FOOT OF SEVENTH AVENUE, TAKEN FROM ARTIST'S COTTAGE.

Photographed by Stauffer.

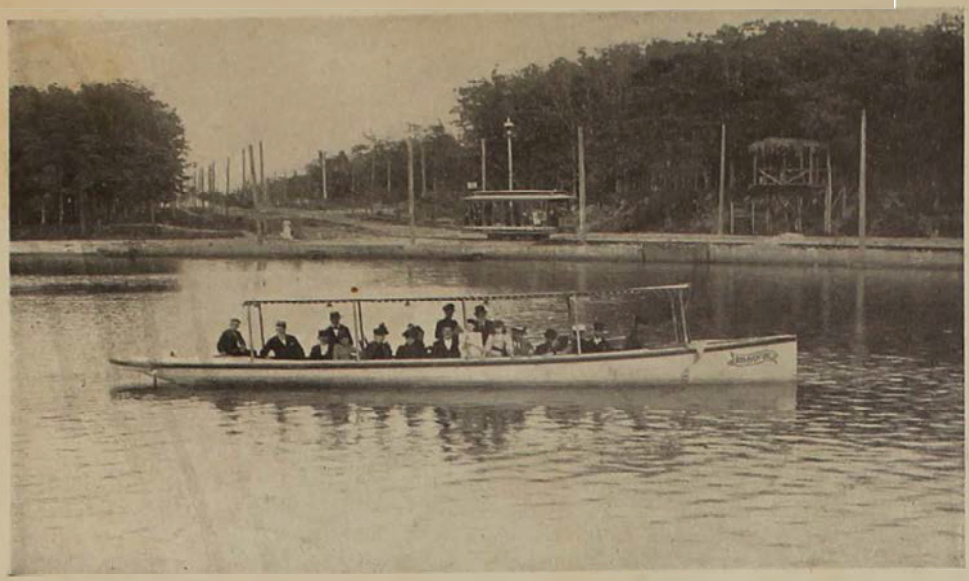
FOAMING BREAKERS.

drawn up to the side platforms, and you read on the signboards the pleasing names of Perth Amboy, Red Bank, Little Silver, and Branchport,—where you get out if you are bound for Pleasure Bay. At Long Branch the train pants for a moment before rushing on, and you see a long line of stages, bearing familiar hotel names in blazoned letters, and many hacks with their drivers standing up and pointing their whips intently at the passengers who have alighted. When you pass through Interlaken you obtain a first glimpse of Deal Lake, the largest of Asbury Park's bodies of fresh water; a moment later the conductor is shouting "Asbury Park," and passengers gather up their belongings.

on the journey is three hours. It is only fifty-four miles from New York, and an hour less is required for the trip, which is along the New Jersey coast and is very interesting.

The train whirls through salt marshes,—great prairies of coarse sea-grass,—and then plunges into a farming country with hills rising in the distance to the east which give no hint that the ocean stretches out just beyond them. Then there are swiftly fleeting vistas of great sweeps of bay with white sails and the black hulls of steamers out on the glassy surface. Stops are made at little brick stations surrounded with grass plots and flower beds; smart traps are

DRYING THEIR LOCKS.



Photographed by Stauffer.

ON DEAL LAKE.

The long, low station stands in a spacious square which is filled with vehicles and hurrying people. As all roads led to Rome in the old days of the Roman Empire so all roads in these halcyon days of Asbury Park seem to lead eastward and beachward. If you are on a tour of exploration, merely, and have no special objective point, you take the nearest one and find yourself in a thoroughfare very like the main street in a prosperous town or small city. But as the distance from the railroad increases the surroundings begin to assume a new aspect. The drygoods shops, millinery establishments, and hardware shops give way to cozy little cottages and great square hotels or long, many-windowed ones with very wide verandas running round them. You begin to hear the roar of the surf and in a moment are on the board walk gazing out over the gently swelling bosom of the sea and down at the waves as they roll in and break upon the sand. At intervals along the walk are low frame structures with rows of little doors having numbers on them, and nearby is a big partly open structure with chairs and tables under the spreading roof where conspicuous white sign-boards inform you, "Basket parties are welcomed." You know, of course, that these are the bath-pavilions and in all probability you will take a dip yourself if you know the delights of old Neptune's cool embrace.

The famous board walk and beach of Asbury Park are like no others in the world, and possess advantages and attractions wholly their own. Many people who never walk at home take their two-mile constitutional up the length of the board walk and back again, twice a day, without flinching, being so entertained by the shifting scenes and amusing incidents of the way that the walk is one of the delightful diversions of the day instead of an irksome and fatiguing exercise. Ambitious pedestrians can even continue their walk to the southern limit of Ocean Grove, to which the board walk runs without a break.

Mr. Bradley's fatherly oversight extends to the remotest details, regulating the arrangements for both the pleasure and the safety of all visitors to the beach. There are two thousand eight hundred bath-houses grouped about the five large pavilions which are built at convenient intervals along the board walk; and all day long under the grateful shade of these pavilions, which extend quite out into the sea at high tide, family groups,—mothers or nurses with babies and children,—lie about, resting, reading, and playing in the sand.

The children's pet pastime is the building of sand forts; and such enthusiastic effort enters into their construction that even unattached bachelors find themselves watching

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FISHING PIER AND ASBURY AVENUE PAVILION.

Photographed by Stauffer.

ON THE FAMOUS BOARD WALK.

with the most absorbing interest the success of these pigmy endeavors to battle with nature. Great is the excitement when the tide is coming in and, one by one, these mimic fortifications are leveled by the inrushing breakers. Always there are some venturesome tots, and grown people as well, who are taken unawares and receive an unintentional baptism of foaming brine, which is greeted with shrieks and merry shouts, a ducking being one of the exciting hazards of the amusement which adds a peculiar zest to the sport.

Most of the streets of the town are very wide, well-shaded thoroughfares, lined on both sides with dainty,

Photographed by Stauffer.

BATHING GROUNDS AT ASBURY AVENUE PAVILION.

brightly painted cottages. This cottage settlement is another attraction of the Park, for in some of these charming villas with their poetic nomenclature several thousand visitors find, if not the comforts of home, at least a fair imitation at moderate rates. In the centre of many of the avenues are grass plots and miniature parks, which it is the intention to make more and more beautiful, as time goes on, with flowers and statuary.

The town already has its quota of monuments. The sea, which breaks so gently on the beach in summer, often lashes it with fury during the winter months, driving ships upon the sand and grinding them to pieces. This was the fate of the *New Era*, a packet-ship from London with five hundred souls aboard, most of whom were lost, and of the bark *Mary F. Kelley*. Monumental shafts have been erected on the board walk to commemorate those who sailed

other two, Sunset and Deal, are within the Park. They are long and narrow, and regular in outline, and with cottages perched on terraces along either side of them, they look as if they were wide boulevards of water.

There is little to complain of in the air of Asbury Park, but for a penny you may enjoy an atmosphere of the greatest possible moral and physical purity. You pay the penny to the toll-taker on the foot-bridge which stretches across Wesley Lake to Ocean Grove, and enter the greatest camp-meeting place in the world. The narrow board walks of the shady thoroughfares, which it seems more appropriate to call lanes than streets, lead past long rows of tents with flaps drawn back, revealing pretty and cozy interiors.

The Auditorium, a round building in which the church services and the numerous religious conventions are held, is the largest and most important edifice in the place.

THE ANNUAL BABY PARADE.

in these vessels and perished in the seas off Asbury Park. Conventions love here to assemble, and periodically during the season throngs of people in attendance on these crowd the Park and tax its hospitality to the utmost limit. Distinct features of the place, also drawing large crowds, are the annual parades and *fêtes*, among which may be mentioned that of the babies, when several prizes are awarded for the prettiest infant, the prettiest cart, etc. Over seven hundred babies have taken part in one of these parades, which are gorgeous with flags and fantastic devices of every sort. The water carnival, when the boats on Wesley Lake are gayly decorated with bunting and many-colored lanterns, is one of the favorite spectacles of *habitués*, many of whom time their visit so they may enjoy it every season.

Wesley Lake, the most southerly of the three parallel lakes, separates Asbury Park from Ocean Grove, and the

A Sabbath calm seems to rest continually over Ocean Grove, and any frivolity,—for example, such as dancing, or any sounds of revelry,—would jar harshly there. The Grove is the private property of the Ocean Grove Association of the Methodist Church, and on this account it is possible to keep out all inharmonious elements.

Mr. Bradley's influence in Asbury Park, resulting from his former ownership of the land, has been similar to that of the Association in Ocean Grove. He purchased the ground upon which it has been built in 1870. He has sold most of it in plots for summer homes, but has retained his title to the mile-long beach and his position has been such that he has been able to direct the development of the town. It was a wilderness of briars and underbrush and bare sandhills in 1870. Now, it is one of the most attractive summer resorts in the world.

J. Herbert Welch.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROLERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

V.—(*Continued.*)

"A' NICHT long they gaed in the wet heath and jennipers, and whaur they gaed they neither knew nor cared, but just followed the bluid stains and the footprints o' their faither's murderers. And a' nicht Dandie had his nose to the grund like a tyke, and the ithers followed and spak naething, neither black nor white. There was nae noise to be heard, but just the sough of the swalled burns, and Hob, the dour yin, risping his teeth as he gaed." With the first glint of the morning they saw they were on the drove road, and at that the four stopped and had a dram to their breakfasts, for they knew that Dand must have guided them right, and the rogues could be but little ahead, hot foot for Edinburgh by the way of the Pentland Hills. By eight o'clock they had word of them—a shepherd had seen four men "uncoly mishandled" go by in the last hour. "That's yin a piece," says Clem, and swung his cudgel. "Five o' them!" says Hob. "God's death, but the faither was a man! And him drunk!" And then there befell them what my author termed "a sair misbegowk," for they were overtaken by a posse of mounted neighbors, come to aid in the pursuit. Four sour faces looked on the re-enforcement. "The deil's broughten you!" said Clem, and they rode thenceforward in the rear of the party with hanging heads. Before ten they had found and secured the rogues. Thus died of honorable injuries and in the savor of fame Gilbert Elliott of the Cauldstaneslap; but his sons had scarce less glory out of the business. Their savage haste, the skill with which Dand had found and followed the trail, struck and stirred popular imagination. Some century earlier the last of the minstrels might have fashioned the last of the ballads out of that Homeric fight and chase; but the spirit was dead, or had been re-incarnated already in Mr. Sheriff Scott, and the degenerate moorsmen must be content to tell the tale in prose and to make of the "Four Black Brothers" a unit after the fashion of the "Twelve Apostles" or the "Three Musketeers."

Robert, Gilbert, Clement, and Andrew,—in the Border diminutive, Hob, Gib, Clem, and Dand Elliott,—these ballad heroes, had much in common, in particular their high sense of the family and the family honor; but they went diverse ways, and prospered and failed in different businesses. It was a current remark that the Elliotts were "guid and bad, like sanguishes"; and certainly there was a curious distinction, the men of business coming alternately with the dreamers. The second brother, Gib, was a weaver by trade, had gone out early into the world to Edinburgh, and come home again with his wings singed. There was an exaltation in his nature which had led him to embrace with enthusiasm the principles of the French Revolution, and had ended by bringing him under the hawse of my Lord Hermiston in that furious onslaught of his upon the Liberals, which sent Mure and Palmer into exile and dashed the party into chaff.

The third brother had his name on a door-plate, no less, in the city of Glasgow, "Mr. Clement Elliott," as long as your arm. In his case that spirit of innovation which had shown itself timidly in the case of Hob by the admission of new manures, and which had run to waste with Gilbert in subversive politics and heretical religions, bore useful fruit in many ingenious mechanical improvements. In boyhood, from his addiction to strange devices of sticks and string, he had been counted the most eccentric of the family. But that was all by now; and he was a partner of his firm, and looked to die a baillie. He was wealthy, and could have bought out his brother, the cock-laird, six times over, it was whispered; and when he slipped away to Cauldstaneslap for a well-earned holiday, which he did as often as he was able, he astonished the neighbors with his broad-cloth, his beaver hat, and the ample piles of his neckcloth.

The fourth brother, Dand, was a shepherd to his trade, and by starts, when he could bring his mind to it, excelled in the business. Nobody could train a dog like Dandie; nobody, through the peril of great storms in the winter time, could do more gallantly. But if his dexterity were exquisite, his diligence was but fitful; and he served his brother for bed and board, and a trifle of pocket-money when he asked for it. He loved money well enough, knew very well how to spend it, and could make a shrewd bargain when he liked. But he preferred a vague knowledge that he was well to windward to any counted coins in the pocket; he felt himself richer so. Hob would expostulate. "I'm an amature herd," Dand would reply: "I ll keep your sheep to you when I'm so minded, but I'll keep my liberty, too. Thir's no man can coandescend on what I'm worth." Clem would expound to him the miraculous results of compound interest, and recommend investments. "Aye, man?" Dand would say, "and do you think, if I took Hob's siller, that I wouldnae drink it or wear it on the lassies? And, anyway, my kingdom is no of this world. Either I'm a poet or else I'm naething." Clem would remind him of old age. "I'll die young, like Robbie Burns," he would say, stoutly. No question but he had a certain accomplishment in minor verse. His "Hermiston Burn," with its pretty refrain—

> "I love to gang thinking whaur ye gang linking,
> Hermiston Burn, in the howe,"

his "Auld, auld Elliotts, clay-cauld Elliotts, dour bauld Elliotts of auld," and his really fascinating piece about the Praying Weaver's Stone, had gained him in the neighborhood the reputation, still possible in Scotland, of a local bard; and, though not printed himself, he was recognized by others who were and who had become famous.

These four brothers were united by a close bond, the bond of that mutual admiration—or, rather, mutual hero-worship—which is so strong among the secluded families who have much ability and little culture. Even the extremes admired each other. Hob, who had as much poetry as the tongs, professed to find pleasure in Dand's verses; Clem, who had no more religion than Claverhouse, nourished a heartfelt, at least an open-mouthed, admiration of Gib's prayers; and Dandie followed with relish the rise of Clem's fortunes.

It will be understood that not all this information was communicated by the aunt, who had too much of the family failing herself to appreciate it thoroughly in others. But as time went on Archie began to observe an omission in the family chronicle.

"Is there not a girl, too?" he asked.

"Aye—Kirstie. She was named for me,—or my grandmother, at least,—it's the same thing," returned the aunt,

and went on again about Dand, whom she secretly preferred by reason of his gallantries.

"But what is your niece like?" said Archie at the next opportunity.

"Her? As black's your hat! But I dinna suppose she would maybe be what you would ca' 'ill-looked' a'thegither. Na, she s a kind of a handsome jad—a kind o' gypsy," said the aunt, who had two sets of scales for men and women,—or perhaps it would be more fair to say that she had three, and the third and the most loaded was for girls.

"How comes it that I never see her in church?" said Archie.

"'Deed, and I believe she's in Glesgie with Clem and his wife. A heap good she's like to get of it! I dinna say for men folk, but where weemen folk are born, there let them bide. Glory to God! I was never far'er from here than Crossmichael."

In the meanwhile it began to strike Archie as strange that, while she thus sang the praises of her kinsfolk and manifestly relished their virtues and (I may say) their vices like a thing creditable to herself, there should appear not the least sign of cordiality between the house of Hermiston and that of Cauldstaneslap. Going to church of a Sunday, as the lady housekeeper stepped with her skirts kilted, three tucks of her white petticoat showing below, and her best India shawl upon her back (if the day was fine) in a pattern of radiant dyes, she would sometimes overtake her relatives, preceding her more leisurely in the same direction. Gib, of course, was absent: by skriegh of day he had been gone to Crossmichael and his fellow-heretics; but the rest of the family would be seen marching in open order: Hob and Dand, stiff-necked, straight-backed six-footers, with severe, dark faces, and their plaids about their shoulders; the convoy of children scattering (in a high polish) on the wayside, and every now and again collected by the shrill summons of the mother; and the mother herself, by a suggestive circumstance which might have afforded matter of thought to a more experienced observer than Archie, wrapped in a shawl nearly identical with Kirstie's, but a thought more gaudy and conspicuously newer. At the sight Kirstie grew more tall, — Kirstie showed her classical profile, nose in air and nostrils spread, and the pure blood came in her cheek evenly in a delicate living pink.

"A braw day to ye, Mistress Elliott," said she, and hostility and gentility were nicely mingled in her tones. "A fine day, mem," the laird's wife would reply with a miraculous courtesy, spreading the while her plumage,—setting off, in other words, and with arts unknown to the mere man, the pattern of her India shawl. Behind her the whole Cauldstaneslap contingent marched in close order, and with an indescribable air of being in the presence of the foe; and while Dandie saluted his aunt with a certain familiarity, as of one who was well in court, Hob marched on in awful immobility. There appeared upon the face of this attitude in the family the consequences of some dreadful feud. Presumably the two women had been principals in the original encounter, and the laird had probably been drawn into the quarrel by the ears, too late to be included in the present skin-deep reconciliation.

"Kirstie," said Archie one day, "what is this you have against your family?"

"I dinna complean," said Kirstie, with a flush. "I say naething."

"I see you do not,—not even good-day to your nephew," said he.

"I hae naething to be ashamed of," said she. "I can say the Lord's Prayer with a good grace. If Hob was ill, or in preeson or poverty, I would see to him blithely. But for curtchying and complimenting and colloguing, thank ye kindly!"

Archie had a bit of a smile; he leaned back in his chair. "I think you and Mrs. Robert are not very good friends," says he, slyly, "when you have your India shawls on?"

She looked upon him in silence, with a sparkling eye but an indecipherable expression; and that was all that Archie was ever destined to learn of the battle of the India shawls.

"Do none of them ever come here to see you?" he inquired.

"Mr. Archie," said she, "I hope that I ken my place better. It would be a queer thing if I was to clamjamfry up your faither's house . . . that I should say it!—a dirty, black-a-vised clan, no ane o' them it was worth while to mar soap upon but just mysel'! Na, they're all damnifeed wi' the black Ellwalds. I have nae patience wi' black folk." Then, with a sudden consciousness of the case of Archie, "No that it maitters for men sae muckle," she made haste to add, "but there's naebody can deny that it's unwomanly. Long hair is the ornament o' woman one way; we've good warrandise for that,—it's in the Bible,—and wha can doubt that the Apostle had some gowden-haired lassie in his mind—Apostle and all, for what was he but just a man like yersel'?"

VI.

A LEAF FROM CHRISTINA'S PSALM-BOOK.

ARCHIE was sedulous at church. Sunday after Sunday he sat down and stood up with a small company, heard the voice of Mr. Torrance leaping like an ill-played clarionet from key to key, and had an opportunity to study his moth-eaten gown and the black thread mittens that he joined together in prayer, and lifted up with a reverend solemnity in the act of benediction. Hermiston pew was a little square box, dwarfish in proportion with the kirk itself, and inclosing a table not much bigger than a footstool. There he sat, an apparent prince, the only undeniable gentleman and the only great heritor in the parish, taking his ease in the only pew, for no other in the kirk had doors. Thence he might command an undisturbed view of that congregation of solid-plaided men, strapping wives and daughters, oppressed children, and uneasy sheep-dogs. It was strange how Archie missed the look of race; except the dogs, with their refined, foxy faces and inimitably curling tails, there was no one present with the least claim to gentility. The Cauldstaneslap party was scarcely an exception. Dandie, perhaps, as he amused himself making verses through the interminable burden of the service, stood out a little by the glow in his eye and a certain superior animation of face and alertness of body; but even Dandie slouched like a rustic. The rest of the congregation, like so many sheep, oppressed him with a sense of hob-nailed routine, day following day,—of physical labor in the open air, oatmeal porridge, pease bannock, the somnolent fireside in the evening, and the night-long nasal slumbers in a box-bed. "Oh, for a live face!" he thought; and at times he had a memory of Lady Janet; and at times he would study the living gallery before him with despair, and would see himself go on to waste his days in that joyless, pastoral place, and death come to him, and his grave be dug under the rowans, and the spirit of the earth laugh out in a thunder-peal at the huge fiasco.

On this particular Sunday there was no doubt but that the spring had come at last. It was warm, with a latent

"ARCHIE OVERTOOK HER LIKE A MAN WHOSE MIND IS MADE UP."

shiver in the air that made the warmth only the more welcome. The shallows of the stream glittered and tinkled among bunches of primroses. Vagrant scents of the earth arrested Archie by the way with moments of ethereal intoxication. He surprised himself by a sudden impulse to write poetry,—he did sometimes, loose, galloping octosyllables in the vein of Scott,—and when he had taken his place on a bowlder, near some fairy falls and shaded by a whip of a tree that was already radiant with new leaves, it still more surprised him that he should find nothing to write. His heart perhaps beat in time to some vast indwelling rhyme of the universe. By the time he came to a corner of the valley and could see the kirk, he had so lingered by the way that the first psalm was finishing.

He went up the aisle reverently and took his place in the pew with lowered eyes, for he feared he had already offended the kind old gentleman in the pulpit, and was sedulous to offend no further. He could not follow the prayer, not even the heads of it. Brightnesses of azure, clouds of fragrance, tinkle of falling water and singing birds rose like exhalations from some deeper, aboriginal memory, that was not his, but belonged to the flesh on his bones. His body remembered; and it seemed to him that his body was in no way gross, but ethereal and perishable like a strain of music; and he felt for it an exquisite tenderness as for a child, an innocent, full of beautiful instincts and destined to an early death. Right over him was a tablet in the wall, the only ornament in the roughly masoned chapel,—for it was no more; the tablet commemorated, I was about to say the virtues, but rather the existence, of a former Rutherford of Hermiston; and Archie, under that trophy of his long descent and local greatness, leaned back in the pew and contemplated vacancy with the shadow of a smile between playful and sad, that became him strangely. Dandie's sister, sitting by the side of Clem in her new Glasgow finery, chose that moment to observe the young laird. Aware of the stir of his entrance, the little formalist had kept her eyes fastened and her face prettily composed during the prayer. It was not hypocrisy; there was no one further from a hypocrite. The girl had been taught to behave; to look up, to look down, to look unconscious, to look seriously impressed in church, and in every conjuncture to look her best. That was the game of female life, and she played it frankly. Archie was the one person in church who was of interest, who was somebody new, reputed eccentric, known to be young and a laird, and still unseen by Christina. Small wonder that, as she stood there in her attitude of pretty decency, her mind should run upon him! If he spared a glance in her direction, he should know she was a well-behaved young lady who had been to Glasgow. In reason he must admire her clothes, and it was possible that he should think her pretty. At that her heart beat the least bit in the world, and she proceeded, by way of a corrective, to call up and dismiss a series of fancied pictures of the young man who should now by rights be looking at her. She settled on the plainest of them, a pink, short young man with a dish face and no figure, at whose admiration she could afford to smile; but for all that, the consciousness of his gaze (which was really fixed on Torrance and his mittens) kept her in something of a flutter till the word "Amen." Even then she was far too well-bred to gratify her curiosity with any impatience. She resumed her seat languidly,—this was a Glasgow touch,—she composed her dress, rearranged her nosegay of primroses, looked first in front, then behind upon the other side, and at last allowed her eyes to move, without hurry, in the direction of the Hermiston pew. For a moment they were riveted. Next she had plucked her gaze home again like a tame bird who should have meditated flight. Possibilities crowded on her; she hung over the future and grew dizzy; the image of this young man, slim, graceful, dark, with the inscrutable half-smile, attracted and repelled her like a chasm. "I wonder will I have met my fate," she thought, and her heart swelled.

Torrance was got some way into his first exposition, positing a deep layer of texts as he went along, laying the foundations of his discourse, which was to deal with a nice point in divinity, before Archie suffered his eyes to wander. They fell first of all on Clem, looking insupportably prosperous and patronizing Torrance with the favor of a modified attention, as of one who was used to better things in Glasgow. Though he had never before set eyes on him, Archie had no difficulty in identifying him, and no hesitation in pronouncing him vulgar, the worst of the family. Clem was leaning lazily forward when Archie first saw him. Presently he leaned nonchalantly back, and that deadly instrument, the maiden, was suddenly unmasked in profile. Though not quite in the front of the fashion (had anybody cared!) certain artful Glasgow mantua-makers, and her own inherent taste, had arrayed her to great advantage. Her frock was of straw-colored jaconet muslin, cut low at the bosom and short at the ankle, so as to display her demi-brodequins of Regency violet, crossing with many straps upon a yellow cobweb stocking. According to the pretty fashion in which our grandmothers did not hesitate to appear, and our great-aunts went forth armed for the pursuit and capture of our great-uncles, the dress was drawn up so as to mold the contour of both breasts, and in the nook between a cairngorm brooch maintained it. Here, too, surely in a very enviable position trembled the nosegay of primroses. Amongst all the rosy and all the weathered faces that surrounded her in church, she glowed like an open flower,—girl and raiment, and the cairngorm that caught the daylight and returned it in a fiery flash, and the threads of bronze and gold that played in her hair.

Archie was attracted by the bright thing like a child. He looked at her again and yet again, and their looks crossed. The lip was lifted from her little teeth. He saw the red blood work vividly under her tawny skin. Her eye, which was great as a stag's, struck and held his gaze. He knew who she must be—Kirstie, she of the harsh diminutive, his housekeeper's niece, the sister of the rustic prophet Sim—and he found in her the answer to his wishes.

Christina felt the shock of their encountering glances, and seemed to rise, clothed in smiles, into a region of the vague and bright. But the gratification was not more exquisite than it was brief. She looked away abruptly, and immediately began to blame herself for that abruptness. She knew what she should have done, too late,—turned slowly with her nose in the air. And meantime his look was not removed, but continued to play upon her like a battery of cannon constantly aimed, and now seemed to isolate her alone with him, and now seemed to uplift her, as on a pillory, before the congregation. And Christina was conscious of his gaze,—she was conscious of changing color, conscious of her unsteady breath. Like a creature tracked, run down, surrounded, she sought in a dozen ways to give herself a countenance. She used her handkerchief,—it was a really fine one,—then she desisted in a panic: "He would only think I was too warm." She took to reading in the metrical psalms, and then remembered it was sermon-time. Last she put a "sugar-bool" in her mouth, and the next moment repented of the step. It was such a homelylike thing! Mr. Archie would never be eating sweeties in kirk; and, with a palpable

effort, she swallowed it whole, and her color flamed high. At this signal of distress Archie awoke to a sense of his ill-behavior. What had he been doing? He had been exquisitely rude in church to the niece of his housekeeper; he had stared like a lackey and a libertine at a beautiful and modest girl. It was possible, it was even likely, he would be presented to her after service in the kirk-yard, and then how was he to look? And there was no excuse. He had marked the tokens of her shame, of her increasing indignation, and he was such a fool that he had not understood them. Shame bowed him down, and he looked resolutely at Mr. Torrance, who little supposed, good, worthy man, as he continued to expound justification by faith, what was his true business: to play the part of derivative to a pair of children at the old game of falling in love.

Christina was greatly relieved at first. It seemed to her that she was clothed again. She looked back on what had passed All would have been right if she had not blushed, —a silly fool! There was nothing to blush at, if she had taken a sugar-bool. Mrs. McTaggart, the elder's wife in St. Enoch's, took them often. And if he had looked at her, what was more natural than that a young gentleman should look at the best dressed girl in church? Well, it was a blessing he found something else to look at. And presently she began to have other thoughts. It was necessary, she fancied, that she should put herself right by a repetition of the incident, better managed. If the wish was father to the thought she did not know or she would not recognize it. It was simply as a maneuver of propriety, as something called for to lessen the significance of what had gone before, that she should a second time meet his eyes, and this time without blushing. And at the memory of the blush she blushed again, and became one general blush, burning from head to foot. Was ever anything so indelicate, so forward, done by a girl before? And here she was, making an exhibition of herself before the congregation about nothing! She stole a glance upon her neighbors, and behold! they were steadily indifferent, and Clem had gone to sleep. And still the one idea was becoming more and more potent with her, that in common prudence she must look again before the service ended. Something of the same sort was going forward in the mind of Archie, as he struggled with the load of penitence. So it chanced that, in the flutter of the moment when the last psalm was given out, and Torrance was reading the verse, and the leaves of every psalm-book in church were rustling under busy fingers, two stealthy glances were sent out like antennæ among the pews and on the indifferent and absorbed occupants, and drew timidly nearer to the straight line between Archie and Christina. They met, they lingered together for the least fraction of time, and that was enough. A change as of electricity passed through Christina, and behold! the leaf of her psalm-book was torn across

Archie was outside by the gate of the graveyard, conversing with Hob and the minister and shaking hands all around with the scattering congregation, when Clem and Christina were brought up to be presented. The laird took off his hat and bowed to her with grace and respect. Christina made her Glasgow courtesy to the laird and went on again up the road for Hermiston and Cauldstaneslap, walking fast, breathing hurriedly with a heightened color. Near to the summit of Hermiston Brae she heard steps behind her,—a man's steps, light and very rapid. She knew the foot at once and walked the faster. "If it's me he's wanting he can run for it," she thought, smiling.

Archie overtook her like a man whose mind is made up.

