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A HAPPY DAY AT CAIRO.



OUR CAMP IN VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS OF JEEZEH.

A ! Wardah ! I hope papalooka's dreams were of a pleasing variety last night ? ”

“ O Jameeleh, your talisman has worked wonders on former trials ; and it must have kept up its reputation, for our dear popkins is in a happy mood this morning. If you say so we will ask him about the picnic promised some time ago. ”

“ O my Carrier Dove, let us go at once and see him. ”

“ Wait a minute, Wardah, O my Full-Blown Rose, let us count up the many presents he has made us since the Great Fair at Tanta. There is my silk-velvet jacket, so covered with embroidery, and my —— ”

“ Oh ! but we did all the needlework of the decorations. ”

“ To be sure ; and the colored silk twist, gold and silver thread, spangles, and braids, and buttons —— ”

“ Were of the very best, as was also my new Syrian scarf. Such rich and harmonious colors ! and the necklace of pearls, and oh ! prettier than all, those dainty slippers, covered with gold and silver among bright colors in silk embroidery, in an arabesque pattern, with real pearls —— ”

“ Isn't he a dear, good, generous papa ! ”

“ Yes : but I really believe the half of his generosity is on account of the young Georgian girl he brought home lately. He seems wholly absorbed in her, and gives us these things to quiet our jealousy. ”

“ Zayneb is so good and lovable. I don't see how papa could help making her his darling. ”

“ How sweetly she sings the songs of her native land ! ”

“ I like to hear her stories—her folk-lore stories—better than any music. Such strange and wild tales, so different from our stories of jinnees, afreets, and other queer people : it is a new world, and so delightful ! ”

“ But we forget, my Rose in Bloom, that the proposed picnic is the order of the day. Papa may go out, and we will miss him if we are tardy. ”

“ Hear that clapping of hands. Do look through the lattice and see if it is anyone we know. ”

“ No, let me look. Why ! it is Mustafa, the water-carrier. ”

“ Yes, I know ; but is he anybody we know ? He is only



ZAYNEB.

a fellah, useful as your jacket or slipper, and to be thrown away when worn out."

"O Jameeleh! how hard your heart is this morning. But I wonder why Mustafa came so early instead of in the evening, as usual. I will call him and inquire. Ho! Mustafa! Come to the stairway and tell us why we have our eyes gladdened by the bearer of life-giving water so early in the morning."

"O my Little Camel, I am here to arrange with the steward for supplying water for the picnic of Friday."

"Do you tell us, O Son of the Water-Jars, that the day has been fixed?"

"I obey the command of Ahmed, the respected father."

"Who is he who claps now at the street door?"

"It is Omar, the baker's son."

"Ya! Omar! Do you come with news?"



MIBROKEH.

"O Field of Roses, the steward requested me to come for orders as to the bread, cakes, and delicacies, for the outing."

"Is it to be at the pyramids, O Son of the Scorcher?"

"No, my Baby Camel, it will be at the village of the Wazan (El Kafra Walad ibn Wazan), a mile or more on the side of the Father of Terror (Abu l'Hool, the Sphinx), on the morning of Aljooma (Friday)."

"O Jameeleh! I am glad we do not go to the pyramids. They are to me only witnesses of pride and oppression. Allah be praised! we have no pyramid builders in Musr (Egypt) now."



AYISHEH.

"But we have many little beys, and many pashas, and one big pasha, the Kedive (ked-i-ve), and he is very, very big."

He don't build huge wonders of stone, but he owns a third part of all the good land in Musr, his pashas own another third, and the beys and money-lenders really own the rest, and the fellaheen (farmers) have no place on which to set the soles of their feet."

"And the Kedive is also in debt up to his eyes to the English and French money-lenders, so every four piasters in five must go for interest, bribes, subsidies, and high living."

"Ya, Mustafa, I tremble at your woful lack of patriotism."

"Where is my country, that I may show my love for it?"

"O you water-soaked son of a leaky skin-bottle, is not Musr the most favored land under the sun? But never mind the country just now. Our immediate concern is the day out, which will be on the morning after the Leylet al Kadr (Night of Power), when Allah's angels descend with blessings for the faithful—who are not water-carriers."

Mustafa was relieved by a summons to the divan of Ahmed.

"Ya! Mibrookeh! Are you to be our musician on Al-jooma?"

"O Ayisheh, you know I sing only the songs of my native Chercassia. I try to learn the songs of Musr, and hope the Almeh will be my instructor. Are any of the awalim to go with us?"

"O Mibrookeh, your voice is sweeter and more melodious than any of the professional singers. They know our native songs and recite the popular romances which we have heard many times: your songs and romances are new to us, and therefore welcome. However, we are to be delighted with both song and dance, for our generous papa has so provided both awalim and gowazee (singers and dancers)."

"Makboobeh! Ya! Makboobeh! Where is she? Somebody go and find her, if she is lost. Anyway, let her come to me."

"O Ayisheh, I am here, and at your bidding."

"Have you seen the women who are to serve us with drink?"

"I have seen Fateemeh and Kadijeh, the women of Boolak, and they have with them Zahreh and Sekeeneh, the widow and daughter who live in the shadow of the mosk of Hassan. They have all the skins, jars, large and small bottles, brass drinking-cups, and porous cooling-jars that will be needed."

Ayisheh called for Nefeeseh; and when that Pearl of the East came she inquired as to her preparations for making a presentable widow of herself at the picnic, and Nefeeseh said:

"O Ayisheh, choicest among women, your wishes have



THE BAKER AND HIS ASSISTANTS.



BUTROOS.

been followed in my case. I have received the head-veil (tarhah) of purple, the face-veil (boorkoo) of dark blue, and the dark blue woolen gown (zaboot), and the slippers. My hair will be dressed as you directed, in full curls at the sides of the face, and braided behind with coins and bangles to each braid."

"O Ameeneh, have you sewn the spangles on your veil? I mean on the new one, which is woven in checks of many colors."

"It is done as you desired, O my mistress. And the new pink dress with clusters of roses and lace trimmings is ready, but my slippers are delayed at the shoemaker's. He is always too late. When I go to his stall I often find him asleep."

"Poor man! he is alone in the world, for all his relatives are dead, or gone away to some distant place, and it may be that he sometimes thinks of the happy days when he was a favorite servant of Ismail Pasha, and kept a fine house with many servants, and rejoiced in sons and daughters."

"How wonderful are the decrees of Allah! whose name be exalted. Allah may yet have compassion on him."

"Not if you are hard-hearted toward him. You are the servant of Allah, and what you say or do to your fellows, or to the poor who serve you, or even to those who are superior to you in position or in wealth, is done as the servant of the Most High."

"I hear, O Ayishah, my life, and am instructed."

"Ameenah, the best effect of right thinking and kind acts is on yourself. Our holiest men so teach in their writings. Makreezee says we exalt ourselves toward Allah by self seeking, by virtues, and by charities. You were not charitable to the poor shoemaker when you begrudged him a few moments of rest in sleep."

"O my dear mamma Ayishah, I shall cry in earnest, both for the cobbler and for myself, if you say more. I will tell him when next I go for my slippers that he is a dear, good old man to fix them so nicely for me, and that may make him feel better for awhile."

"Kind words never die, Ameenah. Such a word from you will cause him to dream of the hoorees of Paradise, and you will learn the sooner to win the love of your husband."

"When I have one, O thoughtless tormentor."



FATEEMEH AND KADIJEH.

"O Ameenah! How is the case with Hassan, son of Moweeyeh?"

"He is my cousin. His mother is a widow and does not favor me as her son's wife, so there is no prospect for me as to him. Do you think he will be with us on Aljooma?"

"Perhaps. He is employed in the police office at headquarters, as a helper to Hornstein, the interpreter. You ought to know that. You meet him at Mrs. Hornstein's house often."

"O Ayishah, not so very often,—it is ages between!"

"Poor little soul! There, don't cry. Mamma did not mean to hurt your feelings about your cousin. He is a dear, good boy, and is liked by his employers. His mother may yet be kind to you. So now run and see about your slippers."

Then came Butroos (Peter), who had been directed to en-



SELIM AND NAJIB IN THE BOATS.

gage two boats to ferry the company across the Nile. He said:

"The animals are to go over the bridge and wait for the party on the other side. They are then to go by Ismail's road to Kafra ibn Wazan, and camp under the large fig-tree."

Ayishah asked if the boats were ready.

"O Ayishah, Selim and Najib with their boats will wait for your coming on the morning of Aljooma, at Boolak."

"And Butroos, have you provided the charcoal for the cooks?"



ZAHREH AND SEKEENER.



MAKBOOBEEH.

"Your orders are obeyed."

In a society where marriages are arranged by the parents or by professional brokers, it is rare that young people have a chance to choose for themselves. Here was a chance; and as cousins are permitted by custom to see each other, Ameeneh and Hassan had become mutually attached. Ameeneh's father had died in the cotton-field at forced labor for the Kedive; and Hassan's father was killed in the war with the English, and buried—perhaps—no one knew where. The widows—who cares for them?—had their hands full, and were glad when their children were old enough to go out to service in the houses of the prosperous; so Ameeneh came to the house of Ahmed the rich cotton-broker, who was the trusted agent of the Kedive, and had a spacious palace in the Moslem quarter.

He enjoyed his prosperity while the sky was fair; for since it depended on the favor of the Kedive, or was at the mercy of some of his ministers, or the caprice of the English advisers of his Highness, it was wise to make the most of his fortune while it lasted. There is no safety in laying up treasures in Musr. Money invested in land, manufactures, houses, bonds, are all liable to seizure and confiscation by the Kedive, on any or even no valid pretext or excuse, when he chooses to turn one man out and put another into a place. In such a case a charge of some wrong-doing, no matter what, is made against the doomed man, witnesses are bribed or forced to swear falsely to his ruin, and he is stripped of every piaster, save only what clothing the family may have on or may carry in the hand, and all are turned out of the house, and the house is looted by the police or by men sent by the Kedive, who leave only the bare walls. The man himself may be banished to some distant country, leaving his family behind. The women become beggars and must

go to service in other families, and the boys to work as they may find opportunity.

So it happens that a picnic is a happy day for the family, their friends, and all who are called in to help in its various duties and delights.

On Thursday (Alchamees) John Hornstein was quietly smoking a cigarette in the anteroom of the Zabit (chief of police), when Hassan asked permission to be absent next day, saying that he was invited by the cotton-broker, Ahmed ibn Sekoot (Ahmed Son of Silence).

"Ah! Then you go as a duty, and not on account of any little love-affair you may have with the pretty Ameeneh?"

"Honored Sir, I am doubly inclined to serve, as you see."

"Yes; and you have my permission, and may you enjoy the day."

The boy Ibraheem ibn Bakeer was a messenger for the Kedive, and happened to be in the anteroom at the time and to overhear what was said about the pretty Ameeneh. He repeated what he had heard, and added such things as occurred to his lively imagination; for he was not overburdened with truthfulness. His gossip inflamed the Kedive with a desire to know if there really was a beautiful girl in the case who might enrich his fine bouquet in his elegant conservatory at Shoobra.

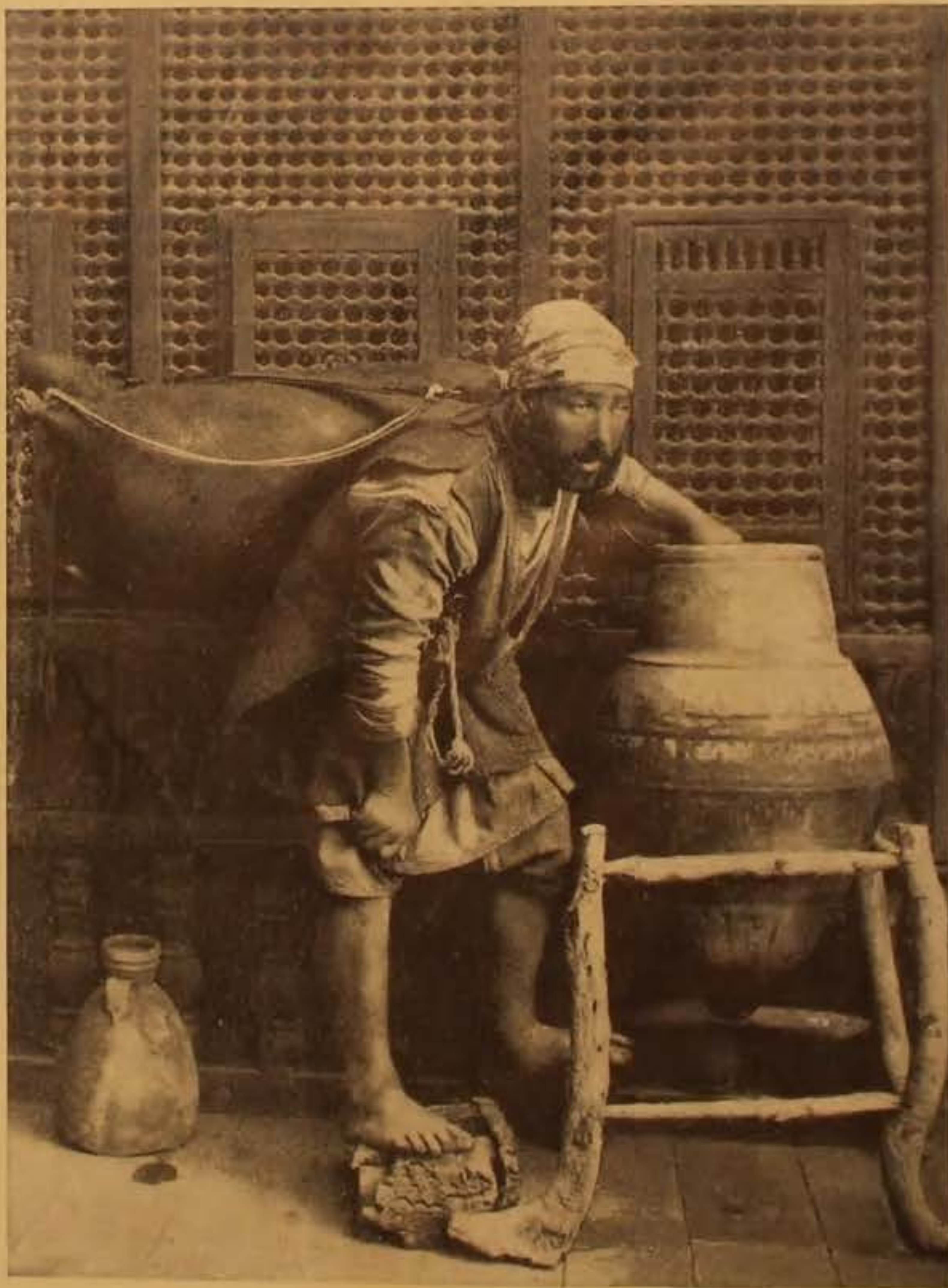
"Ibraheem!"

"I am here to obey the commands of the Master of the Faithful."

"Summon the Zabit before me, this moment."

The chief of police was directed to send a detective, or spy, who should be a woman disguised as a water-carrier, who would report as to the comeliness of the girl Ameeneh in Ahmed's employ.

The party was admirably conducted, and the shade of the great fig-tree was very grateful. Everyone was happy, and none more so than the cousins. Wardeh frequently in-



MUSTAFA.



AHMED AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.

quired if the happy day were set, and Nefeesch teased Ameenah with such sayings as only women know how to use on such occasions.

The spy, Fateemeh the water-carrier, was not idle. Her brass drinking-cups were ever tinkling, and she heard much that would be music in the ears of his Highness, and said often to herself :

“ You beautiful lily, you sweet-scented and brilliant flower ! You will make a paradise of the Kedive's harem.”

Her report fell like drops of honey on the tongue or like dulcet music on the ear of his Highness. Fateemeh was rewarded with a goodly sum of money, and a handsome dress of fine stuff.

“ Ya ! Mahmood ! ”



A WIDOW.

"I await your commands, Ruler of the Faithful."
 "There is a lily in the garden of our cotton-broker Ahmed ibn Sekoot, whose name is Ameeneh. Give my sincere compliments to him in the morning, and say that it is my desire that he send the choice flower to my conservatory, where she may teach my daughters the art of embroidery. My steward will wait at his door at noon."

There was no more surprised nor grieved soul among the faithful in Al Kaheerah (Cairo) than was Ahmed ibn Sekoot on that Saturday morning. He mused :

"How did his Highness learn of Ameeneh's beauty? How could he ever have seen her? Her errands to the bazaar, or to the shoemaker, or baker, never exposed her face." So he took counsel with his favorite wife Ayishel.

"O my darling, my life, a calamity is about to fall on us;" and he related the visit of the Kedive's messenger and the request for Ameeneh.

"O my beloved husband, do you not see in this case a glorious future for Ameeneh? Her charms could not long remain hidden. She is a most lovely girl, and however his Highness has discovered her excellence he is a noble and generous man toward women, and he honors our house by his choice."

"But what will Ameeneh say to her cousin?"

"Say to her cousin! Are you bereft of your senses? My eyes! My heart! Do you think she has no desire to be somebody in the world? She may yet become the favorite wife of the Kedive, the most honored and influential woman in Musr, and then our position would be secure. Say to her cousin! Who is he that she should ever think of him, except to smile at his youthful simplicity? When she is clothed in royal robes, attended by the first ladies, guarded by eunuchs, and loved by his Highness her husband, she will be the most happy woman in the whole world. Her cousin is a fi : his Highness is a diamond!"

Ayishel's eyes sparkled like the diamonds and coins on her tarbush, and she talked her husband deaf, dumb, and blind. His only answer was :

"It is her kismet (fate); the Kedive must be obeyed. He is supreme in Musr, and I am less than the tooth-pick in his jeweled dressing-case."

Ameeneh was escorted by a retinue of twenty men in the Kedive's uniform, riding on horses, and she was borne on a white ass whose trappings were of white and gold. Her dress was of silk and fine wool and the most delicate linen, beyond the power of a few words to describe for beauty and richness, and of great value for its many diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

The addition of a flower more or less choice to the conservatory of his Highness the Kedive is not a matter of much concern in Cairo. The hareem, which may have a hundred or more wives and their attendants and servants and guards, is not very much enriched by the addition of one more, except that one happen to be a rare exotic or a highly developed native product.

Ameeneh had fine qualities which his Highness was quick to discover: in a few months she was exalted to the position of the first lady, and soon became the favorite wife, and was trusted with state secrets and consulted on all matters of importance. Her mother was assigned to royal apartments, with a large retinue of servants who honored her as the mother of the most powerful woman in the Kedive's dominions.

And Hassan, the cousin?

He knows a cigarette of good quality, and smokes the best, made of Latakeeyeh, the choicest variety of Turkish tobacco; and Mr. Hornstein says he seems to have forgotten all about his little flame for Ameeneh, for he consoles himself with his wife Selmeeneh and their children, aided by a good salary as an *attache* to the secret service.

The decrees of Allah, may his name be exalted! are wonderful beyond the comprehension of the wisest of his creatures.

A. L. RAWSON.

Summer's Bird: The Swallow.

(See Water-Color.)

THE swallow is one of the most common birds of the summer: we can hardly imagine that genial season bereft of the merry, chattering fellow. Yet how little we really know about him! Who can picture his daily life? Who understands his domestic relations—as wooer, nest-builder, the head of a family? We see him all the summer through, weaving his mysterious figures in the air, but who is familiar with his bewitching song, his wonderful variety of talk?—

"For what are the voices of birds—

Aye and of beasts—but words, our words,

Only so much more sweet."

None but the ornithologist or the bird-student, it is safe to say; for the human habit of blindness and deafness to what is going on before the very eyes is surprising.

Yet the swallow's life is full of interest. Around the little colony in the barn centers a social life that is charming to see, while yet each little cottage of clay is as much its owner's castle as the most isolated dwelling of the solitary nesting birds. In a settlement that I watched last summer were four homesteads: one set squarely upon an end of a beam across the middle of the barn; the second, three feet away, on a big wooden peg driven into a rafter; the third, near the other end of the beam; the fourth, at the farther



end of the building. Here four families were growing up in perfect harmony; and not only did each pair have its own nest, but it had also its recognized resting-place near by, and its special promenade. The owner of the first nest claimed half the length of the beam for his own, while the other half belonged to Number Three. Number Two perched on the end of the supporting peg, and Number Four on a side-beam near his residence.

In his recognized boundaries each bird was sovereign, and none intruded upon him: here he alighted when he came in; here he sat and talked, and joined in the delightful neighborhood chorus, while his demure little spouse gave her attention to household matters. Within these bounds went on the droll wooing, the queer little sidling run with which he advanced to his "ladye fair," and the low whispered chatter between them. Never did I listen to anything more charming than the swallow quartette of that big empty barn.

So social is the bird that not only does he live in a village, and seek his food in crowds, but he sings in the same way; and, strange to say, the effect of his sweet and simple melody is much enhanced by the notes of his neighbors. The performance bears the character of a round. One begins, and before he finishes the short strain another strikes in, and then another, till all in the settlement are singing. When the first one has ended, the others are in full swing; he rests a few seconds, then begins again, and so it goes on for perhaps five minutes. The song consists of low, rippling notes, given with the rapturous abandon of the bobolink.

The swallow is a true king of the air. On the wing he eats and drinks, takes his bath, and feeds his little ones. He is sometimes said never to perch; yet once inside the rickety old barn where his home is built, he will settle down as quietly as a thrush, chatter softly with his neighbor, watch his mate on her nest, and when she slips off for a rest, or a lunch, hop gravely to her station, examine with interest the treasures she has been brooding, and bravely try his best to fill her place.

The swallow baby is an interesting youngster, chatty and coaxing when its parents are about, but

silent and wary when alone. For a day or two before flying, it stands nearly all the time on the edge of the nest, with wings and tail hanging out, stretching and dressing its feathers and beating its wings till the fateful hour arrives, when it flies, with courage and skill, around and around the barn several times, without alighting. On the first day it ventures into the world outside, sees the sunshine and the beautiful green earth for the first time, and in an extraordinarily short time flies with all the ease, and apparently the tirelessness, of its parents.

In this rapid development he differs greatly from many of our birds whose dependence upon the parents is prolonged for days, even weeks, after they leave the nest. I do not mean to say that the young swallow feeds itself on the first day: on the contrary, with close watching one may often see an old bird pause in the air long enough to thrust into an eager young mouth a black ball composed of a compact mass of tiny insects; but he becomes independent in a very short time.

The surveillance to which I was subjected in my visits to the old barn I have spoken of was amusing. I always placed myself quietly against the wall in the most inconspicuous spot I could find that commanded a view of the settlement up under the roof, but the moment a swallow came in he flew over to me. Sometimes he hovered before me like a big humming-bird, again he circled above my head, and occasionally he perched silently behind me where I did not suspect his presence. Most of this investigation was accompanied by talk of varying sorts: now a rapid chitter like that of a squirrel (which is a scold, as I found out later), then a low, insect-like, single note, which silences every tongue like a hush. Every bird as he swept in through one of the many entrances—knot-hole or missing pane, open door or broken clapboard—made a remark in a loud tone, to which those within replied. In all these sounds was a wonderful variety of tone and inflection.

The intelligence of the swallows is shown in their treatment of other birds and of animals. Their bravery in driving away hawks and other birds of prey is well known, and they are valued for their guardianship of the



poultry-yard. A cat, too, they recognize as an enemy, and combine at once to drive her away. Greatly annoyed was an unfortunate pussy whom I saw last summer. She was prowling about, after her breakfast, no doubt, which of course she had a perfect right to do, when she came under the notice of the small flock of swallows of the neighborhood. At once there was a great excitement, loud calls, and cries, and the whole agitated party abandoned its hunt for insects, and dashed around and around the bewildered cat. Not satisfied with thus expressing their disapproval, they soon adopted offensive measures, and began to swoop down toward her. One after another they came, faster and faster, nearer and nearer her head, as though aiming for her eyes. Poor puss dodged and ducked her head, and crouched, but at last had to run and hide in the bushes.

Quite otherwise the same birds treated the big, lumbering dog of the household. They actually played with him. One would sweep down almost before his face, and then fly at the same height forty or fifty feet along the ground. The dog rushed madly after it, jumping up and snatching at it, wagging his tail furiously all the time as if to declare that he knew it was a joke. When the bird rose out of reach the dog stopped and waited, till in a moment down it would come again, flying tantalizingly near, yet always just beyond his reach, and the race began again. I watched this play for a long time, and it was evidently a mere frolic. The other swallows were circling about as usual, somewhat higher than the barn, and this one's flight was so direct, so close to the dog, so plainly with the intention of leading him on, that I could not doubt.

An interesting custom of the swallows is to collect in great flocks before the migration. Many other birds do this, to be sure,—bobolinks, robins, and others; but the swallow is so talkative, and comes in such vast numbers, that he is very conspicuous in doing it. No bird is more of a home-lover than this one who seems the greatest rover of all. After his winter's sojourn in the South he comes back to his original nesting-place, and takes possession of his old quarters with cries of unmistakable joy and recognition.

Happily for himself, in these days of terrible bird-slaughter, the swallow has the reputation of bringing luck to the house he adopts as his home. In many places there is so great superstition about it, so firm a belief that he takes it away if disturbed, that he is never annoyed or driven away. Indeed, here and there he is regarded as sacred. In Germany, swallows are "the Madonna's birds;" and in parts of France "the birds of God." The legend which accounts for their distinguished position in the bird world is, that at the crucifixion swallows bore away the crown of thorns.

The different families of swallows are widely distributed over the world. Those in the illustrations are the common European swallow, *Hirundo Rustica*, occupying the place in Europe that the common barn-swallow does in America.

The prettiest swallow-houses in our country are made by the eaves swallow. These bottle-shaped nests, with their entrance porch, are placed in a row close up under the eaves of a barn. They must have something as a foundation to rest upon, as an inch board, or a peg, and the little row bears a comical resemblance to a block of city houses side by side, with here and there a tenant sitting in her doorway, chatting with her neighbor, and looking at the world outside. These swallows have rather a plaintive note as they fly, and are said to have no song at all.

The purple martin is one of the most interesting of the swallow family. He takes kindly to the houses of man's device, and becomes greatly attached to his home, for which, indeed, on his return in the spring, he often has to fight the English sparrow. The martin has a rich and sweet-toned voice with notes and inflections so remarkable that one can-

not help thinking they must really have a copious language. Indeed, the more closely one studies the utterances of birds, the more sure he must be that they are perfectly able to express their opinions, even if they cannot discuss evolution or "the single tax;" and who is to say that they cannot do that?—or what is equivalent to that in the world of wings.

Purple martins are fond of sitting on their own doorsteps, and I once saw a very pretty domestic scene. A pair sat on the little platform where they always alighted, dressing their plumage. They had evidently been indulging in a social salt-bath in the Sound near by. For some time they were absorbed in their work, and paid no attention to each other; but at last, when the purple beauty had got his shining feathers into perfect order, he turned sentimental, sidled up to his soberly clad mate, and opened his mouth. I thought of course she would resent it, for that is a recognized insult among many birds; but, to my surprise, she lifted her head and put her beak up to his. Offering the beloved a delicate morsel from the bill is a bird-like attention equivalent to a box of candy or a bouquet between bigger lovers; but she could not have expected that, for his mouth was wide open. Moreover, he could not have held anything to eat during all the preceding feather-dressing. What then did it mean? Could it have been a kiss?

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

The Last Cruise of the Galatée.

HE French cruiser Galatée was to sail from the port of St. Malo for Valparaiso, on the morning of September 2nd, 1889. In a pretty stone house overlooking the harbor lived her captain, Jean Moreau. Captain Moreau could not bear to be out of sight of the sea even when on land: consequently he built his house on a high bluff overlooking the water.

On the afternoon of the 1st of September, Arthur Lemprière, the young physician of the Galatée, called at the home of his captain to report himself in readiness to sail with his vessel. He had just arrived from his home in Blois, where he had been on a visit to his mother and sister.

Lemprière had remained almost an hour in conversation with his superior officer. From time to time his eyes sought the door as though he expected someone to enter. At length he asked, with lowered eyes and a faint flush rising to his cheek, "Mademoiselle Moreau is well, I hope?"

"No," replied the captain shortly, "she is not. For the first time in my life I must sail leaving Marguerite ill in bed."

"She is ill!" cried Lemprière, and then in a lower voice, which he steadied with an effort, "It is not serious?"

"Oh no,—a slight cold and a fever. Marguerite will quickly recover from it." With a twinkle in his eye he added, "Would you like to see her, Lemprière?"

"If I dared—is it possible?" asked the young man.

"Certainly, in your character of physician," replied the captain laughing. "Indeed, I think perhaps you may be able to benefit her. Come with me," and the captain led the way upstairs.

"Marguerite," he called softly, tapping at the door which was ajar, "are you awake? May we come in?"

"Yes, father," answered a sweet low voice; "but why do you say 'we'?"

"The doctor is with me," replied the captain, going to his daughter's bedside and bending affectionately over her. "Perhaps he will give you a prescription."



"SHE EXTENDED HER HAND TO ARTHUR."

Arthur lingered beyond the threshold. He scarcely dared lift his eyes when the voice of his captain bade him enter. This was a sanctuary,—the chamber of the woman he loved.

The beautiful pale face of Marguerite brightened with pleasure as she saw the young man. There was not a trace of embarrassment in her manner as she extended her hand to Arthur.

"It is good to see you," she said, "I was so lonely lying here. I cannot remember when I was ill before. But why have you not been to see us sooner?"

It was Lemprière who was embarrassed now. His voice trembled with his emotion as he spoke, still holding the soft white hand in his.

"I have been at Blois with my mother for three weeks. I only came to St. Malo this morning."

"And before you left St. Malo?" The words were almost on Marguerite's lips as she raised her eyes to his. He seemed to read the question there, and the look in his face silenced her. It was a look of ardent adoration. Could he tell her how, on the evening of the *Galatée's* arrival from Havre, he had paced the deck watching the light in her window until it disappeared, and had afterward stood leaning on the low stone fence beneath her window until the hour when he should catch the early morning train for Blois? He had then seen her only twice in his life; but the first time, he loved her. She read his secret now. Her eyes fell, and a blush suffused her face. The captain was busy at the little porcelain stove, piling on fagots; but there was no need for further words between the two.

"You are not going to be ill?" he asked, in a voice of tender solicitude. "May I—will you let me prescribe for you?" Marguerite flashed a smile at him. "I do not like to take

medicine," she said, "but you I am sure would give me nothing unpleasant."

Lemprière took the slender wrist between his fingers and held it in silence for a while, then seated himself at a little table beside the bed. He had conquered his emotion and was all physician now. He wrote a prescription and turned to hand it to the captain, but he had gone. Five minutes later his voice was heard calling from below, "Lemprière! The purser is here, and is asking for you!"

Lemprière came to Marguerite's bedside.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will be well and strong when I return, and then I shall have something, I hope, I may tell you—"

"Lemprière!" came the captain's voice again.

"I promise," she said, her beautiful face radiant with happiness. "Go now, my father is calling for you. Farewell."

"No, not farewell, — *au revoir*."

He caught her hand and kissed it; then snatching a flower from a vase on the table beside the bed he left the room.

The next morning the *Galatée* sailed. When the sun had set and the vessel was far out at sea, Captain Moreau came back to the after-deck, where Arthur was walking up and down. After conversing awhile he suddenly turned to the young physician and said, "Lemprière, do you consider my daughter's condition serious?"

Arthur turned pale. "I do not, Captain Moreau. I should be most unhappy to have to answer such a question in the affirmative. I hope you are not alarmed about her."

"No, not alarmed, but I have noticed a change in her lately. Little things seem to affect her profoundly. For instance, yesterday morning I brought her three roses. Shortly after your visit I happened to notice that one of them was missing: I asked her about it, and to my surprise the simple question caused her to blush and grow so confused that finally she shed tears."

"Tears! O Captain Moreau!"

The captain laughed, and rising laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder.

"I think with you, Lemprière, that she will recover," he said. He then walked forward to the bridge.

"What can he mean?" thought Arthur. The remembrance of the captain's smile reassured him. "He loves her too well to refuse her anything; I have nothing to fear there," he said.

That night, alone in his cabin, he took the flower from the drawer where he had placed it, bound with a long white ribbon. He looked at it long and pressed it to his lips. Rising he went to the port-hole and flung it open. In the direction of St. Malo a great yellow star shone brightly.

"I love her!" he whispered to the star.

At that moment Marguerite was looking from her window out across the dark water. "O sea, give him back to me!"



"TEARS! O CAPTAIN MOREAU!"

she murmured. But the sea only moaned in reply and lashed the cliffs below. Marguerite shuddered and closed the window.

The vessel lay at Southampton for three days. The mail from France brought letters for many of the crew, but there were none for Arthur. He had hoped for a message, a word only, through her father; but the captain made no sign.

Three young midshipmen clustered around a coil of rope on which one of them sat reading aloud a letter from home.

"My sweetheart has had a dream of shipwreck," he said. "She thinks I am never coming back to her."

Arthur felt a chill at his heart. He walked over to the guns on the starboard side of the ship, and covered his eyes with his hand.

But the voyage was quiet and uneventful. In three weeks they cast anchor in the bay of Valparaiso. But the greater the distance between them the stronger grew the yearning in the young physician's heart to behold again the beautiful face of his beloved. No other woman had the power to interest him.

One night a ball was given on board the Galatee, and a hundred of the beautiful, dark-eyed maidens of the city waltzed with the officers of the man-o'-war, to the music of a military band. There was one among them who vaguely resembled Marguerite. She had Marguerite's wonderful coloring, her eyes, and the same graceful poise of the small head. Her he accompanied down the stairway at the vessel's side, and as he handed her into the boat which

was to bear her to shore he pressed her hand and whispered as to himself, "*À bientôt, Marguerite.*" The girl looked quickly up into his face with the eyes of his beloved. In a



"HE TOOK THE FLOWER FROM THE DRAWER."

few moments the sailors bent to their oars, and she vanished into the night.

They sailed two days later, under orders to join the



"MY SWEETHEART HAS HAD A DREAM OF SHIPWRECK."

French squadron in the Southern Pacific. The sky was overcast, and a strong breeze blew from the north-east. That night Lempriere asked permission of his captain to speak to him before he retired for the night. A presentiment of approaching evil troubled the young man's peace. The captain looked up with a smile as Arthur entered his cabin.

"Lempriere, you look disturbed," he cried. "What can I do for you?"

"Captain Moreau," replied the young man, "within six months we shall be at St. Malo,—if all goes well," he added.

"If all goes well," echoed the captain. "What then?"

"Then I request your permission to pay my addresses to Mademoiselle Moreau."

"You surprise me, Lempriere," cried the captain in mock astonishment. "I never dreamed of such a thing as your being in love with Marguerite!"

"I hope you will have no objection, sir," faltered the young man, "you know me well, and know my family."

"None in the least, my dear fellow," said the captain with a hearty laugh. "I shall be proud to have you for a son-in-law. Does Marguerite know of this desire of yours?"

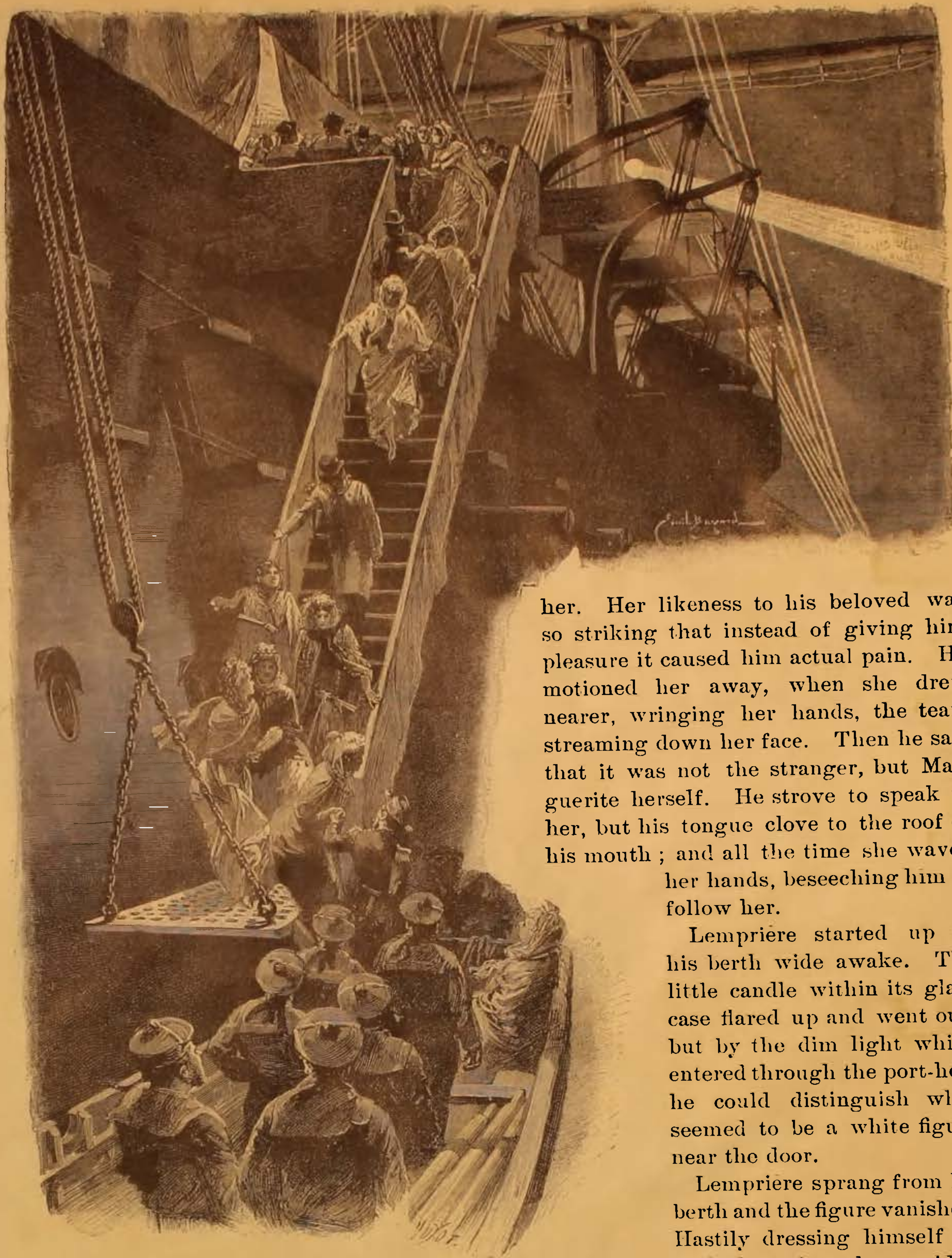
"By no word of mine, captain."

"By no word, eh? but how about looks and sighs and—yes, and blushes? I fancy she will not be greatly surprised, Lempriere. I discovered one or two things myself before we left St. Malo on this cruise." Then he added more seriously: "Lempriere, the happiness of my daughter is the dearest thing in the world to me. If Marguerite loves you, you shall marry her."

In a transport of joy Arthur seized the great brown hand of Captain Moreau and kissed it.

The next day the wind was higher. The clouds skurried along through an inky sky, and shortly after midday a terrific storm burst upon the Galatee. But the staunch vessel bore up bravely through the gale. By nightfall the force of the storm had spent itself, but the sea was still running high. Arthur lay awake a long time after he had retired to his cabin for the night. The groaning and creaking of the ship's timbers made him unusually nervous, although all danger from the storm was passed.

Toward morning he dropped off into an uneasy sleep. He dreamed that the Galatee was again lying off Valparaiso, and that the beautiful Chilian whom he thought so resembled Marguerite stood before him entreating him to come with



"À BIENTOT, MARGUERITE."

her. Her likeness to his beloved was so striking that instead of giving him pleasure it caused him actual pain. He motioned her away, when she drew nearer, wringing her hands, the tears streaming down her face. Then he saw that it was not the stranger, but Marguerite herself. He strove to speak to her, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; and all the time she waved her hands, beseeching him to follow her.

Lempriere started up in his berth wide awake. The little candle within its glass case flared up and went out, but by the dim light which entered through the port-hole he could distinguish what seemed to be a white figure near the door.

Lempriere sprang from his berth and the figure vanished. Hastily dressing himself he rushed out into the corridor, and at the farther end he saw

the vague outlines of a form which seemed to disappear into



"BREAKERS AHEAD!"



"SOME OF THE BOATS WERE SURROUNDED BY HUGE SEA-LIONS."

the captain's cabin. He ran to the door of his superior officer's room and knocked loudly.

"Captain Moreau," he cried, "are you awake?"

Instantly the captain's face appeared at the door.

"What is the matter, Lemprière?" he asked breathlessly. "Why are you so pale?" and Arthur saw that the captain's own face was white.

"Nothing, only I—I have a feeling that all is not right, sir."

"Why do you say that?"—the captain was hurrying on his clothes—"have you—have you seen or heard anything?"

"It seemed to me the sea was rising," said Lemprière, evading the question, "the vessel rolled so frightfully. I was strongly impelled to come to you, sir, and ask you to come up on deck."

The captain paused a moment at the door.

"Lemprière," he said solemnly, "what impelled you? Answer me truthfully."

The young man paled. "I cannot tell,—I hardly know, sir. I was dreaming, but I thought that Marguerite stood at my door and beckoned me to come to you."

The captain answered not a word, but strode by Arthur and hastened up to the deck. He spoke no more until he had taken the Galatee's bearings.

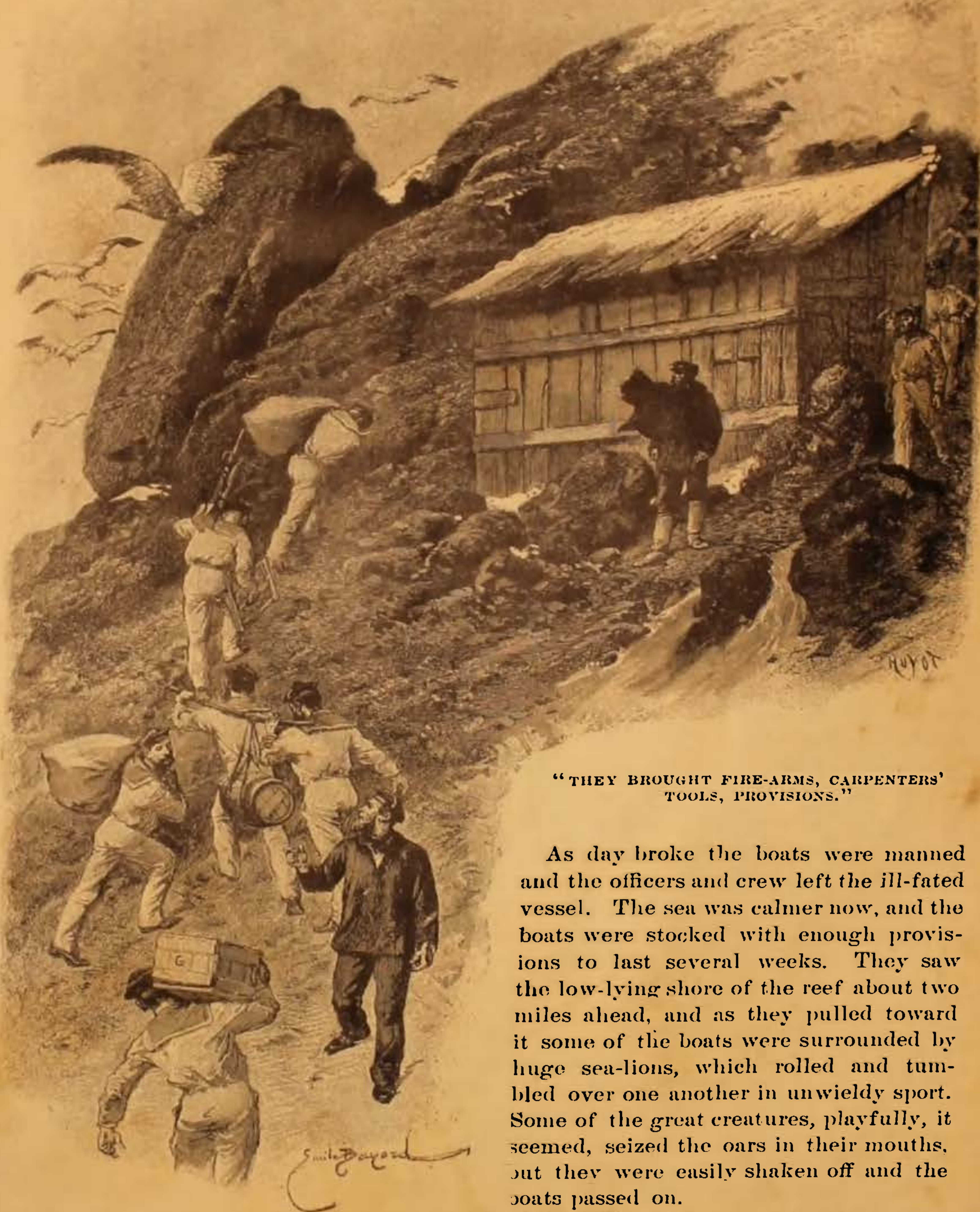
"The vessel is not off her course," he said; "the sea is rough, but there is no danger from that source. We are in longitude $86^{\circ} 45'$, latitude $43^{\circ} 25'$, about ninety miles off Con-

cepcion. There is a coral reef near here, and a swift and varying current flows on the easterly side. At this

time of year it should not run more than eight knots an hour, though it sometimes reaches eleven. I have allowed twenty-five miles in my calculations to keep clear of the reef: it should be more than enough to counteract the current."

Even as he spoke a cloud of white spray sprang from the bow of the Galatee high over their heads. For an instant it seemed to the two men that the foamy cloud took on a shape,—a familiar shape to both,—and then floated away over the starboard side of the vessel. The captain pressed his lips together. "I shall put her a point or two further east," he said, and ascended to the bridge to give the order. A moment more and a familiar yet awful sound smote the young man's ears; then a sailor at the end of the foremast yard-arm screamed, "Breakers! Breakers ahead!"

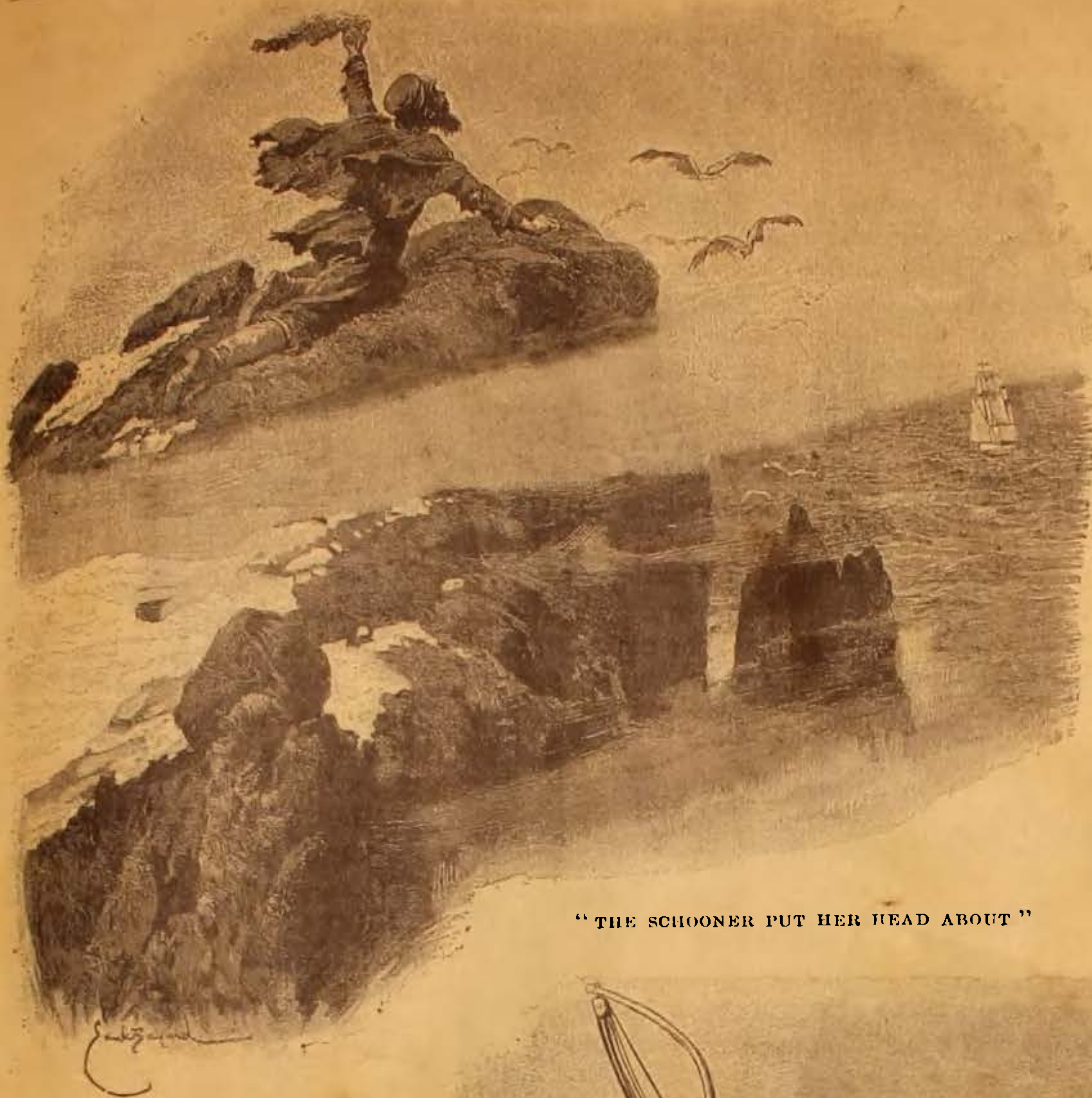
Captain Moreau's voice shouted from the bridge in terrible tones, and the man-o'-war slid, with a hideous grating sound, hard and fast on the coral reef.



