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IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.

THERE is a certain mysterious, illusive quality in the art of photography that seems to appeal with equal force to every variety of the feminine mind. The most reserved and silent of women, the shyest maiden, and the most obstreperous infant, all succumb in turn to the seductive charm of the camera.

In olden times, when photographs, like letters, were regarded exclusively from a utilitarian standpoint, and the only *dramatis personæ* figuring in each photographic act were the photographer and the victim, it was held to be a high crime and misdemeanor to touch up a negative; while any special effort to pose gracefully before the camera would have been regarded as second only to the sin of "play-acting." It seemed almost a matter of conscience for every woman to appear at the greatest possible disadvantage in her photograph. Women endured this condition of affairs meekly; but the men of those days have gone on record as preferring to face a cannon to a

camera, for in the former instance they at least had the satisfaction of going down to posterity with heroism, if undesirable impetus, whereas the brand of gentle lunacy was ever on the forehead of the camera victim.

In the early days, particularly in New England, having a photograph taken was as melancholy an event as a wedding or funeral or the reception of invited guests. The small white card with the unfortunate brown likeness was a mere *post-mortem* substitute for relatives and friends, and a decoration for the parlor mantel along with hair and wax flowers and the girandoles. But we have changed all that at this end of the century; and to-day science and art are the recognized hand-maidens of photography, and the posing of the subject, or sitter, and the subsequent finishing of the negative, are regarded as matters of importance for the artist to consider.

The society dame of '96 is as fastidious about the gown in which she is to be photographed as she would be if some



From a Photograph by Aime Dupont.

MISS CORNELIA ROOSEVELT SCOVIL.



From a Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

MISS ESTELIE DOREMUS.

great artist were about to paint her portrait, or a sculptor to model her classic features in *bas-relief* or statuette. It is a different phase of art, that is all. That the photographer himself is an artist, his assistants men and women of no small artistic talent, does not satisfy the woman of fashion who thoroughly understands the possibilities of modern photography. She must also secure the services of some portrait-painter to accompany her to the "studio,"—as photograph galleries are now called,—to see that she assumes a most graceful and interesting pose, to decide upon the most appropriate background, the most becoming dress, and the style of hair-dressing that will

and reduced to so much flat surface of black and white. Its adaptability to the style of the subject must also be considered. If there is an inclination to *embonpoint*, short waist and voluminous draperies are forbidden; neither are the *décolleté* gowns and close-fitting princess frocks permitted to the girl who tips the scales at ninety-five pounds. Yet the artist decides all these momentous questions at a glance, and his judgment is considered final; for the probabilities are that the maid of high degree is paying from \$25 to \$50 for the opportunity of accepting it.

After the satisfactory gown has been selected,—a gown that reveals the beauty lines and hides all defects,—then comes the hair-dressing. This is, of course, actually done by the maid; but the artist is still a supervisory committee, and one not easily pleased, for the arrangement of the hair must be not only appropriate to the gown, whether that be Greek, mediæval, Empire, or modern in style, but it must also suit the contour of the face and the modeling of the neck and shoulders.

If the *nuque*, as the French call the back of the neck, is long, white, and delicate in modeling, and combined with the graceful curves made by long, sloping shoulders, known in the artist's vocabulary as "beauty lines," the maid is ordered to dress the hair high, that this perfection of form and outline may give additional beauty to the picture. If, on the other hand, the neck is muscular or scrawny, and there are broad, bare spaces back of the ears, the hair is arranged low, brought well over the ears in *crêpéd* masses, and twisted in a loose coil on the nape of the neck.

Covering the ears with wavy tresses is a fad with some artists, particularly for profile pictures, where the ear, as the central feature, is liable to appear in strangely exaggerated form. For the perfect, oval face the hair is dressed *à la Pompadour*, and is guiltless of curl or wave. Where the oval is less pronounced, but the forehead is yet beautiful, the fluffy Pompadour is advised. For the fuller face, the artist forbids the fashionable roll and suggests the smooth *bandeaux* in vogue in our grandmothers' youth. Where the forehead is higher, the *bandeaux* are waved and slightly drooped at the square corners of the temples. Never will the true artist allow the broad, high forehead in its bland and uninteresting

entirety to be forced upon the vision of a helpless posterity.

The delicately formed face, that is sometimes patrician and sometimes only thin, is in either case treated with careful consideration. Fluffy tresses are a pre-requisite to becoming hair-dressing for the slender face. Whether the hair is parted in the middle, worn in myriads of curls at the sides of the face, in the fashion of 1830, or parted over the left temple, drawn back in waves to the crown of the head and held in place by a jauntily set Spanish comb, *à la Carmen*, in every instance there are waves or curls in profusion, and the ears are partly hidden.



From a Photograph by Wilhelm.

MRS. CHARLES TOBIAS.

accentuate the beauty of her face and at the same time harmonize with the selected toilet.

The services of a trained maid are necessarily required in conjunction with those of the artist, for my lady of fashion has several fine gowns taken to the studio the morning of the sitting, and one after the other is donned in the richly appointed waiting-room ere the artist, who is called from time to time, gives to the right one the *cachet* of his approval. And he must judge, not only of the prettiness of the frock, but of its artistic possibilities when separated from the charm and color of the wearer



From a Photograph by Aime Dupont.

MRS. THAYER BARNARD NELSON.

The final act in this little drama of the studio embraces the posing of the subject as well as the arrangement of a becoming background. The artist must consider whether the now perfectly costumed and coiffured maiden shall sit or stand, whether she will appear to the best advantage *en profile*, facing the camera, or so placed as to reveal more decidedly the *nuque* and shoulder lines.

And then the question of the background. Shall it consist of a light or dark curtain, a group of palms, or an antique carved chair? Which vital questions the artist answers one by one in a series of practical experiments. If he is posing "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall" enough to give a fine sweep to the folds of her garments, he will permit her to stand; whether facing the camera or not depends upon the particular charm that is to be brought in evidence. If the poise of the head is queenly, the outline of the neck exquisite in purity, and the beauty lines without blemish, the face will be regarded as of secondary consideration and only revealed sufficiently to complete the resemblance. If, on the contrary, the contour of the face is most desirable, if the Greek profile and classic oval has been granted the sitter, then the camera will be focussed to reproduce these particular gifts.

Every artist is well aware that there are women who appear much more at ease, more natural and graceful, when seated; and the fashionable studio is furnished with a variety of seats, from the Greek tripod and Roman carved chair, down through the high-backed Renaissance arm-chair and Empire couch to the upholstered "sleepy hollow" of to-day.

The proper placing of the hands is a weighty matter, even with the daintiest beauty. A graceful fashion is found in the resting of the elbow on a table or arm of a chair, the hand uplifted and supporting the head. This pose not only reveals the girlish roundness of the inner arm, than which, George Eliot says, nothing is more winsome, but also gives an additional curve of beauty to the shoulder. Tiny, dimpled hands are allowed to lie negligently in the lap, and nervous hands are occupied with a fan, a musical instrument, or a bunch of flowers.

The ordinary background of varying light and shade will always prove satisfactory where the effect of simplicity is most desired; but the artist finds its constant use monotonous, and prefers to vary the scenic effects to suit the requirements of the sitter. Masses of foliage in shadowy clusters he suggests as an interesting contrast to the dark, forceful beauty of the Spanish type, while the fragile loveliness of the Dresden-china girl is brought into stronger significance outlined against a Moorish rug or the shining oak of a quaint, high-backed German chair. The "summer girl" is photographed in gauzy draperies with a background of branches of apple-blossoms,—of Japanese paper, but none the less effective,—forming a beautiful picture as well as an interesting likeness, and that is the object of the photographic art of to-day.

The picturesque girl is the artist's delight. For her he has in reserve the vine-draped window, or groups of palms and ferns in tropical profusion. Very often he finds her possessing the inward and spiritual artistic temperament as well as the outward and visible Gainsborough hat, and as quick to respond to suggestions and assume a graceful and becoming pose as any professional model.

As a rule, the artists who are employed in the somewhat prosaic occupation of preparing society for the camera are clever young students who are waiting for the Goddess Fame to preen her wings for flight in their direction; although occasionally the tempting prices offered induce some older artist, to whom Fame seems more



From a Photograph by Aime Dupont.

MISS MAUD HEWITT.

tightly blindfolded even than Justice, to wearily climb up many stairs to the fashionable studio, study seriously the various gowns and poses of some haughty matron or flighty *débutante*, and offer as much honest, acrid criticism as though he were in his own cramped *atelier* making a character study of the Italian janitor's daughter.

As the possession of artistic taste does not always indicate a bank account to match, it happens sometimes that a party of pretty girls who want to indulge in the luxury of fine photographs club together and engage an artist for an entire morning to criticise and pose them in turn; while the duties of a maid, the fastening of gown



From a Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

COUNTESS DI BRAZZÁ SAVORONAN.



From a Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

MRS. JACK BLOODGOOD.

and the dressing of hair, they cheerfully perform for one another.

A malicious report has been circulated in some of the Art Leagues that the students do not seize upon such a morning's occupation with feverish eagerness; but so long as there is a substantial silver lining to the cloud, clubs of artistically inclined maidens need have no fear, for there is bound to be a financial plank in the platform of successful nineteenth century genius.

There are, of course, many women whose art instinct and training are so complete that they would regard the presence of an artist in addition to the artist-photographer as an absurdity. Their grace and charm is a part of their personality, of which even the camera cannot disarm them. It is not a difficult matter in this land, noted for its ever-increasing ratio of feminine loveliness, to select a group of women whose names at once suggest familiar photographs which have become synonymous with grace and beauty.

Mrs. J. R. de la Mar, whose masses of dark hair are worn in the fashionable Pompadour style, poses for her photograph in a manner so simple and devoid of the "set and awful purpose" of olden times that her pictures seem like a fleeting glimpse of herself such as one gleaned last fall at the Horse Show as she viewed the panorama from the convenient vantage of a box seat, or as she floats down an aisle in the Metropolitan Opera House.

That the sumptuous beauty of Mme. Chartran should appear to the best possible advantage in a photograph is not surprising when one considers the artistic atmosphere in which her life is spent as the wife of one of the greatest modern French artists.

The Countess di Brazzà Savorgnan, who was formerly Miss Cora Slocomb, of New Orleans, possesses for the world the three-fold interest of beauty, brains, and philan-

thropy; and in her photograph there are revealed quiet repose of manner and earnestness of purpose, in interesting contrast to the perfect contour of face and form.

Mrs. Burke-Roche, whose beauty is of international fame, is regarded as an excellent sitter by the artist-photographer, and her recent photographs may well be considered as so many definitions of art in photography. Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, whose athletic propensities, both as equestrian and swimmer, are well known, is another woman who is always felicitous in selecting both pose and costume for photographic reproduction.

Mrs. Charles Tobias, formerly Miss Belle Rogers, daughter of Mr. Belden J. Rogers, one of the most attractive post-Lenten brides of this season, is considered a most effective model in a photographic studio. Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovil and Miss Estelle Doremus, two of last season's popular *débutantes*, represent the new school of artistic posing in all the photographs taken of them since their first appearance in the grown-up world; and among many interesting photographs of last winter's belles is one of Miss Maud Hewitt, the athletic daughter of ex-Mayor Hewitt, who, besides being a fine equestrian and an expert whip, is a talented musician.

Although some of the younger artists are pleased to term this modern association of art with feminine wearing apparel a degradation of genius, there are, on the other hand, portrait painters of reputation who not only recognize it as a legitimate use of art, but are in favor of forming a conference of artists to meet semi-annually to decide upon all question of styles and fashions in feminine dressmaking and millinery. They believe that such a movement would result in more beautiful and artistic dressing; but the women and the students shake their heads.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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II.

FATHER AND SON.

MY Lord Justice-clerk was known to many; the man Adam Weir perhaps to none. He had nothing to explain or to conceal; he sufficed wholly and silently to himself; and that part of our nature which goes out to acquire glory or love seemed in him to be omitted. He did not try to be loved, he did not care to be. He was an admired lawyer, a highly unpopular judge; and he looked down upon those who were his inferiors in either distinction. In all the rest of his days and doings not one trace of vanity appeared; and he went on through life with a mechanical movement, as of the unconscious, that was almost august.

He saw little of his son. In the childish maladies with which the boy was troubled he would make daily inquiries and daily pay him a visit, entering the sick-room with a facetious and appalling countenance, letting off a few perfunctory jests, and going again swiftly, to the patient's relief. Once, a court holiday falling opportunely, my lord had his carriage and drove the child himself to Hermiston, the customary place of convalescence. It is conceivable he had been more than usually anxious, for that journey always remained in Archie's memory as a thing apart.

Archie went the usual round of other Edinburgh boys, the high school and the college; and Hermiston looked on, or rather looked away, with scarce an affectation of interest in his progress. Daily, indeed, upon a signal after dinner, he was brought in, regarded sardonically, sarcastically questioned. "Well, sir, what have you done with your book to-day?" my lord might begin, and set him posers in law Latin. He was not harsh to the little scholar, having a vast fund of patience, learned upon the bench, and was at no pains whether to conceal or to express his disappointment. "Well, ye have a long jaunt before ye yet!" he might observe, yawning, and fall back on his own thoughts until the time came for separation, and my lord would be off to the back chamber looking on the meadows, where he toiled on his cases till the hours were small.

There was no "fuller man" on the bench. His memory was marvelous, though wholly legal; if he had to "advise" extempore, none did it better; yet there was none who more earnestly prepared. As he thus watched in the night, or sat at table and forgot the presence of his son, no doubt he tasted deeply of recondite pleasures. To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, and find continual rewards without excitement. This atmos-

phere of his father's sterling industry was the best of Archie's education. Assuredly it did not attract him; assuredly it rather rebutted and depressed. Yet it was still present, unobserved, like the ticking of a clock, a tasteless stimulant in the boy's life.

But Hermiston was not all of one piece. He was, besides, a mighty toper; he could sit at wine until the day dawned, and pass directly from the table to the bench with a steady hand and a clear head. Beyond the third bottle he showed the plebeian in a larger print; the low, gross accent, the low, foul mirth, grew broader and commoner; he became less formidable, and infinitely more disgusting. Now the boy had inherited from Jean Rutherford a shivering delicacy, unequally mated with potential violence. In the playfields and among his own companions he repaid a coarse expression with a blow; at his father's table he turned pale and sickened in silence. Of all the guests whom he there encountered he had toleration for only one, David Keith Carnegie, Lord Glenalmond. Lord Glenalmond was tall and emaciated, with long features and long, delicate hands, and his blue eyes, at more than sixty, preserved some of the fire of youth. His exquisite disparity with any of his fellow-guests, his appearance as an artist and an aristocrat stranded in rude company, riveted the boy's attention; and Lord Glenalmond was attracted by the boy.

"And so this is your son, Hermiston?" he asked, laying his hand on Archie's shoulder. "He's getting a big lad."

"Hout!" said the gracious father, "just his mother over again,—daurna say boo to a goose!"

But the stranger retained the boy, talked to him, drew him out, found in him a taste for letters, and a fine, ardent, modest, youthful soul, and encouraged him to be a visitor on Sunday evenings in his bare, cold, lonely dining-room, where he sat and read in the isolation of a bachelor grown old in refinement. The beautiful gentleness and grace of the old judge, and the delicacy of his person, thoughts, and language, spoke to Archie's heart in their own tongue. He conceived the ambition to be such another; and when the day came for him to choose a profession it was in emulation of Lord Glenalmond, not of Lord Hermiston, that he chose the Bar. Hermiston looked on at this friendship with some secret pride, but openly with the intolerance of scorn. He scarce lost an opportunity to put them down with a rough jape; and, to say truth, it was not difficult, for they were neither of them quick. He had a word of contempt for the whole crowd of poets, painters, fiddlers, and their admirers, "the bastard race of amateurs," which was continually on his lips. "Signor Feedle-eerie!" he would say. "Oh, for Goad's sake, no more of the signor!"

"You and my father are great friends, are you not?" asked Archie once.

"There is no man that I more respect, Archie," replied Lord Glenalmond. "He is two things of price. He is a great lawyer, and he is upright as the day."

"You and he are so different," said the boy, his eyes dwelling on those of his old friend like a lover's on his mistress's.

"Indeed so," replied the judge, "very different. And so I fear are you and he. Yet I would like it ill if my young friend were to misjudge his father. He has all the Roman virtues; Cato and Brutus were such. I think a son's heart might well be proud of such an ancestry of one."

"And I would sooner he was a plaided herd!" cried Archie, with sudden bitterness.

"And that is neither very wise nor, I believe, entirely true," returned Glenalmond.