"Miss Kirstie," he began.

"Miss Christina, if you please, Mr. Weir," she interrupted. "I cannae bear the contraction."

"You forget it has a friendly sound for me. Your aunt is an old friend of mine and a very good one. I hope we shall see much of you at Hermiston?"

"My aunt and my sister-in-law doesnae agree very well. No that I have much ado with it. But still when I'm stopping in the house, if I was to be visiting my aunt it would not look considerate-like."

"I am sorry," said Archie.

"I thank you kindly, Mr. Weir," she said. "I whiles think myself it's a great peety."

"Ah, I am sure your voice would always be for peace!" he cried.

"I wouldnae be too sure of that," she said. "I have my days like other folk, I suppose."

"Do you know, in our old kirk, among our good old gray dames, you made an effect like sunshine?"

"Ah, but that would be my Glasgow clothes."

"I did not think that I was so much under the influence of pretty frocks."

She smiled with a half-look at him. "There's more than you," she said. "But you see I'm only Cinderella. I'll have to put all these things by in my trunk; next Sunday I'll be as gray as the rest. They're Glasgow clothes, you see, and it would never do to make a practice of it. It would seem terribly conspicuous."

By that they were come to the place where their ways severed. The old gray moors were all about them; in the midst a few sheep wandered, and they could see on the one hand the straggling caravan scaling the braes in front of them for Cauldstaneslap, and on the other the contingent from Hermiston bending off and beginning to disappear by detachments into the policy gate. It was in these circumstances that they turned to say farewell, and deliberately exchanged a glance as they shook hands. All passed, as it should, genteelly; and in Christina's mind, as she mounted the first steep ascent for Cauldstaneslap, a gratifying sense of triumph prevailed over the recollection of minor lapses and mistakes. She had kilted her gown, as she did usually at that rugged pass; but when she spied Archie still standing and gazing after her, the skirts came down again as if by enchantment. She unloaded her bosom of a prodigious sigh that was all pleasure, and betook herself to run. When she had overtaken the stragglers of her family she caught up the niece whom she had so recently repulsed, and kissed and slapped her, and drove her away again, and ran after her with pretty cries and laughter. Perhaps she thought the laird might still be looking! But it chanced the little scene came under the view of eyes less favorable; for she overtook Mrs. Hob marching with Clem and Dand.

"You're shurely fey, lass!" quoth Dandie.

"Think shame to yersel', miss!" said the strident Mrs. Hob. "Is this the gait to guide yersel' on the way hame frae kirk? Ye're shurely no sponsible the day! And anyway I would mind my guid claes."

"Hoot!" said Christina, and went on before them head in air, treading the rough track with the tread of a wild doe.

She was in love with herself, her destiny, the air of the hills, the benediction of the sun. All the way home she continued under the intoxication of these sky-scraping spirits. At table she could talk freely of young Hermiston; gave her opinion of him off-hand and with a loud voice,—that he was a handsome young gentleman, really well-mannered and sensible-like, but it was a pity he looked doleful. Only—the moment after—a memory of his eyes in church embarrassed her. But for this

inconsiderable check, all through meal-time she had a good appetite, and she kept them laughing at table, until Gib (who had returned before them from Crossmichael and his separative worship) reproved the whole of them for their levity.

Singing "in to herself" as she went, her mind still in the turmoil of a glad confusion, she rose and tripped upstairs to a little loft lighted by four panes in the gable, where she slept with one of her nieces. Still humming, Christina divested herself of her finery and put her treasures one by one in her great green trunk. The last of these was the psalm-book; it was a fine piece, the gift of Mistress Clem, in distinct, old-faced type, on paper that had begun to grow foxy in the warehouse,—not by service,—and she was used to wrap it in a handkerchief every Sunday after its period of service was over, and bury it endwise at the head of her trunk. As she now took it in hand the book fell open where the leaf was torn, and she stood and gazed upon that evidence of her bygone discomposure. There returned again the vision of the two brown eyes staring at her, intent and bright, out of that dark corner of the kirk. The whole appearance and attitude, the smile, the suggested gesture of young Hermiston, came before her in a flash at the sight of the torn page. "I was surely fey!" she said, echoing the words of Dandie, and at the suggested doom her high spirits deserted her. She flung herself prone upon the bed and lay there, holding the psalm-book in her hands for hours, for the more part in a mere stupor of unconsenting pleasure and unreasoning fear.

The day was growing late and the sunbeams long and level, when she sat suddenly up and wrapped in its handkerchief and put by that psalm-book, which had already played a part so decisive in the first chapter of her love-story.

(To be continued.)

WONDERLANDS OF THE WEST.

THOUGH our vast West is rapidly becoming a familiar tramping ground to the hordes of restless folk who periodically abandon hearth and home to wander far afield in search of new scenes, yet there are still too many Eastern people who spend all their vacations abroad, and have never been west of the Alleghanies. For these there yet remains an exquisite pleasure, unlike any other, and never to be duplicated,—a first view and those keenly enjoyed first impressions of some of Nature's rarest miracle spots. A word of warning, however, is needed: every year's delay is robbing some of these places of their greatest charm, for the hand of civilization and progress is in one sense a destroyer, and it is stretching that hand to the most coveted and secret haunts of the miracle worker.

A MINNESOTA LAKE.

The Mississippi River was the barrier which kept De Soto and his men, nearly four centuries ago, from "the land of the setting sun," where they had expected to find gold and unknown wonders; and the Mississippi might to day be considered the threshold of the West, because it sweeps along at the foot of the long slope which rises higher and higher as it recedes from the East until it culminates at last in the mighty peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

A journey on the Mississippi would not be an unfitting preparation for a trip through the West. If the traveler should follow the stream far enough to the north it will

THE GILA MONSTER.

carry him to the heart of the Minnesota park and lake region, an ideal summer-land which has not its counterpart in the wide world. Charming resorts would be found among these lakes, which, with pine forests coming down almost to the water's edge, are suggestive of those of the Adirondack Mountains. The log cabins which may be seen here and there among the trees are fishing lodges where wealthy people from the nearby cities and the South live in extremely primitive fashion for a brief season. Many of these sheets of water, notably Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, are popular resorts, with numerous fine hostelries, charming cottages, bathing pavilions, boats of every description, including many private yachts, and every provision for the pleasure and entertainment of visitors.

Wherever he may start from, sooner or later every traveler in the West reaches Denver. There is nothing strange in the fact that it is a Mecca, for it is a curious and interesting city. Not many years ago it was a mere

PECULIAR ROCK FORMATION IN ARIZONA.

miners' settlement on the frontier; now it is a beautiful and prosperous city, with fine wide streets, handsome residences, gorgeous theatres, and a shopping district which reminds one of New York City. While its fine

AT LAKE HARRIETT, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS,—THE PAVILION.

residences are like the homes of the wealthy everywhere, a striking characteristic of Denver is that its working people are better housed than anywhere else in the world; in the length and breadth of the city there are no hovels!

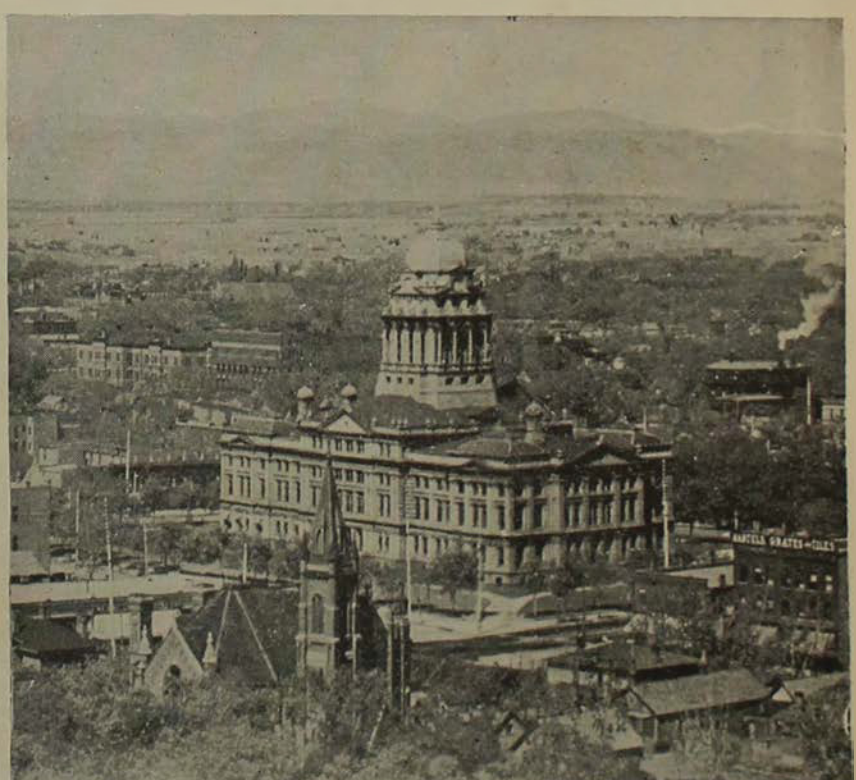
The city is a mixture of the East and the West. There are at least thirty thousand people within its limits who when they speak of "home" refer to some place east of the Mississippi. Most of them seem to be in perfect health, but among them are, nevertheless, many invalids who can keep their tenure on life only in this rarified atmosphere. They often speak longingly of "home," but the truth of the matter is that most of them are fond of their place of exile, and are quite content to remain; for it is, after all is said, a charming city. It is the only important one, moreover, in a great and immensely wealthy territory. Standing thus without a rival it is not improbable that it will eventually become a very great

THE DENVER CLUB.

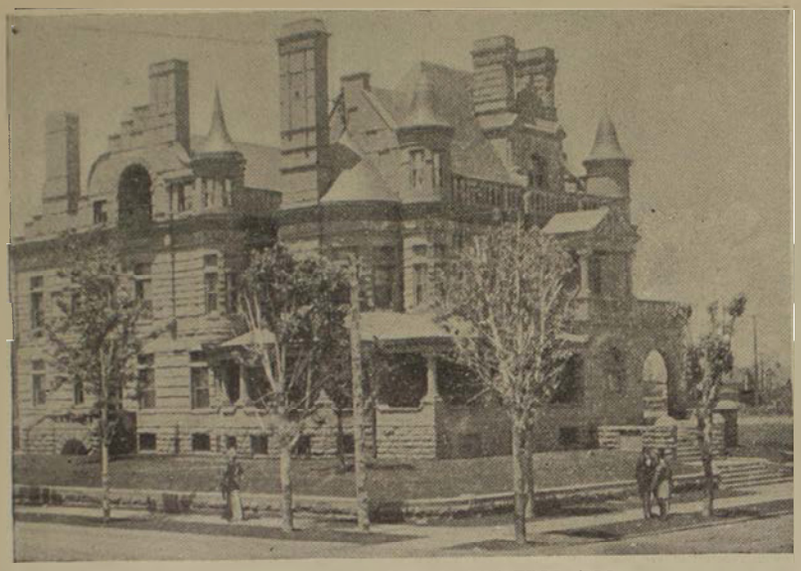
THE DENVER HIGH SCHOOL.

commonwealth, a bright jewel amid the mighty rocks of Colorado. The superlative adjectives, such as "grand," "sublime," become worn and "awe-inspiring," have threadbare from long usage in attempted descriptions of Colorado's wonderful cañons. The truth is there are no adjectives which are adequate to convey to another the impression they make upon the mind of the beholder. Picture to yourself, for instance, the tender wild-flowers growing in a deep gorge, with its walls rising till their tops are capped with eternal snows, so dwarfing and belittling human beings that to attempt to describe it seems almost like presumption. When one watches the sun stealing over the summits, the marshaled hosts of Nature's giants, tipping their white peaks with gold

THE MINING EXCHANGE IN DENVER.



THE DENVER COURT HOUSE.

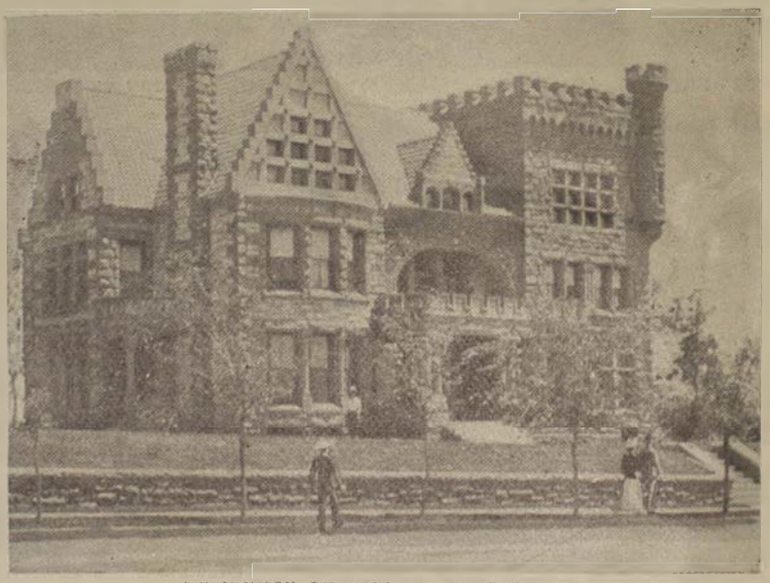


RESIDENCE OF J. A. McMURTRIE, ESQ.

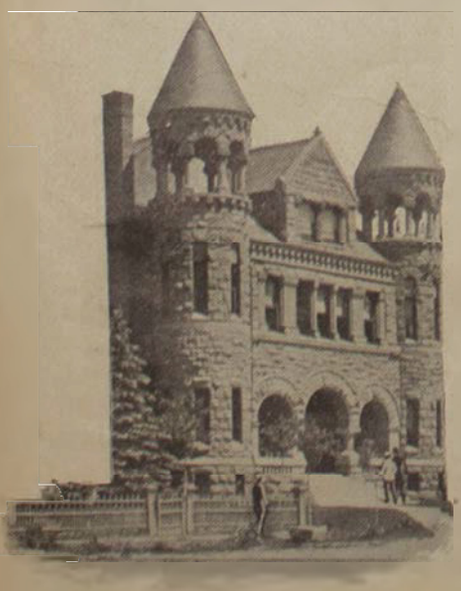
and livid fire, and sending forth huge shadows, while night still lingers in the chasms and on the pine forests which have climbed part way up the slopes, it seems that here is a miracle of grandeur and beauty that can be found nowhere else in this world.

But he who thinks this does not know the whole West. He has not yet taken the trip through the Bad Lands and the lower canons of the Yellowstone to the great National Park. Even after he has left the main line at Livingston, passed through "The Gate to the Mountains," and over the branch line which leads through a lovely mountain-bordered valley to Cinnabar, fifty one miles distant, the scenery of Colorado still remains without a rival in his imagination. A stage ride of seven miles, during which the mountains come nearer and nearer, and the horses plod steadily upward along a road lined with dull forests, brings us suddenly to a wide plateau guarded on three sides by serried ranks of peaks, which in front rise gray and forbidding, but become blue and soft as they retreat in the distance. Beautiful and impressive as they are, the traveler's eyes do not rest long upon them. He glances to the left, and is astonished to see what appears to be a succession of terraces of dazzling whiteness, rivaling the eternal snows. At the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which is a little further along, the tourist has opportunity to absorb this wonderful sight at leisure. From the long veranda of the great hotel, close at hand are seen the snowy terraces and cascades which appear to be of frozen waters. It is, of course, well known that this vast whiteness is not that of snow and ice, but simply chemical deposits which have been left by the hot water which gushes perpetually from the soil; and the traveler finds that these apparent fields of Arctic ice are studded with pools which gleam in the sun like gems of many colors. Clouds of steam arise from them constantly, and the water flows gently over their edges, leaving, after the heat of the sun has evaporated it, the wonderful white deposits.

But these glistening terraces are only the first of the wonders of Yellowstone Park; the marvels seem to become greater and greater as the heart of the region is approached. There are the geysers, which intermittently throw up huge columns of hot water; and the boiling springs, whose waters seem to be composed of molten gems; and the grand cañon, with towering walls of glistening, multi-colored rock cut into huge, fantastic shapes; and the falls are more beautiful than those of Niagara, because of the impressive mountain scenery which surrounds them. Finally there is the immense lake of the Yellowstone, which winds in charming rivers and broadens into beautiful bays and here and there pounds upon the beach like the ocean. It would seem that one who has lived long in Yellowstone Park must be a lofty being, so exalted and inspiring is the mood of Mother Nature. Certainly it may be said that on no other portion of the earth's surface of like size is there so much that is grand and wonderful.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM CHURCH, ESQ.



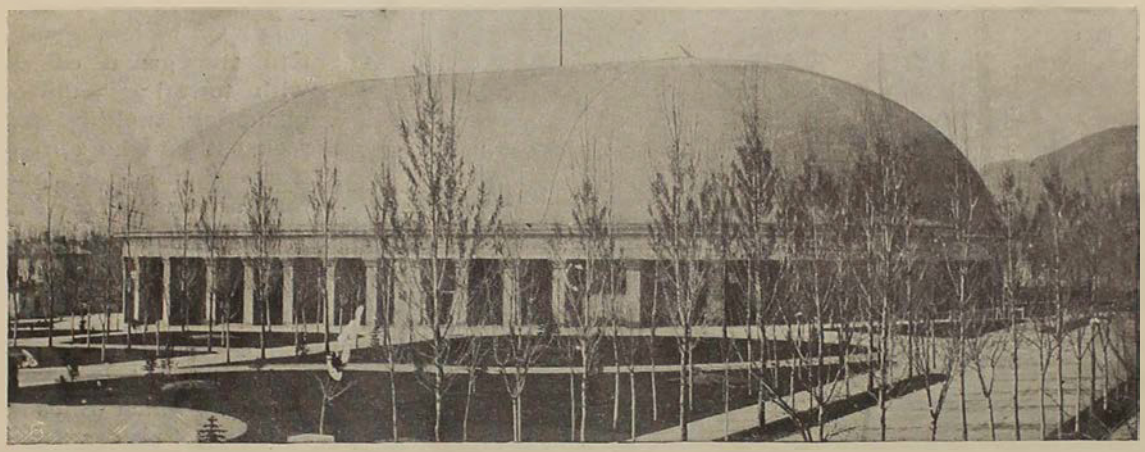
THE PROGRESS CLUB.

RESIDENCES ON LOGAN AVENUE.

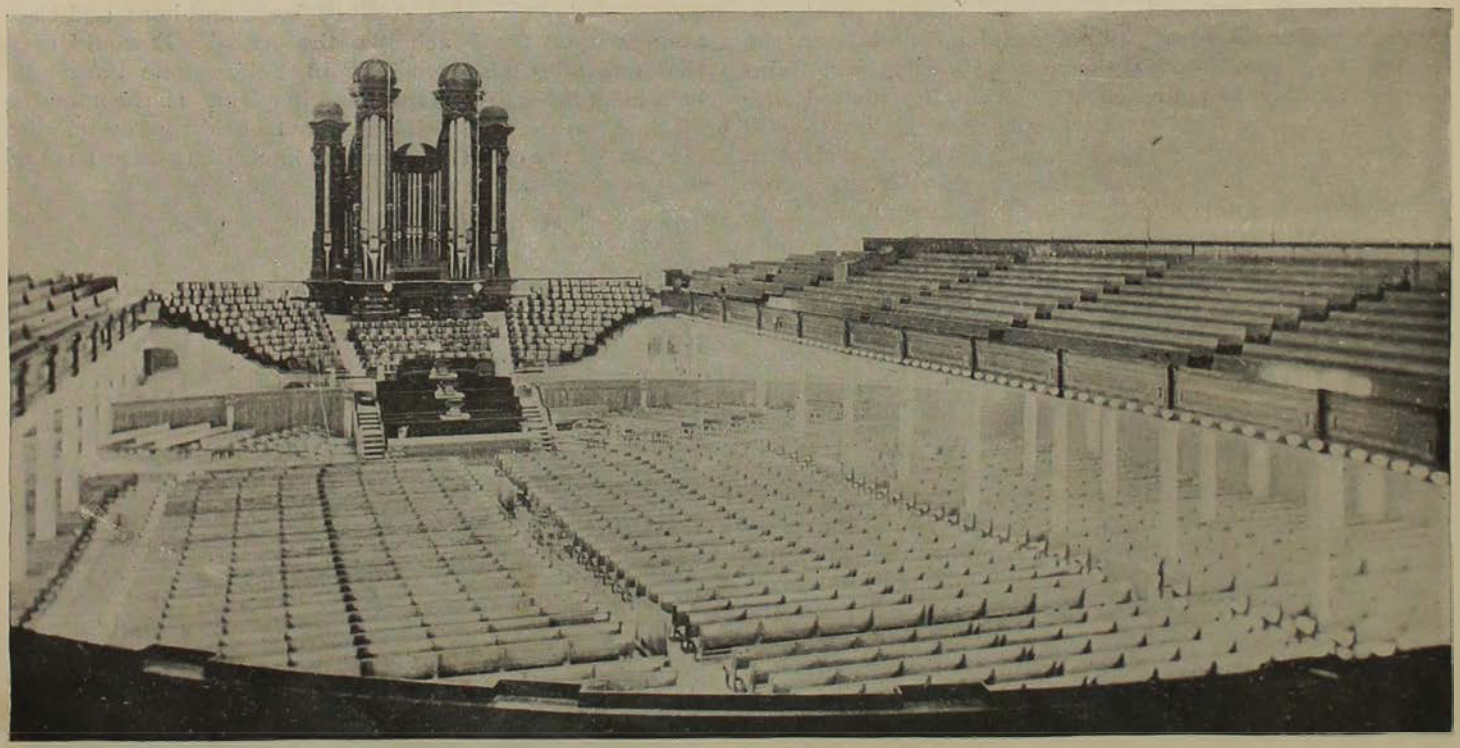
But there is human loftiness and ruggedness that is as impressive in its way as that of nature. Five hundred miles south of Yellowstone Park is Salt Lake City, the outward manifestation of a faith and purpose as firm as the rocks of Colorado. When the Mormons were expelled from Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, they decided to leave far behind them the places of their persecution and humiliation and find homes where they could worship and live as they wished. So they turned their faces toward the West, and journeyed on for days and weeks and months. Finally, in July, 1847, the wagon-train wound down a little ravine of one of the western foothills of the Wahsatch Mountains. Here they stopped and formed a rude settlement which after fifty years has become a beautiful city.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

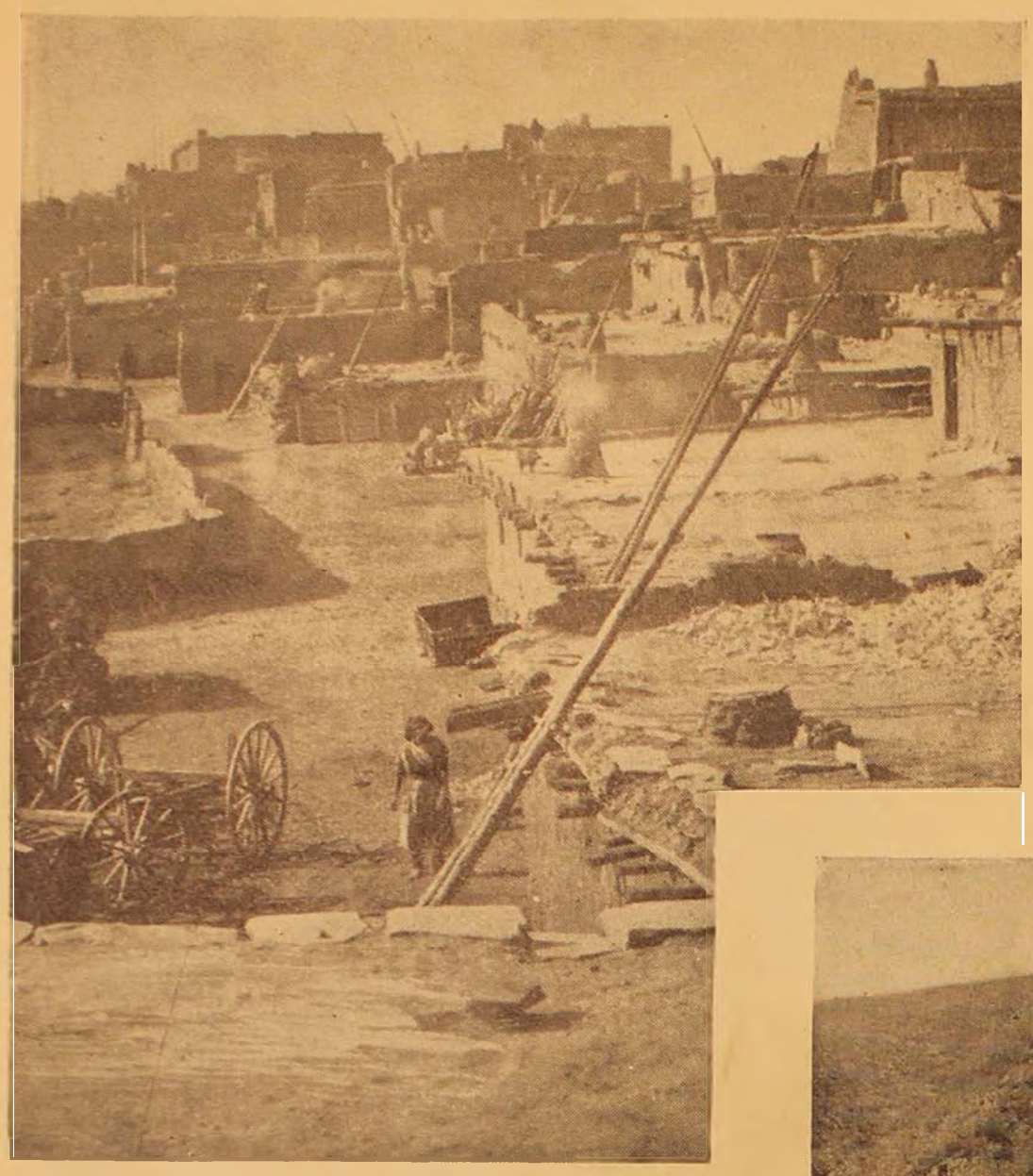
Low, vine-covered houses surrounded by spacious piazzas have taken the place of the log cabins, and the rough roads have become wide streets lined with trees which mingle their branches in graceful canopies. If one follows these streets into the suburbs he will find that almost imperceptibly they become country lanes which extend through miniature forests of gorgeous



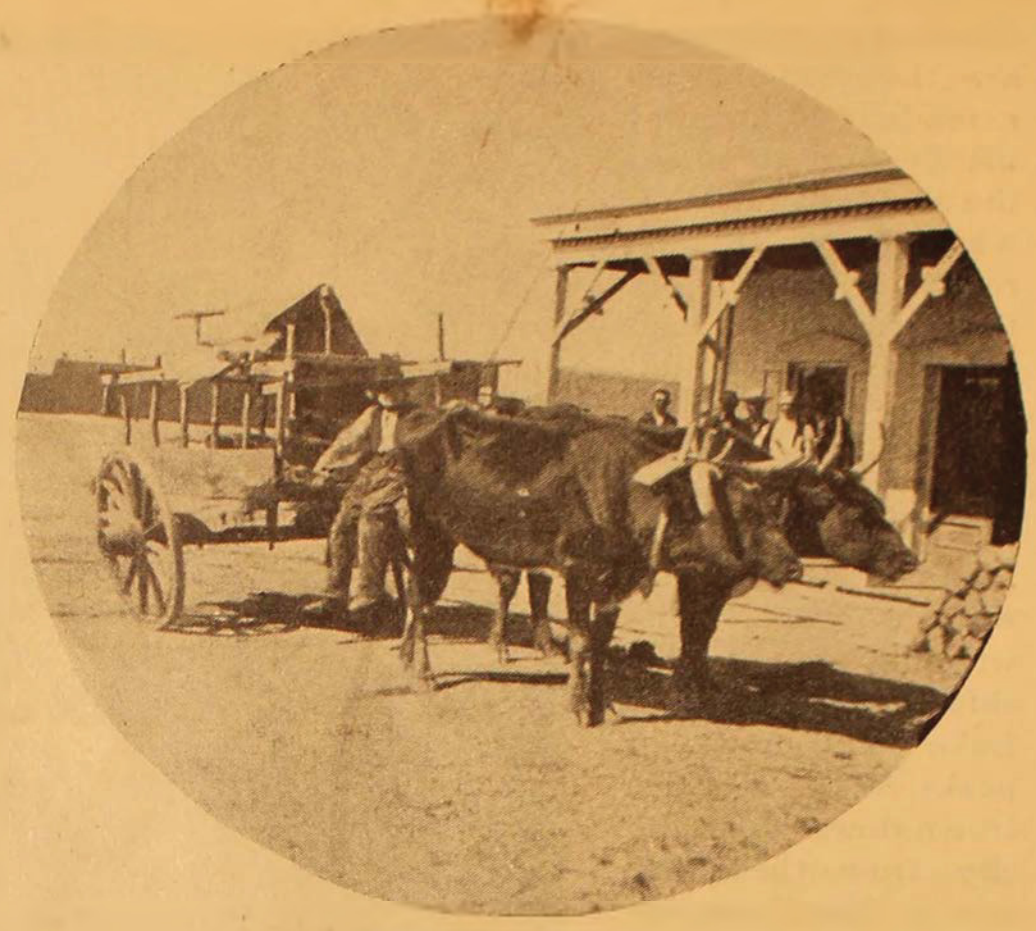
THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE.