"THEY BROUGHT FIRE-ARMS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS, PROVISIONS."

As day broke the boats were manned and the officers and crew left the ill-fated vessel. The sea was calmer now, and the boats were stocked with enough provisions to last several weeks. They saw the low-lying shore of the reef about two miles ahead, and as they pulled toward it some of the boats were surrounded by huge sea-lions, which rolled and tumbled over one another in unwieldy sport. Some of the great creatures, playfully, it seemed, seized the oars in their mouths, but they were easily shaken off and the boats passed on.

They skirted the coast for five or six miles, when they came to a little harbor at the end of which was a rocky promontory. On landing they found a rude



"THE SCHOONER PUT HER HEAD ABOUT"

wooden hut, which was empty. They discovered no other signs of life on the island except the gulls which flew screaming over their heads as they climbed the side of the hill. The boats made frequent trips back and forth during that day: they brought fire-arms, carpenters' tools, provisions, and all the individual luggage. Meanwhile the *Galatee* had careened over on her port side, and lay helpless, like a wounded bird.

The days were warm and pleasant, the nights glorious; and as the castaways were plentifully provided with blankets and were able to make daily trips to the vessel to get whatever they required, it seemed almost like playing at being shipwrecked.

Lempriere, however, chafed at the delay. A week passed and another, and no sail came in sight. Just before day-break on the morning of the sixteenth day, Arthur started from a deep sleep with a ringing sound in his ears like the church bells of St. Malo as he heard them calling to vespers the evening before the *Galatée* sailed. He strained his eyes through the darkness and dimly discerned a shape near a pile of rocks a few feet from where he lay.

"Marguerite!" he whispered. It came nearer, and as the first streaks of dawn showed in the east he saw her face. It was not now pale and drawn with terror as he had seen it that last night on board the *Galatee*: now it was wreathed in glad smiles, and Marguerite held out both hands to him.

He sprang up from his blanket, spread on the sands under the stars, and went toward her. She led the way up the side of the rocky point near the harbor.

Arthur hurried after her, calling, "Marguerite! Marguerite!" Sometimes he stumbled and fell; but he never once took his eyes from her face. At the summit of the cliff Marguerite stood poised a moment, her back to the water, her eyes smiling upon Lempriere.

The edge of the sun showed itself above the horizon, and in the light of the morning the vision faded away. Lempriere rushed with a cry to the verge of the cliff. He flung himself on his face and peered down at the water as though he must see her below. In vain: there was nothing but the dancing waves. He raised his eyes and then uttered a cry of wild delight. In the flood of light from the risen sun he saw a schooner with all sail set, bear-



"HOW IT HAPPENED HE NEVER KNEW."

ing toward the southerly end of the island. He snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, waving it over his head and shouting with all the force of his lungs. Immediately the schooner put her head about, showing that she saw him.

Arthur waved hat and handkerchief high in air and scrambled down the cliff to tell the glad news to the camp.

In a few minutes they were all assembled on the strip of sand at the foot of the rock. The schooner came to anchor a mile from the shore, and as a boat was lowered a shout went up from the crew of the lost *Galatée*.

The schooner was a coaster, bound from Valparaíso to Valdivia. She had sighted the wreck of the French cruiser the evening before, and was cruising about looking for the castaways. In three days they were again in Valparaíso.

The steamer *Proserpine*, which sailed out of the bay of Valparaíso a week later, bound for St. Malo, carried with her the officers and crew of the *Galatée*. The captain mourned the loss of his beautiful vessel, but all were thankful that their lives were saved, and that they might again hope to see the shores of France.

On a soft hazy morning in November, the *Proserpine* cast anchor under the cliffs of St. Malo. Two men on board the vessel had been possessed with a terrible, nameless dread since the morning of the wreck of the man-o'-war.

Arthur Lemprière, standing in the bow, straining his eyes through the mist, saw at the end of the distant pier two female figures. Silently he drew Captain Moreau to the rail and pointed to the pier.

"Thank God! My child is safe," said the captain, baring his head.

"And there, by her side," said Arthur, "is my sister, who has come from Blois to meet me."

In a few moments a small boat dropped over the side of the *Proserpine*. It contained six oarsmen and the young physician of the *Galatée*. He rushed up the long flight of wooden steps. Marguerite, her beautiful eyes swimming with tears, modestly drew back until Arthur should have greeted his sister. Then, how it happened he never knew, but while Virginie held his hand clasped in hers Arthur was folding Marguerite to his bosom, and before all the people on the pier he pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"If you only knew," she sobbed, "how I have suffered for you,—what frightful dreams I have had! But there was one, one night, when I saw a flood of light and a sail, and I cried out to you in my joy that you were delivered. Since then the dreams have not returned, and I have been at peace."

"My beloved," said Arthur solemnly, as he gazed into her radiant eyes, "for us the night of dreams is forever passed. Henceforward, please Heaven, we two shall live in the reality of our own great love."

FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

At Twilight.

I.

THE speedwell folds her leaves of blue
In tears that each dark petal gem
With many a dainty diadem
And spray of glistening, starry dew;
While slowly stealing up the vale,
O'er banks and dells and mossy crags
By many a pool of reedy flags,
The mists of twilight softly sail.

II.

The very air breathes peace. The light
Dying on rosy, far hill-tops,
Peers through the silent, dark fir-
copse,
And fades into the gray of night;
Then, opening 'mid the solemn strife
Of day with dark, the spirit's eye
Recalls the loving memory
Of some whom Death hath crowned
with life.

III.

Swift wakens all the shadowy past—
Forgotten words, and joys, and tears:
The buried hopes of bygone years,
The dreams that were too bright to
last,
Come back, by new, diviner birth,
Each with a radiance of its own,
From that far land, unseen, unknown,
Beyond the shadows of this earth,
Where, having drawn a nobler breath
Of life and love than earth can give,
Man, by the mystery of Death
At last triumphant, learns to live.

B. G. JOHNS.



TIRED.

WOULD I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover cool and soft, and scented sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour, to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient
rush,

And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining Wisdom's call, or Duty's hush.
Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are
meeting.

And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest—
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beat-

ing
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—
Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breath-

ing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song.
Our souls require at times this free unsheath-

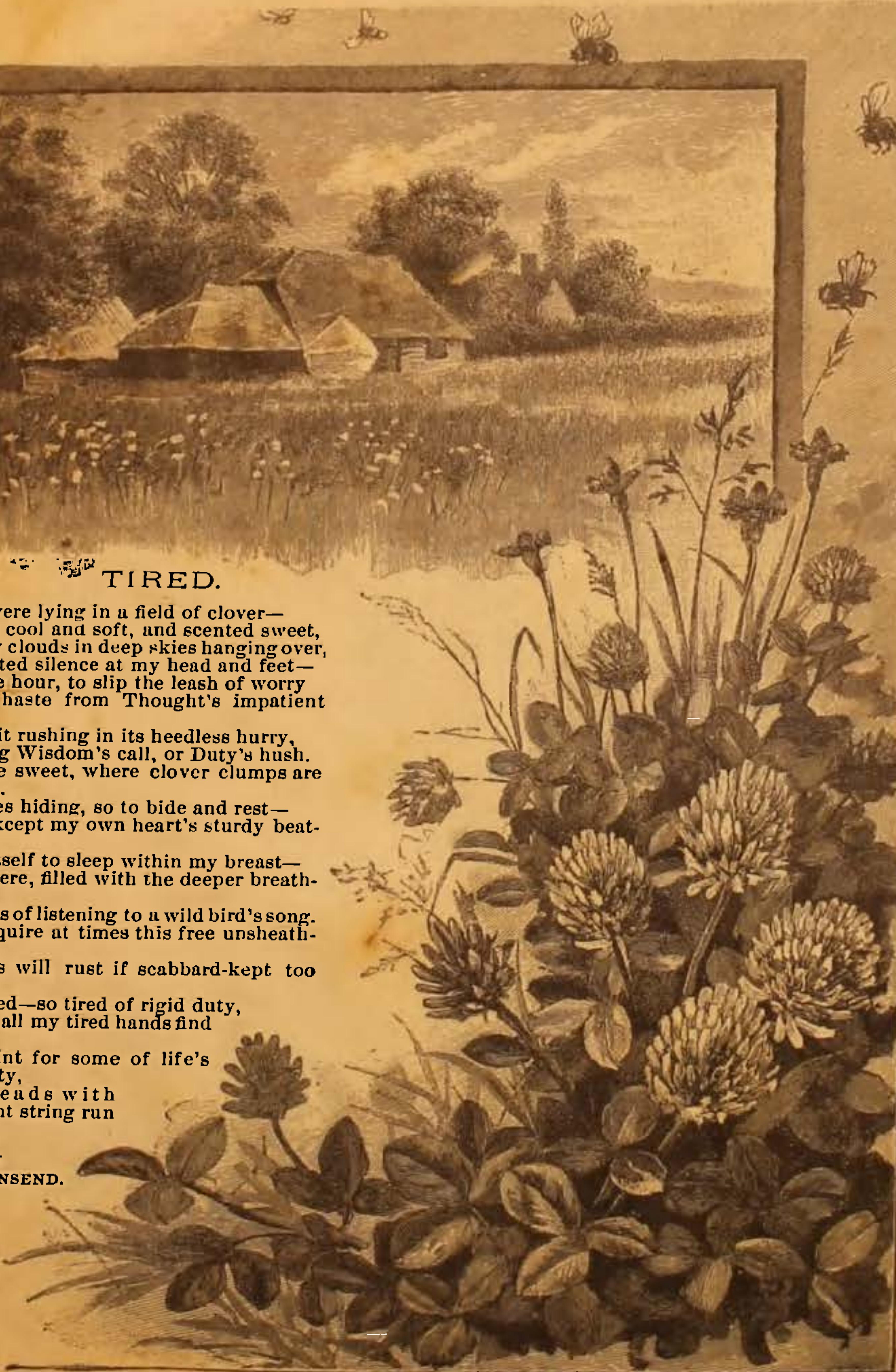
ing;
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too
long;

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find
to do—

I yearn, I faint for some of life's
free beauty,

Its looser beads with
no straight string run
through.

MARY ASHLY
TOWNSEND.



WOMEN AND BASEBALL.



ONE hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand women one meets will agree entirely with the man who in his conception of the perfect newspaper would have no baseball reports, for the very good reason that he "couldn't understand 'em." Modern professional

achievements on the diamond and the modern professional game of baseball would early languish into a state of "innocuous desuetude" did managers and captains look to the feminine half of the nation for support and audiences. The sporting page of daily newspapers, that from early spring till late autumn bristle thriftily with minutely detailed accounts of hard-fought battles, league quarrels, and all-important announcements of baseball doings, fails utterly to enchain feminine attention. A "two bagger" and a "ground cutter" seem no more important than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, while the noblest short-stop who ever "stepped on the ling like a buck in spring" is a mere reed shaken by the wind.

Wildly and enthusiastically will the gentle ladies rise to their feet on an overcrowded grand stand and yell—yes, actually yell!—to victory a disheartened football eleven on Thanksgiving day in New York; proudly do they cheer regattas, and spare no energy of lung at the great horse-races: but baseball!—well, that's another and far more difficult problem of sport, and why it should be no man can find out.

"Ye can't peg ther meanin' er baseball inter their narrer minds," was the verdict of a lantern-jawed Western farmer who sat on the fence balancing his private score as he drew juice and comfort from a fat brown plug. "Fur nigh onto ten year I bin tryin' ter hexplain ter Merlindy ther cause and effec' of er 'foul tip,' but her mind's too narrer: she's got no room fer er 'foul tip,' whilst as to er 'sky-scraper,' it would tern her clean ijiot!"

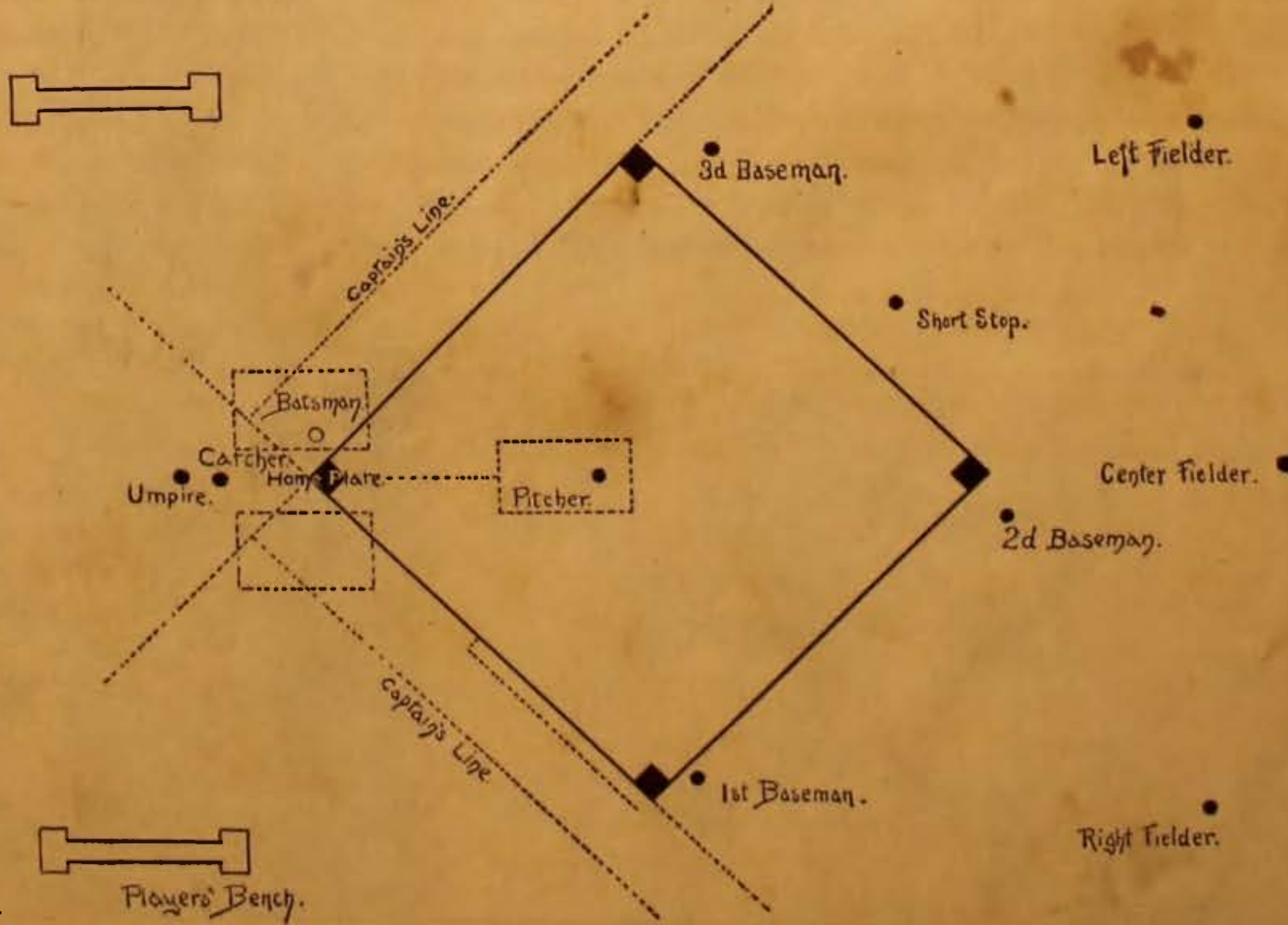
The farmer's decision seems very nearly correct on the face of it; but "wimin" can comprehend, not only a "foul tip," but the entire game, if, instead of blankly hearkening to the disjointed explanations given by masculine relatives, or stupidly staring at the apparently disorderly proceedings at a brilliant game, they would beg some kindly amateur to "coach" them a bit beforehand, and from a grand stand watch and study a good game, move by move. Then in an afternoon the intricate fabric of baseball will become unraveled, and as man after man is called to "bat," "put out," or "scores" triumphantly, feminine interest will grow into genuine excitement, and they will feel strangely like joining in the chorusing roar of delight that rises from stand and "bleaching boards" to greet the last man dashing in home on the final inning.

Innumerable slang terms and petty detail rules have, it is true, so accumulated

of late years around the game, that to venture an explanation would seem a never-ending task; and as newspaper reporters rehearse any doings on the diamond no untutored student of baseball will be able to read understandingly. But underneath all slang and rules the old game remains the same, as simple and manly a pastime as any I know, and one that American women, though they may never indulge in it personally, should encourage and distinguish by their intelligent applause and interest.

As football teams are divided into elevens, so baseball requires nine men on each side, one of each nine being chosen captain, while an umpire plays the part of judge and referee, and is perhaps the most important man. In him is vested absolute authority in the matter of game decisions, to question which is a costly luxury for captain or team. The umpire is a sharp-eyed, keen-voiced person, whose bump of justice and judgment should be highly developed. His knowledge of baseball must amount to almost natural intuition, and his obstinate determination to abide by any decision he may give should be of a character to alarm even the most self-willed pig. The duties and practical purposes of the captain are very nearly the same as those of the head of a football, cricket, or lacrosse team.

Commonly, but erroneously, is the outlined square on which baseball games progress known as a "diamond," and its four corners, ninety feet apart, are called "bases." (See 1 and 2.) The home base, or home plate, always nearest the grand stand, is marked by a plate of whitened rubber, twelve inches square and sunk into the ground, with which its upper surface is quite level. Down the lime line, that marks the diamond's limits, to the right of the home plate, is the first base, while the remaining two corners are known as second and third bases. These bases are marked by stout stakes driven almost to the head in the ground, and to them are attached white bags filled with cotton. Almost in the center of the diamond, and fifty feet from the home plate, is a lime-marked rectangle known as the "pitcher's box." Now the lines that run from home plate to first and third bases extend, in imagination, beyond the diamond's corners to the limit of the grounds, and are called "foul lines;" while the lines extended in the opposite directions limit the



1. DIAGRAM OF BASEBALL FIELD AND POSITION OF PLAYERS.



2. SHOWING THE BLACK CLUB IN THE FIELD AND THE WHITE CLUB AT BAT. THE START.



space reserved for the catcher, and are called "catcher's lines." The "captain's lines" are drawn fifteen feet from and parallel with the foul lines, and the captain or coacher must keep outside of these lines.

Nos. 1 and 2 should be studied until the general plan can be carried in the eye.

Professional baseballists usually begin their games two hours before sunset, and to the captain of the home team is given the choice of opening the game with his men at bat or in the field; among amateurs, however, this is frequently decided by the toss of a coin. Having agreed on this point, one team, or club, takes the field, and by the captain's directions the men are placed in the following manner. (The illustrations show the "Black Club" in the field.) On first, second, and third base, known as "basemen;" between second and third base and a little outside the lime line, a "short-stop;" behind the home plate, a "catcher;" in the pitcher's box, a "pitcher;" and some distance beyond second base, three men, called "center, right, and left fielders." So one nine is disposed on the field, while one of the opposing nine goes to bat. Behind, and a little to one side of the catcher, stands the umpire. According to the game terms, pitcher and catcher are named the "battery;" within the diamond, "infield;" outside its lime lines, "outfield."

When the captain of the Black Club has placed his men, the umpire calls the first man of the White Club to bat, and the first of the nine innings that will constitute a game begins. The captain of the White Club sends his men to the home plate in regular order, and at the umpire's call one man, bat in hand, steps forward, and, standing either to right or left of the home plate, holds his bat one moment horizontally over the white rubber square, then draws it back preparatory to striking the ball sent by the pitcher. (See 2.) *Now the chief object of that batsman is to knock the ball infield or outfield, so that it will be difficult for any of the nine men of the Black Club to catch it, then throw down his bat, and run with all his might and main to first base.* If he can get to that base and touch it before the baseman on that base receives the ball from any other man on the field, his base will be won (see 3), unless he may be put out by other causes that will be explained hereafter. But if any other baseman, short-stop, fielder, or pitcher gets the ball quickly and throws it to first baseman, and he catches it before the runner touches that base, the runner is "out." (See 4.)

Let us suppose this first batsman is delivered (thrown) a ball by the pitcher, and he strikes and sends it into the diamond just to the pitcher's left. Not stopping to see where it went, that batsman drops his bat and dashes away to first base. While he is on his way the short-stop runs up, catches the ball, and throws it to the first baseman, but the batsman has an instant before touched the cotton bag, and is safe. (See 3.) Had he been a second later the first base-

man would have caught the ball before he had reached the base, and so put him "out." (See 4.) Let us take for granted that the batsman did reach the first base safely. Now he is no longer a batsman but a "base runner." His object now is, when his chance comes, to dash on to second base, from there to third, and so back to the home plate. If he can do this he will have scored and so made a "good run."

But he can only run under certain circumstances; for if that second baseman touches him with the ball before he reaches that second cotton bag, then he will be "out." Only a touch from the ball in the hands of a baseman while the runner is not touching the base can put him "out," so not only must his legs be quick, but his eye keen to

watch the whereabouts of the ball, for oftentimes the pitcher or some other member of the Black Club who may happen to have the ball will wheel around quickly and throw it to a baseman, and if that baseman can touch the runner while the runner is not touching the base, that runner is "out." This play often occurs when a runner is trying to "steal a base," as it is called, and fortunate is he if he can manage to get his toe on the base before the ball reaches the baseman. (See 5.)

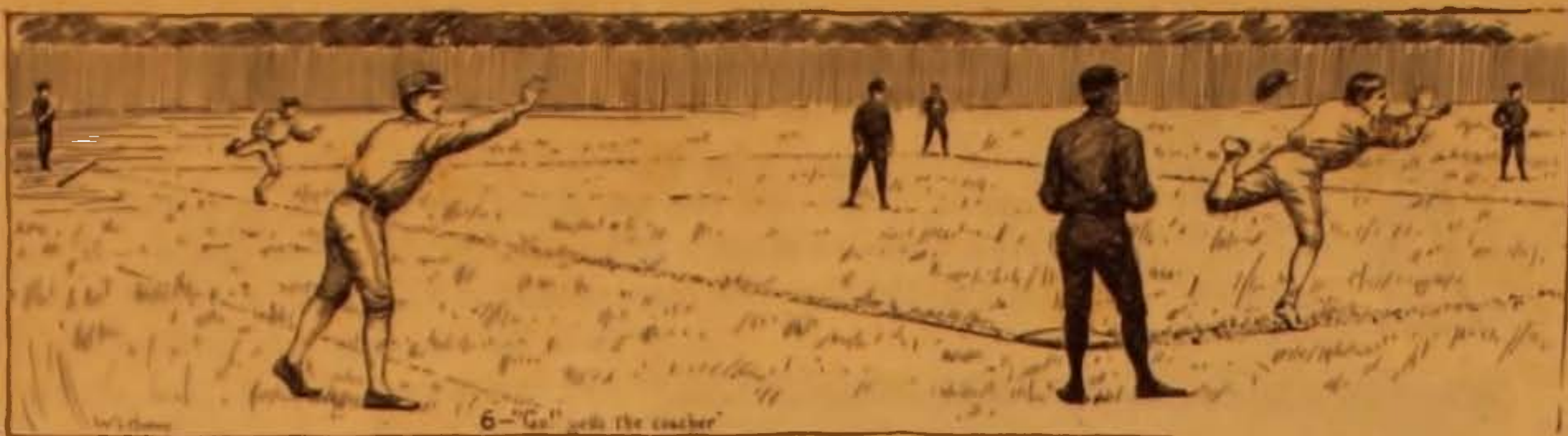
Here are his opportunities of getting to second base: The moment he reached first base safely the baseman threw the ball to the pitcher, the umpire called a second



5—Trying to steal a base.

man of the White Club to the bat, and down into the coacher's ground, near first base, goes the captain of the White Club, who is to aid the base runner in getting to second base. He can aid by watching the ball also, and, being always an expert player and a man of judgment, gives the base runner advice as to when he had best run to second base. See! The second batsman comes to the home plate, standing and holding his bat as did the first one. The instant the pitcher draws back his arm to deliver the ball an opportunity is open for the base runner to run rapidly on to second base. He stands ready, his eyes on second base, the coacher watches the ball. Whiz! goes the ball. "Go!" yells the coacher, and away dashes the base runner.





6—"Go!" with the coacher

to deliver balls that the umpire can see are good but so swift and curved that the batsman cannot bat them. For instance, the bat is held over the plate, then lifted. Whiz! goes a ball. It was correctly delivered, so the umpire cries "Strike!" but being too swift and too curved the batsman did not hit it.

Crack! the bat hits the ball a blow that sends it far outfield. The second batsman drops his bat and goes flying for first base. (See 6.) The center fielder, let us say, gets the ball, but too late. The batsman has touched first base and now becomes a base runner, while the first base runner has reached second base safely. (See 7.)

Again the ball goes back to the pitcher; a third man from the White Club is called to bat. The runner on second base exerts all efforts to get to third base, to make way for the runner on first base, who in his turn must give a place for the third batsman, as two runners cannot remain on one base. Again the ball is struck, and if the batsman strikes what, in slang parlance, is known as a "two bagger," that is, a ball sent so far out of the fielder's reach that it takes some time for him to recover it, and the base runners thus have time to make two bases, base runner of second base will dash to third, and touching the cotton bag run on to the home plate, and so make one score. While he is exerting himself

The catcher sends it back to the pitcher: again it is correctly delivered, the batsman misses, and "Strike!" cries the umpire. Now for the third ball! The rule is, that the batsman must run after the third ball, hit or miss. The catcher fits on his mask and body protector, and bending forward as near to the batsman as is safe he prepares to take the ball "hot off the bat." (See 8.) Whiz! A third good ball. "Strike!" No, the batsman could not hit it: all the same, he throws down his bat and runs toward first base; but if the catcher did get it "hot off the bat" and throws it at once to first baseman, who catches it in time, that is, before the batsman reaches that base, then that batsman loses his base and is "out."

If, on the other hand, the pitcher delivers three balls that the umpire counts as incorrect, he cries out "ball" for each one, and a fourth bad ball entitles that batsman to take his first base without having struck at one of the four. Again, suppose a good ball is delivered (thrown) and the batsman.



7—"While the first base runner has reached second base safely."

to accomplish this nice feat the coacher sends the runner of first base on to second and to third base; while if the batsman is able he will touch first base and go on to second.

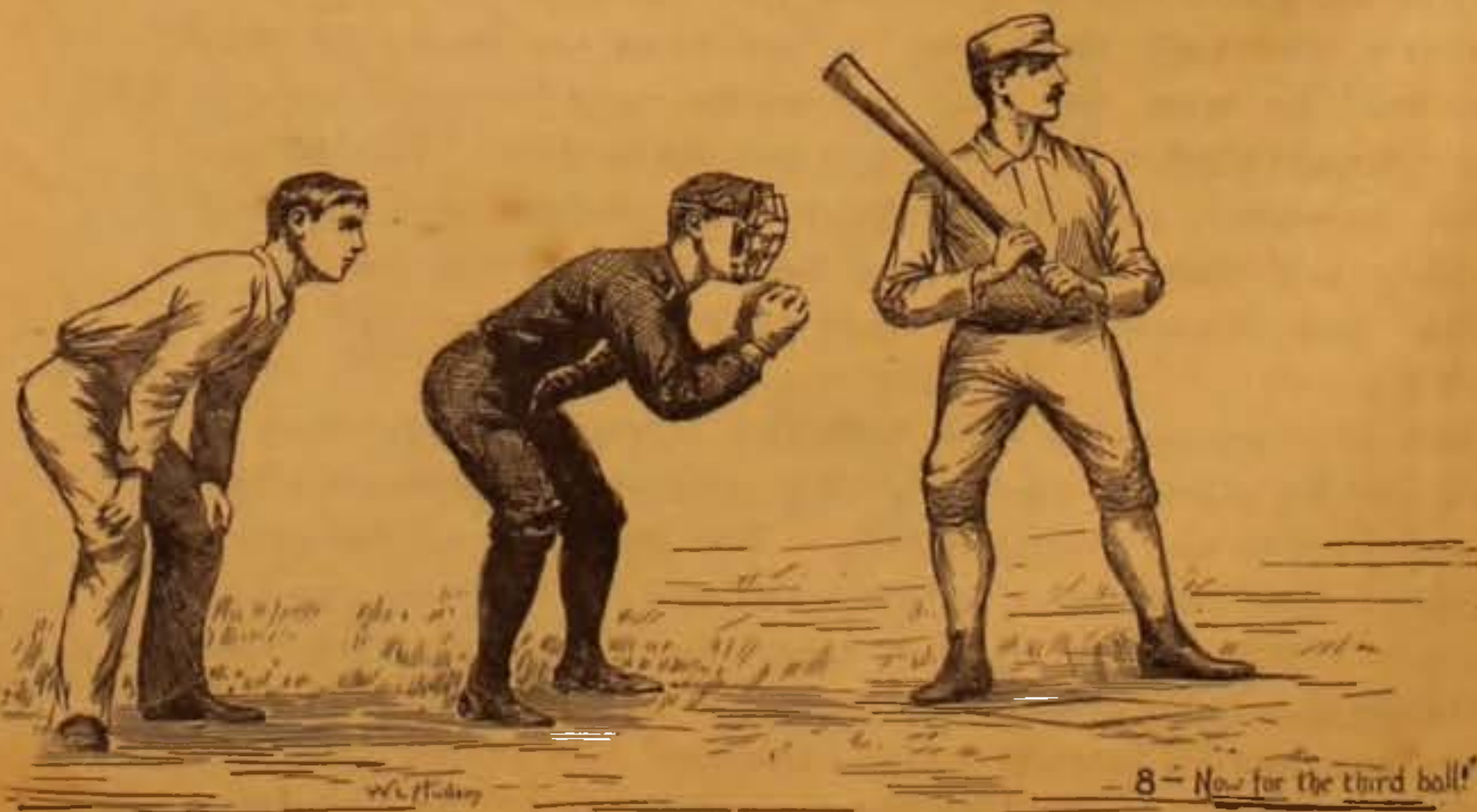
As the umpire calls other men to bat, the base runners move up from base to base as they get a chance to run, and so in to the home plate; and every base runner who reaches the home plate safely counts one for his side.

Such is the plan of the game. The object of the White Club, then, is to bat the ball in such a way that their men who have become the base runners will be enabled to reach the different bases up to the home base, and thus score (count one) as often as possible; while the men of the Black Club strive to prevent this by catching the ball and throwing to their basemen, who will put the base runners "out" if they can touch them with the ball while the runner is not touching the base.

But hold on! Let us not, with true feminine rapidity in leaping to conclusions, look for the White Club men to race in regular order from base to base, and so score as we have said base runner No. 1 did. He was only an example by which to show how the two clubs worked against each other, and to give a rough outline of the game's plan. Let us begin over again. The first man of the White Club is called to bat. In the example given he struck the ball. Lucky man! he will not always show himself such a clever batsman. Why? Well, because the pitcher is his enemy, and can play him tricks. That pitcher's object is

when he strikes it, is not standing inside his marked base. Then the umpire calls "Foul strike," and the batsman is "out." If the batsman strikes a ball and sends it anywhere behind the lines that mark the diamond from the home plate to first and third bases, and any fielder, baseman, or the catcher gets it on the fly before it touches the ground, the batsman is "out," having made a "foul hit." (See 9.) If the foul hit be not caught, the batsman is not "out," but returns to the bat.

Now, as we said before, if the batsman struck a fair ball and sent it into the field he was entitled to first base could he touch the cotton bag before the first baseman received the ball. The chances are five to ten on his reaching the



8—"Now for the third ball!"



first base. Nine men will try to keep him from it ; and by looking at the diagram of men on the field (1 and 2) one can see he has heavy odds against him. Assume he bats a ball that flies through the air and before it touches the ground is caught by a short-stop, or fielder : then the base is lost and the batsman is "out," for the ball only entitles a batsman to his base if it touches the earth before it is caught. Again, he may bat a ball that flies far up in the air, a "sky scraper," that on coming down falls plump into a fielder's hand : then the batsman is "out." Here are the chances in his favor : If he bats a ball that flies along the ground, a "grass cutter," and if in the case of the other balls a fielder, short-stop, or pitcher "muffs" the ball, that is, lets it fall from his hands to the ground, then his base is safe, as he will probably reach it before the ball can be picked up and thrown to the baseman. Also, a "sky" ball, or "sky scraper," may not be caught before it reaches the ground, and often when thus caught after it touches the ground, does not reach the baseman in time to put the runner out. So much for pitcher and batsman.

The pitcher is perhaps the most important figure of a nine, for on the delivery of the ball hangs the larger prospect of success or loss for a nine. A pitcher usually makes a specialty of his duty : once proficient in this respect he pitches always for his nine, and is never assigned to work on the field or bases. The catcher next deserves attention : he, unlike any other man on the field (except sometimes the umpire), wears a stout wire mask over his face, over the chest and stomach a rubber body-protector, and on his hands heavy gloves made especially for his use. He must, if possible, receive all balls the pitcher may send, that are not batted, however swift and stinging they may be. Yet more than this, he must be keen of eye and rapid and sure of action ; for suppose one man is already on first base and is trying to get to second : the moment the pitcher draws back his hand, that base runner's chance is open to dash to second base while the ball is thrown at bat. He may make the base ; but if the batsman misses his ball, the catcher receives it and sends it at once to the second baseman, who may then put the base runner out if he receives the ball and touches the runner with it before the runner touches the base. He may also be able to put the base runner out by this manœuvre on third base, and yet by happier fortune still put him "out" on home plate, of which he is the guardian. At this base, as at any other, there may be a question as to which touches the base first, when "How's that?" will be cried to the umpire. (See 10.)

Next in point of necessary proficiency in the game to "the battery" is the "short-stop," for the reason that by his advantageous position he has excellent opportunities for aiding basemen to put out runners. He is the man who

stops, if possible, all short fly-balls sent in his direction, and should never "muff" them, also the strong batter's quick "ground-cutters ;" and, being sure of aim, he must send the ball direct to any baseman in time to put out the runner who may be running for his base. Basemen and fielders are also men of great importance, yet secondary to the three whose duties have been outlined.

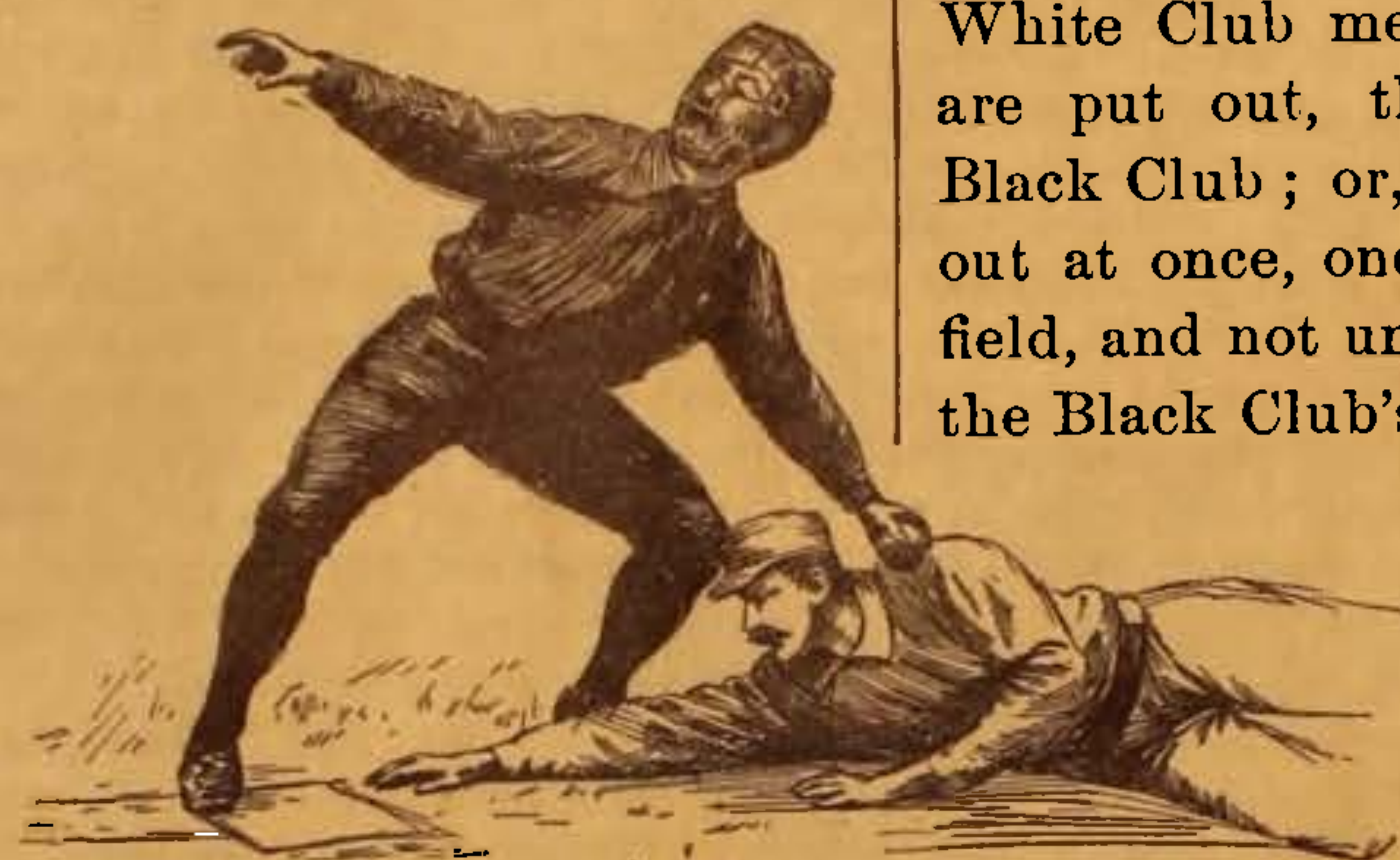
A batsman has five chances against his reaching the first base, and full fifteen against his reaching the home plate. Weak work on the part of batsmen who follow him, the united efforts of nine men on the field, and the fact that he must at his earliest opportunity leave that first base clear for other batsmen, operate largely in his disfavor. So entirely do baseball authorities recognize the heavy odds against the base runner, that they instituted the coaching system, by the use of which runners are helped off the important first base, and again from third base onto the home plate. The captain usually coaches at first base till his time comes to go to bat, while a skillful man from the nine, known as his assistant, stands by the third base. Even with this aid, inning after inning will be played, and perhaps not a base runner will reach the home plate and thus score. If in that first inning, however, our White Club sends five men to bat and two of them score, while three are put out, then the Black Club takes the bat and the White Club goes to field ; for a team can only remain at bat so long as less than three men are put out by the opposing nine. Six of the White Club men might score, but if the remaining three are put out, that club then makes way at bat for the Black Club ; or, if three men opening the inning are put out at once, one after the other, then the team must go to field, and not until the White Club in turn puts out three of the Black Club's men, can they return to bat.

Inning may succeed inning without a single "run" being made, as is too frequently the case, and the nines vibrate back and forth quickly between bat and field, as score cards of the average game often show. A "run" means reaching the home plate safely.

Few women will care to keep the entire score of a game, as to keep it accurately requires too much attention to the score rather than to the playing. All that is really necessary to know is how many runs are made by each side in the nine innings that each plays, which constitute a game, unless on the ninth inning there be a tie, when other innings are played until the tie is broken. This memorandum can be kept on a slip of paper, putting each run as it is made down to the credit of the club whose member makes it, and at the end of the game the club that has the greatest number of runs of course wins.

Such is an outline of the great American game in which to-day thousands are interested, and in the skillful playing of which hundreds earn their livelihood. Baseball teams are nowadays organized, managed, and worked much on the plan of a theatrical troupe.

The nine are actors, drilled to their duties, and for the public's amusement act their very best in the great open-air theater, under the stage manager's (umpire's) command. There are those who regret that the noble game has fallen so completely into the hands of professionals, and in many quarters a prejudice has arisen against baseball. But that prejudice



10.-Out on the home plate. "How's that?"



is absurd; for whether amateurs or professionals play the great game, and play it well, it will always afford the opportunity for a display of skill, grace, strength, and muscular endurance, that is edifying, interesting, and never degrading to public taste and morals.

Now any woman who, reading this, may perhaps feel so moved with the spirit of baseball that she will attend a game, will find she must yet learn the meaning of

"foul tips," "triple and double plays," "bunting," "sliding," and a host of yet more apparently incomprehensible terms; but if she makes that first experiment, primed with even the slight knowledge of the game 'twas possible to give here, she may alter her old-time theories against baseball, and learn to entertain for it a genuine interest and respect.

JANE STUART.

THE RIVER OF PEARLS.

BY RENÉ DE PONT-JEST.

PART II. THE WHITE WATER-LILY.

(Continued from page 530.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

As the beautiful Chinese maiden Liou-Siou, or Embroidered Willow, was one day watering her flowers at her window, she accidentally let a drop of water fall into the eye of an admiring neighbor, the butcher Tchou who fell in love with her at once. He bribed her maid, Rose, to carry a love-letter to her, but Rose deceived him in the matter, and Tchou, when he learned that Embroidered Willow was to marry the worthy Ling-Ta-Lang, vowed a fearful vengeance on all concerned. The unfortunate young bridegroom was murdered by an unknown assassin on his wedding-night. Suspicion fell on his bride and her cousin I-té, a professor of astronomy who was known to be attached to her, and both were cruelly tortured until they made false confessions, and then sentenced to death. But an American, one Captain Perkins, an opium smuggler, who had been at the trial and knew the judge, Ming, aided Embroidered Willow's mother to prepare a petition and present it to the viceroy, Prince Kong. The prince called Ming severely to account, and threatened him with one hundred blows with the bamboo if he did not discover the real assassin within a month, the viceroy being convinced that the condemned were innocent. The abduction of Rose, the maid, at this time, presumably by river pirates, gave the judge a new clue, and the second part of the narrative begins with his search for the murderer among the nefarious band of thieves and pirates known as "The White Water-Lily." Some of them had been condemned to be hung; and Captain Perkins and Ming made a midnight visit to the executioner of Canton, and for purposes best known to the American, and not quite clear to Ming, bribed the executioner to deliver to them the body of one Pei-ho, chief of the river pirates, after hanging him so as not to hurt him much. Meanwhile, Embroidered Willow, languishing in prison, was one day permitted to go to the hospital and see I-té, who was slowly recovering from the torture he had received. The two young people no longer attempted to conceal their love for each other; but during the interview, I-té, too weak for violent emotion, fainted, and Embroidered Willow and her mother were obliged to withdraw, and started to return to the prison. On their way back, passing through a dark tunnel under the city wall, a man seized Embroidered Willow by the shoulder, saying, "You know now how Tchou avenges," and other words of vengeance. The terrified girl screamed for help, all at once recognizing the assassin and his identity. He disappeared before the attendants could seize him; but Mrs. Liou hastened to Ming with the news, and search was instantly made for the "Red Spider," as Tchou was sometimes called. The city gates were ordered closed, and the prefect of police and Ming set forth to visit all suspicious places in the city. They visited the gaming-houses, the realm of Sang, King of the Beggars, and the House of Hen-feathers, and had various curious adventures, but failed to find Tchou, who had safely escaped to the Ladrone Islands, where, after his crime, he had fled and joined the White Water-Lily, and was chief of the association, having been chosen as such in place of Pei-ho. Captain Perkins, meanwhile, with Sir Arthur Murray, an English friend of his, and Dr. Clifton, visited Pei-ho in prison and agreed to save his life if he would assist them to find the lair of the river pirates at the Ladrone Islands, and tell them the name of the Water-Lily's chief,—after he had been hung. The pirate consented, and the operation of tracheotomy was performed on him, so that he was hung without death ensuing. After he was taken down from the gallows unconscious, Perkins carried him to his own villa at Hong-Kong, where President Ming was waiting. The hung man was resuscitated and confessed that Tchou was chief of the pirates. With this knowledge, Ming and Perkins immediately planned an expedition to the Ladrone Islands to take Tchou, and Pei-ho was to be pilot. Ming visited the viceroy to obtain permission to raid the pirates, and was promised the latter's permission later, if it could be managed. Perkins was notified, and the latter immediately hurried back to his quarters in Canton to report to another companion of his, a young watch-dealer, Mr. Lauters, who resided with him. They agreed, after reviewing the situation, that it was best to leave Canton as quickly as possible, and the next morning, with Mrs. Lauters dressed as a man, they departed in Captain Perkins' yawl. Their departure was watched by Tchou's agents, and a boat followed them, making signs with a letter. Supposing it to be a message from Ming, they drew alongside; and as Mr. Lauters reached to take the letter, he was treacherously stabbed to death. The rest of the party escaped, and with Lauters' body returned to the captain's schooner, and sailed for Hong-Kong. In the early evening they took the murdered Lauters and sailed in the yawl for Victoria. A sudden squall wrecked them on a sand-bar at the foot of a cliff. Calling for help a boat came to their rescue, but it proved to be manned by Tchou and his men. A terrible combat on the narrow strip of sand ensued, and Pei-ho was killed, while Tchou's body was swept away by the waves. A second boat coming by rescued the party and took them back to the schooner, which, in the meantime, had been attacked and fired by pirates, and was nearly destroyed. Mr. Lauters' body was recovered and taken to Victoria the next day, but the body of Tchou could not be found.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH AN INNOCENT COUPLE PREPARE TO DIE.

LOSING no time, when the governor of Hong-Kong learned of the new outrage by the pirates, that very same day, he sent Sir William Maury, one of his aids-de-camp, to Canton, not to request the viceroy's authorization to make a descent upon the Ladrone Islands, but to inform him that this military operation was about to take place, with or without

the consent of the imperial government, and to order the commanders of the frigates "Imogene" and "Andromache" to go up the river as far as Boca Tigris, and to hold themselves in readiness to force the passage.

The next day, all the colony, roused to a pitch of indignation easy to understand, attended the funeral of Mr. Lauters, whose widow had almost lost her reason. The last tribute paid to his friend, Perkins remembered President Ming. He thought that it was only honorable to let Ming know of the terrible tragedy which had been played upon the sands of Lamma, shocking as it would be to the president to hear of Tchou's death. He therefore wrote Ming a long letter, faithfully recording the sad events which had taken place, and sent it to Honan the same day, by a Chinese merchant who was going to Canton. This letter reached Ming less than twenty-four hours after his arrival



in Hong-Kong, and the reading of it plunged him into the most violent despair.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?" groaned he, with a hopeless sigh. "Miserable Tchou! why could he not have died boldly, publicly, instead of drowning like a dog? Ah! by Buddha! I am lost, ruined! One hundred blows!"



"WHAT SHALL I DO?"

And the great president of the criminal court burst into sobs.

In this state of mind he passed the remainder of the day ;

labor lost. Then he condescended to recollect Mrs. Liou, who, possibly, knew better than he the real intentions of the prince, and he sent to the prison for her.

The mother of Embroidered Willow quickly came at this order, expecting to learn that her daughter was safe at last; and when Ming said to her, with a mournful air, that, on the contrary, all hopes were lost, the poor woman, without uttering a word, but pale and trembling, went towards the door of the apartment.

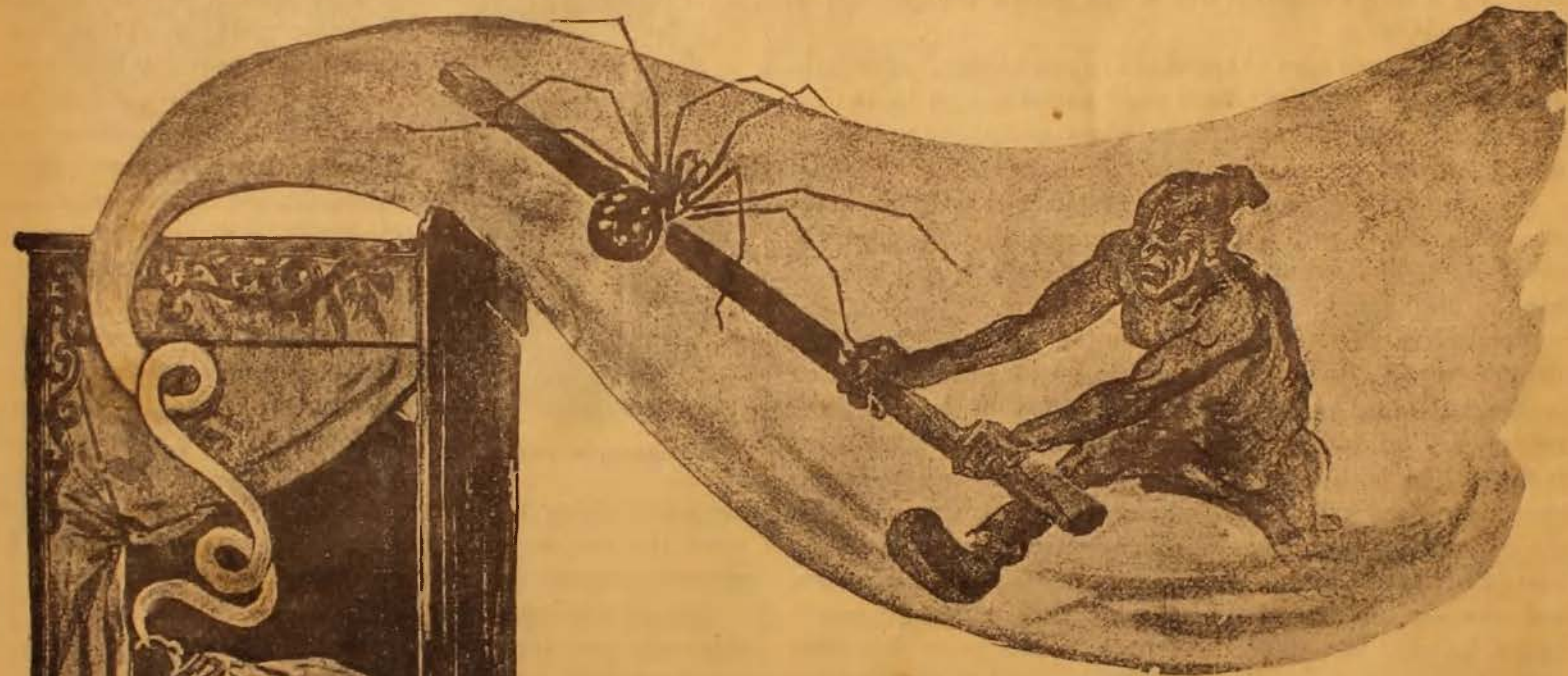
"What! You are going away like that?" exclaimed the mandarin, stopping her. "You have not an idea, a suggestion?"