With the infinitely delicate sense of youth Archie avoided

the subject from that hour. It was perhaps a great pity. Had he but talked,—talked freely, let himself gush out the words (the way youth loves to do and should), there might have been no tale to write upon the Weirs of Hermiston.

Besides the veteran, the boy was without confidant or friend. Serious and eager he came through school and college, and moved among a crowd of the indifferent in the seclusion of his shyness. He grew up handsome, with an open, speaking countenance, with graceful, youthful ways; he was clever, he took prizes, he shone in the Speculative Society. It should seem he must become the centre of a crowd of friends; but something that was in part the delicacy of his mother, in part the austerity of his father, held him aloof from all. It is a fact, and a strange one, that among his contemporaries Hermiston's son was thought to be a chip of the old block. "You're a friend of Archie Weir," said one to Frank Innes; and Innes replied, with his usual flippancy and more than his usual insight, "I know Weir, but I never met Archie."

As time went on, the tough and rough old sinner felt himself drawn to his son with softness of sentiment that he could hardly credit and was wholly impotent to express. It is a fact that he tried to propitiate Archie, but a fact that cannot be too lightly taken; the attempt was so inconspicuously made, the failure so stoically supported. If he failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed.

An idea of Archie's attitude it is most difficult to convey. He made no attempt whatsoever to understand the man with whom he dined and breakfasted. The wind blew cold out of a certain quarter, he turned his back upon it; stayed as little as was possible in his father's presence, and when there averted his eyes as much as was decent from his father's face. The lamp shone for many hundred days upon these two at table, my lord, ruddy, gloomy, and irreverent, Archie with a potential brightness that was always dimmed and veiled in that society; and there were not, perhaps, in Christendom, two men more radically strangers. The father, with a grand simplicity, either spoke of what interested himself, or maintained an unaffected silence. The son turned his head for some topic that should be quite safe, that would spare him fresh evidences either of my lord's inherent grossness or of the innocence of his inhumanity, treading gingerly the ways of intercourse, like a lady gathering up her skirts in a by-path. If he made a mistake and my lord began to abound in matter of offense, Archie drew himself up, his brow grew dark, his share of the talk expired; but my lord would faithfully and cheerfully continue to pour out the worst of himself before his silent and offended son.

"Well, it's a poor hert that never rejoices!" he would say, at the conclusion of such a nightmare interview. "But I must to my plew-stilts." And he would seclude himself as usual in the back room, and Archie would go forth into the night and the city, quivering with animosity and scorn.

III.

IN THE MATTER OF THE HANGING OF DUNCAN JOPP.

It chanced in the year 1813 that Archie strayed one day into the judiciary court. The macer made room for the son of the presiding judge. In the dock, the centre of men's eyes, there stood a whey-colored, misbegotten caitiff, Duncan Jopp, on trial for his life. His story was one of disgrace and vice and cowardice, the very nakedness of crime; and the creature heard and it seemed at times as though he understood,—as if at times he forgot the horror of the place he stood in, and remembered the shame of

what had brought him there. He kept his head bowed and his hands clutched upon the rail; his hair dropped in his eyes and at times he flung it back; and now he glanced about the audience in a sudden fellness of terror, and now looked in the face of his judge and gulped. There was pinned about his throat a piece of dingy flannel; and this it was, perhaps, that turned the scale in Archie's mind between disgust and pity, a trait of human nature that caught at the beholder's breath; he was tending a sore throat.

Over against him my Lord Hermiston occupied the bench in the red robes of criminal jurisdiction, his face framed in the white wig. Honest all through, he did not affect the virtue of impartiality. This was no case for refinement; there was a man to be hanged, he would have said, and he was hanging him. It was plain he gloried in the exercise of his trained faculties, in the clear sight which pierced at once into the joint of fact, in the rude, unvarnished gibes with which he demolished every fragment of defense. He took his ease and jested, unbending in that solemn place with some of the freedom of the tavern.

Duncan had a mistress scarce less forlorn and greatly older than himself, who came up, whimpering and courtesying, to add the weight of her testimony. My lord gave her the oath in his most roaring voice and added an intolerant warning.

"Mind what ye say, now, Janet," said he. "I have an e'e upon ye; I'm ill to jest with. Godsake! ye made a bonny couple," and there was something so formidable and ferocious in his scorn that not even the galleries thought to laugh.

The summing up contained some jewels.

"These two peetiable creatures seem to have made up thegither, it's not for us to explain why. Neither the panel nor yet the old wife appears to have had so much common sense as even to tell a lie when it was necessary." And in the course of sentencing, my lord had this *obiter dictum*: "I have been the means, under God, of hanging a great number, but never just such a disjaskit rascal as yourself." The words were strong in themselves; the light and heat and detonation of their delivery, and the savage pleasure of the speaker in his task, made them tingle in the ears.

When all was over Archie came forth again into a changed world. Had there been the least redeeming greatness in the crime perhaps he might have understood. But the culprit stood, with his sore throat, in the sweat of his mortal agony, without defense or excuse, a being so much sunk beneath the zones of sympathy that pity might seem harmless. And the judge had pursued him with a monstrous, relishing gayety, horrible to be conceived.

Archie passed by his friends in the High-street with incoherent words and gestures. He lay and moaned in the Hunter's Bog: "This is my father; I draw my life from him; the flesh upon my bones is his, the bread I am fed with is the wages of these horrors." He recalled his mother, and ground his forehead in the earth. He thought of flight, but where was he to flee to? of other lives, but was there any life worth living in this den of savage and jeering animals?

The interval before the execution was like a violent dream. He met his father; he would not look at him, he could not speak to him. It seemed there was no living creature but must have been swift to recognize that imminent animosity; but the hide of the justice-clerk remained impenetrable. Had my lord been talkative the truce could never have subsisted; but he was in one of his humors of sour silence, and under the very guns of his broadside Archie nursed the enthusiasm of rebellion. It seemed to

him, from the top of his nineteen years' experience, as if he were marked at birth to be the perpetrator of some signal action to get back fallen Mercy, to overthrow the usurping devil that sat, horned and hoofed, on her throne.

On the named morning he was at the place of execution. He saw the fleeing rabble, the flinching wretch produced. He looked on for a while at a certain parody of devotion, which seemed to strip the wretch of his last claim to manhood. Then followed the brutal instant of extinction, and the paltry dangling of the remains like a broken jumping-jack. He had been prepared for something terrible, not for this tragic meanness. He stood a moment silent, and then "I denounce this God-defying murder," he shouted; and his father might have owned the stentorian voice with which it was uttered.

Frank Innes dragged him from the spot. The two handsome lads followed the same course of study and recreation, and felt a certain mutual attraction, founded mainly on good looks. It had never gone deep; Frank was by nature a thin, jeering creature, not truly susceptible either of feeling or inspiring friendship; and the relation between the pair was altogether on the outside, a thing of common knowledge and the pleasantries that spring from a common acquaintance. The more credit to Frank that he was appalled by Archie's outburst, and at least conceived the design of keeping him in sight and, if possible, in hand for the day. But Archie, who had just defied,—was it God or Satan?—would not listen to the word of a college companion.

"I will not go with you," he said. "I do not desire your company, sir; I would be alone."

"Here, Weir, man, don't be absurd," said Innes, keeping a tight hold upon his sleeve. "I will not let you go until I know what you mean to do with yourself; it's no use brandishing that staff." For indeed at that moment Archie had made a sudden warlike movement. "This has been the most insane affair; you know it has. You know very well that I'm playing the good Samaritan. All I wish is to keep you quiet."

"If quietness is what you wish, Mr. Innes," said Archie, "and you will promise to leave me entirely to myself, I will tell you so much, that I am going to walk in the country and admire the beauties of nature."

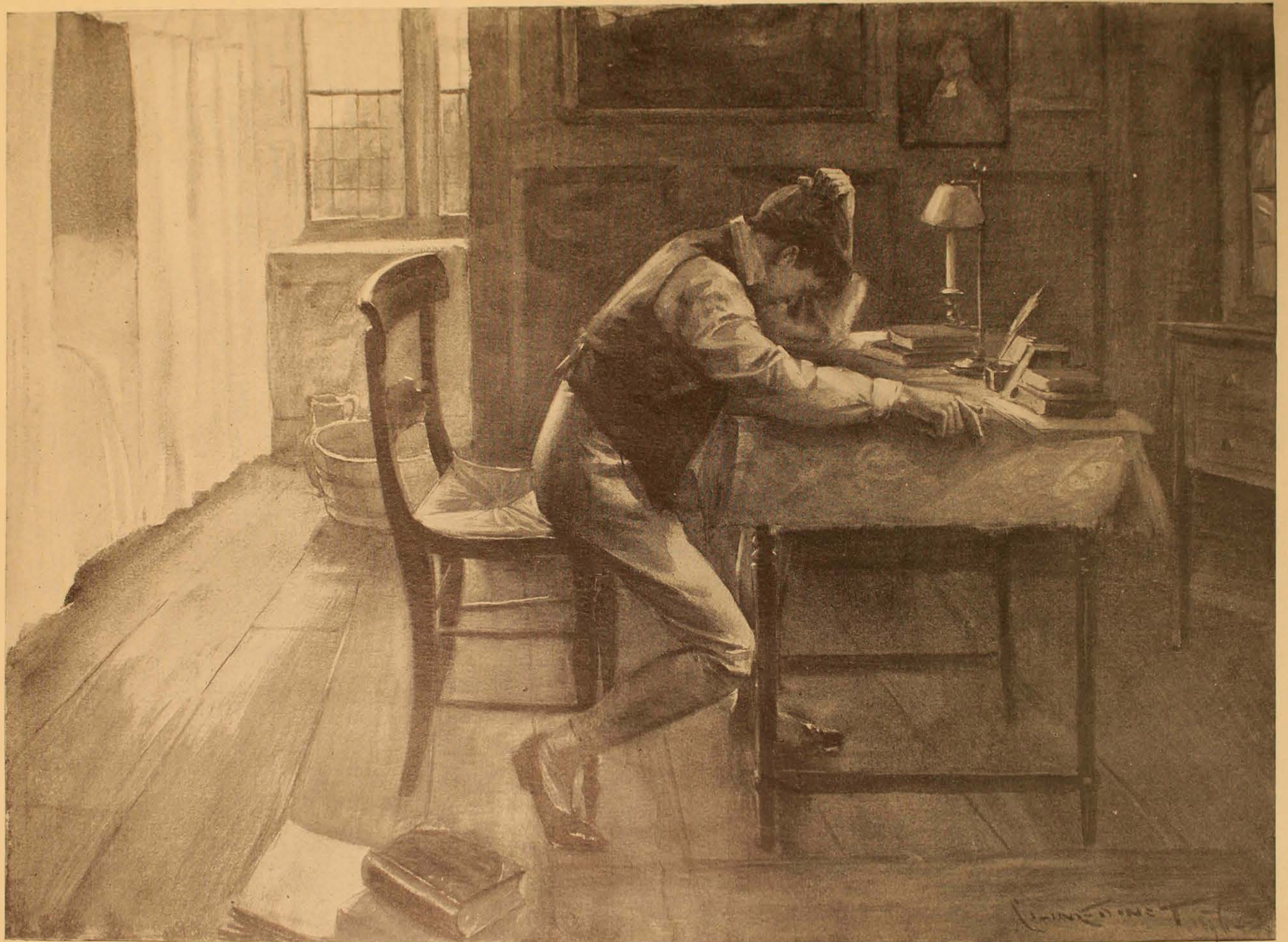
"Honor bright?" asked Frank.

"I am not in the habit of lying, Mr. Innes," retorted Archie. "I have the honor of wishing you good-day."

"You won't forget the Spec?"

"The Spec?" said Archie. "Oh, no; I won't forget the Spec."

And the one young man carried his tortured spirit forth from the city, and all the day long, by one road and another, in an endless pilgrimage of misery; while the other hastened smilingly to spread the news of Weir's access of insanity, and to drum up for that night a full attendance at the Speculative, where further eccentric developments might certainly be looked for. Archie did not forget the Spec; he put in an appearance there at the due time, and before the evening was over had dealt a memorable shock to his companions. It chanced he was the president of the night. At times he seemed to forget the business of the evening, but even in these periods he sat with a great air of energy and determination. His mind was made up; he was determined to fulfill the sphere of his offense. He signed to Innes to succeed him in the chair, stepped down from the platform, and took his place by the chimney-piece, the shine of many wax tapers from above illuminating his pale face, the glow of the great red fire relieving from behind his slim figure. He had to propose as an amendment to the next subject in the case



"THE MISGIVINGS TORTURED HIM ALL NIGHT, AND AROSE WITH HIM IN THE WINTER'S MORNING."

book, "Whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy?"

A breath of embarrassment, of something like alarm, passed around the room, so daring did these words appear upon the lips of Hermiston's only son. But the amendment was not seconded; the previous question was promptly moved and unanimously voted, and the momentary scandal smuggled by. Innes triumphed in the fulfillment of his prophecy. He and Archie were now become the heroes of the night; but whereas everyone crowded about Innes, when the meeting broke up, but one of all his companions came to speak to Archie.

"Weir, man, that was an extraordinary raid of yours!" observed this courageous member, taking him confidentially by the arm as they went out.

"I don't think it a raid," said Archie, grimly. "More like a war. I saw that poor brute hanged this morning, and my gorge rises at it yet."

"Hut-tut!" returned his companion, and, dropping his arm like something hot, he sought the less tense society of others.

Archie found himself alone. He watched the black huddle of his fellow-students draw off down and up the street, in whispering or boisterous gangs; and the isolation of the moment weighed upon him like an omen and emblem of his destiny in life. Bred up in unbroken fear himself, among trembling servants, and in a house which at the least ruffle in the master's voice shuddered into silence, he saw himself on the brink of the red valley of war, and measured the danger and length of it with awe. He made a *détour* in the glimmer and shadow of the streets, came into the back-stable lane, and watched for a long while the light burn steadily in the judge's room. The longer he gazed upon that illuminated window-blind the more blank became the picture of the man who sat behind it. He could not combine the brutal judge and the industrious, dispassionate student; the connecting link escaped him. From such a dual nature it was impossible he should predict behavior; and he asked himself if he had done well to plunge into a business of which the end could not be foreseen; and presently after, with a sickening decline of confidence, if he had done loyally to strike his father. For he had struck him, defied him twice over and before a crowd of witnesses, struck him a public buffet before crowds. Who had called him to judge his father in these precarious and high questions? The office was usurped. It might have become a stranger; in a son,—there was no blinking at it,—in a son it was disloyal. And now, between these two natures so antipathetic, so hateful to each other, there was depending an unpardonable affront; and the providence of God alone might foresee the manner in which it would be resented by Lord Hermiston.

These misgivings tortured him all night and arose with him in the winter's morning; they followed him from class to class, they made him shrinkingly sensitive to every shade of manner in his companions, they sounded in his ears through the current voice of the professor; and he brought them home with him at night, unabated and indeed increased. The cause of this increase lay in a chance encounter with the celebrated Dr. Gregory. Archie stood looking vaguely in the lighted window of a book-shop, trying to nerve himself for the approaching ordeal. My lord and he had met and parted in the morning as they had now done for long, with scarcely the ordinary civilities of life, and it was plain to the son that nothing had yet reached the father's ears. Indeed, when he recalled the awful countenance of my lord a timid hope sprang up in him that perhaps there would be found no one bold enough to carry tales. If this were so, he asked himself, would he

begin again?—and he found no answer. It was at this moment that a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said in his ear:

"My dear Mr. Archie, you had better come and see me."

He started, turned round, and found himself face to face with Dr. Gregory. "And why should I come to see you?" he asked, with the defiance of the miserable.

"Because you are looking exceeding ill," said the doctor, "and you very evidently want looking after, my young friend. Good folk are scarce, you know; and it is not everyone that would be quite so much missed as yourself. It is not everyone that Hermiston would miss." And with a nod and a smile the doctor passed on.

A moment after Archie was in pursuit, and had in turn, but more roughly, seized him by the arm.

"What do you mean? What did you mean by saying that? What makes you think that Hermis—my father would have missed me?"

The doctor turned about and looked him all over with a clinical eye. A far more stupid man than Dr. Gregory might have guessed the truth; but ninety-nine out of a hundred, even if they had been equally inclined to kindness, would have blundered by some touch of charitable exaggeration. The doctor was better inspired. He knew the father well; in that white face of intelligence and suffering he divined something of the son, and he told, without apology or adornment, the plain truth.

"When you had the measles, Mr. Archibald, you had them gey and ill, and I thought you were going to slip between my fingers," he said. "Well, your father was anxious. 'How did I know it?' says you. Simply because I am a trained observer. The sign that I saw him make, ten thousand would have missed; and perhaps, —perhaps, I say, because he's a hard man to judge of, but perhaps he never made another. A strange thing to consider! It was this: One day I came to him. 'Hermiston,' said I, 'there's a change.' He never said a word; just glowered at me (if ye'll pardon the phrase) like a wild beast. 'A change for the better,' said I. And I distinctly heard him take his breath."