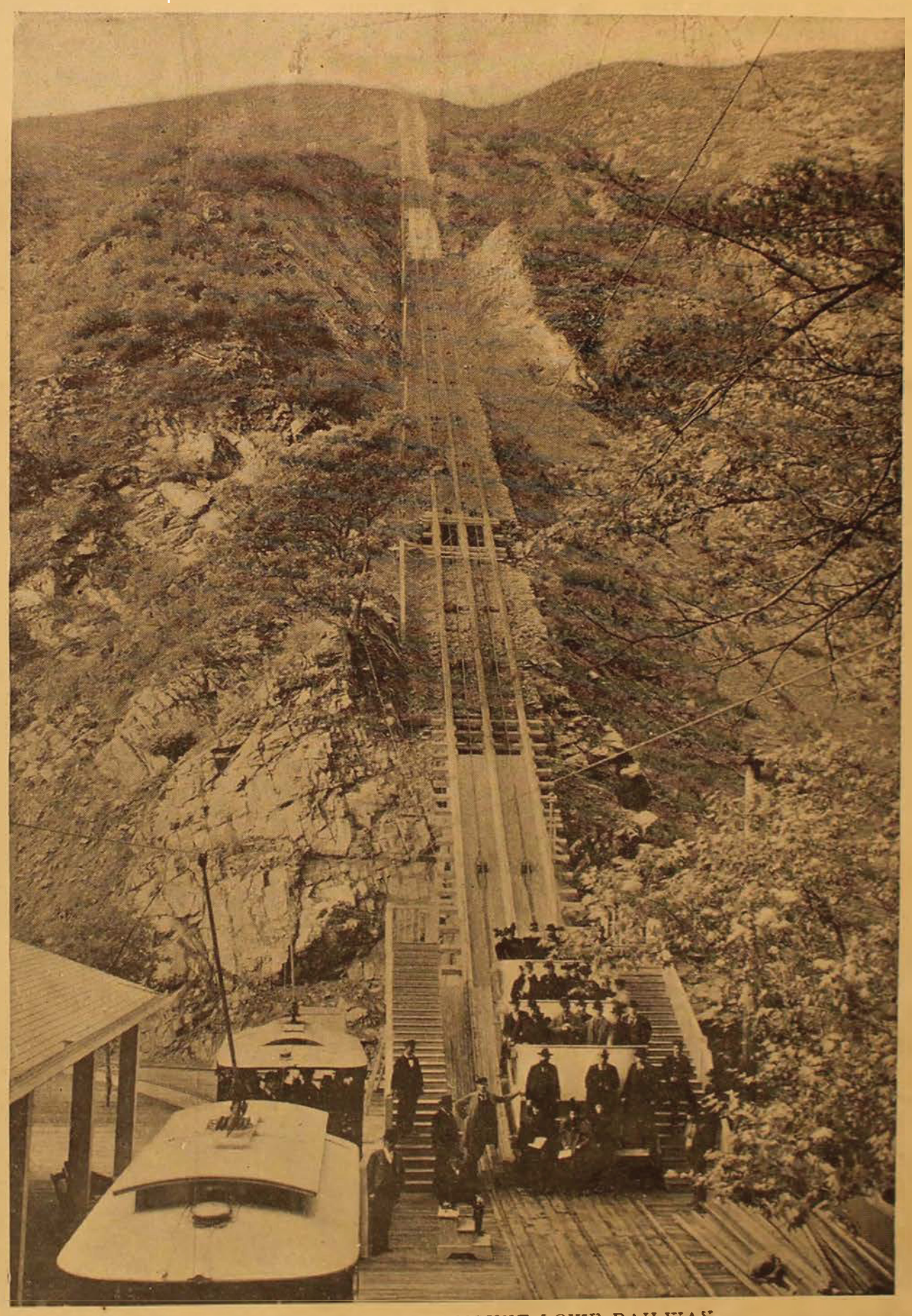
PUEBLO OF THE ZUNI.



MEXICAN OX-CART.

From a Photograph.

ROCKING STONE AT TRUCKEE, CALIFORNIA.



GREAT CABLE INCLINE, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

sunflowers. Beyond are the sage bushes extending in a great blanket of green to the shores of the lake, which separates the region of verdure from the Great American Desert, the hot and desolate alkali plains where many skeletons of men and beasts lie bleaching in the sun. Brigham Young did well to unpack his wagon-trains on this side of Great Salt Lake. The snow-clad peaks of the Rockies frown down upon the city from the other side. There are delightful retreats on the lower slopes of the mountains,—cool ravines resounding with the music of streams tumbling from the heights above. The brooks are alive with trout, and no Salt Lake City family considers the summer's pleasure complete without

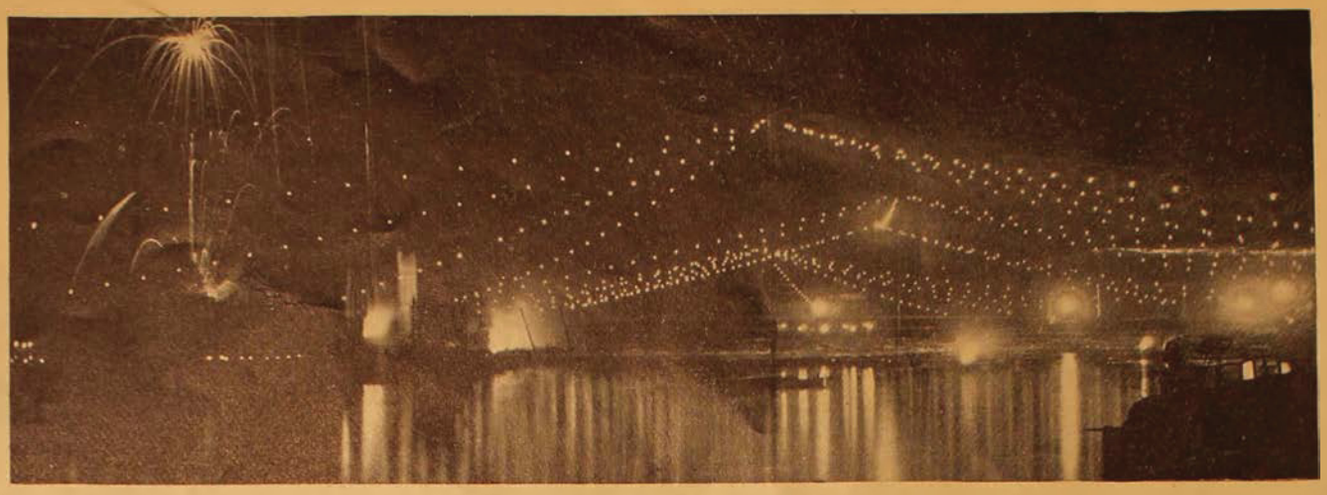
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CARNIVAL AT SANTA CRUZ.

TUNNEL THROUGH A BIG TREE IN CALIFORNIA.

idling away two weeks in camp among the foot-hills.

The lake, however, is the great resort. On holidays the little open cars which run over the twenty miles of narrow-gauge road between the city and the shore, at a seemingly reckless speed, are thronged with merry-makers, most of whom, when the journey is over, go straight to the immense and elaborate bathing-pavilion which juts far out into the water. Soon afterward the beach is black with bathers. It is not necessary to exert oneself to keep afloat, for the water is extremely buoyant. It has its dangers, however; it is so strongly charged with saline matter that the swallowing of a mouthful is often attended with serious strangulation; nor is this surprising when it is remembered that its proportion of salt is six times greater than that of the ocean.

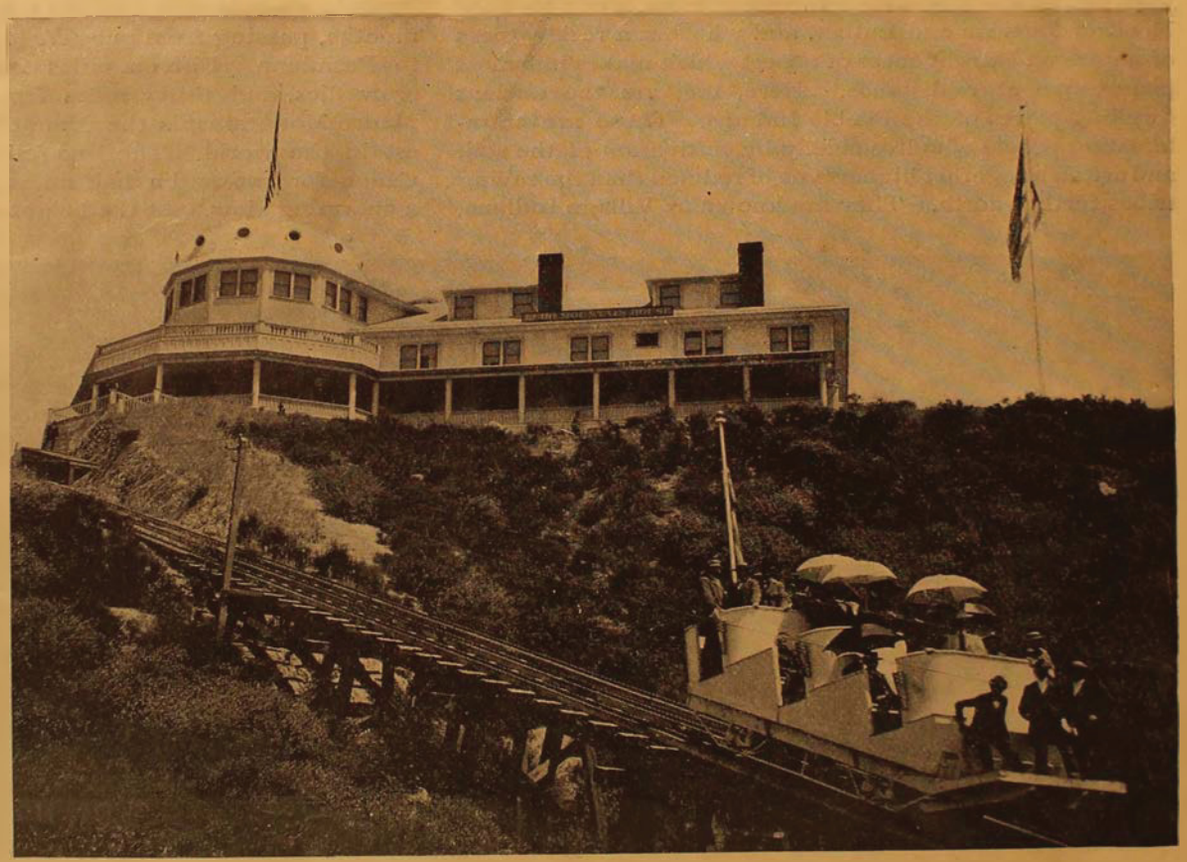
It was only four days after the arrival of the Mormon emigrants in the basin of the Salt Lake that Brigham Young marked out the sight for the great Mormon temple. The people of the colony labored on the edifice for many years, hauling the granite of which it is constructed from a quarry twenty miles distant. At last, after the expenditure of several millions of dollars, it has been completed, and is one of the most



WATER CARNIVAL,—NIGHT SCENE.

solid and impressive buildings in America. Its walls are sixteen feet thick, and will probably stand without a crack for a thousand years. The temple and the Mormon tabernacle are architectural buildings of which any city might be proud.

A region of wonderful contrasts is the great West. It would be difficult to imagine anything in stronger contrast to the towering mountains and noble cañons of Colorado and the Yellowstone and the Yosemite Valley than the flat deserts of Arizona. Yet the latter are in their way almost equally interesting. In the heart of Arizona, far away from the routes of travel, the most primitive frontier life in this country may be found. The means of reaching this region is by horse-back or burro-back and stage, the latter a plain, canvas-covered vehicle that rolls slowly across the deserts with the United States mails and usually two or three drowsy passengers. From a distance these deserts look like green, luxuriant gardens; but this is found to be the thorny verdure of the cactus bushes and trees whose prickly branches rise in the air for fifty feet. There is no water here; the soil is yellow sand in which rattlesnakes lurk; and the Gila monster, a mammoth, poisonous lizard, revels in the scorching heat. Caravans of camels drawing heavy freight-wagons could be seen on these wastes a few years ago, but they are now superseded by mule-trains. The teamsters who brought the first mules shot many of the camels on sight, claiming that they caused their animals to stampede; the remainder were turned out of employment, and now several hundreds of them, unowned and unrestrained, roam the desert between the Colorado and Gila Rivers. The parent stock was imported from Smyrna in 1855 by the War Department for the purpose of carrying military stores across these interior deserts. In the eastern part of Arizona, bordering on New Mexico, is the wildest ranch life in the West, and down in the desert valley of the Salt River the temperature rises higher in summer than it does anywhere else in the United States. Though much of her territory is dreary, Arizona's mountain region is interesting and almost unexplored, being remote from railroads. As yet her vast mineral resources are undeveloped, and the patient burros carry out all the gold taken from her mines.



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

Bordering Arizona on the south is the strangest and most foreign piece of territory within the boundaries of the United States. Despite the fact that it is called New

BATHING IN SALT LAKE, WITH A VIEW OF SALT-AIR PAVILION.

Mexico, it is really a bit of old Mexico transplanted to our country. The people dully shake their heads when spoken to in English, and say "*Non comprendo.*" This is the abiding-place of the "Greaser," in whose veins is mingled the blood of Mexican and Indian, and who has a recklessness of nature and strangeness of aspect which makes him most picturesque at a distance. Here, too, are the ancient dwelling-places of the Pueblo Indians. These are an interesting people who live chiefly by cultivation of the soil, and are an altogether higher type of redmen than the roving tribes further north. They are known as Village Indians, and their large settlements, called Pueblos, composed of houses constructed of stone laid in mud mortar and of sun-dried bricks, are chief among the few things of interest in New Mexico. Some of these villages are very old; one of them, that of the Zunis, contains among its ruins potteries of a superior character, and traces of a much higher civilization and more numerous population than exists there at the present day. The Pueblo Indians are apparently the last and degenerate descendants of a people of considerable enlightenment and knowledge of the simpler arts.

California is a land of delight and wonder from San Francisco southward, and the traveler could tarry here for months, passing from one *fête* to another from Santa Cruz to Pasadena. Fifteen miles from Los Angeles as the crow flies, and thirty miles from the sea, in the Sierra Madre Mountains, is the Mount Lowe railway, the steepest in the world. The line follows the curves of Rubio Cañon for two and a half miles, revealing at every turn a charming view. At the height of 2,200 feet the great incline up Echo Mountain is reached. At the summit there is a fine hotel which looks down upon the romantic valley of San Gabriel, many towns and villages, and a wide stretch of fertile country extending to the sea, which bounds the western horizon. The "Alpine" division of the road, a trolley-line, winds up among the pines, at easy gradients, nearly to the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,000 feet high.

J. W. HERBERT.

GOLD-ORE CARRIERS.

A GRAY SLEEVE.

By Stephen Crane.

I.

"IT looks as if it might rain this afternoon," remarked the lieutenant of artillery.

"So it does," the infantry captain assented. He glanced casually at the sky. When his eyes had lowered to the green-shadowed landscape before him he said, fretfully: "I wish those fellows out yonder would quit pelting at us. They've been at it since noon."

At the edge of a grove of maples, across wide fields, there occasionally appeared little puffs of smoke of a dull hue in this gloom of sky which expressed an impending rain. The long wave of blue and steel in the field moved uneasily at the eternal barking of the far-away sharpshooters, and the men, leaning upon their rifles, stared at the grove of maples. Once a private turned to borrow some tobacco from a comrade in the rear rank, but, with his hand still stretched out, he continued to twist his head and glance at the distant trees. He was afraid the enemy would shoot him at a time when he was not looking.

Suddenly the artillery officer said, "See what's coming!"

Along the rear of the brigade of infantry a column of cavalry was sweeping at a hard gallop. A lieutenant riding some yards to the right of the column bawled furiously at the four troopers just at the rear of the colors. They had lost distance and made a little gap, but at the shout of the lieutenant they urged their horses forward. The bugler, careering along behind the captain of the troop, fought and tugged like a wrestler to keep his frantic animal from bolting far ahead of the column.

On the springy turf the innumerable hoofs thundered in a swift storm of sound. In the brown faces of the troopers their eyes were set like bits of flashing steel. The long line of infantry regiments standing at ease underwent a sudden movement at the rush of the passing squadron. The foot soldiers turned their heads to gaze at the torrent of horses and men.

The yellow folds of the flag fluttered back in silken, shuddering waves, as if it were a reluctant thing. Occasionally a giant spring of a charger would rear the firm and steady figure of a soldier suddenly head and shoulders above his comrades. Over the noise of the scudding hoofs could be heard the creaking of leather trappings, the jingle and clank of steel, and the terse, low-toned commands or appeals of the men to their horses. And the horses were mad with the headlong sweep of this movement. Powerful under-jaws bended back and straightened so that the bits were clamped as rigidly as vises upon the teeth, and glistening necks arched in desperate resistance to the hands at the bridles. Swinging their heads in rage at the granite laws of their lives which bended even their angers and their ardors to chosen directions and chosen paces, their flight was as a flight of harnessed demons.

The captain's bay kept its pace at the head of the squadron with the lithe bounds of a thoroughbred, and this horse was proud as a chief at the roaring trample of his fellows behind him. The captain's glance was calmly fixed upon the grove of maples from whence the sharpshooters of the enemy had been picking at the blue line. He seemed to be reflecting. He stolidly rose and fell with the plunges of his horse in all the indifference of a deacon's figure seated plumply in church. And it occurred to many of the watching infantry to wonder why this officer could remain imperturbable and reflective when his squadron was thundering and swarming behind him like the rushing of a flood.

The column swung in a saber-curve toward a break in a fence and dashed into a roadway. Once a little plank bridge was encountered, and the sound of the hoofs upon it was like the long roll of many drums. An old captain in the infantry turned to his first-lieutenant and made a remark which was a compound of bitter disparagement of cavalry in general and soldierly admiration of this particular troop.

Suddenly the bugle sounded and the column halted with a jolting upheaval amid sharp, brief cries. A moment later the men had tumbled from their horses and, carbines in hand, were running in a swarm toward the grove of maples. In the road one of every four of the troopers was standing with braced legs and pulling and hauling at the bridles of four frenzied horses. The captain was running awkwardly in his boots. He held his saber low so that the point often threatened to catch in the turf. His yellow hair ruffled out from under his faded cap. "Go in hard now," he roared in a voice of hoarse fury. His face was violently red.

The troopers threw themselves upon the grove like wolves upon a great animal. Along the whole front of wood there was the dry crackling of musketry, with bitter, swift flashes and smoke that writhed like stung phantoms. The troopers yelled shrilly and spanged bullets low into the foliage.

For a moment, when near the woods, the line almost halted. The men struggled and fought for a time like swimmers encountering a powerful current. Then with a supreme effort they went on again. They dashed madly at the grove, whose foliage from the high light of the field was as inscrutable as a wall. Then suddenly each detail of the calm trees became apparent, and with a few more frantic leaps the men were in the cool gloom of the woods. There was a heavy odor as from burnt paper. Wisps of gray smoke wound upward. The men halted, and, grimy, perspiring, and puffing, they searched the recesses of the woods with eager, fierce glances. Figures could be seen flitting afar off. A dozen carbines rattled at them.

During this pause the captain strode along the line, his face lit with a broad smile of contentment. "When he sends this crowd to do anything I guess he'll find we do it pretty sharp," he said to the grinning lieutenant.

"Say, they didn't stand that rush a minute, did they?" said the subaltern. Both officers were profoundly dusty in their uniforms, and their faces were soiled like those of two urchins. Out in the grass behind them were three tumbled and silent forms.

Presently the line moved forward again. The men went from tree to tree like hunters stalking game. Some at the left of the line fired occasionally, and those at the right gazed curiously in that direction. The men still breathed heavily from their scramble across the field.

Of a sudden a trooper halted and said, "Hello! there's a house!" Every one paused. The men turned to look at their leader.

The captain stretched his neck and swung his head from side to side. "By George, it is a house!" he said.

"WHAT ARE YOU HOLDING BEHIND YOU?" HE SAID, SUDDENLY.

Through the wealth of leaves there vaguely loomed the form of a large, white house. These troopers, brown-faced from many days of campaigning, with features telling of their placid confidence and courage, were stopped abruptly by the appearance of this house. There was some subtle suggestion,—some tale of an unknown thing which watched them from they knew not what part of it. A rail fence girted a wide lawn of tangled grass. Seven pines stood along a driveway which led from two distant posts of a vanished gate. The blue-clothed troopers moved forward until they stood at the fence peering over it.

The captain put one hand on the top rail and seemed to be about to climb the fence, when suddenly he hesitated and said, in a low voice, "Watson, what do you think of it?"

The lieutenant stared at the house. "Derned if I know!" he replied.

The captain pondered. It happened that the whole company had turned a gaze of profound awe and doubt upon this edifice which had confronted them. The men were very silent.

At last the captain swore and said: "We are certainly a pack of fools. Derned old deserted house halting a company of Union cavalry and making us gape like babies."

"Yes, but there's something—something—" insisted a subaltern in a half-stammer.

"Well, if there's 'something—something' in there I'll get it out," said the captain. "Send Sharpe clean around to the other side with about twelve men, so we will sure bag your 'something—something,' and I'll take a few of the boys and find out what's in the d——d old thing."

He chose the nearest eight men for his "storming party," as the lieutenant called it. After he had waited some minutes for the others to get into position he said, "Come ahead!" to his eight men, and climbed the fence.

The brighter light of the tangled lawn made him suddenly feel tremendously apparent, and he wondered if there could be some mystic thing in the house which was regarding his approach. His men trudged silently at his back. They stared at the windows and lost themselves in deep speculations as to the probability of there being, perhaps, eyes behind the blinds,—malignant eyes, piercing eyes.

Suddenly a corporal in the party gave vent to a startled exclamation and half threw his carbine into position. The captain turned quickly, and the corporal said: "I saw an arm move the blinds. An arm with a gray sleeve!"

"Don't be a fool, Jones, now," said the captain, sharply.

"I swear t'——" began the corporal, but the captain silenced him.

When they arrived at the front of the house the troopers paused, while the captain went softly up the front steps. He stood before the large front door and studied it. Some crickets chirped in the long grass, and the nearest pine could be heard in its endless sighs. One of the privates moved uneasily and his foot crunched the gravel. Suddenly the captain swore angrily and kicked the door with a loud crash. It flew open.

II.

The bright lights of the day flashed into the old house when the captain angrily kicked open the door. He was aware of a wide hallway carpeted with matting and extending deep into the dwelling. There were also an old walnut hat-rack, and a little marble-topped table with a vase and two books upon it. Further back was a great, venerable fireplace containing dreary ashes.

But directly in front of the captain was a young girl. The flying open of the door had obviously been an utter astonishment to her, and she remained transfixed there in the middle of the floor, staring at the captain with wide eyes. She was like a child caught at the time of a raid upon the cake. She wavered to and fro upon her feet and held her hands behind her. There were two little points of terror in her eyes as she gazed up at the young captain in dusty blue with his reddish bronze complexion, his yellow hair, his bright saber held threateningly.

These two remained motionless and silent, simply staring at each other, for some moments. The captain felt his rage fade out of him and leave his mind limp. He had been violently angry because this house had made him feel hesitant, wary. He did not like to be wary. He liked to feel confident, sure. So he had kicked the door open and had been prepared to march in like a soldier of wrath.

But now he began, for one thing, to wonder if his uniform was so very dusty and old in appearance. Moreover, he had a feeling that his face was covered with a compound of dust, grime, and perspiration. He took a step forward and said, "I didn't mean to frighten you." But his voice was coarse from his battle-howling. It seemed to him to have hempen fibers in it.

The girl's breath came in little, quick gasps, and she looked at him as she would have looked at a serpent.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he said again.

The girl, still with her hands behind her, began to back away.

"Is there any one else in the house?" he went on, while slowly following her. "I don't wish to disturb you, but we had a fight with some rebel skirmishers in the woods, and I thought maybe some of them might have come in here. In fact, I was pretty sure of it. Are any of them here?"

The girl looked at him and said: "No!" He wondered why extreme agitation made the eyes of some women so limpid and bright.

"Who is here besides yourself?"

By this time his pursuit had driven her to the end of the hall, and she remained there with her back to the wall and her hands still behind her. When she answered this question she did not look at him, but down at the floor. She cleared her voice and then said, "There is no one here."

"No one?"

She lifted her eyes to him in that appeal that the human being must make even to falling trees, crashing bowlders, the sea in a storm, and said, "No, no; there is no one here." He could plainly see her tremble.

Of a sudden he bethought him that she had always kept her hands behind her. As he recalled her air when first discovered, he remembered she appeared precisely as a child detected at one of the crimes of childhood. Moreover, she had always backed away from him. He thought now that she was concealing something which was an evidence of the presence of the enemy in the house.

"What are you holding behind you?" he said, suddenly.

She gave a little quick moan as if some grim hand had throttled her.

"What are you holding behind you?"

"Oh, nothing—please. I am not holding anything behind me; indeed I'm not."

"Very well. Hold your hands out in front of you, then."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not holding anything behind me. Indeed I'm not."

"Well," he began. Then he paused, and remained for a moment dubious. Finally he laughed "Well, I shall

have my men search the house, anyhow. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I feel sure that there is someone here whom we want." He turned to the corporal, who, with the other men, was gaping quietly in at the door, and said, "Jones, go through the house."

As for himself he remained planted in front of the girl, for she evidently did not dare to move and allow him to see what she held so carefully behind her back. So she was his prisoner.

The men rummaged around on the ground floor of the house. Sometimes the captain called to them, "Try that closet," "Is there any cellar?" But they found no one, and at last they went trooping toward the stairs which led to the second floor.

But at this movement on the part of the men the girl uttered a cry, a cry of such fright and appeal that the men paused. "Oh, don't go up there! Please don't go up there!—ple-ease. There is no one there! Indeed—indeed, there is not! Oh, ple-ease!"

"Go on, Jones," said the captain, calmly.

The obedient corporal made a preliminary step, and the girl bounded toward the stairs with another cry. As she passed him the captain caught sight of that which she had concealed behind her back and which she had forgotten in this most supreme moment. It was a pistol.

She ran to the first step, and standing there faced the men, one hand extended with perpendicular palm, and the other holding the pistol at her side. "Oh, please don't go up there. Nobody is there,—indeed, there is not. P-l-e-a-s-e!" Then suddenly she sank swiftly down upon the step, and, huddling forlornly, began to weep in the agony and with the convulsive tremors of an infant. The pistol fell from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

The astonished troopers looked at their astonished captain. There was a short silence. Finally the captain stooped and picked up the pistol. It was a heavy weapon of the army pattern. He ascertained that it was empty.

He leaned toward the shaking girl and said, gently, "Will you tell me what you were going to do with this pistol?"

He nad to repeat the question a number of times, but at last a muffled voice said, "Nothing."

"Nothing?" He insisted quietly upon a further answer. At the tender tones of the captain's voice the phlegmatic corporal turned and winked gravely at the man next to him.

"Won't you tell me?"

The girl shook her head.

"Please tell me?"

The silent privates were moving their feet uneasily and wondering how long they were to wait.

The captain said: "Please won't you tell me?"

Then this girl's voice began in stricken tones, half-coherent, and amid violent sobbing: "It was grandpa's. He—he—he said he was going to shoot anybody who came in here,—he didn't care if there were thousands of 'em. And—and—I know he would, and I was afraid they'd kill him. And so—and—so I stole away his pistol,—and I was going to hide it when you—you—you kicked open the door."

The men straightened up and looked at each other. The girl began to weep again. The captain mopped his brow. He peered down at the girl. He mopped his brow again. Suddenly he said, "Ah! don't cry like that."

He moved restlessly and looked down at his boots. He mopped his brow again. Then he gripped the corporal by the arms and dragged him some yards back from the others—"Jones," he said, in an intensely earnest voice, "will you tell me what the devil I am going to do?"

The corporal's countenance became illuminated with satisfaction at being thus requested to advise his superior officer. He adopted an air of great thought and finally said: "Well, of course the feller with the gray sleeve must be upstairs, and we must get past the girl and up there somehow. Suppose I take her by the arm and lead her ——"

"What!" interrupted the captain from behind his clinched teeth. As he turned away from the corporal he said, fiercely, over his shoulder: "You touch that girl and I'll split your skull!"

III.

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amazement, grief, and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there unfortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable of men. When he returned to the group he found the captain bending over the girl and saying, "Why is it that you don't want us to search upstairs?"

The girl's head was buried in her crossed arms. Locks of hair had escaped from their fastenings and these fell upon her shoulder.

"Won't you tell me?"

The corporal here winked again at the man next to him.