"I am going to throw myself at Prince Kong's feet," replied she, sadly. "If he will not take pity upon my child, I shall return to her to prepare her for death."

"But me, madame, me?"

"Heaven pardon you, my lord the president!" and Mrs. Liou left the house without any further attempt being made to detain her.

"Heaven pardon me!" murmured Ming, gazing after her. "Ah, yes; but for the moment I should prefer the pardon to come to me through the mouth of his Highness. Now,



"THE EXECUTIONER PURSUED AN ENORMOUS RED SPIDER."

and when, exhausted with emotion, he decided to go to bed, his sleep was incessantly troubled with frightful nightmares. Around him seemed to dance all the

a last effort!" Speaking thus, he struck a gong to call his attendants. They hurried to him: it was not a moment to



"IN A HEAVY MAHOGANY CASKET."

persons who had been in his mind during the past month: Tchou, Embroidered Willow, I-te, Perkins, Mrs. Liou, Pei-ho, the King of the Beggars, Prince Kong, and the executioner. At another moment it seemed to him that the executioner pursued an enormous red spider; but instead of falling upon it, it was upon him, Ming, that the terrible bamboo fell. Then he recognized himself in a heavy mahogany casket, at the head of which stood two of his servants in a sad and mournful attitude. Happily the dawn dissipated these hallucinations, or the unfortunate mandarin would have lost his reason.

When he awakened he rallied a little and took courage enough to ask himself what he ought to do. Go to find the viceroy? He thought so, but feared it would be but

keep their master waiting. He ordered his palanquin and proceeded to the viceroy's, but the latter refused to receive him. He sent word to Ming, by an officer, that he knew all which might be communicated, and that his decision was the more irrevocable in that he considered the mandarin to be the cause of this new difficulty with the foreigners. It was plain to the prince that if Ming had not condemned two innocent persons, Captain Perkins would never have interfered in their behalf; consequently he would not have become the object of Tchou's hatred, Mr. Lauters would not have been assassinated, the schooner "Lightning" would have remained quietly at Lamma, the governor of Hong-Kong would not have thought of sending such an *ultimatum*, and two English frigates would not guard the passage of Boca Tigris.

"His Highness also charged me to say to you," added the aid-de-camp, "that he exacts your parole not to leave Canton without his order, and to hold yourself night and day at his disposition."

Horror-struck at finding himself charged with so many misdeeds, any one of which was enough to hang him, the great man promised all that the officer wished, and he went back to his villa, much cast down.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Liou, to whom the chief of the Three Provinces had also refused audience, rejoined her daughter. A heart-rending scene ensued. In spite of her mother's reticence, Embroidered Willow understood at the first word that she had nothing more to hope; only it was no longer the condemned who trembled: on the contrary, she gave the example of courage. She only solicited a single favor, that of being allowed to see I-té once more for the last time, and she set out for the hospital, where, although nearly cured, he still remained. As he saw her enter his room with Mrs. Liou, the young priest immediately read on her countenance that which she came to announce. Then, before she could speak, he seized her hand, and pressing a kiss on her forehead, said:

"Do not weep, my beloved, death is nothing to those who have lived well: it will only be a deliverance to us."

And for an hour he soothed her with gentle words, and when they separated it was almost with a smile as they murmured:

"We shall soon be together again, and forever!"

During this time, by a psychological phenomenon often observable in the most pusillanimous men when they find themselves face to face with an inevitable danger, the honorable president of the criminal court of Canton little by little regained his courage. It was not, of course, immediately that he brought himself to contemplate with resignation the fate which awaited him: but he made such a demand upon his pride that he ended by persuading himself that at the fatal moment he should show himself a model of firmness, and, this transformation accomplished, he began to set his affairs in order.

This occupied him four or five days, that is to say, until the eve of the execution: then, towards ten o'clock at night, after having written to Perkins, he embraced his wife—or rather his wives, for, if we are rightly informed, we have strong reasons to believe that Ming largely availed himself of the law which authorized polygamy—and descend-

ed to his gondola, in which he extended himself, murmuring:

"Well, be it so! I shall receive to-morrow one hundred blows of the bamboo; but before this dreadful operation I shall at least have once more lived like a true Chinese, who fears nothing, neither death nor the imperial edicts."

The boatmen bent to their oars, and the little vessel made its way among the war-junks, towards a row of lights reflected in the waters at the left of the

harbor, in front of the little island and of Dutch Folly, and in a few minutes entered the most curious of floating villages. It was in the midst of the famous flower-boats, that is to say, in one of the quarters where Canton amuses itself, a quarter strictly

forbidden to foreigners. These boats are large and elegant constructions, with gilded fronts adorned with the most graceful emblems, and surmounted with terraces loaded with flowers. They were drawn up side by side, separated from each other only by a

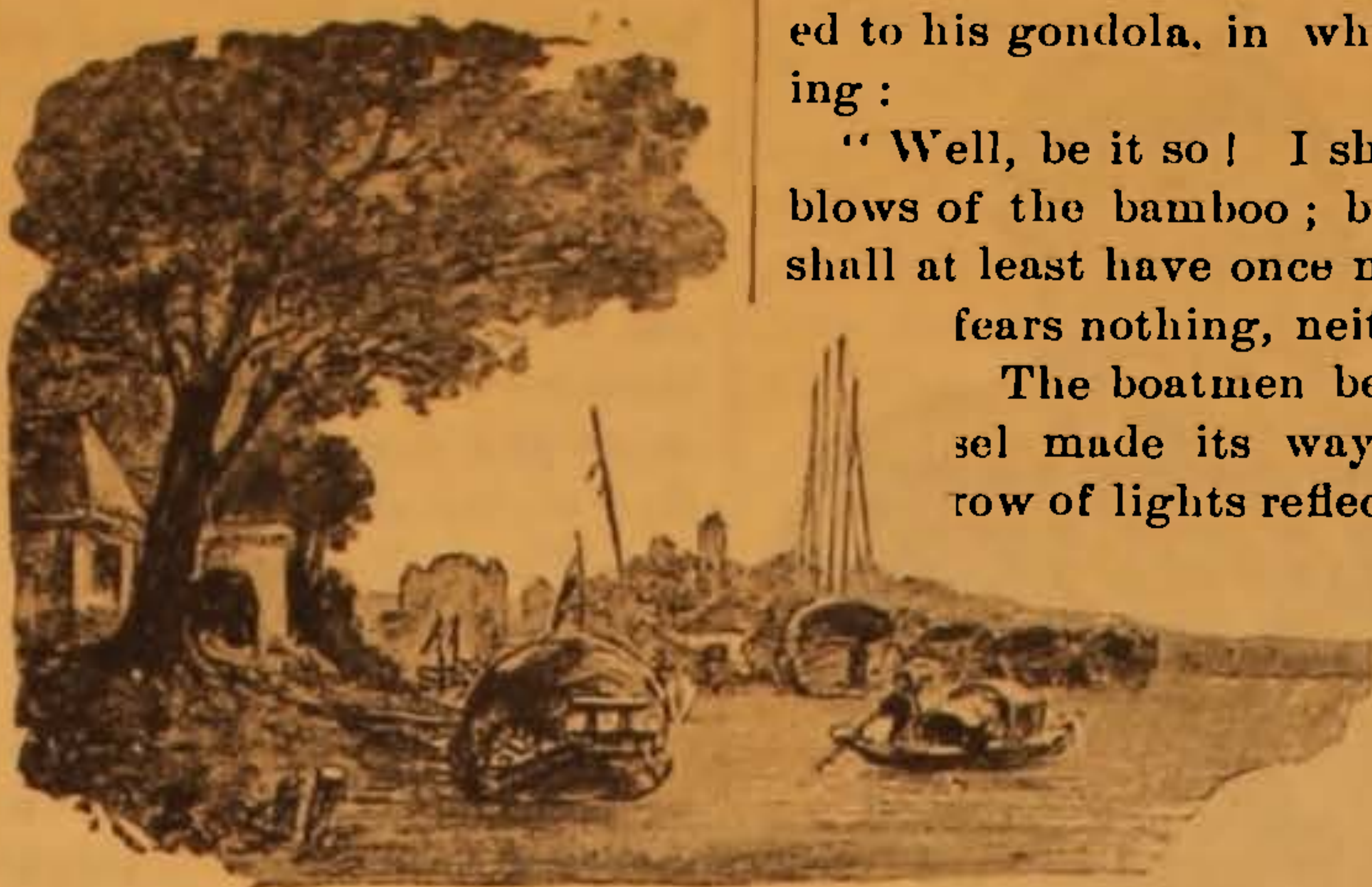
narrow space. Their forward decks were large promenades where one could take the air and the thousands of colored lanterns which lighted them made them structures of most original appearance. One would have thought the place some fantastic city of "The Thousand-and-One Nights."

But the worthy president had doubtless made frequent excursions there before, for his canoe glided up quite naturally, and Ming climbed heavily up the ladder, and raising the mat which curtained the door, he entered the curious establishment, having first ordered his

servants to return at sunrise to take him back to Honan.

Like all the boats of its class, this one was from seventy to eighty feet long. The first saloon was the common apartment, the floor of which was covered with a thick carpet, and large divans were ranged all around. Here the numerous

habitués of the place were accustomed to take several cups of tea before deciding what to do next. Beyond this apartment, near the center of the boat, was a little stairway leading to an upper deck, where, forward, were two charmingly decorated little apartments, and back, a vast hall reserved for



DUTCH FOLLY.



THE MASTER OF THE PLACE.



ON A FLOWER-BOAT.

gamblers where the chink of piasters and the resonance of ingots of gold and silver were heard.

But Ming did not care for play. He made a sign: the master of the place ran up. He said a few words, and both disappeared in the second part of the lower floor. There were arranged half a dozen little cabins, the only furniture of which consisted of a couch, and a lacquer table with all the utensils necessary for opium-smokers. Lanterns lit these little rooms with a soft, voluptuous light. There the wealthy clients of the house, instead of resting in public, gave themselves up in solitude and calm to the use of the marvelous narcotic. Very soon Ming was preparing his first pipe of opium.



MING PREPARING A PIPE.

Opium is not smoked like tobacco. The amateur gives it its last manipulation by presenting to the flame of a little lamp the thick drop of poppy-juice, which becomes an odorous pastille and procures sweet dreams. Ming turned the long steel needle at the end of which crackled the precious soporific, then, when he judged that it was sufficiently solidified, he delicately deposited it upon the incandescent furnace of his large pipe, and threw himself back to inhale it with sensuous *abandon*.

To this first pipe a second succeeded, then a third, a fourth; but between each of them the interval became greater, for the brave mandarin submitted progressively to the effects of the poison, not only in smoking it, but also in breathing the vitiated air with which his cabin so rapidly filled.

His lymphatic temperament shielded him from the furious exaltation which opium often produces in nervous individuals, especially among the Malay race; but after having gone through all the agreeable sensations which he sought, after having dreamed only of good cheer and young love, after feeling so light that it seemed to him he could fly to rejoin his dear friend Perkins at Hong-Kong, and that the emperor of China had named him mandarin of the first class, it soon became impossible for him to fill his pipe. Then he quietly stretched himself out upon his bed, a smile on his lips, and his gaze fixed on vacancy, hypnotized by the celestial visions which defiled before him: the combat of the two dragons, the god of bows and arrows, all the heroes of the Buddhist mythology. Neither the songs of the women nor the cries of the gamblers could rouse him from his enervating dreams.

Two long hours thus passed, and silence reigned over the River of Pearls, when Ming, whose slumber seemed almost cataleptic, suddenly became aware of a slight noise. Believing that someone had knocked at his door, he forced himself to turn his eyes to that side; but the same noise was repeated, and seemed to come from the corner of the room opposite him. It seemed as if something were scratching under the mat which covered the floor: it even seemed as if the corner of this mat were raised slowly.

Much disturbed by this apparently trivial incident, he could not take his eyes from the spot. The light fabric of reeds shook as if by repeated efforts, and the smoker asked himself if it were not the wind which imparted this motion, when he finally recognized its cause. He perceived the velvety, nailed claws of an animal which was still hidden under the mat. Soon the dreamer shuddered with disgust. Behind these paws an enormous spider showed his hideous head, then it suddenly came out and appeared entire. Its light eyes were fixed upon him: it waved its feelers around tentatively.

The mandarin attempted to rise to drive away the horrible creature, but, half-paralyzed by opium, he could not make a movement. However, after a second's hesitation, the monster started directly towards the couch. As it crossed the ray of the light which illumined the cabin, Ming, whose horror-struck glance followed it, could see it revealed in all its loathsomeness. It was a gigantic spider with horizontal mandibles, narrow black corselet, and enormous abdomen striped with blood-red bands. It was the terrible red spider whose bite is always fatal. Its path was marked by a viscous line upon the mat, and it seemed to increase in size as it approached. Its body was at least six inches in length. It came slowly, as if it knew its prey could not escape it, and the poor president passed from disgust to an awful terror when he felt it climbing up his leg. He heard the noise of its claws as it sharpened one against the other, he seemed already to inhale its poisoned breath, and he could neither defend himself nor even call assistance! He was as if glued to the accursed couch, where he had come to seek oblivion, but where he was about to meet a most horrible death. His heart beat as if it would burst, and madness seized his brain.

Soon he perceived the spider on his chest, where it bore down with enormous weight: then his face seemed to freeze at its horrid contact. At last he gave a terrible cry, feeling the nippers of the creature close on his lips, and suddenly recovering his freedom of action he bounded from his bed and flung himself out of his cabin, wild, breathless, dripping with a cold sweat, which he took for blood, and crying:

"Help! help! the red spider! the red spider!"



A WOMAN SINGER.

Not knowing what he was about he rushed into the gambling-room, where everyone sprang up, alarmed and wondering at his terror and his shrieks; but one of them suddenly drew apart, flourishing a knife in a threatening manner, as if ready to kill the first who approached. Perceiving him, Ming seemed suddenly recalled to reason: it seemed to him that he knew this man. Ah! he had then only been the sport of a horrible nightmare! This monster which had so terrified him was only a creation of his brain excited by the opium.

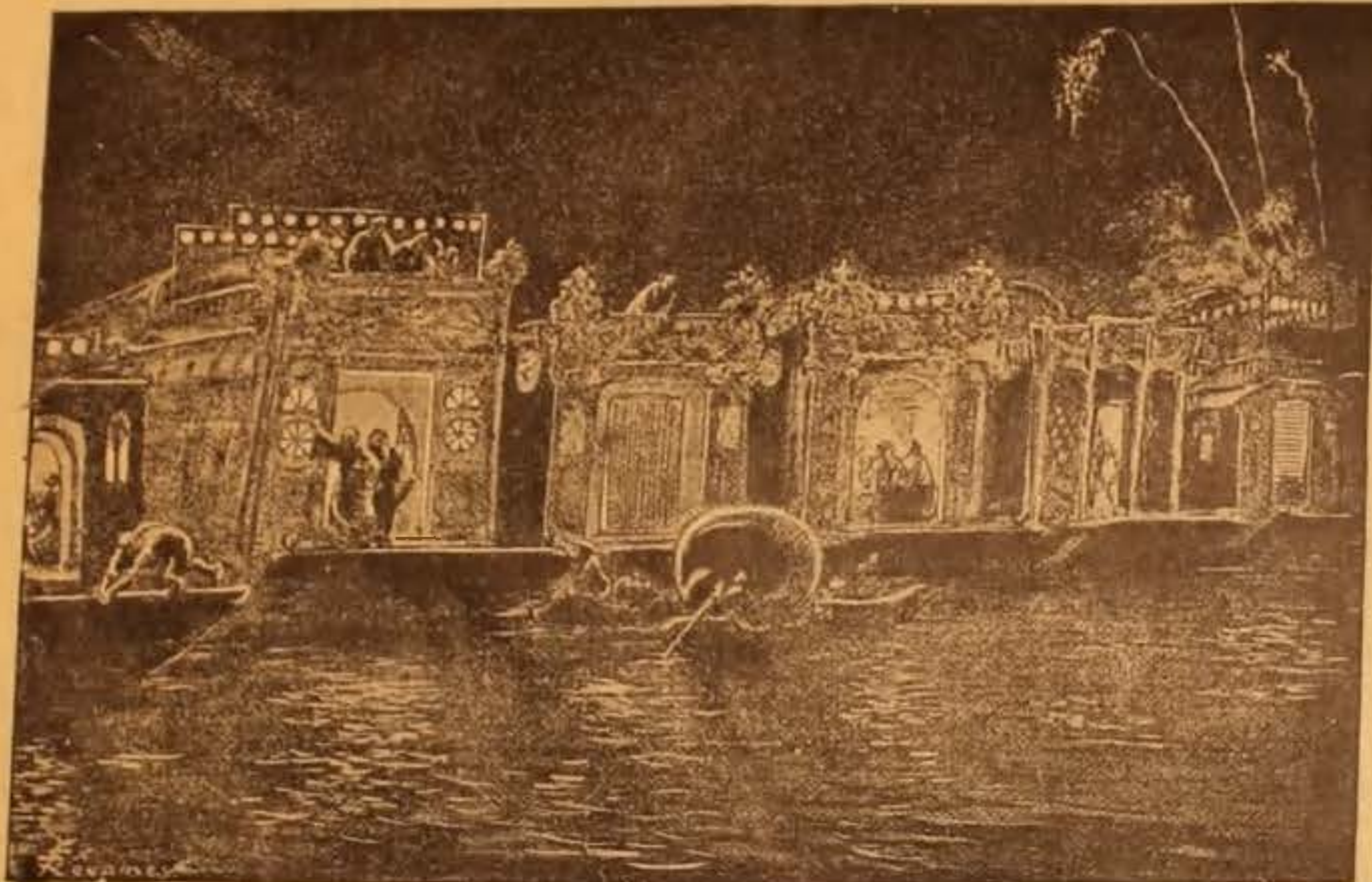
But why this red spider? What relation could exist between the dream and the reality? Why was this man with the brutal face threatening him? Was he still dreaming? or was he really awake?

Suddenly he comprehended and cried:

"Ah! I recognize you! You are the assassin of Ling-Ta-Lang! Arrest this man! Arrest him! I am the Mandarin Ming."

It was indeed Tchou, who had not been drowned at Lamma, as Perkins had thought. At the magistrate's exclamation the players darted at the ex-butcher; but the latter, breaking away from them, rushed to the window and leaped out, and they heard his body fall into the water. All this passed so rapidly that no one could hinder it.

Recovered from their surprise and terror, for no one had even thought of attempting to seize the wretch, several of them leaned out of the window to look for him in the river, calling, "Help! the assassin!" They thought rightly that Tchou had no intention of drowning himself, but of fleeing.



"HELP! THE ASSASSIN!"

Others, on the contrary, darted down the stairway, and then into the boats, in pursuit of the bandit.

As for Ming, shocked, exhausted, and desperate at seeing his assassin escape him at the moment when the strangest chance had put him into his hands, he had fallen upon a seat, and did not reply to those who questioned him, except by ejaculated phrases interspersed with sighs and maledictions.

"Ah! the scoundrel! the monster!" repeated he for the tenth time. "Only to think that he was there, that I had him at last, and that he could disappear! Now it is all over: I am ruined!"

"Not yet, my dear president, not yet!" suddenly said a voice which made him start.

His anxious gaze fell upon a man who bounded into the gaming-room holding out both his hands to him.

"You, Perkins? You?" cried he, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"I, myself!" coolly remarked the captain.

It was indeed the smuggler who appeared so suddenly.

"Ah, captain, if you knew, if you knew!"

"I know all!"

"He was there—I had only to put out my hand!"

"And he jumped out of the window?"

"Yes, out of the window, into the river! Buddha only knows where he is!"

"He is only in my yawl."

"What do you say? In your yawl? Tchou? It is not possible!"

Ming sprang up: it was easy to read upon his convulsed countenance that he could not comprehend what had occurred.

The commander of the "Lightning" took pity on him.

"You see," he said, "we outside barbarians cannot permit people to throw themselves into the river in the middle of the night without some reason. I come from Honan, where I went with Sir Arthur to see you, and we were returning to the factory, for peace has been concluded between the viceroy and the colony, when, in passing here, we perceived this singular meteor, apparently falling from the sky. At the same moment we heard cries. Although it would not be to our interest to interfere in what is the business of the Canton police, curiosity and humanity impelled us, and I turned the helm in the direction where the diver had disappeared. He came up just then at about two arms' lengths from us; but it seemed as if the rascal did not want to let us fish him out. However, Sir Arthur, who is a member of the Thames Life-Saving Society, is as obstinate as a mule; besides, he swims like a fish. He took a header, and in two minutes seized the fugitive and dragged him up by his long pigtail. When he got the fellow aboard I saw it was your man, but he had fainted."

"Then he is there, in your boat?"

"Yes, guarded by two Malabars and securely tied."

"My dear Perkins! My dear Perkins!" Joy would not permit him to say more.

"Come, you owe him a visit," said the captain, slipping his arm under the mandarin's.

When the great magistrate contemplated his enemy he could scarcely believe in his good fortune; but it was really Tchou.

"Well, president," said Sir Arthur, "here he is, your assassin! What do you say?"

"Ah! you are noble men!" replied he, naively, flinging himself into the gentleman's arms.

This demonstration of gratitude accomplished, he called his attendants, and the two boats proceeded together to the factory, where Tchou was carried, still unconscious, to a room, and was closely guarded, while his captors took counsel together.

"I will make a short story of it, my dear president," the captain replied to Ming's questioning. "We found the Ladrões, thanks to poor Pei-ho's instructions, and we landed at Wang-mu, quite unexpectedly to the pirates, where I can assure you my friend was avenged. We did not leave a live man on the island: all that we did not kill we carried off. But they made a desperate defense: one of them killed that poor girl Rose, whom Tchou carried off, and we could not prevent it. When we returned to Hong-Kong we learned that the viceroy had approved the expedition, and all former relations between the colony and the government were resumed."

"I did not know of that."

"I had not forgotten that to-morrow is the day appointed for the execution of Embroidered Willow and I-té, so without losing an hour I went to Honan to find you. You see I found your diver instead: you know the rest."

"Ah, my friend, how grateful I am!" And with tears in his eyes the obese personage embraced the smuggler.

When day dawned and Tchou recovered his consciousness

and found himself at the mercy of his implacable enemies, his features at first became distorted with a horrible expression of hatred ; but he soon realized that he was vanquished, and further resistance was impossible, so he resigned himself with the fatalism of his race.

Early in the morning the prince was informed of the capture of Tchou. Mrs. Liou told her daughter and I-te that they were saved, the assassin of Ling was shut up in a cell, and the honorable president of the criminal court sighed :

"May Buddha be praised !—and that dear fellow Perkins ! After all, I shall not receive the one hundred blows of the bamboo ! I shall continue to lead my quiet, tranquil life ! But, all the same, it was a strange adventure. I fear my digestion will suffer for some time."

CHAPTER XII.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

OUR readers may recall the audience-hall into which we were introduced at the beginning of this narrative to witness the martyrdom of Embroidered Willow and of her cousin. The crowd was very great there on the morning Tchou was brought to justice: two lines of police officers could scarcely keep it in check.

When Tchou ap-

peared between the guardians who led him by an iron chain, the crowd burst into a thousand shouts of rage.

As for Ming, he had resumed his presidential seat. Never had he been more grave, more dignified, more proud of his office, more impressed with the grave nature of its functions. At the solicitation of Perkins he had excused Embroidered Willow from appearing at the trial ; but I-té, the principal accused formerly, was there, upon one of the reserved seats on the platform, a few feet from the tribunal, and near Mrs. Liou. The president of the criminal court had adjudged their presence indispensable. The smuggler and his friend, Sir Arthur, who had played such an important part in the arrest of the real culprit, were there. Even the viceroy was represented by one of his officers.

When the necessary silence had been obtained, and the means to arrive at this result was a certain number of blows of the whip bestowed upon the audience by the agents of Fo-hop, Ming began solemnly.

"You are the said Tchou, former butcher at Foun-si?" demanded he of the accused.

"That is my name," replied the latter in a rough voice, "and I was butcher at Foun-si."

"You assassinated Ling-Ta-Lang the night of his wedding?"

"Yes !"

"Why did you commit this crime?"

"Because I wished to avenge myself."

"To avenge yourself? On whom?"

"On Embroidered Willow, who deceived me, who, after having smiled upon me, sent me flowers, promised me her hand, but gave it to another."

"You lie ! coward !" interrupted Mrs. Liou, who could not control her indignation on hearing her daughter accused of such duplicity.

Tchou shrugged his shoulders.

"This young girl," said the president, "never paid any attention to you."

"Her servant was our go-between."

"That woman led you into an error. She never spoke of you to her mistress, and the latter never charged her to express the sentiments she never felt for you."

At this declaration of the intrigue of which Rose had made him the sport, although she had never dared avow it to him, the assassin trembled : they saw him grow pale. He recollected, all at once, the reticence of the astute domestic, her various explanations to excuse the silence of Miss Liou, and he comprehended that it was this Rose who had sent him, by way of the window one evening, the two rosebuds which had finally made him mad with love. There still remained the drop of water which had fallen upon his face the day Embroidered Willow watered her flowers, and the young girl's laughter ; but that proved nothing against her. Chance might have caused the first of these events, and the second, which was the result of the first, might be only pure girlishness. These thoughts, crowding tumultuously upon the mind of the murderer, were to him a more terrible pain than all that the instruments of torture might inflict.

"It is unfortunate," Ming continued, "that this servant has ceased to be, for she would certainly have confessed her faults ; but one of your accomplices, Woum-pi, by whom you had her abducted from Foun-si, killed her rather than give her up to those who, in just reprisal, have rid the river of the pirates whom you commanded." •

At this news the eyes of the butcher grew bloodshot, and the guards were obliged to hold him to keep him from darting upon Perkins.

"Besides," pursued the magistrate, "even if Miss Liou had responded to your advances, which cannot be, your crime would be none the less infamous, for young Ling was innocent, and you assassinated him. How did you make way with the unfortunate man?"

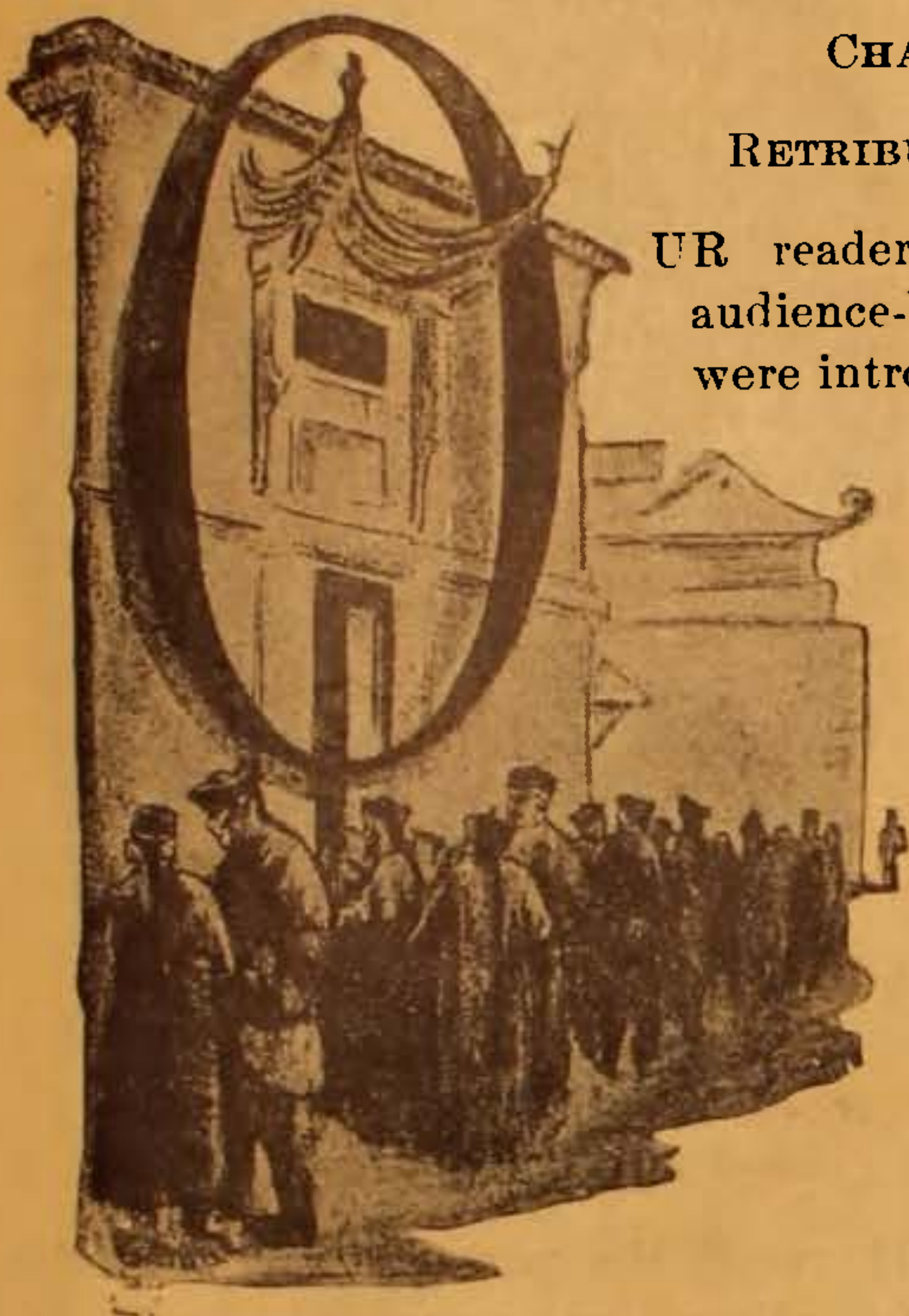
Then Tchou related how, meeting Ling-Ta-Lang in the garden, he had offered him a glass of poisoned rice-water, which, in accordance with custom, he dared not refuse.

The audience lost not a word of this horrid recital. Tchou forgot nothing : he told the whole tale with cynical relish, and finished by saying :

"I only regret that I could not further avenge myself. Now do with me what you will !"

The crowd broke into cries of malediction at these words ; but Ming quickly imposed silence, and in a grave voice pronounced these words :

"We, Ming-Liou-ti, mandarin of the third class, president of the criminal court of Canton, render the following judgment : The said Embroidered Willow and the said I-té, falsely accused of having assassinated the noble Ling-Ta-Lang, and condemned for this crime of which they are innocent, are to be immediately set at liberty. In the name of justice I express to them the deepest regret for the error by which they have suffered. The herein-named Tchou, former butcher of Foun-si, found guilty of this same assassi-



MRS. LIOU AND I-TÉ.

nation which he has confessed, is condemned to the penalty of the slow death. The same Tchou shall be publicly executed to-morrow, at noon. Guards, take the condemned, and clear the audience-room of the criminal court!"

Tchou received this sentence impassively, and without attempting to resist went back to prison with his guides.

Mrs. Liou and I-te disappeared to free Embroidered Willow.

As for Ming, after having accepted with touching modesty the compliments of Perkins and Sir Arthur upon the manner in which he had conducted the trial, he retired with dignity, as became a man of his importance.

The news of Tchou's condemnation was soon known to the entire populace, and the next morning, long before the hour fixed for the execution, the space where it was to take place was occupied by an immense crowd: even women, cruelly curious, showed themselves upon the terraces of the neighboring houses. While awaiting the arrival of the condemned, the people amused themselves watching the construction of the scaffold. It was a large platform, about ten feet

high, built against the outside of the prison wall.



"A CHAIN ABOUT HIS NECK."

The executioner's assistants finally finished their lugubrious preparations, the door of the prison opened, and the assassin appeared. Two police-officers dragged him out, a chain about his neck. He had lost none of his boldness: the same ferocious smile curved his lips. Casting a savage glance upon those who hooted at him, he advanced with a firm step. Roumi followed him, bearing a heavy basket upon his shoulders. The horrible drama of the slow death, which consisted in dismembering the condemned and finally cutting off his head, ensued.

At the same hour the little town of Foun-si was the scene of quite another spectacle. The news of Embroidered Willow's innocence and of Tchou's condemnation caused immense joy. All the population had turned out to meet Mrs. Liou and her daughter, whom Ming had brought back, himself, in his finest gondola.



"CRUELLY CURIOUS."

When the two women landed, a thousand joyous acclamations received them, and they were led under the arches of foliage with which the Street of the Gold-beaters was adorned in their honor. The great mandarin gave his arm to Mrs. Liou: It pressed that of his cousin against his heart. The young scribe had fully recovered from his wounds, and Embroidered Willow was already beginning to recover her former freshness and beauty. Perkins and Sir Arthur followed her.

The procession soon reached the little house where fortune had so pitilessly entered three months previous, and as Ming respectfully inclined before Mrs. Liou to make his adieux, she uttered

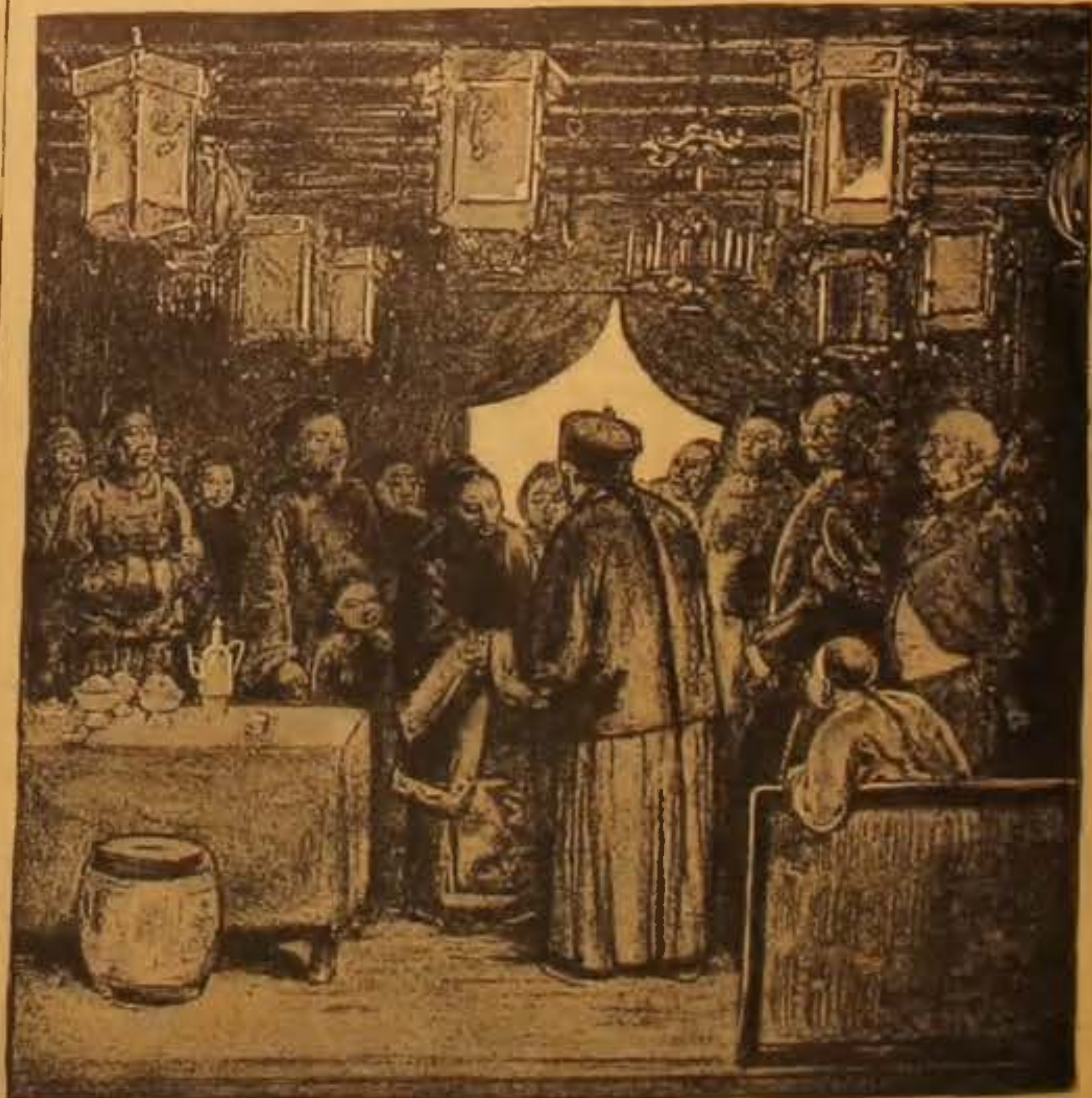
a cry of surprise. Tchou's house had disappeared! The place it had occupied, a few days since, was suddenly transformed into a beautiful garden, in the midst of which was a charming kiosk. The rich president of the criminal court had wrought this miracle by certain piasters judiciously administered to Chinese gardeners.

"Madame," said he, to the mother of Embroidered Willow, "I do not wish that anything should recall the past to your charming daughter: I beg you to allow her to accept this souvenir as an expression of my regrets, and as my wedding gift."

Much moved at this proceeding, and forgetting in the midst of her joy all that this man had made her suffer, Mrs. Liou could hardly find words to express her gratitude. The great magistrate, a little embarrassed himself, profited by the lady's hesitation to salute her for the last time, and he returned to his friend Perkins, who took his hand saying:



I-TE AND EMBROIDERED WILLOW



AT MRS. LIOU'S HOUSE.



MING'S BRIDAL GIFT.

"This is splendid! Ming, you are really a good-hearted fellow."

"Ah, my dear captain," modestly replied the mandarin, "I do my best to imitate you. But let us go: these emotions trouble me. Happily I foresaw this. My steward has prepared an excellent dinner, which I invite you to share with me. I hope your friend also will do me the honor to accept my invitation."

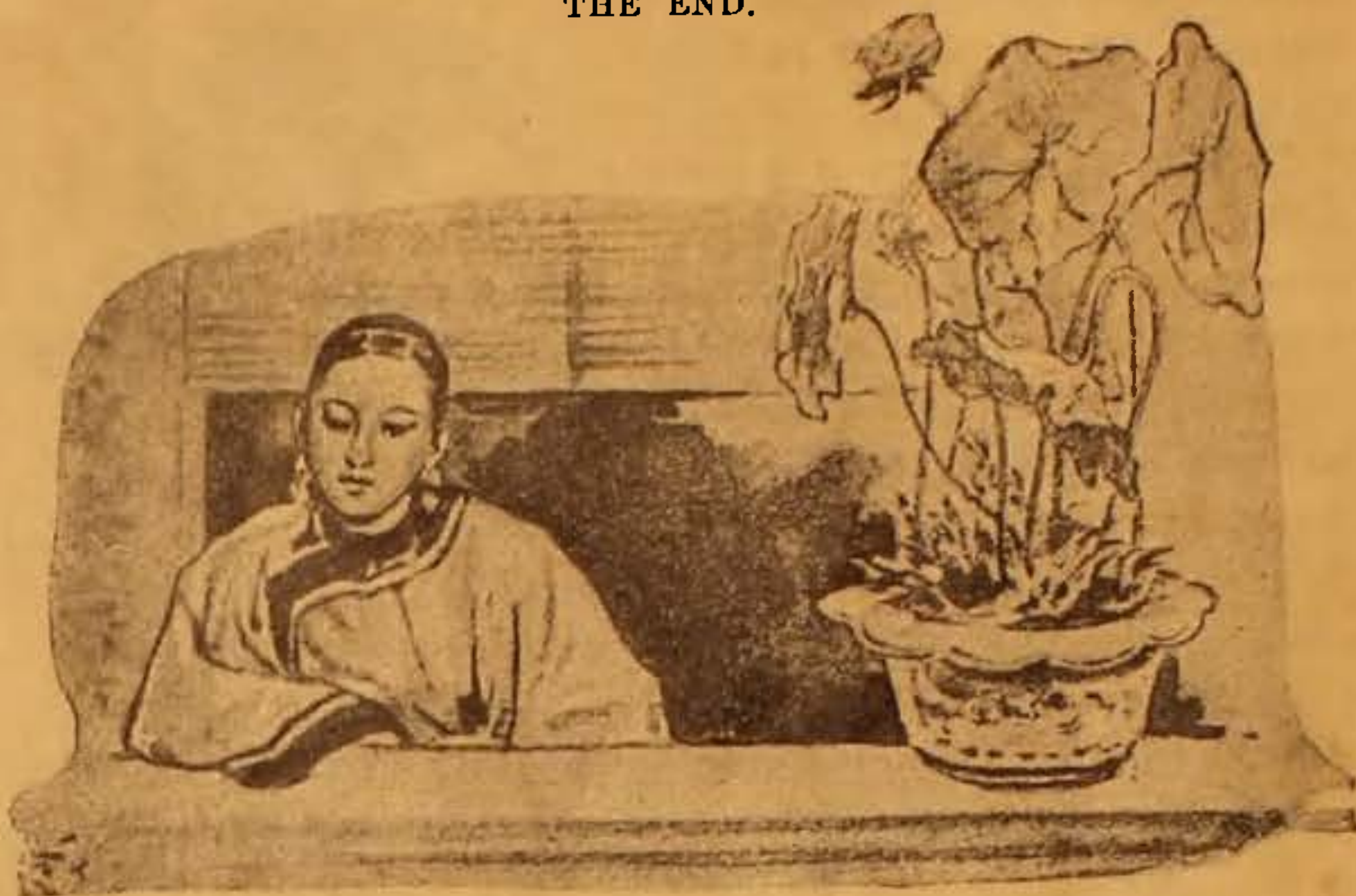
Sir Arthur bowed and smiled, and Ming, with the most touching *abandon*, slipped his

arm in the smuggler's, and his gondola took them all back to Honan, where, while the executioner was disposing of the body of Tchou, and Embroidered Willow and I-te were fixing the date of their approaching marriage, the sybaritic magistrate seated himself at table with his guests, and said, in a voice full of emotion:

"Well, my dear friends, I have got off finely. Without you I should perhaps have received one hundred blows of the bamboo."

Such was the *dénouement* of the judicial error of President Ming. By what mystery was it that a drop of water, destined to give birth to the bloom of flowers, on the contrary, caused streams of blood to flow? Was it Fatality?

THE END.



SIGNS OF CHARACTER IN THE FACE:

HOW TO READ THEM.

III.

THE MOUTH AND THE CHIN.

THE mouth, more than any other feature, excepting the eye, reveals the true disposition and character of the individual. A circle of about an inch radius having its center at the junction of the lips (corners of the mouth) includes the principal character-expressions, as far as the mouth and lips are concerned. The silent language of the mouth is often more



1. GOOSE.



3. FOX.

and the truth of the assertion that "Our other features are made for us, but we make our own mouths" can be easily proven by anyone who has noted the different expressions apparent at different ages in the mouths of those with whom we are familiar. Classed generally, there are full lips and thin lips, red lips and pale lips, tightly compressed lips and smiling lips, straight lips and curved lips, pouting lips and prim lips,

coarse lips which betray grossness and sensuality, and delicately curved lips that immediately proclaim the innate refinement of the possessor; and whether the corners of the mouth turn upward or downward, each kind of lips possesses its own special and unmistakable meaning.

There are some mouths which, considered in connection with the immediately adjoining features, instantly recall some animal (see Figs. 1 to 6); there are repellent mouths, passionless, austere, with no expression of sympathy (see Fig. 7); and there are those from which one instinctively feels nothing but



2. GOOSEY.



4. FOXY.

expressive than words. It has been very truly said, "The mouth not only reveals much of a man's character, but something of his history also." Low, as well as noble, traits of character are clearly shown by the mouth, and it never ceases to speak, though the tongue be silent. The closest mouth cannot hide all secrets from the trained eye of the physiognomist.

Mouths and lips vary even more radically in shape and expression than the other features;



5. NOG.

kind, loving, and encouraging words can issue (see No. 8). These types proclaim their significance to the most casual observer.

In Fig. 9, culture, purity, fidelity, and refinement are indicated by the mouth and the features within the radius mentioned in the first paragraph; and a mouth which expresses great kindness and hospitality, lips which bespeak

inflexible honesty and nobleness of soul, are shown in Fig. 10.

In Fig. 11 we have a mouth which indicates wonderful persistence, combined with marked force of character and ambitious aspirations. The lips also indicate a good degree of tact, firmness, and self-control. Among these illustrated types are comprised most of the signs of good, bad, and indifferent traits which are recognized by the physiognomist at a glance.



6. HOGGISH.



7. REPELLENT MOUTH.

A large and nicely formed mouth with red lips always indicates an active, mirthful nature, strong passions, and a keen sense of taste. A large mouth with coarse, irregular, projecting lips always indicates great physical strength, force of character, with selfish propensities combined with rudeness and a tendency to vulgarity. A moderate-sized mouth with delicately constructed and beautifully curved lips invariably indicates native refinement associated with great mental receptivity, love of music, and exquisite taste. A large mouth usually

indicates greater strength of character than a small one; but it may also indicate lack of refinement.

A straight middle line of the mouth is always a sign of strength and great vitality, with a tendency to harshness and severity. This is especially the case if the lips are compressed (see Fig. 12). The heavy straight line is by far more common among men than it is among women, with whom curved lines usually prevail. If the curves of the mouth are irregular, and the lips narrow, thin, and pale, there will be a lack of affection, accompanying a cold, reserved, abstinent disposition (see Fig. 13). These signs are applicable to both sexes.



8. ELIZA COOK.

Persons with rather large, full, and handsomely formed red lips, with pretty curves, are fond of kissing and being kissed. Such lips go with warm hearts and loving disposi-

tions (see Fig. 14). Persons with this type of mouth are not only warm and tender in their expressions of affection, but they are very fond of receiving and entertaining company, and as a general thing make strong and trusty friends who may without danger be taken into our confidence.

Vanity and eagerness for public notoriety and a tendency to self-praise are indi-

cated by the mouth shown in Fig. 15. A person with a mouth of this style will not only be conceited, but is quite likely to be over-confiding and credulous.

Moral courage, love of justice, inherent manhood, and

powers of logic are strongly marked in the countenance of the silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips (Fig. 16). The large upper lip bulging slightly in the center, firmly compressed, with clear and distinct outlines, invariably indicates inherent energy, great hope, and moral courage. Straightness and stiffness of the upper lip is the sign of firmness (see Fig.



10. A KIND FACE.

17); hence the advice "Keep a stiff upper lip" is but another way of saying "Be firm, stand your ground." If this type of mouth be accompanied by a prominent aquiline nose, the owner will probably be firm to obstinateness.

A slight fullness or convexity on each side of the center of the upper lip indicates large self-esteem; and when firmness and self-esteem are combined, the person possessing these traits will be overbearing, and only amenable to his or her own will. A large mouth with very thin, short upper lip, turning obliquely upward,



9. GEORGE B. LORING, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.



11. MRS. BELVA C. LOCKWOOD.

indicates dullness and stupidity, lack of power and energy.

The mouth and lips as represented in Fig. 18 indicate an exacting, extra-fastidious sort of character. persons with mouth, lips, and chin of this style mean well, but usually lack direction. They are apt to be easily imposed upon, and quite liable to become religiously excited when under revival influences.

The sober, long-faced, sanctimonious character who thinks it wicked to laugh, dance, or be gay in any way, who always has "the blues,"

usually has a mouth like that shown by Fig. 19. A very marked contrast will be observed in the mouth indicative of cheerfulness and laughter (Fig. 20). As an indicator of character, in this case, the expression of the eyes must also be taken into consideration. People of this type always bring sunshine and gladness to those with whom they associate, and seldom suffer from torpid liver or indigestion. The upward curving of the corners of the mouth always denotes mirthfulness ; and while at times the lips may not perceptibly move, even though the person be "brimful of fun," nevertheless the apt observer will readily perceive the silent language of mirth indelibly stamped upon every line of the motionless lips. A mirthful doctor, one who inspires his patients with hope, and thus lessens the necessity for powders and pills, is a good one to employ. In contrast with these smiling lips, notice the facial signs (mouth, lips, and chin) of the man who never smiles, or laughs, one who has no music or mirth in his soul (Fig. 21). Even a child can notice in such lips the lack of love and affection.

12. A STRONG MOUTH.



14. LOVING LIPS.

15. A VAIN MOUTH.

16. WENDELL PHILLIPS.



16. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The slight, delicately curved lines shown in Fig. 22 denote calmness and contentment, but when too sharply defined impart a disagreeable, self-complacent expression, far from becoming.

The chin has very marked and significant signs, which not only indicate good, bad, and indifferent traits of character, but are also indicators of mental and physical vigor and long life, and their opposites, weakness and debility. Many people believe that the difference in the contour of the chin is the result of mere accident: while this may be true to some extent, it is equally true that the chin, like the other features, may be almost a fac-simile of that of some near or remote ancestor.

The signs of character indicated by the chin are equally as reliable as those of the eye, nose, or mouth. The pointed or narrow round chin (Fig. 23) indicates delicacy and refinement. Persons with this type of chin are particular and exacting regarding their associates, and especially so in their selection of conjugal partners.

They always have in their "mind's eye" a beau-ideal, and seldom marry young. Representative specimens of this chin will be found among elderly bachelors and maiden ladies, and it is frequently associated with thin lips and a straight-line mouth.

Next in order comes the indented chin (Fig. 24), but this should not be confounded with the dimpled chin. With either sex, the indented chin indicates kindness, hope, and a warm affectionate nature. With persons having this type of chin, the ideal joys of married life are of a very high order: if fortunate in their selection, real happiness is inevitable.

