comfortably, at a desk at one end of the smoking-room, and fall afterwards into a little reverie. One can hardly realize happiness while experiencing it. It seemed that I needed to withdraw myself from my happiness a little while in order to contemplate it. Hurrying over the vibrant rails, what crowding thoughts fill the brain !—memories of the past, dreams of the future, mingle in the fleeting present. What different objects have all these travelers around ! The meteor-like flying train is all too slow for one

"Who feels those rolling wheels
Lead home, to his heart's desire,"

and cruelly fast to those whom every moment sunders yet more widely.

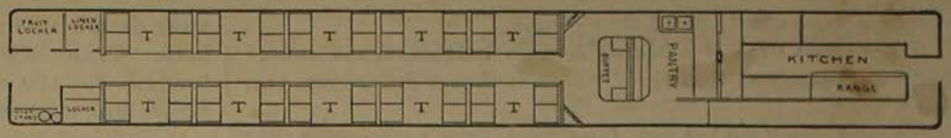
But he is stupid to sit and dream of what he might possess ; and dimly wondering how long I have been musing, I stroll back to my state-room. The rest of the trip is a dream to be remembered : our privacy is absolute ; our housekeeping is all done for



THE KITCHEN.

us ; we can sit, lounge, or lie, as we please, and we do please —each other.

WRITING-DESK IN SMOKING-CAR.



GROUND PLAN OF DINING-ROOM CAR.

But we arrive at last at the Grand Central Station on Forty-second Street, New York City, which enjoys the unique distinction of being the only trunk-line station on Manhattan Island, and is a structure as imposing in appearance as it is complete in its requirements for handling the great volume of traffic which passes through its portals. It is a handsome edifice of pressed Philadelphia brick with white stone trimmings.

Beatrice sighs a little as we glide into the immense vaulted depot. Can it be regret at leaving the fastest and finest train in America, or is it fatigue? No! she is not tired, but we are here so soon!

If there was any feature of discomfort in our journey it was its brevity. As an old farmer once said of an excellent sermon he had listened to, "It was not only brief, but short."

L. S. FROST.

Our Girls.

Missionary Work.

DOCIA LEFFINGWELL was very ugly: there was no denying it, for everybody said so; and what everybody says must be true, of course. Even those who loved her best confessed that with that muddy, freckled complexion, red hair, and that dreadful nose, she could not be called anything *but* ugly.

But she was so full of fun, so ready always to enter into any plan for amusement, and so sympathetic, that she had hosts of friends. Besides, her father, though a poor man, was a noted scientist; and of course that gave her a good position in society, in spite of the fact that she was not able to dress as well or to spend as much money on knick-knacks as most of her companions.

But she didn't fret over this, or lie awake at night thinking of it, though it must be confessed that she did occasionally fret a little over the fact of her ugliness; and she never saw Linda Temple without wishing she were like her. Such large, melting violet eyes! such luxuriant golden hair! such a lovely complexion! with not even the tiniest freckle to mar its soft, creamy tint; and a nose that everyone said was pure Grecian. Yes; Linda was a beauty: that was fully acknowledged.

Docia and Linda were together a great deal. They belonged to the same church, took lessons of the same music-teacher, and always went to the same mountain resort in summer. Docia was Linda's willing slave, and thought it a great honor to be singled out as the beauty's particular friend; and Linda, in the eyes of her worshipper, was so unselfish, so utterly devoid of worldly ambition, so prone to self-sacrifice.

"She has actually made up her mind to be a missionary!" Docia said one day in a burst of enthusiasm to the aunt who had been in control of the scientist's household since the death of Docia's mother. "Isn't it wonderful, Aunt Jane? Think of the sacrifice! Beautiful as she is, to even *dream* of burying herself in India! I almost cried this morning when she told me about it."

"When does she expect to leave us?" asked Aunt Jane, not at all affected by this startling piece of news, and going on very coolly with the darning of the family hose.

"Well—I hardly know—perhaps she has not decided that yet. But won't it be lonely without her! I don't know what I will do."

"Don't worry about it until the time comes," said Aunt Jane. "And perhaps your father will let you go, too. Who knows?"

"O Aunt Jane, I am not good enough for a missionary!" cried Docia, her breath almost taken away by the suggestion. "And then what would papa do without me? *He* takes comfort in me, ugly as I am. *How* proud he would be if Linda were his daughter!" with a deep sigh.

"No doubt," said Aunt Jane dryly, rather tired of hearing Linda's praises so constantly sung. "But he seems pretty well satisfied with the one he has."

"I don't believe you like Linda, Aunt Jane," said Docia reproachfully, "and it does seem so strange! She is so unselfish, so sweet in every way. She spent nearly all the morning yesterday in helping me dress that doll for poor little Alice Pond, the ragged-school scholar who broke her leg last week."

"Very kind of her," murmured Aunt Jane. "You bought the doll, and provided the material to dress it, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course: Linda don't know Alice." And Docia's face flushed as she remembered that the purchase of the doll had taken the last of her monthly allowance of pocket-money, and that she must confess to her aunt that she could not buy a ticket to a concert to which they had arranged to go together the next evening.

"Does Linda teach in the ragged school?" asked Aunt Jane.

"No;" and Docia looked a little embarrassed. "It makes her sick to be in a close room; and the air *is* bad in the ragged school. I had to confess that. And, as Linda says, there is always more or less danger of infection when mixing with the poor, and being an only child she can't be too careful."

"You are an only child, too, Docia."

"Yes; but I'm not a beauty and an heiress, Aunt Jane," and Docia laughed lightly. "That makes a difference, you see."

"Yes, I see," said Aunt Jane, in a tone so peculiar that Docia thought it well not to continue the conversation. And she sighed, wondering if Aunt Jane would *ever* do Linda justice.

When June came and the annual migration to High Ridge took place, Linda carried with her a number of books concerning India, and used to read aloud from them as she and Docia sat under the big tree that shaded the hotel. And Docia, sewing on coarse garments for her ragged-school scholars, would very often find herself obliged to pause in her work in order to wipe away the tears that rose to her eyes at the thought of the dangers into which her friend contemplated hurling herself, a willing sacrifice.

Linda, by reason of her beauty and prospective fortune, was a great belle at the hotel, and received much homage; but she found no worshipper so blindly devoted to her as Docia,—and it was only to Docia that she talked of India and the missionary plan, and she made Docia promise to keep the matter secret.

"People who don't understand me as you do, dear, might refuse to believe me in earnest," she said, "and might say things to wound me."

Docia, flattered at the confidence reposed in her, promised to say nothing of the fate in store for the young beauty, and sighed to think what a great surprise it would be to everyone when Linda sailed for India, and how bitterly the sacrifice would be deplored.

Linda had brought her pony and phaeton to the Ridge, and the two girls went driving every pleasant afternoon, exploring the country for miles around. They thought they knew every road in the vicinity of the hotel, and were surprised to discover, one July afternoon when they reached a point where three roads forked, that they were at a loss to determine which of the three they should take to reach the Ridge. There was a little dilapidated cabin in a cornfield not far from the road, and the girls could see several tow-headed children in the door-yard; so Docia got out of the phaeton to make inquiries.

Linda watched her as she let down the bars, which did duty as a gate, and walked through the field to the cabin. She stopped a moment to speak to the children, and then went in. She was gone so long that Linda's patience was exhausted; and she looked very cross when Docia, with a pale face and an air of excitement, came back to the phaeton.

"O Linda!" she said, "how fortunate we stopped here! There's a poor woman in that cabin, sick with fever, and no one to attend to her but those children, the oldest only nine. She's had nothing to eat but bacon and corn bread, and she is so weak that she can scarcely speak. Her husband died four months ago, and——"

"I'm sorry for her, of course," said Linda; "but I don't see what we can do. Did she tell you which road to take to the Ridge?"

"Yes; the one to the left. But we can't leave her in this way, Linda. I told her I'd come back."

"You must be crazy!" said Linda; "the woman may have some contagious disease, for all you can tell. And she is nothing to you, anyhow. Let her send for her friends."

"She has no friends, Linda. She has been living here only a few months, and there isn't a house nearer than three miles. No, I can't leave her: it wouldn't be right. She might die, and I would never forgive myself. Poor thing! she said that when I came in she thought for a moment it must be an angel, she had been praying so hard for help. Come in with me, Linda, and let us make her comfortable for the night, and then we can hurry back to the Ridge and send someone to nurse her."

"Nothing would induce me to go into that cabin," said Linda. "It is of no use to talk about it. We can go home and send someone out who understands fevers, and there'd be no risk to ourselves. Come, Docia, don't be foolish! The woman will do very well until to-morrow."

Docia looked at her friend in silence a moment, shocked at her heartlessness. She had not expected it from Linda.

"I must stay," she said, firmly. "I know I ought to do it, and I am not afraid of contagion."

Linda had always believed thoroughly in her power over Docia, and she was angry and chagrined that her arguments were of no avail to turn her friend from her purpose.

"Since you think more of this horrid woman, whom you never saw until half an hour ago, than you think of me, I will say no more," she cried pettishly. "Stay; and if you catch a dreadful fever of some low sort, don't blame me."

"No, I won't blame you," said Docia; and she sighed as she turned away, and the little phaeton rolled off down the left fork. She found plenty to do in the cabin for the next two hours, and at the end of that time Aunt Jane appeared in young Tom Lancy's dog-cart, loaded with packages of tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, and various other good things.

"You did just right in staying, Docia," she said as she kissed her niece. "I would have been ashamed of you if you hadn't."

A cup of tea and a slice of toast seemed to put new life into poor Mrs. Deal, and the five little children went fairly wild over the first good supper they had had for many a long day. Aunt Jane decided to stay all night at the cabin, and Docia went home with Tom Lancy in the dog-cart.

Tom was deeply interested in the whole affair. He had always liked Docia in spite of her ugly face, and he liked her better than ever now.

"She's worth two of Linda Temple, any day," he thought, as he listened to her account of Mrs. Deal's sorrows and saw the tears of sympathy standing in her eyes; and he then and there placed his dog-cart at her disposal for the next week.

She used it the next day to take a woman out to the cabin to act as nurse, and after that Tom drove her out very often to inquire after the invalid, much to the chagrin of Linda, who fairly hated the name of Mrs. Deal. She blamed that poor woman for the coldness which had arisen between herself and Docia, and openly ridiculed Docia's "home missionary work;" and when she heard that Docia was to give a little fair for Mrs. Deal's benefit, she declared that she would have nothing to do with it.

"My principles are against making beggars of our poor," said this young political economist. "If the woman is let alone she will work for herself."

"She is very willing to work for herself," answered Docia, "but she must have a start. She wants to rent a little house at the Ridge, and take in washing. She isn't lazy, Linda, but she is sick and unfortunate."

"Your fair will be a failure—you can depend on that," said Linda.

For three weeks Docia and four other young ladies whom she had interested in the cause were busy with their needles, making all sorts of pretty fancy articles in the shape of aprons, pincushions, toilet mats, sofa pillows, invalid slippers, and other things suited to the demands of a bazar; and then a vacant cottage was hired for the occasion, and

Tom Lancy contributed Chinese lanterns, and everything possible was done to make the affair a success.

Docia and two other young ladies were at the cottage by six o'clock on the night the affair was opened, and by eight they were ready for customers, and were delighted when Tom Lancy came in and bought the largest sofa-pillow and two pincushions.

"If all our customers do as well it won't take long to dispose of our wares," said Docia.

The laugh with which Tom responded sounded rather forced, and Docia, looking at him keenly, saw that there was a very grave expression on his usually genial face.

"Is—is anything wrong, Mr. Lancy?" she asked anxiously.

Tom didn't answer; and before Docia could repeat the question, Aunt Jane came in, evidently much excited.

"Docia," she said, "you might as well close your doors, child; you'll have no customers to-night. Linda Temple is giving an impromptu hop, and every lady who is not dancing is looking on. She sent out her invitations at six o'clock, and telegraphed to the city for a supper to come down on the ten o'clock train"

For a moment Docia gazed at her aunt as if scarcely comprehending what she had said, and then turned suddenly and began to strip the counters of their wares. There was a tense, set look on her face that Tom did not exactly understand.

"Don't worry about it, Miss Docia," he said in a low tone. "It isn't worth it. Mrs. Deal shall have the cottage: I'll buy it for her out and out."

Docia's lips quivered, her eyes filled, and then, to Tom's consternation, she suddenly bowed her head on a big sofa-pillow and burst into a storm of tears.

"I—I wouldn't mind if it had been anyone but Linda," she sobbed.

* * * * * * *

Linda and Docia are not so intimate now as they used to be. Sometimes a fortnight passes without their seeing each other, and Docia does not appear to grieve over it. Aunt Jane told her friend Mrs. Hall, in confidence one day, that she "believed Docia had found Linda out." But she did not enter into any explanation, and as none was asked, perhaps Mrs. Hall understood what was meant.

Docia found it hard to believe that handsome Tom Lancy was really in earnest when he asked her to marry him.

"Everyone will tease you about having such an ugly sweetheart, Tom," she said. "If it had been Linda, now, no one would say anything."

"I don't care for what people say," answered Tom. "I am free to suit myself; and I couldn't marry Linda you know—because she is going to India." And Tom laughed—rather a derisive laugh.

But Linda has not yet begun her preparations for her departure to the land of heathen idols; and the books relating to that far-away country, which she once read aloud to Docia, are lying in a garret corner, covered with dust.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

TACT is, above all things, the most necessary for good manners. Tact implies quick observation and discernment—the power of doing and saying the right thing at the right moment and in the right way. Invaluable in every sphere, it is more especially a feminine quality, one also which plays an important part in both the social and domestic life of women, and through it, in a great measure, they wield their strongest weapon, influence,—a "right" essentially feminine and unassailable.

Aids to Beauty.

I.

THE BATH.

"TO be beautiful" is the first law of every woman's nature: failure, from whatever cause, to obey this unwritten law, brings her face to face with the by-law which reads, "be as beautiful as you can." There are few women who entirely disregard these obligations; but many fail, through ignorance or carelessness, of obtaining the desired results.

It takes time and trouble to perform all the little offices of the toilet which go to keep the complexion good, the hands soft and smooth, the nails in perfect condition, the teeth carefully looked after, and the hair smooth and glossy, and there are many women who cannot spare of their waking hours the time necessary to do this; but there are certain things which no woman can afford to neglect. If time cannot be given for Turkish or bran baths, the plain hot bath must be taken often enough to keep the skin clear and smooth. If a manicure cannot be employed, the nails must still be well trimmed and clean. The hair must not be allowed to be untidy and frowsy, even though the daily half-hour brushing be impossible.

There are plenty of ladies and young girls who would gladly take better care of themselves if they only knew how: to such as these I trust my suggestions will be helpful. I do not propose to usurp the office of the family physician, nor to give prescriptions for this, that, or the other disease: I simply intend to reiterate a few hygienic truths, offer suggestions, and repeat, or reveal, some of the harmless devices by the use of which womankind has for ages improved the personal appearance.

The first requisite to beauty is a good complexion: without a clear, soft skin, no woman, no matter how regular her features, how red her lips, how bright her eyes, can be beautiful. No woman can have a good complexion without good health: upon this condition hang all the law and improvements. To preserve or obtain good health, good nourishing food must be eaten at regular intervals, plenty of outdoor exercise must be taken, as well as frequent baths, and constant attention must be paid to every detail of daily life necessary to the preservation of this greatest of blessings. The price of health—and a good complexion—is "eternal vigilance." Nothing of any value in this world is ever obtained without giving an equivalent.

Powders, cosmetics, and creams are all very well—that is, some of them—as aids to the toilet, but let no woman fancy that she can swallow a dose overnight, or daub her face and hands with an emollient of any sort, and turn out a beauty in the morning. Only constant care and trouble incalculable will bring about the desired result.

First, let us talk of bathing. The Turkish or Russian bath moderately indulged in is one of the best means for improving the complexion and softening the skin. The profuse perspiration induced by the extreme heat opens the pores and clears the skin of all deleterious matter. A Turkish bath once a week will keep the skin in good condition; but these baths should only be taken by the advice or consent of the family physician, and even then judgment should be used as to the length of time to remain in the steam room. Many New York ladies have grown very fond of these baths and remain in them for an hour or two,—on the principle that if a little is good, a good deal is better, which is a great mistake. From twenty to thirty minutes is quite long enough for the most robust to remain in the heat. Vaseline or pure olive oil may be used for rubbing after the bath: so much of the fatty matter as the skin will absorb is good for it, and will conduce to plumpness Alcohol is sometimes

used to prevent taking cold ; but for some this is undesirable, as it is rather drying to the skin.

In addition to the Turkish bath, a salt bath every morning is invigorating and lessens susceptibility to cold. For this, rock-salt should be used, in the proportion of one pound to four gallons of water. If the all-over bath in salt water is too great a shock, and it is for many, a sponge bath of salt water may be used, with brisk, thorough rubbing afterwards. For any bath, the temperature of the room must be such as not to allow any chill to follow the exposure of the person : a glow should pervade the whole body.

Plain hot baths are stimulating if one does not remain in the tub too long and the bath is followed by a cold *douche* and brisk rubbing. Ten minutes is the limit for these baths : longer ones induce weakness and lassitude. An alcohol bath—an ounce of the spirits to a quart of water—may be used with good effect during the day when a full-length bath is not obtainable or desirable.

For irritability of the skin, or roughness, there is nothing better than the bran bath. Boil four pounds of bran in one gallon of water, strain, and add to the hot bath. The bran may be boiled in a bag to avoid the necessity for straining, or the bran bags sold at the druggists' may be used : these are simply thrown into the hot bath.

A mustard bath is often very beneficial if tried at the beginning of a cold, or when stimulating action is required. It should only be taken just before retiring. A handful of mustard is the proper quantity to add to the ordinary hot bath. Sulphur baths, which in many cases are beneficial to the complexion, simply because they remove the cause which has made it bad, should only be taken by the advice of one's own physician.

The cold bath is useful or even safe only when it induces a rapid return of the blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or affusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these effects are not rapidly apparent, the operation should not be repeated. Great mistakes are made and serious risks are often incurred by the unintelligent use of the cold bath by the weakly or unsound. Moreover, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is seldom too much energy to spare after middle age, and after forty it is better to use the warm bath unless the circulation is vigorous and both heart and blood-vessels are healthy.

Plenty of soap—provided it is good soap—should be used for the face as well as the bath. The pores of the face become clogged with dirt and grease, and need daily cleansing with tepid water and soap. This should be done at night, that the pores of the skin may be kept free from the clogging matter that produces unsightly black-heads, acne, pimples, etc. Cold water should be used only in the morning, and then as a tonic.

Great care should be taken in the choice of soap : when one is found that agrees with the skin, it should be used to the exclusion of all others, as a frequent change of soap is very undesirable. Soaps made of oil are far preferable to those made of animal fat; white soaps are safest; highly scented and colored soaps are frequently made from rancid fat, strong perfumes being used to conceal the fact.

It will only need a few experiments to discover the kind of bath and soap which best agrees with one : these determined upon, they should be adhered to rigidly.

Regular and invigorating exercise must be taken each day : exercise with an object in view. To dawdle along the streets looking in the shop-windows is but little better than sitting at home. A good, brisk walk with something pleasant at the end of it is the best exercise : a gentle perspiration will be the result, which will benefit both health and complexion.

LAURA B. STARR.

Sanitarian.

Hygienic Hints for July.

NO sooner do the delightful June days with their roses and sunshine pass away, than they give place to the season, longer or shorter, known in this latitude as the "heated term." The hot days and sultry nights in July make us long for the higher altitude of the mountains, or the cool, fresh breezes of the water at the seaside or lake.

But not every family can leave at a moment's notice and start for mountain glens or other delightful resorts. The majority remain at home, to swelter between hot brick walls or on scorching pavements. Some are at the desk, in the work-rooms, or behind counters ; others are sweating their lives away under low ceilings, in attics or basements ; and still others are lounging about the streets or in the various nooks and corners in city or town,—rather glad when the oppressive day is over, but scarcely welcoming the night, which also has its discomforts.

Nor must we forget the thousands of little children—some of them infants in arms—that are to be found in every great metropolis. Many of these sicken and die soon after the heated term begins. So great is the mortality among the little ones, in all our large cities, and from causes which are constantly at work, that the public statistics seem really appalling ; and of so little use, apparently, are the ordinary remedies, that it is next to mockery to administer them. What wonder that July and August are conspicuous in the calendar as the season of the "slaughter of the innocents"? Is there no way to reduce this death-rate? to stay the hand of the fell Destroyer that comes to our homes summer after summer and carries off his victims?

Yes, there is a way : one as easy and simple as it is natural. There is a Balm in Gilead, with wondrous healing power. But before we can apply it there is something else to be done. We must first seek out the causes which bring disease and death to our door. Nor need we go far to find them. In at least nine-tenths—I had almost said ninety-nine-hundredths—of the diseases among children during the hot months, they are directly traceable to certain causes and conditions which can and ought to be removed. Let us see what they are ; or, rather, let us ask where we shall begin.

As intelligent, thinking people, we ought to be able to control our environment, at least to a degree. What, let me ask, are the prime factors in good physical development? These, we shall find, are not numerous ; they can be stated in a few words. Given a reasonably good constitution to start with, we want fresh air, sunlight, a certain degree of warmth, wholesome food and drink, and a few other agents or conditions,—as rest, exercise, sleep, etc. Now, which of these, among our infant population, do we find lacking, or supplied in bad quality? Surely, in the summer months, when old Sol is at his highest, there is no lack of heat ; and with windows and doors wide open, there ought not to be a dearth of fresh air or sunshine. Moreover, the little feet and legs that race the pavements, or run up and down stairs, get exercise enough ; even the baby in its crib can laugh, crow, and kick : so that long before night comes, the tired limbs seek repose, either in some shady place or on the bare floor. The little one gets both sleep and rest.

But how about the food and drink? Ah! there is the trouble! Yes, we have found it! As for pure water, I shall turn that matter over to the proper authorities whose business it is to see that the cities and towns are supplied

with an article that is free from poisons, either animal or vegetable. There is certainly a way to secure it. It is high time that we had Sanitary Boards, both in the city and out of it, whose duty it should be to take this business specially in hand.