The anecdote might be called infinitely little, and yet its meaning for Archie was immense. "I did not know the old man had so much blood in him," he said. He had never dreamed this sire of his had even so much of a heart as to be moved in the least degree for another, and that other himself, who had insulted him! With the generosity of youth Archie was instantly under arms upon the other side, had instantly created a new image of Lord Hermiston,—that of a man who was all iron without and all sensibility within. The mind of the vile jester the tongue that had pursued Duncan Jopp with unmanly insults, the unbeloved countenance that he had known and feared for so long, were all forgotten, and he hastened home, impatient to confess his misdeeds, impatient to throw himself on the mercy of the imaginary character.

All dinner-time there reigned over the judge's table a palpable silence, and as soon as the solids were dispatched he rose to his feet.

"Archie, you and me has to have a talk."

It was at this sickening moment that Archie's courage, for the first and last time, entirely deserted him. "I have an appointment," said he.

"It'll have to be broken, then," said Hermiston, and led the way into his study. For a moment he warmed his hands at the fire, presenting his back to Archie; then suddenly disclosed on him the terrors of the "hanging-face."

"What's this I hear of ye?" he asked.

There was no answer possible to Archie.

"I'll hae to tell ye, then," pursued Hermiston. "It seems ye've been skirling against the faither that begot ye, and one of his Majesty's judges in this land; and that in the public street, and while an order of the court was being executit. Forbye which, it would appear that ye've been airing your opeinions in a coallege debatin' society." He paused a moment, and then, with extraordinary bitterness, added, "Ye damned eediot!"

"I had meant to tell you," stammered Archie. "I see you are well informed."

"Muckle obleeged to ye," said his lordship, and took his usual seat. "And so you disapprove of caapital punishment?" he added.

"I am sorry, sir, I do," said Archie.

"I am sorry, too," said his lordship. "And now, if you please, we shall approach this business with a little more partecularity. I hear that at the hanging of Duncan Jopp,—and, man! ye had a fine client there,—in the middle of all the riff-raff of the ceety, ye thought fit to cry out, 'This is a damned murder, and my gorge rises at the man that haangit him.'"

"No, sir; those were not my words," cried Archie.

"What were ye'r words, then?" asked the judge.

"I believe I said, 'I denounce it as a murder!'" said the son. "I beg your pardon,—'a God-defying murder.' I have no wish to conceal the truth," he added, and looked his father for a moment in the face.

"Gad! it would only need that of it next!" cried Hermiston. "There was nothing about ye'r gorge rising, then?"

"That was afterward, my lord, as I was leaving the Speculative. I said I had been to see the miserable creature hanged, and my gorge rose at it."

"Did ye, though?" said Hermiston. "And I suppose ye knew who haangit him."

"I was present at the trial. I ought to tell you that; I ought to explain. I ask your pardon beforehand for any expression that may seem undutiful. The position in which I stand is wretched," said the unhappy hero, now fairly face to face with the business he had chosen. "I have been reading some of your cases. I was present while Jopp was tried. It was a hideous business. Father, it was a hideous thing. Grant he was vile, why should you hunt him with a vileness equal to his own? It was done with glee,—that is the word,—you did it with glee; and I looked on, God help me! with horror."

"Ye're a young gentleman that does nae approve of caapital punishment," said Hermiston. "Weel, I'm an auld man that does. I was glad to get Jopp haangit, and what for would I pretend I was nae? Ye're all for honesty, it seems; ye couldna even steik ye'r mouth on the public street. What for should I steik mines upon the bench,—the king's officer, bearing the sword, a dreid to evil-doers, as I was from the beginning and as I will be to the end? Mair than enough of it! Heedious! I never gave twa thoughts to heediousness; I have no call to be bonny. I'm a man that gets through with my day's business and let that suffice."

The ring of sarcasm had died out of his voice as he went on; the plain words became invested with some of the dignity of the justice-seat.

"It would be telling ye if ye could say as much," the speaker resumed; "but ye cannot. Ye've been reading some of my cases, ye say. But it was not for the law in them; it was to spy out your father's nakedness,—a fine employment in a son. Ye're splairging; ye're running at lairge in life like a wild nowt. It's impossible ye should think any longer of coming to the Bar. Ye're not fit for it; no splairger is. And another thing; son of mines or

no son of mines, ye have flung fylement in public on one of the senators of the Coallege of Justice, and I would make it my business to see that ye were never admitted there yerself. There is a kind of decency to be observit. Then comes the next of it,—what am I to do with ye next? Ye'll have to find some kind of a trade, for I'll never support ye in idleset. What do ye fancy ye'll be fit for? The pulpit? Na, they could never get deveenity into that bloackhead. Him that the law of man whammels is no likely to do muckle better by the law of God. What would ye make of hell? Wouldna yer gorge rise at that? Na, there's no room for splairgers under the fower quarters of John Calvin. What else is there? Speak up. Have ye got nothing of your own?"

"Father, let me go to the Peninsula," said Archie. "That's all I'm fit for,—to fight."

"'All,' quo' he?" returned the judge. "And it would be enough, too, if I thought it. But I'll never trust ye so near the French; ye that's so Frenchified."

"You do me injustice there, sir," said Archie. "I am loyal. I will not boast; but any interest I may have ever felt in the French—"

"Have ye been so loyal to me?" interrupted his father. There came no reply.

"I think not," continued Hermiston. "And I would send no man to be a servant of the king, God bless him! that has proved such a slauchling son to his faither. Ye can splairge here on Edinburgh Street, and where's the hairm? It doesna play buff on me! And if there were twenty thousand eediots like yourself, sorrow a Duncan Jopp would hang the fewer. But there's no splairging possible in a camp; and if ye were to go to it ye would find out for yerself whether Lord Well'n'ton approves of caapital punishment or not. You a sodjer!" he cried, with a sudden burst of scorn. "Ye auld wife, the sodjers would bray at ye like cuddies!"

As at the drawing of a curtain, Archie was aware of some illogicality in his position and stood abashed. He had a strong impression, besides, of the essential valor of the old gentleman before him, how conveyed it would be hard to say.

"Well, have you no other proposeetion?" said my lord again.

"You have taken this so calmly, sir, that I cannot but stand ashamed," began Archie.

"I'm nearer voamiting, though, than you would fancy," said my lord.

The blood rose to Archie's brow.

"I beg your pardon, I should have said that you had accepted my affront. . . . I admit it was an affront; I did not think to apologize, but I do, I ask your pardon. It will not be so again, I pass you my word of honor. . . . I should have said that I admired your magnanimity with—with—this—offender," Archie concluded with a gulp.

"I have no other son, ye see," said Hermiston. "A bonny one I have gotten! But I must do the best wi' him, and what am I to do? If ye had been younger I would have wheepit ye for this rideeculous exhibeetion. The way it is, I have just to grin and bear. But one thing is to be clearly understood. As a faither, I must grin and bear it; but if I had been the lord-advocate instead of the lord-justice-clerk, son or no son, Mr. Archibald Weir would have been in a jyle the night."

Archie was now dominated. Lord Hermiston was coarse and cruel; and yet the son was aware of a bloomless nobility, an ungracious abnegation of the man's self in the man's office. At every word this sense of the greatness of Lord Hermiston's spirit struck more home; and along with it that of his own impotence, who had struck,

—and perhaps basely struck,—at his own father, and not reached so far as to have even nettled him.

“I place myself in your hands without reserve,” he said.

“That’s the first sensible word I’ve had of ye the night,” said Hermiston. “I can tell ye, that would have been the end of it, the one way or the other; but it’s better ye should come there yourself than that I would have had to hirstle ye. Weel, by my way of it,—and my way is the best,—there’s just the one thing it’s possible that ye might be with decency, and that’s a laird. Ye’ll be out of hairm’s way at the least of it. If ye have to rowt, ye can rowt amang the kye; and the maist feck of the capital punishment ye’re like to come across’ll be guddling trouts. Now,

I’m for no idle lairdies; every man has to work, if it’s only at peddling ballants;—to work, or to be wheeped, or to be hangit. If I set ye down at Hermiston I’ll have to see ye work that place the way it has never been workit yet. Ye must ken about the sheep like a herd; ye must be my grieve there, and I’ll see that I gain by ye. Is that understood?”

“I will do my best,” said Archie.

“Well, then, I’ll send Kirstie word the morn, and ye can go yourself the day after,” said Hermiston. “And just try to be less of an eediot!” he concluded with a freezing smile, and turned immediately to the papers on his desk.

(To be continued.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACING.

THE June days have been as perfect as ever in New London this summer; the sun has beamed down as brightly and smilingly; the flowers are as fragrant and the leaves as green; the broad bosom of the Thames as placid as its waters go lazily to meet the sea, as in past years; but, nevertheless, New London has not been herself. Her chief glory, her yearly gala-day, has been taken

thousands of hearts beat quickly. New London herself, the quiet, sedate town that a century ago was no longer young, forgot her age and dignity, and arrayed herself gayly, like a frivolous maiden, in a gala-dress of blue and crimson. She seemed to have bathed herself in the fountain of youth. She was overflowing with eagerness and vivacity and excitement. Her streets were thronged with



From a Photograph by Symonds & Co.

SCENE AT HENLEY-ON-THE-THAMES ON REGATTA DAY.

from her; there will be no great intercollegiate boat-race on the Thames this year. That is why that charming Connecticut city is grieving, and those who understand what these races are do not blame her.

In years past, on a day late in June, the Thames at New London was the scene of a thrilling spectacle. Thousands of eyes looked out upon the water, and while they looked

people earnestly discussing a matter of great moment; there were endless, restless movement, and endless chattering of human voices.

New London was noisy, too. Music mingled with the discordant notes of tin horns and the hoarse cries of venders selling flags and ribbons. It was a chaos of sound, apparently; yet a refrain ran through it: “Yale,



BETWEEN HEATS AT A HENLEY REGATTA.

Harvard, Yale, Harvard. Who'll win? Who'll win?" And in all the gay color with which the town had decked herself there were two prevailing tones. Every young woman and every young man, and many a man, too, who was no longer young, was adorned with a piece of fluttering ribbon, either blue or crimson. Enthusiastic youths flaunted aloft small flags of the same colors, and great flags, floating lazily from flagstaves and cupolas, were likewise of the Yale blue or the Harvard crimson.



AFTER THE RACE AT NEW LONDON.



"HERE'S YOUR FLAGS AND SOUVENIRS."

It was a gala-day, indeed; and the memory of its brilliancy makes New London's present lot the harder. There will be no race on any waters this year between Yale and Harvard. A long distance from New London, on the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, the principal American aquatic contest of the season, the regatta between Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania will take place. Yale will row her important race this year early in July, against the English oarsmen at Henley.

But even though she is deserted, New London has her memories; and it is worth while to recall them and describe, in outline, a race on the Thames, for they were typical contests of one of the most beautiful and inspiring of sports. Far up the river, nearly four miles above the town,



CORNELL CREWS PRACTICING ON LAKE CAYUGA.



STARTING OUT FOR A LONG RUN.

are two houses, a few hundred yards apart. The one nearest the town has a red top, above which flies a crimson flag; the other is glaringly white, and a blue flag with a huge letter Y in the center floats over it. On the day of the race the scene here is in striking contrast to the bustle and anticipatory excitement in the town and on the river below. The flags are drooping. A few skiffs

are bumping gently against the floats below the houses, and an occasional figure in a "sweater" moves slowly about. Further than this there are no outward signs of life. It is not possible for an outsider to get within the doors of either of these houses this morning; if it were, however, he would find a great deal of life there, after all. It would not be difficult for him to imagine



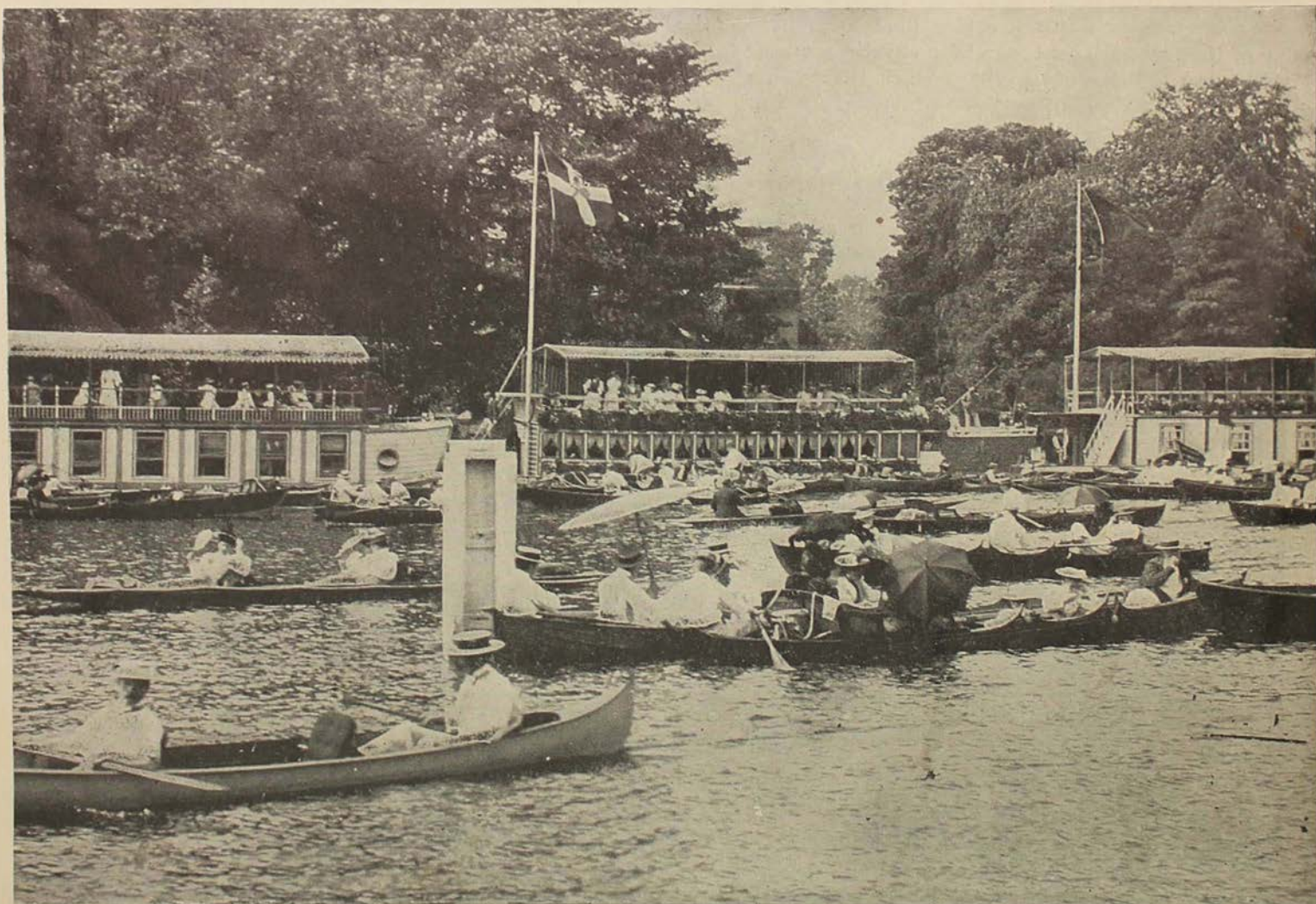
EXERCISING IN THE GYMNASIUM.

himself among a group of gladiators of ancient Rome, if it were not for the strictly modern surroundings. There are about a dozen occupants, and their clothing does not conceal their brawn. They have girth and stature, and even in repose the great shoulders, the massive arms, the bunches of muscles on their legs, are disclosed. They are engaged in various occupations, — reading, writing, talking in low tones, — but all have an air of restlessness.