"Because—" the girl moaned. "Because—there isn't anybody up there."

The captain at last said, timidly, "Well, I'm afraid—I'm afraid we'll have to ——"

The girl sprang to her feet again and implored him with her hands. She looked deep into his eyes with her glance which was at this time like that of the fawn when it says to the hunter, "Have mercy upon me."

These two stood regarding each other. The captain's foot was on the bottom step, but he seemed to be shrinking. He wore an air of being deeply wretched and ashamed. There was a silence.

Suddenly the corporal said in a quick, low tone, "Look out, captain!"

All turned their eyes swiftly toward the head of the stairs. There had appeared there a youth in a gray uniform. He stood looking coolly down at them. No word was said by the troopers. The girl gave vent to a little wail of desolation. "Oh, Harry!"

He began slowly to descend the stairs. His right arm was in a white sling and there were some fresh bloodstains upon the cloth. His face was rigid and deathly pale, but his eyes flashed like lights. The girl was again moaning in an utterly dreary fashion as the youth came slowly down toward the silent men in blue. Six steps from the bottom of the flight he halted and said, "I reckon it's me you're looking for."

The troopers had crowded forward a trifle and, posed in lithe, nervous attitudes, were watching him like cats. The captain remained unmoved. At the youth's question he merely nodded his head and said, "Yes."

The young man in gray looked down at the girl, and then, in the same even tone, which now, however, seemed to vibrate with suppressed fury, he said, "And is that any reason why you should insult my sister?"

At this sentence the girl intervened, desperately, between the young man in gray and the officer in blue. "Oh, don't, Harry, don't! He was good to me! He was good to me, Harry,—indeed, he was."

The youth came on in his quiet, erect fashion until the girl could have touched either of the men with her hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She continually repeated, "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!"

The youth in gray maneuvered to glare into the captain's face, first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the other. In a voice that rang like metal he said, "You are armed and unwounded, while I have no weapons and am wounded; but ——"

The captain had stepped back and sheathed his saber. The eyes of these two men were gleaming fire, but otherwise the captain's countenance was imperturbable. He said: "You are mistaken. You have no reason to ——"

"You lie!"

All save the captain and the youth in gray started in an electric movement. These two words crackled in the air like shattered glass. There was a breathless silence. The captain cleared his throat. His look at the youth contained a quality of singular and terrible ferocity, but he said in his stolid tone, "I don't suppose you mean what you say now."

Upon his arm he had felt the pressure of some unconscious little fingers. The girl was leaning against the wall as if she no longer knew how to keep her balance; but those fingers,—he held his arm very still. She murmured: "Oh, Harry, don't! He was good to me! Indeed, he was!"

The corporal had come forward until he in a measure confronted the youth in gray, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm and he knew that sometimes very strong men were not able to move hand or foot under such conditions.

The youth had suddenly seemed to become weak. He breathed heavily and hung to the railing. He was glaring at the captain, and apparently summoning all his will-power to combat his weakness. The corporal addressed him with profound straightforwardness, "Don't you be a derned fool!" The youth turned toward him so fiercely that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expects to be cuffed.

The girl pleaded with the captain. "You won't hurt him? Will you? He don't know what he's saying. He's wounded, you know. Please don't mind him!"

"I won't touch him," said the captain, with rather extraordinary earnestness. "Don't you worry about it at all. I won't touch him!"

Then he looked at her and the girl suddenly withdrew her fingers from his arm.

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs and remarked without surprise, "There's another of 'em coming!"

An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold! Get out!" He mumbled and wagged his head in an old man's fury. It was plainly his intention to assault them.

And so it occurred that a young girl became engaged in protecting a stalwart captain, fully armed and with eight grim troopers at his back, from the attack of an old man with a walking-stick.

A blush passed over the temples and brow of the captain and he looked particularly savage and weary. Despite the girl's efforts he suddenly faced the old man.

"Look here," he said, distinctly. "We came in because we had been fighting in the woods yonder, and we concluded that some of the enemy were in this house, especially when we saw a gray sleeve at the window. But this young man is wounded, and I have nothing to say to him. I will even take it for granted that there are no others like him upstairs. We will go away leaving your d——d old house just as we found it. And we are no more thieves and rascals than you are."

The old man simply roared: "I haven't got a cow nor a pig nor a chicken on the place. Your soldiers have stolen everything they could carry away. They have torn down half my fences for firewood. This afternoon some of your accursed bullets even broke my window-panes!"

The girl had been faltering, "Grandpa! Oh, Grandpa!"

The captain looked at the girl. She returned his glance from the shadow of the old man's shoulder. After studying her face a moment he said, "Well, we will go now." He strode toward the door and his men clanked docilely after him.

At this time there was a sound of harsh cries and rushing footsteps from without. The door flew open and a whirlwind composed of blue-coated troopers came in with a swoop. It was headed by the lieutenant. "Oh, here you are!" he cried, catching his breath. "We thought—hi! look at the girl!"

The captain said, intensely, "Shut up, you fool!"

The men settled to a halt with a clash and bang. There could be heard the dulled sound of many hoofs outside of the house.

"Did you order up the horses?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, we thought ——"

"Well, then, let's get out of here," interrupted the captain, morosely.

The men began to filter out into the open air. The youth in gray had been hanging dismally to the railing of the stairway. He now was climbing slowly up to the second floor. The old man was addressing himself directly to the serene corporal.

"Not a chicken on the place!" he cried.

"Well, I didn't take your chickens, did I?"

"No, maybe you didn't, but ——"

The captain crossed the hall and stood before the girl in rather a culprit's fashion. "You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked, timidly.

"No," she said. She hesitated a moment and then suddenly held out her hand. "You were good to me,—and I'm—much obliged."

The captain took her hand and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation. She did not seem to heed that hand for a time. He loosened his grasp presently, for he was ashamed to hold it so long without saying anything clever. At last, with an air of charging an intrenched brigade, he contrived to say, "I would rather do anything than frighten you or trouble you." His brow was warmly perspiring. He had a sense of being hideous in his dusty uniform and with his grimy face.

She said, "Oh, I'm so glad it was you instead of somebody who might have—might have hurt brother Harry and grandpa!"

He told her, "I wouldn't have hurt 'em for anything!"

There was a little silence.

"Well, good-bye," he said, at last.

"Good-bye!"

He walked toward the door past the old man, who was scolding at the vanishing figure of the corporal. The captain looked back. She had remained there watching him.

At the bugle's order the troopers standing beside their horses swung briskly into the saddle. The lieutenant said to the first sergeant,

"Williams, did they ever meet before?"

"Hanged if I know."

"Well, say ——"

The captain saw a curtain move at one of the windows. He cantered from his position at the head of the column and steered his horse between two flower-beds.

"Well, good-bye."

The squadron tramped slowly past.

"Good-bye."

They shook hands.

He evidently had something enormously important to say to her, but it seems that he could not manage it. He struggled heroically. The bay charger, with his great, mystically solemn eyes, looked around the corner of his shoulder at the girl. The captain studied a pine-tree. The girl inspected the grass beneath the window. The captain said, hoarsely,

"I don't suppose—I don't suppose—I'll ever see you again!"

She looked at him affrightedly and shrank back from the window. He seemed to have wofully expected a reception of this kind for his question. He gave her instantly a glance of appeal.

She said, "Why, no; I don't suppose you will."

"Never?"

"Why, no—'tain't possible. You—you are a Yankee!"

"Oh, I know it, but—" Eventually he continued, "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might—" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow, so he said, "Well, good-bye!"

When he held her fingers she bowed her head and he saw a pink blush steal over her cheek and neck.

"Am I never going to see you again?"

She made no reply.

"Never?" he repeated.

After a long time he bent over to hear a faint reply: "Sometimes—when there are no troops in the neighborhood—grandpa don't mind if I—walk over as far as that old oak-tree yonder—in the afternoons."

It appeared that the captain's grip was very strong, for she uttered an exclamation and looked at her fingers as if she expected to find them mere fragments. He rode away.

The bay horse leaped a flower-bed. They were almost to the drive when the girl uttered a panic-stricken cry. The captain wheeled his horse violently and upon his return journey went straight through a flower-bed.

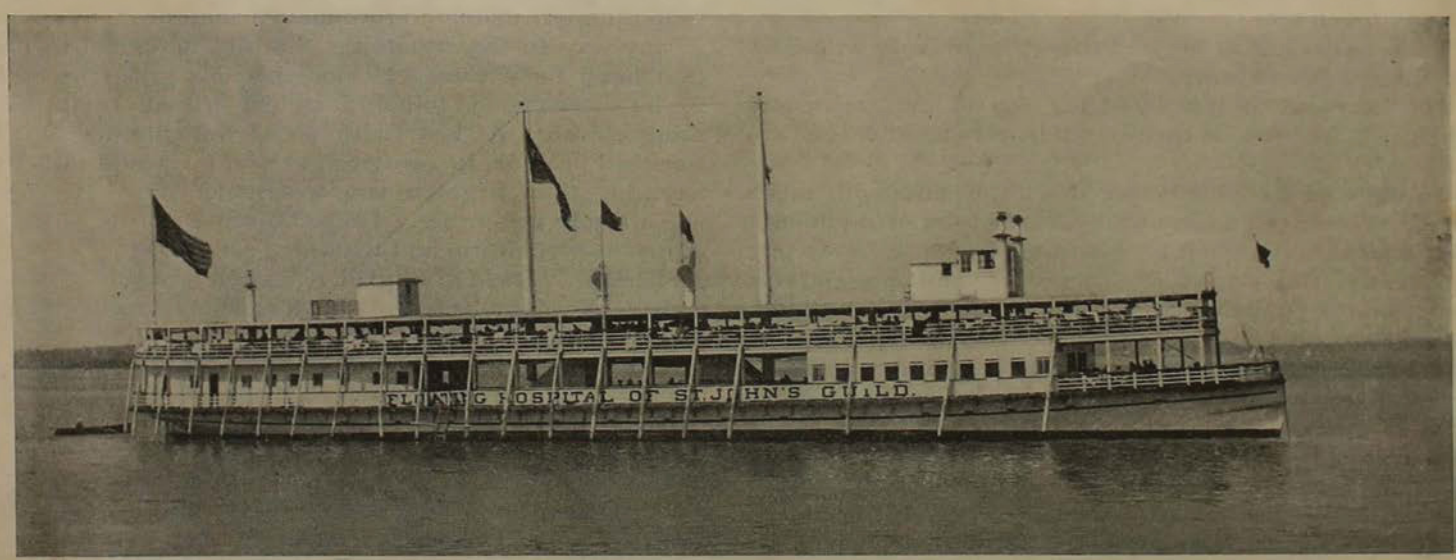
The girl had clasped her hands. She besought him wildly with her eyes. "Oh, please don't believe it! I never walk to the old oak-tree. Indeed, I don't. I never—never—never walk there!"

The bridle drooped on the bay charger's neck. The captain's figure seemed limp. With an expression of profound dejection and gloom he stared off at where the leaden sky met the dark-green line of the woods. The long-impending rain began to fall with a mournful patter, drop after drop. There was a silence.

At last a low voice said: "Well—I might—sometimes I might—perhaps—but only once in a great while,—I might walk to the old tree—in the afternoons."

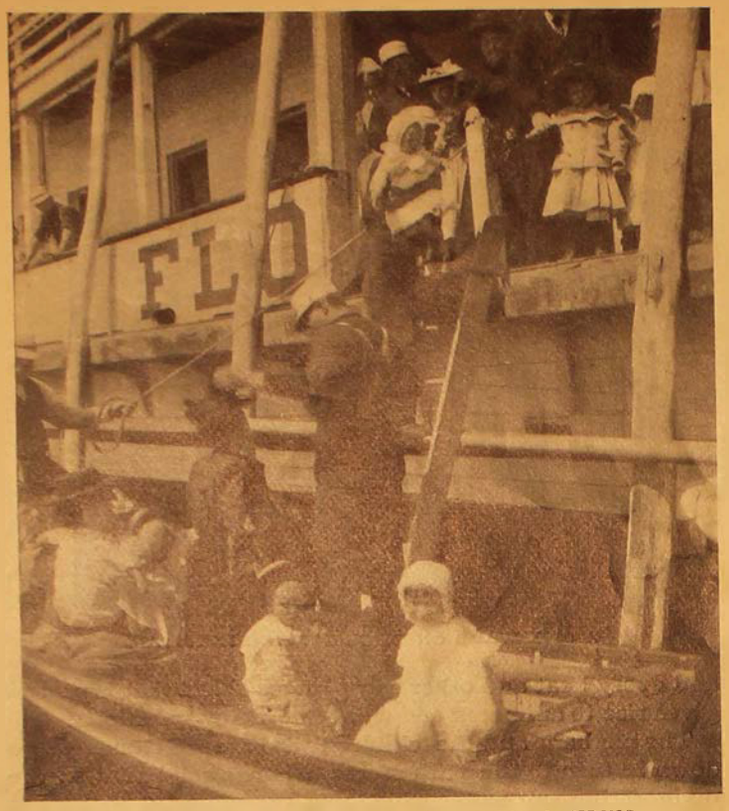
SUMMER AID FOR HELPLESS CHILDREN.

ACQUAINTANCE during the heated months with crowded tenement-house districts in great cities, and particularly in New York, gives one a knowledge of summer in a new aspect. There is no joy in this summer of the slums; there is no geniality in the sun which beats down upon the stones. It takes life instead of giving it; instead of warming it withers and stifles. The heat is visible; it dances and whirls and writhes above the pavements in a glassy haze. Tall and bare brick walls interrupt the sun's fierce rays and send them down upon the street in a hot flood. There is no tree nor blade of grass to relieve the glare and break the force of the heat; always the dreary waste of brick and stone and the scorching glitter of the sun-beaten walls fill the range of vision.



THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

And so it is not surprising that the eyes of the dwellers in these districts grow dull in summer, that the children who have sought the poor protection of the shadow of the tenements play listlessly, and that plaintive cries of infants are heard constantly. The babies are the greatest sufferers from the heat. Many of the small voices that are continually raised in instinctive protest become fainter and fainter as the hot days pass, and are finally still; the little forms cease to toss and struggle, the small eyes are closed, and pieces of white crape fluttering from tenement-house doors tell of the fragile lives that have flickered out. There are few doors in the slums which do not bear these insignia of death at some time during the summer, for the blazing sun and stifling air have many child victims; they would have many more were it not for



GOING DOWN TO THE SMALL BOAT FOR LANDING.

the work of practical philanthropists and charitable workers who make the helpless children of the poor their special care.

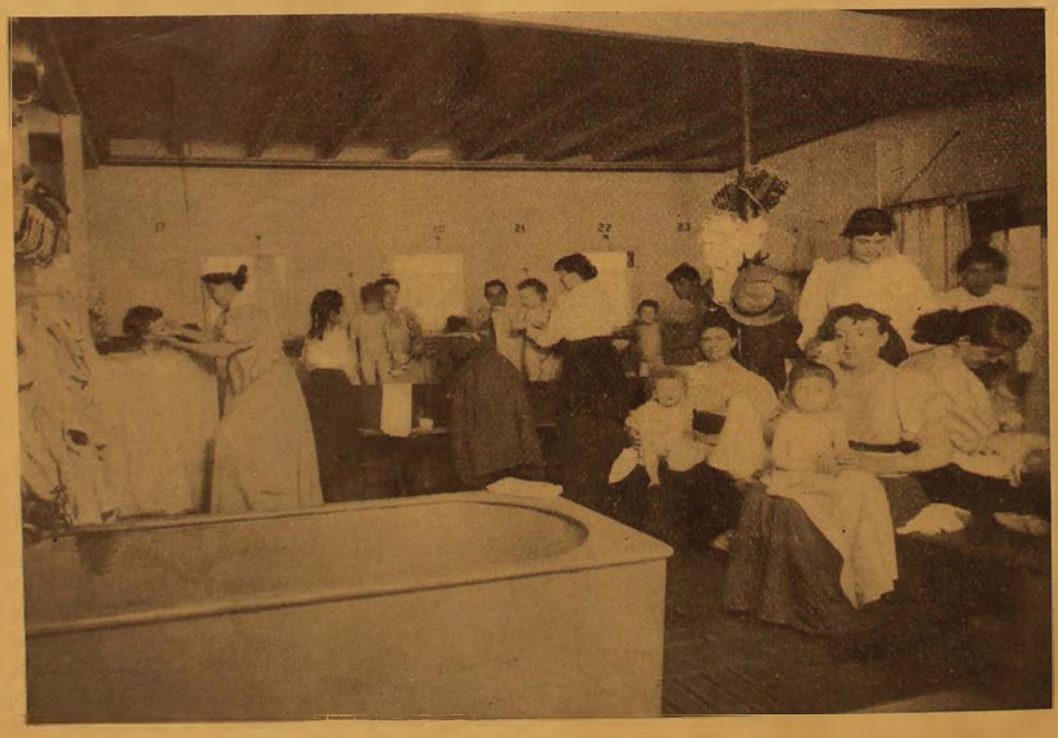
Tens of thousands of child lives are saved in New York City every year through the good work of St. John's Guild, the Children's Aid Society, and similar organizations. St. John's Guild does the most extensive summer work among the children. From June till the last of September the great Floating Hospital of the Guild makes daily trips through the bay and out into the ocean, stopping at the Seaside Hospital on the south side of Staten Island to take aboard small convalescents and leave the small patients who take their places. The magnitude of the work will be appreciated when it is known that nearly sixty thousand mothers and children were given the benefit last season of medical treatment in the Floating Hospital and the pure exhilarating salt breezes of the bay and ocean.

These children are gathered from the city's highways and byways by the Guild's workers; earnest, self-sacrificing women and men who spend much of their time in the hot streets and sweltering tenements of the slums, searching out the little sufferers. The mother is given a card to one of the Guild's physicians, who ascertains accurately the child's condition; for there are many more applicants than can be taken, and the aim of course is to care for those children who most need the care. If upon examination the child is found ill or weak enough for treatment, its mother is given a card of admission to the Floating Hospital.

EXTERIOR OF CHILDREN'S CITY HOSPITAL.

The scene on the wharf just before the tugs start on their way down the bay with the great barge which has been transformed into a hospital is full of an interest which is increased, perhaps, by the pathos of it all. There is none of the boisterous merriment here of average children at the beginning of a day's outing. Many of the small faces are pale and listless and express suffering; many of the eyes are heavy; and the "little mothers" who have come to watch over younger children appear careworn and anxious beyond their years. There is no laughter, but there are smiles of quiet and subdued anticipation, and when the big boat swings up to the wharf dull eyes brighten and wan faces light up with pleasure; that is, all but those of the little patients who are so ill that they have been brought to the hospital in the Guild's conveyances and have too little vitality to feel pleasure.

Slowly and carefully the throng is conducted aboard the boat. The children who require it are put immediately



SALT WATER BATH-ROOM FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

RECEIVING A LITTLE PATIENT.

A SICK-WARD ON THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

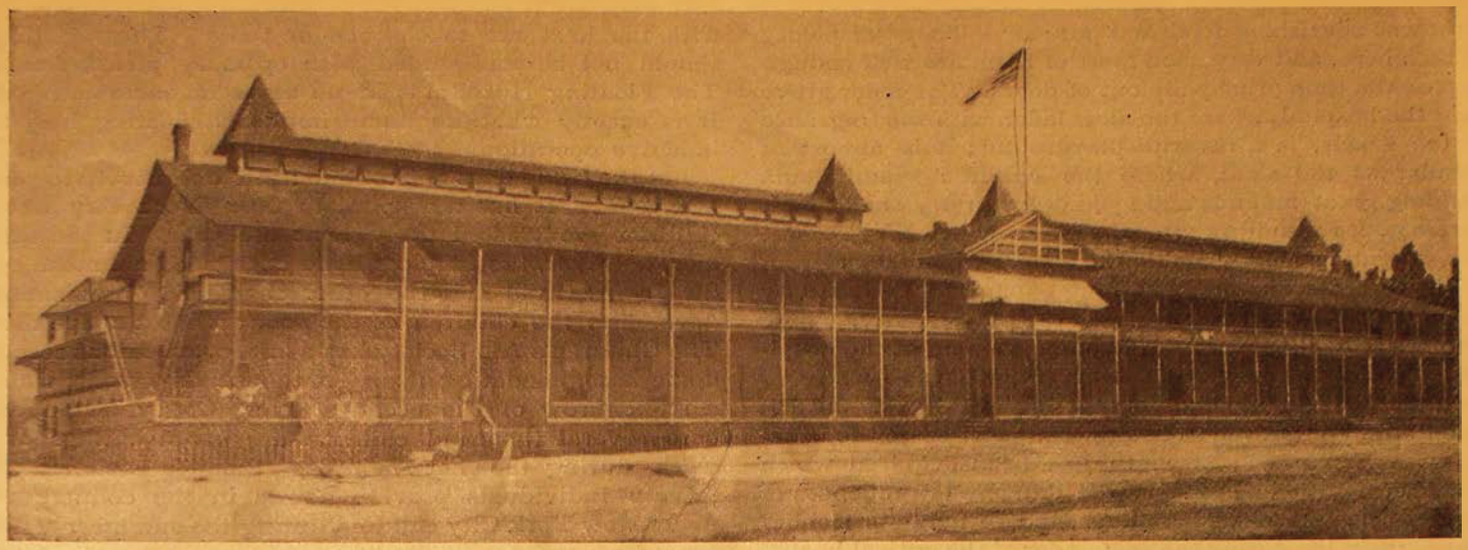
in the cots with which the Floating Hospital is provided, and for the others the attendants find comfortable places on the decks. The doctors make their rounds during the sail down the bay and decide which of the children need treatment at the Seaside Hospital on Staten Island, toward which the tugs are steaming. The release from the hot, cramped quarters which are their homes, the expanse of sky and water, the pretty scenery of woods and villas along the shores, and the fresh, bracing air are meantime having their effect upon the children. They begin to chatter merrily, play on the decks becomes active and general, and every boat and other conspicuous object that is passed gives rise to animated comment and many questions.

The mothers and the children who are well enough go down in turn to the bath-rooms, where they bathe in the invigorating salt water which fills the tubs and spurts out in many needle like streams from the sprays. Everybody feels better after the bath. The enjoyment of the sail increases, and the bell sounding through the boat would be almost an unwelcomed interruption did it not announce dinner. With appetites such as they never know at home the children devour the wholesome food and drink the milk which is handed to them by the nurses. They are given all they can eat. Here there is none of the stinting that poverty has too often made known to many of them.

When the Floating Hospital reaches a point off the Staten Island shore opposite the Guild's Seaside Hospital

DINNER TIME,—350 AT A SITTING.

NURSES TAKING LEAVE OF LITTLE PATIENTS.



THE SEASIDE HOSPITAL BUILDING, CEDAR GROVE, STATEN ISLAND.

an anchor is cast, boats are lowered, and the little patients who need continuous treatment are very carefully and tenderly placed in them and rowed to shore. The boats bring back the convalescents, who, despite their sorrow at leaving the place that has been a better home to them than they have ever known, are merry-eyed and smiling, and very much healthier and happier than they were when, a week or a month before, they came to Staten Island. There are touching partings at the little landing for the row-boats when the children leave, for here they bid good-bye to the nurses, whom some of them have learned to love for their gentleness and sympathy, with the whole-souled disinterested devotion of childhood.

In most instances the mothers accompany the small patients to the hospital, and frequently the woman is in nearly as much need of the change and treatment and is as much benefited as the child. The nurses relieve her in large measure of its care, and she almost ceases to worry, because she knows that her little one is receiving attention from skilled doctors. Her sleep at night is undisturbed by the presence of the ill and fretting child beside her, yet she has the comforting assurance that it is very near. It is lying in a crib that swings just above her bed, and a watchful nurse is always at hand to soothe it to sleep if it becomes restless. The purpose of St. John's Guild being to care for children this provision for the mothers may seem at first glance to be somewhat beyond its scope ; but it will be seen that such is not the case when it is remembered that the good health and spirits of a mother are of much importance and advantage to her children.

Very quickly and happily the days at the Seaside Hospital pass for most of the children. The thing they needed

SWINGING CRIB AT SEASIDE HOSPITAL.

most was nourishing food and pure air. They get plenty of both here, and very soon most of them are well enough to pass the time principally out of doors. The cedar grove near the hospital, where the air is laden with the fragrance of the woods, is a favorite playground; it is almost as popular as the sand, where the children spend hours building great mounds and looking for pretty shells, and, barefooted, running in after the waves when they recede, and retreating hastily before the waters when they return.

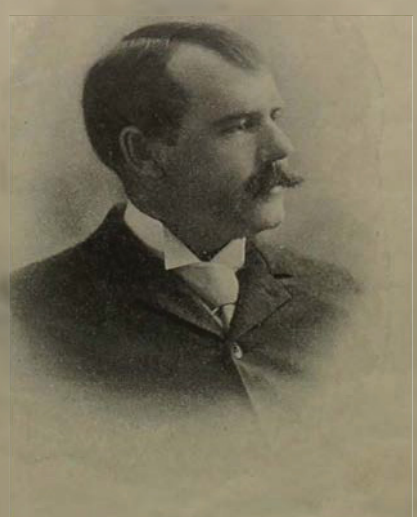
The children who are not strong enough for this activity sit on the wide piazzas and watch the play eagerly. Those who are most ill and weak, of course, remain at the hospital longest, the time varying from a few days to weeks or even months; for no child is sent back to the city until it is materially improved in health. In most cases the benefit is very marked; strength has been acquired which enables the little one to resist the dangerous influences of the city's heat and surroundings, and to hold its slender tenure upon life during the remainder of the critical heated term. The children who are not ill enough to make continuous treatment necessary are taken daily on the trips of the Floating Hospital, and many who are merely worn out with the heat are taken once or twice. These outings should not be confounded with ordinary pleasure-trips. The Floating Hospital is in no sense an excursion boat, It is exactly what its name implies, a floating hospital in active operation.

But the Guild does not confine itself exclusively to summer work. It has a hospital in New York City where children are treated throughout the year. In the summer, however, the helpless little ones need aid most, and St. John's Guild and the other charitable organizations devoted to the children of the poor are most active then. The Children's Aid Society has a fine, commodious seaside home accommodating nearly a thousand persons, within a stone-throw of the ocean at West Coney Island, and here several thousand children are given outings of a week during the hot months. Smaller societies and private individuals provide homes in the country for many New York City children during the summer. There are, of course, large numbers who cannot be cared for; but, on the whole, the metropolis is kind to the unfortunate little victims of poverty.

J. H. W.

STORIES OF SOME POPULAR SONGS.

SAID a certain poet one day: "Oh, the sonnet I have written on Keats has such a peculiar history! I wrote the lines in a blind way one morning when experimenting with the sonnet form. They seemed to possess no meaning whatever. A 'white soul,' a 'flash of red light' from a 'black cloud,' a 'rustle of wings,' and then 'silence,' and the limit was reached. I had not the slightest idea of using the sonnet at all. It was descriptive, and had a vein of aspiration running through it. Yet it was perfectly intangible, and seemed mere hyperbole. However, I laid it aside in a self-complacent mood, thinking, 'This is nothing, and I aimed at nothing; but it shows that I can write a sonnet when I really choose a proper subject and put thought into it.' The next day I was reading a volume of Keats' poems; suddenly my sonnet shone resplendent in my mind. 'It is a sonnet on Keats,' I thought; 'it applies perfectly to Keats.' I did not even copy it or change a word; I simply wrote 'Keats' at the top and posted it to a magazine. It was accepted, paid for, and praised more than anything I have written before or since."



Samuel Minturn Peck.

This was vouchsafed in confidence several years ago. It is used as an introduction to some stories of songs, because it illustrates so well the peculiar domination of the divinity that determines the destiny of many things, inanimate as well as human. While sonnets are not of universal interest, the histories of certain modern songs that have touched the heart of humanity have a peculiar charm. Very pleasing is the story of a song written by Samuel Minturn Peck, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

"Although I like all your verses so much," said one of his admirers in his own town, "I must say that 'The Little Knot of Blue' is my favorite."

"I have a fondness for it myself," answered Mr. Peck; "and it really has quite a singular history, too, I think. You know that, although I have never practiced, I am a graduate of Bellevue, New York. In the winter of 1885–6, I was chumming with a young doctor named Simpson, from Pensacola. He was about to come up for his final examination at the P. and S., and was also competing for a hospital appointment. He was a graduate of the Yale Scientific School, and a very charming fellow. Through him I came to know many of his old college-mates, who would drop in on us at all hours, and from all parts of the country, and we always managed to put them up somewhere.

"I had been in bad health for nearly a year, and my ill health finally culminated in a fever, during which I was nursed and attended by Simpson, and Bissell, his 'quiz' master. Bissell was also a Yale man, so my Yale associations were decidedly pronounced. While I was convalescing from my illness pretty rhymes and tunes commenced to dance in my brain and pursue me like sweet perfumes. The words 'A little knot of blue, a little knot of blue' kept singing and singing in my head as if a lively throng of sprites or fairies were imploring me to do them some service, until the echo possessed me, and I became convinced that 'A Knot of Blue' was the refrain to a song yet unborn; so one day, under the influence, I took up my pen and wrote in a few minutes the following:

"She hath no gems of luster bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

"Of course it was not to stop with the first stanza; there was a refrain which added itself:

"A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,—
It fills my dreams
With sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

"More followed naturally, for the little knot of blue must have its romance; it must meet its fate, and a happy one. So on again:

"I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree;
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me;
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

"A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true;
'Twill hold my heart
Till life shall part,—
That little knot of blue.