The narrow square chin (Fig. 25) is much more common among women than among men. Persons possessing this class of chin desire to love or bestow acts of kindness and affection upon somebody or something, and this expression on the part of women is in harmony with man's stronger desire to be loved. A woman with this shape of chin will be benevolent, and more likely to bestow her love as a special favor on a poor, modest, unpretentious, even homely man, than to select a rich, proud, attractive person who is competent and self-sustaining.

A person with a broad square chin (Fig. 26) is likely to fall violently in love, or at



24. INDENTED CHIN.



25. NARROW SQUARE CHIN.



17. A FIRM MOUTH.



19. A SANCTIMONIOUS MOUTH.



20. A CHEERFUL MOUTH.



22. A SELF-COMPLACENT MOUTH.



23. POINTED OR NARROW ROUND CHIN.



26. BROAD SQUARE CHIN.



27. BROAD ROUND CHIN.



28. REV. JOHN WESLEY.

with chins of this shape are especially fond of their children.

class of chin are very exacting; and with either sex, this type, especially if accompanied with short, compressed, thin lips, is indicative of jealousy and distrust.

The broad round chin (Fig. 27) is noticeable for its great breadth and fullness directly under the first two molars. These signs indicate a deeply affectionate nature, and stability and permanence in love affairs. Mothers

A very heavy projecting chin with great breadth and fullness at the posterior angle of the jaw indicates great force of character, firmness, and courage, especially if the possessor have either a prominent Grecian or Roman nose accompanying a long upper lip (see Fig. 28).

A small, receding, square chin (Fig. 29) indicates great mental weakness, especially when associated with a coarse, uninviting, slovenly, and partially open mouth. Imbecility or idiocy always accompanies such signs. A long, broad, thick, bony chin

is only found in rude, harsh, proud, and violent persons. A marked fullness under the chin, commonly known as a "double chin," is said to be indicative of an economical disposition; but authorities differ as to this signification. Certain it is, however, that this sign is frequently met with among economists of both sexes.

PROF. EDWIN VERRER WRIGHT.



29. A WEAK CHIN.

THE GAME OF LAWN CROOKETTA.

LAWN CROOKETTA is a game that will be greatly appreciated by those who have a lawn or court not large enough for tennis, and who require an equally lively and fascinating pastime. Its movements throughout are exceedingly graceful, without requiring the great amount of exertion which is unavoidable in tennis. It is a game equally adapted to both sexes, and creates a charming diversion which will be eagerly taken up when the weather is too hot for tennis.

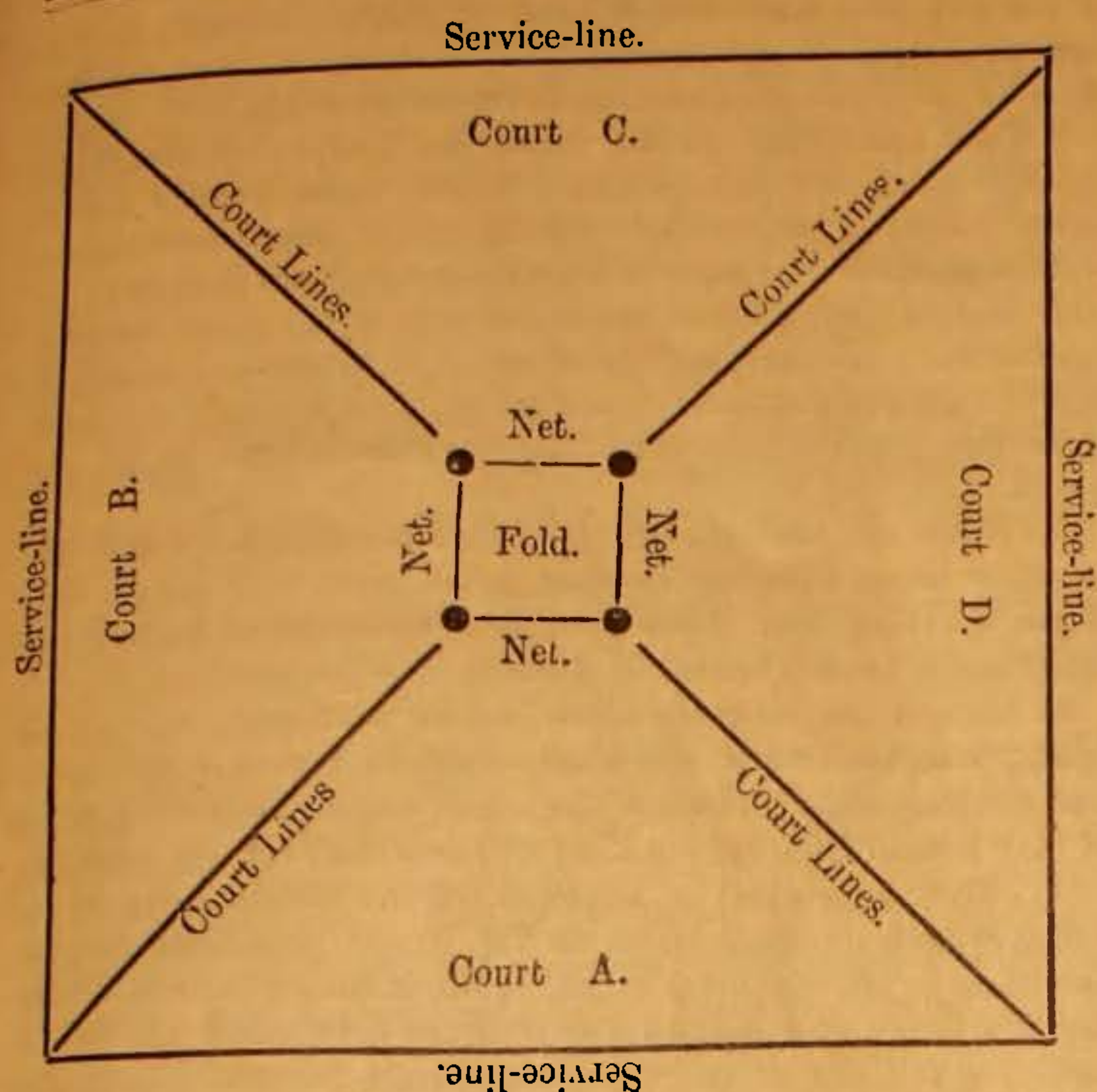
The accompanying illustrations will elucidate the general aspect of the game, and show the field of play.

To mark out the square courts, lime-lines are used. These can be made with an ordinary tennis-marker, or can be lined out with pegs and twines and gone over with a solution of whiting poured from a tin can over all the twines, which then must be removed.

The "fold" is first marked out, six feet square, and must be placed exactly in the center of the four courts, as



LAWN CROOKETTA.



PLAN OF COURT FOR LAWN CROQUETTA.

shown by the illustration. The four service-lines are each thirty feet long, also forming a square, the center of each line being twelve feet from the center of the fold-lines. The four court-lines are marked out from the four corners of the fold-lines to the corners of the service-lines. The service (or boundary) lines may be varied in distance from the fold-lines, to suit the space available for play, which can be smaller than the dimensions herewith given, but must form an equal square from the fold-lines. The game can be played on the lawn or on a hard court.

The implements for croquetta consist of four crooks, four standards, a net, and six balls. The crook for match play is three feet six inches from end to end, the spoon of the same (shaped like a tennis-racket) being six and a half to seven inches wide, by eight and a half to nine inches long, within the frame, and strung with twine or cord to form a loose bag not more than three inches deep in the center of the spoon. If such crooks are not obtainable ready-made, any tennis-racket can be made into one. Splice the handle of the racket to the required length with a stout ash handle, remove the strung gut, and substitute a netted or crocheted bag of twine, which must not be deeper in the center of the spoon than described above.

The standards (or posts) are four in number, and are made of wood or iron, each being three feet six inches high, including a shallow cup which is fixed on the top of the same. No guy-ropes or pegs are required. The net to inclose the fold, and which is fixed on the four standards at the corners of the same, is twenty-four feet long by two feet eight inches deep, with the mesh not exceeding three inches. The ordinary tennis-net can be used, letting it turn under inside the fold, at the bottom; or a net of the exact size required can be made according to the directions given in the July magazine. The bottom of the net must rest on the fold-lines.

The balls used for match play are four and a half inches in diameter, and hollow like a tennis-ball: two of them, being the play-balls, are of white or gray rubber, covered or uncovered; the four balls for placing in the cups of the standards must be of a distinct color from the others, and are of colored India-rubber, or covered with colored cloth, and are called the "sentinels."

Lawn croquetta can be played by two or four persons. The following definition of terms used in the score must be

borne in mind in acquainting oneself with the laws of the game. In scoring, one point is termed a knave; two points, a queen; three points, a king; four points, an ace; and ten points, a noble.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

THE DOUBLE, OR FOUR-HANDED, GAME.

1. Before choice of sides the four sentinels are placed in the four cups of the fold-standards, and one of the white (or play) balls in the center of the fold, on the turf; and the remaining ball is placed about the center of the service-line of court A.

2. The choice of sides and of the leader and returner shall then be decided by lot. The other two players are called "helps," one for each side.

3. When the two sides are formed, the leader shall stand outside the service-line of court A; the leader's help, outside court B, to the left; the returner, outside court C, opposite the leader; and the returner's help, outside court D.

4. The leader then places the play-ball in the spoon of the crook, holding the same on the service-line, and calls "play," when, if the returner be ready, the player endeavors to send the ball over the fold-nets and place it in the opposite (or returner's) court. The ball can be served from any part of the service-line in the leader's court, and from the service-line only; and no play-ball must be touched with anything but the crook while in play, or it is a fault, and scores a knave to the opposite side.

5. If the ball when served from the crook falls in the leader's or own help's court, it is a fault, and counts a knave against them and for the opposite side; if the leader allows a ball after being served and falling into his or her court to bound or roll out of that court, another knave is added to the score of their opponents; and if the leader's help allows a ball after falling in his or her court to bound or roll over the service-line, or into another court, another knave is added to the opposite score, and the leader's and returner's helps exchange places with partners, the help of the former becoming leader (the helps always standing to the left of leader and returner).

6. If the ball when served falls into the fold, the helps endeavor to raise one each of the two balls out of the same with their crooks, and the one who first throws out a ball scores a knave for that side, the one scoring the knave, leading next; but if the ball when thrown from the fold should pass the service-lines, or rest in an opponent's court, it counts nothing, and the former leader serves again. If the play-ball after falling into the fold should bound out again into any of the courts, or beyond the service-lines, it will score exactly the same as if it fell in that position at the first.

7. If there should be a dispute as to who threw out the first ball, the balls must both be placed in the fold again by the leader, the helps standing outside the service-lines of their courts until the leader returns to his or her place, and then try again.

8. Should a sentinel be accidentally thrown off the cup of a standard, it must be placed on again before proceeding further with the game, by the party displacing it, the opposite help still endeavoring to throw out the ball.

9. If the ball when served clears the fold, it counts a knave to the leader, providing it falls in the returner's court; but if the returner allows it to bound or roll out of court, it is a queen to the leader. The returner is then leader, and serves.

10. Should the returner catch the ball in the crook before it reaches the turf, carrying the same to the service-line of his court, it counts a king to his score; and whenever a king is made, all move one court to the left, the returner then becoming leader.

11. When the leader's ball falls in the returner's help's court, or beyond the service-lines, it is a fault, and scores a king to the opposite side; and after moving one court to the left, the returner and help exchange places, the help being leader.

12. Should the returner's help allow a ball after being served and falling in his court to bound or roll over the court or service-lines, it adds a knave to the opposite (or leader's) side, but the position of play is the same as in Rule 11, the king still counting for the returner's side.

13. When a sentinel is knocked off a standard-cup by the ball thrown from the leader, it is a queen to that side, providing

the ball thrown falls in the opposite court, when a knave is added, making it a king; and should the ball then be allowed to bound or roll out of court, either beyond the service-line or over the line into another court, that will add another knave, making an ace to the serving party. All then move one court to the left, the party in, or nearest, whose court the ball then lies, leading; and before serving the next ball the sentinel must be placed on the standard. But if the play-ball shakes off a sentinel by striking the net or a standard, it is a fault, and counts nothing, and the returner serves next.

14. For every sentinel knocked off the standard by the leader's ball a queen is scored, and no difference is made to the score by the sentinel falling into the fold or in any of the courts. But should the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel bound beyond the service-lines, either first falling in any one of the other courts or not, the queen scores to your opponents.

15. Should the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel fall into the fold, it is a queen to the leader, and you must then proceed as in Rule 6, so that if the ball be regained by the leader's side it will be a king, and all move as in Rule 10; but should the returner's help throw out the first ball into one of their own courts, a knave only is added to the leader's side, the helps then changing places with leader and returner, the help of the former becoming leader.

16. If after knocking off a sentinel the ball falls in one of the home courts, it is a fault, counting nothing; but the sentinel scores a queen for your opponents. The returner is next leader.

17. When the ball after knocking off a sentinel falls in your opponent's help's court, you lose a knave, making your queen only one point, the help changing places with the returner, and leading; and if the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel falls in the fold, again bounding out of the same and lodging in any of the courts, the score is the same as if it fell in that court at the first.

18. If the leader in serving allows the ball to slip from the crook, and it does not go further than he can reach with the crook, standing outside his service-line, it is not a fault, and he leads again; but should it go beyond that distance, you proceed as in Rule 5.

19. No fault can be claimed after the leader has served the next ball.

20. In match play, when umpires are appointed, any dispute arising shall be settled by them, and their decision shall be final.

21. The game is up when 50 or 100 points are gained by either side, as may be at first agreed upon. In the 50 game, the first to gain exactly 25 points scores a noble towards the game; and when exactly 50 are gained in the 100 game, it adds a noble to the score, only the first to gain the exact numbers counting.

THE SINGLE, OR TWO-HANDED, GAME.

1. Before play commences, the four sentinel-balls are placed in the cups of the standards, and the white balls as in the four-handed game.

2. Choice of leader shall then be decided by lot.

3. When this is done, the leader stands outside court A, and the returner outside court C, opposite.

4. The leader then proceeds as in Rule 4 of the four-handed game.

5. If the ball when served falls in the leader's serving-court, A, or in court B, to the left, it is a fault, and scores a knave to the returner; and should the leader then allow the ball to bound or roll into the returner's courts, or over the service-lines, another knave is added to the returner's score: the returner then leads.

6. If the ball when served falls into the fold, the leader and returner endeavor to raise one each of the balls out of the same with their crooks, and the one who first throws out a ball into his own courts, scores a knave, and leads next; but should the ball pass the service-lines, or into the opponent's court, it counts nothing, and the leader serves again. If the play-ball, after falling in the fold, should bound out again into any of the courts, or beyond the service-lines, it scores exactly the same as if it fell in that position at the first.

7. If a dispute arises as to who threw out the first ball, both must be placed in the fold again, the players returning to their service-lines, and then trying again.

8. Should a sentinel (or colored ball) be accidentally thrown

off the cup of a standard, it must be placed on again by the party displacing it, before proceeding further with the game, the opposite party still endeavoring to throw out a ball.

9. If the ball, when served, clears the fold and falls into the opposite court, it counts a knave to the leader; and if the returner allows it to bound or roll out of that court, it is a queen to the leader: the returner is then leader, and serves next.

10. Should the returner catch the ball in the crook before it reaches the turf, carrying the same in it to the service-line, it counts a king to that party; and whenever a king is made, both move one court to the left: the returner is then leader, and serves.

11. When the leader's ball falls into the returner's left-hand court, or beyond the service-lines, it is a fault, and scores a king to the opposite side. Both then move one court to the left, and the returner is then leader, and serves.

12. Should the returner allow a ball after being served and falling into his or her left-hand court, to bound or roll out of that court, it adds a knave to the leader's score; but the position of play is as in Rule 11, the king still counting for the returner.

13. When a sentinel is knocked off the standard-cup by the ball served, it counts a queen to the leader, providing the play-ball falls in the opposite court, when a knave is added, making it a king; and should the returner then allow the ball to bound or roll out of court, another knave is added, making an ace to the leader, and both move one court to the left: the returner is then leader, and serves. But if the play-ball shakes off a sentinel by striking the net or a standard, it is a fault, and counts nothing, and the returner leads next.

14. For every sentinel knocked off by the leader's ball a queen is scored, and no difference is made to the score by the sentinel-ball falling in the fold or any of the courts. But should the play-ball, after knocking off a sentinel, bound beyond the service-lines, either first falling in one of the other courts or not, the queen scores to your opponent.

15. Should the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel fall into the fold, it is a queen to the leader, and you then proceed as in Rule 6, so that if a ball be regained by the leader, it scores a king to that party, the leader serving again; but should the returner throw out the first ball into one of his courts, a knave only is scored to the leader, and the returner serves next.

16. If after knocking off a sentinel the play-ball falls in one of the leader's courts, it is a fault, counting nothing; but the sentinel scores the queen to your opponent, who serves next.

17. When the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel falls into your opponent's left-hand court, you lose a knave, making your queen only one point, your opponent leading next; and if the play-ball after knocking off a sentinel falls in the fold, again bounding out of the same and lodging in any of the courts, the score is the same as if it fell in that court at the first.

18. If the leader in serving allows the ball to slip from the crook, and it does not go further than he can reach with the crook, standing outside the service-line of that court, it is not a fault, and the leader serves again; but should it go beyond that distance it is a fault, and scores a knave to the opposite side: the returner is then leader.

19. No fault can be claimed after the leader has served the next ball.

20. Same as Rule 20, above.

21. The game is 50 points, and the first to gain exactly 25 points scores a noble towards the game.

WHAT is it to make the best of things? It is to rob life of half its cares and to double its pleasures, to increase its brightness both for ourselves and others; it is to see the light shining through the cloud where others see only blackness; and, finally, it is to make this workaday world a garden of delight instead of a place of weariness, and life a thing to be enjoyed instead of simply endured.

To confide too much is to put your lemon into another man's squeezer.

John's Suggestion.

 DON'T see why you should mind it at all, Janet: it isn't a bit like going to an almshouse, you know. And really, it seems the only thing to be done under the circumstances. If you knew how to get your living in any way, and were able to do it, of course things would be different; but as it is, you haven't any choice. And your hundred and fifty dollars won't last very long."

"No," and Janet Reeves sighed, a very sad look on her gentle face; "and but for your kindness in keeping me here the past six weeks, a great deal of it would have been gone already."

"Well, we needn't talk of that," said Mrs. Wayne briskly. "Let's go back to the subject of this Old Ladies' Home. John says it is a lovely place, and—"

"You—you surely haven't mentioned the subject to your brother?" interrupted Janet, a red flush springing to her pale cheeks.

"Goodness! No! I wouldn't think of such a thing for a moment. It isn't a matter in which he would be at all interested. But Beechwood is only a little way from the Old Ladies' Home, and of course he knows all about it. I have heard him say it is a perfect paradise for old people,—a big, old-fashioned house, almost hidden by vines, and surrounded by old oaks and beech-trees. Why! there's John now: come to take Rosa out driving, I suppose. If you really *wish* to speak to him about this project, Janet, or ask him any questions, I'll—"

"Oh no, no! Not for the world!" cried Janet hurriedly, a look, almost of terror, in her brown eyes. "As you say, it would not interest him in the least. Lida, promise me you won't speak to him about it. I ask it as a special favor."

"Certainly, I promise," answered Mrs. Wayne with alacrity; and before Janet had time to speak again the door opened and John Humphreys came in.

He was a tall, fine-looking man of about forty-five years of age, with keen blue eyes, a heavy, dark moustache, and brown hair thickly strewn with gray. Life had been very pleasant to him, always; but love had played no part in it, and he had repeatedly assured his sister that he was too busy to find time for love-making or matrimony. But Mrs. Wayne felt sure that at last he had fallen a victim to the tender passion, and inwardly rejoiced at the good fortune which had made Rosa Burthnot her guest; for Rosa was young, beautiful, rich, and charming, and would make a fitting mistress for John's handsome home, as well as an admirable sister-in-law.

Mr. Humphreys shook hands with Miss Reeves and nodded affectionately at his sister.

"Miss Rosa ready?" he asked.

"I'll tell her you have come"; and Mrs. Wayne put down her work—a piece of blue satin she was embroidering—and went out.

Mr. Humphreys walked to the window and stood there, staring out into the garden. It was easy to find subjects of converse with Rosa Burthnot, who was all life and spirit, but with this shy, elderly spinster he found himself tongue-tied.

"You're better to-day, I hope, Miss Reeves," he said at last.

"Oh, I am quite well now," she rejoined, without looking at him, and apparently intent on the covering of a little primer belonging to Mrs. Wayne's only child. "I cannot call myself an invalid any longer, and I shall go very soon."

"Go! Go where?"

"I—I scarcely know," hesitatingly. "But I cannot trespass any longer on your sister's hospitality. I have already stayed too long."

"That is absurd! I don't see why you should go at all. Considering what you did for—"

"O Mr. Humphreys, that was nothing—nothing at all!"

"Nothing," to rescue an only child from drowning! I don't agree with you."

"I mean that I have been amply repaid," said Janet, very much embarrassed. "Think of how devotedly your sister nursed me all the time I was laid up with that dreadful rheumatic fever, and how I have stayed on here, day after day, since I got well."

"The fever was the result of your plunge into the icy water after little Ruey. It would have been ungrateful, indeed, in Lida, not to have done all in her power in return. Where do you propose to go—"

But the question was never finished, for, to Janet's great relief, there was the sound of gay laughter in the hall, and Lida and Rosa came in, the latter drawing on a pair of long, undressed kid gloves of the latest shade of tan. She was a stylish-looking girl, and John Humphreys' eyes rested on her admiringly as she advanced to meet him and threw over his arm, with easy familiarity, her light shawl. And Janet, who also admired her, wondered how any man could help falling in love with such a gay, fearless young creature; and taking an opportunity when they were all talking, slipped unnoticed from the room.

The hall window commanded a good view of the broad carriage-drive, and Janet, safely hidden from observation by the heavy curtains, watched John Humphreys as he helped Rosa into his light buggy and gathering the reins in his hand sprang in beside her with some merry remark which the pale watcher at the window could not hear.

"She has everything, everything!" murmured the poor, lonely little woman; "and I—I have nothing. Oh, why should things be portioned out so unequally in this world! And yet how foolish to repine. At my age I ought to have more sense and courage."

But as she thought of her utter loneliness, and that in a day or two she must go forth among strangers, to become an inmate of a charitable institution, she put her head down on the broad window-seat, and cried until she was exhausted. She did not dream for a moment that the handsome couple in the carriage were even then talking of her.

"Janet Reeves is the best, most unselfish woman I ever knew," said Rosa Burthnot, as the buggy rolled out from the gravel drive into the shaded country road. "I have actually fallen in love with the poor, lonely, little thing, and I don't see how anyone could help it. She is so thoroughly sweet and good!"

John Humphreys pulled his moustache thoughtfully, his eyes on the sleek backs of his chestnut horses, but said nothing.

"She is evidently troubled about the future," continued Rosa, "and it is a shame that she is so utterly alone in the world. She ought to have married long ago; but of course she never got a chance, penned up in this little country village, taking care of her old father. She was telling me yesterday about her home, and what a pretty, old-fashioned garden she had, and she cried so pitifully that I couldn't help crying, too. And when her father died his income stopped, and the sale of all the personal effects brought only two hundred dollars! She seemed to think she ought to be very grateful to Lida for having given her a home for so long, and made nothing of having risked her life to save Ruey from drowning. I wish I could do something for her; but she is so proud I would be sure to hurt her feelings if I offered her anything. Can't *you* suggest something?"

"I don't know: I'll think the matter over," answered John Humphreys; and then he turned the conversation to something else, and Janet's name was not mentioned again.

Two days after this, when Rosa came down to lunch at the ringing of the bell at half-past one, she found only Mrs. Wayne and Ruey at the table.

"Where is Miss Janet?" she asked.

"She has gone," answered Mrs. Wayne. "She left at ten o'clock. I suggested to her that she ought to say good-bye to you, but she is such a timid creature she wouldn't disturb you at your letter-writing. She said it would be a matter of no moment to you that she was leaving, and I could make her adieux for her. But I think she was afraid you would ask where she was going. Such absurd pride!"

"Why, has she left the village?"

"Yes, she has taken my advice and gone to the Old Ladies' Home."

"Lida! you don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. It was the best step she could take under all the circumstances. She has neither the ability nor the strength to earn her own living, and it would be useless for her to attempt it. At the Home she will have a good room, and plenty to eat, at least. It is a lovely place, and not at all like an almshouse, for it is well endowed; and she must pay one hundred dollars to secure admittance."

"But oh! Lida! how friendless the poor little thing must feel: how entirely alone in the world! My heart aches for her."

"But what else could she do, Rosa? I think it very fortunate there is an Old Ladies' Home for her to go to."

"It is cutting her life short at forty, Lida. She isn't an old lady, and she won't feel that she is in her true place. She will fret herself to death there, and die of a broken heart. But she shan't stay there very long if I can help it. Just as soon as I am married I will take her away."

"You speak as if your marriage were a probability."

"So it is. I have been making up my mind for several days to speak to you about it."

"Rosa! I am delighted!" and Mrs. Wayne rose hastily to press a kiss on the girl's blooming cheek. "But it seems to me John might have given me some inkling of it, knowing as he does that for years I have wanted him to marry."

"I don't exactly understand you, Lida. Mr. Humphreys has nothing to do with my marriage, except that, as guardian for Roland Raspton for ten years, his consent was asked,—but as a mere matter of form."

Mrs. Wayne stared at her friend a moment in bewilderment.

"You are engaged to Roland Raspton!" she exclaimed at last.

"Yes, and we are to be married just as soon as he returns from Europe."

"I think you ought to have told me before, Rosa; and I confess I am bitterly disappointed. I was so anxious to have you for a sister-in-law."

"My dear Lida, what utter nonsense! Why! your brother is twenty-five years older than I. We are not suited to each other at all."

"Nevertheless, I am disappointed; and I am sure he cares a great deal for you."

"Only as a friend; but if I am not mistaken he cares in an entirely different way for someone else."

"What do you mean?" and Mrs. Wayne looked startled.

"Wait and see;" and with a merry laugh Rosa ran from the room in answer to a call from Mrs. Wayne's little daughter in the garden.

Meanwhile Janet, a little Russia-leather bag in her hand, and a look of utter dejection on her face, was making her way from the Ridgefield station to the Old Ladies' Home, a distance of two miles by the country road. She had left her trunk to be sent for later, and had declined the use of the station hack, feeling that she could not afford to spend an

unnecessary penny. Tired, dusty, and warm, she was glad when she came in sight of the Home; but just as she reached the gate and was about to push it open, she heard the sound of horses' feet and the swift roll of a carriage, and looking around saw, to her consternation, that he who held the reins over the backs of the stylishly moving chestnuts was John Humphreys, whose handsome estate was situated only a mile from the Home.

It was too late for escape. She had been recognized, and in another moment the chestnuts were drawn up sharply, and their owner was on his feet by Miss Janet's side.

"Miss Janet! Is it possible! Why, what are you doing here?"

Janet was unable to answer, and her eyes fell before the earnest, penetrating gaze of her questioner.

"Do you know anyone in here?"

"No," she faltered, "I—I have had some correspondence with the matron, and—and," desperately, "I have applied for admission."

"You!" For a moment John Humphreys stared at her aghast. "You can't be in earnest. You are joking."

Janet shook her head sadly, though she tried to smile. "It is true."

"But you are not an old lady."

"That does not make any difference. I am obliged to go here for a time, at least. That rheumatic fever left me very weak, and I am not able just now to make any effort toward my own support."

"But surely you have some friend,—," he began.

"No, there is no one at all," she said, the tears standing thickly in her eyes.

The sight of them moved him strangely.

"Don't speak so positively. Do you count me as no one? I am your friend, Janet, and I will never let you enter this gate if I can help it."

His voice was low and determined, and there was a ring of passion in it that made Janet tremble from head to foot. No one had ever before spoken to her like that.

"You don't say anything, Janet. Don't tell me that you won't let me save you from this. I have known for a month past that you were all the world to me. Janet, darling, look up at me."

She looked up, their eyes met, and the next instant she was in his arms. Ah! she had never known until now how sweet it was to be loved and to love again, but she was none the less happy because of that.

It was well that the buildings of the Old Ladies' Home were situated a long way from the road, and that no one was about the grounds, otherwise the old ladies might have had food for gossip for a long time; for it is not every day that a little dusty spinster is seen weeping on the shoulder of a big, handsome, and very devoted lover.

However, Janet's tears were soon dried, for they were tears of relief and joy; and five minutes later she was sitting in the carriage by her lover's side, on her way to Ridgefield, where, in the small parlor of the Methodist parsonage, she was speedily made Mrs. John Humphreys.

Mrs. Wayne refused at first to be reconciled to the match; but when she saw how perfectly happy her brother was, and how graciously Janet filled her position as mistress of Beechwood, she concluded to make the best of it, and held out the olive branch forthwith.

But she never forgave Rosa for having disappointed her, and there was a decided coolness between them on that account, which was not lessened when Rosa told how she had urged John to suggest something for Janet's relief.

"And as a suggester, he is simply perfect!" she said. To which Mrs. Wayne made no reply.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

“Miss Jo.”

I.

T was a cold, blustery, disagreeable evening. There was no moon, neither were there any stars except once in a while when the scudding clouds overhead parted long enough to let one shine through here and there. A few spits of snow which was almost ice dashed now and again in the faces of those who had to be walking the streets of New York: it made the men pull their coat-collars up about their ears and take on them the air of determination which the weather called for, and brought a resigned, blue, pinched look on the women's faces. As for the children, poor little souls! who were ragged and poor indeed for the most part, they hugged themselves into a protecting corner of some building, or stood in the light streaming out of shop-windows, and shivered.

“A snug corner in Miss Jo's snug parlor is not the worst thing possible to look forward to at this moment,” said Frank Read to the friend beside him, as they pushed up Fifth Avenue in the face of wind.

“No, it is not,” returned Andrew Stone laconically from out the depths of his coat-collar.

“Miss Jo is a boon in the way of a friend—do you know it, Andrew?—which is not granted to all mortals to possess.”

“I quite agree with you.”

“I never should think of falling in love with her, for instance.—No,” somewhat meditatively, “that would never occur to me; but for a good comrade, a sympathetic, far-seeing friend, with her ready woman's wit and intuition to help along her good will, Miss Jo is supreme!”

“Your remarks are comprehensive, Frank, and to the point: she is all that. Ugh! what a wind! I hope the Fates will send me a pretty partner at whist to-night. I hate such cold and darkness, all through me; and I am very sure I shall be quite in the mood for basking when I am once in Miss Jo's library.”

“You are always in that mood, Andrew,—‘merry Andrew.’”

“Thanks, my friend, you at least have the merit of expressing yourself with frankness. Here we are;” and they turned into a side street, went up a few steps into a lighted hall, stepped into an elevator, and in a few moments were at the door of Miss Jo Pond's apartment.

Frank Read had touched the keynote of his friend's character when he said that Andrew Stone loved to bask. Andrew was a lover of the beautiful. He was an artist, a painter in water-colors, and, Fate having willed that he should have a sufficiency for his not expensive habits, he had time to practice the art he loved; and Nature had given him a magnificent physique and an unusually fine face, had made him, in fact, a man whom all women naturally adore, but had left among his many good traits and really fine qualities of mind a natural indolence, so that at thirty years of age, though the most delightful of companions, he was as much boy as man, and had done as yet no worthy work in the world.

Frank Read, his friend, was five years older, and a wholesale commission merchant by occupation, which did not prevent him from having as keen a taste for beautiful things as had Andrew. He was a college-bred fellow who did not lose his soul in his business, but respected it, nevertheless, and made a good little sum by it yearly for his own comfort and that of his widowed mother. He had been a friend of Andrew Stone's at college, and stood perhaps as near to him as if he had in truth been his brother, Andrew having no relatives living in the city. They were gentlemen, these

two, in the best sense of that much-abused word, and independent thinkers,—both as a matter of course,—or they would not have been particular friends of Miss Jo Pond's.

Miss Jo Pond was, her friends said, indescribable; her acquaintances, peculiar; and her enemies, eccentric. She was a woman of means who chose to live by herself, though she had many well-disposed relatives of most undoubted standing. It was generally settled that her age must be somewhere between thirty and forty, and it was known that though Miss Jo might be eccentric to an extreme, no whispered word could ever be raised against her fair fame. Her friends, to a man,—and to a woman, too, strange to say,—were enthusiastic about her. “There was never such a friend as Miss Jo,” they all said; and Miss Jo's friends were an uncommonly fine set of people themselves. She had a frank, noble face, was tall, and dressed herself perfectly, and no one ever stopped to think whether or no she were handsome.

“You are a little late this evening,” she said, as she greeted the young men cordially as they entered her library, “but we will make up for lost time by beginning to play at once.”

They had barely time to glance around and see that the usual set were there, when Miss Jo beckoned them to a table standing near a wood fire which crackled merrily in the pretty open fireplace. Andrew Stone looked over it for the little card with his name on it, which should tell him where to sit. Miss Jo always settled that matter of their partners for her guests, beforehand, and no one, so far, had ever been heard to grumble, one of her good qualities being her perfect tact. He soon found his seat very near the pleasant blaze. Miss Jo had given him one of her most comfortable chairs, and he sank into it with much satisfaction: the conditions for “basking,” as his friend had expressed it, so far, were perfect. He turned towards the flames, instinctively, and held out one chilled hand to feel their warmth, when Miss Jo said, “Mr. Stone,” and looking up he found she had brought him his partner.

“Justine, this is one of my good friends, Mr. Stone. Miss Brent, Mr. Stone. Now we will begin; and as I have chosen to play with you, Mr. Read, this evening, I hope you will do credit to my choice, and play—*whist*,” and Miss Jo took her seat and began shuffling the cards.

Miss Brent, with a slight bow to Mr. Read, who seemed to have met her before, seated herself quietly opposite her partner. As for Andrew Stone, he had risen and bowed, but a disappointed look involuntarily spread all over his handsome face. The truth was, this young lady Miss Jo had given him for a partner was out of harmony with his cheery surroundings; and Andrew was disappointed that this should be so, and then vexed with himself for having shown his disappointment.

Miss Brent was very plain, not to say downright ugly, and he disliked ugliness. She was a young woman of medium height,—yes, a *young* woman, the rounded contour and graceful lines of her shoulders and bust decided that, though at first Andrew did not know what her age might be, at least until his eyes had left her face. They left it willingly enough, for it was a very plain face: irregular, unattractive features, dull-looking, grayish-blue eyes, light hair,—laying heavily without curl or softness, a little of it low on her forehead, the rest drawn straight up from her neck behind and coiled on the top of her head toward the back,—and a rough, somewhat browned skin with a sort of ruddiness in the cheeks. She was dressed plainly in a black dress with no trimming except at the neck, where it was opened, and around the opening some black lace lay on what could be seen of a pretty, soft, white neck. She was undeniably homely, and for Andrew the evening was

marred. The basking must be pursued under at least one untoward circumstance.

Mr. Read never undertook to talk when he played whist with Miss Jo, and Miss Brent either was not talkative or chose to be silent. This was something to be thankful for, and Andrew considered his cards attentively and let his thoughts in the meantime wander whither they would, and in due time another consolation presented itself: Miss Brent understood how to play whist. Miss Jo and Frank Read discussed points in the game occasionally, but Andrew, beyond a few polite remarks to his partner, who answered them with a shy, reserved manner, and in as few words as possible, was uncommunicative.

Finally Miss Jo said, "Justine, you really surprise me. You play whist remarkably for a girl who has had so little practice."

"But I have a good deal of practice," said Miss Brent, with a slight smile. "There are two old gentlemen who live in the village, who come out to us at least once a week, sometimes oftener, for a rubber, and of course I am always the fourth."

"Oh! I quite forgot," explained Miss Jo, as she noticed a little surprised look on Andrew's face. "I did not tell you, did I, Mr. Stone, that I have been trying for ever so long to get Miss Brent to give me a good visit? And I never have succeeded till now, and would not have succeeded now if her aunt had not come suddenly to Kinderhook, so that Mr. Brent will not feel lonely. Justine and Mr. Brent live quite by themselves at Kinderhook, Mr. Brent's place near Caseville. You have been to Caseville?"

"No," said Andrew. "It so happens that my vacations have always been taken in the beaten tracks—Adirondacks and so forth—where one is sure of finding material for sketching."

"One occasionally finds material for sketching out of the beaten tracks," said Miss Brent.

"Do you sketch, Miss Brent?" said Andrew.

"A very little," she replied, "not enough to call it sketching."

"It seems to me it would be hardly worth while to use time and energy in going to out-of-the-way places, and perhaps after all find nothing to reward one."

"I think it would be well worth while to use energy and time in any work, much more when art is in question, if one should find in the end, even after many failures, something fine and high in nature waiting to be taken: even if it were only one thing in a lifetime it would be worth while." Miss Brent spoke with some warmth, and when she finished seemed to become suddenly aware that all three had stopped playing and were listening to her. She looked about with an air half of consternation, then picked up her cards and began sorting them hurriedly. "Caseville is not an attractive place naturally," she said, "in fact, it is very unattractive. I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I am ready now." And after that she resolutely refused to talk, and became so quiet and reserved that even Miss Jo confined her remarks to the game.

The rubber was finished and some slight refreshment had been served, and Miss Brent, who was still sitting near the fire, was answering some pleasant commonplace of Frank Read's with polite monosyllables, when Miss Jo came to them and said, "Now Justine, will you give us a little music?"

"That is something she will be too shy to do, even if she can," thought Frank Read, and was accordingly somewhat surprised when Miss Brent rose without hesitation and walked to the piano. She seated herself quietly, moved the stool a little till her foot reached the pedals easily, played one or two soft chords, and then let her hands fall in her lap as she turned to Miss Jo.

"What would you like to have me play?" she said. Miss Jo had gone with her and was leaning on the piano waiting.

"Oh, I have no choice," she answered. "Play one of your own favorites."

Frank Read had glanced quickly at Andrew as Miss Brent went towards the piano, and his glance was met half-way by one from Andrew expressive of so much half-comical despair and resignation that Frank's mouth twitched under his moustache. The smile stayed there, however, under his moustache. The rest of his face was grave enough as he folded his arms and called his stock of patience to the fore. Andrew, who had before that, secured an easy-chair near a young lady he was talking to, simply leaned his handsome head against its red velvet back, and turned his face towards the fire: he would at any rate be as comfortable as he could be. For both these young men the music of the ordinary young lady who plays the piano forte was something to be endured with stoicism, or rather never to be endured at all if occasion offered for escape. Occasion very evidently did not offer now, and they saw at once the thing was inevitable, but, for Miss Jo's sake, honestly tried not to show their dismay. They were not entirely successful, however, and an amused smile crept around the corners of her fine mouth as she noted the positions they had taken and the expressions on their faces.

Then Miss Brent began playing, and silence fell on the little parlor. Soon Mr. Read unfolded his arms and looked interestedly at the player. Andrew Stone also turned his face away from the fire, and raised his head from its velvet resting-place. The sounds which came from the piano were not usual ones. Miss Brent's touch was firm, clear, and, at times, impassioned. The music she played was in the minor key, and its refrain was inexpressibly sad, but never hopelessly so. One could imagine it the crying of a soul in distress, but with a hope lying somewhere underneath it, a longing for something higher, a reaching out—out of this world towards another. Soon it merged into some fine chords which brought a semi-religious suggestion, and then the longing refrain began again and yet again, ending, after a while, softly, sweetly, fully, as if the imprisoned soul had at last caught full sight of its heaven.

Silence stayed on in Miss Jo's little parlor for one full moment after Miss Brent's hands left the keys,—silence more expressive than any words could have been. Then Andrew went over to the piano impetuously.

"Miss Brent," he said in a strange, constrained voice, "what is the name of that piece? It is the most beautiful one I have ever heard."

"It is one of Chopin's Nocturnes,—his XIVth, I think," she said.

"And Justine understands how to play it," said Miss Jo softly, with an unusual glow in her dark eyes.

Of course Miss Brent was asked to play again and she did so; and in all her music it seemed to Andrew that he heard that same voice which was trying, ever trying to make its meaning clear,—a voice which told of better things, beyond the tongue of man to express. They were all interested and pleased, and accounted for their interest in different ways; only Miss Brent was quiet and indifferent, when it was finished answering in diffident, short sentences, as she had done all the evening.

Shortly afterward Miss Jo's whist-party broke up, and Frank Read and Andrew passed out again into the cold winter air.

"Did you 'bask,' Andrew?" said Read after they had gone some distance.

"No!" growled Andrew from the depths of his overcoat collar, and in such a tone that his friend laughed a little to

himself, and said no more till they bade each other short good nights at the corner where their ways parted.

The next morning the temperature moderated somewhat and a light snow fell. By the afternoon this had been turned into a muddy paste which had made the uptown crossings trials, and downtown, where it had been dragged on to the sidewalks by many feet, walking had become a delusion and a snare. A lowering sky hung over it all, and a disagreeable humidity in the atmosphere threatened rain in the not far future. Andrew Stone stepped out of the Post Office, and, with a shrug of his shoulders at the appearance of things, and a depressed look deepening on his handsome face, stood waiting for a horse-car.

He had not stood there long, when, between the drays and vehicles of all kinds passing, he caught one or two glimpses of a lady walking on the other side of the street, whose outlines seemed somehow familiar to him. In a very short time he had crossed over, and reaching her found she was, as he suspected, Miss Brent.

She was dressed almost entirely in gray. A close-fitting gray suit sat well on her rather plump figure, a jaunty gray felt hat with bits of black of velvet and feather about it looked well against her light hair, and was of becoming shape, showing her face fully, and she carried a little gray muff with black-gloved hands. The winter air had made her cheeks glow, and her hair, from rapid exercise, had become tossed about a little.

"Is it possible that I have been mistaken, and that Miss Brent is pretty?" Andrew asked himself as he joined her. "No," he concluded, after a moment or two of critical examination. "She is plain, she is more: she is ugly; and yet, —and yet there is something interesting, even, in her looks."

"I had to come to this part of the city to get something for Miss Jo, who is not well enough to come out to-day," she explained simply, "so I thought I would walk a few blocks before getting into the crowded car."

"Ah?" said Andrew. "May I accompany you home? I am on my way home also."

"Yes," she answered shortly.

Then Andrew began to converse. The weather, the last novel, the opera, he tried them all; but beyond polite assents or short remarks Miss Brent said nothing, and was as reserved as she had been in Miss Jo's parlor the evening before. Andrew was still talking about music, and still having faint hopes that she might respond on that subject, at least, when something happened which entirely destroyed his polite attempts. Miss Brent suddenly dropped her muff, darted out into the muddy street, seized firmly in her prettily gloved hands a little ragged child, and lifting her bodily, with one quick movement whisked her about and placed her on the sidewalk just in time to prevent her from being trampled on by the powerful horses of a heavy dray which was coming thundering along.

"There!" said Miss Brent to the astonished little girl, with some heat in her tones, "the next time you try to cross the street and don't look about you, you will probably be killed. Here is something," she added in a softer voice, "to buy you a pair of shoes and a good warm shawl. Now mind you get them at once, and—" here the dainty gloved hand went again down on the child's shoulder, and Miss Brent stooped and whispered a few words in her ear. Then, turning to Andrew, she said, "I am ready, Mr. Stone."

The little girl stood for a moment, almost stupidly, with the money clasped in her hands; then, while a flush came all over her sallow face, said, in a low voice, "God bless you! miss."

Andrew was indignant.

"Miss Brent," he said, in somewhat angry tones, "why

did you not ask me to get that child out of the way of the horses?"

"It would have been too late," she answered simply.

"I do not think so," he went on hastily; "but you should have asked me. What would Miss Jo have thought of me if you had come to any harm, or of you for risking your life in that way?"

"I do not care," replied Miss Brent placidly; "though I know Miss Jo would never blame me for doing my duty."

"It was not your duty," said Andrew.

"It was my duty, Mr. Stone. No one saw the child's position in time to be of any use but me, and even if the dray had gone over us both it would still have been my duty to have tried. I did try, and I'm not sorry I succeeded."

The whole circumstance had jarred on Andrew very much. His beauty-loving, lotus-eating disposition was at war with this incident from beginning to end, and something else in him, which he did not stop to analyze, cried shame on him that this should be so. He was almost as silent as Miss Brent during the rest of their way homeward, and declined rather hastily her invitation to come in for a few moments when they reached the apartment-house where Miss Jo lived.

The truth was that Miss Brent's music of the night before, her one or two positive assertions, and her little act of heroism, for he now began to see it in its true light, had stirred up something in merry, handsome, easy-going, laughter-loving Andrew Stone which had never been stirred before. Whatever it was, it was not in harmony with his ordinary state of mind; and the clashing of the two made him at first very cross, and then—wonder of wonders! for "merry Andrew"—thoughtful.

It was in this mood that Frank Read found him on the following day and proposed that they should call on Miss Jo and her friend; and Andrew—while he growled audibly about "young women who were controlled by a sense of duty," meaning of course Miss Brent, and not Miss Jo, though his remark might have applied in all truth to either of them—agreed.

Days and weeks went on, and as Miss Brent's aunt was willing and glad to stay with old Mr. Brent, Justine's father, she found that she could stay as well as not and visit Miss Jo, so Miss Jo triumphantly kept her. But at the end of five good weeks she said that she must really go home now, and Andrew Stone discovered, with a shock, what those few little words meant for him. He had seen her almost every day of those blessed five weeks, and he had found out through her music, in which spoke her true self, and once in a while when her shy reserve broke down a little, what manner of woman she was. She had somehow changed his views of everything: she had made him see new nobility in his work, new meaning in his life, possibilities stretching out before him of a rounded, dignified, helpful existence, possibilities within himself of growth and development, and now—now she was going away, and he knew, heart and soul, that he loved her. He wanted only the opportunity to tell her so, and the night before she left it came.

They were walking rather slowly homeward from a concert, so slowly that Miss Jo and Frank Read were far ahead, when Andrew said,

"I am very sorry you are going home to-morrow, Miss Brent."

"So am I," she said with a little sigh. "I have had a very pleasant time in the city."

"I hope you will think of your friends once in a while after you've left us all."

"Yes, why of course I shall think of my friends."

"I don't mean that at all," said Andrew floundering, "that is—yes, I do too. Oh!—you don't understand me."

"No, I don't, Mr. Stone," said Miss Brent, in a somewhat astonished tone of voice.

"No, you don't," said Andrew; and then went on in a firm, grave tone, "but you will, when I tell you that I love you, and that I am asking you to be my wife."

Miss Brent started suddenly and drew her hand as suddenly from Andrew's arm.

"Perhaps you have not thought about it," he said. "Many people would think," he went on with a slight smile, "that our acquaintance had been a short one; but it seems to me as if I had known you always. I could not love you more, Justine," he looked down tenderly into her face, but even in the dusk thought it looked strangely white and set, "I could not love you more——"

"O Mr. Stone, stop! stop, for pity's sake, stop!" came from Miss Brent's lips in gasps, rather than words. "This can never be,—never be."

"But it must be," said Andrew. "I cannot live without you. Don't you think you can love me, ever?" Poor Andrew! It was in this as in every great trial he had ever had: when it came to suffering, he was still almost more boy than man.

"Mr. Stone, I can never marry you," said Miss Brent.

"Do you mean that you cannot love me?" persisted Andrew.

"I cannot marry you," she answered, and then there was a little silence.

"Why can't you?" finally demanded Andrew.

"There is an obstacle in the way," she said in a low tone.

"It can be put out of the way," answered Andrew.

"No," she said, "never."

"Why not? What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, don't ask me," she said brokenly. "I cannot tell you; but," and her voice became strong again, "rest assured I am telling you the truth. It can never be removed, from its very nature."

"Miss Brent," said Andrew in a quiet tone, out of which every particle of life had gone, "you are not treating me fairly. You have shown me what life can be, what it may mean, and now you refuse to give me the one help I need in my struggle with it, the only happiness I can find in it, and you do not tell me the reason why." Andrew's handsome face had flushed, his lips twitched nervously under his moustache, and his fine dark eyes had a strange moisture in them. "I do not care what I do with my life,—why should I?" he ended recklessly.

"Don't say that," said Miss Brent firmly, though her face was white, her eyes full of tears, and her bosom heaving as if with sobs. "You do care what becomes of your life, you must care: there is something in you too noble to go to waste,—to be allowed to die. I believe in it, I know it," she went on earnestly. "Promise me you will not stop struggling because of—this."

They had nearly reached home before Andrew spoke again; and when he did it was in a voice so altered, so strange, so old, that it seemed as if the light-hearted boy had gone forever and a man was here in his stead.

"I have been selfish, Miss Brent," he said. "While you believe in me I will go on trying. Will you shake hands with me once more before we part?—for our real parting is now;" and as she put her soft warm hand in his, from which, in her agitation, she had pulled off her glove, "May I kiss it?" he said, "I will never ask to do so again." There was no one near, and she said nothing; so he carried it to his lips, raising his hat with his other hand as he did so.

"Now," he said in a most matter-of-fact tone, "you will wish to put your glove on again, and arrange your wrap before we go in." Miss Brent did as he told her, but did not

speak,—it did not seem as if she could; and a few moments later they rejoined Miss Jo and Frank Read in Miss Brent's little parlor.

II.

KINDERHOOD was about two miles from Caseville and any human habitation. It had once been an old stone farmhouse; but successive Brents since the first bought it and its accompanying acres had so settled and enlarged it that in the time of its present owner it was as dignified and substantial-looking an old pile as is often seen in this country of new houses. A "pile" it was, in good truth; for of regularity about the old building there seemed to be none, and windows and doors occurred here and there apparently without any particular design.