But to the food subject; and especially that for infants. If the mother nurses her child, then it is she that must be looked after and fed correctly, in order to insure the health of her infant. Many a mother is indirectly the cause of a fatal illness in her child, through errors in her own dietetic habits. Either she eats irregularly, at any and all hours, late or early; or she overloads her stomach, and the nursing babe suffers; or she indulges in bad combinations of food, or in too many articles at a single meal; or she is fond of sweets and condiments, and is not willing to deny herself; or (worse than all) she buys stale vegetables or fruits in the market, and within twenty-four hours the child has something wrong in its bowels. The nursing mother cannot be too cautious in this respect. If she cares for the life of her little one (and what mother does not?), then let her look to it that her food be sound in quality, suitably prepared, and properly eaten.

But it is among the bottle-fed babies that the mortality is greatest, and especially in the hot months. Statistics have shown that death among this class of infants is more than six times as great as it is among those that are nursed by the mother, and more than three times as great as among the wet-nursed. And just here the question arises as to what is the best substitute for human milk. I have very little faith in artificial preparations and compounds; they make fat, logy babies who are ready to fall a prey to croup or the first disease that comes along.

After giving this subject much thought, I am inclined to the belief that pure "cows' milk," fresh drawn from healthy animals, is about the best. It may be from one cow, or from several; but there is one thing—it should not be too rich. The milk of Jersey cows contains too much fat, and not enough saccharine matter: this milk is good for making butter, but not for human babies. It is too unlike mothers' milk. The Ayrshire or the Durham cows (or even the common stock) are better in this respect: the milk is sweeter, and less oily. And if we take the cow with a young calf, the milk contains less fatty matter than that of the "stripper," whose calf is already weaned. It is the milk of the "fresh" cow, then, that is best suited to the young infant. As to pure milk, free from adulteration, it is, unfortunately, one of the hardest things (at present) to get—at least, in the cities. Why is this? Simply because the good people have not demanded it. There are ways to get it, once we but see the importance of it.

I submit this question, also, to the properly constituted authorities, or, rather, to the people themselves; for if they are not interested, pray, who are? I know it would be a very desirable thing if we had good, wholesome milk for the entire market; but if we cannot obtain that, then by all means let us have a special arrangement for the benefit of the babies,—"Milk for Infants," of the very best quality. Let the grown-up people (if they want it) have all the swill-milk, the milk of the poorly-fed cows, the diseased ones, etc. But let there be a dairy on purpose for the infant population; and let there also be a competent Board of Inspectors, clergymen, if need be, or (better) clergymen's wives, who will fall into no "rings" or "combinations." And let these put the proper machinery in motion to secure to our young or infant Americans their just and inalienable right—good food, suited to their needs.

In the mean time, what are we to do with the poor little creatures who are already sick or who soon will get sick, owing to the ill-feeding and neglect that too often fall to their lot? The disease will be, in nearly every instance, a bowel disorder, at least in the start. Either the child will be taken with vomiting and purging (a genuine *cholera infantum*), or there will be a troublesome diarrhœa: a little indiscretion in eating, or a little chilling of the surface, readily converts the latter into a fever disorder—dysentery. Then a doctor is called, and drug medicines are given. The case drifts from bad to worse, and very soon the brain is involved. The oppressive heat of July adds fuel to the fire; the fever continues, and also the delirium. Finally the strength gives way, and death comes to the rescue. The papers announce the fact; and each succeeding day there are similar announcements, and at the end of the week, the enormously high death-rate is given.

Nor is this mortality confined to children: grown-up people are not infrequently the victims, and usually from the self-same cause—indigestible food. It may be stale vegetables, over-ripe fruits, or half-spoiled meats, producing looseness of the bowels; this, with a little chilling in the evening, or a sudden checking of the perspiration at noon-day, will bring the patient to his bed.

The remedy? First of all, we should remove the cause. There is (in *cholera morbus*, certainly) something in the alimentary canal that is occasioning trouble: we must get rid of it. Full enemas of tepid water must be given, and the bowels thoroughly evacuated. These enemas may have to be repeated a number of times; and if there is severe pain or cramping, hot applications over the abdomen will be in order,—these to be renewed until the pain subsides. Sometimes gentle friction with the hand will also give relief, but heat, judiciously applied, is what usually relaxes best; this to be followed by a warm, wet compress, to reduce the local inflammation.

The patient, meanwhile, must be kept quiet, the feet warm, and the head cool; and should there be much fever, frequent sponging, or the full wet-sheet pack, should be given to reduce it. Food must be kept entirely away until the crisis is over and the sick one beginning to convalesce. Then you may begin (unless the patient is an infant) with a bit of hard, dry toast made from good loaf bread two or three days old; a little soft-boiled rice may accompany it as the appetite improves, or a cup of plain mutton broth may be given with the toast. But the rule is, extreme moderation—both in quantity and variety—till the danger is past and signs of recovery pronounced.

If the patient be an infant, the management is essentially the same, except the diet. The child, true to its natural instincts, will, if sick, generally refuse to nurse. This is right; nothing is needed. Even in a common diarrhœa, the food should be reduced to half rations; and in severe cases it should be withheld altogether until the sickness has abated and recovery is assured. Then begin with very little nutriment (mother's milk if the child nurses), and not too much of it. If bottle-fed, great care must be taken to secure good, pure milk, and fresh. Sometimes before milk can be given the little patient can take oat-water. This is prepared as follows: first boil the water, and let it get cold; then pour it over fresh oatmeal, stir well, and let the mixture stand,—say two or three hours. Then drain off the water, and give it; or it (the oat-water) may be mixed with fresh new milk, and a little of it fed to the infant.

It is astonishing how few cases of *cholera infantum*, *cholera morbus*, etc., prove fatal when there is right management from the start, and the treatment given in time. Neither is the illness of long duration. So wonderful a thing is the healing power of Nature, did we but give it a chance! The treatment itself may be outlined in a few words: remove the offending substance from the alimentary canal, reduce the inflammation in these parts, and keep away

the food. Have good nursing, with rest and quiet, and plenty of fresh air.

I need hardly add that the way to prevent these diseases is to remove the causes, dietetic and otherwise; and one that I have failed to refer to, is that of eating too much. This is particularly true of bottle-fed babies. They are almost invariably overfed—fairly gorged, I may say; and the food is given too fast. Another precaution should always be taken, particularly in warm weather. The nursing-bottles (let there be two—one to put in order while the other is in use) should be thoroughly washed out and scalded, as soon as emptied; and the rubber nipple should be kept scrupulously clean.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Japanese Screen.

THIS pretty piece of furniture, suitable for summer use as a protection from draughts when the windows are opened, or as a fire-screen in cool weather, is easily manufactured at home.

It is decorated with a really original combination of Japanese or Chinese crape pictures and Paris tinting with embroidery. The pictures are arranged to form groups between sprays of flowers copied from the full-size design given, which are drawn irregularly and grouped on the screen according to taste.

Each of the four leaves of the screen is four and a half feet high and fifteen inches wide, and has a light wooden frame of ash or maple molding two inches wide and half an inch thick, mitered at the corners to form a neat frame for the embroidery. On these leaves the foundation for the embroidery is then mounted,—preferably écru pongee silk, or linen of the same tint,—which is tacked on, with a neat folded-in edge, at the back of the frame. The material should be put on as smoothly as possible without stretching it so tightly as to make it "draw."

The outlines for the painted sprays are to be sketched in or stamped with the usual perforated designs, which can be obtained by placing the design we give, or a tracing of it, over a sheet of Crane bond paper, and running it through the sewing-machine set with a coarse, unthreaded needle.

The groups may be arranged with considerable variation by moving the design in different positions or omitting portions. The illustration of the group in actual size gives the mode of embroidery and tinting. All the flowers are tinted a delicate pink and the leaves with pale green, and the embroidery stitches are put in with filo floss silk in dark red, bright crimson, and white, the flowers being more or less embroidered. The leaves are done in shades of green, the stems in brown silk, and the flower-stamens in black chenille.

The crape pictures, of which our illustration shows one about one-third of the actual size, may be purchased for a moderate price at any Japanese store. They must be carefully gummed on with good flour-starch or embroidery paste, and then appliquéed with fine white silk in stitches set far apart. The foundation silk may have a lining of rose-colored silesia, which will give a charming effect. Each leaf of the screen shows at the upper edge a border of brown ribbon folded to form a serpentine row of points. The leaves are to be joined together, when finished, with small brass hinges, and two gilt balls at each fold, and one at each outer edge, serve as feet.

Home-Made Portières.

THE most elaborate effects may often be produced with very ordinary materials, and this is the secret which, once mastered, gives unlimited scope to the inventive talent of the home decorator.

A portière for summer is often desirable for certain

reasons : it leaves such a gap in the rooms when the heavy winter draperies are taken down, and yet they must be dispensed with in order to have the necessary circulation of air during the summer months. In this case a pretty substitute for a winter drapery is a portière made of rope,—the ordinary cotton clothes-lines will do nicely if the macramé rope, which is sold for hammock hangings, etc., is not attainable.

A rope portière is not difficult to make. Cut the rope in lengths to reach from the pole to within six inches of the floor, and attach each length to a ring. Make a tassel at the lower end by fringing out the rope about eight inches and tying a knot above. Variety may be afforded by using alternating lengths of rope, or arranging them in graduated lengths so that they will form points at the bottom.

If a curtain pole and rings are too expensive, use a rustic pole and screw in it, in a straight line, as many screw-eyes as there are lengths of rope, and attach each length of rope to a screw-eye ; then fasten the pole up to the door-casing with leather bands or a loop of rope. The expense of this really artistic hanging is only the price of the rope and a few cents for the screw-eyes. The portière can be parted anywhere, as those of Japanese bamboo and beads are, and needs no looping, as it looks better hanging perfectly straight.

A still less expensive hanging, in similar style, can be made of strips of woolen cloth,—pieces left after making dresses, etc. Cut the cloth into strips three inches wide, and sew them together in lengths of three yards each. Fold the strips lengthwise through the center and run the two edges of each strip together, which will make the lengths narrower ; then select six lengths, sew them together at one end, and braid the six together, taking two lengths to each strand. Be careful to keep the seams inside the braid so that the work will look smooth and even. A tassel for the end is made by cutting pieces of felt or cloth in very narrow strips sixteen inches long, and tying a cluster of them together in the middle ; fold them over, and wind them around, about two inches from the top, with strong thread. This will make a neat tassel for the end of the braided strip. The braids of cloth are then to be hung as described for the rope portière.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY AND TINTING FOR JAPANESE SCREEN.

CRAPE PICTURE FOR JAPANESE SCREEN.

Any and all colors can be used with or without method in their arrangement; and a really handsome hanging can be made in this way of scraps of cloth that might otherwise be thrown away as useless.

Netted Hammock.

To make this hammock, about one pound and a half of macramé cord will be needed. The netted part is extremely durable, and the meshes at each end are slung over a slender rope two yards and three-quarters long, by which it is to be hung up.

No. 2 shows the way this is done, in reduced size. At regular intervals (about half an inch apart) nails are driven into a heavy board, and the end of the cord is fastened by the first one. The cord is then twisted into a loop about eleven inches above each nail (see the illustration), and then the rope is slipped through in the direction indicated by the arrow-head, before drawing the knot up tight. The cord is then caught over the next nail, and a second knot made above like the first; the knotting is continued in the same way until forty-six loops are made over the nails, which finishes the first row, leaving the end at the left-hand side to continue the netting with The cord is then removed from the nails, and the knots are drawn together on the rope, which is tied to a staple, some heavy article of furniture, a door-knob, or something which will hold it firmly.

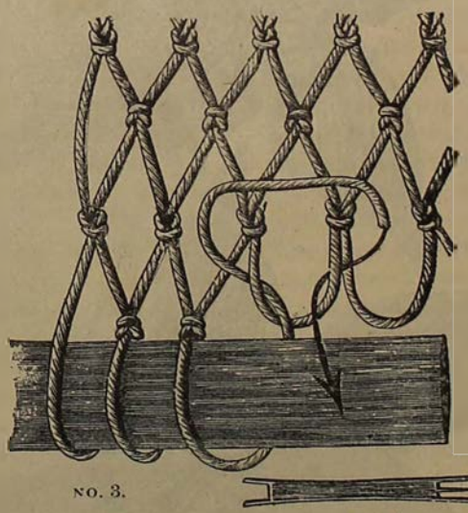
NO. 2.

The netting can now be begun, using the loops just finished as the first row. The netting requires a flat mesh-stick one inch and a quarter wide, and a wooden netting-shuttle, eleven and three-quarter inches long and the same width as the mesh-stick, on which to wind the cord. (See No. 4.) No. 3 shows how the knots are looped, with the cord half the actual size.

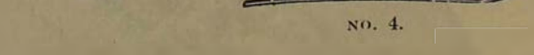
The cord continuing from the first row is laid over the front of the mesh-stick, the shuttle is put underneath it and into the first loop and drawn through above the mesh-stick, the loop being held between the thumb and second and third fingers of the left hand. The cord is then laid toward the right, and the shuttle put through the loop as indicated by the arrow-head, and the knot drawn in tightly, without letting it slip from the fingers.

After netting forty-eight rows, another row of loops is to be netted over a strip of heavy cardboard eleven inches wide, to correspond with the first row, and these are drawn upon a cord or rope the same as the first row.

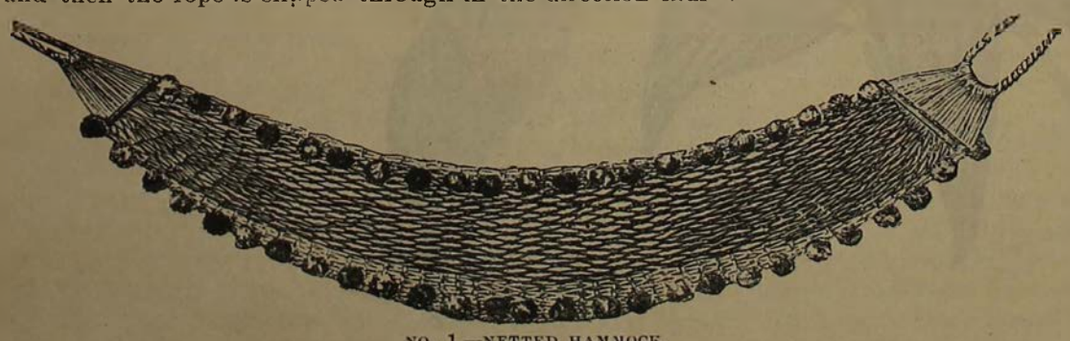
The sides of the hammock are trimmed with red and blue worsted pompons, and the ends are held apart by wooden rods eighteen inches long with cleft caps at each end.



NO. 3.



NO. 4.



NO. 1.—NETTED HAMMOCK.

THE most fashionable lamps are those on tall standards, especially for country houses. They are of wrought brass or copper, wrought iron, or some other darkened metal, and some of them, although elegant in appearance, are not at all expensive. One is often seen placed in a corner, surrounded by a few ferns or palms in pots, and decorated with a large lamp-shade of crimson or yellow silk. For a wedding present one of these high lamps is quite appropriate, and very few of the displays of gifts at fashionable weddings are without one.

Household.

A Summer Breakfast-Party.

THE late morning hours are the most delightful part of the summer day, and in the country and at watering-places charming entertainments are given in the morning, which somewhat resemble luncheons, yet, because of the earlier hour at which they are given, are called breakfast-parties.

The residents of a pretty cottage or villa can invite a dozen, more or less, of their acquaintances, and the breakfast-party thus affords an excellent opportunity to bring together strangers to each other whom it is desirable to make acquainted, or the few young people of a scant neighborhood, many of whom, perhaps having been away at college or in the city during the winter, need to be reminded of each other's proximity.

Invitations to a breakfast-party should be sent several days beforehand: they may be simply informal notes; or written on the hostess's visiting-card, under the name, may be:

Breakfast, Tuesday, July ninth,
at eleven o'clock.

These invitations, like all others, require a prompt and courteous reply. A very formal breakfast requires more ceremonious invitations, which are engraved on fine note-sheets like those for a dinner-party.

For the most part, however, the charm of these early repasts is their informality and simplicity. The hostess receives her guests on the piazza or porch, the ladies wear dainty morning costumes, with picturesque hats which need not be removed, although gloves should be taken off before going to the table. Gentlemen wear their usual morning dress.

The appearance of the table, which may be set on the piazza if space permits, may be made as attractive as at any other meal; the table-cloth and napkins should be of white damask or bordered in colors to match. Flowers, of course, are always the most tasteful decoration, and it is quite the fashion to use one particular flower, calling the entertainment, for instance, a rose-breakfast, using roses exclusively for decoration, and for corsage bouquets to be laid at each lady's plate. A rosebud may also be provided for a *boutonnière* for each gentleman.

The following will be an appropriate bill of fare, but of course is susceptible of many variations, according to taste and convenience, remembering always that the menu should be rather dainty and tempting than elaborate. Coffee, tea, and chocolate are served by the hostess at the head of the table. The host helps out the substantial dishes of each course, and the waiter hands vegetables and *entrées* from the sideboard.

BILL OF FARE FOR BREAKFAST-PARTY.

Strawberries. Melons.
Broiled Spanish Mackerel. Soft-shell Crabs.
Spring Lamb Cutlets, Italienne Sauce.
Fried Chicken. French Fried Potatoes.
Omelet with Truffles.
Lettuce Salad. Sliced Tomatoes.
Rolls. French Pancakes.
Coffee. Tea. Chocolate.

Of course some of these dishes may be omitted, and one variety of fruit is enough for a small party.

After the breakfast is over, the hostess with a smile and bow gives the signal for rising from the table, and all proceed to the parlor or shaded piazza, where, after a little parting chat, the guests take their leave

No after call is necessary unless the entertainment is of a ceremonious nature, in honor of some special young lady or social lion, in which case the usual observance of etiquette is necessary. Yet the informal breakfast-party is by far the most enjoyable in the early summer time, when the song-birds and roses make all the long morning musical and sweet, when—

"The rosebuds press their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves."

Summer Entrees.

THE various "made dishes," or *entrées*, which are such a welcome relief from the invariable but necessary boil, stew, and roast, are still more welcome in summer, when the appetite is apt to be as variable as the ambitious thermometer, but generally in an opposite direction, since the mercury is often apparently bent on "breaking its own record" with each succeeding day.

It is true that these dishes require more delicate treatment than the plainer ones, yet a prettily made *entrée* so sets off a simple meal, that it is well worth the little extra trouble it costs to prepare it, especially when one has invited guests.

For instance, a dish of fruit fritters is easily prepared, yet dainty enough for any service. For the batter, use one tea-cupful of flour, half a tea-cupful of milk, one table-spoonful of sugar, one table-spoonful of melted butter, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and the grated rind of a quarter of a lemon. Mix the sugar, flour, salt, and lemon-rind together; beat the eggs light and add the milk to them. Pour this on the dry mixture, beat well, and add the melted butter. A table-spoonful of pure olive oil is better than melted butter, if it is to be had, for butter congeals slightly unless the mixture is warm, which is not desirable. Only one egg need be used, but the batter is richer with two. Dip slices of cored apples, oranges, bananas, quartered peaches, apricots, or pears, or strawberries, into the batter, coating the fruit thoroughly, and fry in boiling fat for about three minutes. A croquette-kettle or frying-basket is best for these fritters; but if there is no such utensil in the kitchen outfit, a Scotch bowl may be used, using plenty of hot fat, and taking out the fritters with a fork as soon as they are a golden brown.

Strips of fried bread for *canapés* must be fried in the same way. *Canapés* are served at dinners, luncheons, suppers, and garden parties, and are most delicate appetizers. They are made of almost any kind of preserved fish and thin strips of fried bread. Cut the slices of stale bread about one-quarter of an inch thick, and in strips three inches long and one inch and a half wide, and fry to a golden brown color. When cold, spread with anchovy paste seasoned with lemon-juice and a little cayenne. To make the paste, remove the bones from four anchovies and pound them smooth, and add a table-spoonful of butter and one of lemon juice. Russian caviare, broken up with a fork and flavored with lemon juice, then spread on the fried bread, makes caviare *canapés*. Arrange the *canapés* in a flat dish and garnish with a circle of olives. *Canapés* may be served at the beginning of a dinner or after soup or fish. At gentlemen's suppers, frequently the host prepares them at table, the strips of fried bread, and paste, lemon, and cayenne being placed before him.

Lobster *farci* is an excellent *entrée* for a summer dinner. To make it, cut boiled lobster into small pieces, and to each pint allow a half-pint of milk. Rub one table-spoonful of flour and one of butter together, and stir into the milk, which must previously be brought to a boil; add one table-

spoonful of dried bread-crumbs, stir till smooth, then remove from the fire, and add a table spoonful of chopped parsley, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs (mashed), some grated nutmeg, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper ; mix, and add the lobster. Wash the lobster shells, and cut off the under part of each. Put the two large ends of the tail shells to the body of one lobster, thus forming a sort of boat ; pour the mixture into this, brush over the top with beaten egg, dust with bread-crumbs, and place in a quick oven for fifteen minutes, to brown. Serve hot, in the shell, garnished with radishes and water-cresses.

Corn mock oysters make a most delicate *entrée* which may serve as a summer substitute for fried oysters. The following receipt is excellent : Mix into a pint of grated green corn three table-spoonfuls of milk, one tea-cupful of flour, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, and one egg. Drop a dessert-spoonful at a time into a little hot butter, and fry on both sides, turning carefully with a slice or griddle-cake turner. Serve hot.

Green peas enter into the composition of many delicious *entrées*, such as calves' brains escaloped with peas, and omelet with green peas (given in June Magazine) ; yet unless they are peas which have been boiled and left over, and need re-heating, or canned peas, it seems almost a pity not to serve such a dainty summer vegetable simply prepared.

Piazza Furnishings.

THE favorite summer lounging-place is usually the veranda, piazza, gallery, or porch, as it is variously called in various localities ; and as many hours are spent there during the summer solstice, it is really worth while to fit it up comfortably.

A few wicker or rustic chairs, some hanging baskets, and canary-birds in cages are often thought of and provided, but a floor-covering is not always considered necessary ; and yet when the dainty muslin or lace dresses of ladies touch the floor, as they must when the wearers are seated, more or less dust is sure to be swept up and retained, to the detriment of draperies and flounces.

A rug of some sort is indispensable, and the Kensington art-squares are very nice for the purpose, as they are light and easy to handle,—qualities which are desirable in a piazza rug,—and therefore the heavy Smyrna and Oriental rugs are hardly suitable for ordinary use on a piazza, as a sudden shower oftentimes sends everybody flying indoors, and carpet and all must be hurriedly taken up and in out of the way.