"That was all; it was very short, yet I will confess that it pleased me, and I kept reading it over and over for the music. Toward sunset, Simpson, returning from 'quiz,' opened the door.

"'Simpson,' I cried, 'isn't blue the Yale color?'

"'Why, everybody knows that!' was his astonished reply.

"Unconsciously, and without thinking of the Yale color, I had written a Yale song; for it was nothing else. I copied it in as 'fair' a hand as I could, sent it to the 'Century,' inscribing it 'To the Boys of Yale,' and it was immediately accepted. It was copied by the press generally, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and brought me stacks of congratulatory letters from Yale alumni everywhere. It has been set to music by dozens of composers, but Sheppard, of the Yale Glee Club, arranged it as a quartette, and it has been sung by the Yale fellows everywhere."

Hallie M. Grimsley

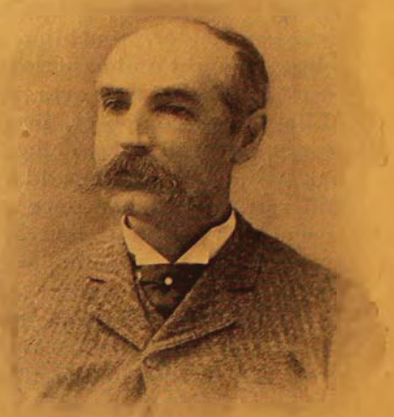
Who is not more or less familiar with the song "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing"? For years its melody has floated on the air of the streets, evoking visions of carefree childhood. It is not only rhythmical, but also presents a perfect picture:

"Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing;
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

"Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
Oh! to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

"I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart;
And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

"Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing."



Eben E. Rexford

And the story of this most delightful song? It was written by Samuel Minturn Peck in the year 1887 or 1888, in the drowsy stillness of an August afternoon, out at his old plantation home in the suburbs of Tuscaloosa. He finished the poem at one sitting. It was written so easily that he wondered if it could be good enough to offer to a magazine; and not fully appreciating its musical quality, Mr. Peck rather carelessly posted it to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It was accepted, but kept back so long that at last he wrote a letter of inquiry about it. Finally it was printed, and he received in payment a check for five dollars. It was very widely copied, sometimes without the name of the author. Meanwhile Hubbard T. Smith set it to music. A lady in Cleveland set it to music. A man in Canada set it to music. It would at once have set itself to music if it could, but human skill was necessary, and not slow in being manifested. Dozens of composers seemed to think it was a favor to the poet to let him know that his verses were set to music, out of which they were privileged to make fortunes.

Reports of the success of the song constantly reached Mr. Peck, but he made no effort to assert his rights. One evening he went with friends to see Francis Wilson in the "Merry Monarch," and Hubbard Smith, who was in the troupe, was pointed out to him. He had hoped to meet him, so he sent in his card. Mr. Peck told Smith that he had received only five dollars for the poem, and asked for a royalty; but it was refused. Even then, and the song's first season not over, Mr. Smith had drawn seven hundred dollars, and the publishers, about seven thousand dollars!

Time went on, and the poet began to forget all the public successes and private vicissitudes of his popular song. But one quiet summer afternoon, as he sat alone in his garden, there softly fell upon his ears strains that made him lift his head in quick astonishment. A little ebony pickaninny was singing in a clear voice, in negro dialect:

'Swingin' in de grapevine swing,
Laughin' wha de wile birds sing,—
Oh, would I was a boy,
Wid my heart full ob joy,
Swingin' in de grapevine swing."

The bird of song, which had wandered so far from its nest, had fluttered back, not only to Alabama and Tuscaloosa, but to the very garden of the poet.

One feels almost disappointed on learning that the song "Under the Daisies" did not have its origin in some deep personal emotion, some sense of tragic and irreparable loss on the part of its author. It was written by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold, of Columbus, Wisconsin, when she was about twenty-two years of age. This was in 1863 or 1864. It was first published in the New York Home Journal, then edited by N. P. Willis, and the leading literary paper of the country. Very widely copied, the poem attracted much attention. It reads as though penned by someone in the deepest grief; yet Mrs. Griswold has said that such was not the case. However, sympathy and sorrow must have stirred very profoundly the mind of a young woman who, unfamiliar with death, could produce lines so tender, touching, and soulful. Many persons whose thought and experience it voiced had learned it by heart before it was ever sung; it was in this way that Millard, the composer, procured it from a friend. The words, naturally, were changed somewhat from the original, and, as Mrs. Griswold expressed it, it lost its rhythm and returned to her once "limping" quite sadly. It was at this period of its travels that True Williams made an etching to accompany it as published in the Art Journal, and the editor admitted that the poem was "supplied from the excellent memory of a friend," the author being unknown. Even Millard did not know who wrote the verses, and he told Mrs. Griswold that he did not know for twenty years, when he learned through Ella Wheeler, of Wisconsin, who is now Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, of New York City. With her natural loyalty to a sister poet, Ella Wheeler secured from Millard a promise to attach Mrs Griswold's name to any further editions of the sheet music which might appear. Whether Mrs. Griswold's name has ever appeared with the music or not, the writer does not know.

Pathetic episodes have again and again been described to Mrs. Griswold in connection with the song. One day, wandering in an old cemetery alone, she was startled by coming suddenly upon a part of her own verses cut on a tombstone. A young girl in Milwaukee, a leading church soprano, who had been in the habit of singing it with her brother and sister, asked them on her deathbed to sing it to her. "Oh, let me hear it at the last," she said, "and always think of me as lying under the daisies,—

> 'The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
> The snowy, snowy daisies.'"

An intimate friend of Mrs. Griswold once wrote to her from a little back-country place where she attended a funeral in which the husband was the only mourner. He had requested that it be sung, and it was, most effectively, by a chorus of young, fresh voices, which filled the place and echoed softly across the field of daisies visible from the open windows. "The tune, the words, the voices, the whole scene, were fraught with divine meaning," wrote the passer-by. "A storm of sobs broke the silence which followed

> 'I bless my God with a breaking heart
> For that grave enstarred with daisies,
> The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
> The snowy, snowy daisies.'"

"Under the Blue" is a song by Mrs. Griswold which has been widely used in schools and is found in several glee-books. She herself is said to esteem it more highly than "Under the Daisies"; which, however, written in the golden past when Mrs. Griswold was but a girl, is better calculated to live.

> "I have just been learning the lesson of life,
> The sad, sad lesson of loving,
> And all of its power for pleasure or pain
> Been slowly, sadly proving;
> And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
> With its thousand brilliant phases,
> Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid,—
> A coffin under the daisies,
> The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
> The snowy, snowy daisies.
>
> "And thus forever throughout the world
> Is love a sorrow proving;
> There's many a sad, sad thing in life,
> But the saddest of all is loving.
> Love often divides far wider than death,—
> Stern fortune the high wall raises;
> But better far than two hearts estranged
> Is a low grave starred with daisies,
> The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
> The snowy, snowy daisies.
>
> "And so I am glad that we lived as we did
> Through the summer of love together,
> And that one of us, weary, lay down to rest
> Ere the coming of wintry weather.
> For the sadness of love is love's growing cold,
> And 'tis one of its surest phases;
> So I bless my God with a breaking heart
> For that grave enstarred with daisies,
> The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
> The snowy, snowy daisies."

"Silver Threads Among the Gold," by Eben E. Rexford, of Shiocton, Wisconsin, has a somewhat peculiar history. Being questioned about it he said: "'Silver Threads' was written twenty-three or twenty-four years ago,—I don't just know the exact date, as I haven't the 'knack' of remembering such things, and have no data by which to determine the fact,—while I was a student at Lawrence University. I had written some poetry for a New York publisher, in which he saw singable qualities, and spoke of my work to Mr. H. P. Danks, the composer. Mr. Danks wrote requesting me to send him several songs for examination, saying that for such as he accepted he would pay three dollars each. I sent him nine, among them 'Silver Threads.' He wrote back that some would answer his purpose, but did not say which, and sent me eighteen dollars. He never returned any of the songs, and I never received the balance of the twenty-seven dollars which the nine would have come to; so it remains an open question whether the song named was paid for or not. I heard nothing more from him, and did not know that any of the songs had been published, until the band of the Oneida Indians, who have a reservation between Shiocton and Green Bay, came to Shiocton to give a concert. In addition to band music they gave some vocal numbers, and one of them was 'Silver Threads.' I heard it then for the first time, and recognized my words. After the concert I interviewed the leader and learned that he had procured the song from a friend in the East, who wrote that it was just out, and was going to prove a 'hit.' I found out that the publisher was C. W. Harris, and from him I procured a copy; also the information that it was beginning to sell by the thousands. He wanted a companion to it, and I wrote for him 'When Silver Threads Are Gold Again,' a much better song in every way than the other, and Mr. Danks set it to music, which, also, was much better than the tune of 'Silver Threads.' But the song, while selling well, never attained the phenomenal popularity of the first one.

"My friend, James G. Clark, the poet-lecturer, on one of his visits to me, said that he had occasion to call on Mr. Harris about the time 'Silver Threads' came out, and Mr. Harris told him that he was financially swamped, and could not, at that time, pay Mr. Clark what was owing

him, but he had just issued a song that he believed was going to put him on his feet again. This the song did, Mr. Clark found out later, and Harris made a fortune out of the piece for which he paid Danks forty dollars. The sale of the song ran up into the millions; and, though it isn't heard very often nowadays, it still sells."

"Only a Pansy Blossom," by the same author, also has a history, which is thus told by Mr. Rexford: "It was set to music by a singer connected with Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrel troupe, and sung by him with fine effect. It at once made a 'hit.' He took the manuscript to the John Church Company, of Cincinnati, represented himself as author of words and music, and sold the song to them. They published it, and advertised it in their monthly bulletin of new music, giving the first verse in the advertisement. In advertising the song they gave the name of Frank Howard, the minstrel, as author. On reading the verse I recognized my property, and wrote to the publishers that Frank Howard was not the author of the words. As good luck would have it, I had a copy of the words, as originally published in an Eastern paper, in my scrap-book, and these I sent as part of my proof of authorship, and referred the music publishers to the editor to whom the original poem was sent. They wrote to him, found that I was correct in my claim, and then interviewed Mr. Howard. At first he asserted his right to the song; but on being confronted with proof of the falsity of his statement he admitted that he was not the original writer, but said he had read the poem years before and it had lingered in his brain, and he had written it out as it had appeared in the song, supposing that, of course, he was making use only of the idea of the old song. As he had it almost word for word as I wrote it, his theory of 'unconscious reproduction' didn't satisfy the publishers; and the result was that on the next edition issued Mr. Howard's name as author of the words was replaced by mine. I was handsomely paid for the song, though, of course, Messrs. Church & Co. were under no obligations to pay me anything."

Both Mrs. Griswold and Mr. Rexford have expressed surprise that their respective popular songs, "Under the Daisies" and "Silver Threads," should have attracted more attention than other productions which they deemed so much more worthy. Though a ballad possess the very essence of music, it may never be sung by the multitude. Everything seems to depend upon the ebb or flow of some tidal wave in the public mind at the moment a song is borne away from its author by the winds of chance.

ELLA A. GILES.

CURIOUS OLD LACES.

THE subject of hand-made laces is one which interests nearly every one who has had time and opportunity to give the subject thought. There is that in its light grace, filmy texture, and exquisite design, which appeals at once to the feminine heart, as well as to artistic masculine taste; and an interesting fact is that the charm which it has had, at least for women, it has exercised over them since history has made any record of manners and usages. It is not strange, therefore, that women who have had wealth and leisure for the pursuit have made the collection of exquisite and rare laces one of the chief interests in their lives.

GARDEN OF EDEN PATTERN.

The art centres of Europe are, of course, the chief fields from which to glean, both for the purchase of choice examples of modern laces, and also for success in that expensive and exclusive pleasure, the acquisition of antique specimens, which in the ups and downs of life change hands through the mediation of the antiquary.

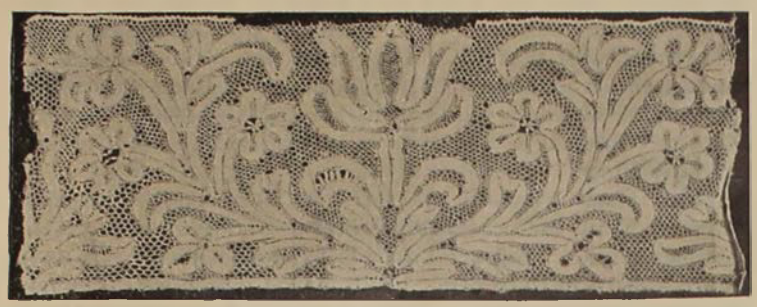
The museums of Europe hold lace treasures of fabulous value, but this country is still not rich in this respect; therefore, the few collections are of special interest, and among them one of the best private ones is owned by Mrs. A. L. Vrooman, of Minneapolis, by whose kind permission we are enabled to give illustrations of some very rare laces, which, in addition to their beauty, possess a special historical interest.

The city of Brussels has the largest museum of old laces in Europe, and at this museum Mrs Vrooman has studied many rare and unique pieces of the work of past centuries. An old lady, resident of Brussels, who is her personal friend, is a lace expert and passes judgment on all laces submitted to the museum; from her the piece of lace shown in our second illustration was purchased, the lace having been made over two hundred years ago.

A study of the first illustration will prove of great interest to any one, whether informed regarding laces or not. This piece of lace has not its counterpart in any collection, and is a curiosity in lace-making. It is over nine hundred years old, and was originally one of a collection of so-called Pompeiian laces, excavated just beyond Pompeii at a place called Pozzuoli. This city is built on the ancient site of Puteoli, six miles west of Naples. The ancient city was partially buried during a volcanic eruption of the twelfth century, and finally destroyed by a later eruption, four hundred years after. During the excavations which have been made at a comparatively recent date, these laces were found.

A study of the pattern of this quaint lace reveals the fact that each turn of the braid-like pattern has a meaning. There are figures of men and women, of birds and trees; one turn of the outline gives an eye, another a wing or a limb. It does not require any great amount of

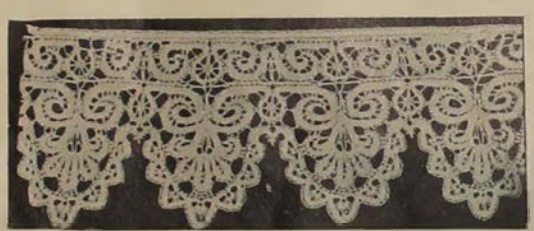
imagination, either, to trace in this pattern at least a striking suggestion of the scene in the Garden of Eden. The figure of a man and a woman under a tree, a branch of which on each side has an unmistakable likeness to a serpent with well-defined head, and the birds circling about the tree, would justify one in thinking that the Bible scene was at least suggested.



TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Among these same Pompeiian laces was a scarf measuring four and a half yards in length and one yard in width. It was of cobwebby texture, with an all-over design of knots and flowers. This treasure in rare old lace was purchased from Mrs. Vrooman's collection, by Miss Harrison, daughter of the late Carter Harrison of Chicago, and worn by her as her bridal veil upon her marriage to Mr. Barrett Eastman, last December.

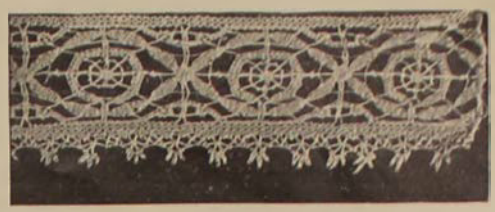
Other pieces in Mrs. Vrooman's collection were undoubtedly used for altar trimmings," furniture coverings and other forms of household decoration; and in this connection it is difficult to keep in mind the fact that these microscopic stitches, woven with finest thread, are the work of patient fingers which set the needle with minutest care or manipulated the bobbins on the cushion. We give illustrations of two examples of these laces.



FROM AN ALTAR SCARF.

A piece of rarely beautiful lace which is of great historic interest, is the Empire-gown shown in the illustration. This dress belonged to that unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, and was worn by her. It is therefore over one hundred years old. The lace was stolen from France and taken to Italy, and later it was deposited in a bank in Italy as collateral security; but it was never redeemed, and finally came by inheritance into the possession of a nephew of the banker. From this gentleman Mrs. Vrooman was so fortunate as to obtain it.

The gown is made in Empire style with short puffed sleeves and low bodice. It is of silk net, embroidered at intervals with a leaf done in natural silk and gold thread, and finished at the bottom of the skirt with a deep border of point applique beautifully worked into the body of the net. Interwoven with the design of the lace is a vine embroidered in silk of the natural shades, combined with a deep cream and gold threads. Spangles of gold also follow the traceries of the design, and the whole effect is indescribably rich.



ALTAR LACE.

Altogether the collection is one of great interest as well as value, and well worthy the attention of connoisseurs of old lace.

JULIA DARROW COWLES.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S GOWN.

THE POET'S ELEMENT.

"Tell me," said I to a writer of song,
"The source of true poetry's fancies.
From what 'element' draw you the visions that throng
Your dreamy, idyllic romances?"

"In the fire of love, in the tear-swollen eye,
In earth's beauty—dwell visions most fair.
But the fairest of all," was the poet's reply,
"Are the castles I build in the air."

H. S.

THE OUTDOOR DRESS OF THE FUTURE.

New York Women Who Are Interested in the New Movement for Sensible Dress Give Demorest's Magazine Their Views on a Suitable Street and Business Costume.

WOMAN'S MARTYRDOM TO DRESS.

Miss Bertha Welby, Secretary of the "Rainy Day Club," Speaks of the Rainy Day Costume and the Growing Sentiment in Its Favor.

Women in the past have been martyrs to their clothing, but I think the time is coming, and very soon, when we shall no longer be handicapped in life and rendered less happy and useful than we might be by our dress. A number of active women of New York have formed what we call the "Rainy Day Club," whose one purpose is to bring about the adoption of a convenient street-skirt for rainy days. We are not cranks. We believe very heartily in prettiness, and every one of us wants to be just as stylishly and becomingly and attractively attired as possible, but we believe in health and comfort and convenience, too.

We haven't put our theory into practice yet, but intend to in the fall, when we have pledged ourselves to wear out-of-doors, and particularly on rainy days, a skirt which will be several inches shorter than the one now worn. The length will be to some extent a matter of individual taste, but personally I prefer one about five inches from the ground, with shoes whose tops are two inches higher than those usually worn. This would render leggins, which I don't like, unnecessary. The costume will attract very little attention. Even now ladies are not infrequently seen wearing their short bicycle skirts when their wheels are at home. The bicycle has paved the way for the short skirt for general wear.

THE DESIRE FOR REFORM IN DRESS.

Mrs. Lumsden, President of the Health Culture Club of Brooklyn, Tells of the Widespread Approval of the Short Street-Skirt.

Last spring six women, myself among them, formed a club to promote the adoption by women of a sensible costume for the street. We have sixty-five members now, and the list is increasing constantly. This growth in membership, however, sinks into insignificance when compared to the very widespread interest which has been evinced in our plan. I have received letters from many parts of the country commending it; some of them, moreover, have been from men.

We are now having our costumes made, and they will be about three inches from the ground for general street wear and six inches for rainy weather. They will be pretty and graceful rather than ugly. We don't pretend to be superior to the fashions, but we intend to resist them so far as they interfere with sensible dress.

THE ADVANTAGES OF VARIETY IN DRESS.

Miss Bertha Willsea, a Well-known Reader, Believes that Woman's Dress Should Have Variety and Harmony.

I am not at all an admirer of the so-called strong-minded woman and am careful to keep out of any movement which savors of strong-mindedness. But the most womanly woman will like the short skirt when she comes to know just what it is. It will be pretty if the women who wear it are careful and tasteful in regard to foot apparel, and it will give variety to woman's dress, which is an important advantage. Sameness and monotony are nearly synonymous terms. Dress is important in lending variety to a woman's outward personality, and the jaunty walking-skirt will become an effective instrument to that end. It is the costume of activity, while the long skirt is the costume of repose. I believe in trains and everything else that is graceful and attractive in woman's dress, but let the costume be appropriate to the time and place. That thing is most artistic which is most in harmony with its surroundings.

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Miss Grace Drew (Marjory Daw), One of the Best-Known of New York's Young Newspaper Women, Speaks Enthusiastically of the Walking-Skirt.

The nature of my occupation requires that I walk a great deal, and I never go out without wishing that I could tear off the yards of skirt that are like sheathing about my feet. If men could know from personal experience anything of the discomfort of the long skirts, if they should have to wear them for a day they would never again criticise women for desiring to rid themselves of at least a part of them. The short skirt will do away with the heavy and useless petticoats, and tights or bloomers will be worn under it, thus materially lightening our dress. On several occasions lately when shopping and out on business I have worn my bicycle suit, which is practically the same as the costume which is being advocated for out-of-door wear; it has attracted no appreciable attention and has been a source of immense comfort to me.

A GROWING NECESSITY.

HELEN VARICK BOSWELL, A LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT FOR MUNICIPAL REFORM IN NEW YORK, BELIEVES THAT THE SHORT SKIRT IS INEVITABLE.

WOMEN are constantly becoming more active and athletic, and it is in the nature of things that their dress should conform to the new condition. It is necessary. It is evolution and is inevitable. I do not believe in unconventionality in dress, but I think that the short skirt will soon become perfectly conventional, and women will not lose one iota of womanliness by its adoption. The health of women is extremely important, and sensible men will approve and not condemn a thing which is conducive to it and to the general welfare of women.

A SENSIBLE YET PRETTY COSTUME.

MRS. CHARLES IRWIN, A LEADING MEMBER OF THE "RAINY DAY CLUB," DENIES THAT THERE WILL BE A SACRIFICE OF PRETTINESS IN THE NEW COSTUME.

SOME women seem to think that the advantages in convenience and comfort of the costumes we are favoring will be counterbalanced by the loss in attractiveness, but they are mistaken. The new dress will not be ugly,—very far from it. Nothing could be prettier than a dainty, light-weight skirt reaching to the shoe-tops, and dainty, perfectly fitting boots with tops two inches higher than usual. Each woman can, of course, decide for herself as to the waist, and I can assure her she will succeed in making her costume as attractive as any she wears. I think, indeed, that on the score of mere prettiness it will appeal to most women, and that it will become the fashion for street wear.

A CONSIDERATION OF DAINTINESS.

MISS GRACE BURGESS, COMEDIENNE, APPROVES OF THE SHORT SKIRT BECAUSE OF THE SAVING IN GLOVES AND BOOTS.

I AM very fastidious about my gloves and boots, but being in the dramatic profession I am obliged to be out in all sorts of weather. Every woman knows that it is impossible with wet skirts draggling about the feet and the necessity of holding up the skirt, to keep the shoes or gloves in good condition. That is one reason why I am in favor of the new costume.

ONE IDEAL OF A BUSINESS DRESS.

MISS MAUD MORRISON, A LEADING NEW YORK BUSINESS WOMAN, BELIEVES THAT THE COSTUME SHOULD CONFORM TO OCCUPATION AND ENVIRONMENT.

I THINK it is absurd that the business woman should attempt to dress as does the woman of wealth who has a carriage and maid and every other luxury at her command. Just as we wear heavy clothing in winter and light in summer, we should dress according to our daily environment and occupation. We are not ashamed of being business women and, therefore, I can see no reason why we should hesitate to wear a proper costume, even if it does distinguish us from the woman of leisure. I believe in wearing out-of-doors a pair of thick black bloomers fastening at the knee and of a size to make a light skirt hang gracefully over them. The skirt need be only a few inches from the ground. Strong, well-fitting shoes and leggins, a jacket and waist approved by individual taste, and a hat that will stand rain, complete my ideal outdoor or business dress.

A BOON TO WOMEN.

MRS. ELIZABETH GRANNIS, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIAL PURITY LEAGUE, GIVES HER REASONS FOR ADVOCATING THE SHORT SKIRT.

I HAVE worn a short skirt under a waterproof or cloak on rainy days for some years, and have found it to be an immense advantage over the ordinary dress. I do not believe in attracting attention to one's dress, but I shall certainly wear the skirt without the cloak in the fall if I find that I am not entirely alone in this effort at dress improvement. That it is an improvement there can not be the slightest doubt. There is none of the wetness about the ankles which is so uncomfortable and so dangerous to health, and of course it does away with the necessity of holding up the skirts which, as every woman knows, is most inconvenient when she is carrying an umbrella and perhaps parcels. The short skirt is lighter, more healthful, more economical, more comfortable, and more modest than the other, and I think that it is only a question of a little time before women generally will avail themselves of its advantages. One should bear in mind, too, that it is not sufficient to have the skirt short enough to keep out of the mud when walking. It should be so short that one need not hold it up while going down a stairway ; because women on business are often obliged to go up and down stairs with books and parcels in their arms.

SOCIETY FADS.

IT is not often that what may be called a fad has more than a passing hold upon the feminine fancy, or results in anything of really practical value; but the fad for appropriate dress seems likely to be an exception. Since women have taken to athletics and outdoor sports it is necessary for every up-to-date girl to have her particular costume for golfing, tennis-playing, swimming, cycling, boating, or whatever other form of diversion she indulges in. At first it was in many cases a mere matter of fashion, but when women once had a taste of the freedom which comes from having one's dress easy and convenient, they did not stop with the merely fashionable demand, but insisted upon making fashionable what seemed to them a necessity. Hence among society women now it is quite the thing to have a special gown for shopping, short, light, and convenient; a special gown for rainy days, plain, narrow, and reaching almost to the tops of the boots; and a special gown for almost every occasion that makes any undue demand on them.

THERE is no end to the devices women are making this summer to give a so-called intellectual tone to the various gatherings that are exclusively for the entertainment of feminine guests. Men will not be bored by having their diversions turned into mere guessing contests, but women are by nature fond of guessing and take readily to such forms of entertainment. The ordinary porch-party, which is so popular now, might well be called a puzzle-party, for at them the guests are required to solve all sorts of puzzles, from assigning quotations to their proper places to guessing the names of books and things hidden in a pun. A little zest is added by rewarding the successful person with some sort of a prize, expensive or not as the taste and purse of the hostess dictates. This part of the entertainment has something the same sort of fascination that a bargain-table has for the average woman. She does not mind how much trouble she takes, or how much she is bored, if that is all she pays for the acquisition of some trifle.

THE mandolin and guitar, which a few years ago became almost a necessity in the furnishing of the conventional artistic room, have taken a new hold on popular favor. Formerly it was the banjo that every fashionable young woman strummed upon and she was not considered properly accomplished until she had mastered it. Now it is the mandolin which is indispensable, and its musical, ringing tones are creating a taste which also finds satisfaction in the soft guitar. This is a particularly attractive fad for summer when the music of the lively mandolin or the sentimental guitar adds so much to boating parties, moonlight evenings and other picturesque forms of entertainment peculiar to places of summer resort.

TO BE healthy, wealthy and wise, the *débutantes* and matrons have discovered that many additions to their education are needed; and with the spring season a wonderful new lot of classes have suddenly been put in train. The ethics of this and the isms of that have quickly dropped into oblivion in the face of a practical enterprise a long-headed society woman has set going on her country-place very near the city. She became a widow but a year ago, with very little save a beautiful farm and her house by way of property, and here she has opened a sort of training-school in the very domestic sciences, for maidens and matrons of her own station. She guarantees to teach any girl all about farming in so many lessons, and as gardening, chicken-raising, dairying, and small-fruit culture promise to be the favorite recreations of rich women in the summer, these classes come most opportunely. At any rate, it is the fashion at the time for young women to study these practical occupations; and out on the farm groups of pretty *débutantes* meet every day, get into fetching gowns, aprons, and caps, swing pails and stools on their arms, and march out to take lessons in milking. The gentle, thoroughbred Jersey cows stare in mild amazement at the pretty arms bared to the elbows, the patent-leather buckled shoes the girls wear, and the Watteau-like appearance of their new milkmaids, but they offer no objections, and under the eye of an efficient man these dainty damsels learn how to fill their pails. Another class studies butter and cheese making in the dairy, a third group haunts the chicken-houses, while a small band are devoting themselves to the interest of fattening pigs, on the strength and fascination of a new litter of pink little squealers. Over the fields and in the garden and stables other classes are scattered, each batch of girls accompanied by a lecturer and practical demonstrator on farming affairs. In each branch the girls themselves lend a hand, gather eggs and cut potato slips, toss fodder to the horses, swing hoes in the asparagus field, set out cabbage-plants, and come home at the end of the day, rosy, happy, and convinced that their *chiffon* parasols shall be turned into plowshares, their *lorgnons* into pruning-hooks, and that to live on a farm is the only true and wholesome existence,—as indeed it is.