It was a house full of odd little nooks, and one of the oddest, as well as one of the prettiest, of them was an oriel window in Justine Brent's big old-fashioned bedroom. It was a window which looked nowhere in particular. There was a road to be seen from it winding away in the distance towards the left, and another corner of a road which stretched itself finally up to the front door, but which might as well have been going anywhere else, from any definite idea to be had of its course from this window. Then there was a bit of lawn which was gray and lifeless-looking now, for it was March, chilly, windy, bleak March, the ending of all things, even the cheerful part of winter and the beginning of none, in that climate, not even of the first yellow crocus of spring. Some trees, too, were to be seen, fine ones, with goodly girth of trunk, and far-reaching, graceful boughs whose dry branches rattled in the March wind.

Miss Jo Pond was leaning back in an easy-chair and looking out of this window with a somewhat doleful expression of countenance, and Justine Brent, in a little rocking-chair near by, was knitting some soft thing of blue wool, a twinkle in her eye and an amused expression about her firm little mouth. She had on a black morning-gown with touches of light blue about it and a bit of dainty lace at her throat. Somewhere in the back part of the room a crackling betrayed an open fire.

"Jo," said Miss Brent suddenly, "I am very glad to see you,—you know that is the truth at any time; but I don't know when such a happiness has come to me as when I saw your face last night, and it was such an unexpected one, too, it seemed almost too good to be true. There I was imagining you among orange-blossoms and all sorts of beautiful things in Florida, and here you are in this unfriendly clime, or rather in this unfriendly month, instead of there where the month is not unfriendly at all. I don't think you like this time of year here any better than you used to, either, judging by the way you look out of that window." Miss Brent laughed softly. "Why did you come away from Florida, Jo, dear?"

"Why did I?" said Miss Jo absently. "A whim, I suppose, or more likely because I was an idiot: most people would think the latter was the true reason,—if they knew. Justine," Miss Jo turned around in her chair and spoke with energy, "tell me the news. Of course I've heard all the general items. Fanny Stanton is to marry Will Turner, and madame his mother, who expected Will to get the heiress Miss Spot, is *désolée*. Old Mr. Scrubbs died, and left nothing apiece to all his dear relatives, who mourn for him accordingly. Frank Read is reported to be engaged to Kate King,—don't believe that; and Andrew Stone,—by the way, have you heard anything of Andrew?"

"No," answered Miss Brent shortly.

"Oh!" returned Miss Jo thoughtfully, "you seemed such good friends the last part of the time you were with me, I

thought possibly he might have been out here to see you. I didn't see Andrew again before I went South, for, you remember, I went the day after you left me. He's a thoroughly fine fellow, Andrew," said Miss Jo, musingly, "but sensitive. Then he hasn't been to see you, Justine?"

"Oh no, Jo," said Miss Brent, in a high, cool voice,—a voice of perfect indifference,—"Mr. Stone and I are the slightest of friends, in fact simply acquaintances, hardly friends at all." There was a stitch dropped in Miss Brent's knitting at this time, and she bent her head over it as her white, well-shaped hands pushed the needles here and there till it was picked up.

"Ah, well," said Miss Jo, "then of course you would not be interested in something Frank Read wrote to me about him."

There was a moment's pause—then Miss Brent said, indifferently still, "What did Mr. Read write?"

"Oh, something about Andrew's being in love—at least Frank Read thought he was: he may be engaged by this time." Miss Jo turned a little in her seat and looked rather steadfastly at her friend, and Miss Brent raised her eyes a moment with an inquiring look, as if she suspected Miss Jo was joking, then, seeing her serious, matter-of-fact expression, she dropped them again in a moment or two, giving a light laugh as she said, with a gay, careless manner, not at all natural to that quiet-mannered, reserved young person, "You are very mysterious, Jo. What is the name of the young lady? Does the marriage come soon?"

"You can read Mr. Read's letter if you wish, Justine," said Miss Jo, "and then you will know as much as I do. Here it is," she said, drawing it out of her pocket and handing it to Miss Brent, after which Miss Jo resigned herself to an attitude of complete repose in her easy-chair, having her face turned entirely away from the window and quite directly towards Miss Brent, who dropped her work, and, with quiet, immobile face, began to read the letter.

"NEW YORK, *March* 12, 18—

"MY DEAR MISS JO :

"This is not in answer to your last most entertaining and welcome letter,—this will not be, I should tell you at the outset, entertaining, and not very welcome either, I am afraid, except in so far as I know that you like to be kept informed of the good or ill fortune of your friends. If you were in your own pleasant home in 'The Munster,' I should go over there this evening and carry my trouble and perplexity with me, and expect that you, who are not hampered by the slowness of apprehension of the male mind, would guess the cause of the trouble, and so end the perplexity: as it is, I am forced to do the next best thing, though I have never regretted as now your annual dislike of our winters.

"Well, to the point. Matters are going very wrong indeed with Andrew Stone. I put it strongly to begin with, though I have only reached that conclusion myself within the last two days, having, before that, for nearly the entire four months since you left for the South, first wondered at the changes in him, then suspected that something was the matter of which I knew nothing, then told myself plainly that I was an idiot for doing so. Now, the poor fellow is ill, not dangerously so, as yet, but in his present state of mind I feel anxious as to the result, and blame myself much for my past blindness.

"I did not see Andrew for a week or two after you left, and when I did I stopped at his studio one afternoon to get him to go to some amateur theatricals that evening. No, he would not go. 'Why?' I asked. Because hereafter he would go nowhere: his days would be given to painting, his evenings to reading. I left him with some scoff at his sudden devotion to work, but a queer, old, earnest look on his

face staid by me, and in a day or two I saw him again, and heard again the same story. Since then it has been always the same story. He works tremendously hard all day and most of the night. He has had no trouble that I know of, but I am possessed of the idea that he has some trouble that I do not know of: for Andrew is a changed man. By no possible stretch of the imagination could he be called 'merry Andrew' now, and the change is to me a pitiful one.

"He seems ten years older than he was four months since. He is grave, reticent, and, of late, sometimes morose and gloomy. He cares for no one and nothing except his work, and he spends so much energy on that it seems to be drawing his very life from him. There is an indifference and cynicism about him which is as puzzling as it is entirely unlike his natural, happy, sanguine turn of mind, and now that he is ill (the doctor calls it malaria) the indifference has full sway and he does not seem to care or to try to get well. He drags himself around to his studio every day and paints for an hour or two, till he is quite exhausted, and then lies down long enough to get up strength enough to go back to his boarding-place. Of course this state of things cannot last very long, for he is growing weaker every day. I do not think his disease amounts to much, but something had changed him before it came, and made a resolute, grave, older man of him; but it took away at the same time all his contentment, or happiness, or whatever it may be called, in his life. This was too much of a change for my poor Andrew.

"Do you know of any trouble he may have had? Is there any way I can help him? My friend is dying before my eyes, and I do not seem to be able to do one thing to prevent it. If you were only here! But, as you are not, be good and write soon,—whatever your kind heart and woman's wit may dictate.

"Sincerely your friend,

"FRANK READ.

"It has just occurred to me that Andrew may possibly be in love; but with whom? No one I have ever seen, I am very sure."

Justine Brent was a girl who had excellent command of herself; but her hand trembled a little as it held the letter, a rigid look came over her face, and before it was half-finished she jumped up and walked to the window, declaring that she had not sufficient light where she sat, though it had apparently been all that she needed for her knitting. She remained at the window much longer than was necessary to read and understand Mr. Read's letter,—at least so Miss Jo thought. Finally she turned and handed it back to that lady in silence.

"Justine," said Miss Jo, "I feel very sorry for Andrew. Don't you?"

Miss Brent was still standing looking out at the bare trees, with her head half-turned away. "Yes," she said, without changing her position.

"And I think," said Miss Jo, "that the woman who has done it (for a woman, I am convinced, is at the bottom of it all) must have a very hard heart, or rather no heart at all."

Miss Brent folded her arms and leaned against the window-casing, still looking out, but made no reply.

"She must have deliberately flirted with Andrew and then jilted him. When a man loves a woman who cannot love him, and who tells him so honestly and frankly, he may be miserable enough, but not in this way. The woman who has made a wreck of Andrew Stone must have done so deliberately. I cannot conceive how a woman could do such a thing, Justine, can you?"

"No," was whispered, rather than said, by Justine's white lips. She was as motionless as a statue, her arms still

folded, her face strangely white, her head resting firmly on the window-casing. She had almost the same appearance that she might have had if she had braced herself to meet or to endure some deadly ill.

"Justine," Miss Jo had risen and walked to her, putting her hand softly on one of the folded arms,—“Justine, why did you do it?”

Miss Brent turned. Her face had become scarlet, and her eyes fairly blazed with indignation. “How can you—” she began, when Miss Jo interrupted her.

“My dear,” she said, looking at her with the sweet, rare smile which was only for her dearest friends,—“my dear, stop just there. Wait one moment, and then I hope you will tell me all. I was not blind when you and Andrew Stone grew to love each other, though Mr. Read was. I could see how dear you were to each other,—yes, to each other, for I know you too well and love you too well not to have guessed your little secret. I know you are no coquette, but a loving, warm-hearted, sensible woman,—a very dear woman to me,” she added softly, looking down at the girl who had sunk down on the low window-seat with her face in her hands. “But whether the mistake has been made by you or by Andrew,” she went on insistently, “some terrible mistake has been made, and you will surely tell me, will you not, what has passed between you? You know you can trust me.”

There was a long silence after this, and the whistle of the wind and the rattling of the dry branches were all the sounds to be heard. It was Miss Brent who broke it. She lifted her face from her hands and looked bravely at Miss Jo, though it was a face with such energy of endurance in it that it was almost painful to look at,—a pitiful face.

“I will tell you as you wish it, Jo, though there has been no mistake,—there is no mistake possible. Mr. Stone asked me—to marry him—and I refused to do so. That is all.”

“Why did you refuse?” asked Miss Jo.

“It is not a pleasant thing to say, even to you,” the poor girl went on, “but one should never be afraid of the truth.” she added, with a wan kind of smile. “You know, Jo, that I am not beautiful, that I am—very, very ugly; and I knew that it must be a passing fancy with Mr. Stone,—that he could never really love *me*. I only refused to take advantage of his fancy, that is all. Please never speak of it again.” Miss Brent, though quite calm, had become whiter and whiter as she spoke, and now Miss Jo suddenly threw open the window and let in the chill March air. It had its effect, that gust of air, and Justine in a moment or two looked more like her natural self.

“There *has* been a mistake, as I thought,” said Miss Jo, in her kindest, tenderest voice, “a mistake we all of us make, more or less, one of the commonest mistakes of life, that we do not see ourselves as others see us. You are not beautiful in face, my dear, but you are—well, I will not try to tell you in what—you *are* beautiful. Perhaps you will find out a little of yourself sometime, perhaps not; but, at any rate, you must know now that, whatever you are, Andrew Stone’s ‘fancy,’ as you have called it, is not a passing one.”

To which Miss Brent offered no reply, but rose and shut the window, and going back to her little rocking-chair began to knit again. A silence fell on the two, and half an hour later Miss Jo left the room.

During dinner-time (a meal which the Brents took early), towards its end, Miss Jo said, almost meditatively, “Justine, you had better take your thickest clothes with you to-morrow: I think we are going to have a cold snap.”

“My ‘thickest clothes’? ‘To-morrow’? Please explain your meaning, Jo,” replied Miss Brent.

“I mean,” said Miss Jo calmly, “that I take the early

train for New York to-morrow, and that Mr. Brent has consented to let me have you for one night, and that you are going with me. It is not so agreeable, that first night in one’s apartment when nothing is unpacked and no one knows one is in town;” and Miss Jo gave a little disgusted shrug of her shoulders. “You will go with me dear, I know.”

“Of course she will go,” said old Mr. Brent. “It will be a pleasant change for her.”

Miss Brent paused and looked at her friend with a questioning look, and Miss Jo returned it for a moment with a gaze of calmness and unconcern, and then continued with great gravity to eat her dinner.

“I will go with you, Jo,” said Miss Brent, with a slight sigh.

* * * * *

No outsider would have guessed, if he had by chance looked into Miss Jo’s cozy library on the following evening, that it was a dreary room by reason of the absence of unpacked things or that no one in town knew that Miss Jo had returned.

In front of a cheery wood fire, in that same little room, sometimes resting against the back of his easy-chair, more often leaning forward, eager, animated, his fine face with a strong, determined look on it, but with also an expression of hope and happiness shining through it, was Andrew Stone. Pale and thin indeed, but not gloomy and morose or cynical. ‘Cynical’? No! the world was a good world, this world made by God,—a beautiful world, a world which held possibilities of everything one could wish for. Possibilities which must be made facts by work, hard work; but hard work was ennobling, and so was, in itself, one more possibility, and when the motive to make the best of one’s self was so strong, when not only duty, but happiness also, were concerned in it—

Andrew thought no farther, but possessed himself of a loose fold in Justine’s dress, and furtively stroked it. He did not do so long, for a log fell over, burned through in the middle, and Justine, jumping up, took the little brass tongs to put it in place, and when Andrew tried to do it for her, she only said, “You must sit down: you are not strong enough yet,” and he laughed and obeyed.

Miss Brent wore an uncompromising tightly-fitting cloth dress, one of “the thickest” commanded by Miss Jo, with only the wonted dainty lace at her throat and wrists; but the indescribable something which she always carried about her seemed to have become intensified this evening, and as she stood giving vicious pokes to the fire she was charming; and when she finally sank down on a little stool near Andrew’s chair, and he had again one of her soft, warm, white hands held fast in his, she was—so happy Andrew found her—entirely, perfectly, charming.

In a remote corner of the adjoining parlor, Miss Jo and Mr. Frank Read, who were ostensibly looking over photographs, had come to a natural pause in the lively conversation they had kept up, when Mr. Read took occasion to look significantly in the direction of the library, and said in a low tone:

“That was a very good thing you did, Miss Jo, when you brought those two together.”

“I do not know,” said Miss Jo, with a puzzled, half-pained look on her face. “Justine is a noble, an unusual, woman.”

“And Andrew will be a fine, noble man, I know. I am sure,” said Frank Read, earnestly, “that this will be for the best. I wish from my heart I had had your share in it.”

“I do not know whether it will be for the best,” returned Miss Jo, still with the half-puzzled expression on her face. “I wish I knew, but I do not—I do not.”

ELIZA MULFORD CURRAN.

Our Girls.

Nannie's Picnic.

HAZEL DUNCAN put on the last white velvety layer, spread more icing, and sprinkled on feathery, grated cocoanut until her cake looked like a small snow-drift.

"It's lovely! isn't it, Nannie? I don't think they'll need any coaxing to get them to eat it, do you?"

"Yes'm—no'm," said Nannie absently.

"Now for the chicken salad. Did you put the celery in the ice-chest, as I told you? All right. Go get it, please and bring up the eggs,—ten of them,—and a little butter;" and Hazel fanned herself vigorously with a newspaper while Nannie obediently went to the cellar.

Pretty soon she came back again, and put the celery and eggs upon the kitchen table.

"Dar now! I cl'ar fo'got de butter! I orter be killed, I disremembers so easy. 'Pears like I kain't keep nothin' on my min' to-day," said Nannie, starting back at once for the butter.

"How stupid!" muttered Hazel. "I don't see what has come over the girl this afternoon. She isn't a bit like herself. She forgot to cream the butter and sugar for the cake when I told her to, and threw me back with my work half an hour."

Here Nannie reappeared with the butter, and after depositing it with the celery and eggs, began chopping the chicken. Presently Hazel saw a tear or two roll down the black cheeks and splash off on the table. She was quite startled. Nannie was usually such a merry, happy-go-lucky girl, that it really seemed shocking to see her in tears.

"What's the matter, Nannie?" she asked kindly.

For answer, the girl dropped the chopping-knife and gathering up her gingham apron buried her face in its ample folds and cried as if her heart would break.

"What is it? Are you ill?" persisted Hazel, her tender heart full of sympathy.

"Oh! 'tain't nothin'—don't pay no retention to me. I is dest a plum dunce, Miss Hazel," sobbed Nannie.

"But there must be something: it isn't like you to cry about nothing. Tell me, and maybe I can help you."

"I is mos' ashamed to tell you, Miss Hazel, you an' yo' maw's allus so good to me, but I dest got to thinkin' what awful good times some people has, and what hard times some udder ones has. Here you all goes to picnics and parties and has sech splendid times, and I dest stays in de kitchen from one day's end to anudder, a-workin' and a-workin' and a-workin', tell it seems like I'll drap in my tracks. And dar's mammy, dest downright homesick for de country and de woods, an' sister gwine home with de baby day arter to-morrow, an' we uns hasn't had no good times at all since she done been here, and we don' know when she gwine to git to come ag'in."

And here Nannie's sobs broke forth afresh, and Hazel with a very sober face cut the celery into cunning little squares. Her busy brain revolved Nannie's words over and over again. It was true, every bit of it. The poor girl had worked away steadily for almost a year now, with no recreation excepting her Thursday afternoons out, and she put in that time doing extra washing for a lady, trying to increase her scanty lot of money that she might pay house-rent and support her feeble old mother.

"I don' see why mammy an' I kain't die and be done with it! What's de use livin' at all, de way we does? Ain't no pleasures for po' niggahs, no way. Nobody keers whedder

dey lives or dies," continued Nannie, as soon as she had control of her voice again.

"Oh! yes they do, too, Nannie. I care very much. I'm sure you must know I have always liked you, and I've helped you every way I could, haven't I?"

"Yes'm, you has; and I know I is a ongrateful critter to be a bawlin' away 'bout nothin' in pettickler, only somehow I seems so kinder wored out and heart-sore like, tell I kain't think of nothin' but my miseries."

Then Nannie arose and doused her face in a basin of cold water on the back porch, and came back, trying her best to smile.

Hazel worked away rapidly, never stopping till the delicate dressing was completed, and the celery and chicken thoroughly mixed with it.

"It's delicious! Nannie, I don't believe we ever made better. Thank you for helping me so much."

A broad smile overspread Nannie's face at the kind words, and half an hour later, as Hazel was taking her bath, she heard the girl singing a gay negro melody, her sadness apparently dispelled.

Out in the grassy, shady yard several hammocks were swung up to the trees, and a party of young folks were reading, talking, or lolling around, as best suited them. There were Hazel's brother Jack, home from college; and Herman Alvord, his chum and room-mate, who had just graduated with the highest honors, and who was sensible enough not to be spoiled by a large amount of money; then there were Bess and Nettie, Hazel's two sisters, both older than herself; and jolly Hurdus Ward, who lived next door; and cousin Annie Moore, who was making a long visit, and who was gifted with a wonderfully sweet voice and the most captivating manners.

Hazel sighed softly as she looked at them from her window.

"What a good time they are having, and how lovely cousin Annie is in that becoming, artistic gown! Mr. Alvord can scarcely keep his eyes away from her. I wonder if he really loves her? Sometimes I think he cares more for sister Bess, and again I think he cares only for himself and his little mother, of whom he talks so much. Of course it doesn't make the least bit of difference to me," she said to her reflection in the mirror, yet a bright pink dyed her cheeks even as she said it, and her heart fluttered as she turned from her dressing-case and ran down stairs.

"Mamma, I'm all bubbling over with a plan, and I want you to please let me execute it," she said, bounding into the cool sitting-room where Mrs. Duncan sat darning stockings.

"What is it now, Hazel? A missionary box? or a Band of Hope entertainment? or a——"

"No: nothing so great this time, *mater*. Only a picnic for Nannie, poor old girl!" said Hazel, giving her mother's hair a caressing pat.

"A picnic for Nannie! What under the sun are you thinking of now, daughter?" asked Mrs. Duncan, her face a funny mixture of surprise and consternation.

"Only just what I said, mamma,—a picnic for poor old Nannie. She says her mother is pining for a sight of the woods, and her sister is going home day after to-morrow, so I propose fixing up a nice little lunch for them, and paying their way on the street-cars out to the park to-morrow afternoon, so they can have a jolly little visit together, outside of their dingy, hot little house."

"But you can't do it, Hazel. To-morrow you go to a picnic yourself, you know, and there would be no one to get supper."

"I'm not going, mamma. I shall stay at home and prepare such a nice little tea for papa and the boys that they'll want to send Nannie off every day to a picnic. Now *please*

let me, mamma! I'm so sorry for Nannie, drudging away in that hot kitchen from one month's end to another, that I shouldn't enjoy myself one bit if I went. I have lots of good times, and she has none. I can afford to give her one little afternoon of pleasure. Mayn't I, you darling?"

Mrs. Duncan yielded reluctantly, but somehow Hazel had a way of carrying her point when she took a notion to work for the good and happiness of others; so she ran out to join the gay group in the yard, her face beaming.

"Here comes the commissary. What have you ready for to-morrow's revels, fair lady?" called out Jack, as she approached them.

"Was the cake a success? and is the *blanc-mange* a transparent, quivering mass, almost too lovely to be spoiled even with rich cream?" inquired cousin Annie.

"How about the salad? That's what I care for most," said Mr. Alvord.

"The salad is done, and very satisfactory; the cake a success, so are the cookies and the Saratoga potatoes and the *blanc-mange* and the stuffed eggs and sweet pickles and salt-rising bread and boiled ham and—and everything else. I've even ground and measured the coffee, and got the table-cloth, napkins, and wooden plates ready. You see there's nothing like a business head on one's shoulders when there's a picnic to prepare for. I think I have earned a seat in the largest hammock, and am entitled to the services of at least one gallant gentleman to fan me till I recover from the effects of an atmosphere of ninety-six degrees in the kitchen," said Hazel laughingly.

Whereupon Jack and Mr. Alvord simultaneously sprang from their respective hammocks, and with many flourishes and exceedingly deferential bows came forward and escorted her to the seat of honor in the large new hammock. She was quite overwhelmed with attention for awhile, her genius as a cook being the principal theme of conversation.

"You must have almost roasted, working over that hot range, Hazel," said Nettie. "I wouldn't stay in there an hour, to prevent a famine."

"Yes, it was uncomfortable. I pitied Nannie: she has to endure it all the time."

"Oh! she's used to it. She's black, anyhow, so it can't spoil her complexion, as it might yours," said Annie.

"I was very sorry for her, at any rate," said Hazel simply; and then the conversation drifted in other channels, and before long only Mr. Alvord remained to talk to her, the others having scattered off on the lawn or gone into the house.

Mr. Alvord looked into the bright, piquant face which was fast growing so dear to him, and thought how sweet and lovely it was; and when, later on, they began to talk of some of the great moral reforms agitating the world, and he fully understood for the first time what a deep, true, earnest nature she had, he felt himself on the verge of telling her how much he cared for her. He remembered, though, what his mother had always told him: that it was easy enough to talk of doing great things, but the real test was to see a spirit of self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness in small ones. So he was restrained by it, while Hazel, not dreaming of the thoughts stirring him, talked on in her earnest, unconventional fashion.

Great was the consternation next morning when it was understood that Hazel would not accompany them on their little outing. She had coaxed her mother not to give her reasons, as she shrank from making a display of her small sacrifice.

"What has come over you, Hazel? If I were in mamma's place I'd compel you to go. No one else can make such coffee as you can," remonstrated Jack.

And all the others united in persuasions and protesta-

tions; but Hazel remained firm, even though her heart ached a little as she saw them drive away, throwing kisses and waving their handkerchiefs to her. Then she ran into the house, aired rooms, made beds, and put everything in good order before going into the kitchen.

Nannie looked up in surprise as she saw her.

"I thought you done gone to de picnic with the res' of de folks, Miss Hazel. I'se dest a hurryin' up de dishes so I could go in an' clean up de house," she said.

"No: I'm going to stay home, Nannie, to help you get ready to go to a picnic yourself, this afternoon," said Hazel cheerily.

"You sholy doesn't mean it, Miss Hazel! You's dest a makin' fun ob me, isn't you?"

"No, indeed I'm not, Nannie;" and then Hazel unfolded her plan, and told of the lovely afternoon to be spent in the park with the old mother and sister and little baby, and of the nice lunch and the free street-car ride, and no supper to get, and no dishes to wash, till the girl's face shone as if it were polished.

"You's mo' like an angel than a gal, Miss Hazel," she said at last, her voice choked with feeling. "It will make a new woman of mammy to have sech a trip; and as for me, why—why it'll be mos' like heaven to have sech a nice long res' and a fine lunch like—like white folks!"

After the noontime meal had been served, and a dainty, yet substantial, lunch packed in a neat basket, Nannie hurried home with her joyful tidings.

The afternoon seemed rather long and lonely to Hazel, but she comforted herself thinking of the happy group around faithful Nannie in the park. Then she prepared a dainty supper for her papa and two older brothers, who could not leave their business to attend the picnic.

Just as she sat down to the table, rosy and smiling, Mr. Alvord came in and joined them. Hazel was greatly surprised to see him in advance of the rest of the party, but as he volunteered no explanation, she contented herself asking questions about the day's pleasures.

After the dishes were washed they went out to the hammock together, and there, watching the young moon and the bright stars that came out one by one, Mr. Alvord told her how he had never stopped teasing and coaxing till Mrs. Duncan had told him her reason for staying at home; that he felt sure he loved her before, but when he heard of the sweet spirit of self-sacrifice which made her give up a day of pleasure that she might give happiness to a poor, tired, colored servant, he knew beyond all doubt that he had found the one woman above all others who could make his life one of happiness and sunshine, if she could only care for him.

And so it came about that the greatest joy that can come to a loving woman came to Hazel Duncan when she planned and executed Nannie's picnic.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

"PLAY BALL! Play ball!" Who that has attended a closely contested baseball match has not heard the quick, imperious demand, shouted by the impatient players or spectators, to resume the game when for some reason the play has been too long delayed?

But occasions when the demand to "Play ball!" is made are not always so exciting; and when "Play ball, pa!" is imperiously shouted by as charming a young ball enthusiast as is shown in the water-color which is to be published in our September number, who could resist the invitation? The picture is a perfect gem, beautiful in coloring, and will be prized by all, especially mothers and sisters, and lovers of baseball who are the fortunate fathers of such promising specimens of the coming devotees of the national game.

Sanitarian.

The Care of the Eyes.

IT has been said (though I do not believe it) that the time is coming when human beings will have no hair on their heads and no teeth in their mouths. The question, too, has been asked, whether, in the not distant future, we shall be able to see without glasses. In other words, the idea is abroad that we are slowly but surely deteriorating, at least in certain respects.

Now I am not a believer in this sort of "evolution." I believe that the human race as a whole will grow better; that physically and otherwise it will rise into a higher plane of existence, not descend into a lower. True, the forms of life that have preceded us have some of them run their course and finally disappeared from the face of the earth. The human animal may do the same; but I hardly think the progress of deterioration and change would be so rapid as to be strikingly perceptible in a single generation.

As regards the defects to which I have referred, would it not be well for us to look a little more closely into cause and effect? For example, nothing is more obvious to my mind than are some of the causes that have produced baldness, also the falling out of the hair, as I may show in another article. And the same may be said of the teeth: there are causes at work, in the habits of our people, that will surely tend to destroy them.

At present, however, we are talking about the eyes. Why is it that so large a percentage of the young people, and even the children, are unable to see well without the use of glasses? Why this particular defect? If we make a careful study of the habits now prevalent among the young, and compare these habits with those of our ancestors, I think we shall get some light on the subject. Fifty years ago our system of schools was very different from what it is now: some things were better, some not so good. Children spent more time in the open air and less in the hot schoolroom. The country was new, and they scampered out of doors more,—a good many of them on the farm. The food was plain, and not too much of it; and the hours designed for sleep were seldom broken into. There was, in fact, little dissipation in any way.

With the children of to-day things are different. The houses are not the same. The infant in the cradle takes its nap in a room that is often overheated, perhaps up to 80° Fahrenheit, at least in daytime. There are no cracks in the walls, and sometimes not enough fresh air in the room. In the log cabins the outside air had easy access, and the little one had not many steps to descend when he wanted to get out of doors.

Not so with the child of to-day. By the time he is five years old he will be sent to the kindergarten, and it is well for his eyes if he is not set to pricking small holes in paste-board with a pin. Young eyes will not stand much of this sort of work without damage. The farmer's child of fifty years ago had nothing to fear in this direction: it ran out of doors and into the barnyard, looking at calves and colts, and perhaps feeding chickens.

I am not a full believer in kindergartens as at present conducted. There should be more frolic and less fixed attention or confinement. The kindergarten should be what its name implies: an out-of-door arrangement, a garden for children,—a place to play and romp in, where the child can be developed physically, with plenty of pure air, bright sunshine, and the freest kind of exercise, where the little one can play and grow strong, not a place with super-heated air, where

brains are congested, young eyes weakened, and mental faculties prematurely stimulated.

Our schoolrooms as we have them at present are too often places which beget headaches: the child comes out of them with the cheeks flushed and the head hot. The room is crowded, the air is not pure, and the temperature is not always well regulated. The hours for study are too long, particularly for very young children. This, it seems to me, is all unwise. With shorter hours and purer air, better work could be accomplished. We shall have to do away with the cramming process: there is too much of it. It takes the individuality out of a child. There is too much crowding of ideas together, and too much sameness. Result: we turn out marbles.

Out of school hours how is it? Take a walk on the street or a ride in the street-cars, and make a note of what you see. This little one has a stick of candy in its mouth, the next one has a ginger-snap or a bit of pickle, or more likely a wad of chewing-gum. This everlasting "chewing" is said to do much mischief in various ways: the nerves of the face are said to be weakened, and in some cases almost paralyzed; and certainly the salivary glands are taxed to the point of exhaustion. When the child reaches home he probably takes his heaviest meal at night, and usually after a hearty supper there is a late bed-time. If he is fond of study he pores over his books by gaslight, for hours together; and if he sits near the light his brain becomes heated and the eyeballs red. Just here, then, is where part of the trouble begins. Much study in overheated rooms, or with the head close to a gas jet or even a big lamp, is bad for the eyes, particularly if the child bends over, with his head close to the light. Sitting with cross-lights is also injurious, or with a strong light in front of the eyes.

To sum up: I believe the cause of defective eyesight, which appears to be on the increase, may be traced to a good many sources, and that among these are bad air, sitting in overheated rooms, keeping late hours, reading much by gaslight, and the use of very fine print. I believe it is also due to taxing the eyes too long at a time, particularly in the schoolroom. The little child should, in my opinion, spend most of its waking hours in the open air, and in the active development of its physical powers. The fashion at present is to neglect the body and to stimulate the brain too early; and as a result the nervous system breaks down prematurely.

When the sun goes down the child should be put to bed, especially if the days are long. Most children are up evenings altogether too late. I know families, some in which there are eight or ten growing children, that never think of getting the house settled at night until half-past ten or eleven o'clock. This is a great mistake: the supper should be early and light, and the little ones sent to bed in due season. Another mistake is in sending the child to school too early: the intellect is dulled by overwork before it has had time to develop.

The books used in the schoolroom should be in clear, large type, and the hours of study should be short. A good plan, it seems to me, would be to limit the school hours for children to the forenoons, and then to have frequent recesses, with active exercise in the open air. I also doubt the wisdom of permitting children to study by artificial light: let their supper be early, with a little scamper afterward, and then let them go to bed with the chickens.

Another cause of weak eyes is an improper diet. This brings derangement of the digestive organs, and we may look for cold feet and a hot head; the circulation will not be well balanced, and there will be more or less congestion of the brain. These congestions must sooner or later affect

the eyes ; and if the blood is full of bile and other impurities, the optic nerve will suffer. Prominent among the causes of imperfect digestion are the following : too much seasoning and sweets, fine flour bread, rich pastries, an excess of animal food, particularly meat, and the use of stimulating drinks. The drug-taking habit is another source of evil : the poisons taken injure the nervous system, and also weaken the digestion. By and by the nerves break down, and the eyesight is bound to suffer.

To keep the eyes in good condition, the sight unimpaired, avoid the causes that produce impairment. Also avoid the frequent use of warm or hot water on the face : not to do so will be to injure the eyes in time. Those who have kept their eyes unimpaired until late in life have made it a habit

to use plenty of cold water on the face and about the eyes, at least as often as every morning. I know a lady who follows this practice, and who reads her letters without glasses, though she is now past seventy. She also avoids sitting in overheated rooms, and I do not think she is in the habit of wearing a veil over the eyes, especially one of dotted net. Neither does she indulge in the use of stimulants, strong coffee, or highly seasoned food ; and I know she is averse to taking strong medicines.

To preserve the organs of the body and keep them in good working condition we must observe the laws that govern their growth and development. The penalties that we suffer are the effects of transgression, the violation of physiological laws.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

China Painting for Beginners.

III.

HOW TO TRACE AN ELLIPSE OR A CIRCLE.

N ellipse or a circle of any considerable size is difficult for a beginner to trace evenly and correctly ; therefore in putting upon china any design involving the use of a circle or ellipse, it is often better to draw the figure directly upon the china instead of tracing it, as greater accuracy may thus be obtained.

Before tracing your design on the china, and after the plaque has been cleansed and had its preparatory coat of turpentine (as described in article I., in the June number), it is well to draw the ellipse upon the surface to be decorated. Prepare two small corks cut into the shape of truncated cones with the larger ends beveled (see *b*, No. 14), and two small disks of stiff paper (see *c*, No. 14). Gum the corks upon the disks and impale disks and corks with pins, as shown by *a*, No. 14.

Upon a piece of paper draw a straight line the length of the ellipse you wish to place upon the china. Find the center of this line, and draw at right angles to equal distances above and below it a straight line measuring the width of the proposed ellipse. Open a pair of pencil-dividers so that the points rest upon the center and one extremity of the longer line, then place the steel point upon either extremity of the shorter line, as at *A*, No. 14, and with the pencil end mark off on the longer line the points *e* and *f*. Now place the diagram upon a board into which pins can be driven, and drive pins at the points *e*, *f*, and *A*. Tie a smooth, strong thread to one of the pins, as at *e*, pass it around the pin at *f* and the pin at *A*, and tie again at *e*. Tie the ends of the thread in loops that will pass over the corks you have prepared, and have it stretched taut. Remove the pins, place the paper with its face to the window-pane, and mark the points *A*, *C*, *D*, *e*, *f* (which can be seen through the paper) with a lithographic crayon or a soft black lead-pencil. Transfer these measured points to the china by laying the paper upon it and marking the points with a hard lead-pencil. Upon the points *e* and *f* gum the paper disks with their corks and pins, let them dry, see that they adhere firmly, pass the loops in the thread over them, and as shown in the illustration No. 14 pass a pencil guided by the stretched thread over the surface, and so draw a perfect ellipse of the size required.

A circle is more easily made by gumming a paper disk

where the center should be, placing the point of the dividers upon it, and with the pencil end describing a circle of any desired size.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF COPYING ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS, FLOWERS, ETC.

Any person, even one who does not possess a knowledge of drawing, can by the following process easily copy a small picture of any kind, a natural flower, leaf, or any conventionalized pattern.

Set a pane of glass upright at the right of and close alongside the object to be copied, as shown in No. 9. The glass may rest upon wooden supports, which are very easily made (see No. 9) by notching sticks to receive the edge of it. At the right of the glass, flat upon the desk or table, place the paper upon which you propose to make your copy. Take a position with the inner edge of the glass toward you and look at the left side of the glass, and you will see the exact image of the object to be copied, on the paper on the other side of the glass. With a lead-pencil you can readily trace the outlines.

HOW A DRAWING, PRINT, OR ANY PICTURE CAN BE REDUCED OR ENLARGED MECHANICALLY.

Divide the picture to be copied into any given number of spaces of equal size, along its length and breadth, and point off the divisions. Connect the points with straight lines cutting each other at right angles : in other words, square off the original into equal spaces, as shown in No. 12. Mark off on drawing-paper the size the copy is desired, which may be either larger or smaller than the original to be copied, divide it into the same number of squares as the original, and number the squares in both original and copy alike (see Nos. 12 and 13). It is not necessary to draw pencil lines directly upon the original. It may happen that a valuable print or drawing, which it would not do to deface with pencil lines, is to be copied, in which case cover it with transparent tracing-paper carefully fastened smoothly in place, and draw your lines upon that. The greater the number of squares into which you divide the picture, the more exact will be the copy. Copy into each of the squares on your drawing-paper what you find in the corresponding square as numbered in the original. This process will require patience, but little or no technical skill.

TO COLOR THE DESIGNS "AUTUMN" AND "WINTER."

The general instructions given in the two preceding articles,

in the June and July numbers of the Magazine, apply equally to the two designs "Autumn" and "Winter," on page 622, and it only remains to specify the colors and treatment for them.

The first method of painting upon china, for which instructions were supplied in the June number, together with the list of the colors and implements needed, is called the "transparent overglaze" method. In what follows, reference to the preceding directions in this method is requisite, as any instruction relating to materials or practice, excepting where either differs from those necessary to the completion of the former designs furnished, is clearly superfluous.

TO PAINT "AUTUMN" WITH TRANSPARENT OVERGLAZE COLORS.

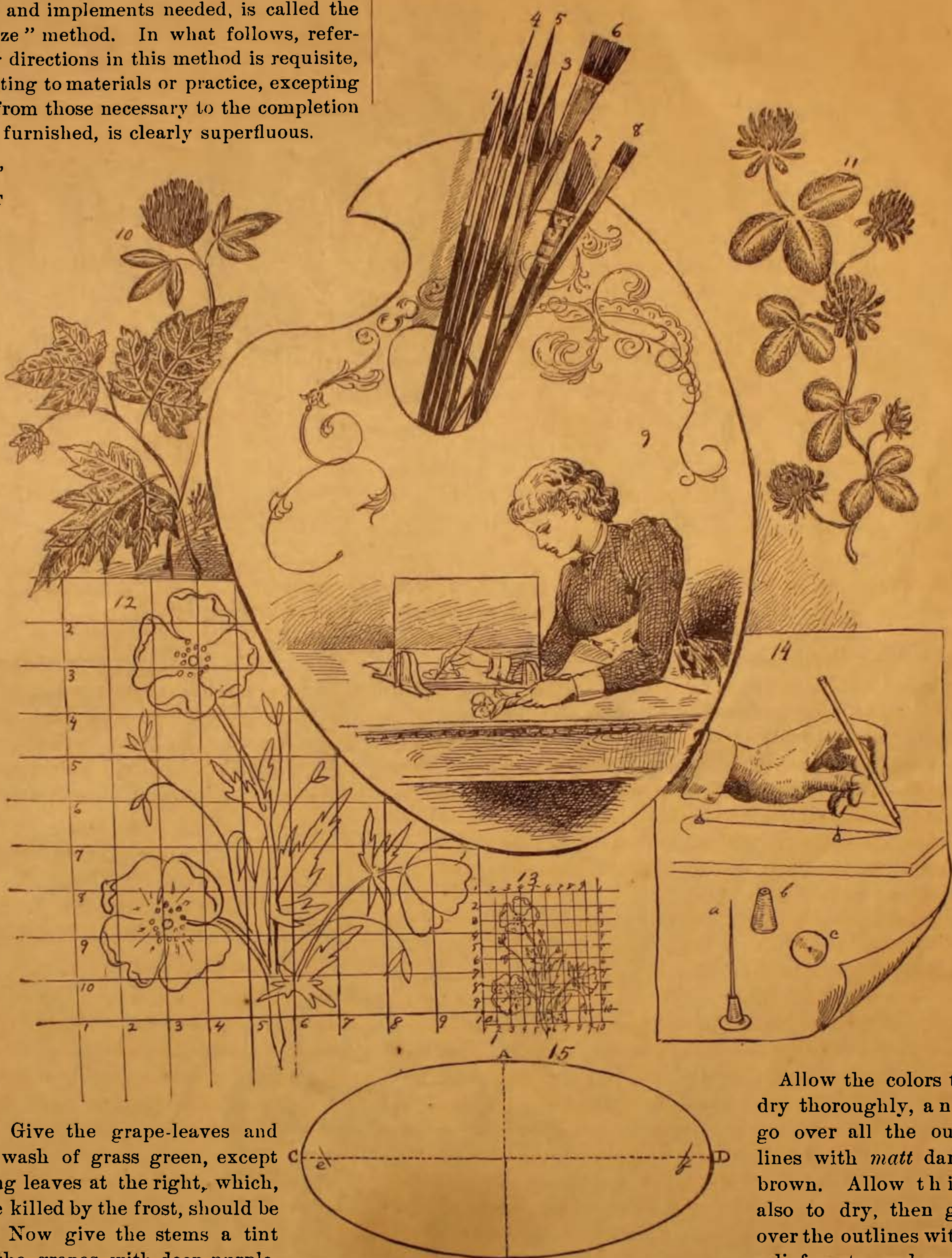
After the design "Autumn" has been satisfactorily transferred to the china, and the tracing has been inked in as directed in the lesson in the June number, begin the coloring by putting in the background behind the ears of corn, represented by the blackened space of the shield in the illustration. Use deep purple, going over the whole background within the limits of the black space, ears of corn included. Allow the paint to dry, and then with a pen knife scratch away the surface color over the ears of corn. This is rather a tedious process, but it is the safest for a beginner.

Paint the corn jonquil yellow, and the margin of the shield, outside the purple space, capucine red. Give the grape-leaves and tendrils an even, flat wash of grass green, except the detached and falling leaves at the right, which, as they represent those killed by the frost, should be colored light brown. Now give the stems a tint of grass green, paint the grapes with deep purple, and all that remains is to go over the outlines carefully with a fine brush dipped in the dark brown. Your china is now ready for firing.

TO PAINT "AUTUMN" WITH MATT COLORS.

The second method, or *matt* painting, will require a somewhat different, and perhaps a more painstaking, treatment than described in the July number: the result, however, will be proportionately richer and more brilliant. First cover your china with a grounding tint of ivory vellum. Use *matt* purple for the inner black portion of the shield. The outer edge of this, between the black and the outline, should be painted in *matt* bronze orange. Use *matt* gold yellow for

the corn. The grape-leaves, excepting the two which are falling, require a wash of *matt* yellow green; the stems and tendrils are to be colored *matt* dark green; and the two falling leaves require a light wash of *matt* yellow brown. For the grapes, use *matt* purple with a little *matt* light blue mixed with it, but be careful not to make the tint too dark.



Allow the colors to dry thoroughly, and go over all the outlines with *matt* dark brown. Allow this also to dry, then go over the outlines with relief-paste, and send

the china to be fired. When it returns, cover the relief-paste with *matt* gold, and send it again to be fired. After this brighten the gold, which, before it is polished, is of a dull yellow color, but soon shows its brilliancy under the use of the glass brush. The glass brush should be carefully kept away from your colors, so that flying particles of the brittle glass may not have the chance to mix with them.

If you care to do so, you may vary the treatment here suggested by covering the edge of the shield, and the ears of corn with *matt* gold (instead of the colors mentioned) for the first firing, and touching up the defective parts for the second firing, using the glass brush to finish.



DESIGN FOR A PLAQUE OR PLATTER.—“AUTUMN.”

TO PAINT “WINTER” WITH TRANSPARENT OVERGLAZE COLORS.

For the black space as represented in the illustration of the shield, use ivory black, being extremely careful not to go over the outline, but covering the snow-crystals. When the color has dried, remove it with a penknife from the

snow-crystals, and it will look all the better if you can give it another and still another wash, removing the color from the crystals each time. If this is thought too tedious, a single wash carefully manipulated, with as full a body of color as possible, will do. The crystals should be carefully and sharply drawn, with well-defined edges against the



DESIGN FOR A PLAQUE OR PLATTER.—“WINTER.”

black. The remaining part of the shield may be painted ultramarine.

For the holly-leaves, use grass green ; for the stems, grass green and light brown mixed. Paint the berries crimson purple. Go over all the outlines with dark brown, and your china is ready for the firing.

TO PAINT "WINTER" WITH MATT COLORS.

Cover your china, all but the dark part of the shield, with a grounding tint of ivory vellum. Use *matt* black for the dark of the shield, and *matt* light blue for the light part. Let the color dry thoroughly, and scrape it away so that the snow-crystals are left pure white with clean outlines. For this purpose, your penknife should have a blade with a sharp, smooth point.

Paint the holly-leaves *matt* light yellow-green mixed with a little *matt* blue-green ; the stems, *matt* yellow-brown ; and the berries, *matt* pink.

Let the colors dry, and go over the outlines with *matt* brown. After this has dried, go over all the outlines with relief-paste, send the china to be fired, and on its return cover the relief-paste with *matt* gold. Fire a second time, and polish the gold with your glass brush.

BRUSHES AND THEIR CARE.

The brushes required are: red sable brushes, assorted sizes, for painting (see Nos. 1, 2, and 3, on page 621) ; lining-brushes, for outlining (see Nos. 4 and 5) ; very small lining-brushes, for laying on relief-paste and gold ; and flat sable brushes for laying on grounds (see Nos. 6, 7, and 8). It is preferable to use only the best quality of sable brushes, but many decorators manage to make the cheaper camels'-hair brushes answer. It is best to have a number of brushes, as it is not always convenient to have a clean one every time there is occasion to use a different color. Have the brushes, if they are in quills, fitted into rather long wooden handles. Never allow a brush to dry after it has been dipped into turpentine, until it has been thoroughly cleansed with alcohol and Castile soap and water ; or after using it in turpentine dip it into fat oil and wipe it on a soft cotton rag. Nothing will so effectually ruin a brush, make the hair brittle, stiff, and unelastic, as turpentine, when allowed to dry upon it.

CARE OF TUBE COLORS.

Never lay your tube colors back into their receptacle with the same side up as they were before you took them out. Change them frequently : it keeps the color from separating from the oil with which it is mixed.

PRINTING ON CHINA.

A new method for ordinary overglaze china-painting may be adapted in a modified form to *matt* painting, for which it is really more available. Take *matt* bronze-green No. 2, for instance (any color you wish to use will answer the purpose), mix it into a stiff, smooth paste with fat oil and a very little turpentine, working and mixing it thoroughly with the palette-knife. With a pad, or dabber, made of a ball of cotton tied up in a piece of silk, as described in the article in the June number, strike repeatedly down upon the color until you have charged or covered the under side of the dabber with an even coat of paint.

Fold a piece of cotton cloth, lay upon it a leaf, face down, press the pad upon the exposed side of the leaf, and repeat the operation until the leaf receives on all its projecting parts a sufficient amount of color to cover them, leaving the interstices free from paint. Lay the leaf, painted side down, upon your china, place upon it a piece of cotton

cloth, and rub it over with your finger. On removing the leaf, an impression of it, exact in every particular, will be found printed upon the china.

In this manner sprays of the beautiful maidenhair and other delicate species of ferns can be carried over and around central decorations, and clover-blossoms, maple-leaves (see Nos. 10 and 11), and a multitude of lovely and appropriate ornaments may be introduced, and by the dexterity and skill acquired by a little practice can be made to surpass in finish and delicacy anything that can be done with the brush.

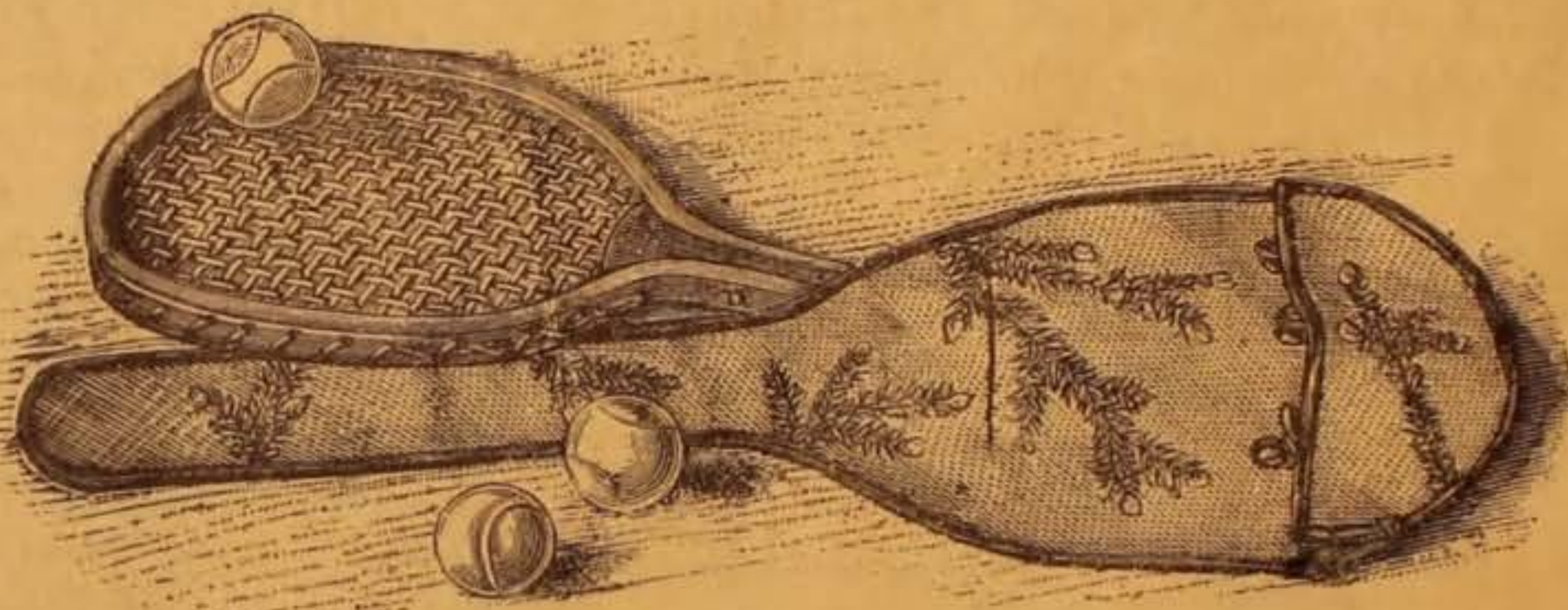
J. CARTER BEARD.

Cover for Tennis Racket.