Two or three breadths of ingrain carpet, according to the size of the space to be covered, and of the length required, sewed together, and hemmed at each end or bound with carpet binding, make a very nice rug, and so do lengths of Chinese matting put together in the same way. The breadths of matting will have to be joined together with twine, the two edges overhanded together loosely with a sail-needle, so that the edges will meet flatly when the matting is laid down. The ends may be bound with strips of scarlet or gray cloth, and the matting rug, when not in use, can be rolled up and set on end in a corner of the hall.

Squares of linen crumb-cloth, with the figures embroidered in colored worsteds, are nice when the piazza is used for a morning sewing-room ; and a less expensive floor-covering, and one that can be easily cleaned, is made of breadths of heavy crash toweling with the seams coarsely herring-boned or feather-stitched with crewel or Germantown yarn. Worsted fringe can be added to make the rug more showy, by knotting in several strands of worsted at regular intervals all around.

Besides the rugs, awnings or curtains are needed for the comfort of the piazza occupants, and these may be put up on the ordinary curtain-poles supported from brackets or the ordinary fixtures, and hung across or in front of the piazza, as required. Striped awning-cloths and tennis suitings are very suitable, and need only be sewed together in breadths of the required size and either scalloped or cut out in points and bound with scarlet or blue braid. Very pretty piazza-curtains may be made of simple unbleached muslin, or even cheese-cloth, where only a screen from the sun is required, and finished at the sides and bottom with a band of Turkey red or dark blue cambric, of any width liked.

The curtains may be hung upon the pole with the ordinary curtain-hooks ; but if a pole is not to be had, buy a number of screw-eyes and screw them at regular intervals into the roof of the porch, to hold the hooks. Of course this will be more trouble than to remove the poles from the supports, for each hook must be removed from the screw-eye separately each time that the curtain is taken down, which is usually every day.

Cushions, for those who like to sit on the steps, are needed also, and these may easily be made of pieces of board or sides of boxes nailed together in the shape of an L to fit over the piazza step, padded with cotton, hair, or excelsior, and covered with any convenient material,—carpeting, felt, Turkish toweling, cretonne, etc. A simple hassock which may be flung down anywhere is useful also ; and any odds and ends of material may be used to make it.

Folding screens are convenient for piazza use to keep off sun and wind, and many consider a hammock almost indispensable. We give illustrations and descriptions of both conveniences this month ; and with these and the furnishings we have just been describing, the summer idler may enjoy his or her siesta or novel in luxurious comfort.

Love and the World.

SWEET is the evening breeze
That whispers through the trees
  Low lullabies ;
Sweet is the rosy light
Lingering o'er cloudlets white,
  As the day dies.

Each old familiar sight
Brings me new joy to-night,
  And strange surprise ;
Fair is each half-closed flower
At this calm evening hour,
  As the day dies.

Because love came to me,
And granted power to see
  With clearer eyes ;
Because, no more alone,
I am with thee, my own,
  As the day dies.

My life's last sun must set,
Dearest, ere I forget
  Such memories ;
How shall I wish to live,
What can the future give,
  When *this* day dies?

ROBERT EVERED.

What Women are Doing.

The Queen of Greece is a clever painter.

The Woman's Congress will meet in Denver, Colorado, next October.

There are eleven women students at the University of Lund, Sweden.

Miss Davis provides lady guides to attend ladies at the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant has been made a Vice-President of the British Peace Association.

Miss Emily Faithfull now gets a pension of $250 a year from the English Government.

The Princess of Wales is fond of all the arts, but is particularly devoted to music.

Elizabeth Mallet established and edited in London, in 1702, the first daily newspaper printed in the world.

Miss Arnold, sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the original of "Rose" in "Robert Elsmere," has been visiting friends at Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. A. Sawyer, of Boulder, Colorado, has been for ten years her husband's business partner in the principal book-store of the city.

Miss Mattie E. Anderson (colored) owns and manages a girls' school at Frankfort, Kentucky, which supplies public school teachers.

Mrs. C. F. Livermore, not Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, is the name of the lecturer who recently spoke at Detroit, Michigan, against woman suffrage.

Miss A. K. Murphy, who does an extensive real estate business in New York City, has applied for admission to membership in the Real Estate Exchange.

Miss Hanison, a celebrated English woman, who is authority on ancient Greek art, is candidate for the chair of archæology at University College, England.

Of the thirty-six women graduates from the Women's Medical College, Pennsylvania, only one-half were Pennsylvanians. Among the remaining eighteen were strangers from India, Japan, and Russia.

In a class of ninety students lately graduated at the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, four were young women. The fact is significant that one of them took first rank, and another second.

The Queen of Roumania has just written a play which is to be translated into English. It deals cleverly with a national subject, which is treated in a half-romantic, half-allegorical manner.

Miss Nettie Holliday, who has been visiting Mrs. Harrison at the White House, has been for the last six years a missionary at Tabreez, Persia, and will soon return thither. She is an old-time comrade of Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Eliza A. Clark, of Cleveland, Ohio, has given $100,000 to the Cleveland College for Women, a department of the Western Reserve University. One-half of the amount is to be expended in erecting the Clark Hall of Liberal Arts.

Mrs. Flora M. Kimball delivered the address of welcome at the Convention of Fruit Growers of the State of California, held at National City. This is the first time a woman was ever invited by the State Board to fill that important position. Her address was highly praised.

Mrs. Celia E. Wentworth, of New York, is said to be the only lady pupil Cabanal ever received into his studio. Mrs. Wentworth is now painting in a studio of her own in Paris, but she sent a picture to the spring exhibition at the New York Academy of Design.

Ella S. Leonard and **Caroline G. Lingle,** two Vassar girls, bought out a sickly newspaper published at Atlantic Highlands, New York, revived it, and are now doing a flourishing business. They not only do all the literary work of the paper, but manage a large job printing establishment.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold, the young artist from California, who is now in Paris and has achieved such a reputation as a painter of animals, especially dogs, was very seriously injured while painting her picture for the Salon. The turpentine she was using caught fire and burned her hands cruelly.

Chat.

A "LEMON PARTY" is the latest development of the "fad" for unique entertainments, of which the numerous "progressive" family were the forerunners, and is the ingenious conception of the brain of a prominent society lady whose intimate friends were the puzzled recipients of "At Home" cards bearing the following inscription:

Mrs. Robert Robinson,
At Home,
Thursday evening, at seven o'clock.
Please bring a lemon.

No intimation of the "plan and scope" of the entertainment was vouchsafed, although many were the inquiries and conjectures as to the meaning of the peculiar phrase; and—contrary to all tradition and precedent—it must be confessed that the gentlemen displayed quite as much curiosity as the ladies. No one for a moment thought of missing the entertainment; so at the appointed hour the guests presented themselves promptly at the residence of the fair hostess, each bearing the finest lemon procurable, and all equally ignorant of how they were to dispose of it after they got there. Lemon-colored decorations prevailed throughout the apartments, and the hostess wore black lace over lemon-colored satin, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses. Her greeting to each guest was followed by a request to "take the lemon to the dining-room and register." They found that apartment resplendent with golden light from "fairy" lamps with yellow shades, and, at a side-table, a lady and gentleman who composed what was styled the "Squeezing Committee." To these the lemons were delivered, each one tied with a ribbon marked in a different and distinctive way, and the name of the donor entered in a register. After all the guests had arrived and the lemons been marked, the guests again repaired to the dining-room, each lemon was cut in halves, the seeds extracted and counted, the number duly accredited in the register to the donor, and the seeds then placed in a transparent glass bowl, while the "Squeezing Committee" proved their right to their distinctive title by squeezing the lemons, the juice being afterward used for lemonade. The supper-table was covered with a yellow silk table-cloth, and bore a central decoration of ferns and roses; and a bouquet of yellow roses, tied with ribbon to match, lay beside each lady's plate. Lemon or lemon-juice was used in every edible and beverage served—lemon cake, lemon jelly, lemon ice-cream, etc. After these had been partaken of, the bowl with the seeds was placed on the table, each person was invited to guess the number of seeds in the bowl, and after every "guess" had been registered, the seeds were counted and a beautiful lemon-colored glass bowl awarded to the one who made the best guess, while the "booby" received a wooden lemon-squeezer as a souvenir. Another prize was given to the one who brought the lemon with the most seeds, and also to the donor of the lemon with the least seeds. "A little nonsense"—we all know how enjoyable it is. The "Lemon Party" was voted a success.

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THE popularity of the breakfasts, luncheons, and other entertainments designated by a particular color, seems to increase rather than decline. The decorations for a recent birthday luncheon were all pale yellow and delicate green, which the pure white napery rendered especially effective. The flowers were daffodils, and the *bonbonnières* were fluted boxes of pale yellow satin tied with green moiré ribbon, the tiny gilded tongs also ornamented with bows of green ribbon. Lovely *papier-maché* plates and cups, also *bonbonnières* in quaint shapes, paper napkins, and all manner of dainty conceits are now obtainable in various colors to use for these entertainments; and inexpensive decorations are the rule. At a "rainbow" luncheon, given for seven young ladies, the decorations at each plate were in one of the primary colors, with a band of *crêpe de Chine* of the same color reaching from the plate to a central mound of flowers of the same colors massed in sections. The napery was of a bluish-gray tint, which showed the scarfs and other decorations to advantage. The table was set on a broad piazza.

The World's Progress.

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

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

This convention did much intelligent and painstaking work during its recent session in the city. Foreign missions were extensively discussed, and encouraging reports were received of the results of missionary labor in Japan, China, Persia, and other countries. The doors of the world are being thrown open to Christianity, and its messengers and churches are springing up even in the highways and by-ways of heathendom. An animated discussion as to the propriety of revising and slightly altering the phraseology of the Confession of Faith provoked some very pronounced expressions from conservative churchmen, and equally emphatic insistance from those who are more progressive. It is said that scores of young men are kept out of the church every year because they will not subscribe to what they consider an ironclad and over-strict construction of doctrines. The subject of the union of the churches of the North and South was touched upon, but no settlement of the question was reached. The churches of the South form in themselves quite a powerful organization, but if united with those of the North, would consider themselves in danger of absorption, and therefore were reluctant to incorporate themselves with a body so much larger and more active. The Freedmen's Board received the commendation which its arduous labors merited, and although a very small minority objected to that recognition, the majority ruled, and the Assembly expressed itself as satisfied.

Sunday-school work was reported as unusually prosperous, and the attendance, interest, and financial condition of this branch of the church work was one of the pleasant milestones on the highway of progress. With all of its hard work, the Assembly did not neglect pleasuring. There were receptions, banquets, and an enormous excursion by water, the host being Hon. Elliott F. Shepard, who entertained his guests in his usual princely fashion.

One Phase of the Irish Question.

The establishment of a member of the royal family at Dublin Castle and the consequent gayeties of a royal court are looked upon as possible olive-branches which the English government may hold out to the Irish people. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. The love of ceremony and parade, even to ostentation, is ingrained in the very nature of the Irish masses, and it is not unlikely that such a course will meet with general approval, especially if the Queen visits Dublin and takes part in the court festivities. The leading argument advanced in favor of such an arrangement is that the office has steadily declined in importance and prestige owing to the political ascendancy of the Irish secretary; and that the proper method of restoring its authority is to take it out of the range of politics altogether, and convert it into a crown function to be performed by a member of the royal family. With Prince and Princess in Dublin Castle and a restoration of court ceremonials and gayety, it is thought that the loyalist forces in the island might be rallied, and the hallucinations respecting Home Rule dispelled. It will, however, be necessary to invest some important personage in the royal family with this authority, as the experiment of sending a son-in-law did not seem to work successfully, even with a member of the royal household as popular as Princess Louise.

Some of the wiser heads among the statesmen of England are of the opinion that the Irish question will never be settled save by allowing Irishmen to govern themselves. Be this as it may, the royal experiment is likely to be tried, and it is not unlikely that the Prince of Wales will be selected to establish the royal court at Dublin Castle.

The Charges against the Greek Church.

Prominent Russians in this country are arraying themselves against the Greek Church, which is, they declare, but a detective service in the interest of the Russian government. The members are required to go to the confessional at least once in three months. Failing to do this, they are objects of suspicion, and if of good family or in official position, they are subject to the strictest espionage and barred from occupying places of trust, it it being taken for granted that they are plotting against the government or have something to conceal. The fire in the Russian church in San Francisco has created great excitement, and is likely to be the beginning of a thorough investigation into the methods and purposes of the Greek Church in America.

England and Canada.

The state of affairs between England and Canada is just now an interesting study for politicians of all nations. The Dominion seems to be outgrowing its allegiance to the mother country, and there are mutterings of discontent which are likely to culminate either in entire independence for Canada or in annexation to the United States. England seems to be placed in a position where there are but two courses to take; either to put British Columbia under a strong military government, or withdraw from North America altogether and let matters take their course. The former policy would involve enormous cost, and has no surety of permanence; the latter means giving up a part and parcel of the royal domain, and, what is the most dangerous feature of all, establishing a precedent which might be a perpetual menace to English territory. Canada is, however, deeply in earnest, and something must be done. England is called upon to do voluntarily that which she did by compulsion many years ago. If Canada can gain by political policy the independence for which the United States paid such a fearful price, it will be greatly to the advantage of both parties.

There are grave deliberations and many conflicting opinions on the matter. The Queen is strongly in favor of retaining Canada as an integral part of the empire, even at a considerable sacrifice; but there are few among the wise men of England who think it can be done, at least for any length of time. Canada is a long way from headquarters, and so difficult to manage that keeping control of it may in a short time cost more than it comes to. Meanwhile the Canadian ministry are keenly alive to the perplexities of the mother-country on their account, and are not slow to make the most of their position and demand that consideration for the future which they feel has been denied them in the past. The masses of the people are awakening, and this always means revolt, and, if necessary, revolution.

Substitute Flax.

The Department of Agriculture has been for some time considering the question of what would be a satisfactory substitute for wheat on lands where the latter can no longer be cultivated to advantage; but what the substitute may be is not yet fully decided. The Assistant Secretary of Agriculture recently received a letter from Ireland recommending flax to be grown where the wheat crop no longer pays. The suggestion seems a reasonable one, and the advancement of the linen industry in the United States would certainly seem to be a desirable factor in its commercial interests. Let us try the experiment of substituting flax.

Hope for Russia.

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

It is to be hoped that the truth of this, like that of many other aphorisms, may be, by force of circumstances, reversed in certain applications; for, with the death of Count Demetrius Tolstoi, whom Stepniak long ago named the "scourge of Russia," it seems as if there might be an opportunity for the purifying streams of education, so long obstructed by the hand of the Czar's most potent adviser, to spread and expand amid the most benighted people that ever composed a civilized nation. Whether Alexander III. will continue the narrow-minded policy which denies free education on the ground that it increases the difficulties involved in governing a progressive people, remains to be seen. The idea that education of the serf weakens the power of his master, inspires the prevailing policy of government in Russia to-day; and even if Alexander listens to more liberal advisers, and modifies the restrictions of education for which the late Count Tolstoi was so largely responsible, it will be many years before education can be as general in Russia as it is in our country. There are indications that the Emperor of Russia is disposed to grant more liberty of knowledge to his people than his predecessors, and perhaps, in this case, the evil done may not long survive its agent; but, be this as it may, the principle of screwing down the safety-valve to keep the boiler from bursting has been attempted before, and always with disastrous results, sooner or later, to all concerned. The discipline of Count Tolstoi is in the nineteenth century but not of it; and the anachronism of such a course of government as he has dictated must, ere long, cease to exist in contemporaneous history.

A Modern Pompeii.

Mr. Franklin W. Smith, of Saratoga, is building a Pompeiian mansion on a magnificent scale. This house, which is to be an exact reproduction of the style, architecture, finish, and furnishing of some of the long-buried residences of Pompeii, will be of special interest to all antiquarians and scholars, and an endless source of entertainment to the general public. It will be the largest building of its kind in existence, and will far surpass the Sydenham and Aschaffenburg reproductions (the latter built by Louis, King of Bavaria), or that of Prince Napoleon in the Avenue Montaigne, Paris. The outside color of the building will be mainly red, relieved with black and yellow. These colors are permanent, being worked into the concrete of which the walls are built. The public hall, or *atrium*, will contain statues of the Muses, while other statuary will be of the various gods who presided over the general and domestic affairs of the Pompeiian people. Drawings for these and all other portions of the

dwelling will be made from patterns and models in the British Museum, the Louvre, and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Special upholstering stuffs are being made in Paris, and couches of the precise style and pattern of those found in Pompeii will be draped with them.

A curious feature of the place is the size of the sleeping apartments, which are called *cubiculums*, they being nearly cubical in shape and about ten feet in height, width, and length. A garden, altar, library, and grand hall of entertainment will also be among the attractions, and a *solarium*, situated upon the roof of the main building. Here will be an elevated garden and promenade with caryatides and statuary supporting ornamental trellises. A library of illustrated literature will be among the treasures of this wonderful house, and will contain, when completed, every available volume upon Pompeii and Herculaneum as well as the most important works upon Roman architecture and archæology.

Death by Electricity.

The dynamos have been purchased, the first chair made, and the first victim named for execution by electricity, according to the new mode of capital punishment which is to take the place of the gallows. William Kemmler, who has been found guilty in Buffalo of murder under very atrocious circumstances, will be executed in Auburn State Prison under the new Act. A minute description of the execution will perhaps, in accordance with the strict letter of the law, be withheld from the press; but the facts and scientific details will not be suppressed. The chair in which the criminal will be placed is made of heavy oak, and much resembles an ordinary reclining-chair tilted at about the same angle at which a man usually reclines in a barber's chair. It has sliding foot and head rests, which can be adjusted to suit the size of the occupant. Upon the day appointed for the execution, the warden of the prison, with a sheriff and a physician, will enter the condemned man's cell and adjust to his head a cap in which is fastened an electrode, or metal plate, covered with a sponge saturated with salt water. A strap fastened to this cap is brought down under the arms and there fastened to a strong belt around the criminal's chest; and a special shoe fitted with an electrode is put on one of his feet. While still in the cell, the electrical resistance of the subject is determined by means of special instruments, and he is then conducted to the execution-room. He is placed in a recumbent position, the electrodes pressing slightly on his head and foot, and snaps fasten the belt and straps around his chest and on his ankles to the chair. Two flexible wires, which pass through the chair and connect with the dynamo, are connected with the electrodes; an assistant gives a signal, the executioner touches a button, and in one one-hundred and fiftieth part of a second all is over.

The New "Puritan."

The largest double-turreted monitor in the navy, the new iron-clad "Puritan," is a war-vessel built of iron throughout, and when completed will carry four ten-inch guns in two armored turrets, and a secondary battery consisting of two six-pounder rapid-firing guns, two three-pounder rapid-firing guns, two revolving cannon, and two Gatlings. The motive power is furnished by two direct-acting horizontal compound engines in a watertight compartment, with two cast-iron four-bladed screws fifteen feet in diameter. Her average speed will be thirteen knots an hour. Such a steamer as this—that can throw five-hundred-pound projectiles, with a low freeboard, only thirty inches, which will make firing at her very uncertain—will be of great service either for defense or attack; any high-freeboard vessel would be at a great disadvantage in a combat with the "Puritan," which need fear but few vessels afloat.

The Romance of Science.

The discovery by Mr. Edison of the present form of incandescent light, began with a series of experiments on various substances to find a material suitable for the loop. This was the chief problem the "Wizard of Menlo Park" had to contend with, and he made a series of most costly experiments before he decided upon the carbon filament which is the horseshoe-shaped loop seen inside the pear-shaped glass globe of the incandescent lamp. Thread loops and tiny cardboard horseshoes were charred into carbon for the loop, and found to some degree suitable; but Mr. Edison finally concluded that the fibre of a certain kind of bamboo was the best substance for the carbon filament. To obtain this, one of his assistants, Mr. Frank McGowan, traveled to and through the unbroken forests of South America. The recital of his adventures sounds like a romantic legend. He encountered all sorts of dangers from wild beasts, predatory bands of Indians, and the ravages of tropical fever; and after traversing the continent from ocean to ocean, fording rivers, wading swamps, and scaling the Cordilleras, he has finally returned with a varied stock of fibrous material, which will be applied to experimental work. The adventures of this champion of science were, for the year he was away, more thrilling than those of the knights of legendary lore, who, to rescue some maiden or slay some monster, dared unknown perils. He tells some strange tales of the people he met—the courteous Brazilians who rate a man's position in society according to the value of the hammock he possesses, rather than by his dress, and the Indians who are too lazy to work and keep feast-day three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and, except under compulsion, will not work at all.

A Primitive Colony of Jews in India.

In the vicinity of Bombay there live, scattered through a considerable number of villages, some ten or twelve thousand descendants of ancient Jewish emigrants, who in some way, for many centuries, have been in a state of total isolation from their tribe and race. These Jews call themselves Bne-Israel, or sons of Israel; and until lately the designation Jehudi, or Jews, was passed among them as a term of reproach. They practice circumcision according to the Mosaic law; but in place of the Old Testament, of which, until a few years since, they possessed no scriptures, their laws were handed down by oral tradition. Therefore it is natural that superstitious observances of various sorts should have crept into their worship, and that their prayers to Jehovah should have become tainted with idolatry and the worship of false gods. From the Arabian Jews who carried on business with Bombay before the discovery of a sea-passage from Europe to India, they obtained part of the liturgy of the Sephardim, and they use this in their poor meeting-houses, or synagogues. Their occupations are commonly those of the lower classes. In Bombay they are, with the exception of a few merchants and scribes, almost exclusively mechanics, especially stone-cutters and carpenters. On the continent they are agriculturists or are occupied with the manufacture and sale of oil. Here and there one may be found among the native troops of the English regiments. It requires no very discerning eye to distinguish them from the other natives of the province. The color of their skin is lighter than that of the Hindu, and their type of countenance indicates their Arabian ancestry, for it combines the usual Hebrew cast of features with a marked inclination to the Arabic peculiarities of countenance. Their clothing is a combination of the costumes of the Hindus and Mahometans among whom they dwell. They will not eat with anyone of a different religion, although they will drink from any vessel, without regard to caste. They usually have two names, one of which is taken from Old Testament history, while the other is an ordinary Hindu name. They have no tradition as to which of the tribes of Israel they belong. The social and religious administrations of the community are in the hands of the elders, the chief of which in every village is called the *cadi*. These Bne-Israel, like the remnants of the Jews in Arabia, have excited great interest of late in England, for it is by some believed that these are the remains of the lost "ten tribes," in opposition to the "Anglo-Israel" theory, which exists in spite of history and all intelligent knowledge, that the English themselves are these lost ten tribes of Israel.