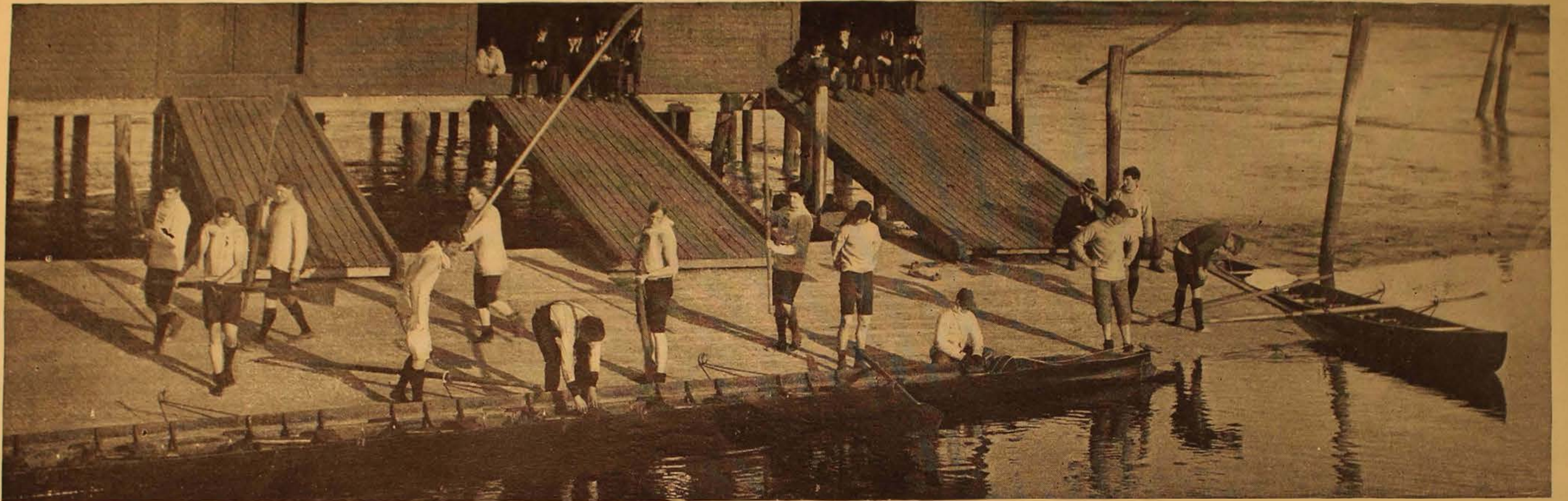
The sun is past the meridian now, and it has been decided that early in the afternoon wind and tide will be least in evidence, and that this time will therefore be most propitious for the race. The men in the training quarters are awaiting the word to put on their rowing trunks and shirts, and take their places in the racing-shell and make the effort of their lives to row it to victory. They resolve firmly to avoid the weakness of which the captain and coaches have given them ample knowledge, and keep running over in their minds the final individual instructions. Naturally they feel somewhat nervous, for thousands of people are gathering to watch their efforts. A mistake may



QUARTERS OF THE CORNELL CREW AT UNDERWOOD, HENLEY-ON-THE-THAMES.



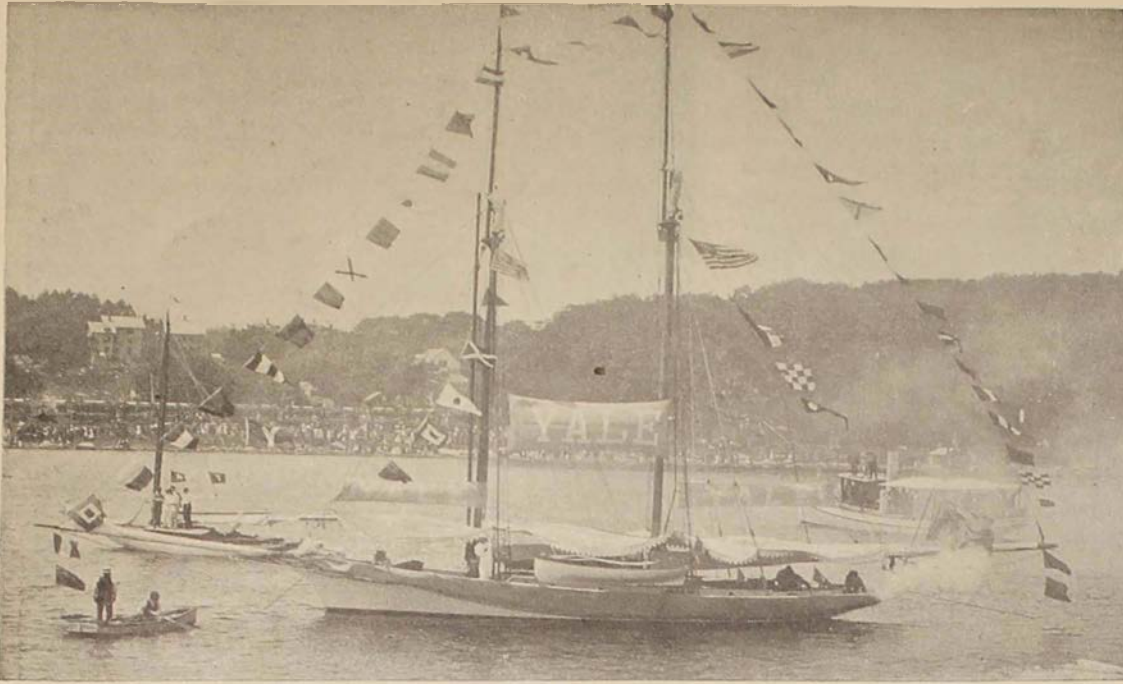
HOUSE-BOATS ON THE RIVER THAMES. SCENE ON A HENLEY REGATTA DAY.



MAKING READY FOR AN AFTERNOON'S PRACTICE.



A YALE CREW ON THE WATER.



DRESSED FOR THE NEW LONDON REGATTA.

involve the honor of their college, and cause months of constant training and practice to go for naught. Whether this immense amount of preliminary effort has been in vain will be decided in the fleeting period of about twenty minutes, which will be required to row over the four-mile course, and those few moments are fast approaching.

While the crews are waiting it may be of interest to take a backward glance over the work which is about to culminate in this final and supreme trial of endurance and skill. Six months before, when snow covered the ground at New Haven and Cambridge, and June days seemed merely pleasant fancies, a score or more of men of Yale and of Harvard announced themselves as candidates

for the "Varsity" crew of their respective colleges, and under the direction of the captain who had been elected by the crew of the year before began a course of training. The training at Yale and Harvard is similar, and the description of one will therefore suffice for both. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the candidates leave their recitations and lectures and assemble in the gymnasium. Shortly afterward a strange-looking party, clad in "knickers" and low running-shoes and sweaters, makes its appearance at the gymnasium door, and starts away at an easy jog-trot. On and on they run. The group becomes a procession, the fleeter and lighter ones striding easily to the head of the column, and those of

less practice and more weight puffing and struggling laboriously, but heroically, on behind. It is a tired and wilted lot of candidates that returns to the gymnasium from that run of six miles or more, and yet they have the bulk of the



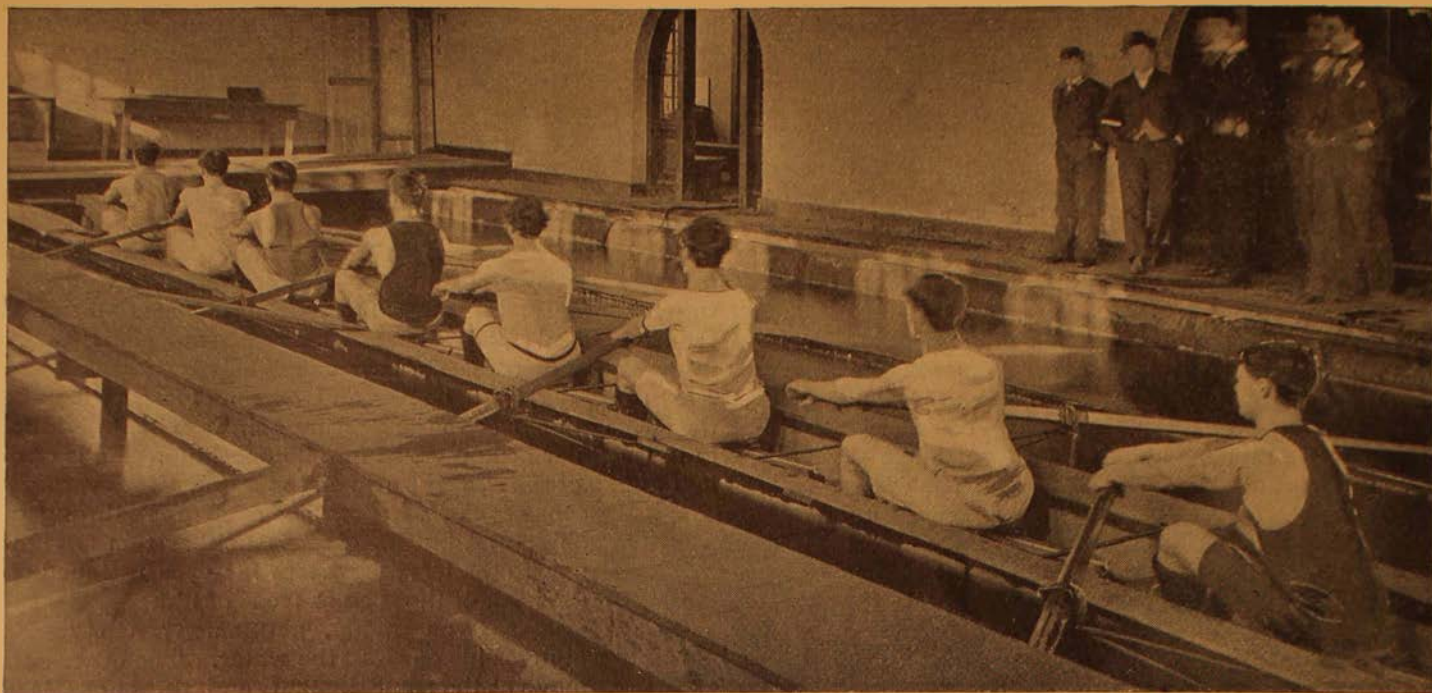
BRINGING OUT THE BOAT.



AN EXCURSION STEAMER AT THE NEW LONDON RACES.



WATCHING THE RACE FROM THE REFEREE'S BOAT.



CREW ROWING IN THE TANK.

afternoon's work still before them. This consists of a great variety of exercises, designed to strengthen all the muscles of the body and particularly those which are called upon in rowing. It is hard work, and the candidates who have any constitutional weakness or laziness soon drop it. The others labor manfully on, thinking of the glory they will have achieved if they get a place in the crew. They eschew all luxuries in their food, and all pleasures which involve late hours or any breaking into the regular routine of their manner of living.

The work in the gymnasium is preparatory to that in the tank, which is a very important feature of the training apparatus. It is a long, trough-like affair, containing about two feet of water and an arrangement of sliding seats in the middle similar to those in a rowing-shell. Here the novices learn how to handle the oars and use their legs and row in unison. The water flows round and round in ceaseless eddies from the earnest efforts of the candidates, and here in the tank they row with dash and

vim and confidence. It is difficult to believe that these are the same oarsmen who, when the river becomes free from ice, sit so awkwardly and row so badly in a real boat. But every day in the boat, called a barge because it is considerably heavier and more stable than the eight-oared racing-shell, shows decided improvement in form. It is in the barge that the crew begins to take its first real lessons in rowing. By this time, through the evolutionary process of "the survival of the fittest," the candidates have dwindled down to not many more than a dozen. Of these eight will row in the race, and two or more will be ready to take places in the shell as substitutes, in case of emergency. Diet is now looked to even more strictly than before. The cook for the training-table has no exercise for his art except in the line of meat and vegetables and bread. The liquids are milk and water.

It is an eventful day for the members of the crew when, early in June, they set out for the training quarters on the shore of the Thames near New London, where they



THE CORNELL CREW DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF ITHACA BEFORE STARTING FOR HENLEY.

will remain until the race has been won or lost. Work over the course now begins, and the real joys of rowing are experienced. There are two long rows every day in the shells. The fact that these boats are about sixty feet long and only two feet wide will give something of an idea of the very slight provocation required to turn them bottom up and empty their occupants into the water. A great many mishaps of this kind occur before the crew acquires the exact equipoise and the harmony of action that are necessary to avoid sudden submergings and forced swimming.

Meanwhile "coaches," captains of former years who have won glory for themselves, are beginning to arrive. Sitting astride the bow of a steam-launch they follow and circle around the crew at work. They discover an amazing number of faults, and as they do not make their discoveries known in the most gentle and considerate man-



WAITING FOR THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

ner, the poor oarsman begins to feel quite discouraged. He soon learns, however, that no new man was ever known to escape having his feelings thus wounded, and under the stimulus of the close scrutiny and criticism his rowing improves steadily.

The Yale and Harvard training-quarters are so close together that the crews are forced to practice in view of one another. Each watches the other, like the proverbial cat and mouse, for points on their rivals' strength and weakness. This is the special duty of the substitutes, and it is a great feather in the cap of one of them if he succeeds in getting the time over the course of the other crew. The point of observation is usually a high bluff where the rival substitutes meet as on middle ground, and with a guileless air exchange information which, if it were not purely imaginary, would be of much importance.

The examinations at the colleges come in June, and a tutor with papers comes to the training-quarters. The two long rows on the river every day have given the crew muscles of iron and skins of bronze, but they seem to have a temporarily disastrous effect upon their scholarly attainments. Study never seemed so hard before and no examination questions so difficult. The faculty have an appreciation of the conditions, however, and look over the papers of the crew with a lenient eye when they are sent back to the colleges.

The June days fly swiftly, and at last the crew, deep in slumber after a night of fitful sleep, are awakened on the eventful day by the cook's loud announcement of "Half pas' six, Captain," "Half pas' six, Number Three," and so on. In ten minutes all are up and out of doors, scanning the heavens anxiously. If the cloud in the east brings

much rain or wind there will be no race, for the water must be comparatively smooth for the fragile shells. The cloud seems to realize this, for it considerably disappears. The morning sun, as it grows older and stronger, drives away the mists, and beams down from a cloudless sky. The morning drags; each man gets his final instructions and admonitions, and there is nothing to do but wait.

When, after luncheon, which is partaken of sparingly, the referee's boat steams up to the landing and gives the order to get ready for the start, the tension is relieved, rather than increased; and when the men get into their places in the shell much of their nervousness leaves them. Slowly and gracefully, with bodies and oars moving as a unit, the shells glide over to the starting-point. The individual in the boat has been merged into the machine. He is only half aware of the starter's grip on the stern. He is vaguely conscious of the presence of a great throng of onlookers, but he glances neither to the right nor to the left; he keeps his eyes fastened on the back of the man in front of him.

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!" He plunges his oar into the water. The other oars move at the same instant, and the shells leap and dash away. During the first few strokes the oars take the water frantically, and then drop into a longer and slower swing. The men begin to take more account of their surroundings now that the excitement of the start is past, and can see out of the corners of their eyes that the other crew is running along close beside them. Now it begins to draw ahead a little; they increase the stroke and overtake the other shell. For a long time the shells stick doggedly to each other. The coxswains shout, "A half-mile!" "A mile!" "Three miles more!" "Only two miles more!" The oarsman groans inwardly, "Two miles more!" He can never finish it; his head seems to be bursting, his arms are becoming numb with pain, there is a great weight on his back. His mind becomes blank to everything but immense fatigue, yet he cannot stop; he is part of the machine. But, can it be true? His shell is drawing ahead; a quarter of a length, a half, three-quarters, a full length! There is clear water between them.

"Only a mile more!" shouts the coxswain. Is that all? The oars have grown lighter; the weight has been lifted from his back. He is rowing easily and confidently now, and he smiles, and his face glows with joy as his shell, three lengths ahead of the other, flies across the line and is greeted by a sudden pandemonium of sound,—the screeching of whistles and the booming of cannon, and the deep, rhythmic college cheers. When the other boat crosses the line the men drop on their oars exhausted. Their faces show suffering and tears roll down their cheeks. Then the victorious crew cheers the vanquished, and the great "Varsity" race is over for another year!

The spectators have seen it from launches and steamboats, from the grand stand, and from the observation-train, which is the most popular place of all because it runs on the railroad track along the shore, and keeps pace with the boats and abreast of them for the full four miles of the course. The seats in the observation-car are arranged in tiers, and these tiers are banks of color which become animate when either boat gains an advantage. An unwonted stillness was on them when the shells were gliding along so evenly that but eight men could be seen, but when one, then another, and another of the leading

crew advanced to the front, volume after volume of sound rolled out and over the water. And throughout the remainder of the afternoon, and far into the night, these cheers were heard. The lights burned bright in New London, and there was much feasting and music and laughter. Rockets illuminated the sky, and the dancers "chased the glowing hours" till these hours grew too small to be pursued any further. Only then did New London's gala-day come to an end.