COVER for the lawn-tennis racket is very desirable, especially when one requires to take the racket along in traveling, and also to protect it from injury at any time.

The cover illustrated is made of ecru linen drilling ornamented with embroidery, and is cut in three parts. The dimensions must be gauged by that of the racket it is to cover. Lay the racket on a sheet of wrapping-paper and trace the exact outline. Cut this out, and using it for a pattern cut the under side of the cover by it, allowing a margin of an inch and a half all around. Cut a second piece the same size and shape, less four inches in length off the



EMBROIDERED COVER FOR TENNIS RACKET.

end where the head of the racket is to come, and a third piece in half-moon shape, five inches in depth, for the flap, which is to fasten over the second piece, as shown in the illustration. Embroider with a design of fir-twigs, as shown in the illustration in actual size. No stamping or marking will be required for this design, it is so simple. Work the stems in brown silk, the needle-like leaves in dark green,



DESIGN OF EMBROIDERY FOR TENNIS-RACKET COVER.

and the little buds at the ends in French knots, with red silk. Join the edges of the two larger pieces, so far as they match, with light brown worsted braid.

Bind all

the smaller piece with the same, and overhand to the end of the under piece, leaving about two inches free at each side. The opening is to be closed with flat buttons and loops of braid, as shown in the illustration.

Kindergarten Work and Play for the Home.

XVIII.

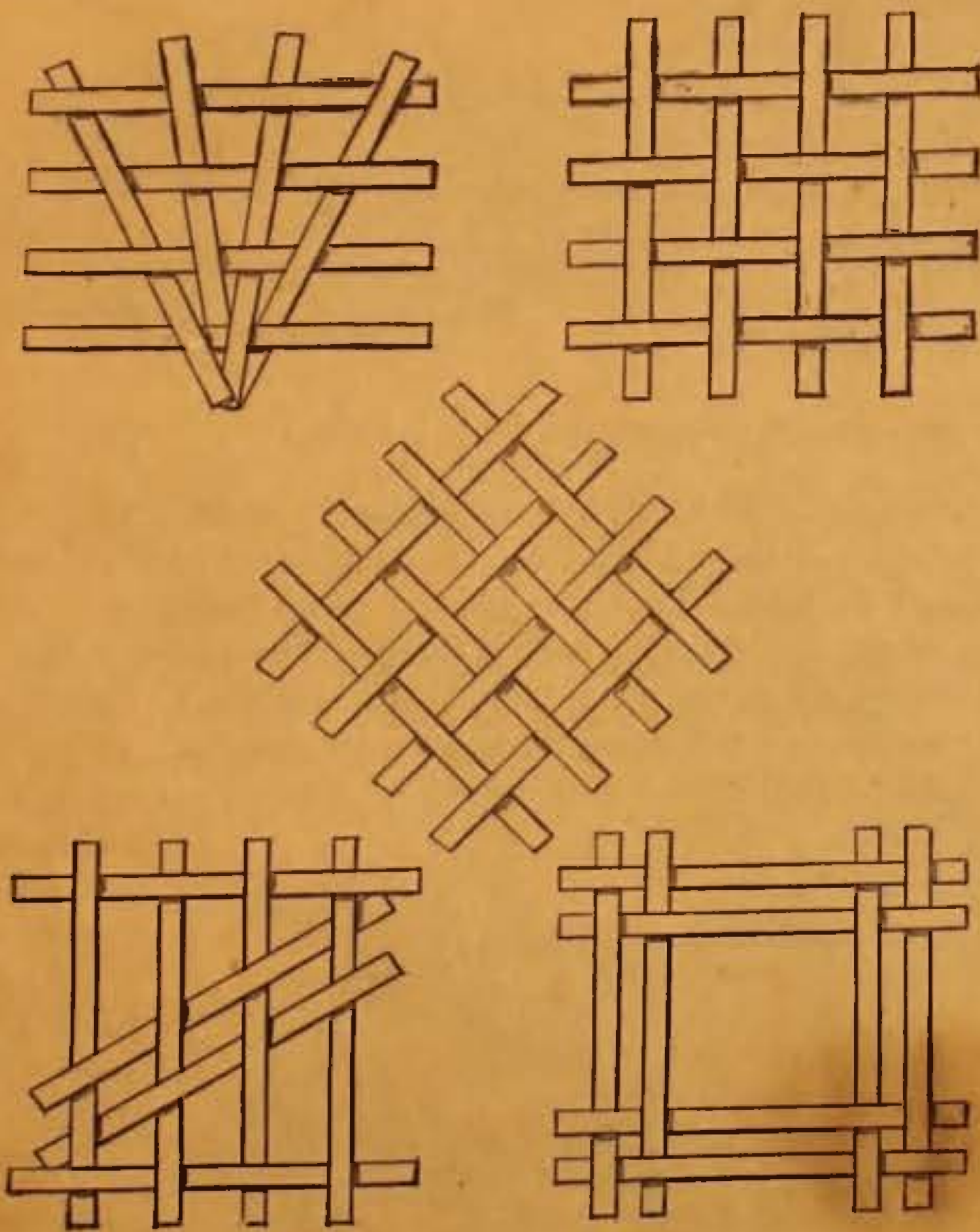
SLATS AND STICKS.

IN the true order of the kindergarten the child is led gradually from the idea of the solid to the point, and these slats and sticks are offered as the bridge over what would otherwise seem a wide gap, — the step from the plane or surface to the line. They represent the plane in part, and the edges of surface in part, and in such tangible form that they are not abstract ideas, but may be handled and readily understood.

Neither of these are strictly classed among the "occupations," but they are so good a preparation for the weaving, which we shall take up next, that it seems wise to devote a chapter to the description of some of their elementary uses.

The "slats" which we shall use are the thin four-and-a-half-inch ones. They bend easily, and can be cut with scissors. They come in bundles, are called "lamp-lighters," and are found in kindergarten supplies. They are about a quarter of an inch wide, and are presented before the stick, for while length is so much more than width and thickness, they still show the surface with which the child is already familiar.

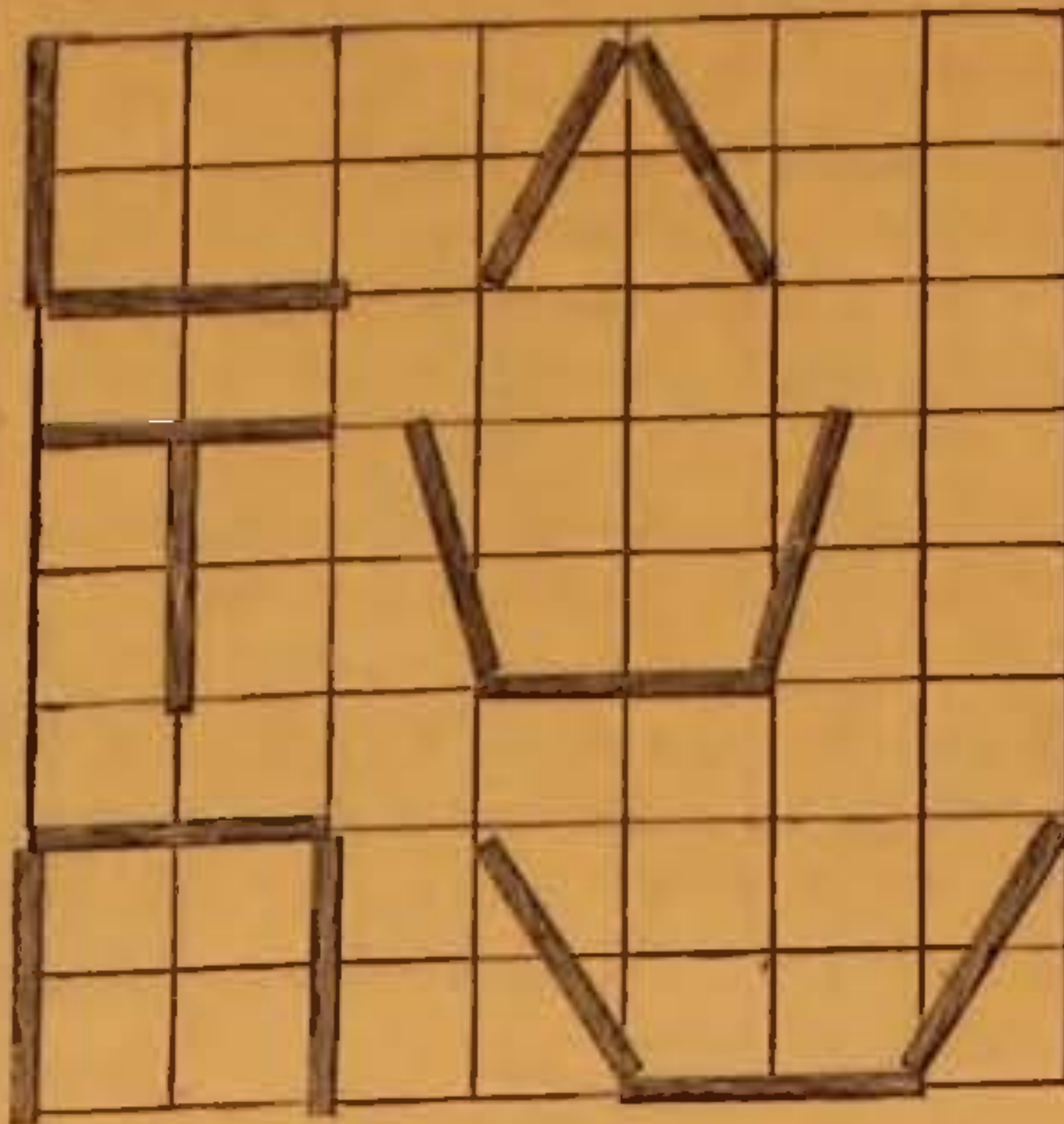
Give one slat at first. Talk of the material, and recall what has already been said of other kinds of wood, and name various objects made of it. Hold this slat in all directions,



NOS. 1 TO 5.

then by its upper or lower end, in the middle, with the finger-tips; balance it on the tip of each finger; discover its elasticity by seeing how far it will bend without breaking, and noting the rebound when let fall on the floor; cause vibration with the slat in several positions. One thing children always enjoy is the buzzing noise made when a slat is rapped upon the table. Hold the end firmly, half of the slat projecting over the edge of the table. Press down the projecting end and let it go quickly, when the vibration can be both seen and felt. All these and many more little exercises may be developed with the *one* slat.

Then name it: it will suggest a lath, rafter, planer, ruler, and be used as a measure. It may be a sidewalk, if lying on the table, a telegraph-pole or tree, when standing, or a pen with which to write. Two slats will be called a violin and bow, knife and fork, saw and board, drum-sticks, or stilts; and with them may be made the different angles, or long and parallel lines which may be called a track. With three form the triangle, a table, bridge, a tripod, and other forms of life.



NO. 6.

With the addition of a fourth slat weaving is possible, so that the forms made will hold together and can be lifted from the table. The square, rhombus and several life-forms can be made; and so on with five, six, seven and eight slats, an increasing number of geometric and life-forms are laid.

Weaving with slats is more difficult than

the preceding work, and for this the slats should be made flexible by soaking them in water for half an hour.

1ST FORM IN WEAVING.—Hold four slats in the left hand, in a fan shape. Weave in a fifth slat horizontally, alternately over and under. Push this near the point of holding the four, and put in a sixth so that the slats which were held up before are now pressed down, and *vice versa*. Add two more horizontal slats in the same way. (See No. 1.) The children may trim off the ends and call this a trellis or a fan.

2D FORM.—This is often called a "window." Make No. 1 again, then shift the slanting slats to a vertical position. (See No. 2.) Here we get great change in direction, form, position, and the emphasis of the number 3 in the three rows of three squares each. Vertical and horizontal oblongs appear when the two middle vertical or horizontal slats in "a window" are pushed near together.

3D FORM.—Make another like No. 2. With a corner towards you, push it by the right and left corners, into a diamond shape, when the little squares become rhombuses, and you have made a pretty wall-pocket or rack for autumn leaves. (See No. 3.)

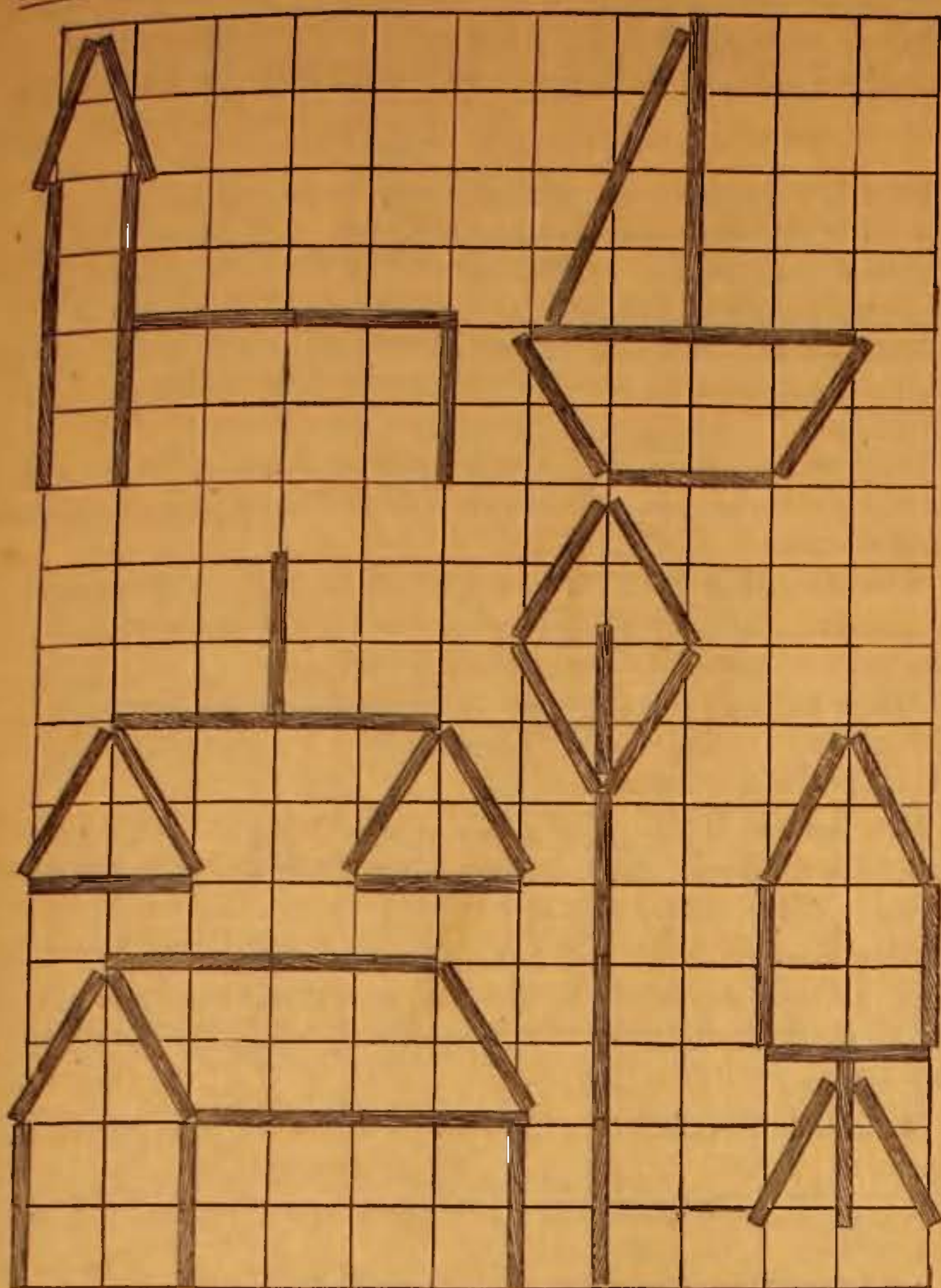
4TH FORM.—Make No. 2, and change the middle slats to slanting lines, which suggest the gate. (See No. 4.)

5TH FORM.—This is the picture-frame, made from the "window" by pushing the four inner slats outward, so as to leave a large square in the center. (See No. 5.) Notch the ends of the slats, put in a few stitches to keep the slats in place, tack in a picture-card, and finish with a loop of ribbon or cord.

These are only a few of the easiest objects made. Work with the slats may be carried on into very intricate and difficult figures which need nimble fingers and considerable experience, such as the series of symmetrical stars.



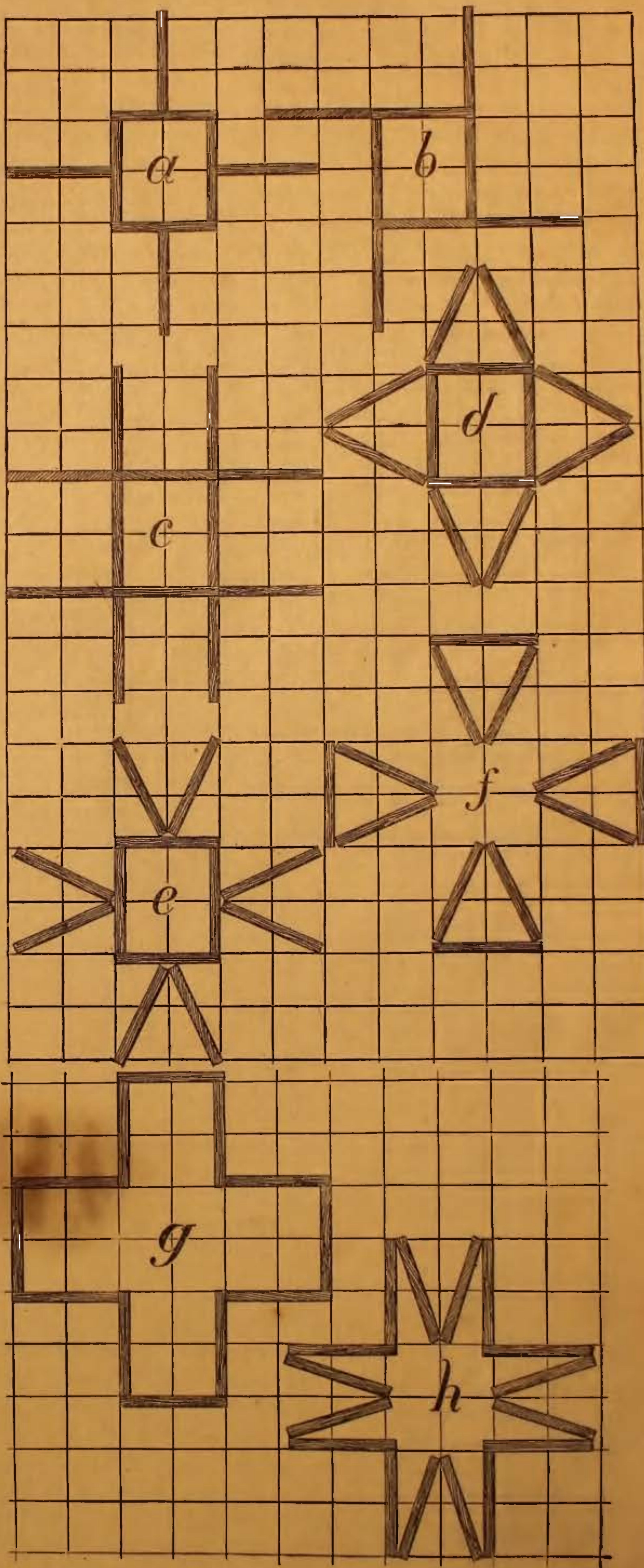
NO. 7.



NO. 8.

possible change. As much study of the number of the sticks, angles, triangles, or squares, the relations of one to the other, etc., etc., should come in here as the child is ready for.

Another fascinating line of work is with sticks of five lengths, from one to five inches, beginning with what the children call "the family" (father, mother, brother, sister, and baby), see No. 10, which are the same forms as were worked in the sewing-lesson in the April number; and then make a comparison of squares made possible by the difference in the length of the sticks. (See No. 11.) First, the inner comparison, which is also just what we did in the sewing-lesson in the April number; second, outer compar-



NO. 9.

The sticks carry us another step in the advance from the concrete to the abstract. To the child they are embodied lines: there is so little width that to him they stand simply for length. They are of two kinds, the round and the squared, about the size of a match, and come of several lengths, commonly of from one to five inches.

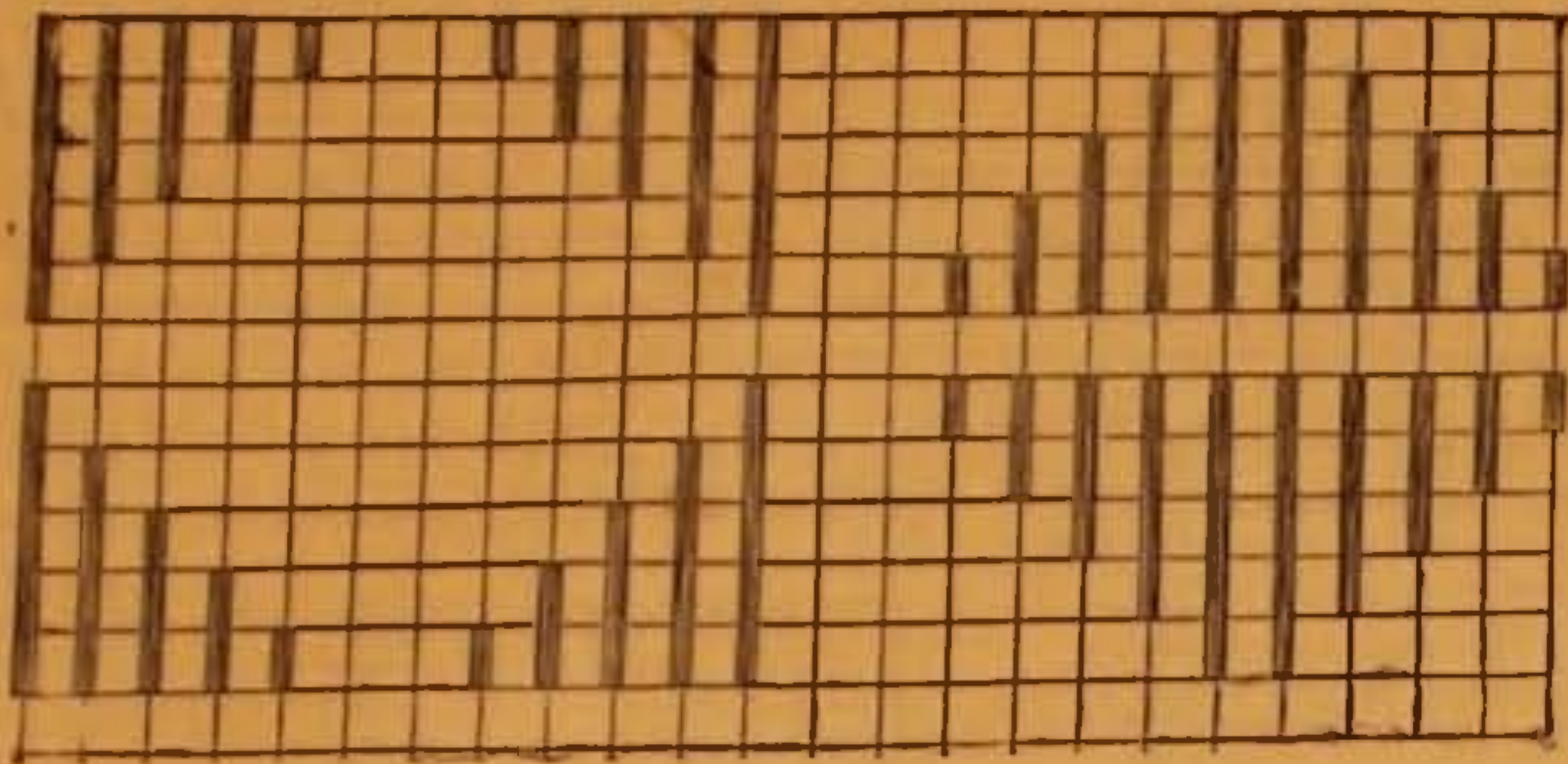
They are the material for the *outlines* of objects, the squared being the better for this because they do not roll, and even with them great care is necessary in the work, as a breath may destroy the figures as they are laid on the squares of the kindergarten tables. Use only the two-inch sticks at first. Give *one* to each child, and proceed much the same as with the single slat. The children will say the stick looks like a straw, match, cane, pencil, pole, pen-holder, poker, or telegraph-pole.

From the simple forms, angle, tent, see-saw, flower-pot, table, boat (see No. 6), etc., possible with two and three sticks, pass on to such as the square, anchor, flag, chair, and bench, made with four or five, as shown in No. 7. Then with five make the pentagon, trapezoid, acute isosceles triangle, and divided square. From six, form the oblong, regular hexagon, and hour-glass. With seven, eight, or more, many other objects may be outlined, such as the church, boat and sail, scales, street-lamp, house, and pigeon-house. (See No. 8.)

Numberless series in symmetric forms may be developed, and when the children once see the order of this they love it, and their original ideas give them great pleasure. For of course, in this, as in all work, there should be abundant opportunity for the working-out of their own ideas, ample time for free play, in every lesson.

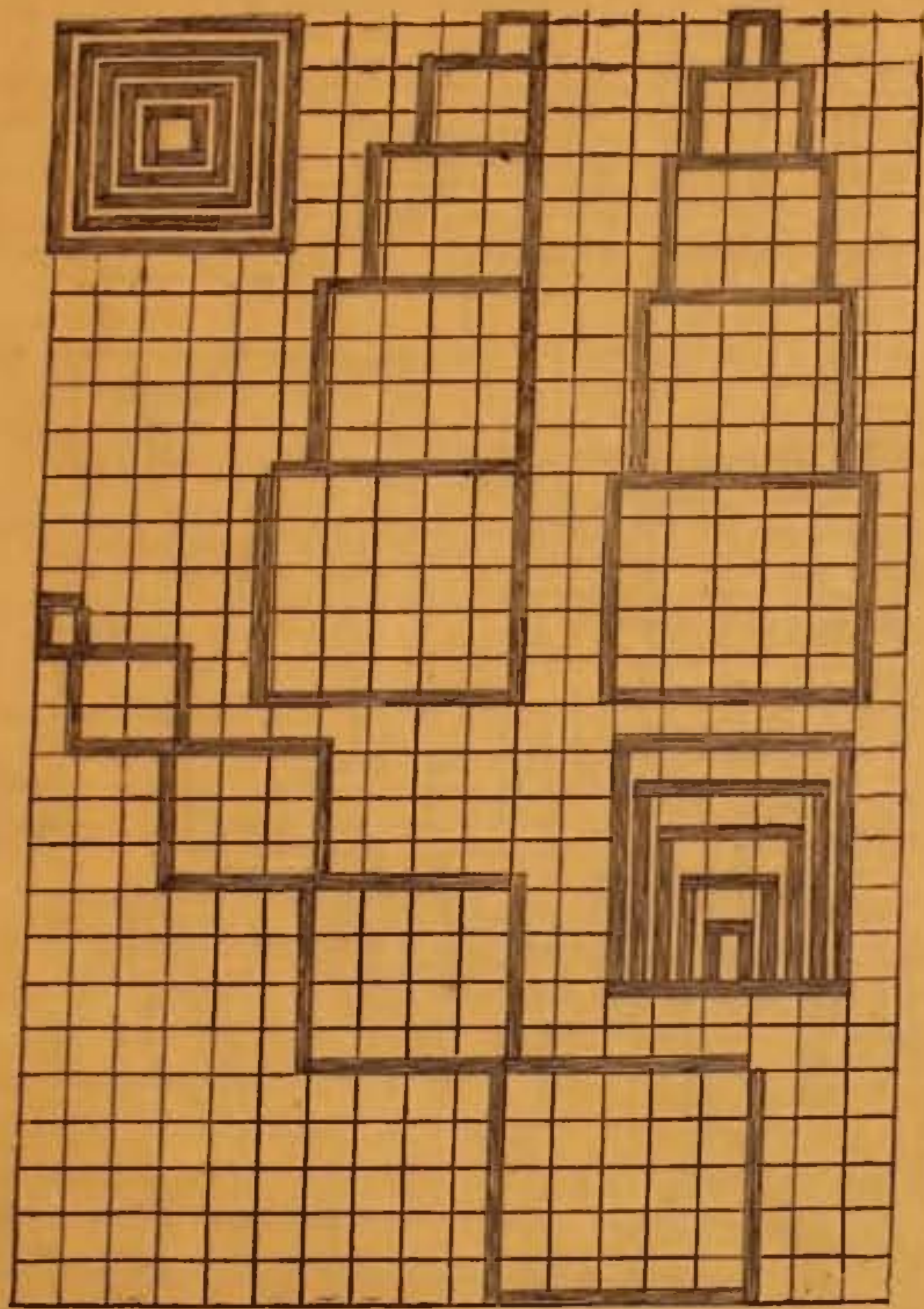
No. 9 shows a simple sequence, beginning with the square as the nucleus. Let the forms be laid upon the lines of the table, according to your direction. Use only the two-inch sticks, increasing the number as the figure demands. The forms are so simple description is unnecessary. Direct them in the order in which they are lettered, always developing the new one from the last one, with the *least*

ison by sides ; third, outer comparison by sides also ; fourth, outer comparison by corners ; (the second, third, and fourth show only one-fourth of the figure, and can be built out in different directions) ; fifth, inner comparison by sides.



no. 10.

If you have not the kindergarten sticks, use wheat or oat straws cut to the proper lengths, twigs, grasses, wooden tooth-picks, or wires. I have even seen good work done with pins or nails of different lengths, when there was nothing else at hand. If the child wishes to preserve some of these forms, fasten the sticks to stiff paper with a little glue.



no. 11.

In all this the child develops naturally through his creative activity, and is living out, or anticipating, its future in plays and games.

KATE HAWLEY HENNESSEY.

"WAS IT SUICIDE?" an absorbing story by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, written in that versatile author's most charming style,—a story that cannot fail to interest husbands and wives and all contemplating marriage, will be begun in our September number ; and in the same number will be published an article describing the artistic home of this popular author and her characteristic style of dressing, which will be embellished with numerous fine illustrations, including views of her study and other rooms, and life-like portraits of the poet in some of her most becoming robes.

What Women are Doing.

Over 400 women are studying in the Swiss universities. A girls' baseball club has recently been organized in Georgia. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer announces from the platform that there are to-day 40,000 girls in the colleges of America.

Miss Marie Louise Blaine, niece of Secretary Blaine, has been appointed a clerk in the United States Land Office at Helena, Montana.

Lady Harris, wife of the Governor of Bombay, is an ardent cricketer, and in a recent cricket-match was captain of the winning eleven.

Miss Bose Elizabeth Cleveland has been strongly recommended to the President, by various women's organizations, for a place on the new National Immigration Board.

Vilma Parlaghy is at present probably the most noted portrait-painter in Germany. She has received an order for a life-size portrait of the Empress.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular novelist, has been the mother of fifteen children. It is only of late years that she has discovered her ability to write stories.

Miss Aimee Tourgee, daughter of the author of "A Fool's Errand," was awarded the \$50 gold medal offered by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, at the School of Design for Women, for excellence in illustration.

Mrs. R. A. Green, for several years the recording secretary of Honolulu W. C. T. U., will attend the World's W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston, next November, as a delegate from the Hawaiian Islands Auxiliary.

Queen Victoria sent recently two portraits of herself—photogravures—to the lepers at Robben Island, South Africa. The unhappy patients were extremely delighted with the presents, and with the attention shown them by the Queen.

Lady Henry Somerset has consented to deliver six addresses while in this country, which will be given in the principal cities. Lady Somerset is a frequent contributor to the "British Women's Temperance Journal," and her papers are read with much interest.

"The Sparrows" is the rather suggestive name adopted by some women's clubs in New Jersey, because they live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. They have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the State.

Thirty-four little girls compose the Society of "Willing Hands" in Harlem, N. Y. They recently held a fair at a private residence, to obtain money with which to endow a bed at the Seaside Hospital of St. John's Guild, and a considerable sum of money was secured.

Little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland laid her first foundation-stone the other day, that of a new hospital, and made her first speech on the same occasion. Her small Majesty said, "I hope that this building will prove a blessing to Amsterdam," but the rest of the speech was drowned in applause.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe completed her eightieth year on June 14. Although in mental power Mrs. Stowe is again a child, she is in excellent health physically, and almost daily takes a walk of nearly a mile to see her sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who also lives in Hartford.

A lady living near New York city has paid the rent of a large and expensive place entirely by her judicious management of the hot-houses. Floriculture would seem to be an occupation specially adapted to women, and there is an immense demand for flowers, that is steadily growing in the vicinity of large cities. In some of the English colleges for women floriculture has been added to the curriculum. Why should it not be here?

A Working-Girls' Club in Boston has started, among other good things, an "emergency cupboard," which is stocked with jelly and other delicacies for the sick, and also contains a hot-water bag, a rubber sheet, bundles of old linen, etc., which are at the disposal of any member of the club, or any needy person recommended by a member, in time of illness. Friends outside have pledged themselves to keep it well stocked with supplies.

The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS
OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOT-
ABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED
DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEM-
PORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A
FAMILIAR POINT OF
VIEW.

Canada's Premier.

The long career of Canada's late premier, the Right Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald, G.C.B., terminated at his residence in Ottawa on the sixth of June. He was born in Glasgow, January 11, 1815. His father, Hugh Macdonald, emigrated from Sutherlandshire to Canada and settled in Kingston in 1820. It was as a politician and statesman that Sir John won his place in Canadian history. It was through his astute policy that, out of a number of separate and even conflicting States, the Dominion was created. When Lord Monck, who as Governor of the Canadas had been a cordial co-operator in promoting the confederation, was appointed Governor-General of the new Dominion, one of his first official acts was, by Her Majesty's direction, to confer upon Mr. Macdonald the honor of knighthood. Thereafter he was a Knight Commander of the Bath, and in 1884 he received the grand cross of the same order. Among the many measures of great importance which Sir John carried to a successful issue are the improvement of the criminal laws of Canada, consolidation of the statutes, the extension of the municipal system, military organization, the establishment of direct steam mail communication with Europe, inspection of reformatories, prisons, penitentiaries, and asylums, reorganization of the civil service on a permanent basis, the construction of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways, the enlargement of the canals, the enactment of a stringent election law, the extension of the franchise, the ratification of the Washington treaty, and the extension and consolidation of the Dominion. Sir John was twice married, first to Isabella, daughter of the late Alexander Clark of Dalnavert, Invernesshire, Scotland, who died in 1856, and afterward, in 1867, to Susan Agnes, daughter of the late T. J. Bernard, a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council of the island of Jamaica. Lady Macdonald survives Sir John. They had but one child, who died.

A Royal Apologist.

It is inevitable that royalty should suffer in popular estimation when the first gentleman in England, the destined civic head of a powerful Christian church, is presented to popular criticism as carrying with him a set of private counters for baccarat gambling, whenever he is entertained. The baccarat scandal is public and important enough to cause the million-mouthed press all over Europe and America to proclaim its every detail. It is over, and Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming has been found guilty of the vulgar offense of cheating at cards, and consoled himself by marrying a wealthy American maiden, whose devotion could not be shaken by his misfortunes. The Prince of Wales presents himself in an apologetic attitude, and the English public is ready to forget the matter, while presuming that the heir-apparent is a man and guilty of human folly, but also a gentleman and entitled to forgiveness. This is most satisfactory to the world of London society, whose average morality includes the vice of gambling; but according to plain republican ideas the association of the Prince of Wales with card-sharpers, baccarat-players, and spend-thrifts, is not at all creditable to his royal calling.

Chili's Civil Conflict.

The people of Chili to-day are pouring out their life-blood in a great internecine conflict, and to-day more than one-third of the "Lone Star Republic" is in the absolute, uncontested possession of the revolution. Formerly Santiago was the capital of Chili; but now the present seat of the revolutionary government is at Iquique, which is the rendezvous of the navy and the chief station of the foreign squadrons. The present war is the culmination of a long and bitter struggle, within constitutional limits, between the President and Congress, the former aiming to prevent the passage of an electoral law which would curb his power virtually to name his own successor and thus perpetuate the schemes of policy which he had initiated, and the latter resolved to purify the electoral system and make constitutional opposition between parties effective at the polls. The appointment of every civil and municipal officer in the republic was in the President's hands, and he proposed that the creatures whom he had appointed should be the arbiters of the election; but Congress urgently insisted on measures of reform in the electoral laws. Thus the civil conflict began: how it will end is hard to foresee. In the meantime, the United States still declines to

admit that the Congressional party in Chili is entitled to the rights conceded by international law to those engaged in a civil war. At present, therefore, we must recognize the executive of Chili as authorized to direct its foreign affairs; but we must allow that the revolutionary party is no mere band of insurgents. It is proportionally stronger than the Confederate party was at the outbreak of our own Civil War, and like it, has a *de facto* government.

The Behring Sea Seals.

The industry of hunting (or, as it is improperly called, fishing) the fur seals is localized in the seal archipelago, or Pribyloff Islands, in the north-west of Behring Sea, near the Aleutian Islands, which the United States acquired when Alaska was bought from the Russians for an indemnity of seven millions. During the summer months, from June to October, inclusive, the seals come to install themselves upon the shores of the St. Paul and St. George Islands, so that the females can settle down and raise their young ones; but after October they all take to the high seas again. Then the seal-fishers of British Columbia pursue them, massacring as many as possible, without distinction of age or sex, while our Government is taking all precautions to preserve this precious species. In the last century there were but a few isolated animals there; but, thanks to the restrictions and a continued surveillance, every year sees an immense flock of from four to five millions of fur seals. The two million females bring at each trip about 1,500,000 young into the world; the second year scarcely 700,000 of these survive, among which are about 350,000 males, and as the seal is polygamous, there will remain at least 200,000 "bachelors," as they are called, which are of no value in the continuation of the species. Therefore 200,000 seals might be sacrificed a year; but as an additional precaution only 100,000 are permitted to be taken annually. This permission is accorded to the company which has the privilege of the Alaska fur-trade. These fur seals furnish five-sixths of all the seal fur which is put into the markets of the world, and the importance of the question now at issue between England and the United States is more than international, it is of world-wide interest.

The Oldest Republic.

Switzerland is the oldest republic in the world! Six hundred years ago, in the summer of the year 1291, the three famous Eidgenossen (men bound together by oath), Walther Furst von Attinghausen, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold von Melchthal, stood together on the Ruth, a secluded Alpine meadow above the Mythenstein, on Uri Lake, and swore a solemn oath to save their country from rulers as shameless as they were cruel. 'Tis six hundred years since, and still Switzerland is free, self-governing, self-respecting and by all respected, wealthy, frugal, and honored above all nations, and more than once called to arbitrate (as in our Alabama case) between angry nations, and has never failed to accept the ungrateful office. The twenty-two cantons now forming the Federal State grew out of the tiny confederation of three petty States, which first extended to a league of eight, then of thirteen independent districts, and these three cantons which were the centers of the revolution which gave Switzerland her freedom are Unterwalden, Schwytz, and Uri, known as the Forest Cantons. On September 5, 6, and 7, the Swiss of New York and the United States will celebrate the sixth centennial anniversary of the Helvetian republic with a parade of the Swiss societies, and suitable exercises.

Eight Hours a Day in Australia.

According to a well-informed writer in one of the newest of English trade journals, the establishment of the eight-hour working-day in the colony of Victoria, Australia, has neither achieved the benefits claimed for it by its promoters, nor brought about the mischief imputed to it by its opponents. The eight-hour day in Victoria, which was established by the action of the Trade Unions, and not by legislation, neither raises wages nor reduces them, and does not diminish the number of unemployed. It is suggested that the women in Victoria are the chief opponents of the eight-hour day. They are always ready to work a little longer in order to earn a little more money. But as concerns the labor of men, it is an almost universal opinion in the colonies that the men work harder now when they are at their work, and turn out work of better quality, than under the ten-hour system, so that as much work is done in eight hours as was formerly done in ten. This new order of the day, then, in Australia, according to advocates of the system, is resulting in the growing-up of a working class which, in morals, intelligence, and industrial ability, is likely to be superior to that of any other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Still there is a vast difference between the small community of Victoria and the crowded populations of Western civilizations.

The Transandine Railway.

The Transandine Railway, now in course of construction across the Andes Mountains for the purpose of connecting the railway systems of Chili and the Argentine Republic, presents many engineering difficulties. These chiefly relate to tunneling and overcoming great differences of level, due to the lofty mountains which form a frontier between Chili and Argentina. The length of the new railway is 149 miles, of which 109 miles are on Argentine territory, starting from the city of Mendoza, which is 2,376 feet above the sea. In Chili there are forty miles connecting

with the Chilian system at Santa Rosa, 2,704 feet above sea-level. The greatest height attained by the railway is 10,460 feet above sea-level, the tunnel at that point being some two thousand feet below the summit of the mountains. There are eight tunnels grouped near the summit, aggregating 9.32 miles in length, the largest, the summit-tunnel, having a length of 5,540 yards. To overcome a part of the difference in level within a short distance, it has been found necessary to construct a spiral tunnel 2,061 yards long with a grade of eight feet in a hundred. In the boring of these tunnels air-actuated drills are employed. Water-power is used for driving electro-dynamos, and the electric current thus generated is transmitted by copper conductors to the sites selected for the air-compressors, where it is converted into power by means of electro-motors, thereby actuating the compressors and furnishing compressed air for the drills. The installations for this purpose are unique, and it is probably the first time that the power for compressing air for drills has been conveyed such a distance by electric cables. There are three installations, one upon the Argentine and two on the Chilian side of the Andes, each being distinct in all points, except that on the Chilian side both the primary stations are at one place. To a non-scientific mind this roundabout way of boring into the Andine mountain-sides vividly recalls the method of the old woman in the nursery tale, who to get her pig home was obliged to induce the "cow to drink the water, the water to quench the fire, the fire to burn the stick, and the stick to beat the pig so he would go under the stile and she could get him home." So these great engineers are getting through the South American mountains.

Artificial or Natural Ice.

An impetus has been given to the manufacture of artificial ice all over the country by last summer's threatened ice-famine and the consequent advance in the price of the natural product. At first the artificial ice seemed very satisfactory, and was considered purer and better (being made of distilled water) than the naturally frozen fluid. The scientific fact on which the making of artificial ice depends is that when a liquid evaporates it uses up a great deal of heat, which it draws from anything that happens to be around it. The liquid thus used in making ice is either ammonia or sulphurous oxide. The arguments used by the companies dealing in natural ice, against the manufactured article are, that as the water in making artificial ice is frozen in an iron box, everything in the box is frozen into the ice, and that while the process of natural freezing drives out all impurities into the water below, the impurities in artificial freezing cannot get out of the box, and are driven to the center of the cake of ice. They say, besides, that all the grease from the ammonia and tinctures from iron vessels and pipes are held in the ice; and also that the artificial ice is not so cold and crumbles in melting, while natural ice melts from the outside and retains its integrity, constantly presenting fresh surfaces of cold exposure. On the other hand, the artificial ice is said by many users to be as clear, cold, and perfectly crystalline as the natural ice. One thing is certain: the manufacture of artificial ice is closely pressing the ice companies and is likely to become a regular industry; but as the cost of production is high, it may not affect prices to the consumer.

The Tomb of Columbus.

While America next year will magnificently celebrate the fourth centennial of her discovery by the illustrious navigator, splendid commemorations in the Spanish peninsula, the South American countries, and the Antilles, will similarly honor the glorious admiral, and in fact the fourth centennial of America's discovery will be an international festival; for whatever claims may be put forth for other discoverers, the great navigator Christopher Columbus made, so to speak, the official discovery of America, which opened our country to the commerce and civilization of Europe, and was thus one of the potent geniuses who opened the glorious era of modern times. As for the mortal remains of the great man, who died in disgrace at Valladolid, May 12, 1506, with the conviction of having arrived by a western route at the eastern countries of Asia, and not of having discovered a second continent, they were at first interred at Seville, whence they were transported to San Domingo, in Hayti, about the year 1540. In 1795, when Hayti came under the French dominion, the Spaniards exhumed from the vaults of the cathedral a coffin which they judged contained the body of Columbus, and transferred it to Havana. But in 1877 a new vault was discovered in San Domingo, near that opened in 1795. The coffin which was found in it bore inscriptions which showed that the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus were certainly contained in it. The body previously exhumed was that of his son Diego. At present the mortal part of the illustrious navigator still reposes in the cathedral of San Domingo, capital of the Dominican Republic and the most ancient of cities founded in America by Europeans. The principal descendant of Columbus to-day is the Duke of Veragua, a grandee of Spain, who has confided to the Academy of Madrid the task of awarding in 1892 a prize of \$6,000 to the author of the best history of his immortal ancestor.

To the North Pole.

The latest expedition to the north pole is now well under way on the stanch little steamer the "Kite," which sailed from Brooklyn on June 6. Two expeditions really are going. One is in charge of Lieutenant R. E. Peary, of the Navy, and Professor

Angelo Heilprin, of the Academy of National Sciences, has charge of the other. The object of Lieutenant Peary's expedition is to ascertain whether Greenland is a continent or an island; and the purpose of the expedition under Professor Heilprin is to make scientific researches on the western coast of Greenland. Lieutenant Peary's wife accompanies him, the first woman to join an exploration of Greenland. The parties will separate when the Kite reaches Whale Sound. One expedition will go north, the other, west; but before they part they will build a house for Mrs. Peary at Whale Sound, which will hold the provisions. Arrangements will be made for stations along the journey in which Lieutenant Peary hopes to get within 350 miles of the North Pole.

Aristotle's Tomb.

If our century is not fruitful in those literary glories which perpetuate themselves from age to age, it is at least remarkable for researches and discoveries of all kinds. A few weeks since was found, among some papyrus recently acquired by the British Museum, an important manuscript of Aristotle's upon the Athenian constitution, which it had been supposed was lost forever: and now we learn of the discovery of the tomb of this great genius, who was one of the most incontestable glories of humanity. We know that Aristotle, accused of impiety to the gods, retired to Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, to prevent his fellow-citizens from a renewal of the crime they had committed in putting Socrates to death. We know also that he died in his voluntary exile, in the year 322 B.C., and that he was interred on the island. Now his tomb has been discovered at Eretria, near Chalcis, by a group of young Americans having Dr. Charles Waldstein, professor of archeology of the University of Cambridge, at their head. They found in the tomb seven gold crowns, to one of which was still attached a fragment of a human skull; also a small terra cotta statue representing a philosopher in the attitude of meditation, sufficiently similar to the description which Christodorus gives of a statue of Aristotle which still existed at Constantinople in the sixth century of our era; and on the tombstone the words "*Biote Aristoteeon*" may be read. It seems from all the circumstances of the discovery that the conclusions of Professor Waldstein are not unreasonable, and that the tomb is positively the sepulchre of the philosopher of Stagira.

Wedded to the Adriatic.

The Italian government has announced its intention of wedding its vessels to the Adriatic. The Sicilia, soon to be launched at Venice, will be the first vessel to be wedded to the sea. In this fanciful custom the Italian government is reviving the ancient custom of the Doge of Venice, who was wont to cast a ring into the sea. Instead, therefore, of christening the ship by breaking a bottle of champagne over her bows, the following beautiful ceremony will take place. A ring, inscribed with the ship's name and the date of the event, together with Italy's coat-of-arms, will be suspended from the bows by a ribbon, which will be cut by a lady acting as sponsor, and the ring will join those cast into the sea by Venice's former doges.

Restoring Palestine.

It would seem, from present indications, that the country of Palestine will regain a considerable measure of its former industrial prosperity. The only thing needed is an industrious population, for the soil and climate have been found to be almost identical with those of southern Italy. It is not possible to get the Arabs to work: the tillers of the soil must be colonized from other countries. If it were not for the fear that Russia will soon possess herself of Palestine, it would be a splendid opening for the thousands of Jews who are being so cruelly persecuted and driven out of Russia; for, as a rule, the Russian Hebrews are farmers and gardeners. There is already a Jewish colony at Rosh Pinals, in Galilee, which is prosperous beyond even the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and the settlement more resembles an ideal English or American village than an Oriental one. Other similar colonies are springing up near by, and an important commerce has been established with other countries, by an overland service.

Can You See Your Own Brain?

Fifty years ago it was observed that by passing a candle to and fro several times by the side of the eye, the air in front was transformed into a kind of screen, on which was reflected what was then supposed to be "a magnified image of part of the retina." Sir C. Wheatstone believed it to be "the shadow of the vascular network," Sir Benjamin Brodie declared that it was to him incomprehensible, while still another learned man thought it an "image of the blood-vessels of the retina." The picture has, however, been identified, by Dr. Fraser Halle, with the representation of the "anterior lobe of the cerebrum." The picture consists, he has long observed, of "red convolutions with dark interspaces," among which a whitish admixture is sometimes visible. These, he assumes to be the image of folds of the anterior lobe of the brain with the furrows between them.

To see this image the candle must be moved to and fro about four inches below the eye, and three and a quarter inches from the face. A reddish mist at first appears, and the image is soon developed and defined. When the motion of the candle ceases, the undulations cease also, of course, and the image disappears. Night is the best time for this experiment, but it can be seen faintly in a dark place, in the daytime.

Artistic Notes.

A novel use for an old-fashioned low silver cruet-stand is to take the bottles out and fill the stand with sand, in which stick fresh or pressed ferns, so they will stand upright. This makes a very pretty dinner-table decoration; and if after each meal the fern-stand be placed in a closet where it will be free from dust, the ferns will last some time. But with the best of care the ferns will need replenishing several times during the winter, therefore it is wise to press a sufficient number of ferns during this month.

A pretty decoration for a library or other room where books and other objects line the walls so closely that there are few restful spaces in the room, is to gild the panels of the doors. This may be done with the gilt sold cheaply in bottles and put on with a bristle brush. The gold will harmonize with every color in the room. The advantage of gold is that it lightens and brightens a room that otherwise would look dull. Then with linseed oil, turpentine, and cobalt blue, such as is sold in tubes for oil-painting, tint the upper part of the upper panels.