Freezing as an Element in Excavating.

Artificial freezing has been successfully employed to facilitate mining, bridge building, and other work where extensive excavations are necessary. The process consists in sinking pipes closed at the lower end and each containing a smaller pipe open at the lower end, down which strong brine is pumped, which rises in the outer pipe and returns thence to the ice-machine to be cooled again. The practical utility of this system is that quicksands, which have hitherto resisted all attempts at control, may be frozen and taken out in sections, or a basin may be frozen, which is readily emptied of sand in the usual way. Springs and fissures in rocks may be closed, and all percolation of water or sand may be prevented. The possibilities of this freezing process may be imagined by the statement that a pit for a bridge pier may be frozen to any desired depth. Water, deposits, and the soil below the water may be congealed into a solid and impervious wall, practically a coffer-dam, and so remain at the pleasure or convenience of the workers. In tunneling it is of great utility. In Stockholm it became necessary to tunnel into a hill occupied by private residences. It was feared that the ground would cave in or that the buildings would settle, but the freezing process was resorted to with perfect success. Foundations which have settled may by the use of this process be repaired without risk, and in mining it is likely to prove of extraordinary value.

A Wonderful Mummy.

A singular story of a most wonderful mummy, was circulated among the papers of the year 1843. An eccentric invalid Englishman, who was traveling in Egypt, had the fancy to have his body preserved as a mummy after he was dead. Feeling his end was near, he induced, by costly bribes, one of the native sheiks to promise him that after he was dead his body should be embalmed according to all the rules of the art of making mummies, and then deposited in a king's tomb, from which the original mummy had been removed. A tablet, with an inscription telling who he was, was to be placed on his breast, and he bound the sheik by the most solemn of oaths to keep his word and fulfill the remarkable injunction. The man really kept his promise, and the eccentric son of Albion slept some years, as soundly as a real Pharaoh, in his royal tomb. But after awhile an exploring Frenchman came that way, who was bound to have a mummy, and by his flattering inducements obtained one of this same sheik. The Englishman's mummy was carefully packed and sent to Paris, where an eager circle of mummy scholars assembled to see the embalmed body divested of its covering. After unrolling some hundred yards of linen,—which seemed to be in remarkably good condition,—the tablet came to view; and still more remarkable, no hieroglyphics appeared, but in good English these words: "Peter Singkirps, Fenchurch Street, Soap-chandler to the Royal Family, Parish of St. Luke, London."

The Green Leaf.

WHEN the trees and shrubs in our parks and woodlands first deck themselves anew in the full glory of their summer foliage, with what a profound thrill of delight and admiration do we all behold on ten thousand boughs their exquisite and delicate fresh young verdure! How infinitely varied and beautiful they all are—the horse-chestnut, with its pale green five-fingered leaflets; the elm, with its darker and simpler little crinkly leaves; the oak, with its yellower and richer coloring; the willows, with their hoary and pendent blades hanging like tresses on the wand-like osiers! And yet how few of us ever really recognize what object the leaves are there for at all—what function they subserve in the domestic economy of the trees and plants themselves that bear them—what part they fulfill in the still wider and more delicately balanced commonwealth of universal nature!

To most of us here, in our everyday lives, a leaf is nothing more than a leaf—just a bright, flat, green blade, pretty enough to look at or to rest the eye upon, but devoid of any wider and deeper purport or meaning in the scheme of the universe. Nevertheless, to those who can see beyond the mere outer guise and semblance of things, the green leaf is perhaps the most important and significant fact in organic nature. All life, animal or vegetable, bases itself in the last resort upon leaves alone. Without leaves there could be no vegetation, and without the green herb upon the earth there could be no such creatures as beast or bird or fish or insect. In the leaf are laid up originally all the manifold materials which afterwards produce stem and bark and wood and fruit, plant and shrub and bush and tree, flesh and blood and bone and sinew—in short, every part of every vegetable and every animal, by sea and by land, all the world over. There is nothing in any one of us, or in any other creature on the face of the earth, that has not originally been elaborated and stored up for us from dead inorganic matter by the green leaf, that universal provider and prime manufacturer of organic life in all its phases.

So profoundly important indeed is the rôle played by the leaf in the history of life, both animal and vegetable, that a little time spent in the easy endeavor to understand and follow out the secrets of its working will not be wasted by any one of us. Most people at present believe, and believe erroneously, that plants grow out of the earth or soil. No mistake could be more widespread, more serious, or more fundamental. Plants do not grow out of the soil at all; they grow almost entirely out of the air around them. They may be regarded, in fact, as solidified from the carbonic acid that floats in the atmosphere—compressed gas, so to speak; or, to be more correct, one constituent of a gas reduced for a time to the solid condition. Whenever we burn a stick or a tree, the vastly greater part of its substance goes off once more as carbonic acid into the air from which it was originally obtained. Our atmosphere consists, as everybody knows, for the most part of oxygen and nitrogen; but mixed up with or floating about among the atoms of these light gases, there is always a considerable proportion of that much heavier and compound gas, carbonic acid. It is this carbonic acid that forms the food upon which all plants feed, just as truly as a horse feeds off hay or grass, and as we ourselves feed off wheaten bread or beef and mutton. From that original gaseous material, mixed up in varying proportions with the elements of water, by far the larger part of every plant and every animal is ultimately built up.

Carbonic acid is what plants feed upon and eat; leaves are the mouths and stomachs by means of which they eat it and digest it. All over the surface of every green leaf the microscope reveals to our eyes enormous numbers of tiny orifices, exactly like the mouth of an animal, guarded by a pair of miniature lips, and known in the technical language of botany by the Greek word for mouths—*stomata*. In convenient states of the weather, and when plenty of carbonic acid is floating about in their immediate neighborhood, these tiny lips open wide and suck in eagerly every floating atom of their proper food-gas which comes anywhere within reach of their gaping little mouthlets. That is how the plant truly feeds: it absorbs and drinks up as much carbonic acid as it can possibly abstract among all the competing and opposition plants by which it is everywhere overtopped and surrounded. In the tiny stomachs and canals that lie within the surface of the green leaf, the plant proceeds to digest and assimilate the gaseous food it has thus greedily swallowed through its myriad mouths. For this purpose it needs the active co-operation of the power of sunlight. Under the decomposing influence of the light, the carbon and oxygen in the carbonic acid are bodily separated from each other; the oxygen is returned as a useless product to the air whence it came, and the carbon is retained by the plant itself for its own sufficient ulterior purposes. But this interesting chemical action, which lies, as we shall presently see, at the very foundation of all life, can take place only in immediate connection with the green coloring matter of ordinary foliage. The sunlight alone, falling upon carbonic acid in the air, does not decompose it into its two constituents, carbon and oxygen; but when it falls upon it in the tissues and intestines of a living plant, and in immediate contact with the very important green coloring matter, it breaks down at once the close union of the oxygen and the carbon, turning loose the one as a free gas upon the exterior atmosphere, and letting the other remain as a solid body in the cells and sap of the plant which has swallowed it.

The business of the leaf does not stop here, however; as yet we have only accounted for the presence of carbon in the vegetable tissues. This carbon is the most important, indeed, but not the only constituent of a full-grown plant. Besides eating with its leaves, the plant also drinks with its roots; and it is this necessity for drink—which it takes in from the damp soil—that has given rise to the common and very erroneous belief that plants grow entirely out of the earth, and derive from it the mass of their component material. In reality they grow almost entirely out of the air, and derive from the soil very little stuff of any value except water. This water is worked up in the leaf with the carbon the plant has already derived from the air, into starches, sugars, and other vegetable food-stuffs. From these food-stuffs again, by means of the circulation of the sap, all the other parts of the plant are finally built up. It is in this way that, in the subtle chemistry of the vegetable tissues, stem, bark, roots, wood, flower, fruit, seed, and everything else that goes to make up a perfect tree, are all gradually and slowly elaborated from the material first swallowed and digested by the green leaf.

What then is the use to the plant of the soil beneath it? and why do some plants require certain soils rather than others? Well, in the first place the plant needs support and a solid foothold; a great oak could not rise majestically to the open heavens above unless it were firmly moored and anchored by its giant roots to the ground beneath; a wallflower could not hang on an old church-tower unless it had securely fastened itself on its dangerous perch by the network of fibres which it insinuates carefully into the cracks and crannies of its chosen home. Then, again, plants absolutely require water; and this water they can most conveniently and continuously obtain from the damp soil below the surface, which remains moister than the topmost

layers of earth, even during the severest and most protracted droughts. But, in the third place, in addition to the materials already named, plants do need in small quantities a few constituents from the soil—especially compounds of nitrogen—and these constituents are those which we often supply to cultivated plants in the form of manure. Certain species of plant also require in minute amounts certain special mineral constituents which particular soils alone supply them; and these, though relatively small in proportion, are as needful to them as salt is to the human organism. Thus, while it is true that plants do really feed mainly with their leaves, it is also true that they drink with their roots and take in very small quantities of sundry necessary solid matters in solution through the same rootlets in the act of drinking.

A hyacinth bulb, placed in one of the ordinary tall hyacinth-glasses filled with water, will grow and blossom without any soil at all from which to draw its supply of solid material. This, however, is hardly a fair case of true vegetable growth without the assistance of earth, for the starches and other food-stuffs out of which the hyacinth plant develops its large stem and bloom, were in great part stored up by the leaves in the bulb during the preceding summer; and, though the green foliage of the present year aids largely in its growth by itself feeding off carbonic acid under the influence of sunlight, it must nevertheless be admitted that a large part of the total result is derived from previously supplied material. But it is now known that almost any plant can be successfully grown from the seed suspended in the air, without the aid of any soil beneath it at all, if only its roots are properly moistened and small quantities of a few essential chemical bodies supplied in solution in the water that it drinks. It has thus abundantly been proved, both by observation and experiment, that plants grow directly out of the air, that they feed almost entirely upon carbonic acid, that they drink water from the soil with their roots, and that from carbon and water, with a little nitrogen and other unimportant mineral materials, the vast complexity of all their parts and tissues and organs is at last built up. A tree is just solidified carbon, extracted from the atmosphere, and mixed with the gaseous constituents of water. Burn it up, and it goes off as gas, only the small mineral residuum remaining as ashes.

How interesting and important from this point of view does the tiniest leaf or blade of grass become to every one of us! It is the marvellous yet minute laboratory of nature in which, by intricate chemical changes, that wonderful active energy, the sun's light, breaks down the unions of the prime elements of carbonic acid and water, and builds their atoms up again, in fresh combinations, into all those endless starches and gums and stringy fibres out of which all vegetable and animal life is finally compounded. The green stuff in the leaves of plants is the ultimate origin and final physical basis of all the life now existing upon the face of our planet. Without the green leaf no life could possibly be. Water and carbonic acid are but dead liquid and dead gas; the sunlight falls upon them in air or river, and quickens them not to life and organization. But, falling upon them in the leaves of plants, and side by side with this wonderful green coloring matter, which is, as it were, the manufacturer of the raw material of organism, it produces from them organic matter in its crude form—starch and protoplasm and cell-wall and sugar. It is in the leaf, in short, that the hitherto inexplicable change from the dead to the living first takes place. The leaf is the manufacturer that undertakes to produce organic substance; and the sun, as it were, the power supplied to it for doing its work of decombination, just as a head of water is to the miller, or steam-power to the cotton-spinner.

No animal can manufacture organic material afresh for himself; he takes it ready-made from the plant or from other animals. That is to say, in other words, he gets it, directly or indirectly, from the leaf, which alone is the prime manufacturer and sole patentee of all possible earthly food-stuffs. The caterpillar eats the leaf direct, the bird in turn eats the caterpillar, and man at last eats the bird. But, whatever the particular food-stuff on which we may at any time feed, we always find in the last resort that it was the leaf, and the leaf only, that made it. Nothing but the leaf, with its contained green material, or chlorophyl, can turn carbonic acid and water into the matter capable of sustaining life in plant or animal.

The wheaten bread we eat daily comes from the seed of corn; but the starch and gluten with which that seed is richly stored were laid up in its cells by the sap, which brought them direct on its course from their original factory, the blade or leaf, where they were first elaborated under the influence of sunlight in the cells and cavities of the green tissue. The beef we had to-day for dinner is the flesh of an ox: but all flesh is grass; for the ox absorbed it from the juices of grass, and the grass laid it by before in its own blades for its own use, having first manufactured it from carbonic acid, water, and soluble nitrogenous matter, in its own countless mouths and stomachs.

When the animal dies, his component elements go off once more into carbonic acid and water; but the plant proceeds forthwith to suck in the carbon over again with its tiny lips, and to manufacture it afresh into starch and gluten for the sustenance of future generations of animals. All the energy in both plant and animal is thus seen in the last resort to be the sun's rays stored up and kept for use, as electrical energy is stored in certain modern batteries, and as heat is stored in coal or wood; and the machine which is necessary for storing it up is the green leaf, that wonderful natural living engine for converting solar light and heat into the potential form, ready to be used up and given out again whenever needed in plant or in animal.

L. H.

"But Yet a Woman."

So rare she is, so fair she is,
I'm happy only where she is;
To see a beauty gleam of her,
Then when away to dream of her,
  Makes even absence a delight,
  Illumined by reflected light.

So sweet she is, so dear she is,
My heart leaps up when near she is;
Her voice, with feeling tremulous,
Makes every song-bird emulous;
  And, when it speaks to me, I know
  But only this—I love her so!

So good she is, so pure she is,
Of woman's best I'm sure she is;
And love has oped the door to me,
So what can life give more to me?
  No merit in myself I see,
  Yet her dear hand has lifted me.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Book Review.

Health in the Household; or, Hygienic Cookery, by Susanna W. Dodds, A.M., M.D., with whom our readers are familiar through her popular contributions to "Sanitarian," is a valuable work which the author has aptly dedicated "to all who love good health as well as good eating," and it should find a place in every household. This is not an ordinary cook-book, neither is it devoted exclusively to receipts and cookery; but the intelligent housekeeper, after reading Part I,—which, under the title "The Reason Why," is devoted to the subject of food generally, and the relative hygienic properties of different kinds,—will have gained more practical knowledge relating to the preservation of health than from volumes of medical works; and if the information be cleverly utilized in the selection and preparation of food for the family, the benefit will be noticeable, not alone in the general health, but in the decreased expenditure. While the author, from principle, advocates a vegetarian diet, she does not insist upon strict adherence to it; and while Part II is devoted exclusively to "The Hygienic Dietary," Part III, which is added to the last edition, offers "The Compromise," in which many dishes are included that belong naturally to a more "worldly" diet, and to which are added many excellent and practical suggestions about general housekeeping. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

Divorce; or, Faithful and Unfaithful, by Miss Margaret Lee, author of "Dr. Wilmer's Love," "Lorimer and Wife," and other delightful books, and with whom many of our subscribers are familiar through her charming contributions to our Magazine, was first published several years ago, before that much-discussed question "Is Marriage a Failure?" engrossed the attention of two continents. It is now republished, and as a valuable contribution to the marriage controversy it has the approbation of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, whose just and broad criticism of it was published in "The Nineteenth Century," and is embodied in the last edition of Miss Lee's book. To quote Mr. Gladstone: "The greatest and deepest of all human controversies is the marriage controversy. It appears to be surging up on all sides around us, and every book which helps definitely to map out its lines has on that account both interest and value. It is with great gallantry as well as with great ability that Margaret Lee has ventured to combat in the ranks on what must be termed nowadays as the unpopular side, and has indicated her belief in a certain old-fashioned doctrine, that the path of suffering may be not the path of duty only, but likewise the path of glory and of triumph for our race."

The novel possesses decided merit from a literary point of view. The story is told with a directness and simplicity of style, a total absence of all straining after effect, that are peculiarly charming, and the incidents are so natural—almost everyone can recall similar experiences among their immediate acquaintances—that it might well be thought to be a chronicle of actual events. Mothers and daughters alike should read this novel; and while interested in the story, and charmed by the manner of telling it, they cannot fail to be convinced of the pressing necessity for a sterner system of laws relating to marriage and divorce, and their convictions will surely, in time, exert a powerful influence on public opinion. Published by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York.

Mr. Henry Marion Howe's recently completed work, "On Iron and Steel, and Their Manufacture," has been very highly praised by scientific men, and it is said that no such thorough, exhaustive, and systematically arranged work has ever been written on any metal, as that which Mr. Howe has written about iron and steel. It will be translated into German. Mr. Howe, who is well and widely known in the scientific world, both in this country and Europe, is by profession a mining engineer and expert, and was educated at Harvard College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the talented son of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and we take this opportunity of correcting the statement that Mrs. Howe's "only son, Henry Howe, died at an early age." Henry Marion Howe is alive and well, and has recently been chosen one of the jurors at the Paris Exposition. It was Mrs. Howe's younger son, Samuel Gridley Howe, Jr., who died in 1863, at the age of three years.

Gertrude's Marriage, by W. Heimburg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., is a delightful novel of German life, in the author's usually happy vein, and the translator has been so thoroughly *en rapport* with the author, that neither incidents nor characters have lost any of their force or charm in the change of language. The name W. Heimburg, although masculine in appearance, is the *nom de plume* of Bertha Behrens, who is one of the foremost German novelists of the present time, and is considered the worthy successor of the lamented E. Marlitt. The book is embellished with numerous photo-gravure illustrations of a high order of merit. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

Masterpieces. This book presents a novel and attractive collection of gems of literature, including Pope's "Essay on Man," Æsop's "Fables," Milton's "Comus," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and three poems by Goldsmith,—"The Traveler," "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit,"—to which are added biographical and other notes and numerous illustrations. These were originally published separately by S. R. Wells, and are now combined in one volume, edited by H. S. Drayton, and furnish a choice little library in themselves, in a convenient and inexpensive form. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

"Cockle Shells and Silver Bells." Under this suggestive title Mrs. M. F. Butts, whose name is a familiar one to the readers of our Magazine, has collected nearly a hundred of her charming rhymes for children; and the little ones, and even the "children of a larger growth," who would not be charmed with these graceful poems, must indeed be hard to suit. There is something *apropos* for every season of the year and almost every hour of the day; and the mother or universal "auntie" equipped with these dainty rhymes possesses an "open sesame" to the heart of every little one. Love for nature and many a serious lesson is taught through these lovely verses, and things so pleasantly learned are seldom forgotten by young or old. "Where Do the Wrinkles Come From?" tells in simple guise a truth that all may take to heart with profit. Fine paper, wide margins, and good clear type add to the charms of this book, which should be in every nursery. Published by Moulton, Wenborne, & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Glimpses of Fifty Years: The Autobiography of an American Woman, is the story of the life of that noble woman and successful reformer Miss Frances E. Willard, written by her by order of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union; and its publication celebrates her semi-centennial, and also the fifteenth anniversary of the organization of the National W. C. T. U. From the dedication, to the "one royal heart that never failed me yet,—to mother, as a birthday gift on the eighty-fifth anniversary of her undaunted life," to "Vale," with its heavy blot and worn-out pen, there is not one of its over seven hundred pages that will not repay the reading, and few that do not furnish either encouragement or an incentive to emulate the example of this true Christian woman, who through all her strong, beautiful life has endeavored to do the will of God as far as she knew it, and who believes, and acts up to her belief, that "we have no more need to be afraid of the step just ahead of us than we have to be afraid of the one just behind us."

As Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith says in her loving introduction: "It is a home book, written for her great family circle, and to be read around the evening lamp by critics who love the writer, and who want to learn from her experience how to live better and stronger lives. It is a woman's book, warm, sympathetic, and off-hand." Every mother should read it, every son and daughter should read it, and gain inspiration from its pages; and no library, either for church, school, or home, should be considered complete without it.

In the book are embodied a history of the Woman's Crusade against the liquor traffic in 1874, and also of the origin and progress of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for which no more faithful and loving chronicler could be found than she who has been President of the National W. C. T. U. for the past ten years and is also President of the World's W. C. T. U. The book is embellished with numerous beautiful illustrations, and in every respect is a work of which its publishers—the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago—have reason to be proud.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 605.

In the days when fashions were restricted by more conservative ideas, the material of the costume was the principal and all-important point to be decided : the style in which it was to be made was already fixed, and the adventurous fair one who ventured to suggest a change from the prevailing mode was looked upon as little short of revolutionary in her ideas. To-day the style takes precedence of the material in importance; and she who is the fortunate possessor of "fairy fingers" to successfully carry out in simple materials the ideas of an artistic brain, is usually voted the "best dressed" woman in any assemblage, rich fabrics and elaborate garnitures counting as nothing in comparison to artistic effect.

If one possesses artistic taste in dress, but not the means to indulge in expensive materials, the soft challies and veilings and other inexpensive goods of the same class offer ample opportunity for the exercise of individual fancy ; and a pleasing combination of tints, the graceful arrangement of the drapery, the fortunate disposal of the garniture, or the use of some simple device to heighten a natural charm or render a shortcoming less noticeable, will often impart the *chic*, the individuality, to what might otherwise rank as an ordinary dress.

There is always safety in selecting plain materials, from an artistic as well as an economical point of view. Plain goods are becoming alike to slender and fully developed figures, and unless the color is very pronounced or distinctly a fancy of a particular season, it will not be noticeably old-fashioned the next. A favorite combination of colors this season (and one that is very generally becoming) is green and gray in all tints. Usually the same grade of shades is used, preferably soft, undecided tints ; but a light shade of gray with a dark shade of green, or *vice versâ*, is not unusual. Cream-white and the more decided cream-color are also associated with light grays and greens, and the effect is often enhanced by the judicious application of gold or silver soutache on the white, which, as a rule, is chosen for the accessories only—a short V-shaped piece back and front on the full waist, like a yoke, V-shaped cuffs on the full sleeves, and for facing the foundation skirt, which is disclosed at one side by the looping of the drapery.

The drapery looped at one side of the front in the simple fashion made familiar to us by the pictures of Marguerite is a general favorite for summer costumes, and young ladies frequently copy the entire design (the plain waist with its full guimpe, high frill about the throat, and puffed sleeves), which is easily and effectively reproduced in the pliant silk, wool, and silk-and-wool fabrics that possess the additional merit of being inexpensive.

Changeable taffeta silks, either plain or with fine stripes, are made into quaint-looking gowns with a rather scant skirt made of straight breadths, and a round full waist with shirred or smocked yoke and full sleeves ; and a long sash of solid-colored silk, matching the most prominent shade in the dress goods, with fringed ends, is tied around the waist and has a long-looped bow at the back. The foot of the skirt is bordered with a full pinked ruching of the same color as the sash, or the two or three colors in the changeable silk are combined in it, the lighter color in the center.