There is another Thames River famous for its rowing regattas, and upon its waters this year will occur an event for which all patriotic and sport-loving Americans are waiting with breathless interest. The result of the Cornell crew's trip to England last year and her race against the English oarsmen at Henley-on-the-Thames are well known. Cornell crossed the ocean with high hopes, after months of training on picturesque Cayuga Lake; but her disastrous defeat has only made college oarsmen of this country more determined to take American colors to the front at Henley. Yale will profit by Cornell's experience and try to avoid her mistakes; but even if she should not

win, defeat at the hands of the picked crews of Oxford and Cambridge and the Thames boat-clubs will be no disgrace. The men from Yale will be treated royally, and will see a phase of outdoor life that is unique.

Everybody attends the races at Henley. Thousands of men and women come down from London. House-boats, whose outlines are almost lost in their gay covering of bunting and flowers, line the Thames on either side, while trim steam-launches and light skiffs and graceful craft of all kinds wind among them and glide over the glassy surface of the river. It is a panorama of color in a setting of trees and foliage of the richest green. On the race-days the craft line up along the course, which stretches out like a wide silver ribbon, and when the shells with the white figures in them swaying rhythmically and the oars flashing simultaneously in the sunlight come darting along, the boats are canopied with fluttering color. It is a most brilliant scene, and after the three days of trial heats and the final races have been rowed the spectator goes back to London reluctantly, for he is leaving behind him an ideal spot.

J. H. WELCH.

ONE GOOD TURN,—AND ANOTHER.

MR. BALCOM rose early that morning, and he hurried off to the city as soon as he had swallowed breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered; but, being a good wife, she asked no questions. Before she had fully accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in town.

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshorne house had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe. Their caretaker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise; but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones's advice. Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept as quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom—

"You did just right!" Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysterics, but they wouldn't catch a burglar once in a thousand times. Professional, is he?"

"So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as though he knew his business."

"I'll back my burglar-alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently.

"How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked.

"No fear of him. You see my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that horse. Little off his feed, the poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, and I can't drive him for a week. I guess I—"

"I suppose we ought to do something," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew that if allowed to go on Mr. Balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar—and the listener—died a natural death.

"Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Boston force for years,—long enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and bedevil the women."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones fervently.

So it was decided. And after the neighbors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in that contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children, and then he went out and caressed his horse. He looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace.

That night, however, he had a horrid dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that finally, when he had sunk to a beggar's outcast, he found the wreck of Ben Ezra hauling a garbage-cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable, and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. It hurried him to the city, as has been told.

Looking at it in the light of his new knowledge, Mr. Balcom could see many reasons why Maple Park should attract a burglar. Its isolated and unguarded location is one; the smallness and sleepiness of the town that it fringes is another. Seekonket has only two constables and one hand fire-engine,—though, to be sure, it has four churches,—and the aristocratic residents cut themselves off from all these blessings by building on the farther side of Greenleaf's Hill. As Maple Park holds aloof from Seekonket, so Seekonket keeps away from Maple Park; and Mr. Balcom wondered, the longer he thought of it, that some frowsy Napoleon did not organize his army of tramps and obliterate Maple Park.

Mrs. Balcom was not imaginative, and no such terrors ever oppressed her. She was young enough to enjoy her

money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course, she should have been, as she was, a happy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must,—in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to a routine of quiet, that when Abbie the cook appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception.

"The stable's afire, Miss Balcom!" the cook proclaimed.

"Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out, please. Oh, I remember; I allowed Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing-desk and stood considering. "Can't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently.

"It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one o' them pesky ingines; bein's 's everything 's dry 's tinder. Ain't nothin' to git scairt about, 'cause the wind's away from the house, what little the 'is. But the hoss is in the stable, you recollect."

"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wont, Mrs. Balcom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door. "Oh, my!" she repeated as she came in sight of the blaze, "Ben Ezra will be burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?"

"D' know," was the depressing answer. "I sent Jane to the corner a'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it'll take to git 'em here."

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the sentiment was.

"Can't break *that* door down! 'n' that air paytent lock on,—Mr. Balcom's got the key with him."

Mrs. Balcom stared straight before her like one fascinated into helplessness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped her flushed face with her apron, and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound, and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her.

"Man! You man!" she cried, all at once. "Come here and get our horse!"

Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground, he showed no alacrity about coming further. He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence. He looked past the women, not at them, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind; and when he had advanced to where they stood, though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shifty eyes still seemed to cover every point of the horizon.

"Now, then," he demanded, "where's your axe?"

"In the stable, I suppose," was Mrs. Balcom's dejected reply.

"'N' it's a paytent lock!" the cook chimed in, tragically.

"Hey?" The stranger started and stared at them suspiciously. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! *That* thing!" the women heard him say, contemptuously.

The smoke floated lazily off and left the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snap of flame overruled every other noise. The women looked and listened with an intentness that would have been painful had it long endured.

From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door swung open. Stripping off his blouse the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" she faltered at length. "Mr. Balcom values Ben Ezra so! I'm sure he'll— Why, here he comes! Oh, James!" she cried, as her husband—hatless, coatless, and visibly perspiring—took the fence at a bound and dashed up to the group. "Oh, James! If it hadn't been for this—this honest workingman, Ben Ezra would have been burned!"

Mr. Balcom's eye was on his favorite, but his hand went into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills.

"Thank ye, boss," the stranger said, sourly.

"Not—enough! Mr. Balcom found breath to add. "Call to-morrow—my office—give you as much again!" The thought of another duty occurred to him at the same instant, and it made him face toward the road. "All right, Parker!" he called. "No hurry."

"All right!" The man who had just come into view moderated his pace. After the first keen, comprehensive glance in the direction of the others, he conspicuously ignored them, and looking at the stable delayed his approach. Mr. Balcom returned to the fondling of Ben Ezra. The horse's rescuer had been standing at the corner of the house. No one saw him slip around it.

"Sound as a dollar, Parker!" Mr. Balcom said a moment later. There was a suspicion of tears in his voice, and he blew his nose energetically before he trusted himself to speak again. "Thanks to this worthy man— Why, where is he?"

Mr. Parker smiled serenely to himself as he bent to lift Ben Ezra's leg; but he said nothing.

"Guess he must 'a' been in a hurry," the cook put in; "he went off 'n' left his satchel. I s'pose I better lay it away, hadn't I, 'fore these 'ere firemen go to trampin' round?"

She offered the stranger's bag to Mr. Balcom, but Mr. Parker took it from his unresisting hand and coolly pulled it open. Then he drew Mr. Balcom to one side and bade him look in. "For," said he, "you won't often see a neater set o' burglar's tools than that is!"

Mr. Balcom seemed less horrified than he should have been; but it was evident that he was puzzled. He looked from the bag to Parker and back again.

"Well," he suggested at length, "he ain't likely to hang around Maple Park any more, is he?"

"I guess not!" the detective made proud rejoinder. "He knows me,—knew me 's quick 's I knew him!"

"Yes—well—you see,—" Mr. Balcom buttonholed Parker, in his turn, and led him still further from the crowd. "Of course—I'm responsible—I pay all the bills," he went on, with disjointed earnestness. "I—you—don't you understand, I haven't anything more for you to do here? Why, hang it all, man, he saved Ben Ezra!"

"Oh, I know how you feel," the detective answered. He spoke as though he really did. "I like a good hoss myself. See? There's a train back to town in 'bout twenty minutes, ain't the'?"

WALTER LEON SAWYER.

ALL green and fair the summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

HELPING THE UNFORTUNATE.

LEADING MEMBERS OF SOME OF NEW YORK CITY'S ORGANIZATIONS FOR AIDING THE POOR TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF THEIR AIMS AND EFFORTS.

SELF HELP.

MRS. M. FULLERTON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR, OUTLINES THE SCOPE OF THE ASSOCIATION'S WORK.

It has become axiomatic to say that work of lasting benefit to the poor lies only in aiding them to help themselves; yet this axiom is the guiding principle of our Association. We give immediate relief when it seems necessary, but our endeavor is to permanently improve the condition of those with whom we deal by elevating them morally and physically, and improving their home life and health and habits. Whenever practicable we make employment the basis of relief, and in pursuance of this end we maintain a labor bureau and a sewing bureau, at which places deserving men and women may obtain work. We also have departments devoted to the supervision of dwellings and hygiene, which look after the condition of the tenement houses, and give attention to the influence of light and air and water on the health of the poor. Important features of the work of these departments are the people's baths, and the children's summer fresh air excursions through which thousands of little ones are taken from the stifling tenement houses to the seashore, where they spend a week or more.



In addition to these we have vacation schools, and city farms upon which poor families have raised a sufficient quantity of vegetables to carry them through the winter. Our department of food supply spreads among the people information regarding the selection, purchase, and preparation of foods, and has in connection with it cooking-schools and diet institutions. So you see that our work embraces a great deal, and many articles could be written on each of its departments, and only a very general idea of its scope can be obtained from this outline. We dealt with nearly ninety thousand men, women, and children last year, and were able to render timely assistance to a great many deserving people who needed only a little aid to put them on their feet.

CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

D. WILLIS JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, DESCRIBES ITS WORK.

WHEN the lives of the useless and helpless and vicious members of society are investigated it is usually found that their childhood days were passed amid neglect and evil surroundings. One of the truest and surest ways, therefore, of mitigating social evils is to care for the children. It is work, too, which has a stronger sympathetic element than any other form of charitable effort, because the children are to an extent unsullied and free from the degradation which is so frequently encountered in work among the mature. In our twenty-one industrial schools, over thirteen thousand children, whose parents are so

poor as to make it impracticable for them to attend the public schools, were taught and fed last year. They received instruction not only in the elementary English branches, but in industrial arts such as sewing, and in manual training. The teachers visit their homes and thus become familiar with the condition and needs of the family. Besides the industrial schools there is a farm school in Westchester County where street boys are taught to become capable farmers.

The six lodging-houses for homeless boys and girls are most important features of the Society's work. It is our aim to strengthen the characters as well as to meet the daily needs of the drifting children who come and go through the doors of these houses; and in connection with them, reading-rooms, free baths, and night-schools are maintained. Another very important part of the work is that of caring for infants in the summer. Last year we gave eight thousand of them a week's outing at Bath Beach and West Coney Island, and in this way saved the lives of a large number. Much work in addition to this is done; and the principle which animates it all is that individual influence and home life is better than institutional life, and lessons of industry and self-help better than alms.



"IN HIS NAME."

MRS. ISABELLA CHARLES DAVIS, SECRETARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS, TELLS THE SCOPE OF THEIR ENDEAVORS.

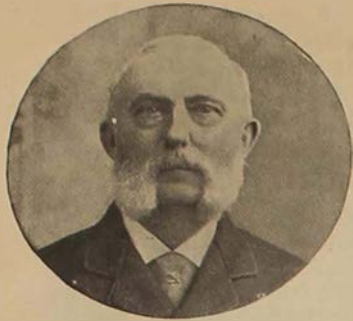
THE primary object of our organization is to develop spiritual life and stimulate Christian activities. This it will be seen is very broad, and covers a great variety of good works and efforts. The movement grew out of a longing for reality in religion, the desire to make it a practical and vital thing, by which Christian convictions, aspirations, and emotions could be made to permeate every-day life and action. The Daughters choose their own field of effort, and the aggregate of their work is enormous. The employment of kindergarten methods of training children has been greatly increased in many States through their influence. Many hospitals have been established, and almost a new era of hospital visitation created. None who have needed help have been forgotten. The heathen have been enlightened. The aged have been cared for, the "shut-ins" have been cheered in their invalid isolation, and a vast number of little children, through the Fresh Air Societies and other agencies, have been rescued from suffering and death in tenement-houses.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, TALKS ABOUT THE GOOD ACCOMPLISHED BY THAT SOCIETY.

THERE is a popular theory that where a child has been poisoned by contact with vice a mere change of atmosphere works a permanent cure; and so, as to the children who are early deprived of parental care, the general idea



seems to be that as long as they receive some sort of elementary education, in process of time and by natural tendency they will become good citizens. But the fact is that this question of time varies in each particular case. Powerful medication is essential to the cure where the seeds of vice have taken root. In a great city like New York, where poverty and crime go hand in hand, rescuing children from the at-

mosphere in which both breed is an endless task, but most gratifying in its results. That is the chief work of this society, and in the twenty years during which it has been in existence nearly three hundred thousand children have been protected and cared for.

WHAT CHARITY MUST DO.

CHAS. D. KELLOGG, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY, TALKS ABOUT ITS METHODS OF RELIEF.

THE work and scope of our society has for its basis five rules or principles, which are as follows: "Act only upon knowledge obtained by thorough investigation. Relieve worthy need promptly, fittingly, and tenderly. Prevent unwise alms to the unworthy. Raise into independence every needy person, when possible. Make sure that no children grow up to be paupers."

These are our working rules, and our efforts are limited only by them. We have established a Provident Loan Society, and have introduced the Penny Provident Fund

into the public schools. Our Wayfarers' Lodge and workrooms for unskilled workwomen have relieved and are relieving much distress. We take a special interest and give special attention to all legislation affecting the poor. We work in close co-operation with the other charitable organizations, but we differ from them materially in one respect: We have no relief fund except to relieve urgent and immediate necessities. We investigate a case of distress, and then instead of relieving it out of a general fund we raise money for that specific case. By this means charitable persons who contribute know whom their money is helping, thus becoming personally interested in their beneficiary, and this relationship often results in lasting good to the latter.

SOUL SAVING, CHARACTER BUILDING.

MRS. LUCY S. BAINBRIDGE, SUPERINTENDENT WOMEN'S BRANCH OF THE CITY MISSION AND TRACT SOCIETY, TELLS OF THE WORK OF THAT CHRISTIAN BUT UNDENOMINATIONAL SOCIETY.

THE aim of our society is to save souls, make homes, and build characters among the thousands of neglected and lowly in cosmopolitan New York. To this end all lines of effort converge; everything gives tribute. The work of the society is Christian, but undenominational. Our missionaries search for the neglected and miserable; the nurse ministers to the poor sick, regardless of nationality, creed, or color.

The workers of the Women's Branch carry on Mothers' and Children's Meetings, Christian Endeavor Boys' Clubs, Young People's Socials, and Industrial Classes. Our regular fresh air work is of several kinds. We gather and prepare children for many of the Tribune parties, send to farm-houses and pay board for a few special ones, and send small parties of working-girls to a summer home called Hill Hope. Closely allied to the Women's Branch are the day nurseries and an emergency place for babies.



PERMANENCE.

"HAVE you thought," said the rose to the lily,
"That our gardener is a god?
For they tell me he planted that plum-tree,
And even made grow the sod.

"He surely will live forever,
His life is so strong and strange,
For the tulip who died this morning
Had never seen him change.

"She said he was surely immortal,
And the peony thinks so, too;
For he spaded her roots in the spring-time
As her mother had seen him do.

"For my part I think he has always
Been hoeing the tasseled corn,
And if we could only prove it,
The man was never born!"

* * * * *

Then the lily bent near to the rose-tree
And, opening her snowy bell,
Exhaled her heart in perfume
While she whispered, "I cannot tell;

"But I feel if his life be lovely
And sweet as our own, and pure,
The One who made us will bless him,
And cause his soul to endure.

"For beauty, dear Rose, is deathless,
And goodness can never die;
While ever serene and perfect
Dwells the spirit of purity.

"And since he is very gentle,
And tends us with so much care,
I think when we bloom in heaven
We shall find our gardener there."

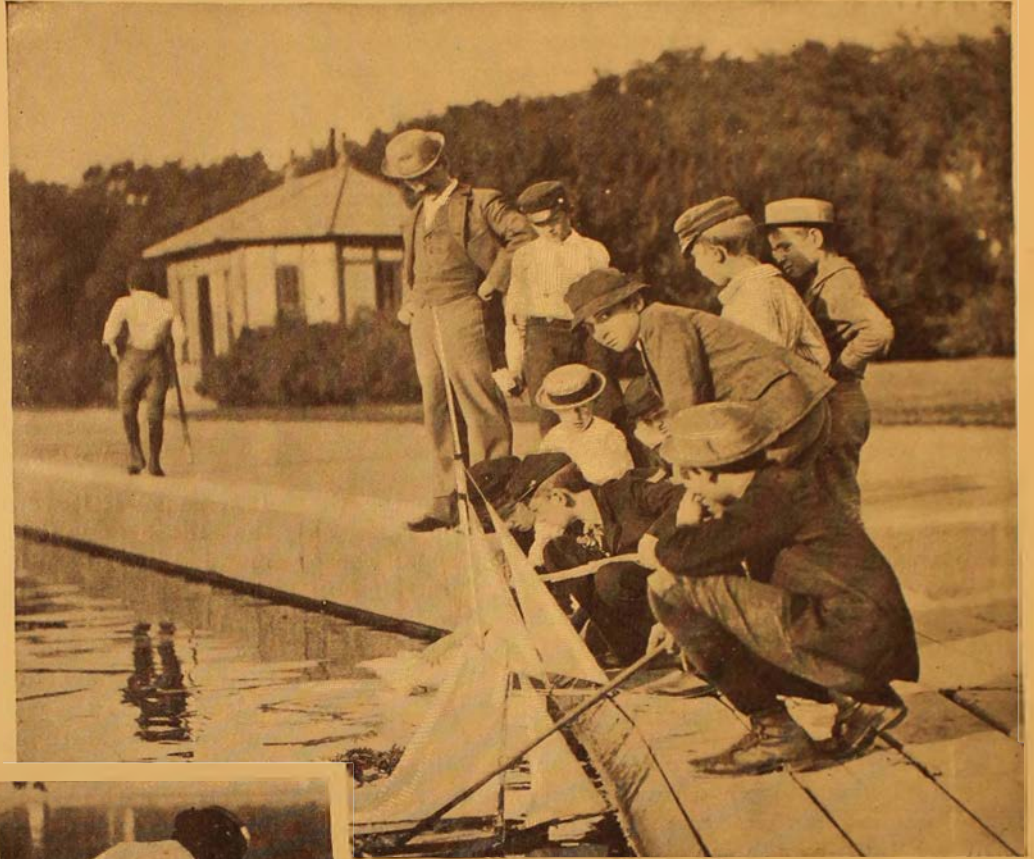
CORA LINN DANIELS.