THE nice young man in society who wishes to sincerely establish himself in the friendly estimation of the individual smart young woman, buys for his fair charmer a talking bird. Not to possess one of these gifted creatures is as sad a state as to lack the possession of an educated dog. A talking bird is not necessarily a parrot, though there is a species of small gray African parrot that is at present commanding a leading position in society. A parrot, however, is rather common-place, and the modish girls mostly have starlings or ravens, and there is a contingent who only affect nightingales and bullfinches. Whatever the species of bird may be, however, whether it talks or sings or merely preens its gorgeous plumage, it must be taught to sit on its mistress's wrist or finger and wear a leather bracelet on its leg to which is attached a fine gold chain. This is long and fastens at the other end to a gold bangle clasped on the mistress's wrist. When receiving callers bangle and bird are worn, and the bird and its accomplishments form part of the conversation that circles about the tea-cups. A well-trained bird will sit for a half-hour on its owner's hand, and at her bidding the starling or parrot will show off all its precious store of teaching. By and by the servant brings a wonderful bamboo Japanese stand loaded with the smallest silver bells and carries the precious pet away until a fresh batch of tea-drinkers arrive to sit excited and amazed at the feats of this fashionable new toy. Some of the girls do, of course, really make the most affectionate little companions of their new feathered friends; and occasionally the pretty sight is seen of a dainty maid in a muslin frock rewarding a clever bullfinch for his song by feeding him grains of sugar held between her rosy lips. A girl who can accomplish successfully this feat is sure, they say, to have several propositions of marriage before the season is over.

MADAME LA MODE.

OUR GIRLS

A DAY AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

LIKE a handsome widow in elegant garments of gray, Bryn Mawr sits on her pleasant hills in a little rural gem of a town, named by its early Welsh settlers, Bryn Mawr. She is gray almost to her finger-tips, this college for young ladies. The walls of her six handsome buildings are of gray stone, and of gray are the tilings also. A trifle of unsanctified red gleams from the window-sashes of Taylor Hall ; the snug little gymnasium, over between its comely gray sisters, Radnor and Merion, is of red brick ; the cottage of the dean shows a faint bit of color between the trees, and two or three chimneys have escaped the painter with his generous pot of gray ; but otherwise, the eye searches vainly for a departure from the general scheme of the Friends' own color.

TAYLOR HALL.

One's first impression of the four stately halls of residence is of respect for the good sense of trustees who selected plans which secure so much comfort for the students. They sit quite low to the ground, these pleasant halls, and seem to reach out a hand of welcome to their parlors and studies. Three floors at most are seen in the plans, and in general the public rooms and students' rooms are found on the ground floor and on that immediately above it ; while, true to the genius of the Philadelphia builder, front doorsteps are as few in number and as gentle of ascent as possible.

We first saw Bryn Mawr on a pleasant summer evening, just after sunset and just after dinner, if so commonplace a connection may be permitted. At Pembroke the wide halls were filled with interesting groups of students, some in the broad window-seats, others wandering down the corridors, arm in arm, in lively conversation about the events of the day. On the lawn the usually full tennis courts were deserted, but a merry group, led by two students in pink, were playing "snap the whip" with shrieks of laughter, right under the eyes of stately Taylor Hall, the centre of collegiate life.

In these days, when a man of fortune who bestows a gift usually insists that it shall in some way contribute to his own glory, it is interesting to know that the founder of Bryn Mawr, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, of Burlington, New Jersey, a physician, merchant, and a member of the Society of Friends, forbade the use of his name to the college ; but the central hall, in which are located the larger lecture-halls, the library, offices of administration, and the reading-room, is rightly named for this wise philanthropist, who did not live to see the completion of the college buildings.

Not far from stately Taylor—and here let us say that one of the advantages of Bryn Mawr is that nothing is far away from anything — rises Dalton Hall, standing a little to one side as if courting retirement for the investigations, chemical, physiological, and botanical, which are progressing within its walls. Dalton is rather new, even in a group of buildings which has sprung up within the brief space of nine years, and its generous

DENBIGH HALL.

Photographed by Phillips.

A STUDENT'S ROOM.

equipment and well-lighted, spacious laboratories offer splendid opportunities for individual work. The first floor and basement are devoted to physics, the second to biology, the third to chemistry, while on the fourth floor are the rooms of the geological department, a small museum, and several research-rooms for advanced students. The lecture-rooms are spacious and light. In the general laboratory frogs are swimming in alcohol, their last bath, while skeletons of their friends are variously mounted for the edification of students. On the blackboard a set of examination questions indicates that several incipient "broilers" have been lost to the gastronomic world by the merciless processes of the student's knife. In a large lecture-room three gentle girls in cap and gown are hastily scribbling down in the familiar marbled note-book a lecturer's remarks on the muscles of a bird's eye. And just outside, on the lawn, some unscientific, healthy, crimson-breasted robins are singing merrily, with their eyes wide open to the prospects for breakfast.

Besides the academic halls, Taylor and Dalton, there are on the Bryn Mawr campus four residence-halls: Merion, Radnor, Denbigh, and Pembroke. Of these Merion is the oldest, while Pembroke is the newest and leads all the others in size. It is, in fact, two halls known as Pembroke East and Pembroke West.

At Radnor and Merion are found many graduate students, and the entire third floor of Pembroke is reserved for their use, no undergraduate students being assigned rooms here. There are, at present, fifty graduate students at Bryn Mawr. These are organized in a Graduate Club, having for its object the special interests of graduate students. Besides the regular business meetings and the formal fortnightly meetings, when the club is addressed by some distinguished speaker, there are informal teas in the club-rooms every afternoon. These club-rooms are the especial pride of the graduate. They are a suite in the graduate wing of Denbigh Hall, set aside by the college for the uses of the club. Some kind friend has just refurnished them with artistic effect, the general color-scheme being green. On the walls are photographs of fine paintings; on the tea-table a dainty service of willow-ware. Papers and magazines are on the table, and a cheering grate-fire is always burning except in the latest spring days or the early fall.

Among the graduate students are the holders of the eleven resident fellowships which are annually awarded for especial excellence in various specified branches. These are of the value of five hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and are open to graduates of any college of good standing.

A handsome, daintily furnished sitting-room on the south side of Pembroke East is set apart for the use of students who reside or board in the town. They may study in the cheerful wide window-seats or easy-chairs, make chocolate or drink tea at the hospitable tea-table, and in general use this cozy corner for a club-room.

Photographed by Phillips.

EAST. PEMBROKE HALL WEST.

Let us spend an hour in beautiful Denbigh, which faces the west, and has an easterly outlook on a fine forest and the well-known woodland path to the old Harriton Cemetery.

A touching evidence of the general uprightness of this household of seventy women is seen in the well-filled, unguarded umbrella-rack at the door. A spacious drawing-room for guests is at our right, and on the left a parlor for

Photographed by Phillips.

RADNOR. THE GYMNASIUM. MERION.

students, where, at this hour—eleven in the morning—a maid is placing trays of biscuits and milk for the benefit of students whose degrees, either at hand or in prospect, do not ward off the cravings of hunger. On the walls hang pictures of the old Welsh Castle of Denbigh, for which this peaceful modern dwelling was named, and each of the other dormitories borrows its title from a similar source. On either side of the broad hall doors open upon dainty parlors, and windows open beyond to cheery pictures of sky and distant hills, with nearer glimpses of forest and lawn, all in fresh June foliage Legends and souvenirs of all sorts line

DURING STUDY HOUR.

GOING TO RECITATIONS.

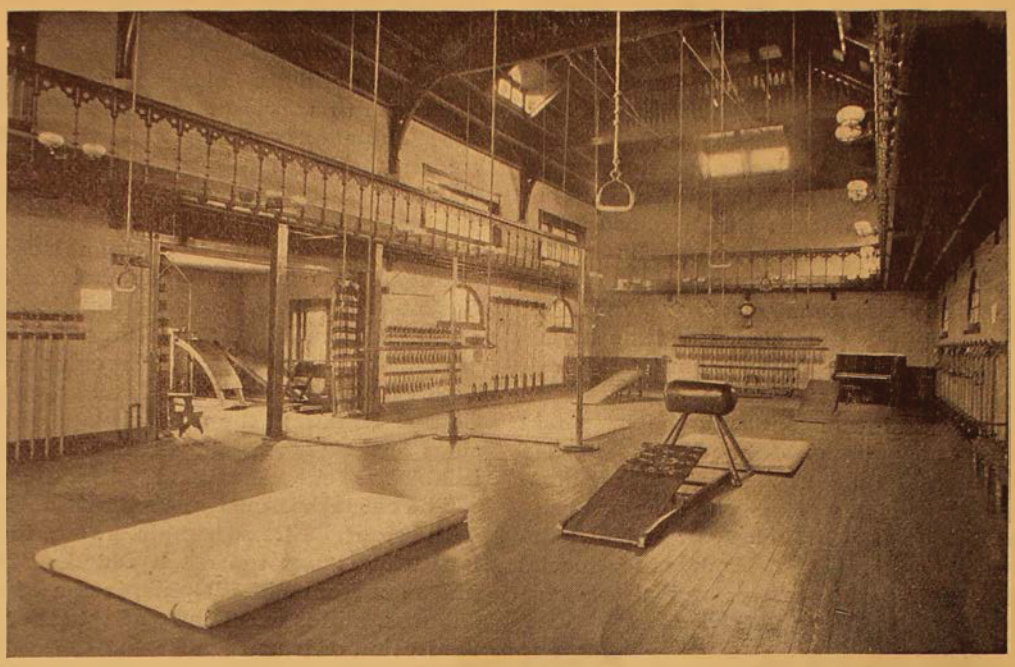
The scholastic cap and gown of the English universities are almost universal at Bryn Mawr, though the cap is usually left in the room or carried in the hand, for the Bryn Mawr girl is not a martyr to her complexion. At the hour for morning chapel you may see the dignified, picturesque gowns floating out toward Taylor Hall from Merion, Radnor, Pembroke, and Denbigh, the short sleeve indicating the undergraduate, while the owner of a degree wears a sleeve reaching to the foot of her gown. Objec-

the walls of these cozy students' parlors. College banners, tea-tables with china and silver galore (one hundred spoons is the treasure of one table), divans covered with Bagdads and luxurious with pillows of all kinds; pictures of merit, plaster casts, amateur photographs of related "groups" in dramatic costumes; stately volumes holding up the dignity of the college in their handsome cases; a suggestive motto, "Early to Bed and Early to Rise," and pretty draperies, combine to form an inviting picture of the student's home life at college. At the door you may, perhaps, see a small lantern which the freshman student receives, on entering, from the sophomore class, and which is supposed to light her way through the mazes of college life. The lantern stands for the Bryn Mawr emblem, and the very creditable college periodical bears the name.

A SMALL TEA.

tions are sometimes offered to the use of this uniform dress, but it has many advantages. As a matter of economy it is to be commended. The season of balloon sleeves, for example, has no terrors to the wearer of the student's gown; for last year's wardrobe, still fresh and pretty, is free from reproach under the friendly protection of the fine black serge or nun's veiling which forms a summer and winter costume. The becoming black mortar-board cap is equally universal in its application to fashions and seasons. The difficulties of a graduating student of small means who feels compelled to indulge in a beautiful commencement costume, are not known here, since a handsome black gown, whose black silk hood is lined with white fur, is furnished each graduate for use on the important occasion. And here it may be said that, as the majority of Bryn Mawr students are from the noble ranks of the self-supporting, many studying here as the result of their own efforts, and many others looking to self-support, the question of dress is very wisely not prominent. The gown is a great leveler.

Simplicity in dress, life at all times near to the free air of lawn, forest, and the open country, and the absence of difficult, exacting social functions, characterize the life of the Bryn Mawr student. Small teas are very popular; receptions are given at stated times by faculty and students; a grand college breakfast in the gymnasium is tendered the graduating class the day before commencement, and a few other social occasions are sufficient to preserve familiarity with the conventionalities of life, and do not interfere with the high ideal of mental accomplishment which the Bryn Mawr girl ever holds in sight, and which she attains as often as other college students.



THE GYMNASIUM.

But the chief point of difference between Bryn Mawr and her older sister colleges is in the special courses and the graduate work, offered elsewhere, but more generally pursued here than in most colleges. Unusual opportunities have lately been opened here for graduates. Since 1894, the "Mary E. Garrett Fellowship," of the value of five hundred dollars and applicable to the expenses of a year's study at some foreign university, has been annually conferred on a graduate student who has completed at least two years of graduate work at Bryn Mawr. And very recently, a second European fellowship, open to

THE LABORATORY.

graduates in the first year of work, has been added by Miss Garrett. The holder of the latter will be known as "President's Fellow." These fellowships, equal in money value, are awarded preferably to students enrolled for the Bryn Mawr Ph.D. In addition to the graduate fellowships there is annually awarded to a member of the graduating class the "Bryn Mawr European Fellowship" for especial excellence in scholarship. In value and general terms this is equivalent to the graduate traveling fellowship.

Despite the growing fancy for a college education among girls of social tastes, few frivolous girls find their way through the rigid examination walls which guard Bryn Mawr. Work is earnest and faithful; culture is sought for culture's sake. According to the group system of study which prevails here, each student may elect her own group, by advice of the dean, and elect, also, the time in the course when she will pursue it. This system annihilates, to a great extent, the usual class lines.

No instruction is offered in music, but in the basement of Pembroke East are music-rooms with sound-proof walls and ceilings, for the use of students. In art, a few illustrated lectures are given each week. The time spent by most women's colleges on these branches, Bryn Mawr devotes to the purely academic studies. Courses for special work in philosophy, literature, science, and history are especially strong and valuable, and are always very popular.

The director of the gymnasium, Dr. Alice Bertha Foster, has recently organized a fire brigade, and students are drilled to manage the hose, buckets, sand, and chemicals that are always ready for use. In each hall there are a captain and several lieutenants, and directions for action in case of fire are conspicuously posted on the bulletin-boards. Patent alarms for waking students have been placed in each corridor.

The new athletic field, which will be finished "in time to be seen this spring and used next autumn," says President Thomas, is anticipated with great delight by the students. For this object they have collected one thousand dollars and the trustees have added as much more. The plans were perfected and the site chosen by Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead; they include a large oval, 500x250, so arranged that it can be flooded for skating in winter. Basket-ball, tennis, and perhaps cricket and golf, will find a place here, and the interest in athletics which has always prevailed at Bryn Mawr will receive a new impetus.

The new field lies on the land below and to the west of College Hall, and the natural slope of the west and south sides forms a sort of amphitheatre which will be very serviceable for tournaments and other athletic contests.

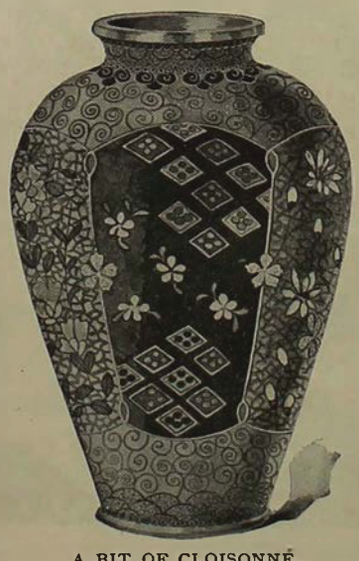
The casual visitor leaves the beautiful college campus with regret. Life so simple, sweet, inspiring, happy, and healthful is not too often found. The town itself, ten miles out from Philadelphia, is one of that city's loveliest suburbs, and is excellently adapted for the location of an institution of learning.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

ABOUT VASES AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

MANY heinous offenses against beauty both in nature and art have been perpetrated in recent years under the plea of decorating the home. An epidemic, as it were, has spread over the land, and women have devoted as much time to beautifying their homes as formerly they did to the mere comfort of them; but as very much untrained effort has entered into these tentative reachings-out after ornament and the visible expression of culture, the results have often fallen far short of the aim sought.



A BIT OF CLOISONNÉ.

It would be impossible to cover all the ground of these offenses at one time, for it would amount only to an outpouring of "don'ts"; and better by far is it to accompany criticism with helpful hints for avoiding some of the shallows and pitfalls which have defeated strivings after "The Good, the True, and the Beautiful." Therefore you shall hear to-day only something which may be said about vases (and the arrangement of flowers) in this epoch of innumerable abominations in the way of receptacles sectionally known as vases vazes, and vahzes.

You are begged to shun the big, shining gilt vases, usually in the shape of pitchers, which are always sold in pairs and which are generally found encumbering the mantels of the newly rich. Ofttimes, these brass or gilded cast-iron ornaments represent enough money to have purchased real treasures in way of *cloisonné*, Doultan, Benares, Whitefriars Crystal, or Sèvres. Loyal and farsighted Americans are collecting the delightful Rookwood pottery, made in Cincinnati, Ohio, each piece of which is designed and executed by a true artist, is never duplicated, and must in consequence increase in value with time.

BROWN PITCHER FOR ROSES.

The woman who wants vases but who has not the vase-fund of the Mikado will do well to line her purse with

a few dollars and visit a first-class Japanese art-store; not the sort, however, where all the Japanese goods are of American manufacture. Better still, let her send her money to a friend in Japan, who will buy with it the most astonishing number of quaintly beautiful vases imaginable.

A BANKO VASE.

If the art emporium is visited, let her ask to see some Banko ware, commonly a grayish pottery with flights of storks, sprays of chrysanthemums, or a maple-leaf decoration, and an additional charm,—the numerous imprints of the potter's thumb. Vases of this ware are to be found in all sizes and shapes and at all prices, many of those costing but a few cents being veritable works of art. These dear little bits of gray, pale yellow, old red, or brown clay are especially pretty on one's dressing-table or writing-desk, where there is little room to be allowed but where one wants to set a posy.

Vases of the Tokonabe ware, with the scaly sun-snake and fierce war-dragon winding about them, are to be had in all sizes and forms. A large and handsome specimen of this ware can be had for three dollars. For the hearth or for corners on the floor where a mass of bloom is desired and where a non-upsettable vase is required, these are admirable.

You will notice that the vases of the Nipponites, who, it is admitted, understand the arrangement of flowers, are generally in subdued tints, with dainty, unobtrusive decorations. When you are selecting your vases, think of the flowers you are likely to arrange most frequently in each particular vase. No one vase can reasonably be expected to do duty on all occasions, either because of its size or its coloring. We cannot use for violets a vase in which Easter lilies look well; nor for wild-flowers, the vase in which orchids look best.

FOR LILIES.

Although we of the present generation have learned something from the Japanese in the art of arranging flowers, we have mothers and aunts who still arrange parlor bouquets exactly as did their grand-dames before them. These dear ladies can see little beauty in a bouquet limited to but one or two varieties of flowers. With respectful obeisance to the shade of a certain great-aunt, a maiden lady with a tangled garden but prim bouquets in her parlor, I confess that on occasions I do love to arrange an old-time nosegay,—principally roses of every color that in the garden grow,—and I put it in an old china bowl. And then, sometimes, on the polished top of an ancient "chist," I do love to see the reflection of a conventionally arranged mass of snow-balls, lilacs, bleeding-hearts, feathery "sparrow grass" and half-yard lengths of ribbon grass.

BOWL FOR CLUSTERING FLOWERS.

A ROOKWOOD PIECE.

There are some flowers that appear at their best intermingled with other varieties, notably our wild flowers; while most fruit blossoms and that pet of fashion and queen of blossoms, the chrysanthemum, one of the "eight princes in the floral kingdom of Nippon," should be given a vase or a bowl by itself.

FOR VIOLETS.

Let each maid within the garden live up to her own light, yet allow me to obtrude certain simple arrangements that have proved satisfactory to a lover of bouquet-making in the land of sunshine and flowers, Southern California.

As clear glass detracts not at all from the beauty of fine flowers, I usually put my finest roses in undecorated, clear glass vases, in which also hyacinths and carnations look well, although for the hyacinths the water must be changed frequently. Heliotrope discolors the water,—a mass of this delightful bloom is most effective in a plain brown jar, arranged sometimes with pink Duchesse or with Marechal Niel roses. A Chinese ginger-jar, unstripped of its wicker net-work, makes a quaint receptacle for wild flowers, for daisies, and for red roses. Pink roses are especially pretty in an old blue and white "chiney" pitcher or bowl. Marechal Niel and the other yellow roses are lovely in dark brown pottery; red roses in the same and also in dull blue vases. As stiff flowers are best in vases with straight lines, lilies require severe, long-necked vases. Shallow glass bowls and dull odd bits of Japanese pottery are pretty for violets and pansies. Never put wild flowers in elaborate vases.

If one must practice economy in cut flowers, it should be remembered that diagonally cut stems retain the life-giving sap of the flower longest. To freshen flowers, clip the stems diagonally, cover with a paper funnel and set in a cool place over night. Do not crowd flowers into a vase; when they are unusually fine, arrange them loosely that their perfection may be apparent.

OLIVE MAY PERCIVAL.

OWARI JAR.

HOUSEHOLD

SOME ANTEDILUVIAN RECEIPTS.

OF the concocting of new dishes that may serve to tickle the palate there seems to be no end; but I often wonder whether this constant succession of them will not cease at no distant day, from the lack of further ingenuity, even American ingenuity, to supply anything "new under the sun" in the line of delicacies for that organ said to be the nearest road to a man's heart. It might postpone such a calamity, and even prove of practical use and real economical value to the housekeeper to go far afield, quite to the other side of the world, and glean some receipts that have come down to us from the time of the flood in that land of Oriental mystery, the kingdom of the shahs.

Persia is probably, to many minds, only a vague and distant land, suggestive chiefly of handsome rugs and missionary efforts; but to me, after recently spending some months there on our tour of the world, this land, which tradition asserts to be the original site of the Garden of Eden, seems to me to be thoroughly and awfully real in many other particulars.

As everything there is in precisely the same state that it was at the time Noah and his descendants controlled affairs after they came down from Ararat, it stands to reason that these receipts must be good and reliable, having been handed down from Mrs. Noah through all these centuries without any alterations; for one of the popular

PERSIAN PEASANTS EATING.

songs of these people ought to be "You'll find no change in me."

One of the universal dishes and staple articles of food is the "arsh," or soup, which is said on good authority to be the same article for which Esau sold his birthright; and if Jacob was a good cook, it certainly was a refreshing dish to a weary hunter, for even to the Western taste it is very palatable, though the compound seems an odd mixture to us.

It is made by adding to about one quart of curdled milk or buttermilk, a little water and a third of a cupful of rice, and setting it on the fire to boil. When it boils add a little salt to season it, flour sufficient to thicken it to the consistency of ordinary drawn butter, and add all kinds of herbs that may be obtained,—peppermint, however, is the most important,—and a few pease, a beet, and a little cabbage; let the whole cook till it is quite thick.

WOMEN BAKING BREAD.

Another standard dish is "dolmas," which can be made from apples, quinces, tomatoes, cucumbers, or cabbages. For this is needed raw meat minced fine and mixed with raw rice; chop with this some celery, season the mixture with salt and pepper, and knead into it a little butter. Scrape the center out of any of the above-mentioned fruits or vegetables—taking off one end for a cap—and stuff them with this dressing; then put the dolmas into a pan, with a little butter, and let them bake slowly in the oven for several hours,—the longer the better, say the Persians. If a tomato or a cucumber is the vegetable stuffed, baste the dolmas with the juice from the center, mixed, if the sour taste is liked, with a little citric acid or vinegar; if not, simply with water. These are delicious, and have a foreign taste which gives them an extra flavor.

However vivid your imagination, you can hardly conceive anything like the surroundings among which these viands are eaten, for words are inadequate to give an idea of it to anyone not acquainted with Oriental life and scenes. However, picture to yourself these and numerous other compounds served, each in a bowl, upon a cloth or rug spread upon the floor, with bread made of whole wheat and unleavened, baked in one- or two-yard-long sheets serving as napkins, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, several sheets being placed at each place. From

these, small pieces are broken, or rather, torn off, folded and dipped into a dish, the contents and spoon then both being eaten at once, and a new piece performing the same office in its turn.

These customs are much more agreeable than they seem, and, as you can imagine, this is a far cleaner way of eating than by the means employed in India, for instance, where the popular sentiment is, "Fingers were made before forks."

Housekeeping is a pretty easy thing in Persia, and dish-washing is reduced to a minimum. The surroundings of this primitive table are the one small, mud-walled, mud-roofed, mud-floored room of the universal mud house, with one or two tiny apertures shedding a dim, but not "religious" light upon the assembled company of men, who wear tremendous Astrakhan turbans which they always keep on in the house, though the thermometer may register one hundred degrees, while they sit in stocking feet, and their discarded shoes wait for them at the door, though the mercury may be close to zero. Thus attired, in long coats with very full gathered skirts, they squat upon the floor, grimly partake of the food, and then puff away at the long pipe of the kaleon.

I do not mention the women, for they are only more or less indistinct forms flitting around in the uncertain light, replenishing bowls or sitting humbly in a far corner watching their lords and masters. Persia is not exactly a paradise for women, nor will equal suffrage be given them probably for some centuries to come.

Many a time in these weird companies we have eaten these and other national dishes, though some of them are also much used in the American and English missionary families there.

"Last, but not least," of these toothsome dishes whose goodness redeems their native *habitat*, is the "pilav." Hardly any table, native or foreign, without this is considered complete. The children are brought up on it, and "*à la* castoria," they cry for it when they are transported to America, and refuse to be comforted for its loss. Brought on the table in great, snowy, fluffy masses upon a large dish it pleases both sight and taste. This receipt for its preparation may assist in relieving some distracted housekeeper by providing her with a cheap and nutritious article of food served in a new way. Soak some rice over night in cold water, then boil for about twenty minutes, until it is soft enough to crush between the fingers though not soft enough to break. Then drain through a sieve, dashing cold water over it. Put it back in the kettle, with a lump of butter, and let it steam for an hour. For

MUD HOUSES.

variety, it is very good cooked with raisins, or with poached eggs laid on it.

I have tried these articles many times already, with my own cooking abilities,—which are not very great either,—and can vouch for their tasting just like the originals, if the directions are followed, even if they do have to be cooked on a commonplace range instead of a fascinating oven dug in the ground and imparting sometimes, to the milk especially, a smoky flavor more foreign than agreeable to our pampered American taste.

ETTA BEEKMAN DONALDSON.

SANITARIAN

TWO AFTERNOONS WITH PHYSICAL CULTURE.

I.

"I HAVE come over here this afternoon to sit down and bask in the radiance of my own halo," said the woman who teaches physical culture, as she sipped her tea. "I have done a great thing and I admire myself for doing it."

"What have you done?" asked her hostess, politely.

"I have succeeded in teaching six girls the most important thing in all this scheme of physical culture,—a term, by the way, that I detest. I have labored with them for more than a month, but at last I have taught them how to stand,—how to stand, please notice; and on that hang all the law and the prophets."

"I know," said the business woman who goes to a gymnasium. "Head up, shoulders back, heels together, toes out. It is difficult to learn"

"That isn't it at all," returned the teacher of physical culture. "That's entirely wrong. That's why so many women stand badly. I simply said to them, 'Three days in a week, from three to five, stand as lightly as you can; take all the weight possible off your feet, hold your chest up; and try to feel as if somebody were pulling you up by the center of it. Be as tall as you can.'"

"That's odd," said the hostess. "I thought the idea was to carry one's weight on the balls of the feet, with the hips held back so that the ear, shoulder, and hip-socket are in the same perpendicular line."

"Well, that's the mere mechanical part of it," admitted the teacher. "I dare say you might stand passably well by those directions, but it is not the real root of the matter. Physical culture is not a mere system of gymnastics as I teach it. It isn't really physical culture at all. It is a purely mental process, and I work from the inner woman

out. To stand well, you must feel light, feel that you are just as tall as you possibly can be,—that you are simply spurning the ground."

"I'll try that," said the hostess, who is eminently practical. Everybody tried it. The teacher lay back and observed them languidly.

"You see I was right," she said. "You have what I call emotional stimulus to correctness of poise. You know your elocution teachers—alas, how many good actors they have ruined!—tell you about emotional stimulus to purity of tone; and, when they want you to let out all the roundness of the voice that is in you, they give you not merely 'Oh' and 'Ah,' but lines that have round and grand and deep thoughts. My idea is similar. All culture, physical or otherwise, begins in the mind."

"Yes, and a great many people's culture never gets any farther,—its always in their mind," said the hostess, who is irrelevant.

The physical culture teacher went on complacently:

"And now that I have taught my girls how to stand, I mean to begin to teach them to walk. In two months more, if they are intelligent and industrious, they will be able to walk."

"What nonsense!" said the business woman, aside, "as if we didn't all walk well enough already."

"I hear you," said the teacher. "If simply getting over the ground is all we want, we certainly do walk well enough; but if we desire beauty and an economical expenditure of our vital energies, so that we shall obtain a maximum result with a minimum effort, we walk abominably. The average woman uses up enough strength in walking a mile to carry her twice or thrice the distance."

"That's petticoats," said the hostess. "They are dreadfully in the way, but what can one do? Haircloth prevailing, too, and frocks six yards about the bottom!"