Quaint fichus made of a square of plain or embroidered lawn, mull, or net, edged with lace and folded diagonally, furnish graceful drapery for untrimmed waists, and, as they are very generally becoming, are very popular. The back corners are rounded, and the front corners are usually tucked inside the wide belt or sash. Marie Antoinette fichus are also revived.

Bonnets for midsummer are small toques of colored tulle, sometimes shirred on gilded wires, trimmed with a pompon of flowers in front, and trailing sprays of foliage encircling the edge like a wreath. Others are made entirely of flowers arranged on a silk-covered wire frame (which is not visible), and often so sparsely set that the hair is seen. One close-fitting toque is made of rose-branches (still bearing their thorns) which are interlaced to form a low crown with here and there a projecting spray bearing a bud, a cluster of roses is set in front, and a wreath of half-open roses and buds finishes the edge.

For information regarding costumes and toilets, thanks are due to B. Altman & Co., and Stern Bros. ; and for materials, to James McCreery & Co.

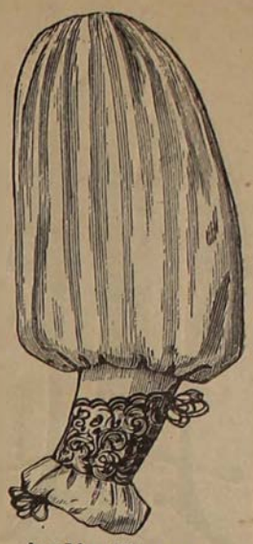
Felicia Mantelet.

A SUMMER mantelet, designed with a round cape at the back, and a long, pointed plastron in front. The illustration shows it made in currant-colored *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed at the back and sides with a plaited frill of black lace having a light embroidery of jet beads above, while the front has a broad fold of the *crêpe*, ornamented with small *motifs* of jet, on each side of fine side-plaits of figured black net. Bows of black satin ribbon ornament the shoulders and the lower end of the front. The hat is of black illusion, shirred, the edge of the wide brim trimmed with a wreath of fine, currant-colored flowers, a cluster of currant-colored ribbon loops on the top of the crown, back of a rosette of lace, and a scarf of lace which is carried from the back across the throat and suspended back of the opposite shoulder.

The design of the mantelet is so simple in shape that it can be used for any inexpensive material. Cashmere trimmed with a little jet and either lace or fringe would be suitable for practical uses; or it could be made of silk or velvet, and the pointed front entirely covered with jet. Anyone with patience and a little ingenuity could make it entirely of lace flouncing laid in fine lengthwise plaits, with passementerie in place of the broad bands in the illustration. Directions for the pattern will be found on page 590.

Aydia Sleeve.

A VERY becoming sleeve for light or medium weight goods. This differs from the usual styles of full sleeves in having a plain lining to support the full part. For dressy wear, the puff at the wrist is often made of plain or figured lace held closely to the arm by narrow ribbon run in the lower edge, and is pushed up to appear as shown in the cut. Directions about the pattern will be found on page 590.



Aydia Sleeve.

Conchita Jacket.

EITHER for an independent garment to wear with different skirts, or as a completion to a costume of the same goods, this is an excellent design. It is tight-fitting, of the same length all around, with plaits let in the back and side-form seams. If greater simplicity be desired, the full vest, plain outer fronts, and the deep puffs on the

Conchita Jacket.

sleeves can be omitted, and it will then be suitable for the simplest materials.

The illustration shows it made of fawn-colored India silk with a small floral design in India red, trimmed with a frill of Mechlin lace down the middle of the front, and coral-stitching of red silk on the collar, sleeves, and belt. The hat is of open-work straw, trimmed with red Brussels net, red ribbon, and black velvet.

The jacket pattern is especially appropriate for the jaunty and becoming garments of light or bright colored silk that are now so fashionable for house wear, and is suitable also for cotton and woolen fabrics. Various materials can be combined, according to taste. The pattern is fully described on page 590.

LEGHORN flats are more liked for children than ever, especially for dressy occasions. They are usually trimmed with rosettes of ribbon and floating ends, or with half-garlands of fine white flowers.

Traveling and Yachting Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Costume of dark green diagonal, the edges of the basque bound with black silk braid. The hat is of black English straw, trimmed with black wings, and a *rouleau* and loops of green surah. Tan-colored gloves.

The patterns used are the "Orra" basque and the "Orra" drapery. The basque has a plain postilion at the back, and is fastened with small black braid buttons; the chemisette and collar are of white piqué. The skirt, which is mounted over a gored foundation skirt, has a draped front, a side-plaited panel at each side, and at the back a bu:nous plait on each side of plainly hanging breadths shirred at the top.

The model is excellent for a traveling, yachting, or walking costume, and is suitably made in any of the materials used for such purposes. The patterns are fully described on page 590.

FIG. 2.—Costume of dark blue serge, with white serge trimmed with gold braid for the plastron, collar, revers, and

Traveling and Yachting Costumes.

ORRA BASQUE.
ORRA DRAPERY.
BERENDA WAIST.
GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.
ESTELLA JACKET.
KILT-PLAITED SKIRT.

1. Capote of Net and Ribbon.

2. Capote with Alsacian Bow.

lower parts of the sleeves. A cravat of white gros grain is tied under the revers. The hat is of cream-white felt trimmed with a blue-bird and a band of white gros grain. Tan-colored gloves.

The skirt drapery is the same as that shown on Fig. 1, the "Orra," and has three rows of gold braid near the bottom. The plain round waist, the "Berenda," is fastened down the middle of the front in the usual way, the revers are secured to the plastron, one side of which is sewed to the waist, and the other hooked over on the opposite front.

This design, although especially desirable for a yachting costume, is quite as suitable for other uses, and will be very stylish for the autumn, with velvet used in place of the white serge. The patterns are described on page 590.

FIG. 3.—Costume of gray alpaca, trimmed with gray cord passementerie. The hat is of gray straw trimmed with a white bird and gray surah. Gray gloves. This model is suitable for a traveling or walking costume, and, made in the materials described, is especially desirable for one to be worn for short excursions.

We do not furnish special patterns for it. For the skirt, the pattern of the "Kilt-plaited" skirt (illustrated in miniature on page 591) is used, the plaits omitted in front, and a plain apron substituted like the front of the foundation skirt, only a little wider at the top, and set on, not sewed in seams, so as to have the effect illustrated. For the basque, any favorite design can be used; the "Orra" (shown on Fig. 1) cut high in the neck or with the revers, is a good style. The jacket is like the "Estella" (illustrated in the June number), with the revers a trifle narrower, and the sleeves in coat shape. See page 591 for descriptions of the patterns for the kilt-plaited skirt and the basque, and the June number for description of the jacket pattern.

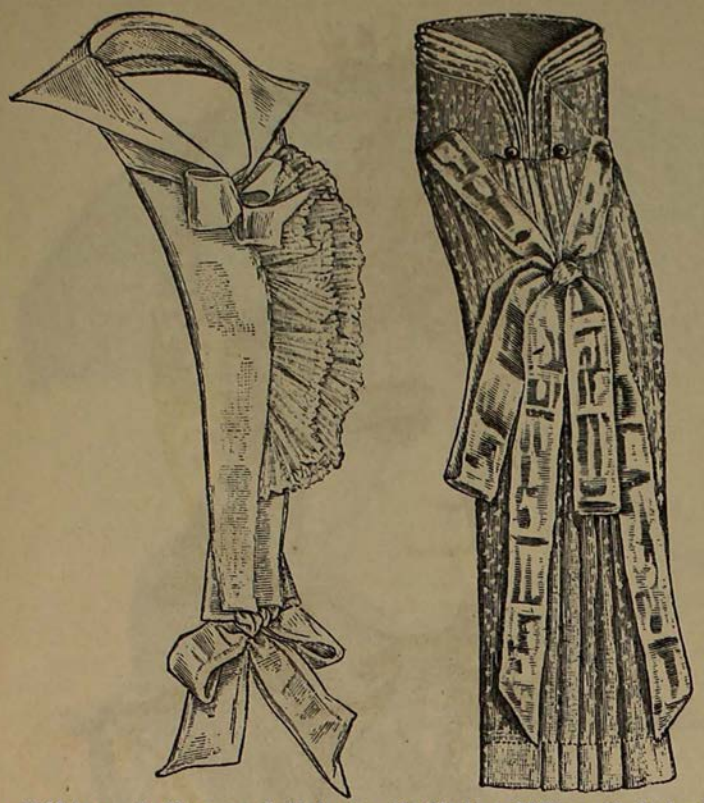
3. Straw Hat.

Midsummer Millinery.

No. 1.—A very stylish capote made of moss-green honeycomb net with pale green "baby" ribbon run through the meshes. A *rouleau* of moss-green velvet surrounds the bonnet, and there are two velvet loops in front, back of which are a pompon of the narrow ribbon, and a cluster of short sprays of lilacs without foliage. The strings are of the net with green ribbon run through.

No. 2.—A close capote made of brown tulle, shirred, with shaded yellow chrysanthemums set very closely around the edge, and in front an Alsacian bow made of brown and yellow ribbon with a cluster of the flowers and foliage falling over the middle. The strings are of brown ribbon.

No. 3.—A simple shade-hat of coarse fancy straw, a broad galloon of velvet embroidered with gold encircling the crown, and a long spray of roses of different colors, with foliage, arranged carelessly over the crown and falling toward the front. The brim is faced with shirred black tulle.



1. Ribbon Collar and Jabot. 2. Point d'Esprit Jabot.

Jabots and Lace Vest.

No. 1.—A collar and jabot that can be worn outside of a waist or basque, or with any garment with the upper part of the fronts cut away, in the latter case being placed inside the fronts, with the collar and frills outside, and the bow at the bottom omitted. It is made of ribbon of any color, and finely plaited white or colored *crêpe lisse*, the ribbon being folded to form the collar.

No. 2.—A long jabot and collar made of currant-colored *point d'esprit* net laid in plaits, and a long-looped bow of white moiré ribbon. The plaited net extends about four inches below the waist line.

No. 3.—A very convenient way of arranging a vest to wear with any cutaway garment, especially a Directoire redingote or basque. The foundation is cut like the front of any plain waist, but the side-forms and back pieces are omitted ; the collar, however, extends around the neck, elastic bands are used to complete the armholes, and a belt is sewed to the sides and fastened in the back. The one illustrated is intended for dressy purposes, and is made of figured lace and striped ribbon.

Yachting and Tennis Dresses.

One of the loveliest of yachting dresses is of wide-striped blue-and-white flannel, made with a plaited skirt having all the white stripes on the inside of the plaits, so that they do not show except as the wearer moves. The waist is a blouse of white serge with blue silk sailor-collar, cuffs, and cravat. A scarlet surah sash completed this simple but effective costume, which was worn at the naval parade during the Washington Centennial. The red sash, which was chosen to complete the trio of national colors, is by no means obligatory, but these gay silk sashes are a most effective and favorite addition to all yachting, boating, and tennis costumes.

The latter are made in similar styles, with plain skirts and blouse or jersey waists. Yet stripes are rather more liked for tennis suits than plain flannels, and the wonderful variety in tennis cloths, as they are called, affords abundant opportunity for the exercise of individual taste, although the styles are so simple. It is the fashion to wear a blouse of plain and a skirt of striped goods, or *vice versâ*, with a strong preference for the first-mentioned arrangement; and some young ladies wear "blazers," or gay-striped jackets of silk or wool goods—precisely similar to those worn by their brothers over their blouses, when the weather is cool.

Some of the dressier tennis gowns are made with accordion-plaited skirts of white or dark-blue mohair, and blouses of soft flannel to match. The addition of rows and rows of narrow ribbon, sewed on before the skirt is plaited, is one of the popular fancies of the season.

The all-knitted, or stockinet, suits, both for ladies and children, are liked for all outdoor exercises, and they are certainly most comfortable if not quite so individual as the flannel, tennis cloth, or serge suits made according to the fancy of the wearer.

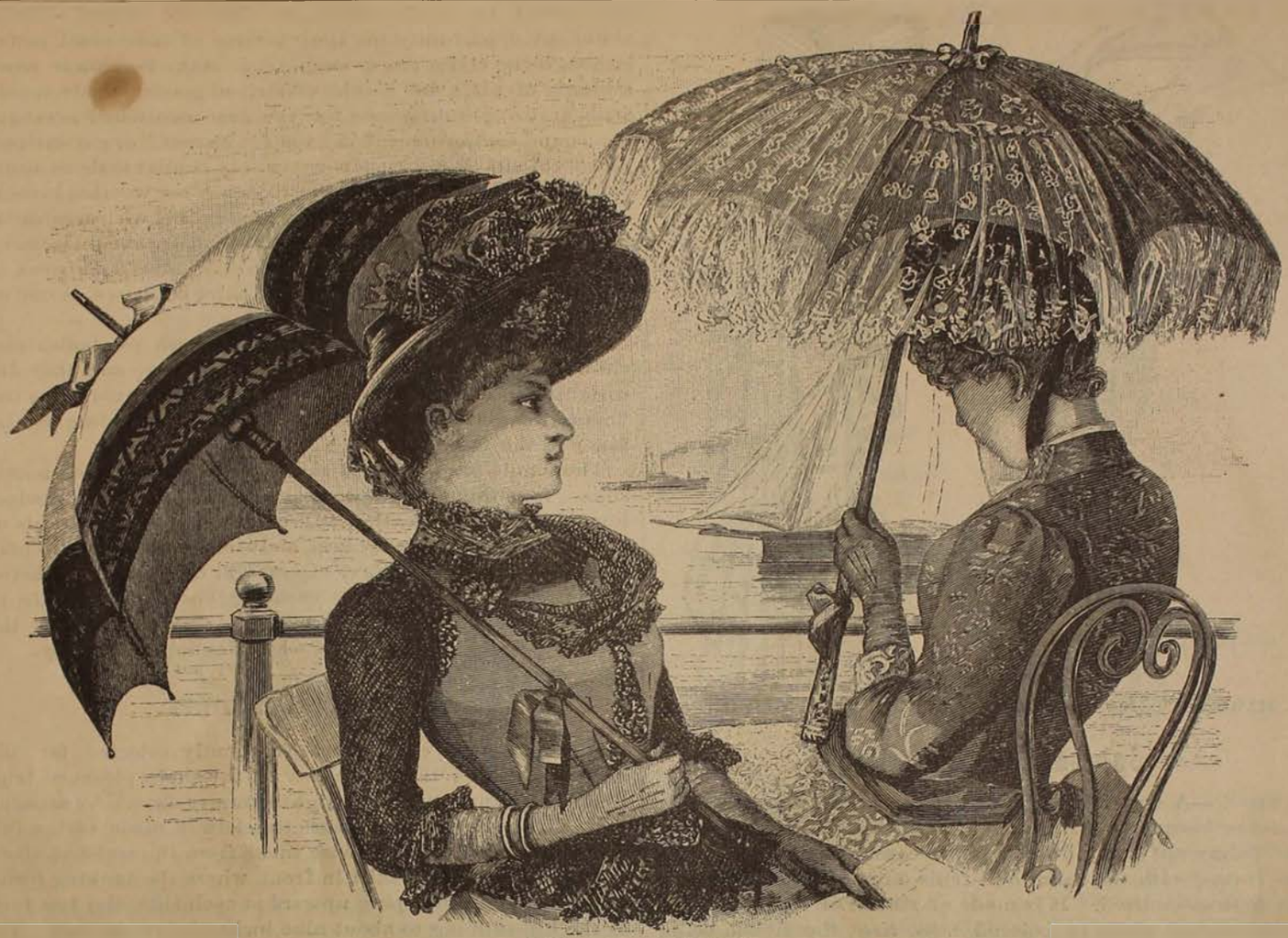
The tennis-player should always wear rubber-soled tennis shoes ; for although they are not quite so pretty as the heeled, low shoes of russet leather, it is destructive to the grounds of the tennis-court to wear heels, and almost impossible to play well. The Tam O'Shanter cap of white worsted, crocheted or knitted, is still worn for yachting, boating, or tennis, as it is almost universally becoming. The alternate is the "fore-and-aft" jockey-cap of white flannel or corduroy.

Excursion Costumes.

Green is the color most frequently selected for the dressy costumes that are worn on the short pleasure trips that are taken during the bright summer days. A charming costume of lizard-green Henrietta cloth is made with a full underskirt having lengthwise tucks from the waist to about half the depth of the skirt in front, where the tucking forms a point gradually sloping upward at each side, the last tuck at the hip running to about nine inches below the belt. The back drapery falls straight in two double box-plaits. The Directoire coat is very much cut away over the hips, and has square side-pockets, and the characteristic lapels and vest front. The cuffs, vest, and pockets are richly garnished with silver appliqués, and the outer jacket is secured to the vest at each side with large Directoire buttons of painted ivory set in cut steel.

In direct contrast to this costume is a pretty dress of dark bronze-green brilliantine, the accordion-plaited skirt trimmed around the bottom with eight rows of narrow, picot-edged, olive-drab moiré ribbon, put on before the plaits were laid. A broad sash of surah silk, deeply fringed at the ends, forms a large bow at the back in lieu of drapery, and the waist is of scarlet surah silk with smocked yoke, and full sleeves smocked to elbows, each point of the honey-combing caught with gilt tinsel thread. A Directoire hat of bronze-green net fulled over a frame with wide forward-projecting brim, and trimmed with a half-wreath of scarlet poppies and gilt spikes of wheat, completes the picturesque effect of this simple yet striking toilet.

3. Lace Vest.



Midsummer Toilets.

Children's Hats.

No. 1. — Hat of white English straw with a wide, rolled brim, trimmed with wide white gros grain ribbon. Suitable for a little boy or girl.

No. 2. — Hat of white straw with low crown and rolling brim, the latter faced with white figured lace slightly full, and having a *rouleau* of white faille ribbon at the left side. The outside trimming consists of a large bow of white faille ribbon. Suitable for a little girl.

No. 3. — Hat of brown straw, the brim faced with brown velvet, and the outside trimmed with an Alsacian bow and long ends of striped écru and brown ribbon. Suitable for a little girl.

Children's Hats.

No. 4. — Hat of gray and dark blue straw in stripes, the brim faced with the straw. Striped gray and blue ribbon in a large bow on the left side forms the trimming. Pretty for a girl of any size.

No. 5. — Hat of brown and écru straw in stripes. The brim is faced with écru straw. Faille ribbon, dark brown, is used for the simple trimming. Appropriate for a little boy.

No. 6. — Hat of fancy straw, suitable for a girl. The brim is faced with green net put on slightly full, and a *rouleau* of prairie-green ribbon encircles the head. The outside trimming is a large bow of green ribbon with a brocaded pattern near one edge.

Luta Dress.
(*See Page* 590.)

No. 7.—Hat of coarse straw, suitable for quite a large girl. The brim is faced with tomato-red surah, put in slightly full, and on the outside are bows of tomato-red ribbon with green stripes at the edges.

Miss's Costume.
(BACK.)
(*See Page* 590.)

THE favorite headgear for traveling is a toque of silk, or goods matching the suit. Very young ladies wear "Tam O'Shanter" caps of velvet, either black or a color.

SEAMLESS Oxford ties of kid, with low, broad heels, and light flexible soles with square edges, are worn for street shoes.

PURE-white surah parasols, with ivory or light-colored carved wood handles, are very much liked.

GLOVES with kid backs and silk or Lisle-thread inside the palms are a novelty for summer wear, especially liked in light colors, such as gray or pearl.

Midsummer Toilets.

FIG. 1.—Toilet of silver-gray *crêpe de Venise*, the basque with a very short point back and front, the lower edge finished with a frill of black lace, which on the front is headed by a trimming of silver soutache commencing at the front side-gore seams and carried in pointed shape up to the neck. The sleeves are of black lace over gray silk, finished with frills of black lace, and having silver soutache trimming around the arm-hole. The hat is of gray straw with rows of silver braid and a cluster of arbutus inside the brim, and the outside is trimmed with sprays of arbutus set in a large pompon of black lace, and a lace scarf which encircles the neck and is fastened at the right side of the basque by a silver ornament. The parasol is of gray silk with a striped border of black and rose-color, and lined with rose-colored silk. Gray gloves.

FIG. 2.—Toilet of cream-colored foulard with a pattern of pale blue chrysanthemums, the front of the skirt made of cream-colored embroidered net, a full jabot of the net on the front of the waist, and a sash of plain blue surah encircling the waist. The close-fitting capote is made of tea-roses and has pale blue ribbon strings. The parasol is of cream-colored embroidered lace lined with pale blue silk. Tan-colored gloves.

Miss's Costume (FRONT).
Carola Jacket. Kilt-plaited Skirt.
(*See Page* 590.)

Luta Dress.

(*See Page* 589.)

THE illustration shows this stylish model made in cream-white veiling, with vest and skirt-panels of white embroidery, and sash, cuffs, and revers of pink moire ribbon. The sash is tied loosely around the figure, with a long-looped bow at the back. The hat is of white mull, shirred, and trimmed

Guelda Dress.

with bows of pink moire ribbon, and a rosette of pink "baby" ribbon inside the poke brim.

The design is in two pieces, a short basque and a skirt. The basque is quite plain at the back, and is fastened there. The outer fronts can be omitted, also the deep puffs on the sleeves, thus making it extremely simple. The plaited skirt has a space at each side of the front, which is filled by a side-plaited panel. There are box-plaits in the middle of the front and back, and the remainder is side-plaited. The design is an excellent one for white lawn, or for chambery, gingham, satine, and other cotton goods, either to be trimmed with embroidery or with another goods in combination. The pattern is fully described in the next column.

Miss's Costume.

(*See Page* 589.)

FOR this pretty costume the "Carola" jacket and a kilt-plaited skirt are combined (the pattern for the latter was given with the January number). The illustrations show the favorite method of combining materials, and also the effect of plaided and striped goods used with plain. The model, however, is equally pretty made in plain and figured goods, or two materials of the same color, or with a contrasting material for the collars and cuffs only. Cotton, woolen, or silk goods are suitably made after this design, and for autumn or winter wear, a plain vest and skirt of velvet or velveteen in combination with a woolen material will be very effective. See page 591 for directions about the jacket pattern, and the January number for particulars about the skirt.

Guelda Dress.