PLAY HOURS IN CENTRAL PARK.

IN the eyes of the country boy, the city youngster of the same age, and particularly he of New York, is often a sort of hero,—a strange being who has seen much and knows much, who has tasted of unknown enjoyments, and lives constantly in an atmosphere of grandeur. The city boy is not aware of this attitude. To him there is nothing grand about life in a big city. At all seasons, and particularly when the sun begins to beat down fiercely upon the pavements, he thinks longingly of the country. Life in the woods and fields seems idyllic to him, and he remembers with much vividness his own brief experiences there,—the rides in hay-wagons, with the scent of the new-mown grass pervading the air, the swimming in clear pools, and fishing along the shady banks of quiet streams. Perhaps when summer comes he is able to again taste these pleasures; but more often he is not so fortunate. Then it is that the wise boy of New York City—and most of the boys, it may be said, are wise in this respect—turns his eyes away from the hot walls and pavements toward Central Park, which lies like a great emerald amid the diamond-like glints of the sun on a multitude of tin roofs and really is an oasis in the desert of brick and stone.

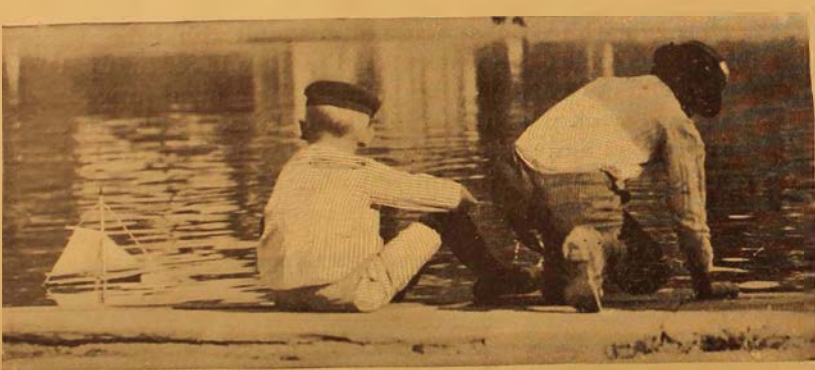
There are innumerable cliques

It is not long afterward that a hotly fought game of baseball is in progress, or perhaps a game of hide-and-seek or fox-and-geese. Noon comes very quickly; luncheons are taken from the pile of coats under a tree, and the boys sit around eating with great gusto, often "topping off" the repast with thick ginger-cookies bought for a cent apiece from the Italian vender just outside the park entrance.



A RACE IN PROSPECT.

They have become tired of games now, or perhaps it is too hot; so the company starts on a walking tour. They skirt the lake and look longingly at the row-boats, the enjoyment of which is far beyond their means. They climb the spiral staircase of the stone observation tower and look out over the sea of green tree-tops and the distant shores of houses. The *carousel* is an attraction much too strong to be resisted.



A LAUNCH.

of boys in the up-town sections of the city. In the winter they skate together on the park lakes; in the spring they play ball in the street or a vacant lot, and spin tops on the sidewalks; in the autumn they play marbles and fly kites, and during the torrid summer weather they very frequently gather together in the morning and start off to spend the day in Central Park. Their mothers, very happy to have them off the hot streets, and glad besides, that they will be out of the house and out of the way, prepare little luncheons for them; and besides these they carry bats and balls, making it a well-laden company that sets out for the commons of the Park.



"THERE THEY GO!"



AT THE BOAT-HOUSE.



A WINNER.

The boys spend an hour or more there, watching the horses as they circle around tirelessly; and the rings as one by one they fall with a click to take the place of those which have been snatched away by eager riders. If any have the wherewithal to ride themselves, they are regarded by their fellows as extremely fortunate mortals. All would gladly devote an only nickel to this shrine of pleasure and walk two or three miles home for lack of car fare.

The sound from the automatic organ which blares out loudly in its efforts to make music while the horses whirl around becomes more and more faint in the boys' ears, and has at last died away in the distance when they reach the top of the knoll which looks down upon one of the tiniest bodies of water in the world to be dignified by the name of lake. Yet it is a lake, for yachts with spreading sails are gliding swiftly and gracefully over its glassy surface.

It seems as if it were a lake in the land of Lilliput, and that these gallant ships which sail so proudly must be manned by Lilliputians. You are half inclined to look for these tiny figures on the decks, and a Lilliputian sailor on the mast-head would hardly surprise you; for so well do the vessels sail that it seems as if they must be guided on their voyages by human hands and intelligence. This, indeed, is the case; but their masters stand on the shore, and are boys, although they would be colossal figures in Lilliput.

On days when the sun is shining and the breeze stirs into tiny ripples the waters of the tiny lake, many boys with yachts of various sizes under their arms appear on the board walk which surrounds the lake. Sails are carefully hoisted and adjusted, rudders are fixed, and the boat in general is made trim and shipshape. It requires not a little knowledge of yachts and the art of sailing to be able



GETTING INTO THE WIND.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

to accomplish this in the case of some of them, for they are constructed in every particular like real yachts in which men can go to sea, and some are perfect models of the fleet craft which compete in international races. No sail or line is lacking. Their youthful masters talk learnedly of "flying-jibs" and "spinnakers" and "hawsers" as they lower their vessels into the water. The rudder and sails are set in accordance with the breeze, and with a push from the pole in the master's hands the craft glides away upon her course. Her sails belly out proudly in the wind; she bows slightly in the ripples. In long, graceful



THE LAKE



REPAIRING DAMAGES.

Others draw out ahead, and the race becomes more and more of a procession. Those that have no possible chance of winning wisely drop out and go sailing off in various directions. Only the two or three leaders keep on; and at last when one pushes her nose ahead of the others against the boards on the side of the lake opposite the starting point, there is a great shout from the boys who have run around from the other side to be in at the finish, and the master of the victor steps proudly forth to take his gallant craft in charge.

There are other races, and yachts start constantly on independent voyages. All the morning and all the afternoon on bright days they keep flitting across the waters. Of course there is an occasional catastrophe. Now and then a boat is pulled ashore with wet, bedraggled sails; and sometimes a squall sweeps over the lake, sending the strongest of the yachts away like startled birds, and blowing others on their beam-ends and, alas!

sweeps she journeys on. She skirts the shore, perhaps, or pushes boldly out and leaves the land behind her. Her master has kept his eye closely upon her, and wherever she comes to port he is waiting to receive and start her on another cruise.

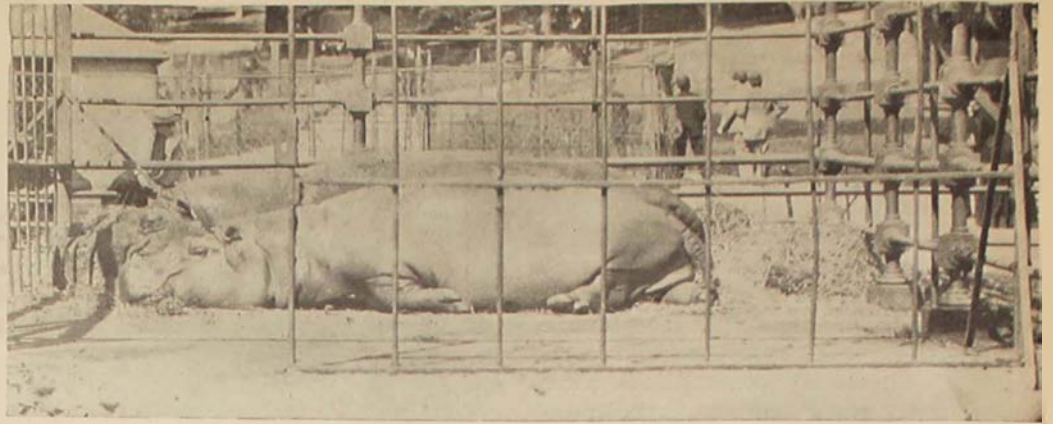
Many of the yachts are fleet, and exciting races they sail upon the lake. First they are drawn up in a row, and with straining sails await the word. At last it comes, and like a flock of suddenly uncaged birds the yachts dart away. Gracefully and swiftly they sweep on, although if you look closer you seem to see "jockeying for position," to use the technical slang expression. A boat draws ahead and another flies away in hot pursuit, with the rank and file hanging on doggedly. Some of the contestants are "blanketed," that is, another yacht sails by and robs them of their wind for an instant; but this instant is a sufficient time for them to fall hopelessly behind.



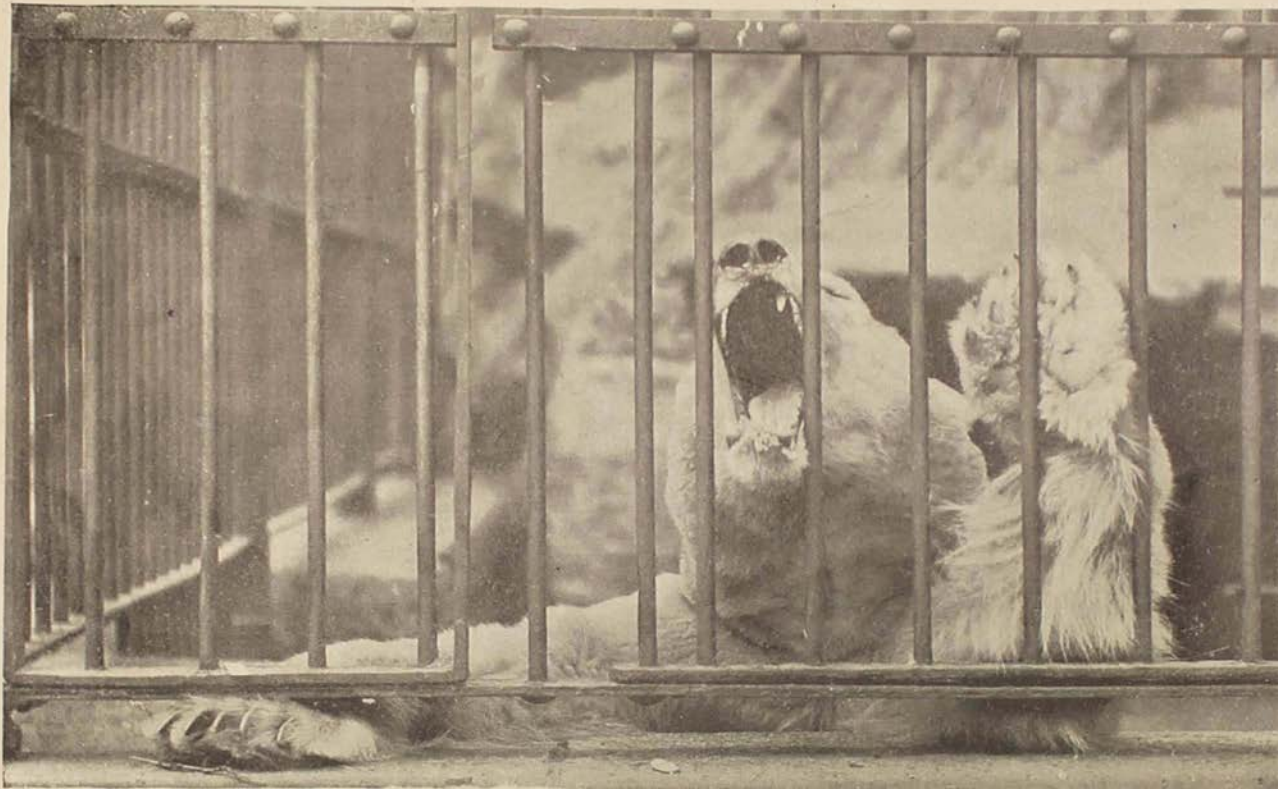
OUT OF REACH.

capsizing them. Then there is an inglorious rescue of the ill-fated craft by the boat-house keeper in a row-boat.

In this House the boys who do not care to take their yachts home may store them for a small consideration. A very nautical appearance has the interior of the little house, and its keeper was plainly a sailor once. He wears a blue cap, and spins thrilling yarns to the boys when in the humor. But more important than this, he has an apparently limitless knowledge of yachts and yachting. He makes a business of building boats for youth-



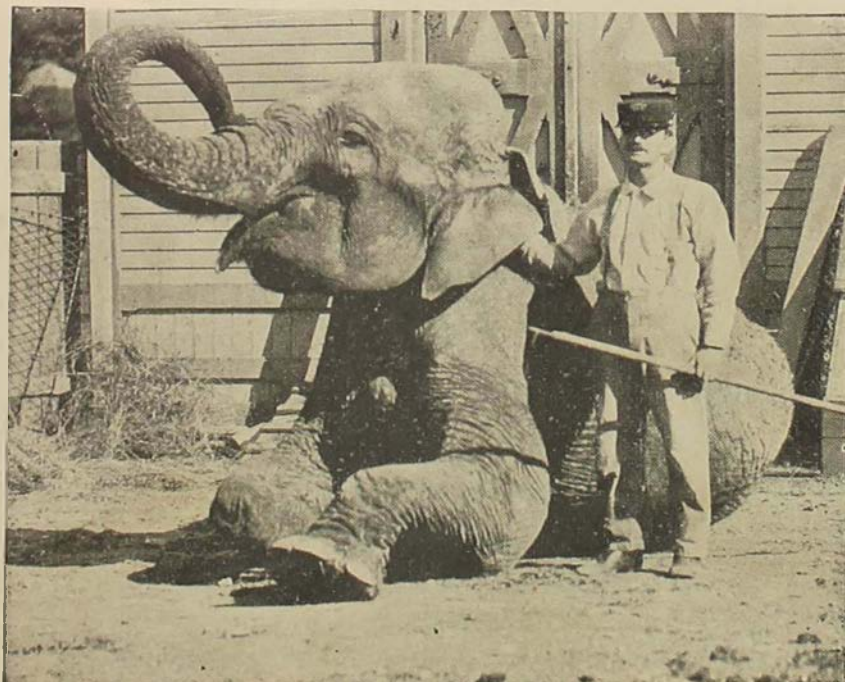
THE HIPPOPOTAMI TAKE AN AFTERNOON NAP.



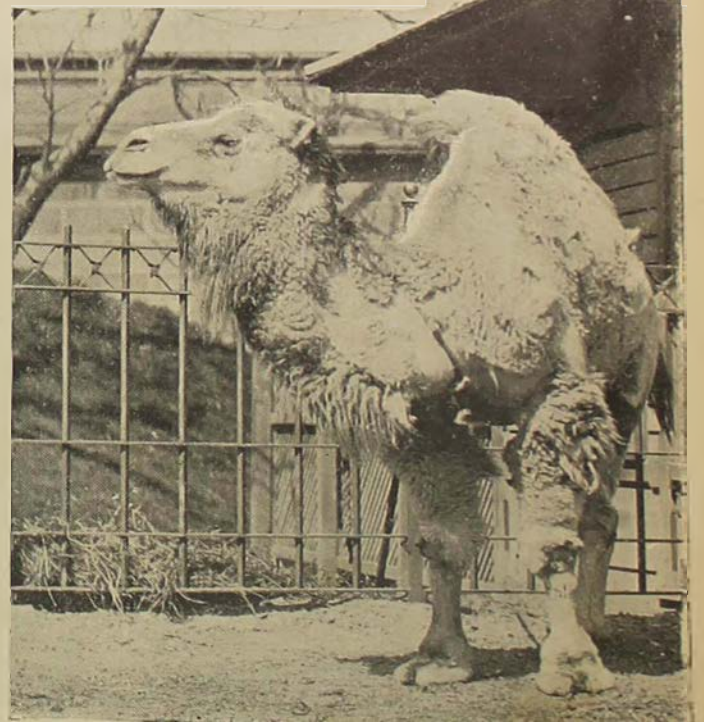
THE POLAR BEAR BEGGING FOR PEANUTS

ful sailors, and he is always ready to elucidate for them the intricacies of sails and yards, and to give them bits of information as to the management of their craft.