"It isn't so much petticoats as it is ignorance," answered the teacher. "Listen, and I will expound the matter to you."

The business woman looked at her watch, and then everybody settled back to listen.

"To begin with, little children—healthy little children, which does not mean all of them, by the way—walk correctly. Children may be rickety or ill-nourished, and then they are bow-legged or knock-kneed; their spines may be affected, and then, I believe, they toe in outrageously; but if they are normal, they walk well. The first trouble is from shoes. The soft little shoes mothers buy insensibly compress the tender little feet. Children should not wear shoes till after they begin to run about, and then their shoes should be rather stiff in the sole and broad in the toe."

"But, oh, so ugly!" remarked the hostess.

"But it leaves natural feet, and nothing natural is ugly."

"To a natural mind, perhaps; but, my dear, our minds are civilized up to an admiration of starch and patent-leather."

"You disturb me," said the teacher, dismissing the digression with a wave of her hand. "After shoes, it is self-consciousness."

"There's the unconsciousness of ignorance, the consciousness of ignorance, the consciousness of knowledge, the unconsciousness of knowledge," murmured the literary woman.

"After self-consciousness, which is the root of the evil, it's corsets and heavy petticoats and heels. To walk well one must be free. I shall teach my girls in this way: First, they will take devitalizing exercises."

"Explain," said the hostess.

The teacher shook her arms and legs, her elbows and knees and ankles as if all life had gone out of them, so that they flapped without any constriction whatever.

"That's what I mean," said she. "Then I will teach them to toe out only slightly—very slightly, and to so walk that in walking a crack the inside of the heel will touch it at every step."

The hostess tried it on a seam in the carpet, and tottered woefully.

"You see, you are not carrying yourself as I directed," the authority remarked. "I shall try to free all of the joints of my girls, and I shall visit their boot-makers with them. But after I have taught them not to swagger, I shall say to them: Now, walk as if you were alive to your finger tips; try to walk on air. And they will do it, if they are intelligent.

"No woman walks gracefully in corsets and high-heeled shoes. The theatre will teach you that. The greatest cause of incorrect walking is in the individuality of the person. That s why one must teach walking as a mental science first. I will explain that, too, for I assume you are all densely ignorant. In the human frame the mental faculties, symbolically at least, have their seat in the head. The emotions are centered in the chest, the purely animal traits in the hips. In every person not perfectly balanced one or the other of these three principles, the mental, emotional, or physical, must predominate; and the predominance of any one of them brings the part of the body in which it resides into especial prominence."

"That sounds as if it meant something," said the hostess. "What does it mean?"

"It means this: Intellectual people bring the head into prominence; scholars commonly walk with the head forward; but oratory is an art that appeals essentially to the emotions."

"I don't agree with you," said the business woman. "The orator appeals to the intellect."

"You confound the essayist and orator. You speak of the man who writes speeches. I speak of the orator who delivers them; and what I want to say is this: the orator has a broad, prominent chest. No narrow-chested man can sway the emotions of a crowd. The breast heaves with sentiment, is torn by grief, sinks with despair. People who are popular leaders commonly walk with what we term an active—that is to say, a prominent—chest. The singer on the concert platform, when she wants her voice to reach and move her audience, throws her chest forward; so does the actor or the public speaker. The man in love, the man angry, the man patriotic, the man in any emotional condition walks with his chest prominent.

"Then as to the third division, there is no need to explain that. The man who is devoted to the purely animal pleasure of eating and drinking betrays it unmistakably by a gait that throws into prominence the portion of his anatomy he devotes most attention to,—his stomach. The woman whose entire energies are expended on a life unintellectually maternal and domestic commonly walks with hips awkwardly prominent.

"These are things absolutely natural, and only by a radical change in the feeling of the person can the walk be modified. There are, of course, minor peculiarities of gait that express special states of mind. The average man or woman walks like the person he happens to be thinking of most. The nervous man betrays his condition in his walk. Guilt and grief have their expressions, and the only gait that has neither reason nor expression in it is the stage walk sometimes assumed by actors either tradition-bound, or lacking in experience. Nothing that

is assumed is artistically good. Every thing to be artistically true must have a real or apparent reason for being. The walk must be the expression of an inward grace, not merely the mechanical motion of a trained animal.

"I might tell you about the feet and what they express. Toes turned too far out are horrible. The natural foot toes in slightly. If you walk in moccasins you will notice that you involuntarily toe in. A runner toes in, and snow-shoers walk with toes straight ahead. The Indians are frightfully pigeon-toed, and are the most ungainly pedestrians imaginable in consequence. You see there is a very good reason for the position of their feet. In crossing a grass-grown prairie, if the toes were turned out, their owner would bruise them, trip and fall. With the heel turned out, the grass is trampled down by the harder part of the foot, and brushed aside by the leg.

"And let me say, before you go, that if we can so use the body that it is perfectly responsive to the mind, and is a free medium of expression, we shall have attained true physical culture. The mistake is made in training the body as a physical entity. It must be trained merely as a vehicle to express the will of the mind. That's Delsarte if you please. And I must add that the women who change their gait with every passing fashion, do it because their individuality is so weak it cannot find an expression of its own but must imitate. Now, if you really want to learn the latest walk come round on Wednesdays and Saturdays and I will teach it to you."

RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Hungary's Millennium.

A thousand years ago the Hungarian nation was born, and its people are celebrating the anniversary this summer with great pomp and ceremony. A succession of festivities has occurred throughout the kingdom, but principally at Buda-Pesth, the ancient capital and chief city, through which the Danube flows. On the Pesth side of the river there is a great exposition. Clustered about the picturesque little Lake Bois-deville are buildings of many varieties of architecture, medieval, old German, Roman, Gothic, and Rennaissance in forms which appeal effectively to the artistic eye. There is also a historical series showing the changes in Hungarian architecture during the past thousand years, which makes a pleasing panorama of turrets, towers, bastions, cupolas, statues, and monuments; these have been a most fitting setting for the splendor of the royal *fêtes*, which began early in the spring and will be continued throughout September. On the 27th of this month Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, will proceed to the lower Danube, where he will open a new waterway called the "Canal of the Iron Gate," which is of great commercial importance.

The birth of the nation occurred in the year 896, and three years after, in 899, the seven tribes of Magyars made their leader Arpad their ruler. They had crossed the Carpathian Mountains from the East and settled in the fertile valley of the Danube when they began to feel the need of a permanent ruler. Accordingly they selected Arpad, raising him on their shields while they swore fealty to him and his heirs, after which he opened a vein in his body and recorded in blood his solemn vow that he would rule his people justly.

A strong bond of sympathy has long existed between the United States and Hungary, and when the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, who made a heroic fight for the liberty of his country, visited the United States during his exile from Hungary, he was received with much consideration and honor.

The Gospel of Relaxation.

It is a sign of progress that the city business establishments which have many employés are now very generally closing their doors at noon on Saturday during the heated months. Such a course would have been regarded as neglect of business a few years ago, but the average conception of life is broader now than it was then. People are approaching nearer the view of Herbert Spencer that life is not for working but that working is for life. Just before that eminent philosopher started for Europe after a visit to this country he raised his voice against the American practice of making business the paramount thing in life, the end rather than the means. He preached what he called the gospel of relaxation. That it is a very good doctrine Americans are beginning to realize, as is shown by the general inclination to make Saturday a half-holiday during the summer. This relaxation probably diminishes in no appreciable degree the amount of work actually done in a week, because the increased vitality and energy which it gives results in the accomplishment of as much work in the hours which are now devoted to business as when the entire six days were given to it. A moderate amount of relaxation and recreation, at least during the hot months, can certainly have no other than a beneficial effect on both health and business.

Food in the Future.

A distinguished French chemist, Prof. Berthelot, maintains that the food of man can be produced without depending upon or waiting for the slow, natural processes of formation. He says that it can be made artificially in the chemist's laboratory by the uniting of its essential elements, and that this artificial food will eventually be used by men for nourishment. The only change in the food will be in its form, and the only sufferer from the adoption of the new form will be the epicure, who cares more for the pleasures of the palate than for the nutriment in what he eats. The new food can be made into compressed tablets, which, although small, will contain all the properties of nutriment which are found in food in its present form. Prof. Berthelot does not predict the adoption of artificial food in the near future; he merely calls attention to it as a possibility. Indigo has already been made from the elements which compose it, and it is said that a machine has been patented by which sugar can be manufactured at a trifle more than a cent a pound.

College Girls and Marriage.

An urgent and perplexing question in many households in the early autumn is that which pertains to a college education for the maturing sons and daughters. There is never much doubt as to the answer to the question "Shall we send John to college?" if the family means are sufficient. The perplexity comes when the same question is applied to Mary. Mrs. Kate Upson Clark has thrown some light on the subject of a college education for girls. "No mother," she says, "can contemplate calmly the thought of her daughter as old, lonely, and dependent. Instead of flinging her into society, immature and half-educated, to make a marriage which in her jejune condition is more likely than not to prove unfortunate; and to become a mother whose ideals and capabilities are necessarily imperfect; or, very possibly, not to marry after all,—would it not be better to see that, at least, the girl is made into as fine and reasonable a being as her nature will permit? Then, if heaven vouchsafe her that best gift to woman, a good husband, she is ready to be a true helpmate to him; if she has children she is fitted to become a judicious and successful mother. The statistics show that college-bred women rear healthfully a larger proportion of their children than other mothers.

"If, on the other hand, she remains single she is still able to find genuine happiness. She has learned how to extract pure pleasure from books and pictures and to climb the heights of science; she can earn her living and provide a home for herself. The fretfulness and sourness of the typical disappointed old maid of the past are unknown to her. She weighs her life in the scales and sees clearly that, though it may not be enriched by the love of husband and children, it may still be of benefit to humanity; perhaps all the greater because she has at her command the leisure and opportunities of the single woman.

"It has been conclusively demonstrated that the higher education pursued judiciously is one of the best things for the health of girls. It clears away the sentimentalism which makes our women hysterical, whimsical, and unreasonable; it makes them philosophical, brave, witty, and charming. If one thing has been more conclusively proved than another by the world's experience during the last fifty years, it is that it pays to educate girls. The statistics are as yet difficult to analyze exactly, but there is no doubt that a girl's chances of a happy marriage—not merely a marriage, but a happy marriage—are little, if any, decreased by a college education, and that her chances of a fortunate and successful life, in which she may snap her fingers at fate, are infinitely increased thereby."

The Vitascope.

The people of New York City are being entertained this summer by the vitascope, which the Wizard Edison has evolved from his kinetoscope. The vitascope, in fact, may be called an enlarged and improved kinetoscope. By means of it life-size pictures of human beings and of nature which have been photographed by the kinetoscope are thrown upon a screen and given all the action they had when the scene transpired. One may see, for example, a procession of soldiers, or a street scene with cabs and trucks and people passing to and fro, or the waves rolling ceaselessly upon the beach; or the waters of Niagara as they flow over the falls and plunge into the abyss. The vividness and realism of these moving pictures is startling, yet the contrivance by which they are produced is comparatively simple. The vitascope consists of a small photographic lens, a metal frame about an inch and a half square over which the pictures pass just behind the lens, a larger lens behind the frame, and last of all, behind the large lens, an electric light of two thousand candle-power. The pictures which are to be produced have been photographed on kinetoscope films and are not larger than the little finger nail. To the number of several hundred, or until the scene has been sufficiently portrayed, they pass in rapid succession between the lenses, and are magnified six hundred times when thrown upon the screen. Mr. Edison is now experimenting with a view to combining the vitascope and the phonograph, so that the action of the scene may be perceived and the sound which accompanies it heard at the same time. The possibilities of the combined phonograph and vitascope are very great. Plays could be presented, sermons and lectures delivered, and performances on musical instruments given, with nothing lacking, despite the fact that the performers are remote from the place of representation.

The Resources of Alaska.

The gold excitement in Alaska and the influx of seekers after the precious metal have called fresh attention to the most northerly of the United State's possessions. It may be safely said that the people of this country know very little about Alaska. They have, in the first place, little idea of the magnitude of the territory; it adds nearly eight thousand miles to our coast line, including the indentures of its bays and inlets which are very deep. In Alaska, is Mt. St. Elias, the highest mountain on the continent of North America, which tops Mt Blanc by over two thousand feet, and the great river Yucon, which is navigable in summer for fifteen hundred miles. The territory has an area of nearly six hundred thousand square miles, which is equal to the thirteen original states; and its extreme length, north and south, is eleven hundred miles and the breadth eight hundred miles. The popular idea that Alaska is a very cold and barren country is a mistaken one as far as large parts of the territory are concerned. The warm Japanese current, which flows southeast along the North American coast, tempers the climate so that in Sitka the winters are not so cold as in New York. This atmospheric mildness, combined with the excessive rainfall, has resulted in very dense and widely extended forests. These resources in timber are not so valuable, however, as might be supposed, because it is difficult to transport the cedars to the sea, owing to the very heavy underbrush; and the spruce, which forms the bulk of the forest growth, is full of flaws, and warps too easily ever to attain importance in the lumber markets. Although there are hundreds of thousands of acres of level territory upon which the soil is fairly good, agriculture is not practiced extensively, for the reason that the timber and underbrush is so dense as to make difficult the clearing of even small tracts of land. The mineral deposits are the most valuable of Alaska's products, and next in importance come the fish, which are found in unlimited quantities in the straits and sounds of South-eastern Alaska. The fisheries and "canneries," in which salmon are prepared for the market, afford employment for most of the inhabitants of Alaska and are important industries.

War Upon Rear Tenements.

Persons whose knowledge of the slums of New York City is not derived from actual experience can form but a faint conception of their squalor and wretchedness. This is sufficiently great in the tenement houses which open upon the streets, but is increased tenfold in the rear tenements which, hemmed in as they are by buildings, are almost completely cut off from sun light and fresh air. Many of the rooms have no windows, and where they do exist, they open into narrow shafts or courts which are offensive with noisome odors resulting from bad sanitary arrangements. The houses are damp and some of them are filthy beyond description. It is hardly necessary to say that they are breeding-places of disease. Statistics show that the annual death-rate, which is twenty-two in every thousand for the whole city, reaches seventy-five, and has risen to the extreme figure of one hundred and thirty-five, in the rear tenements. The Board of Health has had many of these pest-holes under investigation for some time, and recently issued an order condemning forty-seven of them and providing for their destruction. About a hundred more which are being inspected will in all probability meet the same fate, and the city will thus be relieved of many plague spots.

The Pittston Mine-Disaster.

The disaster at the Pittston coal mines in Pennsylvania, by which nearly a hundred men lost their lives, exposes a culpable negligence on the part of the managers and owners of the mines. There is little doubt that with proper precautions the calamity would not have occurred. Ten days before the disaster it was discovered that a part of the mine was giving away. There was plain evidence that the props were not of sufficient strength to support the roof; yet a week was allowed to pass before measures were taken to obviate the danger. A party of men were at last sent into the mine, but before their work was completed an explosion occurred; the walls of the mine caved in, and the workmen were crushed to death or suffocated. Similar stories of carelessness of mine owners in the past can be told of most of the mining disasters. From this it would seem that the mines are a proper subject for State regulation. With stringent laws and efficient supervision mining catastrophes would be of much less frequent occurrence than they have been of late years.

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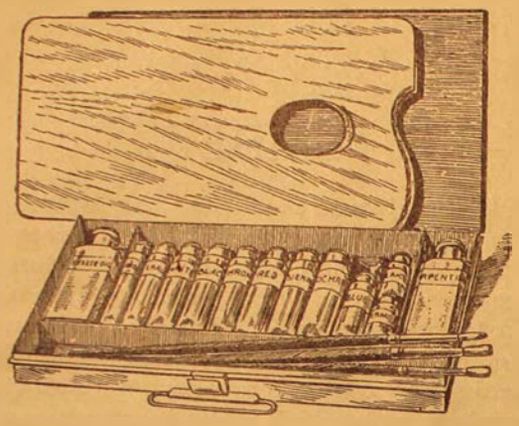

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ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS CECELIA BEAUX, of Philadelphia, and Miss Kate Carl, of Louisiana, whose work at the *Champ de Mars Salon* has attracted much attention, have been elected associate members of that society.

MISS WINNIE SIMPSON, of Garfield, Washington, who is a crack shot, adds yearly a goodly sum to her income by shooting squirrels. It is nothing unusual for her to bring down thirty squirrels in a day.

TWO OF THE THREE HALLGARTEN PRIZES for pictures exhibited at the National Academy of Design this year were taken by women; Mary Brewster Hazeltine taking the first, and Louise Cox the third.

THE Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan has declared women eligible to vote for vestrymen in parish elections. Twenty-five other dioceses and four missionary jurisdictions of the Episcopal Church allow women to vote for vestrymen.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, although suffering from ill health, is busily engaged in finishing her new book. In addition she has the labor of controlling the affairs of University Hall, which has now taken the name of Passmore Edwards' Hall, and has been shifted to a new abode.

MRS. CHRISTIAN FISHER, of Steubenville, Ohio, who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday, reads the Bible and the newspapers every day, and is strongly opposed to what are called woman's rights. She attributes her long life to good hours, proper diet, and plenty of exercise.

IT IS SAID that Madame Zola, though a devoted wife, has never read, or tried to read, one of her husband's works. She declares that she is ready to believe what their warmest admirers say of them. Zola is not a bit disturbed by her indifference to his writings. He says that he married her, not on account of her intellect, but on account of her heart, and he thinks it is a great mistake for any man, particularly if literary, to choose on other grounds.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1896.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 675. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** extra for each additional pattern.

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

OUTING and yachting gowns are now occupying the attention of many women who are preparing for late summer cruises or for delightful trips to the mountains to enjoy the brilliant autumn coloring. For a young woman who is so fortunate as to be invited for a cruise to Bar Harbor some very smart gowns have been made, each one, be it noted, with a decided nautical air which distinctly proclaims its use.

The going-aboard gown is of navy-blue storm-serge, lined with red-and-blue changeable taffeta. The skirt measures four yards at the foot, and clears the ground by two inches; there is no inter-lining, but a balayeuse of the taffeta finishes the inside of the skirt. The coat is similar to the "Nipnette,"—illustrated on a following page,—and is fastened with gilt buttons; the revers and cuffs are trimmed with rows of tiny gilt buttons and gold-embroidered anchors, while on one sleeve the yacht flag is embroidered. A blouse of the taffeta is worn beneath the coat; and a blue felt sailor-hat trimmed with a Scotch plaid kerchief completes the costume. For receptions on the yacht there is a smart gown of white mohair,—a heavy wiry fabric,—made with an Eton jacket; the revers and cuffs are braided with white silk cord, which also finishes the edges of the jacket and covers the seams of the skirt. The blouse, specially made to wear with this dainty gown is of *ciel* blue Java silk with white cord stripes, and in the sleeves the stripes run around the arm, which is the present fancy for Bishop sleeves with all striped fabrics. A simple gown of dark blue linen with a novel blouse waist, having a yoke and a plastron of white linen, and a tailor-gown of Russian crash with navy-blue accessories complete this typical yachting wardrobe.

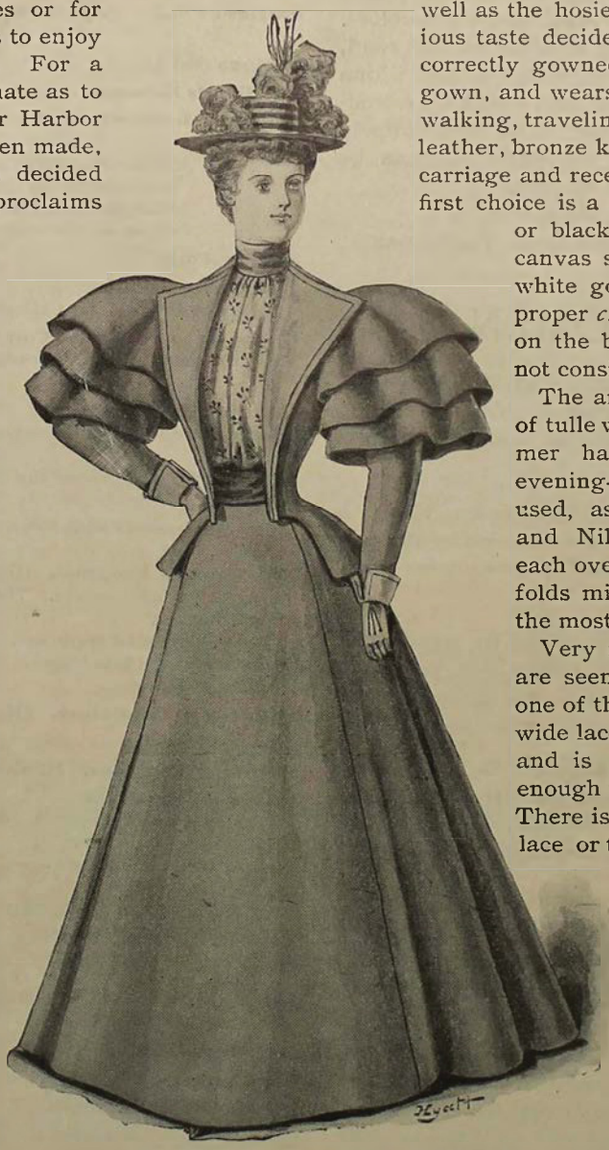
Tan-colored shoes and hose are worn with all the gowns except the mohair with which white canvas ones are worn.

The matter of shoes is a very important one, now, as well as the hosiery worn with them, which fastidious taste decides should match the shoes. The correctly gowned woman suits her shoes to the gown, and wears tan-colored and russet ones with walking, traveling, and outing gowns only. Patent leather, bronze kid, and *Suède* shoes are worn with carriage and reception gowns; and for evening the first choice is a slipper of the gown fabric, white or black satin ones coming next. White canvas shoes should be worn only with white gowns, and while accepted as the proper *chaussure* for watering-places and on the board walk at seaside resorts are not considered suitable for city streets.

The amazing and daring combinations of tulle which have trimmed hats this summer have suggested some very lovely evening-gowns. Two or three colors are used, as delicate heliotrope, pale pink, and Nile green, and a very full skirt of each overhangs the other, the diaphanous folds mingling and blending the colors in the most charming fashion.

Very many jackets and jacket effects are seen, especially on dressy gowns, and one of the most effective is arranged with wide lace, which starts from the shoulders and is gathered into the armhole just enough to shape it into a graceful curve. There is a fancy also for little tab-ends of lace or trimming coming from the revers or jacket-fronts and extending down under the belt, falling from five to six inches on the skirt. Belts retain their prominence and jeweled buckles and buttons are important and often very brilliant features of handsome gowns.

The vogue of crash and heavy linen suits is greater than ever, and they are a safe purchase at late summer sales.



A BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN.
VALYANSE BASQUE. BRIANO SKIRT.

A BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN.

A FINE olive-green whip-cord is the fabric of this smart gown, which was especially designed for a young bride's going-away gown, but which offers an attractive model and introduces some especially novel features for various uses. The skirt is the "Briano," which has seven breadths, and measures about five yards at the foot. It is lined with green-and-red changeable taffeta, and has a six-inch facing of crinoline and a full balayeuse of the silk at the foot. The coat-like basque—the "Valyanse"—is a grateful change from the ripples whose tumbled flutes have reigned so long. It is fitted with the usual seams in the back, and box-plaits in the middle and side seams give added fullness over the tournure. The full blouse-front is of brocaded *peau de soie* in which shades of green and red prevail. The sleeves are close-fitting to the shoulder, but are draped at the top with three overlapping ruffles of the whip-cord bound on the edges with olive velvet to match the revers and cuffs. A broad girdle of black satin folds crosses the front, fastening at one side under the loose coat-front. If the pattern is used for silk, for which it is also adapted, or for any of the dressy transparent fabrics, the sleeve ruffles should be made fuller.

AN ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION.
GRACELYN CORSAGE.

AN ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION.

THIS charming gown is a blue-and-white plaided canvas made over blue-and-green changeable silk, a combination that has increased in popularity through the summer and promises to be much worn this autumn. The corsage—the "Gracelyn"—is slightly fulled in the back, and has, of course, a fitted lining which holds the blouse-fullness in place. The distinguishing feature of the gown is the effective little jacket, made of embroidered *mousseline de soie* over the changeable silk. It has a deep, round collar in the back, and shows an inch or two of the waist at the bottom. Bands of embroidered *mousseline de soie* matching the jacket trim the blouse-front, wrists, and neck. Other smart and effective combinations are jackets and trimmings of Russian embroidery on gray and *écru* canvas with black and dark blue fabrics, and Oriental or Persian with olive-green, brown, and many light colors. On very dressy gowns these jackets are often made entirely of lace, and the silk-embroidered batistes are also very handsome. The girdle which fastens under a bow in the back is made of folds of black satin or of the changeable silk.

THE FAVORITE SLEEVE of the moment, bridging the awful gap between the huge balloons of the past and the unbecomingly tight sleeve which threatens us, has short puffs or overlapping ruffles above a *mousquetaire* fullness which swathes the arm to the wrist.

A RAINY-DAY GOWN.

THE growing disposition on the part of women to adapt their dress to occasions, and to be suitably gowned for every occupation or amusement, has given the sort of impetus which has long been needed to the general recognition of the necessity for a rainy-day gown in every woman's wardrobe; especially if she be a woman of "affairs," either social or otherwise.

It is of prime importance with such a gown that it should satisfy the most *exigeant* criticism, by conforming sufficiently to prevailing modes to render it inconspicuous, and by being so becoming and convenient that the most conservative woman cannot fail to admire it and recognize its practical value. Our illustration shows a gown of iron-gray cravenette, which is rain-proof, and of a medium weight which adapts it to all seasons of the year. The skirt—the "Comfort"—has but four breadths, fits trimly around the waist, with a little fullness in the back held in box-plaits, and measures three yards and a quarter at the foot. It is lined with changeable taffeta—blue and green—and has a six-inch facing of the cravenette to protect the lining and keep the bottom of the skirt dry. The skirt fastens on the left side of the front under a button-trimmed strap,—thus avoiding any possibility of a gaping placket in the back,—and on the right side there is a pocket. Under-skirts are, of course, omitted, and knickerbockers of silk, mohair, or pongee take their place, as in a

A RAINY-DAY GOWN.
COMFORT SKIRT. OGONTZ COAT.

bicycling costume. The trimly fitted coat has the usual seams in the back, but is without ripples, a little fullness being added to the skirt by plaits under the side seams; the front can be buttoned snugly nearly to the throat, or left open as preferred, according to the weather. It is lined with changeable silk, and the blouse worn beneath it is made of the same silk. The "Vanoris" and "Pamela" patterns—illustrated in our March and April numbers — are favorite models for these changeable silk waists which have been in great vogue since midsummer. The hat which completes this practical and becoming costume is of cravenette like the gown, with stitched brim and soft "Tam" crown made of a green-and-blue tartan kerchief. A twist of the changeable silk surrounds the crown and is bowed at one side. Other effective combinations are red and black silk with black or blue cravenette, and green and black or a Scottish tartan with dark brown.

AN AUTUMN WALKING-GOWN.

Dark blue camel's hair serge is the fabric of this becoming and youthful gown. The skirt is the "Khiva,"—having seven breadths, and measuring five and a half yards at the foot.

AN AUTUMN WALKING-GOWN.
ALDERSEA JACKET.

It is lined with changeable—blue and green—taffeta, and has a pinked ruffle of the silk as a balayeuse. The trim jacket is round in the back and comes exactly to the waist-line. It can be worn over a full blouse-waist, or simply with a blouse-front. The model gown is completed with a blouse of changeable silk like the lining, and the revers and cuffs of the jacket are of emerald-green velvet, finished on the edges with black passementerie. This is commended as a conservative gown which can be worn becomingly by large women as well as slender ones, and which is popular with women of middle age as well as the young. The pattern is the "Aldersea."

BECOMING TO OLD AND YOUNG.

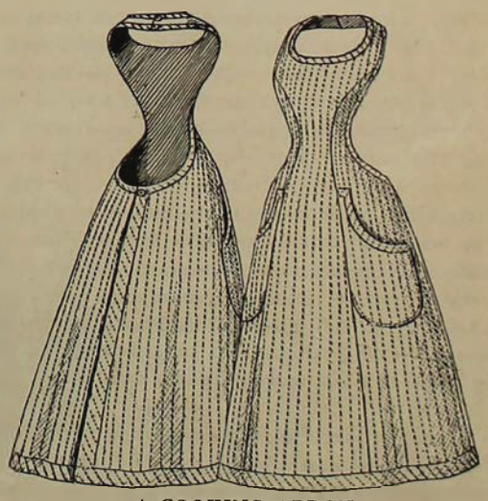
This attractive model is suitable for a separate waist of fancy taffeta or other silk, or for the corsage of a dressy gown, and its lines are so simple that it is adapted to women of all ages. The pattern is the "Moyra," and the model waist is of heliotrope taffeta, opening in front over white accordion-plaited *chiffon*. The scalloped edges are finished with a double frill of narrow lace, black Chantilly over yellow Valenciennes,—and the full ruche surrounding the neck corresponds. Waists of black satin are effective made in this fashion, and it is also a charming style for the host of lovely transparent fabrics which lend themselves to so many beautiful combinations.