In order to suggest varying tints of color, begin twelve inches from the top with a great deal of oil and turpentine and a little cobalt blue. Use a flat, large, soft brush. You can work quicker by having three small saucers and mixing your cobalt blue, oil, and turpentine together. The three should be three very distinct degrees of strength of blue. All should be thin, so that the gold may shine through. The darkest blue should be at the very top, with the intermediate next below it, and the spaces covered by the three tints need not be equal. The door should dry upside down, so as to allow the blue to settle deepest at the top.

The lower part of the top panels may be tinted by using rose madder oil tube-paint, just as you have used the cobalt blue, letting the deepest rose-color rest at the bottom. The upper part of the lower panels of the door may be tinted with three shades of burnt sienna, beginning about four inches from the top and allowing the darkest color (*i.e.*, the one in which there is not so much oil and turpentine) to dry at the top. Four inches from the bottom of the lower panels begin with Vandyke brown mixed in varying degrees of darkness with oil and turpentine. Begin with the lightest first, and end with the deepest. This has a restful effect because it suggests space and light.

This plan is especially adapted to a room having but one large or two small windows. The golden ground of the panels will produce the effect of another opening in the room. Where economy limits the number of rooms and therefore sitting-room and library are combined, the result is often that the room is too full, and in consequence sensitive nerves receive the impression of being crowded. The gilding of the panels counteracts the crowding effect.

"China," as porcelain is commonly and improperly called, that is now in use is richly gilded. Sometimes the sugar-bowl is gilded so completely inside that not a half-inch of white porcelain can be seen.

Aluminium is now made in a gray powder, and is sold comparatively cheap. It is very useful in making illuminating ciphers and monograms for note-paper and envelopes. It does not tarnish and turn black like silver, such as was formerly used for illuminating purposes. It is easily mixed with gum arabic, bought in the lump, and dissolved in water. It is wisest to mix it in a glass with a metal cover, such as is often used for jelly. If the mixture dries up, add a little water. The test for the mixture is to take some out with a brush, "paint" it on paper and let it dry; if then the powder comes off on your finger, add more gum arabic.

With a chimney in the corner of the room it is often a puzzle to know how to have the effect of a mantel-piece. A simple wooden shelf may be fixed to the wall, above a large oaken desk. A wide scarf a yard longer than the length of the shelf, made of maroon or garnet flax velours, may be trimmed on both ends and on the front with gold fringe two inches deep. This can be easily taken off for dusting. It is easily folded up, for there are no plaits or puckers, as there are in a lambrequin. This scarf-valance will be improved by lining the ends that fall down with a contrasting color. This valance is useful in keeping the dust

from the books of reference that may be placed on the desk. The flax velours falls in graceful folds by its own weight, and this decoration has the advantage of not fluttering with the slightest breath of wind. This arrangement is very suitable in a library or sitting-room.

A dining-room decoration which, like all true examples of decorative art, combines the useful and the beautiful, is an oaken shelf placed all around the room, fastened to the wall just above the chair-board which protects the wall-paper from injury. At intervals on the wooden shelf are perpendicular brass standards which hold a brass rod placed horizontally. The rod carries brass rings which support a plush, velvet, or flax velours curtain that hangs in front of the books, magazines, pamphlets, or newspapers that are placed on the shelf. To the wall, at the same height as the front rod, is another brass rod, fastened with brass screw-eyes, and to this rod silk lined with soft muslin is secured and drawn over the tops of the books, thus protecting them from dust. The front curtain should be in folds, because the straight lines of the folds break the otherwise shortening effect of these hangings. In other words, this book-shelf running around the room apparently decreases the height of the room, and is not advisable with a low ceiling. The hangings add a strong line of color to the room. An improvement would be to have a second shelf, instead of the silk covering, to shield the books from dust. On this top shelf could rest the family portraits or pretty pieces of china. It would be cheaper in the end than the silken covering. This is an especially appropriate decoration for a dining-room that is also used as the family sitting-room.

ALICE DONLEVY,

Of the "Ladies' Art Association."



"PLAY BALL, PA!"

A MINIATURE illustration of the exquisite full-page watercolor that is to appear in the next number (September) of this Magazine. (See page 618.)

Chat.

A "SUMMER SOUVENIR ALBUM" that shall surpass in variety, artistic arrangement, and completeness, those of all her fair associates, is the ambition of the girls this summer, and some unique specimens are already well filled with souvenirs of the summer outing. One charming young enthusiast, who is an amateur photographer of more than average ability, decided on the plan of taking a photo every day of some place or anything that struck her fancy, and so persistent and indefatigable has she been that her friends good-naturedly dubbed her the "C. F." (camera fiend), and recently she was the surprised recipient of a tin medal engraved on the face with a picture of a very small maiden supporting a very large camera, and on the reverse with her monogram, and the legend: "The C. F. of 1891. And her friends survived!"

But the bantering did not deter her from her purpose, and the pages of her album already finished are the envy of her associates. On one is a picture (a snap-shot) of a ludicrous incident that occurred at a picnic they will all remember, which she has framed with some pressed ferns and wild-flowers from the vicinity, and beneath are the autographs of the participants. On another page is a charming water-view, with her friends in boats, gathering water-lilies: this she has wreathed with water-lilies and their pads, painted in water-colors. Another bears a scene that will recall a happy day when they all went fishing, and two of the girls caught—proposals on the way home. The border to this page is unique: it is executed in pen-and-ink, and represents two fishermen at the upper corners, each angling for a heart below, which bears a shadowy female face, and at the top are two Cupids, dancing, who hold aloft two rings inscribed with the initials of the swains and their sweethearts.

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A LAWN-PARTY, from its name, presupposes a fine lawn for the purpose; but not every garden-party is given on a lawn so beautiful as one that was the scene of a recent successful *fete*, which, with the artistically dressed guests and the lovely surroundings, was a succession of charming pictures. At the east and south of the house is a sloping lawn, as smooth as emerald velvet, and at intervals are what appear to be Oriental rugs laid on the turf, but which are closely cropped beds of coleus arranged in the colors and patterns of Eastern rugs, and are unique specimens of decorative gardening. Some grand old trees are near the house, and other necessary shade was provided by novel screens and umbrella-tents made of wire frames in which smilax and small-leaved vines were interwoven, one with daisies scattered through the vines, and a fringe of daisies, being especially pretty. Garden seats of decorated China and stone ware furnished effective points of color, and the refreshments were served at small tables, each ornamented with a different flower.

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A FORGET-ME-NOT wedding was a most charming idea, charmingly carried out. The bride's bouquet was of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots, and she wore a brooch of diamond forget-me-nots, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids wore charming Empire gowns of white *chiffon*, and white *chiffon* hats with garlands of forget-me-nots, and carried large bouquets of forget-me-nots tied loosely with white satin ribbon. The bride's gift to each was a pin in the design of a true-lovers' knot of gold studded with turquoise forget-me-nots.

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A BUTTERCUP WEDDING was quite as unique and especially appropriate for the country. The old ivy-covered church near the bride's summer home, where the ceremony took place, was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, buttercups, and ox-eyed daisies, and the four bridesmaids, two sisters and two cousins of the bride, wore gowns of yellow *chiffon* over yellow satin, broad-brimmed hats of yellow net trimmed with buttercups, and their bouquets were of buttercups tied with narrow satin ribbon of the same color. There was an innovation in the usual order of the bridal procession, the ushers and bridesmaids, in couples, alternating, two ushers leading; and the bride following with her eldest brother, and attended by two younger golden-haired brothers dressed in white-and-blue sailor costumes.

Household.

Keeping Rooms Cool.



EVERYONE suffers more or less in a prolonged duration of hot weather. Ladies, especially, and all invalids and delicate persons, suffer greatly, as a rule, from a high temperature, and it is therefore a matter of considerable importance in many households that every measure should be adopted which is calculated to keep down the temperature within doors.

But, notwithstanding we are accustomed to visitations of great heat, some little ignorance prevails at times as to the simplest and most practical means of maintaining an atmosphere in our rooms, which, while being fresh and pure shall also be cool. Many people are too apt to think that the best way to effect their object is to keep doors and windows wide open, and so create a thorough draught through rooms and passages, whereas the very contrary method is the wisest; for it should be remembered that the original rise in the thermometer takes place out-of-doors, not indoors, and that consequently the longer the external air can be excluded, the longer will the temperature in the house remain unchanged.

It is an old axiom, and one founded on fact, that what keeps out cold keeps out heat; and as our houses are mainly constructed with a view to protecting us from that sort of weather of which we have the most, cold, there is no reason why, with care, we should not make our thick walls and solid fittings equally available to protect us as effectually from a sirocco as from a cold north-easter. This, however, can only be done by going upon the same principle with both, namely, by shutting them out. Therefore, before the rays of the midsummer sun become at all vertical, we should carefully exclude the outer air, draw down the blinds, and even shut the shutters, particularly if the windows are not fitted with outside blinds. These latter are indispensable, however, for the perfect accomplishment of our object, for we know that it is a great point to prevent the glass getting hot; indeed, when it has once done so it is almost impossible to bring down the temperature of a room as low as would have been the case had the window been protected by canvas or blinds early in the morning.

Of course I am speaking of that side of the house which faces south or west: the other aspects require comparatively little consideration, except the rooms at the top, where the effect of the sun on the roof will always make itself disagreeably felt, and the top story is, therefore, always the most difficult to keep cool.

Whether absolute darkness in itself has any real influence in assisting the maintenance of a low temperature, or whether we only fancy it has, from the pleasant relief it affords after the glare of intense sunlight, does not signify; but certain it is, unless you keep a room dark you cannot keep it cool, although there may be no actual rays of the sun penetrating it, or any window actually open. Protection from a great light is as indispensable as is protection from the outer air; and if the housewife will bear this simple fact in mind, she will have taken the first steps towards keeping her rooms cool. Directly, however, the sun begins to decline, air may be let in on the northern and eastern side of the house, and when the orb of day is once below the horizon, and until it is high again in the heavens, doors and windows should be set freely open. Indeed, in very hot weather, where it is possible, the latter should be kept open all night: it is too commonly the habit for these arrangements to be conducted upon the same principle all the year

round,—to shut up at night and open in the day, whether the thermometer is at forty or eighty.

Having closed and darkened the apartments, let us see what other contrivances are available for the purpose we have in view. It is almost needless to say that carpets and curtains should be dispensed with as far as possible, particularly the former, and thick curtains should be retained only where they are necessary to exclude the outer atmosphere. Wherever tessellated or stone halls, passages, or staircases exist, they should be incumbered as little as possible with mats or druggets, so that their cooling influence may be made the most of; while in rooms it is wise to substitute Indian matting, wherever possible, for the ordinary thick-piled Turkey, Kidderminster, or Brussels carpet.

The sentiment of coolness, so to speak, has no unimportant influence in producing the sensation. The effect on the eye goes a long way towards influencing the mind, and we all know how the mind influences the body; therefore, just as a room in winter that looks snug makes us inclined by anticipation to feel warm, so a room in summer that looks cool makes us by the same token inclined to feel so. Thus, a floor covered with Indian matting, with only an odd rug or two lying here and there, must necessarily suggest a more agreeable surface to tread upon in hot weather than a fur hearthrug or a piled carpet. The fashion, now so general, of only carpeting the centers of rooms, renders the substitution of matting in the summer very easy; and where floors are parquetry or polished or stained all over, it would be quite legitimate for the sake of coolness to adopt the foreign principle, and get rid of all covering whatsoever, save in odd places, where a mat or two can be laid.

Tiled floors for rooms are not as common in this country as they are in some parts of southern Europe, simply because they are not suitable to our climate; but when we are visited by a southern temperature the effect of tiles to some extent might be produced by covering the whole floor with a tile-like patterned oil-cloth. Of course the complete illusion would not be realized unless the oil-cloth were fitted into the shape of the room.

Indian matting, again, may be cut to the shape of the room if preferred to oil-cloth, and can be accepted, if I may say so, without meaning any joke, upon the same ground. It can be just as well covered by carpets in winter as any other surface, while in summer, when used as the sole flooring, it is peculiarly adapted to help in another very cooling process, namely, that of gently watering the floor. The matting holds the moisture longer, and with less detriment to itself and what it rests on than any other substance; consequently the evaporation, which causes the additional coolness, is slower. A very tiny sort of toy watering-pot, with a very fine rose, should be used; and again, if cost be of little importance, a fair proportion of *eau de Cologne* mixed with the water is a luxurious addition, not only on account of the refreshing odor which it imparts to the apartment, but because the evaporation of the spirit in it is another aid in lowering the temperature.

If rooms be properly ventilated at night by allowing thorough draughts to pass through them, at least for a time, there can be no reason why they should become unpleasantly "stuffy," as it is vulgarly called, during the day, while they are closely shut up, especially if a little wholesome scent be evaporized in them, and they be decorated with a fair proportion of flowers, either growing or cut. Anyway, the great secret of keeping rooms cool when a tropical sun is shining is to do as is done in the tropics: exclude it as far as possible; and to do this the housewife must shut up her castle as tightly as if she were besieged by an enemy, and not open her windows until the sun has retired for the night.

STELLA S—.

Fruits for Breakfast.



IN southern climes where luscious fruitage flourishes freely, the inhabitants live to a great extent upon fruits and vegetable food, which gives them a splendid physical development. Much has been written of late upon the value of fresh fruit as food, and competent authorities among progressive physicians and scientists of the times agree in insisting upon the use of fruit, especially as an introduction to the morning meal.

In the ripening time of the year a great variety of fruit is obtainable, and if daintily served at table will save the housewife much labor of preparing food.

In August, blackberries are delicious as a morning refreshment. Select perfectly ripe berries, wash them and drain, and serve in small glass dishes with sugar and whipped cream or plain cream, or milk. Arrange raspberries in a large glass dish and serve without sugar. Each person can use sugar and cream according to individual taste.

Melons are often preferred to any other fruit for breakfast. They should be kept on ice or in a cool cellar overnight. Nutmeg and musk melons are to be divided lengthwise and brought to the table, after the seeds are scooped out, with a lump of ice or some chipped ice in each hemisphere. Serve with salt and sugar, and a knife, fork, and teaspoon at each plate. Peel peaches thin, slice them, and serve with sugar and cream. When peaches are scarce they may be used to flavor twice their quantity of apples. Slice the latter very thin.

Apples and cream make a wholesome and nutritious breakfast-dish. Pare and slice fresh, mellow, sweet apples, and pour sweet cream over them. Dust very lightly with sugar.

Grapes should be washed and drained before serving for breakfast. Some like them served in a thin crystal tumbler, with ice-water.

The grape-fruit, or shaddock, is growing in favor as a breakfast fruit. Its acid and slightly bitter flavor serves to quench thirst, and it is recommended as a remedy for biliousness. The shaddock is preferably served, like the orange, cut in half across the sections and eaten with an orange-spoon or teaspoon, scooping out the pulp and juice from the transversely divided hemispheres.

Pears and cream are a satisfactory breakfast-dish. Peel and slice ripe mellow pears, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Just before sending to the table pour whipped cream over and serve at once. Bananas can be served for breakfast, sliced, with powdered sugar and cream; or bananas and oranges sliced together in the proportion of one large orange to six bananas.

Ambrosia is another rich preparation of mixed fruits. To prepare it, slice pineapple very thin, or pick it apart from the center into shreds with a fork, sprinkle it thickly with sugar, and cover the top with grated cocoanut.

An especially wholesome dish, greatly esteemed among our rural population, is old-fashioned huckleberries and milk. Crumble some crackers or a roll and a half into a quart bowl, fill it with rich new milk, or milk and cream "half and half." Pour half a cupful of huckleberries into the bowl and stir the contents together. The huckleberry which grows so plentifully on our hillsides and mountain clearings is a pleasant but not highly flavored fruit, and containing but little acid needs but little sugar, and is palatable with milk even without sweetening. When fully ripe a pint of fruit needs but two tablespoonfuls of sugar to satisfy the sweetest tooth.

"HOUSEHOLD" continued on page 641.



REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—AUGUST.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 649.

Striking novelties in dress are hardly to be expected at midsummer, but many of the adaptations of materials at hand are so charming as to be quite as attractive as high novelties. Variety in dress is now indispensable; and to this end the interchanging of skirts and waists of different dresses is a prominent factor, and an economical arrangement as well, although even when economy is not necessary there are few dresses designed without the possibilities in this direction being taken into consideration. Two or more "independent" coats or blouses, more or less dressy to suit different occasions, are provided in even quite modest outfits, to wear with various skirts, and the costume can thus be changed indefinitely.

One all-black dress, preferably of light-weight silk, lace-trimmed, or of lace or net made over silk, is a necessity in every wardrobe; and with the skirt of this, and a coat of black foulard with printed sprays of wild-roses or pink-rose-buds, trimmed with frills of pink *chiffon*, another of pale yellow China silk trimmed with white Mechlin lace jabot and sleeve-frills, another of red surah, in blouse style, trimmed with black lace, and one of striped black-and-white, the toilet may be made to assume the "infinite variety" that is so desirable.

An all-white dress with a supply of waists of different colors presents equal possibilities. A genuine China silk of delicate creamy white is the best for this purpose, being inexpensive, cool, dressy, and durable; and such a dress, if made in a style appropriate for the wearer, is suitable for a maiden, or a matron of any age.

A toilet of white China silk, designed for a young matron, has a bell-gored demi-train skirt trimmed at the foot with a festooned flounce of deep white lace, the corsage short, pointed back and front, and finished with a row of full rosettes made of "baby" ribbon, the front in surplice plaits, the back full at the shoulders and plaited in the middle of the back, leaving a pointed opening at the neck, back and front, and the sleeves very full, reaching just below the elbows, and terminating in full lace frills. This corsage she varies with a rosette-trimming and *chiffon* frills for the neck

of pink, blue, yellow, and lavender; and to wear with the skirt are provided a basque of white China silk printed with clusters of violets, to which a coat effect is imparted by a lace flounce sewed to the bottom, a full waist of rose-pink surah which is completed by a "baby" sash of the surah, a coat of wisteria-colored taffetas trimmed with purple velvet, and one of pale green foulard printed with forget-me-nots, which has a plaited skirt-piece and is trimmed with narrow blue and green velvet ribbon. Any one of these waists would be equally as effective with a black silk or lace skirt.

Ruches and jabots of *chiffon*, more or less embroidered, also offer a very effective means of varying the effect of the toilet. The simplest arrangement is a single or double frill around the neck, whether it is finished with a standing collar or cut half-low, continued down both sides of the front, close in the middle, so as to form a full jabot. Black *chiffon* frills are worn with all colors, all colors are worn with black and white, and when figured goods is used, the *chiffon* is chosen to match either the ground or the pattern. Bretelles made of embroidered *chiffon* headed with velvet ribbon are also very pretty, and can be arranged to wear with different dresses. They are brought to a point at the bottom of the basque, both back and front, and at the back the *chiffon* is disposed in a sort of fan jabot, from beneath which fall loops and ends of velvet ribbon, reaching to the edge of the skirt.

The combination of black with colors is again popular, and the use of a vest of black *chiffon* or *mousseline de soie* in a dress of quite heavy woolen goods is very popular. Pippings of black satin are used on colored goods. Yellow has attained a special vogue, especially for outing wear. Jackets of gray, brown, blue, black, or white, have revers, collar, and facings of bright buttercup yellow. A white or blue reefer with yellow accessories, as above, and brass buttons, is considered especially stylish; sometimes gold braid is used to give the fashionable touch of yellow.

A sailor-hat of black straw, with the brim set up on the low crown so that the latter appears only about half the usual height, the crown encircled by a band of black velvet ribbon, with a yellow aigrette, a bunch of yellow flowers, or a high, erect bow of yellow ribbon, at the left side, and a wreath of yellow flowers under the brim and resting on the hair, is the style of head-gear considered especially *chic* at present.

A Stylish Coat.

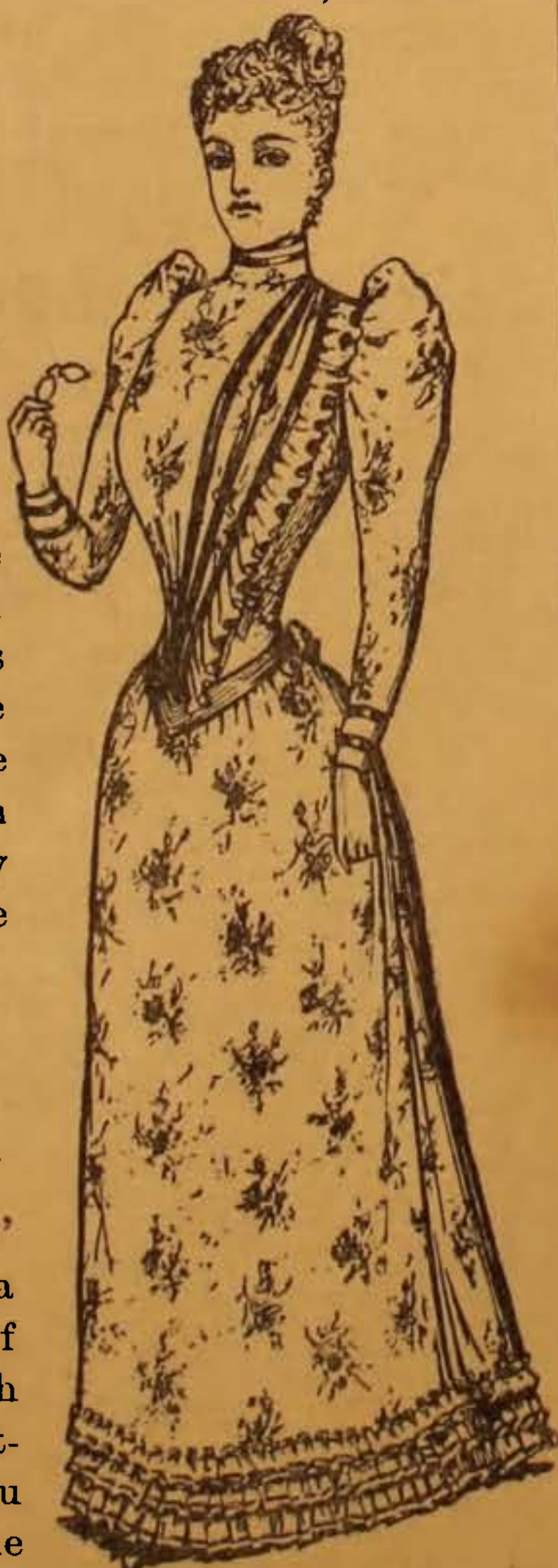
As a completion to a walking or traveling costume of light woolen goods the "Vandelia" coat is especially desirable, and it will also be popular for heavier goods for autumn and winter wear. The back piece describes a narrow point, shorter than that in front, and the remainder of the skirt is slashed. The illustration represents tan-colored mohair with satin stripes, the chemisette and facings on the sleeves of brown silk, and silk galloon trimming. Hat of brown embroidered *chiffon* trimmed with tan-colored ribbon. For description of the coat pattern see page 635.



A Stylish Coat.
VANDELIA COAT.

A Summer Gown.

A CHARMING gown for summer wear, made of India silk, cream-colored ground with sprays of blue "ragged sailors," trimmed with dark blue velvet-ribbon. The patterns used are the "Vilma" basque and the "Fabiola" skirt, the latter given in the January number. The basque has a point in the back the same as in front, and the back piece is laid in fine plaits at and below the waist-line. The double-breasted front is finished with a doubled bias frill of the silk headed by rows of velvet ribbon, and the basque is edged by a row of wider velvet finished with a rosette at the back. The skirt has the fullness massed in the middle of the back, and is finished at the foot with three doubled bias frills of silk. The description of the skirt pattern will be found in the January number. For description of the basque pattern see page 635.



A Summer Gown.
VILMA BASQUE.
FABIOLA SKIRT.

A Dainty House-Dress.

THIS shows the "Hildegarde" tea-gown made in black China silk printed with bouquets of bright-colored flowers, with sleeves of ecru silk, and jacket-pieces, cuffs, and sash of ecru lace. It is in princess style, the middle of the back shirred at the neck and waist-line, and the front full in the middle and held in to



A Dainty House-Dress.
HILDEGARDE TEA-GOWN.

the fitted lining by the sash, which proceeds from the gore seams. Made in heavier goods, this will be an excellent model for autumn and winter use. See page 635 for description of the pattern.

Bell-Gored Skirt.

(See Page 634.)

A STYLISH skirt, made with a narrow front, two gores at each side, and a full back, that can be used for all seasonable goods but the thinnest, and will be very popular for the autumn and winter. The edges of the gores are shaped at the top to make them fit smoothly, the seams may be covered with trimming if a more dressy effect be desired, and plaiting of any style, a gathered flounce or

several, a puff, a band, or rows of trimming may be used on the front. The back breadth may be plaited or gathered, as preferred. See page 635 for a description of the pattern.

White Dresses.

WHETHER because of the cool effect, or simply a fancy of the moment, white dresses seem to be greatly admired and worn in every fabric, from soft white mull, with airy garniture of lace and flowers, for the hop-room, or in thick white cloth, richly ornamented with gold embroidery, for the cool drives at evening along the sea-beach.

White drapery-nets and lace dresses are worn with white ribbon rosette garnitures, and for less dressy, yet thin white costumes, there are the exquisite wool, and silk-and-wool *crêpons*. Besides these, embroidered and hem-stitched white lawns are very much used for morning wear.

Even ladies in deep mourning may wear white dresses, not the soft creamy white, but the cold, lawn-like white of thin silks and *crêpes*. The most dressy of these are the incomparable *crêpes de Chine*, for evening and dressy wear, and next to these come the China silks. White surah is sometimes seen, but nothing more softly grateful in wear during the "heated term" can be imagined than the thin India and China silks, which come in a great variety of weave and quality. Some of these silks are the thin, wiry, crapy-looking "real" China silks of our grandmothers' times, and many prefer these; but a still softer, "deader" silk is the India silk with a dull, lusterless surface, and impalpable softness of texture, almost paper-like except for its silkiness.

Heavier white dresses are wool *crêpons* and Henriettas, and these are often trimmed with rich silk-cord fringes, giving a coat-shaped effect to the otherwise short dress. Very little combination of material is used: it is generally in the



1. Basque Garniture.

nitire it is usually narrow ribbon made into countless rosettes about the size of a silver dollar, and these are massed to form a vest, or set in rows around the low corsage, or outlining a simulated yoke. Often, also, they form a finish, soft and dainty, for the front of the skirt. On *crêpon* and light wool dresses such garniture is admirable; but for the soft silks, bias ruffles of the material are preferred.



2. Basque Garniture.

When ribbon is used as a garniture it is usually narrow ribbon made into countless rosettes about the size of a silver dollar, and these are massed to form a vest, or set in rows around the low corsage, or outlining a simulated yoke. Often, also, they form a finish, soft and dainty, for the front of the skirt. On *crêpon* and light wool dresses such garniture is admirable; but for the soft silks, bias ruffles of the material are preferred.

Basque Garnitures.

BOTH of these illustrations represent excellent and stylish methods of lengthening short basques. No. 1 shows black lace added to the bottom of a pointed basque, the clusters of plaits at the sides held by pointed *motifs* of jet which extend upward on the basque. No. 2 shows white lace flouncing placed under a slashed and pointed basque.

Fichu Cape.

A DRESSY addition to a plain waist, that can be worn with various dresses. The illustration shows it made of narrow velvet ribbon appliqued on cream net with jet beads, the edge trimmed with a gathered frill of cream *crepe lisse*, and a black velvet collar faced with cream surah. Other combinations of colors or materials will be quite as appropriate.

What is Worn at the Seashore.

THE sea air has an aggravating way of making the neatest costume look limp and discouraged, therefore it becomes



Bell-Gored Skirt. (See Page 633.)

garniture that the contrast of fabric is afforded, delicate Alençon lace being considered an appropriate trimming for a wedding-dress of white French broadcloth.

When ribbon is used as a gar-

necessary to select for seaside dresses some material that either is limp in the first place, or will successfully resist moisture.

Among the latter are flannels, chevots, and serges, in light summer weights, and the favorite promenade costume for the seashore is a fine white serge with white lace pieces, and sometimes lace flounces on the skirt, worn with a natty low-crowned straw sailor-hat trimmed with a ribbon band and rosettes.

Colored India silks are replaced for seashore wearing by the less crushable *crêpes de Chine* in exquisite colorings and in black and white,—white is especially favored. Some very pretty dresses for hottest days are of scarlet or lilac *crêpe* made in very simple styles with shirred waists, puffed sleeves, and soft sash-belts.

Grenadine and lace-net dresses are made up in black over black or a color, preferably of satin for the foundation, as silk is apt to crinkle in the sea air. Velvet-and-silk-striped grenadines are preferred to figured nets, but the coin spot and polka dot has quite a vogue also. The bell skirt and full basque-waist is a design liked for all light-weight materials, though even in these the coat is often seen. Black net over a color is very showy for the seashore, and brightness is the *desideratum* of costume where everything is so monotonous in color in the surroundings.

Fichu Cape.

There are also pretty figured foulards in pattern dresses—often with parasol to match—which are suitable for the seashore. The color will fade out of them, but they are inexpensive, and can be worn long enough to repay their cost.

A blue flannel dress for boating, a scarlet *crepe de Chine* for the afternoon, a white serge for the promenade or driving, one or two inexpensive gingham for morning wear, and a handsome black grenadine or lace net for evening wear, will be a very satisfactory outfit for a week at the seashore.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Costume of figured China silk in old-rose, with black lace garnitures.
- 2.—Belt of red Russia-leather with gilt mountings.
- 3.—Costume of gray serge with black beaded fringe. Gray straw hat.
- 4.—Child's dress of figured blue percale and white lawn.
- 5.—Girl's dress of white lawn with embroidered Vandyke edging.
- 6.—Belt of yellow pigskin with silver mountings.
- 7.—Summer dress of *écru* novelty-goods with black bourette dots, and bordering to match.
- 8.—Visiting-toilet of white corded silk, with green-and-white brocade sleeves and green velvet ribbon garnitures.
- 9.—Afternoon dress of figured cream China silk with brown satin combination.
- 10.—Travelling-cloak of brown-and-white striped chevrot.
- 11.—Costume of rose-colored *crêpe* with gold passementeries.
- 12.—Finger-ring set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphire, *en cabochon*.
- 13.—Summer dress of pale blue Chambray.
- 14.—Gold finger-ring set with pearls.
- 15.—Louis XVI. toilet of pale green French cashmere with white Alençon lace garnitures.
- 16.—Costume of gold-embroidered bronze serge.
- 17.—Promenade costume of black-and-white India silk trimmed with white lace and black velvet ribbon.
- 18.—Finger-ring of dull-finished gold, set with diamonds.
- 19.—Summer toilet of heliotrope and white fancy-striped *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with white lace and purple velvet ribbon. Hat of white shirred net trimmed with tea-roses and purple tulle.
- 20.—Diamond star pendant or coiffure ornament.
- 21.—Blouse of figured blue-and-white silk with white vest, cuffs, and revers.
- 22.—Coiffure or lace pin set with pearls.
- 23.—Costume of black net with figured lace sleeves.
- 24.—Dress of striped green-and-gray silk with cream lace garniture.
- 25.—Cycling costume of dark blue *crêpon*, trimmed with black braid.
- 26.—Lace-pin set with pearls.
- 27.—Blouse of black surah silk trimmed with white embroidered bands.
- 28.—Bathing-suit of blue and white flannel with blue braiding.
- 29.—Bathing-suit of dark blue serge trimmed with red embroidered bands.
- 30.—Butterfly set with pearls, for brooch or coiffure ornament.
- 31.—Lace-pin of gold curb-links set with pearl horse-shoe.
- 32.—Traveling-costume of seal-brown mohair with striped brown-and-white flannel vest and cuffs.

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.

VIRMA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Lining for front, full front, side gore, side form, lining for back, full back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The full front may be either shirred or laid in very fine plaits below the row of holes, to bring it in to fit the lining. The full piece is to be arranged in the same manner. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VANDELIA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Lining for front, outer front, chemisette, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The chemisette is to be gathered top and bottom. The side-gore seams are to be left open below the lower notches. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the notches. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and seven yards of flat trimming for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

HILDEGARDE TEA-GOWN.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Lining for front, outer front, side form, lining for back, outer back, front and back of jacket, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The outer front and back pieces are to be gathered at the neck and shirred at the waist-line to bring them in to fit the lining. The full piece of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The sash is to be sewed in the side-gore seams. A medium size will require twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make it entirely of one material; or ten yards for the gown, one yard and a half for the sleeves, and one yard of piece lace for the jacket and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BELL-GORED SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, two side-gores, and back breadth of outer skirt; and front, side-gore, and back breadth of foundation skirt. Both outer and foundation skirts are fitted in front and at the sides by gores at the top (which should be fitted to the figure before they are cut off), and the back can either be gathered or plaited, as preferred. The holes near the bottom show where the skirt can be cut off for a short walking-skirt. Six and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the outer skirt and facing, and one yard and a half additional for a plaiting; and four and a half yards for the foundation skirt. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

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.

BRIGIDA COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Vest, lining for outer front, outer front, side-gore, side form, back, skirt piece, revers, collar, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve of the coat; and one-half of the skirt. The outer front of the coat is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The skirt-piece is to be laid in side-plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in box-plaits as far back as the notch at the top, and is to be gathered in the back. The size for fourteen years will require seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard additional for the cuffs and revers. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

SARITA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Plain front and back, full front and back, collar, sleeve, and cuff, for waist; and one-half of the skirt. The full pieces for the waist are to be shirred at the top and gathered at the bottom, back, and front of the holes respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in broad box-plaits, or gathered. The size for ten years will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the waist, and the same quantity for the skirt. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

BETTIE APRON.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front and back of waist, belt, pocket, and skirt. The skirt is to be gathered. The holes in the pocket match with those in the skirt. The size for eight years will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and a half of a yard wide; and four and a half yards of embroidery for a ruffle. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

FELIX SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff of blouse; and two sides of one leg of the trousers. The blouse is to be shirred or laid in very fine tucks at the neck, back and front, as far down as the rows of holes, to bring it in to fit the collar. The bottom is to have an elastic ribbon run through a hem, or is to be gathered and sewed to a narrow belt of the required size. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom. The size for six years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

KILT SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front and back of underwaist, and one-half of the skirt. The skirt is to be laid in a broad box-plait in front, and side-plaits at the sides and back, turned toward the back. The size for four years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the skirt, and three-quarters of a yard for the waist. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

CHRISTELLA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Lining for front, full front, side gore, side form, lining for back, full back, and three pieces of the sleeve. The notches at the bottom and the clusters of holes in the lining and full front are to match, respectively, and the outer material is to be secured to the lining by "blind" or feather stitching the length of the back dart on each side. At the shoulder and between the notches at the bottom the full front is to be gathered and drawn in so that the notches will match with those in the lining. The full back is to be arranged in the same way. The belt extends only across the front and side gores, and may be from two to two and a half inches wide; it may be of ribbon, but is better cut bias and stretched to fit the figure smoothly. The larger part of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes at the top, and tacked lightly to the lining to keep the fullness in position. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two and three-quarter yards of velvet ribbon. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VALDA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, jacket front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The belt should be permanently secured across the back; and may be also in front, if desirable. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. A medium size will require three yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, and half a yard extra for the jacket fronts. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

HENLEY BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, back, collar, sleeve, cuff, and belt. The bottom of the blouse is to be gathered forward of the hole in the front, and back of the hole in the back. The row of holes in the front indicates the outline for the shield-shaped bosom. A

medium size will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

URSALA MORNING-JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Lining for vest, full vest, outer front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The full vest can be plaited or gathered top and bottom forward of the hole, and the lower edge can be fastened or left loose, as preferred. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard additional for a vest of different material; and three yards and a half of trimming lace. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VALENTINA BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, band for neck, collar, pocket, lap for front, and two pieces of the sleeve. The lower edge of the blouse is to be finished with a hem through which an elastic is to be run to draw it in to the proper size. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front indicate the middle. The upper part of the pocket is to be turned over on the outside in a line with the notches, and it is to be placed on the front, so that the holes will match. The blouse is buttoned down the front and the lap conceals the buttons. The lap is to be folded so that the lengthwise edges will meet down the middle on the outside, and these edges are to be laced together, as illustrated. The notch in the lap is to match with the notch in the neck which indicates the middle. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

SABINA MORNING-DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Yoke, front, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, and sleeve. The front and the skirt for the back are each to be gathered at the top. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require nine and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LADY'S CHEMISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Body and band. Gather the front and back forward and back of the hole in each, respectively, and join to the band. The upper part of the front can be cut out in a line with the holes, when it is desirable to make it of rows of lace or embroidery. A medium size will require two and a half yards of cambric; and eight yards of lace, and three and three-quarter yards of insertion to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S YOKE CHEMISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of body, and two pieces of the sleeve. A medium size will require two and a half yards of muslin, and two yards of trimming for one plain row. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S DRAWERS.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: One leg, and two pieces of the band. Gather the top of the drawers only as far forward as the hole, and lap the drawers the width of the facing, in the middle of the front. Cut the band whole and lengthwise of the goods in the middle of the front. A medium size will require one yard and a half of muslin, and one yard and five-eighths of trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S SACQUE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, collar, and four pieces of the sleeve. Before cutting out the front, run tucks in it of the desired width as low down as the row of holes and as far back as they extend. Lay the back in three box-plaits as indicated. Gather the bottom of the sleeve and the ruffle. A medium size will require four yards of muslin, and five and a half yards of lace. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S YOKE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Yoke for front, yoke for back, front and back of body, collar, sleeve, and cuff. A medium size will require five yards of muslin, two and a half yards of insertion, and one yard and three-quarters of lace, to make as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LENOX BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, back, collar, plastron, and two pieces of the sleeve. The holes in the plastron match with those in the front. Gather the lower part of the sleeve between the holes. Place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. Arrange draw-strings at the waist line, back and forward of the holes in the back and front, respectively. The size for fourteen years will require two and a quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

MARNA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back of yoke, full front, full back, belt, collar, sleeve, cuff, band for sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full pieces for the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and across the middle in a line with the row of holes. The band is to be placed across the middle. The skirt is to be gathered at the top, and sewed to the belt with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight years will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

GERALDINE DRESS.—The pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, plaited piece for front, side form, back, plaited piece for back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-quarter of the skirt. The plaited piece for the front is to be laid in five upward-turned plaits. The plaited piece for the back is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the middle of the back. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the gathering near the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be laid in kilt-plaits. The size for ten years will require five yards and a quarter of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-yards and a quarter of plaid of the same width. Patterns in sizes for 8 and 10 years.

JESSICA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front and back of waist, and one-half of the skirt of the dress; and front, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve of the guimpe. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The guimpe is to be gathered at the neck, and a facing for drawing-strings is to be put on at the waist line. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The size for four years will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the dress; one yard and a quarter of trimming, and two yards and a quarter of ribbon for shoulder-straps and bows; and one yard and a half of goods for the guimpe. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

EDA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, and sleeve of waist, and one-half of the skirt. The semicircular rows of holes in the front and back of the waist indicate the place for the trimming to simulate the yoke. The perpendicular rows of holes in the front designate the outline for the trimming. The skirt is to be laid in box-plaits and then gathered at the top. The size for four years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

GIRL'S YOKE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of body, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The size for ten years will require two and three-quarter yards of muslin, and two yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

BOY'S NORFOLK JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, plait for front, back, plait for back, collar, belt, and two sides of the sleeve. Turn under the long edges of the plaits in a line with the notches, and place them on the front and back, respectively, so that the holes will match. Place the belt so that the clusters of holes in it and in the back will match. The size for ten years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

CARL BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, front and back of yoke, shoulder-strap, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The front and back are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The bottom of the blouse may be sewed to a band of the required size, or finished with a hem through which an elastic band may be run. The shoulder-strap is to be placed over the shoulder seam. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the cuff is to be lapped so that the holes in it will match. The size for six years will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 634.)

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



1. Black Lace Hat.

Light-Weight Head-Gear.

1.—Black lace hat shirred on ribbon wire. The garniture consists of crushed yellow roses set close to the hair under the brim at the back, and field grasses with looped bows of lace set upright back of the crown. Black velvet ribbon strings.

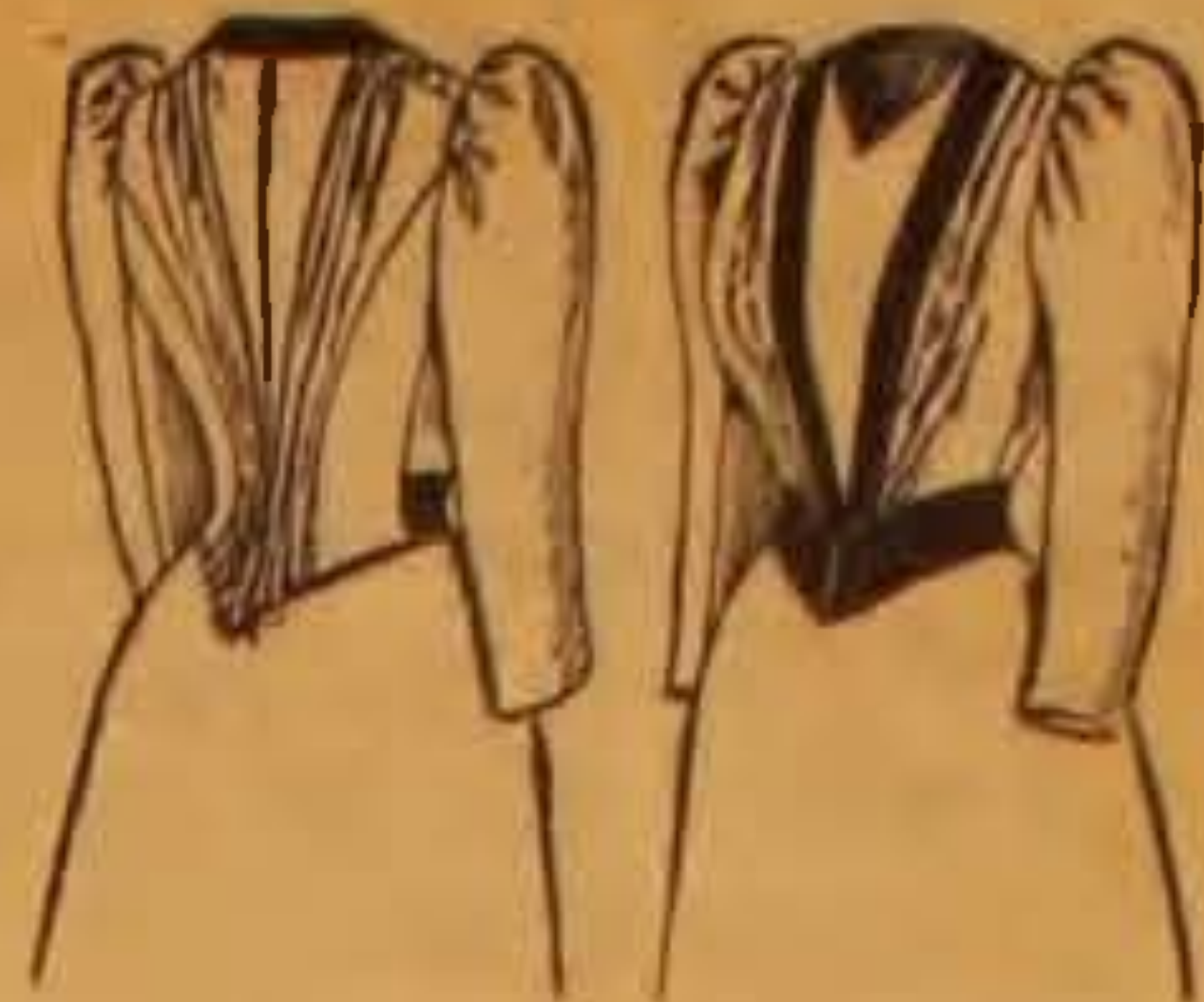
2.—A charming flower-bonnet of light blue forget-me-nots arranged on a net frame. A bow of pale green velvet finishes the mounting of the bonnet.



2. Flower Bonnet.



Sabina Morning-Dress.



Christella Basque.



Ursula Morning-Jacket.



Valda Waist.



Valentina Blouse.

Henley Blouse.

Lady's Drawers.



Lady's Chemise.



Sacque Nightdress.



Yoke Chemise.



Yoke Nightdress.



Girl's Nightdress.



Carl Blouse.



Marna Dress.



Geraldine Dress.



Norfolk Jacket.



Lenox Blouse.



Eda Dress.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on page 635.

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



Jessica Dress.

A Jaunty Apron.

DRESSY and at the same time protective, the "Bettie" apron is appropriately made in white cotton goods, linen, or even silk of light quality, while it could also be made in simpler or colored goods. Plain colored Chamberbéry with white feather-stitching will be very pretty made after this model. For description of pattern, see page 635.



Bettie Apron. (BACK.)

Young Girl's Dress.

THE "Brigida" costume made in any seasonable goods will be found very dressy and becoming. The illustration represents it made in gray nuns'-veiling combined with dark green velvet, with a jabot of pink chiffon, and a pink ribbon sash. The design can be simplified by the



A Jaunty Apron.

BETTIE APRON.

omission of the revers and skirt-pieces, with which change it will be suitable for the least expensive goods. For the description of the pattern, see page 635.

A Gingham Gown.

THE "Sarita" dress is here shown made in blue-and-white gingham with a girdle of blue-and-white cord; and it would be difficult to find a more comfort-



Young Girl's Dress.
BRIGIDA COSTUME.



A Gingham Gown.

SARITA DRESS.

girls, this skirt can be combined with any style of blouse-waist or jacket. The "Ereen" jacket, given in the June number, or the blouse given with the "Felix" suit, in this number, will be especially desirable for the purpose. See page 635 for description of the pattern.

A COMBINATION of black and golden yellow is the latest color-scheme for the costume.

BELTS of gilt or silver plated metal, in openwork designs, are worn with summer dresses.

able or suitable model for a serviceable summer dress. The design is the same back and front. The hat is of blue straw trimmed with white surah. The dress pattern is fully described on page 635.

An Outing Suit.

THE illustration shows the "Felix" suit, a thoroughly comfortable model, the blouse of which is suitable for a little boy in kilts or one wearing his first trousers. The blouse is slightly full back and front. The pattern includes the blouse and trousers, but the blouse can also be used with the "Kilt" skirt, illustrated below. For description of the pattern see page 635.

Kilt Skirt.

SUITABLE for both boys and



Outing Suits.

KILT SKIRT WITH
FELIX BLOUSE.

FELIX
SUIT.



Kilt Skirt.

Protection and Security Dependent on Liberty and Law.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

LIBERTY and law must be combined, and both are equally essential in civilized society : liberty to make law, and law to protect liberty. Law is the best and most indispensable educator of the people. Evils that have their origin in law, and evils that are sustained by law, must be dealt with by law enacted for their suppression.

Law is the only means that society has for its security and protection. This is the very object and essence of all law. Society is only made possible by the enactment and enforcement of law, for without law all the elements of society would be in confusion ; anarchy and chaos would result. While it is true that liberty is essential to our civilization, the virtue, dignity, and desirableness of liberty must not be perverted to mean lawless license. Liberty has its chief advantages and security when protected by just law, so that law becomes the basis of all the benefits of civilization, but more especially the security for our liberties. Blackstone says, " Law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power of the State, commending what is right and prohibiting what is wrong : " not concession to or toleration of wrong.

It therefore follows that whatever or whenever the people require protection from any wrong or injury, the State is bound to give that protection, either in the enforcement of common law or the enactment and enforcement of statute law ; so that when an evil or nuisance becomes so dominant that it injuriously affects the welfare of the people, constitutional law, statute law, or even common sense and common justice demand the interference of law, and the absolute abatement of the injury as a common nuisance, by law, or rather upon the basis of all law, the public good.

Among the most common, prominent, and detrimental of all nuisances in the community is the poisoning of the people with deleterious substances, and a poison becomes dangerous just in proportion to the extent and injury it produces. It is no argument in its favor to say that the poison has been long known, or is in common use, or that it is of an insidious and fascinating character, or that it affords a pleasurable sensation, and that men will not or can not deny themselves the gratification that its indulgence affords them. This makes the necessity for prohibitory law the more imperative, as in the case of opium or other noxious drugs, decayed meat or vegetables, poisoned candy, etc. There must of necessity be force and repression when a man's personal interests, inclinations, and passions lead to vice, crime, and violence ; else, as we have said before, society could not exist.

That the use of alcohol as a beverage comes under the head of a dangerous poison which ought to be suppressed by law, as a common nuisance, can be proved, not only by common experience, but the highest judiciary of our country have clearly foreshadowed and definitely stated their conclusion on this point. In fact, not only do our daily police statistics and public departments prove this, but everybody's experience in everyday life is full to overflowing with evidences of the horrors, crimes, and miseries that alcohol has produced in their own surroundings, and this, too, without reference to the awful demoralization that certain sections of our cities are constantly experiencing : all of which is well known to everybody who takes the trouble to walk through these sections. It is a well-known fact that our whole civilization is jeopardized, and more or less ruined by it.

The U. S. Supreme Court, in the case of *California vs.*

Christiansen, declared as follows : " There are no inherent rights in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail ; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or of a citizen of the United States." In the same decision the following statement was made : " The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor-saloons, than to any other source."

The U. S. Supreme Court has also declared, in *Stone vs. Mississippi* : " No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do this, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

There is no toleration, compromise, or license for injury here. It says, " the people themselves cannot do this, much less their servants," protection being the prerogative only of government.