The sun is well on her way in her journey westward when the boys who have been spending the day in Central Park suddenly realize there are such things as supper and night and anxious mothers. They leave the glistening lake with its graceful little



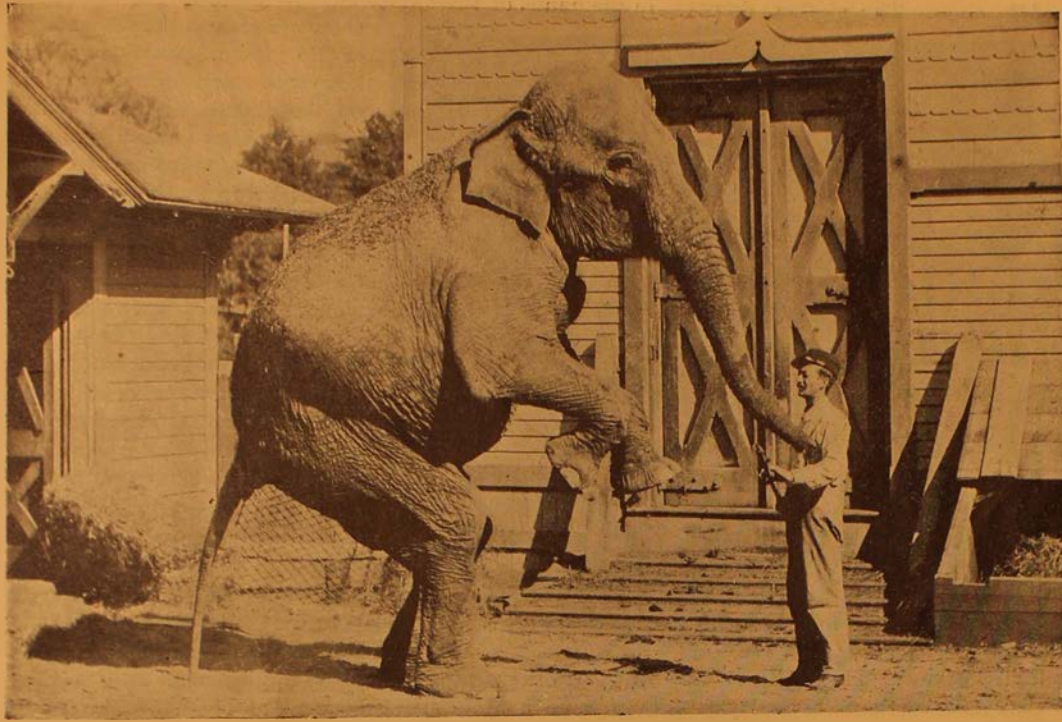
POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



A CAMEL FROM THE DESERT.

boats, and start at a rapid pace southward toward the boy's Mecca. It matters little where a group of boys enter the park, they almost invariably arrive at last at the "Zoo." There is endless entertainment for them here. Nothing is quite so funny in their eyes as the antics of the monkeys, and toward their cages they first turn their steps. It is a poor group which has not some remnants of bread or crackers, or peanuts, and

manner and the animal's nature and previous environment. For example, the eagles, vultures, and other great birds of prey, which were born in dizzy aeries in the crags of great precipices and were accustomed in their days of freedom to soaring to great heights and over vast tracts of country, seem to be woefully oppressed in the narrow confines of their prison. They will stand for hours, hardly moving, pictures of helplessness and despair. The doves,



PERFORMING FOR THE BENEFIT OF VISITORS.

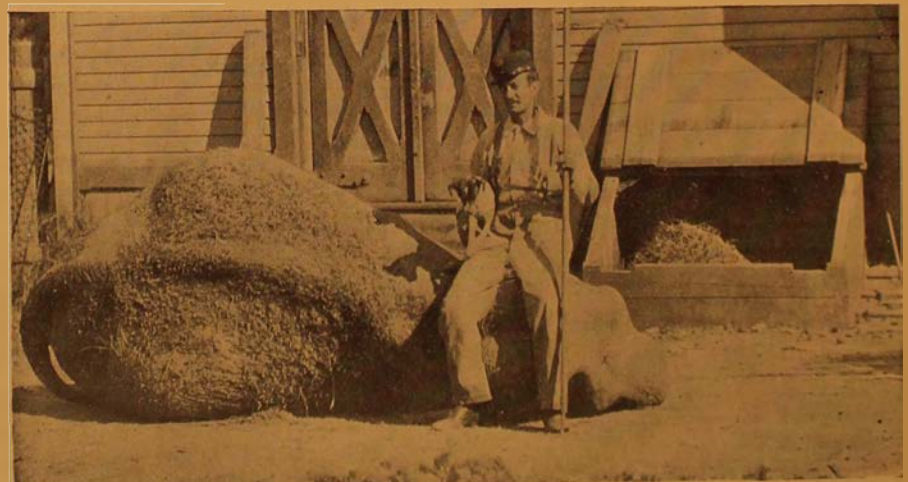
on the other hand, who never know habitations larger than their farm-yard cotes, keep up a cheerful fluttering and cooing, and plume themselves complacently. Within the main animal-house are many wild creatures of the forests and jungles, and to them confinement is hard indeed. The lions and tigers and leopards and pumas pace constantly to and fro behind their bars and gaze about with fierce, longing eyes. Occasionally one gives vent to its impotent rage in a great roar which shakes the building; but finding their efforts for freedom un-

availing they curl up and go to sleep. The four clumsy members of the hippopotamus family, domiciled at the northern end of the animal-house, are too stupid to feel any longings for their lost liberty. They spend much of their time in the tanks in their cages, moving their great bodies heavily through the water with just their bulging eyes sticking out, and opening their gaping mouths now

it is an unusually timid one that has no members bold enough to slip these bits of food into the cages when the keepers' backs are turned. This daring is amply repaid by the chatter of excitement among the monkeys; and the manner in which the most wise and solemn-looking of them all, who has been sitting in his corner like a philosopher ruminating on the problems of the universe, will, at the sight of a morsel, suddenly forget his meditations and dignity and tear down to the front of the cage to get the tidbit, or when unsuccessful start off with a shriek in pursuit of its triumphant possessor, is still more exciting for the boys.

Domestic life within the monkeys' cages is full of tribulations. There is little peace in the household. Loud cries announce the frequent squabbles among the young ones, and the prompt punishment meted out by the stern parents. It is to be feared that the latter have words now and then, and sometimes the head of the family goes even so far as to administer corporal punishment to his spouse as well as to the children. They seem to have a rather trying and unhappy time of it altogether, although their spirits are apparently not oppressed by their captivity.

It is very noticeable that different species of animals accept the plight of their imprisonment very differently, and it is interesting to note the similarity between this



THE KEEPER AND HIS DOG MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.

and then in immense yawns. But life in the animal-house is of more than ordinary interest to its inmates just now. It is enlivened by the presence of the young. In the hippopotamus cage is a black, roly-poly creature only a few weeks old, and not much larger than a full-grown St. Bernard dog. It has a great fondness

for the water and spends much of its time beneath the surface. Occasionally it pokes its head out and crawls up the stone steps, and then a great laugh goes up from the crowd of spectators; for it is a very odd-looking little animal, with an appearance of absurd smallness beside its huge parents. In other cages may be seen frisky young tigers and lions, which pass the time romping about like puppies, and lying, dozing together, making a great pile of fur in one corner of the cage. The mothers do not



AT THE BARRIER OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS TANK.

pace so restlessly before the bars now. They keep their eyes turned most of the time toward the cubs and purr over them affectionately, maternal love, for the time being, effacing all longing for freedom.

Many of the animals are out-of-doors. The great fur coats of the bears, particularly of the white ones of the Polar regions, seem incongruous in the hot sun, and there is little doubt that these creatures suffer intensely from the heat. The polar bears stand in the stream of water with which their cage has been provided, and dash it over each

other in a vain effort for coolness, pausing now and then, however, to receive in their capacious mouths the tribute of a peanut, which the spectator throws in with much dexterity. The elephants, too, have this predilection for peanuts. It is amusing to see them raise their trunks, and open their mouths awaiting expectantly the tiny morsel. These creatures are very intelligent, and particularly docile when well treated. Some of those in Central Park are as babes in the hands of their keepers. At the word of command they will rise on their hind legs, or lie down, permitting the keeper to stand on them and sit on their heads and take other liberties that most animals would not submit to.

Not far from the elephants are the deer's inclosures, from which these dainty and graceful creatures gaze with gentle, wondering eyes upon the passing throngs. A little to the north the American bison, one of the last survivors of a species that has almost passed away, stands solemnly and mournfully in his small allotment of ground. He has for a next-door neighbor the patient camel of the Arabian deserts.

It would take a long time to mention half of the denizens of this small world of dumb creat-

ures. Perhaps they are not so dumb, after all; perhaps they have a language, or a way, at least, of lamenting their imprisonment to each other. There is no doubt that feeding-time is the great event of the day with the boarders at the "Zoo." When evening comes and the keepers appear with the pieces of meat, the hay, and other food to suit the widely different tastes there is a great roaring and bellowing; to the nearby residents of Fifth avenue it is as if they were living on the edge of a jungle where wild beasts met in noisy congresses.

W. H. J.

TREASURES.

LAST Fourth, his kilts, long scorned, were proudly changed
For little knee-pants. "Now I'm big," he said;
And thro' the day, fresh shorn of the gold curls,
Went, like a downy ball, his boyish head.

"Oh, I's so busy!" many times he lisped,
Standing a moment at my side, and then,
With fire-crackers and small piece of punk,
Held in his moist, warm hands, was off again.

And here and there the crackers snapped and whizzed;
Often with sly pretense of sudden fright
At their erratic course, I jumped aside,
Much to the laddie's wonder and delight;

And oft with kisses I was urged to join,
Regardless of my graver years, his play;
To make the punk burn or to bravely touch
A string of fuses off,—so passed the day.

One pack left over for another Fourth;
Within this box he placed them, safe to keep,
And here they are, but his sweet, blessed hand
Will never wake their genii-charmèd sleep.

And of the grief to see them thus untouched
And silent, while the bitter tears outflow,
And their red, pathetic rows rain down,
Why, only mothers like bereft can know.

Thro' the turned blind I see the merry lads
In all their play, as played mine own brave lad;
And happy mothers watch them as I watched,—
And here I sit alone, bereft and sad.

Oh, little bunch of crackers! for the love
Of the small hands that put you here to lie
Waiting another year's bright jubilee,
A king's great golden ransom cannot buy.

M. PHELPS-DAWSON.

SOCIETY FADS.

COLLECTIONS of handkerchiefs engage the attention just now of young ladies of wealth and leisure,—at least those daughters of sweldom who are not busy buying old slippers, or gathering up antique hair-pins, or nosing daintily about *bric-à-brac* shops in search of precious examples of smelling-bottles. However, the handkerchief hunters, though new in their craze, are commendably earnest; and one damsel, whose indulgent papa is said to have money to throw at the birds, is the proud possessor of nearly one thousand bits of historical muslin. They are mostly eighteenth century specimens, for a hundred years ago fashionable society sold itself into the hands of rapacious creditors in order to gratify its passion for rich lace, and smart beaux, as well as belles, airily flirted *mouchoirs* worth a small fortune each, and handed down some good specimens of this rich toilet accessory to their less extravagant nineteenth century posterity.

But handkerchief lore goes farther back than the reigns of the Georges; and the collection referred to contains some pieces of lace and muslin credited to the time of Louis XIII., and large, delicate squares of flowered lawn used long ago in Venice, when the Doges wedded the sea. One of these squares the owner proudly asserts belonged to no less famous a person than Desdemona; and alongside of it are modern Chinese handkerchiefs, specimens from Spain, and old Irish and German ones. But if you can't stock your handkerchief cabinet with historical handkerchiefs, do as the other girls do and beg handkerchiefs of famous people. The proudest maiden in New York is she who shows a square of very sheer batiste, hemstitched and marked with a finely entwined F and C in one corner. Mrs. Cleveland gave it to her. And she possesses another piece of circular muslin, lace-edged, and embroidered with a tiny A under a very big coronet. It was once the property of the Princess of Wales. In this same show of handkerchiefs is one from Calvé, one given by Eleonora Duse, one from Sarah Bernhardt, and some gorgeous specimens of modern handkerchief-making contributed by Mrs. Astor. All these bits of prettiness are artistically folded in shallow drawers lined with blue and lavender paper, in a Japanese cabinet, and every collection represents, not only a great outlay of time and diplomatic scheming, but a vast deal of money.

It is the fashion this summer to live on the lawn. After the English mode it must be done; and since the warm weather began in the spring, lawn canopies have sprung up in every green door-yard, like big gay mushrooms. The smart lawn tent is made of awning striped in brilliant bands of red and yellow, or red, yellow, and blue. It is square, like a canopy, upheld by four gilded stakes, and edged all about with gaudy fringe. This tent is usually pitched beneath a tree, or at that point whence the best view is secured; and beneath the awning is spread a big, bright, Japanese jute rug. Then the furnishings are done all in undressed wicker; the light easy-chairs are provided with cushions covered with striped Algerian cloth, and the central place of honor is held by a big wicker table. On this the family eat their breakfast, and afternoon tea is served; for up-to-date society, so carefully housed, so chary of over-exposing its fragile self to sunshine and breezes, mist and fresh air, has developed a positive passion for robust living. So, early in the morning, the teapot with its spirit-lamp, the alcohol egg-boiler, and a capacious chafing-dish are brought out, and the household

takes its morning food in the open air. Now all this, of course, makes a very gay picture on the lawn. Banjos, novels, lounging, very informal visiting, naps among the cushions, and bright cotton dresses are in order, and the lawn parlors, except in actually stormy weather, are crowded, and the merriest corners in the seaside resorts and country settlements.

They are very cheaply arranged, too; for awning-cloth is only twenty-five cents a yard, and wicker furniture and jute rugs cost very little. One woman, whose cottage is a mite of an affair, entertains exclusively and very inexpensively under her cotton roof. She gives strawberry teas there, and outdoor minstrel concerts, and has hung some home-made Æolian harps in the boughs above the canopy. She finds it vastly more amusing than the receptions in her stuffy little rooms, while her daughters are cultivating the most wonderful sunburned complexions, that are all the mode this season.

SMART women have suddenly found that it is very interesting to buy books, or they are aroused to a notion that there is a certain amount of recreation in collecting a library. All this is merely because somebody has been teaching them the charms of possessing book-plates, of collecting them, and of ticketing their various volumes. The book-plate fad is vastly more amusing than stamp-collecting or gathering up crests and curious letter-heads. By a few it is considered a more enlightened form of fad than acquiring posters and old prints, and certainly it has its beneficial effects. Now a book-plate, as every enlightened soul knows, is an engraved form, from one to two and a half inches square, embodying, amid a coat of arms, symbolic scrolls, and figures one's initials and motto. This design is printed off on the best of bank-note paper, and copies of it are pasted on the inside covers of those volumes one intends to keep and cherish. It is an ancient custom much in vogue in the days when books were not so cheap and abundant as at present, and when the smallest volume had a value that made it worth purloining, and its loss a source of genuine regret. In the eighteenth century numbers of women had their engraved plates pasted in all their books, and it is this custom the nineteenth century daughter is eagerly imitating.

But the strictly new woman goes about this business after a fashion peculiarly her own. If she intends to have a book-plate she decides very reasonably she must have books to put it in, and then a cabinet for the books; so the newest piece of furniture in the modish damsel's sitting-room is a bookcase. It may be a splendid ormolu and mahogany First Empire case, a Louis XVI. cabinet all crystal and gilt, a richly carved Colonial cupboard coaxed at a high price from some old Virginia mansion, or a dainty little Chippendale affair on spindling legs. Peep at the titles on the book-covers and you will find that every fair collector buys only one type of book. The girl with the big, soulful eyes has Keats and Shelley and Alfred de Musset, with their brother poets, in tiny morocco volumes, filling her shelves; the damsel in the high collar and with a snap in her gray orbs has Mary Wollstonecroft, Susan B. Anthony, and such like champions of feminine reform, behind her library doors; the golden-haired miss gathers up choice editions of the leading novelists; and then these various little volumes are carefully embellished with book-plates.