A SIMPLE plain waist, with a V-shaped piece of contrasting material back and front outlined by ribbon bretelles, and a full skirt, made of straight breadths and trimmed with gathered flounces, constitute this simple design, which can be used for all kinds of seasonable goods, and, with modifications, is suitable for any of the materials employed for girls' dresses. The illustration represents pale blue satine, with sleeves, V-shaped pieces, collar, and flounces of white Hamburg embroidery, and bretelles and sash of pale pink ribbon with a brocaded floral pattern near one edge.

Modifications will readily suggest themselves. The model can be made up perfectly plain, and will thus be suitable for the most practical uses. See description below for sizes furnished, and full particulars about the pattern.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

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

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

ORRA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, chemisette, side-gore, side-form, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back for the revers. The chemisette can be made separate or sewed in with the shoulder seam. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BERENDA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, revers, chemisette, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, and puff, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The front edge of the revers is to be placed to the row of holes in the front. The chemisette can be omitted, if preferred, or it can be arranged as suggested in the description on page 586. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and all across the bottom, and placed on the plain sleeve according to the notches. The cuff is to be joined to the bottom in an ordinary seam. A medium size will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard of contrasting goods. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CONCHITA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, full front, outer front, belt, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered at the neck and waist line, forward of the hole at each place, and drawn in to fit the lining. The cluster of holes in the belt matches with the cluster in the outer front. The extension at the side-form seam is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The extra width at the middle seam in the back is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. In cutting, this extension is to be left whole down the middle. The full part of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

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

AYDIA SLEEVE.—The pattern consists of 5 pieces: Two pieces of foundation sleeve, cuff, and two puffs. The large puff is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and all across the bottom, and placed on the foundation sleeve according to the notches. The cuff is to be joined to the bottom in an ordinary seam. The small puff is to be gathered at the top and lapped under the cuff as far as the row of holes; the lower edge is to have a ribbon or elastic run through a hem to draw it in to the required size. Patterns in a medium size.

ORRA DRAPERY.—The pattern consists of 3 pieces: The entire apron, one panel, and one-half of the back. (It is to be mounted over a gored foundation skirt.) The *right* side of the apron is designated by eight holes, which indicate four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The *left* side of the apron is to be laid in three overlapping plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The notch in the top indicates the middle. The panel is to be laid in four plaits turned toward the front, and is to be joined to the back and front draperies according to the notches. The clusters of holes at the top of the back drapery are to be matched to form a burnous plait which is to hang loosely on the outside. After the burnous plait is laid at each side, the space between them is to be shirred from the top down as far as the row of holes, and drawn in to the required size; or small side-plaits may be used instead of the shirring. Eleven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, *not* including a facing for the foundation skirt. Patterns in a medium size.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side-gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

GUELDA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, cap, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve, for the waist; and one-half the skirt. The rows of holes in the waist give the outline for the pointed trimming back and front. The skirt is to be gathered, and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight years will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, twelve yards of embroidery or lace for the flounces, one yard of all-over embroidery or lace for the waist and sleeves, and five yards of ribbon. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years.

LUTA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve, for the basque; and one-half of the skirt. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. A double box-plait is to be laid in the middle of the front of the skirt, and a single box-plait in the middle of the back; the rest of the skirt, excepting the plain space at each side of the front box-plait,

is to be laid in side-plaits. The panel can either be left plain, or a plaited panel of a different goods can be laid over the plain space. The size for eight years will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and a half of embroidery for the panels and vest. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

CAROLA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Vest, surplice front, full belt, outer front, side-gore, side-form, back, two collars, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve. The surplice front is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front edge. The belt is to be gathered, and the back edge is to be placed to the row of holes in the surplice front. The sash is made of a straight piece of goods one yard and a quarter long and a quarter of a yard wide, which is to be gathered into two inches in width in the middle, and placed on the middle seam in the back of the jacket, at the place designated by the cluster of holes. The description of the "Kilt-plaited" skirt (which completes the costume) will be found in the Magazine for last January. The size for twelve years will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for jacket and sash, and four and three-quarter yards for the skirt. Patterns of jacket in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

GRISELDA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, outer front, side-gore, side-form, inner back, outer back, two pieces of the collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The upper part of the outer front is to be shirred between the two upper rows of holes, and also between the two lower rows of holes: and the shirrings are to be drawn in so that the outer holes in each row will match with the corresponding holes in the inner front. The portion forward of the shirrings is to be laid in a box-plait on the outside. The outer back is to be shirred to correspond with the front (as indicated by the holes), and the holes matched with those in the inner back. The lower part of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BIANCA MANTELET.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, and two collars. If preferred, the large collar (which forms a *plaque* in the back) can be omitted, and the trimming arranged in a similar shape. A medium size will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Three-quarters of a yard extra will be sufficient for one row of ruching around the back of the collar. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

CARMEN DRAPERY.—The pattern is given in 4 pieces: Two pieces for the left side, one piece for the right side, and half of the back. The holes at the top of the piece for the right side denote seven plaits to be turned toward the front on the outside. The holes near the back edge denote five plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The middle of this piece is to be gathered between the two holes and drawn into the space of six inches. The smaller piece for the left side is to be laid in three shallow plaits on the back edge. The larger piece is to be laid its entire length in two plaits turned toward the front. The two clusters of holes at the top of the back drapery, nearest the front edge, are to be matched to form a burnous plait that is to hang loosely on the outside. The next two clusters are to be matched to form a second burnous plait, and the portion that remains beyond the second one is to be gathered or laid in fine plaits. At each side the back drapery is to be lapped about an inch over the front pieces, and on the left side is to be tacked to the panel piece its entire length. Nine yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Patterns in a medium size.

LADY'S KILT-PLAITED SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side-gore, half of back breadth, and one-quarter of the kilt plaiting. Lay the piece for the plaiting in plaits as indicated by the holes, all turned one way; and attach the upper edge to the skirt in a line with the row of holes across the front. The rows of holes across the back breadth show where the casings are to be placed for steels. Sew the skirt to the belt in the same way as directed above for the "Gored Foundation Skirt." Twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the kilt-plaiting and to face the foundation skirt, and four and three-quarter yards additional for the foundation skirt. Patterns in a medium size.

THE MANHATTAN BATHING-SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Two pieces of the yoke, two full pieces, collar, sleeve, and belt for waist; one-half the skirt; and one leg and belt for drawers. Gather or plait (in side or box plaits) the top and bottom of the full pieces of the waist, and join to the yoke and belt, respectively, according to the notches. Gather or plait the top of the skirt, and join to the belt with a little more fullness in the back than in front. Gather the drawers at the top, and join to the pointed belt. The drawers and waist can be joined, and the skirt buttoned on the outside; or the skirt and waist can be joined, and the drawers buttoned on the inside. For the former arrangement, sew the full part of the waist to the top of the pointed belt, and leave the drawers open in front, using a fly for the buttons. For the latter arrangement, sew the waist and skirt to the straight belt; leave the skirt open a little way in front, and open the drawers on one side. A medium size will require six and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five and a half yards of braid for one row. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ROVER BATHING-SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Back, front, belt, collar, and sleeve of waist; and one leg of drawers. Gather the waist at the bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. Gather the drawers at the top, forward and back of the holes, respectively, and leave them open at one side. The size for eight years will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three and a quarter yards of braid for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

CYRILLA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Plain front, full front, plain back, full back, collar, puff for sleeve, and two pieces of the sleeve for the waist; and one-half of the skirt. The space at the top of the underwaist, back and front, outlined by holes, is to be faced to simulate a yoke. The full pieces for the waist are to be gathered at the top and drawn in to fit the underwaist, and gathered at the bottom and sewed to the lower edge of it. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge of it is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered and joined to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. If desired, the underwaist can be dispensed with and the waist finished with a belt. The size for eight years will require five yards of material twenty-four inches wide for the dress, one yard and a half additional for the sash, and one yard and three-eighths of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

EBBA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Lining for front, chemisette, outer front, side-gore, back, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The chemisette is to be gathered top and bottom. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make entirely of one material, and four yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

NANO COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Half of the skirt; and inner front, full vest, girdle, outer front, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. Shir the full front at top and bottom, as far as indicated by the rows of holes. Join the girdle in the side-gore seam on one side, and hook it on the other. Turn the outer front back in a line with the row of holes, to form the revers. Lay the skirt in kilt-plaits turned toward the middle of the front. The size for eight years will require six and a half yards of the fancy goods, and three-quarters of a yard of the plain. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

AILSA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of blouse, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The front and back of the blouse are to be shirred above the row of holes in each, and drawn in to fit the yoke. The lower part of the blouse is to be gathered and sewed to a belt of the required size. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in triple box-plaits, as indicated by the holes. The size for six years will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

LULA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side-gore, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front indicate the middle. The slit in the front shows where the pocket is to be inserted. Close the seams in the back only as far down as the notches. The size for six years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

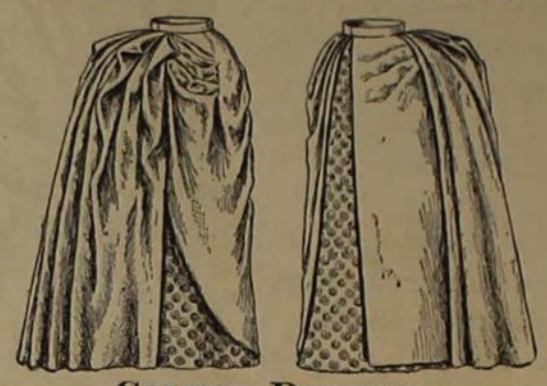
CLARA SUNBONNET.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, crown, and cape. The top of the crown is to be gathered and drawn in to fit the front. After the crown and cape are joined, a casing is to be sewed on the inside, over the seam, for a draw-string to bring it in to the required size. The size for six years will require seven-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

Manhattan Bathing-Suit.

Rover Bathing-Suit.

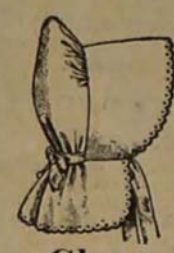
Griselda Waist.

Kilt-Plaited Skirt.



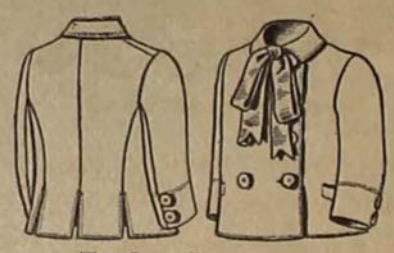
Carmen Drapery.

Bianca Mantelet.



Clara Sunbonnet.

Cyrilla Dress.



Lula Jacket.

Ebba Dress.

Nano Costume.

Ailsa Dress.

Standard Patterns.

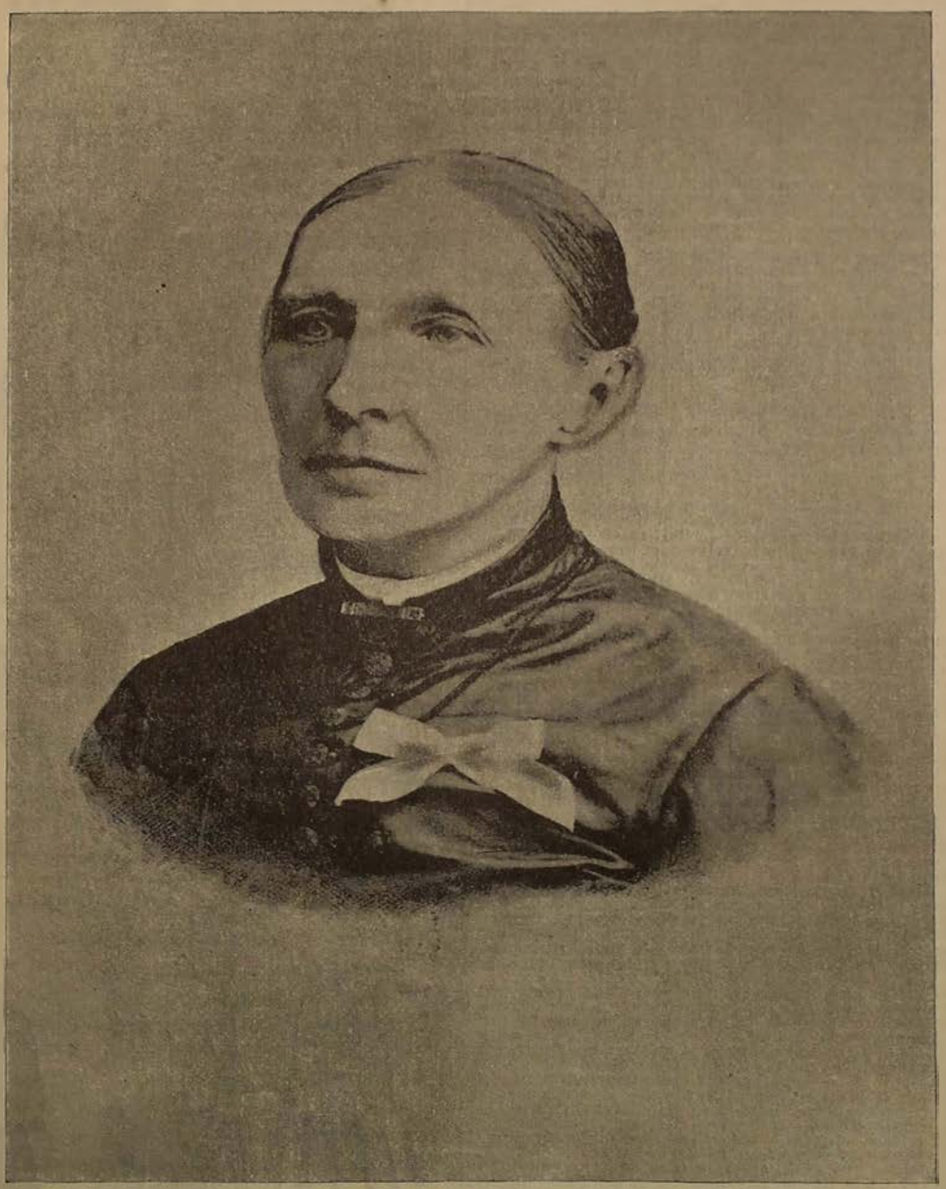
Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on this Page.

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

Lydia M. Chace,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF ARKANSAS.

A QUAKER and from New England. Double honor! How queerly our Puritan forefathers would have looked upon such a grouping of associations! But there has been a softening of austerities on both sides, and a frequent mutual association in benevolent work; and, moreover, there is so grand a chance in this broad land of ours to demonstrate the good, practical tendencies of the work of both, that they have long since lost prejudice, and blended in harmonious action.



LYDIA M. CHACE.

Lydia Meader had the advantages of the truest temperance training in the home of her parents, Valentine and Joanna Meader, both ministers among the Friends, where she had a birthright. Total abstinence from all intoxicants was the rule, and a moderate use of all necessary and proper things was the discipline which fixed her views for the future. The idea of prohibiting the sale of an agent which was so mischievous, followed as a matter of course.

In 1831 the family removed from Vermont to Vassalborough, Maine, where her father died in 1837. Two years later, Lydia spent a year at the famous Friends' School in Providence, Rhode Island. Here she met Amasa Chace of that State, and they were married in 1846. Two sons and two daughters blessed their union, whose careful training engrossed the mother's time for many years. In 1854 they removed to Oskaloosa, Iowa, and eight years later, on account of Mr. Chace's failing health, they went to Kansas, locating near the Friends' Mission among the Shawnee Indians.

Mrs. Chace had previously recognized and accepted her call to the ministry among the Friends, but here she was called into active public work to defend her own children and those of other mothers from the direct assaults of the rum-seller. Some of the boys coming home drunk, their mothers came to Mrs. Chace for counsel; and the result was the organization of a mothers' band, meeting once a fortnight. Here they read the Scriptures, prayed, and consulted. The result was the preparation of a remonstrance to be presented to the saloon-keepers, to which they obtained the signatures of eighty-two women, all but two in the town.

Six of their number were appointed to present the remonstrance, Mrs. Chace being the leader. While she was reading it in the first saloon, the keeper listened respectfully, turning pale and red by turns; but when they had finished, he pointed to his license and assured them that he was pursuing a legitimate business.

"But you have no right to sell to boys," said one of the mothers.

"Keep your boys at home, then," was the rude reply.

Prayer immediately followed, and then the other two saloons were visited, where they were treated respectfully. In less than a year all three of the saloons were closed, and there has never been an open saloon in Shawnee since. Attempts have been made, but watchful remonstrances have more than balanced the effort. Here, then, is a clear case of successful crusading by pious women, three years or more previous to the Ohio crusade; and had Shawnee been more centrally located, or had there been a Mother Stewart to carry the impetus to surrounding localities, Kansas might have carried off the palm for precedence. Probably, however, the time was not yet ripe.

Certain it is that there was other work for Mrs. Chace to do. A call came from the Southland for some one to teach the negroes, and Dr. Chace and his wife responded and went to Arkansas, near Helena, much as foreign missionaries now go to the heathen abroad. Prejudice was strong against them and their work, but they moved on in their quiet, godly way, and success so attended their work that prejudice was at last disarmed. When the crusade which started in Ohio culminated in organized work in the various States, Mrs. Chace was chosen National Vice-President for Arkansas. What time she could spare she gave to organizing, her husband freely giving of his own hard-earned means to defray her expenses at a time when the work was so unpopular that she did not dare to ask for collections.

For four years, now, Mrs. Chace has been President of the

State Union, and the work has greatly prospered under her care. Instead of its being a reproach and a shame to be a white-ribbon worker, it is now considered an honor and a social distinction to belong to the ranks of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

At the State Convention in 1887, the only one Dr. Chace ever attended, he said that he had consecrated his wife to the temperance work; and though in the frail condition of his health he greatly appreciated her presence at home, he could not detain her there wholly, when she was so well qualified to work successfully in the field. Soon after this he was called to his heavenly home; and she now devotes her entire time to the work to which he had so cordially given his approval.

JULIA COLMAN.

The Battle Cry Must Be "Absolute Prohibition."

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

THE demoralizing, dehumanizing results of alcoholic poisoning are too apparent to require any argument. Politics is degraded, homes are destroyed, and the whole country is deluged with crime and misery. And if we wish to see these terrible results in all their revolting enormity, we have only to make ourselves acquainted with the scenes of violence and drunken debauchery that are daily and almost hourly transpiring in the slums of our cities, and which are sometimes brought before the police courts.

Nor is this curse of liquor-selling confined to our slums alone. Numerous illustrations of its disastrous consequences may be found in some of the best homes and among the most intelligent and distinguished men in our beautiful and stately mansions. Indeed, there is scarcely a family in the land that is in all of its branches free from this vile intruder. Close the doors, bar them, double lock the closet as they may, the skeleton will come out and sit down at the feast.

This monster of vice and corruption, Alcohol, has not only its grip on some of the best and most exalted minds in our country, but it is, by its fascinating allurements, leading many of our brightest boys and young men to the degradation and horrors of drunken debauchery. The liquor-dealers have, to a large extent, dominated our courts of justice, buldozed and defied our law-makers, blighted our industries, and in many instances demoralized the whole community with crime, anarchy, and desolation. The blight and horror caused by this death-dealing poison is the startling enigma of our times, and strongly appeals to every patriotic sentiment for relief.

But Prohibition comes as the harbinger of a new inspiration, with a bright promise of freedom from this awful curse that threatens to engulf our whole civilization. Prohibition *through the ballot* is to be the grand culmination. And the desperate conflict now impending is therefore full of the deepest interest, and in its final results promises to be the most stupendous moral revolution in the history of the world, and, in its far-reaching development of national interests, the most important movement ever inaugurated for the benefit of humanity.

Prohibition furnishes the only weapon that the rumseller dreads, and the only means that secures to the people an effective solution of this whole question. And Prohibition is moving forward with gigantic strides toward a great and glorious victory over the selfish and mercenary designs of the liquor-dealers and their allies in every section of our country.

The mighty forces of perverted appetites, the large material interests, the long-continued and firmly fixed habits and prejudices of the people, are at the present moment the formidable barriers that rise like huge mountains, blocking up the pathway of righteous prohibitory law and the emancipation of the whole people.

But the inspiring moral forces of Prohibition, and the determined will of patriotic citizens now being brought to bear on this terrible accumulation of crime and misery, will make these obstacles, which now stand in the way of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, vanish like dew before the rising sun. And just as sure as right is right, and God is God, the gilded, legalized saloons, these fountains of crime and oppression now desolating our homes and country, must and will be overcome by the rapid onward march of truth and justice.

The intelligence and moral sense of the people are becoming thoroughly aroused to the enormity of this terrible evil. One by one the strongholds of prejudice, passion, and perfidy are being assailed and exposed to public execration. The numerous and pernicious delusions of compromise with the nefarious business are also being rapidly swept aside. Among the worst of these fallacies was the persistent claim that moral suasion alone was sufficient; and this always has been used as a pretext to avoid the more effective method and force of legal suasion, since the vote of the people is the only weapon that disturbs the rumseller's abominable traffic.

Next came this delusive theory of pretexts and shams, this delusive tissue of falsehoods and pretended restriction, which is called a tax, or *license*. This legal pitfall has already proven itself a pernicious fallacy as far as revenue is concerned, and has almost run its course. The people will not much longer endure to be deceived and cheated with its shallow pretense of restriction and its delusive garb of respectability.

And last, though not least, is the mistaken policy of *local option*. This is a compromise that includes local selfishness and optional wabbling, and, like other compromises made with this devil Alcohol, is founded on selfish expediency and base appetites, and, because of its misleading and vacillating character, utterly fails to meet the emergency.

Absolute Prohibition, without a shadow of compromise, is therefore the only alternative. The constantly increasing consumption and accumulating horrors of this traffic, the jeopardy of life and property, the terrible menace to our homes and country, make the demand for national Prohibition the only practical and rational basis of protection and security; and the people are fast coming to the conclusion that they will ask nothing more and will take nothing less than the entire destruction of this vile curse, this monster enemy of all that is good in humanity. In the words of Dr. Talmage, "Prohibition is born, and its wings are spread for flight across this land; and no power on earth can crowd this Rocky Mountain eagle back into its former shell."

Our great sovereign, the people's will, is fast turning the tide against the rumseller, and the same invincible power is steadily concentrating on entire national Prohibition, and placing the brand of felony on the manufacture, sale, and importation of this alluring and deluding curse and poison. And this is to be done simply and solely through the votes of the people. What the country now requires, and must have to secure and maintain our civilization, is liberty to make law for Prohibition, and absolute Prohibition to protect Liberty. Prohibition will then become the embodiment of the voter's will and purpose, towering in its

mighty strength above all contending factions, enshrined in the hearts of the people, and reverenced throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Liberty and Prohibition, one and inseparable, now and forever!