How long would the people tolerate the sale of rags infected with cholera or small-pox ? The evidences of the poisonous character of alcohol and the evils that flow from its use are so terrible, so overwhelming, that no sane man can question the necessity for some restrictions ; but how can we regulate an evil which produces so much crime and misery, or how can we restrict a fascinating beverage which the craving of men's appetites demand, by any other method than absolute Prohibition ? There is only one remedy for this monster of passion, appetite, and personal interest,—entire Prohibition ; and there is no other alternative.

Our civilization and every throb of manly sentiment, our religion and every hope of the future, our material interests and every benefit we secure through our exertions, our homes and home surroundings, education, morals, politics, social relations,—all conspire and join in pleading and demanding protection and immunity from this colossal curse of alcohol. This insidious foe of our homes must and can only have relief through Prohibition.

Prohibition of the liquor traffic, therefore, is loudly demanded by all that is good in this world, and all that can be attained in the world to come. The world must have the protection and security that only Prohibition will give. The people, for their protection, must combine and demand Prohibition. Prohibition must be the grand and glorious consummation of a progressive civilization. It is only a complete and absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic that will bless the world with a moral regeneration and the advantages of national prosperity.

Extracts from the Speech of Hon. Joseph D. Taylor,

DELIVERED BEFORE CONGRESS, MARCH 3, 1891, IN REFERENCE TO THE BILL FOR AN ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR TRAFFIC COMMISSION.

THIS liquor traffic can not be ignored. Its agitation and consideration will not down. Every State in this Union, and every civilized country in the world, has on its statute books some kind of laws restricting and restraining in some way the alcoholic liquor traffic. This is the judgment of mankind, and has been for ages.

If legislation is necessary by the general Government, and by the States, it is certainly a good thing to ascertain by a commission what kind of legislation is the most efficient and the most satisfactory.

This is an immense traffic, employs an immense capital,

a vast number of persons ; and the best method of dealing with it is certainly a great problem.

The relation of this traffic to the habits of the people, its relation to immorality and crime, its relation to marriage and divorce, its relation to labor and wages, its relation to disease and insanity, its relation to national, State, and local taxation, its relation to home markets and home consumption, and its relation to the health and happiness of the millions of people who come within its influence and bear its crushing burdens, will be ascertained by the Commission we propose.

There are now confined in the prisons of the United States 100,000 men, women, and children, at a cost of more than \$30,000,000 annually. It is alleged by public speakers, and it has been declared by distinguished judges from the bench, in England and in America, time and again during the last century, that three-fourths of the crimes committed in England and in the United States are the result, directly or indirectly, of the use of intoxicating liquors.

I am here to ask you to investigate this great question, to gather the proofs and ascertain the effects of the traffic, the results of the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage on individuals, on society, on business, on commerce, on trade ; what, if anything, it has to do with markets ; whether the Government has a right to collect \$100,000,000 a year in taxes from a traffic which is supposed to be the source of crime and taxation.

It is also claimed that the massacres in the South among the colored people, and the massacres in the West among the Indians, are due largely to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

For nearly twenty years thousands of men and women have been knocking at the doors of the national Capitol asking for the adoption of this measure, and we cannot afford to longer turn a deaf ear to their entreaties when they plead for the welfare of homes and families, for better laws and a higher civilization.

This Government controls absolutely the manufacture, sale, and taxation of the liquor traffic. Every saloon in the land is selling liquor under the authority of the general Government, no matter whether the sales are made in Maine or Georgia. The Government makes all the laws for the Territories and the District of Columbia. The United States is holding courts and punishing criminals in every State in this Union, North, South, East, and West. Why should we not protect American citizens against this great outrage ? Again I say, turn on the light and give us the facts.

Alcoholic Poisoning.

THE wholesale poisoning of the community with a fascinating beverage is certainly the most destructive and dastardly crime that can be committed, and should be punished with the utmost rigor of law. If thieves, burglars, and highwaymen infest a neighborhood, if a horde of pirates roam the seas for plunder, or if one hundred thousand liquor-dealers, whose business in its results is worse than piracy, should secure eligible locations on the most frequented thoroughfares and offer to passers-by an acrid, fascinating poison to inflame, corrode, and destroy those who partake of it, all, thieves, pirates, and poisoners, should be treated as vile traitors to their country ; and even if through bribery, chicanery, or perversion of the minds of the people, they could secure a legal sanction for their horrible crime of distributing these poisons among the people, the legal sanction of these poisoners would come under the Supreme Court's decision, "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do this, much less their servants."

Any person or party who so defies or evades this dictum of the Supreme Court in reference to the poisoning of the people is certainly guilty of treason. What is treason, if it is not an effort to undermine and destroy the lives and

property of the people, inciting to crime and violence, especially when the crimes committed are so clearly in position to and in direct violation of the dictum of the highest court of the country, and are known to be a menace to the lives, health, and property of the whole community.

Where is the moral sense, not to say common sense, of a community that will tolerate such a terrible accumulation of crimes and violation of all our home interests, the destruction of every good and noble impulse in our civilization, that alcohol produces ? Is it not strange, or, rather, is not our sense of decency shocked by the fact that a community can be so benumbed in their moral sense, so corrupted by passion and the usages of society, that they are entirely oblivious to the many desolate homes, and to the fact that the security of their own homes is menaced by this traffic, and so insensible to the deluge of crime and terrible wrongs that this acrid, deadly poison of alcohol is producing everywhere ?

To have any security or protection from this poison of alcohol, political action and moral heroism must take the place of apathetic complicity in our treatment of this monster enemy. As the crime of liquor-selling has no equal for moral turpitude, complicity or responsibility for the great evil can only be relieved by a determined opposition : moral obliquity in the past can only be overcome by moral heroism for the future. The tendency and influence of a lazy, cowardly silence in the present attitude of this question is worse than open complicity ; and the want of moral heroism will do more than anything else to justify and perpetuate this monster crime of liquor-selling.

An honest indignation expressed in an intelligent condemnation, with positive, determined, unremitting, zealous efforts to secure the entire destruction of this great and colossal enemy, is our only hope for the future. This includes the highest form and illustration of heroic moral courage, and will fully justify the satisfaction and gratification we will feel in opposing and fighting this terrible, this colossal curse of society, the liquor traffic. W. J. D.

Anti-Nuisance League.

(From "The Boston Traveller.")

A NOVEL organization, called the "National Anti-Nuisance League," has been formed to test the constitutionality of the liquor traffic. It is believed that this traffic is so essentially contrary to public welfare that all laws that license it are in violation of the constitutional rights of the people, and will be so declared by the courts if test cases are properly brought before them.

The Anti-Nuisance League has been formed to bring the matter to the attention of the courts. The headquarters of the league are in New York. W. Jennings Demorest is its president and treasurer ; John Lloyd Thomas is secretary, and E. J. Wheeler, Horace Waters, and Henry B. Hudson, with the president and treasurer, constitute the board of directors.

The league was organized in 1888, but its work has not been pushed until lately. Now it has resumed activity, and proposes to bring matters to an issue. Extensive correspondence with lawyers has resulted in much encouragement that the plans of the league are feasible. A test case will soon be pressed at Washington, under the direction of Hon. H. B. Moulton. It is proposed to inaugurate suits at law in a number of States, against prominent saloons as public nuisances. Then, if necessary, these cases will be carried up from court to court, to the final appeal in the Supreme Court of the United States.

In all cases expert testimony will be called in. The aim will be to show that not only a particular saloon is a nuisance, but that the liquor-traffic, as a whole, is a detriment to health, an injury to property, and a menace to good order, which no legislature can rightfully sanction by licensing.

Unfortunately, the Government has long assumed the business to be legal till forbidden by a State ; and this assumption may establish a precedent which cannot be overthrown. At the same time, several declarations have been made by the courts that give good ground for hope that the league may be successful. The United States Supreme Court has declared, 111, U. S., 751 : "The State cannot by any contract limit the exercise of her power to the prejudice of the public health and the public morals." So elsewhere, 102, U. S., 816 : "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The public themselves cannot do this, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

Even if the league fail in its main object, to secure an injunction on the liquor traffic, it will not fail in bringing out a mass of testimony as to the evil of the traffic, and in calling the subject to the attention of the public in a way that must have a great influence. The league, therefore, the more that it is entirely disconnected from political parties, has a strong claim for the sympathy and co-operation of all temperance people. Any disposed to aid are invited to correspond with the secretary, John Lloyd Thomas, 10 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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



thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Entirely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.
Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price.
Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Household.

(Continued from page 631.)

Unfermented Wines.

Pick fully ripe grapes, wash, press out the juice without heating, and strain it through a flannel cloth. If the grapes are not very sweet, add one tablespoonful of sugar to a pint of juice; if sweet, no sugar is needed. Strain again, put into a porcelain kettle, and let the juice come to a boil. Then bottle and cork very tightly, and pour over the mouth of bottle a little melted beeswax.

CONDENSED WINE, THAT IS MOST CONVENIENT FOR COMMUNION. Prepare the grapes as above directed, and let the juice continue to boil till reduced to about one-third the original quantity. This makes a delicious syrup, which after bottling can be opened at pleasure, without fermenting; and as water is the only part taken from the juice, it can be added when needed for use. Use nearly two thirds water to one of the syrup, and to dissolve it, use a little tepid water, several hours before it is needed.

Catsups and Sauces.

GRAPE CATSUP.—The juice of twelve pounds of grapes: boil well and skim. Sugar, eight pounds; vinegar, one quart (pure cider); black pepper, one tablespoonful; cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful; mustard, one ten-cent box; cinnamon (pulverized), two ounces; cloves (pulverized), one ounce; salt, one teaspoonful. Boil thoroughly: bottle and seal.

CURRENT CATSUP.—The juice of six pounds of thoroughly ripe currants: boil and skim. Sugar (white), four pounds; vinegar (pure cider), one pint; cayenne pepper, one half tablespoonful; white pepper, one tablespoonful; salt, half a teaspoonful; cinnamon (pulverized), two tablespoonfuls; mustard, one tablespoonful; one tablespoonful of celery seed. Boil one hour: bottle and seal.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Skin one half-bushel of nice ripe tomatoes: heat and press through a sieve until you have a rich thick pulp. Boil in a porcelain or agate kettle: all catsups should be boiled in such utensils. Add to this pulp one quart of vinegar (pure cider); one box of mustard; one tablespoonful of salt; one ounce of celery-seed; two ounces of cinnamon (pulverized); two ounces

(Continued on page 642.)



Hot Weather

is the very best time to test the wonderful labor and time saving and economical qualities of

Pyle's Pearline.

Because then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated. Think of doing a large wash with little or no rubbing. Consider how much longer your delicate summer clothing will last if not rubbed to pieces on a washboard. A saving is a gain. You'll be surprised and pleased with the cleanliness, satisfaction and comfort which comes of the use of PEARLINE. Simple—any servant can use it. Perfectly harmless—you can soak your finest linen and laces in Pearline and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best. 154 Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE STANDARD COCOA OF THE WORLD.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

Manufactured at the
Royal Cocoa Factory,
Weesp, Holland.

A Delicious Substitute for Tea
and Coffee and Much Better
than either for the
Stomach & Nerves.

Perfectly Pure.
INSTANTLY PREPARED---
EASILY DIGESTED.

It needs only a single trial to convince anyone of the *infinite superiority* of this original, pure, soluble Cocoa, over any other brand, either foreign or domestic. It is put up in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and one lb. cans, and can be had of any reliable grocer in the U. S.

If not obtainable, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed if you mention this publication. Prepared only by the inventors, VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

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

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

USED BY **All Good Cooks** THE YEAR ROUND.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

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

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

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

King Henry VI.

The Portraits of
Healthy Infants
Sent by
Thankful Parents
Offer
Irrefutable Evidence
Of the Excellence of
MELLIN'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.



JOHN WILBUR, Jr.,
Palmer, Mass.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.
Invites correspondence

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

Our Property List is carefully selected, and embraces the best values in

CHICAGO.

Reliable information promptly furnished on inquiry.

A specialty: Managing Property for Non-Residents.

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



YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

Will find in the White Mountain Freezer a valuable ally. Nothing adds so much zest to a dinner as a tasty dessert. With its aid a large variety of novelties become possible and the reputation of a successful hostess firmly secured. Send for our brochure, "Frozen Dainties," on a postal card.

The White Mountain Freezer leads all others and is in demand in every part of the civilized world; it has features that are not to be found in any other, as they are protected by patents—such as the triple motion and tinned dashers. It freezes quicker, requires less ice, and produces a smoother cream than any other known freezer.

Send for copy of brochure, "Frozen Dainties."

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
126 Hollis St., Nashua, N. H.

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

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 18
WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY.

If any boy or girl under 18 years of age wants a strictly first-class safety bicycle they can obtain it free, without one cent of money. We shall give away, on very easy conditions, 1000 or more. The wheels are 25 inches, with crescent steel rims and molded rubber tires, and run on hardened steel cone bearings, adjustable to wear; geared to 46 inches; detachable cranks; four to five inches throw; frame finely enameled, with nickel trimmings. Each machine is supplied with tool bag, wrench and oiler. Equal in quality to those sold on the market for \$45.00. We have both boys' and girls' styles. If you want one write at once to **WESTERN PEARL CO., 308 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.** Mention this paper.

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

(Continued from page 641.)

of black pepper (pulverized); one ounce
enne pepper; cloves, one ounce; on
cupful of sugar. Boil until quite rosy,
and seal.

COLD TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of ve
tomatoes: skin and press through a coarse
Add one quart of vinegar, one tablespoon
salt, one tablespoonful of celery-seed, one
box of mustard, one tablespoonful of cayenne
pepper, one tablespoonful of white pepper,
tablespoonful of grated race-ginger, one ounce
cloves, and two ounces of cinnamon. Put in
large-mouthed bottle: it needs no boiling, an
excellent.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Pare and take out
seeds of two-dozen cucumbers: chop to a
with one half-dozen white onions. Add one
of vinegar, one box of mustard, one table
of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of white
per, one tablespoonful of celery seed, one
spoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cloves
two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon (pulveriz
Boil in a double kettle for one hour: bottle and
seal.

WALNUT CATSUP.—Select one hundred walnuts
while the shells are very tender. Crush them with
three small onions in a marble mortar, transfer
to a stone-jar, strew them with half a pint of
table salt, stir the mass several times per day for
two weeks, then squeeze through a sieve until all
the juice is extracted. Boil this liquor with one
quart of cider vinegar, one ounce of nutmeg
(grated), one ounce of root ginger (grated), one
ounce of pepper-corns, one bunch of sweet herbs
one fourth of a pound of white mustard. Strain
out the herbs and pepper-corns: bottle and seal.

CHILI SAUCE.—Six dozen fully ripe tomatoes,
two dozen green peppers, two dozen white onions,
two teacupfuls of pure vinegar, one and a half
pounds of brown sugar, two heaping table
fuls of salt, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of
cloves, three ounces of cinnamon. Chop the
onions, pepper, and tomatoes to mince-meat, then
boil all together two hours. Put in open-mouthed
bottles. This will keep unsealed.

HORSERADISH.—Grate fine, add one table
ful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and
half a teacupful of vinegar to every glassful.
This is a good condiment for spring and summer.

**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.

"**ROGATA.**"—A medium gray lacies'-cloth with black braiding would make a pretty "Circle" cape to wear with a black mohair dress.—In introducing a man and woman of equal age and standing, you should introduce the man to the woman, mentioning her name first, as, "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones."

(Continued on page 643.)

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

(Continued from page 642.)

"LOUISIANA."—Your black silk with cape of jet is not too much out of style to wear, unless the skirt is too heavily draped. A plaited skirt is stylish. Jet is still worn.—Crazy quilts are made by those who have plenty of scraps and plenty of time. The most effective way of making them is to work the larger scraps with pretty bits of embroidery. Sew the piece on a square of cambric, and then fit in a mosaic of smaller scraps to fill the square. Then join all the squares and let the design be what it will. The embroidery will then be scattered over the quilt at approximately regular intervals.—Black lawn dresses are worn, and are trimmed with black lace, and ribbons of any color. For millinery information see Fashion Department.—By crocheted horse-hair you must mean the lace Neapolitan. A toque like that could be trimmed with black lace, gold galloon in ribbon widths, and a cluster of flowers.—The wife of Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage is living.—It would be impossible to do more than allude to the privations of the Irish peasantry of the present day in a Correspondence Club paragraph. A brief history is not an easy matter to compass. A great many pamphlets are published on the subject, which you can procure through any newsdealer.—Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" is the most comprehensive history of its kind, including queens regnant and consorts.

"L. B. B."—Pitman's system of shorthand is considered the best, and nearly all the best systems of stenography are founded upon it.

"MRS. W. C. C."—A boy can be kept in knee-pants till he is fifteen, if he does not rebel too emphatically for an indulgent parent to insist. As knickerbockers are so much worn now by gentlemen, it is much easier to keep a boy a longer time in knee-pants than formerly. Twelve years is rather young to assume long trousers. As a rule, unless a boy is very tall and well-grown for his age, he wears knee-pants until the age of fifteen. Boys of six years dress precisely the same. A two-year-old girl's dresses are made to just clear the floor when the child is standing.

"NEW READER."—Your green cashmere with novelty border would be very stylish made up in a plain skirt and "Erroll" coat (illustrated in the May Magazine), with sleeves of silk cut bias. Such coats will be worn during the summer and autumn.

"INGO."—Your question is too broadly stated. It might be proper for two or three young ladies to give a farewell party to a young gentleman teacher if he were a music-tutor or related to any one of the ladies, but, speaking in general terms, it would be a very peculiar thing to do.

"MRS. FLORENCE S."—There are several places in New York City where second-hand wearing apparel of all descriptions is bought and sold, but we cannot recommend them in the Correspondence Club. The columns of a daily newspaper is the place to look for their advertisements.

(Continued on page 644.)



Economy is not in the purchase but in the use. Few articles of clothing are extravagant to purchase, but they are extravagant to wear. Especially is this true of laces, embroideries, and all delicate fabrics. The washing of such articles should never be attempted without Ivory Soap. Ivory gives a fine lather, free from oil or grease. It is mild but effective. Dirt rots the fibre of all textiles, but it is nothing compared to the speedy destruction which comes with the use of impure soap.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

COPYRIGHT 1890, BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Absolute purity, combined with exceptional strength, are the features that have made Colton's Select Flavors the only ones used by the leading hotels of the United States, and given them an immense and increasing sale among discriminating housewives.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

Custom Hand-Made Oak Tanned Harness direct from the manufacturer, single sets \$7 to \$40, double sets \$16 to \$50, send for 72 Page Illustrated Catalogue, **FREE**, giving full description.

KING & CO., Mfr's, Owego, N. Y.

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

THE ECONOMY OF FOOTWEAR,

An Illustrated Pamphlet interesting to every one who wears shoes, sent free on receipt of name and address on postal card. Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

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



ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS

For Fall, '91, and Spring, '92, Planting.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Crocus, Ranunculus, Iris, Amaryllis, Gloxinias, Paeonies, Delphiniums, Gladioli, Dahlias, Etc., Etc.

IN THOUSANDS OF VARIETIES, NEW AND OLD.

The flowers that cheer the homes in the Winter months when most needed; that, planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

The most extensive catalogue of the above and all new and rare bulbs and bulbous plants is published by the famous growers **ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN (near Haarlem), HOLLAND.** (Established 1832.) All intending purchasers are respectfully invited to apply to the undersigned sole agent for our Fall, 1891 (combined with our Spring, 1892), Catalogue, more complete than ever before, which we take pleasure in sending to such free.

J. TER KUILE, Sole American Agent,

(P. O. Box 2494.)

33 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Our own Book on Cultivation for 40c., or free with orders exceeding ten dollars.

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

SHEET MUSIC

at 1/5 regular prices. Catalog of 12,000 pieces **FREE** to any address. **F. BREHM, Erie, Pa.**

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

SHORTHAND.

Celebrated Pernin System; no Shading; no Position. Trial Lesson and circulars free.

Write **PERNIN SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Detroit, Mich.**

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

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

"SINCLAIR'S" COMMON SENSE CHAIRS, SETTEES AND ROCKERS.

"The Common Sense chairs and settees of Mr. Sinclair are not surpassed by any other class of goods, and parties furnishing country houses, and desiring inexpensive, comfortable and durable furniture will do well to write to Mr. F. A. Sinclair, at Mottville, N. Y., for a copy of his hand-book, which contains illustrations of the various articles he manufactures, with a schedule of prices."—Scientific American.



FIRESIDE COMFORT
FIG. TWO.

Strong, durable and comfortable. No light, trashy stuff, but good, honest home comforts. Special discount to clergymen. Send stamp for catalogue to

F. A. SINCLAIR,
Mottville, Onondaga Co., New York.

Ask your Furniture Dealer for Sinclair's
Common Sense Chairs.

If you can't get them, don't take any other,
but send to me direct.

My address is stamped on all of my chairs; please
find it before purchasing.

Do not be deceived by the Mottville Chair.

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



COTTAGE TABLE.

F. A. SINCLAIR.



Trade-Mark.

PRIDE OF THE WEST BLEACHED MUSLINS.

Unequalled in quality and free from all chemicals injurious to the fabric. Manufactured with great care for ladies' undergarments and household use. In purchasing Muslin insist upon having this particular brand, and in selecting undergarments see that they are made of "Pride of the West" Muslin. This brand is for sale by all leading wholesale and retail dry goods dealers in the United States, in 36-inch width, also for pillow cases in 41 and 45-inch widths.

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



GREAT OFFER! PIANOS + \$35. + ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address

THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs
BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

From Rev. James H. Potts, D.D., editor of Michigan CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Detroit, Mich: "To say we are delighted with the Piano does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred."

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



THE ONLY SOLID WHITE CROCKERY STATIONARY WASH-TUBS.



Get the best. Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay, and become malodorous and infectious.

Our solid White Crockery Wash-Tubs, having stood the test of continued use in thousands of our best families and hospitals for over fifteen years, stand unrivaled, being imperishable, well-glazed, non-porous, and as easily cleaned as a dinner plate.

SOLID WHITE CROCKERY SINKS.

Send for price-list and catalogue.

STEWART CERAMIC CO.,
312 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
Chicago Branch, 323-325 Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO.

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

THE CARRIAGE ONLY \$12.85

Delivered Free East of Mississippi.
Upholstered in Red, Blue or
Brown Damask or Satin.

Parasols to match. Adjustable Top,
Nickel-Plated Rod, Springs, Axles and
Braces, which we guarantee. Wire or
Wooden wheels same price.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

JOHNSTON, TALLMAN & CO.
41 Barclay St., 46 Park Pl.,
NEW YORK.

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



WE MANUFACTURE The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE VARIETY of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES in the UNITED STATES.

Send for Catalogue, showing
50 different styles, from \$6 to \$30.
As we are manufacturers, we can up-
holster and furnish our carriages to
suit patrons at prices beyond competi-
tion.

FACTORY:

387, 389 & 391 West 12th St.

OLD CLOTHES We clean or dye the most deli-
cious. Made New. eate shade or fabric. No ripping
required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We
pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S.
MCKEEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT,
NASHVILLE, TENN. [] Name this advertisement.

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

THREE MONTHS FOR TEN CENTS.

Send five 2-cent stamps and secure "Florida Homeseeker"
for three months. Tells of best routes, low board and homes on
\$1 monthly payments. O. M. CHERRY, 99 Franklin Street, N. Y.

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

(Continued from page 643.)
"RUBY E. S."—The book I have ob-
tained by ordering of the American
pany, who can also inform you of the
published. Amy Fay was reported to
a book on "Music Study in America."
not seem to have appeared. I have
red hair and a pink complexion, and
and light blue-gray eyes, and a
of pinkish-lilac for your
it of wool crepe, after any of the
trated in the Fashion Department
toque would probably suit you
bonnet. The only difference, however,
a bonnet and any other head-covering
strings.—Any of the conservatory
our large cities will be a good
course in instrumental music at less expense
with a private teacher.—A professional
reciter is about the only line of business
could undertake which would take her into
a good deal. Most businesses and pro-
fessional duties are too confining to admit of
advantage. As companion to a young
wealth one might enjoy a certain amount
society, but one would think that a
leisure, with time for calling and social
could find more ways of getting "out into
than if she were in business.

"A NEW HOUSEKEEPER."—Your letter
dated too late for reply in the number
nated. In giving a simple entertain-
ment, in a village of about
nature of a reception, in a village of about
thousand inhabitants, your visiting-card, with
words "at home," and the date of the
is the best form of invitation. As soon as
venient after moving in, the reception should
given. The invitations should be issued
previous to the date of reception. Cakes,
wiches, ice-cream, lemonade, and coffee are
cient refreshments.

"Mrs. D. C. M."—You can order hats by mail
from any of the large dry-goods stores in
York City.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Cocoa would be ac-
able a table beverage as milk, if it were not inclined
to favor biliousness in the individual. Some
it more desirable, others cannot use it to ad-
vantage. The use of chocolate and cocoa is certainly
conducive to flesh-forming. In Spanish-American
countries, where cocoa is used to excess, the
women often acquire enormously fat figures at
middle life and old age. Possibly indolence is
something to do with this also, but the cocoa is
generous factor.

"MAY."—A married lady should sign her own
name, as "May Smith," to all papers, without us-
ing the prefix "Mrs." On her visiting-card only
her husband's name should appear, as socially she
is simply the wife of John Smith, and her friends
and acquaintances will write to her as Mrs. John
Smith.—Sometimes it is found convenient for
business or literary purposes to use her name thus,
"Mrs. May Smith," and this is quite frequently
done.

(Continued on page 645.)

GENUINE FLAX FIBER-WARE

Water and Dairy Pails, Wash Basins,
Pitchers, Milk Pans, Spittoons, Soap
Jars, Mats, etc. Guaranteed. Light,
durable. Plain and Decorated.

Always bears this Trade-Mark. Ask your dealer for it.

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

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW
YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
\$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Sewing
Machine; perfect working, reli-
able, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy
work, with a complete set of the latest improved
attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5
years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealer
and agents' profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE
SINGER OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT 3, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

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

HAWK-EYE

THE LEADING all-around Camera

In the new 1891 model all the features which have made the **Hawk-Eye** a leader in popularity are retained, and these features, together with the several new improvements, make it more perfectly adapted to the requirements of both experienced photographers and of those who only want to "push the spring" than any other camera.

Uses regular Dry Plates which are sold everywhere, or Trans-
parent Film for 25 to 100 Pictures without reloading. Prices **\$15 to \$50.**
WE DEVELOP AND FINISH THE PICTURES WHEN DESIRED. **KAMARET.**
THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Boston, Mass., also makers of the
and other Photographic Apparatus. Branches: 208 State St., Chicago. 918 Arch St., Phila.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Trade Agents, New York.
Also sold by all Dealers in Photo Goods. *Send for the Hawk-Eye Booklet.*

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

(Continued from page 644.)

"MRS. M. E. E."—Miss Elizabeth Missing Sewell is the author of "Amy Herbert," "Laneton Parsonage," "Gertrude," and other High Church fiction. Books of similar character can be had of any book publisher. Miriam Coles Harris is the author of several interesting books, the heroine of which is always a High Church devotee. The "Sutherlands," "Richard Vandermarck," and "Missy" are a few of her many novels.—A cape of black cloth trimmed with black and silver cords and passementerie will be the best "all around" wrap to be worn with all dresses from April to October. A corselet of blue velvet with blue silk fichu-drapery would do to renovate an old blue basque, there being blue velvet on the skirt.—The bustle is nowhere. It has departed from the realm of fashion, let us hope forever—but its revival is probably only a question of time.—Almost any color or combination will be found becoming to a slender lady of thirty, with fair, delicate complexion, faintly colored, blue eyes, and dark golden hair. Black and white combined is less becoming to this type of beauty than anything else. Blue, old rose, and gray should be most becoming.

"SYLVIA."—Your sample of color did not reach us. You can get beads and lace of all kinds at Stern Brothers, West 23rd Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine when you write for the goods. We shall publish some designs for working monograms shortly, and will not forget your request.

"A READER."—Prof. Nelson Thorpe's address is 15 East 14th St., New York.

"W. E. M."—Either the monogram or separate initials can be used on writing paper and envelopes. A slight preference is shown for the monogram.

"FAY."—Surah sashes are worn with white dresses, but a decoration of narrow ribbons is newer.—As to color, any that is becoming to the wearer may be selected.

"E. B. R."—The color of the beautiful sample of hair you send us is sometimes called Titian red, and also Spanish auburn, or Castilian blonde. It is that exquisite color the old masters loved to paint, and the pictures of Mary Magdalene, whose magnificent hair was her chief beauty, usually have hair of such color. All shades of green, blue, or brown, may be worn with it. A combination of black and white is also becoming. With a roseate complexion, all the popular shades of lilac and heliotrope with creamy lace can be worn. Cream-color contrasted with pale green is also effective.

(Continued on page 646.)

Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR
Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,
IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.
THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR

Send for Catalogue to

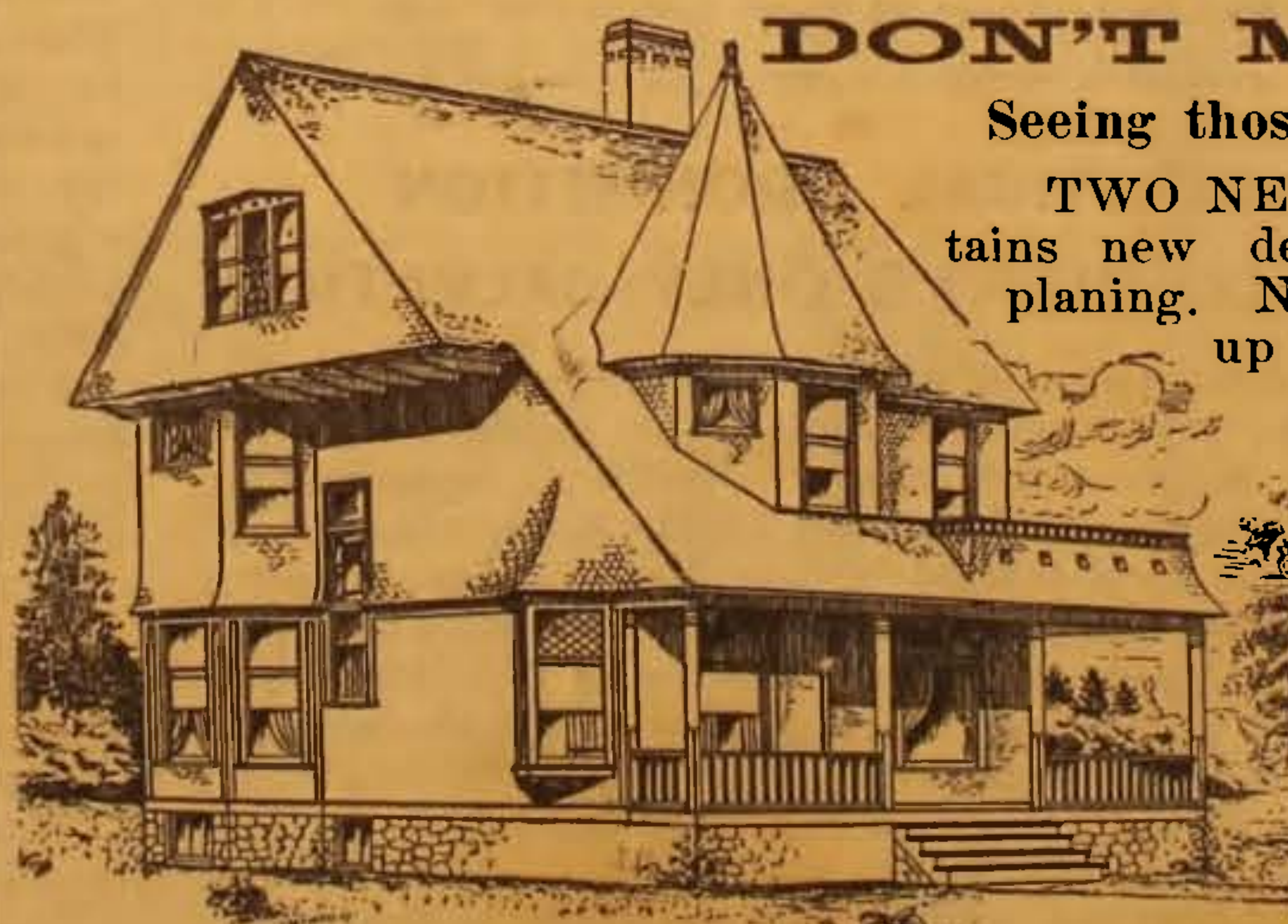
JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK:
POST OFFICE BOX 3499.

CHICAGO:
MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE.

BROOKLYN:
55 PEARL STREET.

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



DON'T MISS OR MRS.

Seeing those **NEW 1891 House Designs.**

TWO NEW BOOKS. Size 8x10 inches. Contains new designs, new styles, latest ideas in planing. No. 4 has 35 designs classified from \$150 up to \$1500, about half under \$1000. No. 5 contains 50 designs of dwellings costing over \$1500, many from \$1800 up to \$3000. Many new Southern or resort styles of houses in these works.

Price, \$1.00 each or the two \$1.50.

D. S. HOPKINS,
ARCHITECT,
Ottawa and Monroe Sts.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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



THE WASHINGTON LIFE INS. CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, JR., PRESIDENT.

ASSETS, **\$11,000,000**

The Washington's Assets contain the largest proportion of Bond and Mortgage Investments of any Life Ins. Company in this Country.

Address **E. S. FRENCH, Supt. of Agencies,**
21 Courtlandt St., N. Y. City.

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

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



Know all Women

That the **WARREN HOSE SUPPORTER** Fastener has rounded holding edges, and cannot cut the stocking. All others are so constructed that they must cut it. Beware of imitations resembling the Warren in general appearance. Demand the genuine which is stamped **WARREN** as shown on cut. **Sold Everywhere.**

Write for a copy of our finely illustrated pamphlet on

SENSIBLE DRESSING.

Containing unbiased articles by eminent writers.

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

Cco. Frost & Co., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

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



TAKE AN AGENCY for DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING ROASTING PAN

Needed in every family. **SAVES 20 Per Cent.** in Roasting, and **Bakes the Best Bread** in the world.

Address nearest office for terms. W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. Chicago, Ill. Salt Lake City, Utah. East Portland, Oreg. Oakland, Cal. Galveston, Tex.

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



SARGENT'S ROLLING CHAIRS.

Thirty odd styles for house or street. Send for 128-page Illustrated Catalogue of Invalids' Goods, free.

SARGENT MFG. CO.,

Or Muskegon, Mich. 814 Broadway, N. Y.

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

PURCHASING AGENT. Shopping free of charge. Send for circular. Miss M. Wenzel, 314 N. 6th St., Phila., Pa.

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

PROHIBITION LOGIC.

These are specimen pages of leaflets which are furnished at the low price of 5 cents per 100, 25 cents per 1000, and 5000 for \$1, and sent post free.

If you wish to serve your country most effectively and promote the cause that promises to destroy this monster crime, the liquor traffic, do not fail to send for some of these logical and convenient tracts for general distribution, for circulation in your particular neighborhood, and, if possible, to send to your friends everywhere.

There are now published ten different tracts on the various phases of Prohibition. 100, or 10 of each kind, will be sent post free on receipt of 5c.

Do not fail to supply yourself with these arguments to arouse and stimulate the activity of the apathetic, and fire the zeal of the friends of Prohibition in their warfare on the liquor traffic, the greatest curse that ever was allowed to exist in a civilized community.

Now is the time for action! Our country's best interests demand some sacrifice to save it from an impending deluge of crime and anarchy.

LIBERTY, LAW, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE. PROHIBITION LOGIC.

Facts and Arguments for Thinking Voters, Issued Weekly, by the National Prohibition Committee, 32 E. 14th St., N. Y.

Subscription 10c. **NEW YORK, NOV. 26, 1889.** Vol. I.—No. 9. Furnished at 5c per 100, 25c per 1,000, or 5,000 for \$1.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

POLITICAL PROHIBITION OUR COUNTRY'S ONLY SALVATION.

The great curse of our country is the liquor traffic. To make prohibition of this traffic a grand success, a new, active, and effective political organization must come to the front and finally predominate. It must be a combination of the best elements in society; a combination of patriotic, conscientious voters, forming a party of moral ideas, who will rise above old party prejudices; a party that will make a determined effort to destroy the liquor traffic through the exercise of their political rights at the ballot-box.

The people must awaken to a consciousness of the injurious, insidious, and desperate nature of the liquor traffic and the maelstrom of destruction that threatens to engulf our civilization, if not averted by a moral revolution; and this revolution, to be successful, must utterly outlaw the manufacture, sale, and importation of this alluring poison of alcohol as a beverage.

The people's votes for Prohibition must be the bombs to fire and destroy the camp of the enemy. In this war on the liquor traffic, anything short of Prohibition votes, whether it be high license, non-partisan or regulation fallacies, will be only Quaker guns or blank cartridges, which will utterly fail to disturb the traffic in its entrenched political position.

The liquor dealers can afford to laugh and sneer at any puerile efforts of non-partisan, moral suasion only, or the delusive strategy of high or low license, which is so insidiously used to catch the modern credulous imbeciles of moral reform, or musty, delinquent church-members. These are the do-nothing drones, especially in their political duties, who are too timid or too lazy, or, worse still, so confirmed in their old party prejudices that they require a moral

(Continued from page 645.)

"C. W. H."—The reason a lady leaves two of her husband's cards and but one of her own is, because one of the husband's cards is intended for the lady she is calling on, and one for that lady's husband; while hers is for the lady only, none being required for the gentleman, as in social life ladies do not call upon gentlemen.

"C. A. C."—For a child's party to be given from 5 to 8 o'clock, for a child of seven, a pretty way of wording the invitations is as follows:

15 MULBERRY ST.,
August 4th, 1891.

DEAR LUCY:

My mamma wants you to ask your mamma to let you come to my party on Thursday, August 6th, from five to eight o'clock. Yours truly,

LILY MAY.

Let these invitations be written on note-paper, and if the child can write let her sign her own name to them. Fruit, cream, sandwiches, cake, lemonade, and *bonbons* will be suitable refreshments. Some pretty game, such as "Tiddledy Winks" or any of the new box games, will entertain twelve children better than dancing.

"FANNIE M."—Ruffles of India silk or white chiffon would trim your wedding-dress of cream-white crepon prettily. Make it with train and short basque. There are two charming designs for wedding-gowns in the July supplement.—The Fashion Department supplies an excellent choice of designs, and the selection of patterns for a costume and wrapper must certainly be a matter of individual taste. A short Henri III. mantle of black cloth with braided or embroidered yoke will be nicest to wear with your Henrietta cloth dress. A small jettied toque will make a pretty traveling-hat.

(Continued on page 647.)

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using. If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL.—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.

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

Our system the best. We pay the freight. We want reliable women in every town to sell \$6.00 worth of Teas, Spices, Baking Powders, Extracts and Perfumes for us and get a set of silver knives and forks free, or \$12.00 worth and get a set of china dishes free, or 40 per cent. cash commission will be paid. No money required until you deliver goods and get your premium. W. W. THOMAS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

THE GRANGER EVAPORATOR.

Fruit & Vegetable

For family use and small fruit growers. The Best and Cheapest in the market. Price, \$3.50, \$5.00 and \$10. Circulars Free.

EASTERN MFG. CO., 257 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

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

earthquake to startle or shame them into activity, but even these delinquents must be aroused by the demand for a political revolution to save the country.

The logic of events is now concentrating and clearly foreshadows the destruction of this monster enemy of our country, by political action; the uprising of moral sentiment in favor of Prohibition is in the air. This grand development of heroic determination, that is coming to the front with all the force of a new revelation, will eventually sweep through the country like a mighty tornado, awakening those sleepy Christians and fossilized patriots, who will then certainly and readily combine their votes for Prohibition; and this grand movement will also include all the intelligent, conscientious voters who love their homes and country, who will create a grand political cyclone to culminate in such a glorious victory for Prohibition as will excel all previous revolutions of a moral character.

This victory for Prohibition is coming, and is now echoing its jubilant notes over our Western Dakotas, Kansas, and Iowa, and will soon be reverberating over the hills and valleys of our Southern States,—a victory to be achieved over this monster of crime, that will bring joy and rejoicing to our whole country, and be followed with a bright and radiant future for every department of our financial, educational, moral, social, and Christian civilization.

An active faith in the final triumph of truth and justice proclaims Prohibition to be the acme of our moral and Christian duty as citizens. Will you as a voter be found on the right side, in the defence of your home and country? Will your vote count against this piratical enemy? Will your vote help to stem this tide of moral degradation that is now deluging the country with crime and pauperism?

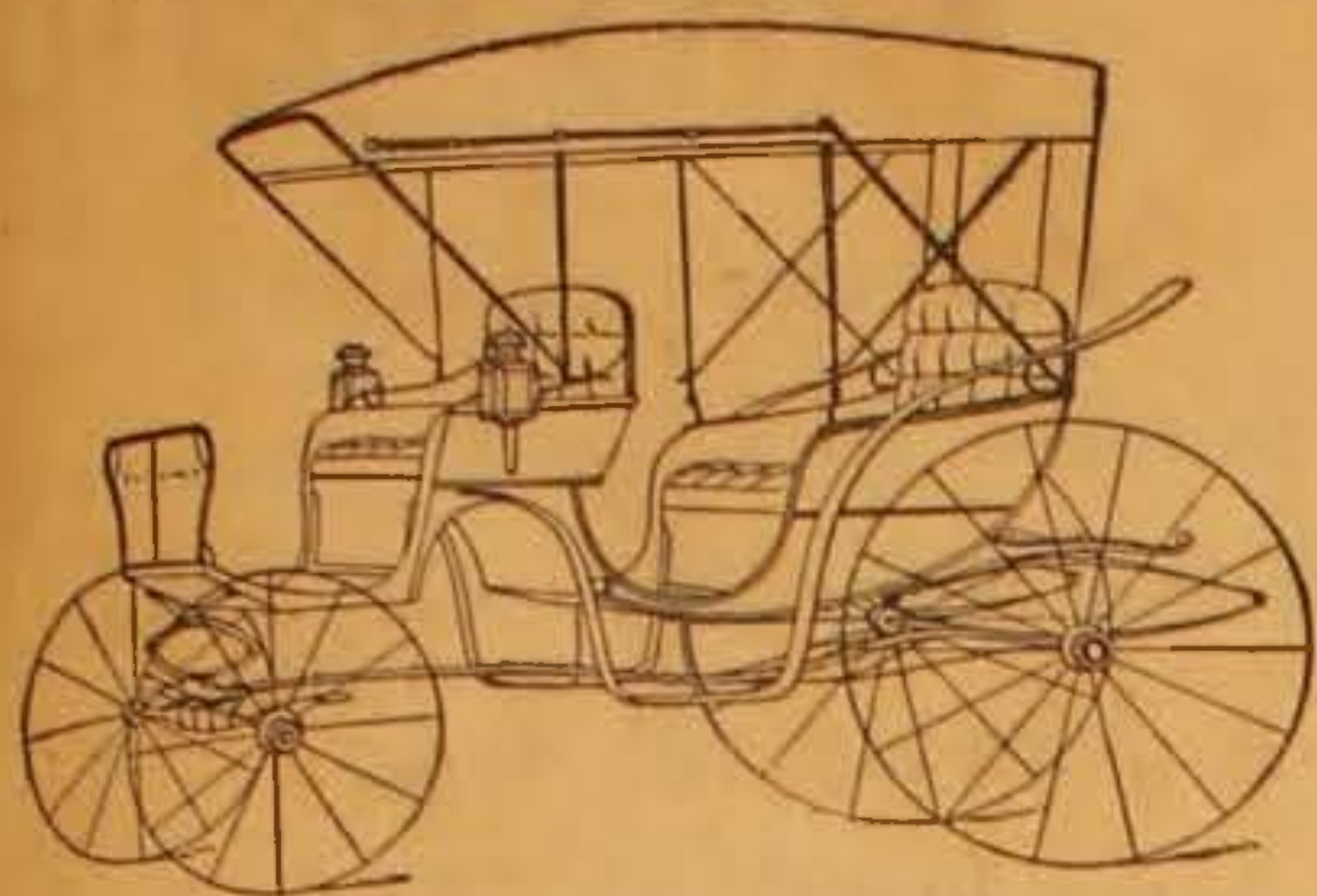
Will your personal vote be echoed in the grand triumph for Prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is, without a question, the greatest curse that ever darkened the pages of history? Our political action on this question is imperative.

Your country's honor and destiny await your answer.

"Onward, voters! hope is blooming,
Dawns the day of ruin's death:
Sunlight breaking, lifts the glooming.
Tardy statesmen, hold your breath!"

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

FINE CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



Many new styles. All late novelties in Fancy Traps and Rickboards. Ask your dealer for our work, or send for catalogues.

H. H. BABCOCK COMPANY,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY SALESROOMS,
406-412 Broome St.

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

Prohibition! Prohibition!! Prohibition!!!

Ready for Work, and Work for the Workers.

FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST—NO. 3.

Prohibition in all its phases. Convincing. Terse, Logical, Instructive, Reaching all Classes. Equally valuable in Schools, Temperance Meetings and Homes.

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(Continued from page 646.)

"MAGGIE E. S."—The lawsuit brought by Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines to recover value of property in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, is probably what you refer to in your second question.—Your first and third questions imply a knowledge of the subject which it seems unnecessary to supplement.—Japan is known as "The Sunrise Kingdom."—A lady edits the New Orleans Picayune. Her pen name is Pearl Rivers.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer is probably the dauntless explorer you mean.—Grace Darling, the English heroine, was born at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, November 24, 1815; and died October 20, 1842. Her father was keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. On the night of September 6, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer proceeding from Hull to Dundee was wrecked on one of the crags of the Farne Group. On the next morning the few survivors—38 out of 53 persons on board having perished—were discovered by Grace clinging to the rocks and remains of the vessel. Grace launched a boat, and with her father succeeded in saving nine of them.—Ida Lewis, the modern Grace Darling, is the heroine of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, in Newport, Rhode Island. The lady's name is now Mrs. Wilson, but she will always be known as Ida Lewis. She was born in 1842, and when but a girl, in 1854, she rescued four young men whose boat was cap-sized at this place. Between 1854 and 1870 she saved seven persons more, and in 1881, two more. In 1881 she was presented with a gold medal by Congress.—"Poor Carlotta" is the widow of the unfortunate Maximilian, archduke of Austria and emperor of Mexico, who was shot in Queretaro, Mexico, June 19, 1867. His widow's mind gave way under the pressure of grief and anxiety, and she still lingers in Belgium, hopelessly insane.—Mrs. Emma Hart Willard is looked upon as the pioneer in the higher education of women in this country. In 1818 she sent to Governor Clinton of New York a plan for a female seminary, and in his next message the governor recommended an appropriation by the legislature, and an act was passed giving to female academies a share in the literature fund.

(Continued on page 648.)



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(Continued from page 647.)

"Mrs. C. J. S."—Write to Stern Brothers, 23d St., New York City, for prices of trimming such as you require. The exact designs may not be obtainable, but you can purchase something very similar.—For a private wedding of only twelve guests, the couple to be married at three and leave home at six P.M., a sort of tea, served at four o'clock, would seem to be the best entertainment. Seat all the company at table. Refreshments can consist of tea, coffee, sandwiches, salads, cakes, cream, fruit, and confectionery.—A gray cloth with écu lace garniture would be a stylish wedding-dress.—You could embroider your heliotrope dress in steel, yourself, but you would probably like it better embroidered in silk with a design of pansies and leaves in natural colors.

"H. W."—The most fashionable stone for a ring, next to a diamond, is a sapphire.

"LOUISE."—Dinner cards are engraved in special style for company dinners. An engraving stationer will show you samples of styles, for, of course, requiring something "extra," as you say, you will need to have them handsomely engraved.

"Mrs. J. E. F."—The style of waist you describe is one seldom used except for wash dresses. The old style "spencer" waist had much the same style of back. We have not such a pattern, as few would care for it.—If a suitable colored plate of pink and white clover could be presented to our readers we would be glad to publish one; but such would be more in the nature of a study, rather than a complete design, which would not be in keeping with the style of art our colored pictures represent.

"ANNIE."—Your idea of dressing in union suit, chemilette, and divided skirt, is one favored by many ladies. The hose-supporter will have to be attached from a waist-girdle or shoulder-piece if you do not propose to wear a corset or corset waist. It is generally conceded now, that garters impede the circulation.—Trim your best set of underwear with plat Val. or Maltese lace. White ribbon is most appropriate for the finishing of a bridal set.—When the union suit is laid aside at night, an undervest of the same material can be substituted, and in most cases would be desirable. Some ladies who do not wear chemises with their dress wear them at night.—A lady of thirty-eight is not too old to wear a white wedding-dress, but it should be of rich material. If you cannot afford anything expensive, and must use the dress afterward, a white cloth with silk facings would be rich and elegant.—Black faille at about \$2.00 per yard will make a nice serviceable dress.—It is not now considered necessary to wear a black costume to church. It is a ritualistic fashion and has much in its favor, but is by no means universal or imperative. A bride, especially, need not wear black at all. See the Fashion Department for general hints on dress. You are not too old to wear any of the modern styles either in dress or coiffure.

"Mrs. L. A. B."—Make the peacock-blue plaid dress for a boy of three years with kilt skirt and shirt waist, and carry the sash across the left shoulder, fastening it at the right, under the arm. There is little variety in boys' dresses. A kilt skirt with about twenty-six plaits, and shirt or blouse waist, and sometimes a short Spanish jacket, is the prevailing style.

"DE ELLA J. P."—Brown silk net is to be had among the drapery nets for summer costumes. You could drape it over brown checked silk if you wished,—the sample did not reach us,—but plain brown would be better.

"R. M. B."—White skirts are starched to a moderate degree of stiffness in the laundering. Summer dressess are not stiffened quite so much, still a moderate amount of starch must be used to keep them from becoming "stringy" or limp. Fluted ruffles starched stiffly are not often seen nowadays.

(Continued on page 649.)

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