BECOMING TO OLD AND YOUNG.
MOYRA WAIST.

A COOKING APRON.

This practical pattern is given in response to many requests. It is as simple as such a thing can be made, and has not a superfluous band or button to get out of order. Checked and corded lawns make the most serviceable white aprons, and all the family of ginghams are, of course, suitable for the purpose; blue denim has been adopted by art students for these cover-all aprons, and has the recommendation of bearing the hardest usage.

There are but two seams in the pattern, and the pockets should be stitched on the side breadths before the seams are sewed. An inch-wide bias band makes the neatest finish for the edges, and should be carried around the entire apron. The pattern—



A COOKING APRON.
THE "DORCAS."

No. 4.

the "Dorcas"—is given in medium size only, and should be shortened or lengthened, according to the height of the wearer; the usual preference is to have the apron nearly cover the gown.

AN AUTUMN COAT.

ANOTHER effort is being made to introduce the whole-back coats, and the new models are such a contrast to those seen a few seasons ago that it is probable they will meet with much favor. The new garments bear no resemblance except in name to the hideous ones which formerly appealed for Fashion's favor. They are so cut as to fit in trimly to the figure in the back, although without side-bodies, and are becomingly short. The coat illustrated is of tan-colored covert cloth, finished with stitched edges and seams. The sleeves are of conservative size and the fronts double-breasted, as seen in the illustration. Black and dark blue kerseys, diagonals, and cheviots, as well as dark brown cloths and some fancy heather-mixtures are the fabrics used for these popular and novel coats. Our pattern is the "Nipnette."

AN AUTUMN COAT.
THE "NIPNETTE."

CORSAGE NOVELTIES.

No. 1.—Belt of satin ribbon with huge bow in the back.

No. 2.—Wide girdle of velvet ribbon swathed around the waist in several bands, and finished off with a tapering end which fastens on the left side under a bow of loops and ends.

No. 3.—Neck ruche of gauze veiling, showing manner of gathering puffs.

No. 4.—Yoke and plastron of silk-appliquéd lace, bordered with a double ruffle of black *chiffon*. Any of the rich all-over embroideries, on batiste or other transparent fabrics, are used for these yokes, which are worn over any untrimmed corsage.

No. 5.—*Jabot* of lace and Dresden-flowered white ribbon. A stock collar of the same ribbon completes it.

No. 5.

NOTWITHSTANDING the white glove has so long been worn, and we have so often heard that its popularity is waning, it is still more worn than any other glove. It is particularly suitable with summer gowns, and often gives an air of daintiness to an otherwise plain attire, providing, always, that it is immaculately clean. Nothing is in worse taste than soiled white gloves. In chamois, silk, and lisle thread they can be washed easily and often, so that there is no excuse but carelessness for wearing them soiled. In kid nothing cleans any better than a white, or nearly white glove.

No. 1.

FOR HOT weather the standing linen collar has largely superseded the becoming turn-down collar. The standing collar is much cooler not only because it is one thickness, but because the corners turn back leaving the neck slightly exposed in front.

No. 3.

RIBBONS were never prettier, and probably never played a more important rôle than this season, when they are distinctive features of all dressy gowns. Often they give the one touch of bright or contrasting color to a gown; as, stock-collar and cuffs of Dresden-flowered pink ribbon on a black grenadine, and collar and girdle of green ribbon on a gown of dark blue canvas.

TWISTED ROLLS of yellow ribbon formed the collar and girdle of a sheer batiste gown mounted over a yellow-shot green taffeta.

No. 2.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, See Page 662.*)

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

OF CASHMERE OR SOFT WOOL

THIS is another of those dainty, Kate-Greenaway-like frocks which are so simply fashioned and which give a child so much freedom that they always win the favor of mothers no matter how many novelties appeal for their approval. Plain cashmeres, Henrietta cloths, and challies, as well as many of the light-weight novelty goods are suitable fabrics to be made by this model. The full front may be shirred or smocked or confined by narrow bands of trimming. The frock hangs straight beneath the arm without fullness, and in the back the skirt is gathered to the bottom of a plain waist, and a sash—of ribbon or silk—is tied across from the side seams. This adjustment gives a trim effect to the little figure without in the least confining it, and is a change from the regulation frock of this style. The model gown is of cadet-blue cashmere, and the felt hat matches it in color, and is trimmed with satin and plumes of a darker shade. The pattern is the "Jeanette," in sizes for four and six years.

A LITTLE MAID IN BLUE.
THE "NACHITA."

A LITTLE MAID IN BLUE.

THE continued favor of sailor-frocks for little girls is sufficient reason for the periodical appearance of some fresh adaptation of the style. The quaint little maid in our illustration wears a dark blue serge, brightened with red-and-gold *soutache*, which bands the V chemisette, trims the sailor-collar, and borders the belt. The plain, full skirt is finished with a deep hem, and sewed to the waist in gathers. In the back the fullness of the waist is laid in plaits, and a fitted lining holds the fullness in place. The "poke" hat is of blue-and-brown plaided rush-straw, lined with shirred surah, and trimmed with red-striped blue ribbon. The pattern is the "Nachita," in sizes for eight and ten years.

A CHALLIE FROCK.

IN the multitude of attractive novelties displayed every season we find nothing that deservedly displaces for children's wear the always useful and always pretty challie. The patterns are prettier than ever, if that be possible, and they are almost silkily soft, and often brightened with thread-like stripes of satin. The model frock is of primrose-flowered cream challie, and the plain, full skirt, which is sewed to the waist in gathers or plaits, as preferred, is finished at the foot with a five-inch hem. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place. The fullness parts in front to disclose a chemisette of embroidered batiste; a wide band of batiste insertion passes over the shoulders, and the shoulder and neck ruffles match the insertion. Omitting the embroidery the pattern is a suitable one for simple school-frocks of serge or shepherd's plaid. The pattern is the "Lynette," in sizes for eight and ten years.

OF CASHMERE OR SOFT WOOL.
THE "JEANETTE."

FASHION NOTES.

THERE is no longer any doubt about sleeves. They are growing decidedly smaller each month. Some recent fashionable models are practically a return to the close-fitting sleeve relieved only by a puff at the top. But the change is gaining ground slowly and the safest plan is to follow the conservative styles and have the sleeves only moderately full.

SASHES are in great favor again and are particularly pretty with wash dresses. They are worn by old and young alike, the only demand being that the bodice shall terminate at the waist-line when the sash is to be worn. The favorite width in ribbon for this purpose is four or five inches, but it is worn anywhere from three to seven inches wide.

A CHALLIE FROCK.
THE "LYNETTE."

THE favorite skirt just now is made with seven gores and is fast taking the place of the skirt of nine gores which has so long been popular. None of the new gowns are more than five yards around the bottom.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

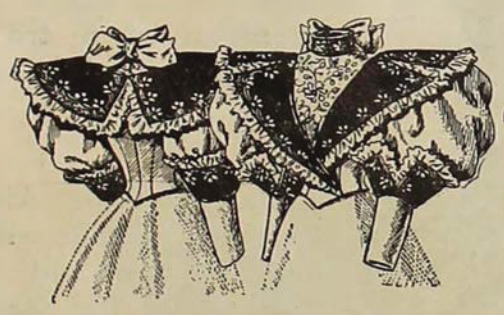
WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

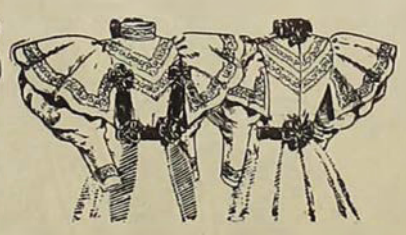
1.—Tailor-gown of blue serge with jacket-waist worn over a waistcoat of ivory cloth. Braided-felt hat trimmed with plumes and white satin ribbon.
2.—Fancy garter of orange ribbon and white lace.
3.—Tailor-gown of tan-colored whip-cord.
4.—Fancy waist of striped taffeta with yoke-collar of embroidered taffeta.
5.—Garter of orange and black striped ribbon.
6.—Tailor-gown of gray mohair with revers of darker satin.
7.—Fancy waist of Persian-patterned *peau de soie*, trimmed with black satin ribbon.
8.—Bicycling-gown of tan-colored covert-cloth, having a divided skirt, worn over brown satin bloomers.
9.—Yachting-gown of dark blue serge, trimmed with white mohair braid.
10.—French frock for girls, from eight to ten years, of olive-green canvas, with bodice of changeable taffeta.
11.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta trimmed with Venetian guipure insertion and plaitings of satin-bordered gauze.
12.—Reception-gown of changeable taffeta, trimmed with bands of spangled and embroidered batiste.
13.—Tiny bridesmaids-gown of gold-colored surah trimmed with *Lièrre* lace; hat of shirred silk muslin trimmed with yellow primroses.
14.—Going-away gown for an English bride of blue-and-green silk *crépon*: white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold; and wide revers and collar of changeable silk bordered with fine gold passementerie and gray *chiffon* plaitings.
15.—Princess-gown of gray satin, with vines of steel embroidery on the front seams, and novel lace trimming on corsage to simulate a jacket, and butterfly wings on the shoulders.
16.—Garden-party gown of tan-colored canvas over heliotrope taffeta, with waist of fancy taffeta under a jacket of white cloth finished with very narrow gold *soutache*.
17.—Tailor-gown of black serge lined with green taffeta; fine cords of the silk finish the edge of the coat.
18.—Bicycling-suit of heather-mixed tweed, with Norfolk jacket and full skirt.
19.—Walking-gown of green and brown whip-cord, with facings of tan-colored *faille* on the coat-basque, and a blouse of polka-dotted white satin.

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

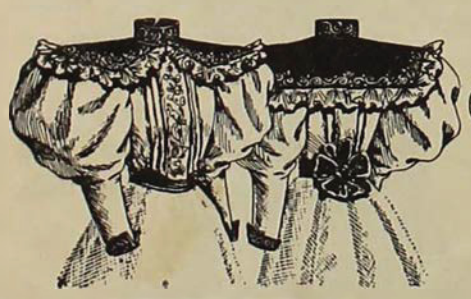
STANDARD PATTERNS.



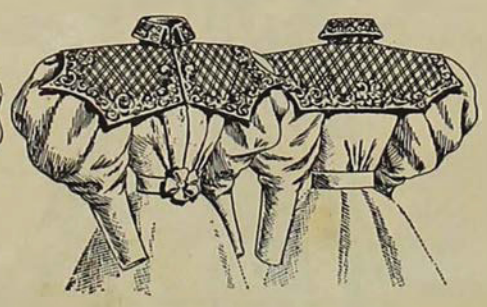
PARONTA CORSAGE.



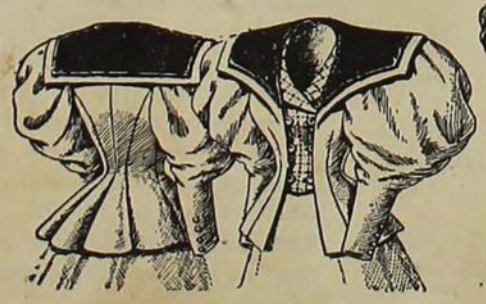
VITTORIA WAIST.



RUSHWIN CORSAGE.



LINBROOK CORSAGE.

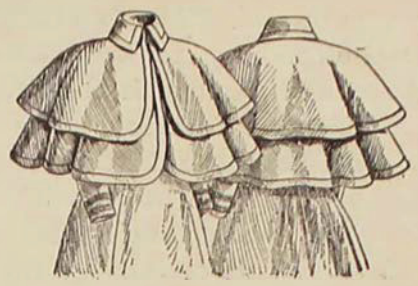


CLARENCE COAT.

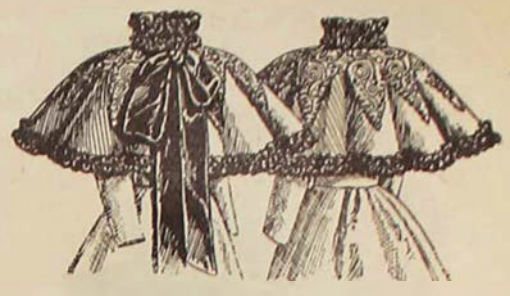
CANDACE FROCK.

VERADO COAT.

BOLERO CORSET-COVER.



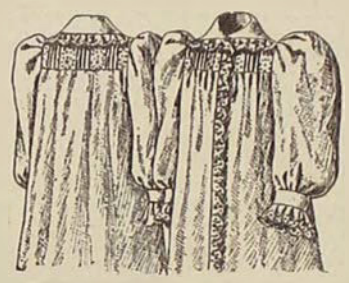
SUTRO CAPE.



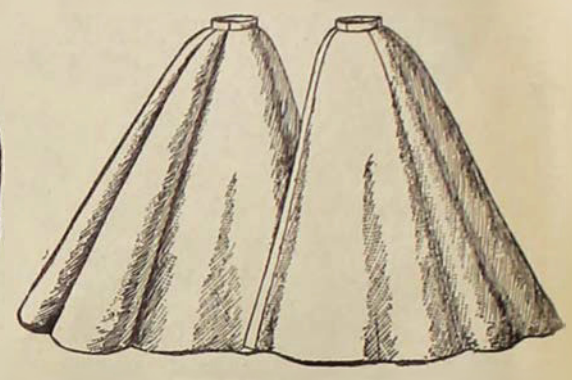
MARITANA CAPE.

ALEXINA FROCK.

RUTHELLA FROCK.



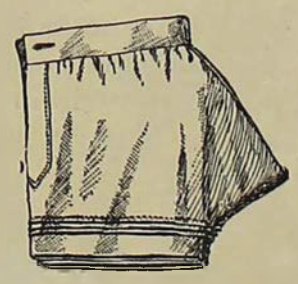
"MOTHER HUBBARD" NIGHT-GOWN.



LUNEFIELD SKIRT.

SACQUE GOWN OR WRAPPER.

YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.



CHILD'S DRAWERS.

INFANT'S "MOTHER HUBBARD."

INFANT'S NIGHT-GOWN.

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

(*Continued from Page 663.*)

PLASTER CASTS can be cleaned by preparing a basin of strong saleratus water; flat things like plaques can be held in the hand and gently agitated in the water, and figures can stand in the basin while the water is tossed up over them; badly soiled spots, folds and creases can be gently wiped with a soft cloth. Rinse in fresh saleratus water and let the pieces dry without wiping.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS are better bait for rat-traps than cheese.

DON'T FORGET TO PUT BITS of white wax with all white things—ermine furs as well as satin gowns, laces, etc.—when packing them away for a season.

PIPE CLAY IS THE SUMMER GIRL'S FRIEND when she wants to clean her white canvas shoes

LAST SEASON'S STRAW HAT can be cleaned with lemon juice; cut a lemon in two crosswise and rub the hat thoroughly with it. This is better than oxalic acid which makes the straw brittle.

ALWAYS FOLD THE SKIRT of a gown right side out when packing, and lay sheets of tissue paper between the folds.

RED AND PURPLE flowering plants are stimulated to greater intensity of color in their blossoms by receiving a half-inch layer of powdered charcoal over the tops of their pots.

REMEMBER THAT FRUIT SKINS should never be eaten. The treacherous microbe loves to burrow in the skin, and especially that of the peach.

WHEN DELICATE LACES HAVE reached that state of soil which soap and water alone can remove, roll the lace smoothly around a bottle, and put it into a basin of warm borax-suds; it may soak for a few hours or over night, according to the soil, should then be rinsed in two or three clear waters—no bluing—and left to dry on the bottle.

SUET SHOULD BE USED to grease cake-tins instead of butter.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

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

G. B.—You are undoubtedly eligible to membership in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, as the following clause in the rules will show: "Women who are lineal descendants of an ancestor who was a military or naval officer, soldier, sailor, or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the thirteen colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority," are among the fortunate ones whose claims to membership are considered good. The New York office of the Society is at No. 64 Madison avenue, New York.

"J. E. M."—Lemon juice and salt will remove iron-rust from linen. Rub the spot with a lemon, sprinkle a little salt over it, and lay it in the hot sun. The spot will usually disappear the first day, but if it does not, repeat the process until it is effectual.

"MARTHA."—If you are stout, as you say you are, and still want to wear shirt-waists, you will look longer waisted if you wear a white belt or one made of the same goods as the waist. A black skirt with a black belt and a light waist brings the apparent waist-line to the top of the belt and is not becoming to any but slender figures.

"C. M. C."—If you will send us your name and address we will put you in communication with the desired firm. No addresses other than those of a philanthropic or educational nature, or of general interest and *not* business ones, can be given in these columns.

"E. B."—The Correspondence Club is our only medium for giving the information you seek. The editor of the Club has not leisure to write personal answers. Good feeling is supposed to lie at the root of all forms of etiquette and if governed by genuine kindliness of heart, the gentleman seldom errs in his intercourse with his fellow-beings, be they high or low. Raise your hat, of course, when a woman, servant or lady, opens a house-door in answer to your ring. If you must have a reason

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(Continued from Page 663)

for the act, it is sufficient that you have put her to some trouble. The king accepts no service without a "Thank you." Still another rule should govern you in greeting your cook, laundress, or other woman employee on the street, and it may settle other similar questions for you: It is always easier to err on the side of familiarity than that of ceremony. Lift your hat by all means; if you do not your recognition becomes a nod, which is only excusable when exchanged between persons on terms of extreme intimacy. As for the little people we are not supposed to stand upon much ceremony when addressing them, or to have occasion to write them formal notes, and "Master" and "Miss," have answered all the needs of intercourse by correspondence with them so far. In the English language the preposition before the title in the superscription, as, To Master Ronald Curtis, is superfluous, and the best form does not adopt the fashion.

"Benoni."—Your bicycle-gown, with its skirt just reaching your boot-tops, and worn over knickerbockers as when riding, is just the thing for a walking-trip in the mountains. You need not feel at all unpresentable when staying over night at hotels, for since thousands of women are a-wheel, our eyes have become so wonted to the short gown that it attracts no attention,—unless it be that of envy from the woman who longs to do likewise, but as yet lacks the confidence. Everywhere, this summer, the short gown has been seen at railway stations, on the cars, and on steamboats; for the bicycle has done more in one year to emancipate women from the restrictions of conventional dress than reform-dress leagues could accomplish in half a century.

"Exigeant."—Why not have a poppy luncheon, and decorate the house and tables with poppies and ferns? Use abundance of green to subdue the brilliant color, and mingle white poppies with the red ones. Arrange the flowers loosely, on their long nodding stems just as they grow; some of them in tall crystal vases, and others in brown jugs, ginger-jars and in large bowls of blue-and-white Owari. Don't put ribbons on the table or silk scarfs, and use the flowers there sparingly; but have some about the dining-room, on chimney-piece and buffet. Lobster à la Newburg and a salad of whole tomatoes and lettuce—see Gleanings for details about this—would be appropriate red dishes, and your own ingenuity will readily invent others. Your white lawn gown over the red silk skirt, with a sash of poppy-flowered white ribbon will be perfect for the occasion. If you have just a little skill in handling the water-color brush, you can make charming guest cards by copying some of the poppy posters which are seen everywhere.

"Enterprise."—Read answers to "E. B." and "Exigeant." Hope the latter suggestions may help you. Very sorry; but it is impossible to grant your request. Your idea of using the portrait-album pictures for a guessing contest at a tea-party is original, and must excite lively interest.

"Jen."—Only one plural is needed; as "John and Mary's wedding." "John's and Mary's wedding" would be a double wedding where both John and Mary were married, but not to each other.

GLEANINGS.

THE FIRST MONEY.

Since the absorbing talk in all circles just now is upon coins and the coining of money, the following information, taken from Good Words, as to the origin of coined money, is not without interest:

It is difficult to realize that prior to B. C. 700 there were no true coins and that ingots or buttons of gold and silver were weighed at every mercantile transaction. The Lydians of Asia Minor are credited with having been the first to cast and stamp with an official device small oval gold ingots of definite fixed weight, an invention strangely delayed, but of inestimable importance to industry and commerce. A coin has been described as "a piece of metal of fixed weight, stamped by authority of Government, and employed as a medium of exchange." Medals, though struck by authority, are only historical records and have no currency value.

The bright, far-flashing intellect of Greece saw the import of the Lydian invention and adopted it quickly, and every Greek State, nearly every city, island, and colony, established a mint, generally at some one of the great temples, for all early coin types are religious in character. They bear symbols of some god, as a pledge of good faith. The offerings, tithes, and rents of the worshipers

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were coined and circulated as money. Temples thus became both mints and banks. Our word "money" is said to have been derived from the Roman shrine of Juno "Moneta," the earliest Latin mint.

The first shape of these early coins was that of an enlarged coffeeberry, punched on the rounded side with official letters, or sinkings as they are called.

MIDSUMMER TABLE-DECORATIONS.

Nothing exceeds in freshness and coolness for a centre decoration on either the breakfast or dinner table, a long low block of ice, hollowed out well so that it can serve as a receptacle for fruit. Cherries, plums, peaches, pears, grapes, and bananas are all much more delicious on a hot day when served ice-cold, and an ice dish, in which they can be most temptingly displayed, is just the thing to insure this condition. The ice should be placed in a low tin or a deep platter on a bed of moss, with a few ferns and vines trailing around the sides. The same arrangement is also a delightful way to serve a salad, especially if of ripe red tomatoes nestling in crisp bright leaves of chicory or lettuce. Summer decorations should always be simple, and, especially in country houses, suggestive of the wild woods instead of the hot-house and gardener. Fancy baskets, or, better still, canoes or boxes of birch-bark make charming receptacles for ferns and vines; the whole

(*Continued on Page* 669.)

(*Continued from Page* 668.)

decoration costs nothing but a tramp to the woods, and will make a table beautiful for a week. The ferns should be taken up with a little ball of earth round their roots and wrapped about with moss. Don't crowd them in the birch-bark receptacle, but fill in all the spaces between the roots and cover the top with moss. In this way the ferns will flourish beautifully for a time.

THE EXPORT MARKET FOR APPLES.

According to the recent crop reports in the American Agriculturist, fruit farmers have reason to be pleased with the prospect for the export trade in apples this year. In nearly all parts of Germany the indications are that there will be only a small crop and it will be left largely to America to supply the deficiency. In England the crop is much better, and, though it falls short of last year's supply, it is probably sufficient to meet the demand for the summer months. But the apples grown in Great Britain are very largely varieties that cannot be kept long, and thus place will be made for large quantities of our varieties of winter apples. It is said the effort which has been making recently to export apples packed in boxes has not been favorably received by foreign dealers and that, as a rule, they prefer them packed in barrels in the usual way.

(*Continued on Page* 670.)

Somebody has even taken the trouble to calculate the number of hairs which grow on an average person's head, the temperament as indicated by the color, as well as other points of interest. But we have just had something practical put into our hands, "Lee's Treatise on the Hair," its growth, what injures its growth, how to keep it from falling out or turning gray or white, and how to restore its color, etc., well written and sensible advice. The book will be mailed free to any of our readers on application to the Lee Medicant Company, 108 Fulton street, New York.

(*Continued from Page 669.*)

NATURAL FOOD.

Dr. Helen Densmore, who, with her husband, has founded the Natural Food Society in London, says she thinks the time is coming when it will be as great a disgrace to be ill as to be drunk; and she considers that intemperance in food has done as much to curse humanity as the abominable liquor habit. Though the Natural Food Society has been in existence but a short time, it already has over five thousand members; and they confidently believe that their propaganda will insure health and vigor far beyond the now-recognized natural span of life. They think the prime of life should be between the eightieth and hundredth years, and that by proper food woman's beauty may not only be greatly enhanced, but also the period of her fullest charm extended to four or five score years. The new cult is called "The Densmorian Theory," and it advocates fruit as the staff of human life; at the same time denouncing the time-honored aphorism concerning bread, and laying a great host of the ills that flesh is heir to at its door. The perfect diet consists of apples, pears, grapes, etc., with a small quantity of dates, figs, and bananas; which, according to the Densmore creed, contain their nutriment in such form that it is assimilated without the slightest tax upon the digestive organs. Mrs. Densmore considers American breakfasts an outrage on common sense.

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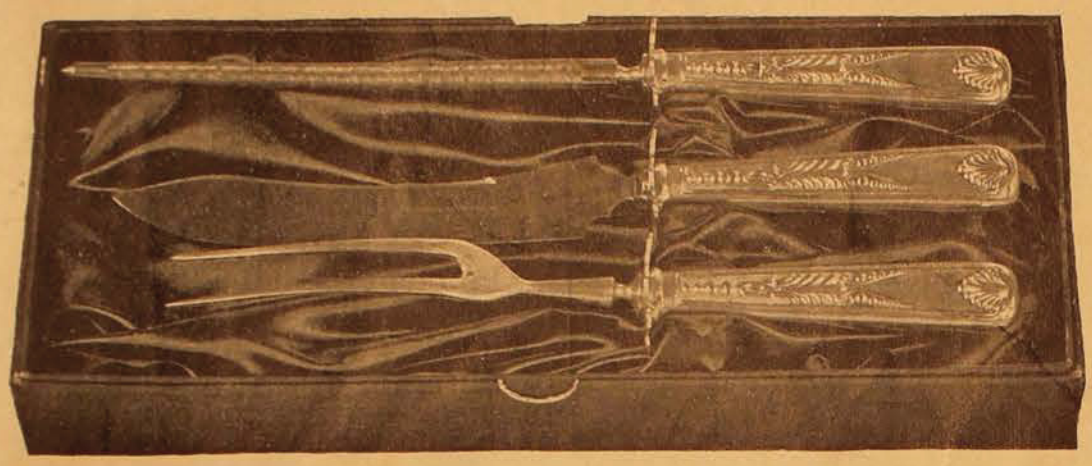

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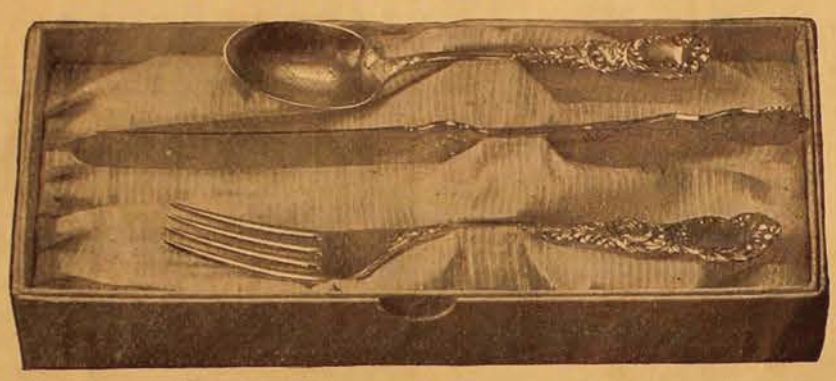

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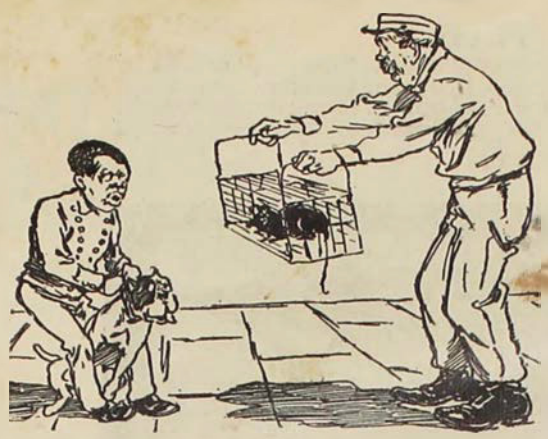

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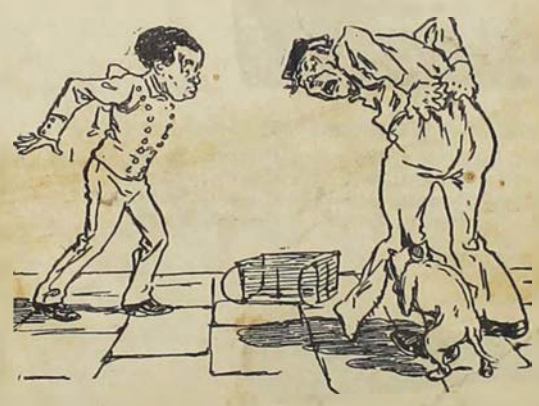

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4

(*Continued on Page 675.*)

HOUSEHOLD.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

(*Continued from Page 650.*)

PANS OF CHARCOAL set about on the floor and shelves will absorb all the moisture in a damp cellar, and take all the impurity from the air.

IF POTATOES BE PLACED in a pan of cold water for an hour or two before boiling, they will not turn black.

THE NEATEST, EASIEST AND STRONGEST way to repair rents in knitted underwear, knees of stockings, etc., is to baste a piece of plain lace net over the hole and darn through its meshes. When finished the uncovered edges can be cut away.

TO PREVENT THE JUICE of fruit pies from running out in the oven insert a straw or a tiny tube of white paper perpendicularly in the upper crust; it will carry off the steam, acting as a safety vent, and the juice will not boil over.

(*Continued on Page 664.*)