"O Law, fair form of Liberty!
God's light is on thy brow.
O Liberty, thou soul of Law!
God's very self art thou.
O daughter of the blending past,
O hope the prophet saw;
God give us Law in Liberty,
And Liberty in Law!"

"It Can Never Be Legalized Without Sin."

WE demand the immediate and unconditional destruction of the liquor traffic. We will repeat that demand over and over and over. We will ring the changes on it through all the ages and through all the years until there is not a legalized rumshop on American soil.

First of all, then, we must keep before the people that a liquor-dealer is a criminal—a criminal! We will not let down our standard one single inch for any man, no matter if he is a professing Christian and votes for the legalization of the rum traffic. We will still insist that the man who engages in the drink traffic is a criminal against God and against man. We say that a liquor-dealer is a criminal of the deepest dye, and that he deserves a place only in the felon's dock, in the felon's cell, and, if need be, on the felon's gibbet.

We take our stand on the high ground that was held by the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church in that great address that they have given to the General Conference. There is just one short sentence, containing seven words—and you know seven is a sacred number. That one sentence is this: "It can never be legalized without sin." These are the heights to which our Bishops have led us. They have led us up to this mountain height, where the air is clear and the sky is cloudless. There are no mists here. There is no mingling of light with darkness here. That one short, crisp sentence says: "It can never be legalized without sin."

How is the drink traffic legalized? You answer: It is legalized by the Legislature. Then I say the Legislature that legalizes that drink traffic is a sinner against God and against men. If the statement made by our Bishops is true, that man who sits in the Legislature and votes for the enactment of a license law, is a sinner against God and against morality.

The Legislatures are made up through the organization of political parties. Political parties make platforms. And I say that if this statement be true, every political party that in convention assembled makes a platform that proposes to legalize the rum traffic, is a sinner against God.

And I carry the logic of this argument just a little farther. There is a legitimate conclusion to which we must come, and from which there is no escape. If our Bishops have told us the truth, then we must reach this conclusion: Political parties are made up of individuals, and an individual that votes a ticket that represents a party that legalizes the rum traffic—that man is a sinner! I say from this standpoint that the preacher who goes out to-day and stands in favor of license, or regulation in any form, is not a worthy son of the Gospel.

Now, this is the logical conclusion to be drawn from that one brief sentence from the Episcopal address. I say, if that Episcopal address is true, if the Bishops are right in their utterance, every man—be he minister or layman—who votes with a party that indorses license, *is a sinner!* That is the logic of the Bishops; that isn't *my* logic. Don't let any say that this is my say-so. I say that that is the logic of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, if language means anything; and on that platform we will stand, and we will ring the changes on that sentence of seven words—"It can never be legalized without sin."

We will agitate from that standpoint; and the agitation from that standpoint is going to produce a profound disintegration; and the gold of Prohibition is being separated from the dross of regulation, either by taxation or license. You know how the ore is held together by the power of cohesion, and you know that what they do in order to separate the gold from the dross is to intensify the heat—intensify it more and more until the heat becomes sufficient to overcome the power of cohesion, and then the metal drops out and there is a separation between the dross and the metal. Now, that is what we are going to do, and are doing on this question. We are intensifying the heat. We will make it hotter and hotter for the politicians of this country. And under this process of agitation and the increase of moral heat that shall come from the repetition of this great sentence, "It can never be legalized without sin," we will drive out the last Methodist from the old parties.

Where will they go? That brings out the necessity of crystallization; because, if there is to be disintegration, the best elements in the party that disintegrate must go somewhere.

If you intensify the heat under the Republican party so that the Prohibitionists drop out, where will they go? They can't go to the Democratic party. There is more dross there than in the country they came from. And when you intensify the heat under the Democratic party until the Prohibitionists drop out, where will they go? It isn't worth while for them to go into the Republican party, because they are not willing to let the dross go. The only place on earth for them is in the Prohibition party. That means crystallization—crystallization of the Prohibition element of this country. And when this process goes far enough, we will reach the point of united action, and then comes the victory.

Seventy-five per cent. of the people of this country are Prohibitionists to-day; and in the power of God we will intensify the heat until the last man comes out from under the dross of old whisky politics, and comes into this new movement for the overthrow of the rum traffic of this country. That is what we expect to achieve. We expect to achieve that victory, as we expect to-morrow's sun to rise.

A. B. LEONARD, D.D.

Prohibition and Communion Wine.

A SPECIAL cause of the failure of prohibitory laws has been the fact that apothecaries are allowed to sell intoxicating wines for "medicinal and sacramental purposes."

There is no longer a shadow of excuse for this exception. It is now established, beyond possibility of controversy, that the passover wine, used by Jesus at His supper, and called always "the fruit of the vine," was unfermented wine.

The Hebrew word "tirosh," used thirty-eight times in the Old Testament, is now proved to have in every case the meaning "fresh juice of the grape," or "grape syrup boiled, or unfermented." This is the word used by Moses for the wine blessed by Isaac in Gen. xxviii. 28, 37; and the modes of its preparation are pictured on tomb-walls of Egypt sculptured and painted in Jacob's day.

Yet more: the ruling statute as to the *quality* of all wine offerings, both those to be drank by the priests and those used at festivals, most expressly requires that it be "fresh unfermented wine" (see Num. xviii. 12). To this day, all conforming Jews, represented in New York by synagogues from Asia, Africa, and every part of Europe, use fresh unfermented wine made from raisins, when the "tirosh," which was abundant in Palestine, cannot be found. Still more: for Christian communion, fresh grape-juice, preserved in glass bottles covered with olive oil, as in Egypt before Abraham's visit, is brought from Spain and Italy to New York, while unfermented wines in abundance are made in California, and are this year, the "New York Times" states, to be made on the Hudson. Let it be repeated: every shadow of ground for the exception in former prohibitory laws is now removed, for unfermented wine is coming to be generally used for the communion.

Correspondence Club.

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

"Inez."—It is not necessary to kiss either bride or bridegroom when offering congratulations, unless they are near relatives. It would not be considered "good form" for a lady to kiss her cousin's husband at the wedding, if she were not well acquainted with him. However, if he should offer the salute there would be no reason for refusing. As a general thing, ladies kiss the bride and shake hands with the bridegroom. The bridesmaid is no exception to the rule, unless she is a relative of the bridegroom. Your letter was not received in time to be answered in the June number according to request.

"Madge."—For a slender person, five breadths of goods forty-six inches wide will be required for an accordion-plaited skirt. A stout figure will require six breadths.—Write to any postmatter in England, the Charing Cross Post-office, for instance, and inclose silver to the required amount, for English postage-stamps.

"Faye."—Can you not drape your unused door with India silk or cretonne, and hang the mirror over it? Of course if the mirror is large enough to conceal the door frame on each side, only the upper part of the door need be draped. Hang the draperies over a silk cord fastened to each side of the door frame, and let them fall away to each side of the mirror frame.

"Mrs. M. A. L."—Redingotes are suitable for church wear, and will probably continue to be fashionable for some time. Make the vest and revers to your light brown cloth, of dark brown surah or faille Française; and have a hat of light brown net, in the toque shape now fashionable, and trim it with Jacqueminot roses without foliage, and a little of the silver braid you will trim the dress with.

"Lassie."—The professional manicure soaks the finger nails in rose-water, and then with delicate manipulation and instruments removes the dead skin and superflous nail, cutting the latter to the required shape with sharp curved scissors. We shall give a comprehensive article on the subject of the manicure treatment of nails almost immediately.

"Mrs. E. C. M."—In returning a compliment, such as an invitation to a party where several ladies assist the hostess in receiving, it is proper to invite all those ladies, unless there is some particular reason why they should not be invited. To slight anyone recommended in such a manner to your courtesy, would be, of course, to indicate that the return invitation was merely a compulsory civility.

"Anxious."—A dark brown would contrast prettily with with your mode-colored silk.—For a lady thirty-one years old, with dark brown eyes and the darkest shade of red hair, brown, green, or black would be becoming in a bonnet or hat. A brown straw trimmed with brown velvet and white flowers would probably be becoming, or dark gray trimmed with green. Select white or purple flowers, but not red or pink; and if you like to wear roses, let them be the rich yellow roses called Maréchal Niel.

"Nellie W."—The cover for your parlor organ can be made the same as one for an upright piano. If the top measures 14×56 inches, cut the cover sixteen or seventeen inches wide, so that in front it will hang over two or three inches, and at each end cut an extension of a quarter of a yard deep and fourteen inches wide to hang down on either side. Your idea of olive broadcloth with embroidery of gold-colored silk is good, although gray plush shows dust less than any other drapery, and will keep its looks longer than broadcloth.

"C. L."—Eating or chewing anything in public places, or on the street, is decidedly vulgar. The habit of chewing gum in public, however, is not a proof that a lady is not well-educated, but rather that she is somewhat lacking in refinement. Very highly educated persons sometimes commit gross outrages on good taste and refinement.

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"MRS. G. T. C."—Any pretty shade of gray will combine well with your dark blue *damassé*.

"LINA."—Your cashmere is a Russian gray.—Clear water and a soft sponge will clean oil paintings. Brushing them with white of egg (not beaten) will freshen the colors very much.

"NANNIE F. S."—With dark brown hair, gray eyes, and a rather sallow complexion, black and white, in combination or singly, would be most becoming. Dark red or crimson would do to enliven the sameness of these, but unless actual experiment proves beyond a doubt that pink is becoming to you, do not make the mistake of wearing it in hopes that it will relieve the sallowness of complexion; a decided purple will do that better.—Colored velvet as well as black is used for trimming white waists.—Wash-dresses for country wear are made as simply as possible, with plain gathered or plaited skirts, and basques or waists trimmed with revers of white embroidery. For further information see Fashion Department.

"META."—A white lawn dress, simply made, could be worn to church during the summer. With a full skirt and gathered waist, the arrangement of the sash is a matter of taste. A ribbon sash worn in two loops and ends should be about a quarter of a yard wide, or wider, and the ends reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The fringed surah sashes are arranged similarly, but there is no uniformity of fashion in their arrangement. A "leg-o'-mutton" or puffed sleeve could be worn with a full waist. Black, or any becoming color, could be worn with a white dress to relieve it. It could be worn on hot afternoons when calling upon friends in the country. We had not space to answer your inquiries in the June Magazine.

"MRS. JOS. A."—Any soft plain or figured silk is appropriate for the "Adrienne" morning-dress (illustrated in the April number). The gown might be of écru or pale terra cotta figured silk, and the vest of Empire-green surah with black or dark green velvet revers. Mahogany-red cashmere for the gown could have a gray silk front, or the color combination might be reversed. The revers and cuffs might be of embroidery instead of velvet, as preferred. We cannot answer such questions by mail.

"ENQUIRER."—It is not necessary to become an apprentice in order to learn photography, but undoubtedly a course of study in a photographer's rooms would be of more practical value than the same amount of experimenting alone. Probably if you would give your services in attendance in a photographic studio during the proprietor's absence, you could obtain instruction in return for services. A good education is desirable, but anyone capable of a certain amount of skill can become a successful photographer. Many ladies make a comfortable living at the business. Retouching is a branch of photography in which women are usually successful. A camera is needed, of course, to take any photographs. The firms advertising in our columns furnish all necessary photographic equipments at moderate prices, with instruction books for amateurs. Almost anyone can take photographs, as no previous training is needed. The degree of success depends upon the correct eye, care, and patience of the operator; but developing and re-touching are arts which require study and practice. The best mode of informing yourself thoroughly, is to buy a photographic instruction book. We shall publish an article on "Amateur Photography" shortly, which will no doubt interest you.

"NAN."—You can get Bolton cloth or linen drilling, either of which would be suitable with your crochet-work for a bed spread, at Chas. E. Bentley's, No. 12 West 14th Street, New York City.

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"MRS. P."—Laramie City is in Wyoming Territory.

"MRS. G. L."—A suitable summer dress for a married lady with dark brown hair, gray eyes, and a dark complexion, would be a shrimp-pink Henrietta trimmed with silver braid and Empire-green ribbon. The hat could match, and be of green net with pink roses and white ribbon, or all white. For a lady of twenty-two, the Empire style would be prettiest in a white dress. Make the skirt in plain full breadths, and the waist after some one of our full waist patterns.

"MRS. H. T. C.—Any information you require concerning the matters treated of in "Home Art and Home Comfort" will be given you through the Correspondence Club.

"MRS. F. J. F."—A person holding two Pattern Orders can select patterns for same from one Magazine. The only necessary requirements are that the time during which the Pattern Orders are good has not expired, that the patterns are in some of our Magazines published during the last twelve months, and that a two-cent stamp is inclosed for postage on each pattern.

"A. D., A SUBSCRIBER."—There is no reason why a gentleman should not wear a bouquet of flowers, that is, a *boutonnière*, a very tiny cluster or spray of flowers, in the buttonhole of his coat, at his wedding, which is to take place in the evening. If he does not like to do so, there is no necessity for thus adorning his attire. It is purely a matter of taste. For our own part, we like to see a choice blossom on the lapel of a man's coat at any time.

"MRS. C. M. W."—A vest, belt, and facings for your redingote costume of black-and-white diagonal, would look best if made of black velvet or surah. Brown or dark green faille Française or moire would make a handsome skirt and vest to wear with your "Merlin" redingote of brown broadcloth.

"G. A. M."—Oranges, when served at table whole, may be cut in quarters and eaten from the fingers. Or they may be cut in halves and the juice, only, eaten with the spoon, as from little cups. Bananas should have the skins removed, and may be cut in pieces, and eaten with the fork, or with the fingers if forks are not served with the fruit.

"S. S. E."—A baby boy one year old can wear an embroidered lawn cap made in Tam O'Shanter style, or one of the full caps trimmed with shirring and embroidered ruffles, in peasant style.

"LULU R."—A scarlet surah sash could be worn with your buff batiste, since you do not like black. Empire green would be yet more stylish. Nearly all surah sashes have long, fringed ends. The sashes do not cost more than to buy the surah and make them, unless you do not care for the fringes, which are very fashionable at present.

"N. D."—If a young gentleman accompanies you home from the opera or church, unless it is very late it is polite to ask him to come in, which he will usually do, and after remaining a few minutes take his departure.

"J. DEL V."—The "Ismena" skirt (illustrated in the June Magazine) is a suitable design for your dark red dress, and will not increase your size. The toque shape, of black lace trimmed with white flowers, would be a becoming hat to a lady with a full face. Jet is a stylish garniture for black silk, which is by no means too old for a young lady of eighteen. Black lace is a more favored garniture at present, however. The Directoire styles are still most favored. Five yards of lace are needed to make a full skirt draped over satin. Nothing is prettier, especially for a full figure, than to gather the lace simply to the belt and let it fall over the foundation skirt. Black moiré ribbon is the prettiest for such a dress. Tan and Suède uppers are used on patent-leather shoes for summer wear. Ordinary walking-boots are of French morocco or kid. A braided catogan with pointed bang is the most becoming style of coiffure to a young girl with a full face.

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"H. W. B."—Your purple goods could be made up in combination with gray or black woolen goods. It is a material seldom used now, but was formerly known as Japanese grenadine, and needs to be made up over a satine lining. We cannot answer such questions by mail.

"Mrs. W. J. L."—You can obtain a foundation for a rug, with design to be worked in cross-stitch already laid off, of Chas. E. Bentley, No. 12 West 14th Street, New York City.

"K. E. G."—A black dress trimmed with braid, as you describe it, revers, collar, and two panels on the right side of the skirt, would be considered suitable and stylish for a girl of seventeen. A black lace hat trimmed with tea-roses might be worn by a young girl of that age, but it is not very youthful in effect. Pink or red roses, or lilies of the valley would be more suitable.

"Young Housekeeper."—Make up your bronze gros-grain silk in Directoire style, with skirt but slightly draped, and a "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the March Magazine). You can use your Persian trimming on gray, pearl, or heliotrope colored goods of any kind, especially French broadcloth, cashmere, or Henrietta.—Light carpets are most used for parlors. Marble center-tables are out of date. If used, they are usually covered with a handsome cloth or scarf. Besides your parlor suit of five pieces, you need only a few light and ornamental pieces of furniture, such as a bric-a-brac cabinet, a five o'clock tea-table, and one or two light reception-chairs. Any ornaments or pictures can be added, to suit the taste. A standard parlor lamp is much admired.

"A Dressmaker, A. M. C."—If steaming your black velvet does not remove its brown color, try ammonia, sponging it carefully, but not steaming. This is about all you can do to it.—A strong solution of oxalic acid, carefully applied, will take ink marks out of a book without injuring the print.—Hypatia is pronounced high-pay-sha.—Pine tar is procured by burning pine-wood to charcoal, and the tar is the thick, viscid, impure turpentine which runs off during the process. You could hardly make it yourself unless you put a charcoal pit into operation. You can probably get it at your druggist's, with no doubt of its being genuine.—Light gymnastics, and bathing in cold water, with vigorous rubbing, are recommended to develop the chest and muscles of the arms, and with the expansion of the muscles the bust will develop also. Electricity has also been applied for the same purpose, and exercise in vocal music—unless the lungs are irremedially affected—is an almost certain means of expanding the chest and bust. The wonderful songstress Parepa-Rosa had a marvelous expanse of chest, a perfect reservoir of song.

"Mrs. W. S. J."—We cannot tell what a copy of the "Ulster County Gazette" of January 4, 1800, would be worth. The New York Historical Society might buy it of you. Your deep blue dish seventy years old would have to be valued by a connoisseur. It is impossible to tell its value without seeing it.

"Irene."—Gray would be more becoming than dark green to a young lady of twenty with light hair, blue eyes, and colorless complexion. A dark blue satin parasol and other accessories would be in good taste and becoming.—Ladies of the age you name do not use cards, unless they are married. However, if you wish to use a business card, as editor or reporter on your paper, that is not a matter of etiquette, but business; and you might find cards with your name and the name and address of your paper engraved on them, useful. The "Merlin" redingote (illustrated in the February number) will be a very stylish design for your traveling-dress. Your letter was received too late for a reply in the June Magazine.

(*Continued on page* 599.)

Enlighten the Masses.

How shall we reach the people? That is the question which has puzzled our party managers more than any other.

Prohibition Bombs solve this problem.

Prohibition Bombs are furnished for 10 cents per 100, or $1.00 per 1,000, postage free.

No. 3. The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century to be Annihilated by Prohibition.
No. 7. Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times.
No. 8. Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.
No. 12. The Voice of the Dram-Shop.
No. 17. The Signs of the Times. Heads and Tails.
No. 18. Moral Suasion or Prohibition. Which Shall It Be? The Republican Party *vs.* Prohibition.
No. 20. An Arraignment of the Rum Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.
No. 23. Prohibition Campaign Songs, with Music.
No. 33. Prohibition Achieved only by Practical Politics. Total Depravity Illustrated in the Use of Alcohol. Prohibition Life-boat. Anti-poverty.
No. 34. Dr. Cushing against High License. Fisk on the Saloon in Politics. Powderly on Temperance. Reagan on Personal Liberty. Dow and Demorest on the Republican Party and Prohibition.
No. 36. What should the Christian Voter do with the Saloon? Politics a Personal Duty.
No. 38. The Liquor Traffic in Politics.
No. 39. Reasons for a Prohibition Party. Why, Where, and When Prohibition will prove a Success.
No. 41. Latest Evolution of the Temperance Reform.
No. 42. The Sparrows Must Go. The Liquor Vulture. The Irrepressible Conflict. Things that are Settled.
No. 44. Our Modern Pontius Pilates. The National Prohibition Bureau.
No. 45. The Responsibility of Christian Ministers for the Liquor Traffic. Prohibition Dependent on the Ballot and Moral Courage of the People.
No. 46. License a Pernicious Delusion and Mockery of Justice. Failure of High License.
No. 47. What is Prohibition? A Glorious Resurrection. What the Constitution Guarantees.
No. 50. Liquor's War on Labor's Rights. Liquor *vs.* Labor. (A Startling Diagram.)
No. 52. The Logic of Prohibition. The Saloon a Political Factor. (Finch's Last Speech.)
No. 53. High License the Monopoly of Abomination.
No. 54. Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate it.
No. 56. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue?
No. 62. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.
No. 63. The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon.
No. 64. Necessity for a Prohibition Party.
No. 65. Archbishop Ireland and Father Mahoney on the Liquor Traffic.
No. 66. Catholic and Labor Leaders on Prohibition.
No. 70. Hints to Earnest Prohibitionists.
No. 71. Has High License Failed?
No. 72. Local Option; Its Relation to National Prohibition.

The following are two-page Bombs, and are furnished at 10 cents per 100, or 50 cents per 1,000, postage free

No. 40. Prohibition the Ultimatum.
No. 57. The Horrors of the Liquor Traffic. The Duty of Voters.
No. 58. The Ballot the Only Hope for Prohibition. The Ruin of Rumselling, and the Remedy.
No. 59. The Poison of Alcohol. Home *vs.* Saloon.
No. 60. The Liquor License Humbug. The Culmination of Prohibition.
No. 73. Prohibition the Acme of Love, Law, and Liberty.
No. 74. The Crime and Infamy of Rumselling. The Ballot the only Remedy.

Numbers omitted are out of print.

Prohibition Bombs can be mailed from 32 E. 14th St., New York, directly to the voter, weekly, for 25 weeks for 5 cents.

Send the names and addresses of ten friends, and 20 cents, and each will receive by mail, postpaid, a different Bomb weekly for ten weeks.

Send the names of 50 members of your church, and $1, or 100 names and $2. and we will Bombard them through the mail weekly for ten weeks.

If you will send us addressed unstamped wrappers, the cost will be only one-half of above amount.

The whole series of over 50 numbers sent post-free for 5 cents.

Now is the time for Town, County, and State Committees to start this Bombardment. Do not delay. *Start now.*

Address NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE,
32 East 14th St., New York City.

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"T. E. M."—The sample of silk you inclose is what we should call now, satin surah. What it was called at the time the wife of the noted statesman referred to wore it at the Presidential reception, we cannot say. It would make up well in combination with bronze-green surah, matching the red-lined ribbon-stripe as closely as possible. Any of the firms to which we refer in the Fashion Department will send you samples of goods upon application by mail.

"C."—The word *revers* is pronounced re-vare.

"MISS H. E. B."—Bryn Mawr is pronounced *brin-more*. This name, which you find so outlandish, is Welsh, and there is no reason that we know of, except the fancy of the namer, why the town Bryn Mawr should have received this name.

"IDALIA."—Your room with delicate tinted blue walls could have the woodwork painted in gray, since you do not care for cream. The stain in imitation of California redwood is beautiful, and would look pretty in your room, with floor of mahogany stain. The redwood finish is put on without a grainer and highly polished, to have its best effect, and is readily kept clean. Embroider your Kentucky jean portière with white floss cotton, in a large cross-stitch pattern after one of the designs given in the article on "Tapestry Embroidery" in the March number. A stencilled design in dark red would be pretty as a frieze, or, if you like to use paper, a deep border of conventionalized flowers would be handsome. As hangings are so much used, a frieze of cretonne would not be out of place; and since your room combines sitting-room and bedroom in one, it would be appropriate and individual.

"DAKOTA."—The "Lyndall" redingote is not too heavy for a model to be used in making up a summer costume, the weight depending of course upon the material, as the styles now are all light since not much drapery is used. A pretty summer bonnet for a lady wearing the hair high with a slight bang, would be a black net in any becoming shape, which can only be ascertained by experiment, and would cost from four to eight dollars, according to quality of material, a spray of roses or other flowers being the only necessary garniture.

"MRS. H. H. D."—The author's name is appended to each of our articles on New York City. We do not know to which article you specially refer, but are glad to know you find them satisfactory.

"MRS. G. A. D."—Have your dining-room and sitting-room finished in staining to imitate California redwood, which is very much liked at present; this will suit your dark red furniture. Paint your bed-rooms in shades of gray with blue or pink panelings in delicate tints. You will like your kitchen wood-work finished without graining or staining.

"MRS. M. G. V., Listova, Bulgaria."—The "Idalia" (illustrated in miniature in the May Magazine), or the "Clarice" (illustrated in the March number) combines simplicity of style and economy of labor in making, for a summer dress to be worn by a girl of twelve years. Either of these models are susceptible of many modifications, which make the same pattern suitable for different dresses. See "Supplement of Fashions" in the April Magazine, for variation in style, etc.

"MRS. C. F. W."—We cannot give addresses for special business purposes in the columns of the Correspondence Club.

"MRS. J. E. C."—Guipure lace may be renovated by sponging it with ammonia and water and winding it around a bottle covered with black silk. Let it be quite damp when put on the bottle, and left to dry on it. It is a very suitable garniture for a mantelet.

"MRS. M. W."—See answer to MRS. C. F. W. concerning business addresses.

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"MUCH TROUBLED."—Your dread of an unpleasant experience in your modestly furnished home seems to us unfounded. Luxury is not refinement. A person may dwell amid the most luxurious surroundings and lack refinement, which comes from within, not without. Buy matting for your bedrooms and hall, and bind squares or lengths of ingrain carpet with scarlet braid, for mats to put in front of the beds and bureaus. Each bedroom could be furnished in a different color, that is, a certain color might take the lead in the decorations. The painted enameled sets are not more expensive than other furniture, and you might buy one set in blue, another in pink, and whatever ribbons or cretonne you use in decorations, of a color to match. It is not necessary that the curtains and drapery should match the wall-paper, but of course a harmonious effect must be considered. The article in the June number of the Magazine on "Bed Draperies and Furnishings," in the department of "Home Art and Home Comfort," will give you information on that subject. With your embroidered Japanese silk pillow-shams, a counterpane of the same, or an all-white Marseilles spread would be suitable. Antique oak would look best in your dining-room with dark green upholsterings and light Madras curtains. The initials of the bride's maiden name are embroidered in the corner of all pieces of household linen which she supplies, or which are a part of her outfit. Blue and gray would be desirable colors for your smaller pieces of fancy-work in your parlor with the light drab carpet with flower pattern of roses and autumn leaves. Hang your portraits straight on the wall. The pictures from our Magazine are very suitably framed in plush, with or without a mat, according to the size of the frame. Sash curtains are short curtains fastened to the sash and not hung from the window casing. They may be fastened to the sash at top and bottom, in which case they are either drawn together in hour-glass shape in the middle, or drawn apart and draped back leaving a diamond-shaped opening. By far the greater number of sash-curtains, however, only cover the lower sash and are run on brass rods, either only at the top, or at top and bottom. Some bright colored or figured India silk is usually liked for these. Pretty chair and table scarfs, foot and sofa cushions, wall hangings, and mantel scarfs are some of the fancy-work knick-knacks that always look nice in a parlor. We trust you will find "love in a cottage" satisfactory, and not have to become "used to it" to make it endurable. We cannot answer questions for the Correspondence Club by mail.

"MRS. P. R."—Trim your Directoire coat of gray Henrietta cloth with silver braid. A vest of white cloth braided with gray or silver would be more stylish than black velvet. The underskirt might be trimmed with a band of black or gray velvet. A very slender person with black hair and eyes and a pale complexion, should not wear black velvet. It gives a faded complexion a still more faded look, and is rarely becoming to dark-haired people. Select a garnet satine instead of a black-and-white for street dress. The garnet will be more becoming to a slender figure. At thirty-eight, a woman may still wear white. In fact, white may be worn at any age.

"MRS. M. F. C."—You can get a pattern of the "Diana" riding-habit (illustrated in miniature in the September Magazine) by sending a current Pattern Order. Ladies' cloth of some dark color is the usual material. Riding-habits are made to order, and it is not likely that you would be able to purchase one ready-made.

"A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER."—Two or three skirt steels are used in skirts, eight, twelve, and fifteen inches long respectively. The first one should be about four inches below the belt, and the others nine inches apart.

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"MRS. MCS."—It is not necessary to use a mat for pictures from the Magazine, unless you wish to frame them in a large frame, in which case a mat will be needed. Any of the pictures we give in full-page water-colors, photo-gravures, or engravings, are suitable for parlor decoration. A gray mat with frame of incised light natural wood molding, or molding painted in white enamel and gilt-lined, is a pretty way of framing water-colors or engravings.

"ROYAL."—Picciola is pronounced *pick-e-ola*. —Rub the nickel or silver-plated part of heaters which has become rusty, with a paste made of pumice stone and sweet oil.—Use your pieces of satin and brocade for a crazy-quilt or sofa-pillow; or, if they are large enough, for bags, or pin-cushions. The trouble is with most people to get handsome pieces of satin and brocade, rather than to make use of them when obtained.

"SIBYL."—The "Redingote Costume" with the "Lyndall" redingote (illustrated in the May Magazine) is a most desirable style for a silver-gray Henrietta cloth for an elderly lady of good figure. The "Avisa" basque (illustrated in miniature in the May number), and the "Ismena" skirt (illustrated in the June number) will be suitable for black Henrietta cloth for lady of sixty-five. A tea-gown of cream-white challie for a young lady would look well made up like the "Francene" tea-gown (illustrated in the February number).—We cannot give addresses for special business purposes in this column. Thanks for your kind words of appreciation.

"PENSÉE."—To prepare a *pot-pourri*, take any quantity you like of dried sweet herbs,—lavender, mint, rue, etc.; leaves of fragrant flowers,—roses or violets; also spices, unground,—stick cinnamon, whole cloves and allspice; sprinkle salt over them and wet with cologne water or any perfumed extract. A drop or two of attar of roses will add much to the perfume. The *potpourri* may be kept dry or wet in a covered jar, which can be opened when the perfume is desired.

"APRIL SHOWER."—It is not necessary for a lady to rise to acknowledge an introduction, unless she is desirous of paying special courtesy to the party introduced. A gentleman should always rise to acknowledge an introduction to a lady, and in some cases also when a gentleman is introduced. In his own house a gentleman will always rise and offer his hand to whoever is introduced.—Young ladies of seventeen or eighteen do not use visiting-cards. Their names are engraved upon the card of their mother or chaperon, and in paying formal calls when cards are needed are always accompanied by their mother or chaperon.—The heels of shoes are high or low, as the wearer chooses. Of late, however, a fancy for low heels is prevalent. The Continental slipper is stylish. The Empire shoe is another style, laced across the instep.—A person with very heavy hair may twist it in a loose knot or have a cluster of braids at the nape of the neck. —Questions for the Correspondence Club should be sent in as early as possible. The great number of letters we receive makes it impossible for us to do more than answer each in its turn, and sometimes answers intended to go in a certain number may be crowded out because there are others ahead of them.

"MRS. W. F. T."—If you do not like the "crazy" quilts now so much used, you could cut your pieces of silk into various floral shapes, using as designs the conventionalized patterns of wall-paper, and arrange them on a sheet of black silk, appliquéing them down with fine button-holing or other appliqué stitch. Or you can make up the appliqué designs in separate square blocks, and join them after they are quilted, as you propose to do.

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"M. R."—The "Georgette" costume (illustrated in the April magazine) would be a suitable design for a dress of striped brown silk with combination of tan-colored camels'-hair, which would be most appropriate. For a girl of thirteen, the pattern of the size for fourteen years can be used. A pretty dress for a young lady invalid, would be a garnet cashmere made like the "Adrienne" morning-dress (illustrated in miniature in the April number). Gray or dark brown Canton flannel, stuffed with bran or sawdust, is what you need to make a toy elephant.—Hot water poured on thickened mucilage will soften it in the bottle.—Thanks for your kind words.

"M. C. E."—Your copy of our water-color "View of Hudson River from West Point," which was given in the May Magazine, will be suitably framed with a two-inch mat in an oak molding; yet a frame of narrow gilt molding, or white enamel and gilt, would be yet more effective.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The gipsy costume for a lady, consists of a colored full skirt, white spencer waist, black velvet bodice, sewn with gilt sequins if possible, a Spanish jacket, and a scarlet sash. The hair can be worn hanging loosely with a red or yellow handkerchief tied over it, the point on the forehead. A pack of cards may be carried if the costume is to represent a gipsy fortune-teller. For an old woman, a scarlet or tan-colored circular cloak is appropriate. A gipsy man's costume is a gay or russet cambric shirt, with brown knee-breeches, black stockings and common low shoes, and a scarlet silk sash. A red or blue handkerchief knotted around the neck, adds the necessary touch of picturesqueness.

"SOLO."—A woman is of age at twenty-one. Persons can inherit property at any age if it is willed to them or they are heirs-at-law.—It is correct to say "Thank you" when one has received a favor. It is a shade more elegant than to say "Much obliged," which is rather more emphatic.—Botany is a study which is undoubtedly of more general use to girls than trigonometry, although the latter is also useful, not only in itself as leading up to the comprehension of the sciences which require an exact knowledge of the laws that govern the arbitrary division of space, but also as mental discipline, which is often needed in youth, and which, it is asserted by some, can only be obtained by a study of the higher mathematics. Botany, on the other hand, is a study to which every girl ought to pay some attention The nature and habits of plants and their various peculiarities ought to be studied by every woman, and there is no one of the simple sciences which so early interests the mind and is such an enduring source of pleasure, as botany.—A few drops of gum-arabic, carefully applied, will fasten pressed flowers to cards or paper.—Violets form buds and flowers which produce seed after the real purple or white flowers have ceased to blossom, sometimes quite late in the fall.—Undoubtedly the Romans were, as a people, inclined to egotistic aggrandizement, and the egotism you so unhesitatingly ascribe to Cæsar and Cicero was not only characteristic of them but also of the nation. However, Julius Cæsar, could hardly be called egotistic in the sense in which we usually apply the word. His wonderful abilities and opportunities made him ruler of the world, and his influence is felt to this day, even in every-day life, and his life was too active to afford much opportunity for the self-complacency or contemplation which we call egotism. Egoistic with that sublime selfishness which must always exist before any great thing can be accomplished either for oneself or others, he must have been. It is only one who has succeeded in planting his own feet firmly who can to any purpose extend a helping hand to others.

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"ALICE."—Lady Godiva, whom Tennyson celebrates in his beautiful poem of that name, was a countess of Coventry, in England, of whom the story relates, that to save the people of that town from a heavy tax she rode naked through the town, the grim Earl, her husband, having given her that as an alternative when she besought him to repeal the tax. The tale is partly historical, and is one of the city's ancient legends.

"A MINER'S WIFE."—A woman of thirty with red hair, brown eyes, and fair skin, can wear any shade of brown or bronze, all shades of green and blue, and violet, heliotrope, and purple, and black-and-white; the latter in combination with green is usually especially becoming to this type.—A nervous child can be allowed to eat eggs at any age. At six years of age much meat is not desirable. Give the child plenty of corn and brown bread, and all the eggs he will eat cannot hurt him unless his diet is restricted to eggs.—We are glad to know you find the Magazine of so much use.

"M. L. E."—The Easter season in the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches is regarded as the chief festival of the Christian year, and its observances are not wholly concluded until the Sunday after Easter, sometimes called Low Sunday, the octave of Easter which repeats the note of Easter rejoicing in a lower scale. Therefore Monday and Tuesday of the week intervening are distinguished by special services, and those days are known as Monday in Easter week and Tuesday in Easter week, or Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday; but it is a mistake to suppose they are more strictly observed than Sunday, which we keep as the Jews do their Sabbath.—A copyright for a book or story can be obtained of the Librarian of Congress upon application, by sending to him a printed copy of the title of the book or story, before publication, with a fee of 50 cents for recording the title, and 50 cents in addition (or one dollar in all) for a certificate of copyright, which will be returned by early mail. The application for copyright must state distinctly the name and residence of the claimant, and the right claimed as author. No affidavit is required; but within ten days after publication of each book or other article, two complete copies must be sent prepaid, or under free labels, furnished by the Librarian, to perfect the copyright, with the address, "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." Without the deposit of copies, as above required, the copyright is void, and a penalty of $25 is incurred. No copyright is valid unless a printed notice to the effect that copyright has been obtained is inserted in every copy published.

"MRS L. H. B."—To crochet a chemise yoke, use No. 60 crochet cotton and a steel hook. Make it of separate rosettes crocheted together afterwards. For each rosette make eight chain, join, and then cover with close crochet stitches; then make a series of ten loops, with five chain in each, and, when these are completed, add loops of chains until the rosette is as large as you like to make it, making a sufficient number of stitches in each loop to keep the rosette flat. When complete, join together with a series of chains, and arrange the rosettes to turn the necessary corners, if the yoke is square; when all are joined together, crochet a row of chain-stitching at each side, then finish with one row of double crochet, one row of triple crochet, one row of double crochet, and at the upper edge a row of double picots.

"AMARYLLIS."—The ordinary rules of tennis apply to the match game with the following additions: At the commencement of the game one partner only of the side that is "hand-in" shall serve. The players may be few or many, but the best game is formed by two, four, or eight persons. When any of the players on one side lose a stroke, the other side shall be "hand-in." A handsome racquet, or a scarf-pin in the shape of a miniature racquet, is a suitable prize for the best gentleman player. The umpire should call out the score, but there is no special reason why the players should be prohibited from so doing. During a double match-game, when the "hand-in" who serves first shall have been put out, his or her partner should serve, so that before the side is "hand-out," both partners shall have been put out. The "hand-in" shall deliver the service in accordance with the usual rules, and his adversaries return the service alternately; but, in subsequent strokes, the partners may take any position they like in the court. If the service be delivered into the wrong court, it may be taken by either adversary.

"MRS. A. W."—An afternoon company of about twenty ladies could be entertained informally with recitations, readings, or music, or with the new amusement of "fortune telling," or "palmistry." Let some person dress as a gypsy and appear on the scene as if impromptu, and after all who desire have had their fortunes told, either by cards or palmistry, she may join the company and allow them to discover her identity. Of course, to make such a surprise a success, it is necessary to provide some other ostensible entertainment,—music or croquet, for instance.—Garnet, terra cotta, and crushed strawberry are colors especially becoming to a lady of dark complexion with dark gray eyes and dark hair.

"MISS MARY A. K."—Address your communication to "Fulton Street Prayer Meeting," New York City.

"RENA MAY."—Orchids are not easily cultivated by amateurs, although they are beautiful and curious enough to repay the trouble. The word orchid is pronounced or-kid.

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"MRS. A. B."—You are right about all the "Baby Foods" being the best. Nearly every one advertised has some special excellence which fits it for certain cases; and then babies have different tastes in such matters. If the child is in health, it is well to try different well-recommended foods until one is found which suits the little one's taste. Barley is good food for a child of ten months old, and so is arrow-root, or any of the various farinaceous foods in powdered state, which may be made into gruels with milk; but all these foods are only supplemental to milk. New milk for children is the staple of all other kinds of food whatever.—It is not easy to guess why you do not look young at twenty if you have a good complexion and a cheerful disposition, unless the cares of motherhood have given you a look of maturity. Do not think of the matter, and the annoyance will pass off. Probably no one else has noticed a change in your appearance.—A bed-lounge is seldom as comfortable as an ordinary Turkish lounge. The only way to make yours "springy" is to have it re-upholstered. Brocatelle is silk brocade with figures padded in the weaving, and is used for furniture coverings and for curtains, portières, etc.—There are so many publishers who use short stories in fiction, that it would not be possible for us to tell which of them would accept your manuscripts. The price varies for good short stories; usually it is so much per thousand words. The quality of the story determines its value, unless the writer has a name and adheres to a certain price.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Kismet is an Arabic word, which means that whatever is to be will be. The custom of the Arabs to say "Kismet" when accidents, etc. happen, has led to its use among travelers. No matter what his misfortunes, the Arab believes it is "Kismet," that is, "fate," and it is useless to repine or struggle against it.

"A CONSTANT READER."—According to Professor Horsford, who has made an exhaustive study of the history of the Norse colonies of America, and delivered the address at the unveiling of the statue to Leif Eriksen in Boston, October 29, 1887, the first Norseman to set foot on the shores of Vinland, as the Norse colonies of America were called, was Leif Eriksen; and this Leif Eriksen was the son of a Norwegian earl, whose ancestry, to escape oppression, had emigrated from Norway to Iceland, as the early Puritans left England for Plymouth. "Leif Eriksen," Professor Horsford says, "was a man of the people, a scholar of the times, a man of faith, a gentleman, an athlete, a man of deeds and renown." His arguments that Leif Eriksen was the original discoverer of America are well brought forward and skilfully supported; yet are not likely to weaken the claims of Christopher Columbus, the fourth centenary of whose discovery we propose to commemorate in 1892, as soon as we are fairly done celebrating the Centennial of our own hero of the soil, Washington.

"MISS L. V."—A "mum" social is a pleasant and usually a successful entertainment for a church, literary, or temperance society to get up, and if the visitors are not too taciturn is an excellent way of raising money. When a number have assembled in the hall or church parlor, or at some member's residence, the first one who speaks is fined a certain sum, either twenty-five, thirty-five, or fifty cents, which entitles him or her to a supper ticket. Then it becomes the fined one's duty to try and loosen the tongues of the others, and if he succeeds they are fined. Anyone who succeeds in refraining from talking during an entire evening, gets his supper free. Detectives must be appointed to see that all rules are obeyed, and plenty of fun is the result.

"ESTELLE C."—The Académie Française is one of the sections of the Institute of France, which consists of five Academies: the Académie Française, founded by Richelieu, in 1635; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres; the Académie des Sciences; the Académie des Beaux Arts; and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The Académie Francaise, or the French Academy, is the best known and most famous. The old Academy, founded by Richelieu, perished with the throne of Louis XVI., and was suppressed and destroyed like all the other Academies, in 1793; but the National Convention refounded the Institute in 1803. Concerning the Academy particularly, the decree of the Convention says:

"It is especially charged with making a dictionary of the French tongue; as regards language, it shall examine important works of literature, history, and science. The collections of its critical observations shall be published." The Academy is composed of forty members, whose officers are a director and a chancellor, who are elected for three months, and a secretary elected for life, who bears the title of Perpetual Secretary. The Academy holds meetings, and distributes prizes on which the Secretary reads reports. The historical dictionary of the French language, which was begun in 1852, is still in course of preparation, and one of the most distinguished of the academicians, M. Ernest Rénan himself, announces that it will be ready in about twelve hundred years, according to a moderate calculation!

Personal cleanliness should be a matter of interest to everybody. To keep the skin clean, especially at this season of the year, is to ward off many diseases that may be lurking in our pathway. Among the appliances for health and comfort, we would recommend E. J. Knowlton's Universal Baths, which are advertised in another column. These are certainly a boon to those living in country places, who have not the luxury of the modern bath-roomin their houses.

For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. ☞ Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque,~~ 34, 36, ~~38,~~ 40 Bust Measure, Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

PATTERN ORDER

Name,.....

Street and Number,.....

Post-Office,.....

County,..... *State*.....

1. Orra Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
2. Berenda Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
3. Conchita Jacket, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
4. Felicia Mantelet, Medium and Large.
5. Aydia Sleeve, Medium Size.
6. Orra Drapery, Medium Size.
7. Plain Gored Skirt, 23 Waist, 39 Front; 25 Waist, 40 Front; 27 Waist, 41 Front.
8. Guelda Dress, 8, 10 and 12 years.
9. Luta Dress, 6, 8 and 10 years.
10. Carola Jacket, 10, 12 and 14 years.
11. Griselda Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
12. Bianca Mantelet, Medium and Large.
13. Carmen Drapery, Medium Size.
14. Lady's Kilt-plaited Skirt, Medium Size.
15. Manhattan Bathing-Suit, Medium and Large. (For Ladies.)
16. Rover Bathing-Suit, 6, 8 and 10 years.
17. Cyrilla Dress, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
18. Ebba Dress, 8, 10 and 12 years.
19. Nano Costume, 6, 8 and 10 years.
20. Ailsa Dress, 4, 6 and 8 years.
21. Lula Jacket, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.
22. Clara Sunbonnet, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

We do not SELL patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

We do not furnish Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

Spice Box.

THE SLY MINX.

GOVERNESS. Ethel, I have found a book in your room which is not proper for you to read. How did you get it from the circulating library?

ETHEL. Why, how do you suppose? I sent papa's valet and told him to ask for something spicy for the Major.

PROFESSIONAL COURTESIES.

ACTOR (*in country town*). I hope you won't object to announcing in your paper that this will probably be the last chance to see me outside of the great cities, as I have received an offer from the "Gotham Theater" for next season, at $500 a week.

EDITOR. I'll print it with pleasure. And, by the way, please announce from the stage that now is the time to subscribe for the "Pumpkinville Trumpet," as I have received an offer of $5,000 a week to run the "Gotham Times."

Ether might properly be put in the list of great composers.

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"TAPS."

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