It takes time and money and a world of thought to settle on a perfectly satisfactory book-plate. First of all,

one must have an eminent artist design it, then a competent engraver to put it on a block, and to be absolutely original is the chief end and aim of all women who go earnestly into this fad. In all it costs about one hundred and fifty dollars to secure a really nice book-plate; but if you ask a notable artist to make the design it can easily cost five hundred dollars. One feature must, in any case, be preserved on all book-plates,—a motto in Latin, French, or German, and the owner's initials. Besides, gorgeous crests and quarterings and armorial bearings are worked in; but it is considered nice for women's book-plates to be oval and to contain some such motto as "*Tout bien ou rien*," "God's providence is mine inheritance," and "*L'amitié, c'est l'amour sans ailes*." Some

of these book-plates are richly colored as well as engraved; but they are all printed off on that stout, fine paper used for bank-notes, with a silk thread run through it, and directly a new volume is added to the shelves the book-plate is carefully pasted in.

Among the sisterhood of book-plate collectors copies of designs are exchanged; some women devote themselves only to collecting examples of antique plates, and one enterprising little person is laying up for herself treasure in the bank, by designing plates, by collecting and selling genuine old ones at a profit, and by coaching tyros on how to tell good designs from bad, and old plates taken out of last century books from imitations.

MADAME LA MODE.



AT MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

MOUNT HOLYOKE and Mount Tom, in the Connecticut Valley of Western Massachusetts, look down on a goodly company of educational institutions; Amherst College, Mount Holyoke College, Williams, Smith, and Trinity Colleges, Hartford Theological Seminary, Easthampton School, and many of lesser note are all within their range. But the Mount Holyoke College of to-day, founded nearly sixty years ago as Mount Hol-

yoke Female Seminary, by that ardent lover of her kind, Miss Mary Lyon, to many eyes, and perhaps to the mountains themselves, a deeper significance than any other of these excellent institutions. The Seminary was founded in the days when a girl's education was supposed to be complete where that of her brothers was barely commencing, and was considered a very doubtful experiment. Mount Holyoke College has begun its career with the



A SENIOR CLASS.

excellent precedents for thorough, healthful, practical, Christian education by which the Seminary was always known. The graduates sent out by the Seminary were famous for their unselfish devotion to the highest interests of humanity; the College aim is not less lofty, though its methods are far different, and its steps of progress are well in line with the advance of other colleges for women.

Very dear to the hearts of students are the picturesque lines of the Holyoke range of mountains which slope down to the Connecticut River and completely girdle the horizon. From the rooms of students, whether looking north, south, east, or west, from the observatory and the new Scientific Hall, and from stately, handsome Williston, rarely beautiful views of Mounts Tom and Holyoke, Nonotuck, "the Notch," that famous pathway to Amherst, and the



MRS. ELIZABETH STORRS MEAD,
PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

the college. Here the dignified senior, in cap and gown, is poring over the foreign quarterlies with an eye to her impending essay; the ambitious junior has a debate on hand, and is storing her mind with facts from all sources; the irrepressible sophomore and the giddy freshman still lean with affection toward the magazine serials from which the upper class-women are forced to turn away.

The busy bee has always been the figurative, if not the literal, emblem of Mount Holyoke, and one may expect to find no drones in this hive of learning. For many years before the existence of women's colleges, Mount Holyoke held up the highest standard for admissions and graduations; and now as a college she retains the same high standards, and, accepting few certificates from preparatory schools, she grants her degrees with deliberation.

The college curriculum, now four years old, has gently ascended from the advanced collegiate course of seminary days, and is a marvel of opportunity. Of the noble three hundred students from all parts of the country, three from Japan, forty-nine from Connecticut, sixty-seven from Massachusetts, forty-one from New York, one each from Texas, Utah, and Washington, over one-third are found in the literary course, which is unusually rich at Holyoke. You may take your choice of fifteen special courses in old, middle, and early English, and the modern poetry and prose of Europe and America. There is essay work which tries girls' souls. The secrets of the



MAIN BUILDING.

diversified slopes of unnamed peaks, combine with the silver windings of the Connecticut to form pictures of unusual grandeur.

Within the walls of the main building, whose construction Miss Mary Lyon watched with happy anxiety in the early days of 1836, the work of her thorough builders has been extensively supplemented by the modern decorator. The old parlors, in their handsome new furnishings of oak, with modern pictures and *bric-à-brac*, form an inviting entrance to the main corridor. Just opposite, a new reading-room, with broad, cushioned window-seats and an ample supply of the published wit and wisdom of two continents, at once introduces one to the student's life of



WILLISTON HALL.

transcendentalist are sought for ; the philosophy of Coleridge, Arnold, and the pre-Raphaelites, and a study of the stern influences of Calvin's creed, call for thoughtful, close application. Over in pleasant Williston, whose class-rooms for literature and modern history are bravely furnished with pictures and statuary which tell the story of the ages, there is a Professor of History who could give points to Macaulay himself,—at least so the students aver ; and for her are preparing themes on home rule, the reform bill, and the far-reaching influences of the Renaissance.

In the class-rooms devoted to the languages, Horace and Euripides, Molière and Schiller, and Italian and Spanish authors are holding sway. In the dining-hall one finds a French and a German table, with native teachers in the seat of dignity and usefulness. Hebrew has recently been added to the language courses, and a flourishing class is under the direction of a lady who received the degree of S. T. B. after four years of study at Hartford Theological Seminary. In this connection it is interesting to notice that of five women now students at the Hartford Seminary, four are Mount Holyoke graduates, and have taken prizes for excellence in scholarship.

Scientific Hall, recently finished at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, the gift of alumnæ and trustees, adds new and fascinating opportunity for individual work, but we still find a large number of scientific students busy in Williston. The botany classes are dissecting and analyzing the remotest constructions of ferns and flowers. The botanic garden is a valuable recitation-room for students on pleasant spring days, for here one may see all the flowers that bloom in the wild-woods, blood-root and anemone, pitcher-plant and columbine, ferns great and small, and showy orchids, without the trouble of tramping across country to find



A DISTRACTED SENIOR.



A CLASS IN GYMNASTICS.



ON THE CONNECTICUT.

them. The animal life of all ages, on land and sea, is at the bidding of the zoölogy students in their pleasant laboratory, and so rich is the Connecticut Valley in tracks left by gigantic creatures of geologic time that a whole floor scarcely suffices for the museum of remains of this early prehistoric life. A busy group of students in mineralogy is found in the section-cutting room, and they are cutting into the heart of the rock by steam power, and studying, under the microscope, the formations in this realm of science. In the handsome observatory, given by and named for that benevolent Northampton trustee's family which knows no weariness in the service of the college, is a splendid equatorial telescope with an eight-inch object-glass ; also a

meridian circle, an astronomical clock, a chronograph, a sextant and spectroscope, and a hand of wisdom to use them all. Besides the literary and scientific, Mount Holyoke offers a complete classical course, which is elected by over one-third of the students.

But what is the recreation of the college girl at Mount Holyoke? In truth, she lacks nothing in this particular. She studies with happy freedom from the annoyances

and among the first fifteen in scholarship. There are three Greek-letter societies, and she is very proud if she chances to be one of the favored members of the Sigma Theta Chi, because through their exertions the old senior class-room has been transformed into a handsome new reading-room. Or if she be a Xi Phi Delta she has much to tell of the course of reading in preparation for travel, undertaken by the club, with visits to Berlin, Dresden, London, and Paris, and a charmingly real tour to the spot near at hand which Holland's "Katrina" has made famous, with purely social affairs thickly interspersed; or she may belong to the exclusive Kappa Phi's.

If she be a senior, looking toward a degree at commencement, she likes to sing in chorus,

"Oh, to be a senior,
And wear a cap and gown!
The glory of the college,
The wonder of the town."

And she wears her mortar-board and floating black robes with happy *insouciance*.

Lawn fêtes for the summer and senior theatricals in the winter are numbered among the Holyoke student's special joys. She delights in the comedy, and divides her interest between Shakespeare and Howells. The grand avenues of old trees form

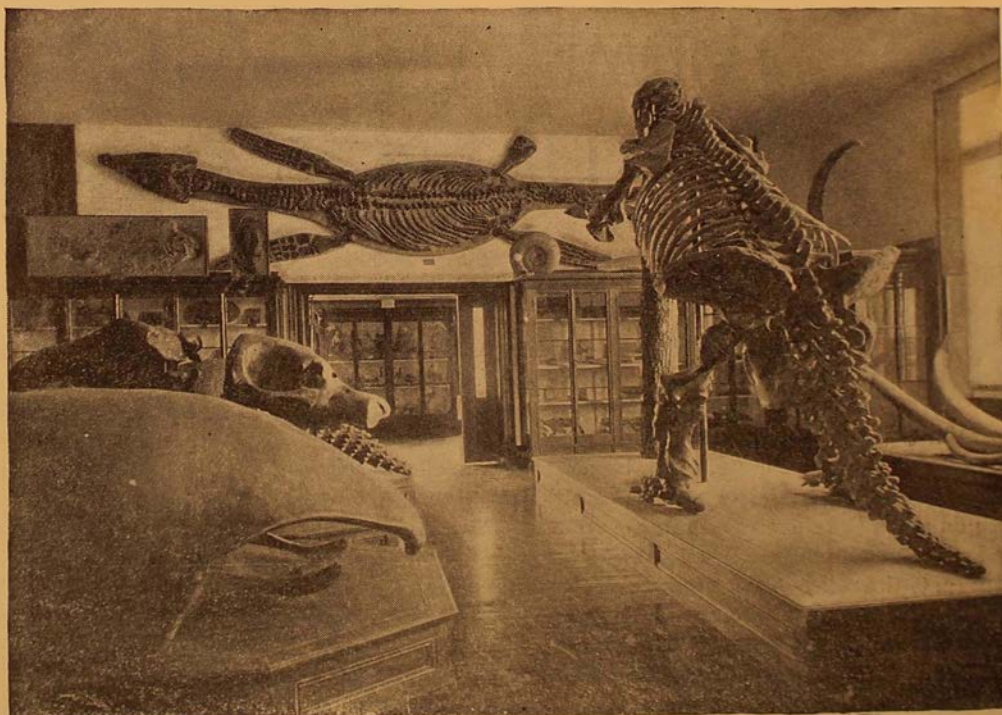


ASTRONOMY CLASS ROOM.

which the rigid rules of the old seminary course entailed on her mother and aunts, and her stock of knowledge is not lessened because of this freedom. But as for her recreations,—the mountains are always tempting her to a scramble. The Pass of Thermopylæ, Titan's Pier, Bittersweet Lane, Moody's Corners, and the Gorge, a nearer climb up Prospect Hill, rows on Lake Nonotuck in boats safer than the Ark itself, an impromptu picnic in the pavilion irreverently named the "pepper-box," a lively game of tennis in preparation for the tournament, or a delectable rush in a game of basket-ball,—these are a few of the Mount Holyoke College student's recreations.

In general she greatly inclines to an out-of-door life, and briskly snubs the old gymnasium when she can, in favor of tramps and drives. With seventy acres of grounds she can ramble far without danger. She delights in "spreads," like all other college girls. The ever-open, ever-full cracker-barrel of the storeroom forms a lunch supply, with marmalade and jelly, a tasty Welsh rabbit, confections and pickles, and a dainty cup of tea as accessories.

She is not averse to clubs, the Holyoke girl. There is a debating club, conducted on strict parliamentary principles, to which she may belong if an upper classwoman



THE CAST-ROOM.

a fine setting for a lawn-party, and perhaps Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian may invite you to an archery party down by the bridge, some day.

When a Presidential election is at hand the Holyoke student, with the class in political economy as a quieting power, enters into all the excitement of a campaign, and goes through the form of voting, with regularly printed ballots and as much dignity as if her poor little feminine

vote had a real value ; and stowed away in the north attic, you may find some of her campaign banners. If she be a member of the glee club she can tell of delightful trips to New Haven, New York, and Worcester, and sings with a will,

"H-o-l-y-o-ke,
Holyoke, Holyoke, are we."

Perhaps she belongs to the photograph club, and under the tutorship of a chemistry teacher takes charming little pictures, which she develops and prints with great skill ; or, at an early morning hour, she may be off through the dewdrops, in the interest of the Bird Club, with an opera-glass, to study the ways of birds who love to swing their nests near the college. If musically inclined, and ambitious, she joins the Mendelssohn Club, whose object is to accustom its members to appear in concert exercises.

Of course, the editorial staff of the "Mount Holyoke" is always seeking "copy," and very creditable copy is furnished. Here is a chance specimen :

"Summer has gone and what has she brought us?
Birds, bees, and flowers,
Gay, dashing showers,
And many's the lesson of beauty she's taught us.

"Summer has gone, and what has she taken?
Soft moonlights tender,
Bright starlight's splendor,
All have gone with her and left us forsaken.

"Summer has gone, and what has she left us?
A memory, a longing,
And many thoughts thronging
Toward the days that are past of which she's bereft us."

The institution lost its ancient aspect and mediæval air when the grim code of rules that held it as with chains of iron was forever abolished by the first president of the

college, the present able and acceptable incumbent of the office, Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead.

To the surprise of the devotees of the old *regime* it has been proved that the Mount Holyoke girl does not take unfair advantages of her freedom, and that her sense of honor is as lofty as that of her sisters at Vassar or Bryn Mawr, who have long lived happily and successfully with no restrictions except those usual in families of refinement. No prohibitions whatever fetter the Holyoke student of to-day, unless we consider the ten o'clock retiring regulation, and attendance at chapel and once at church on Sunday, in the light of prohibitory laws. Each is on her honor to act for the comfort and convenience of the family ; and despite the forebodings of old-time friends, life never moved more quietly and successfully within the walls than now, and never did a more delightful, wide-awake, progressive class of students gather there. The seats at chapel are always full ; "recess meetings" of the olden days give place to the Young Women's Christian Association, or class meeting, in which perfect freedom is enjoyed.

Of necessity, Holyoke still holds her purse-strings with a careful hand, in order that no girl who wishes a college education need be debarred from it for financial reasons. The low rate of board and tuition are made to secure a refined, handsome home, with steam heat, electric lights, elevator, ample recitation-rooms, and other conveniences of the modern college buildings, at which the visitor greatly marvels ; and he leaves the friendly walls of Mount Holyoke College with admiration and reverence for the spirit of that young New England school-teacher whose devotion to her own ideals, sixty years ago, opened the way for this institution, and through it for the higher education of women.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

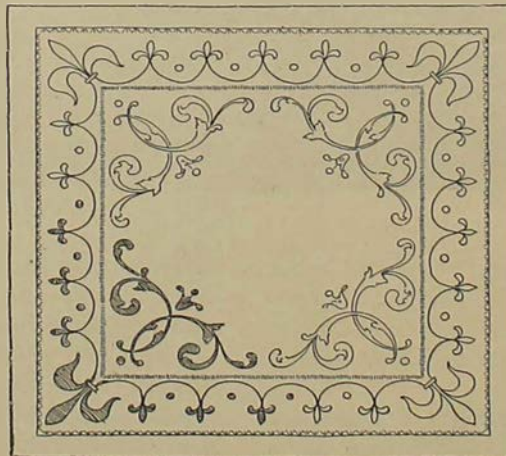
HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

SOME FRENCH EMBROIDERY DESIGNS.

WE owe a great deal to the French people for their generous supply of ideas from which we may select designs for anything and everything. Many of the French styles of certain periods are chaste and beautiful, and are constantly being reproduced in furniture, draperies, and decorations of all kinds ; and they are particularly well adapted to all classes of embroidery. In fact, they are so varied in their features that an inexhaustible supply is always at hand from which we may draw to meet any requirement. Most of the designs of the greatest value to us for embroidery, however, are taken from those styles which have been developed since the time of Louis XIV. Those which antedated that period were crude and have not the finish of those of more recent origin ; in the designs here illustrated care has been taken to give as much of the modern appearance as possible without departing from the characteristic

French ideas that have been carried out so beautifully in fine ornament and textiles of every description.

A design for a round centrepiece that will work out beautifully is shown in No. 1 ; and while it may seem elaborate and a great deal of work, it is in reality quite a simple pattern to carry out. As the ornament is distributed around the outer edge it lends a pleasing contrast to the open centre when it is worked either in outline stitch or solid. From fifteen to twenty inches is a good size to make a centrepiece of this design, but it will not develop well if made smaller than fourteen or fifteen inches, as it would crowd the ornament too much ; eighteen inches is perhaps the best size, measuring from the outer edge of the buttonholed scallops. The buttonholed edge is preferred to a fringed one, as it is more durable and launders better. However, if the fringe be desired, the scallops may be worked and the linen fringed up to



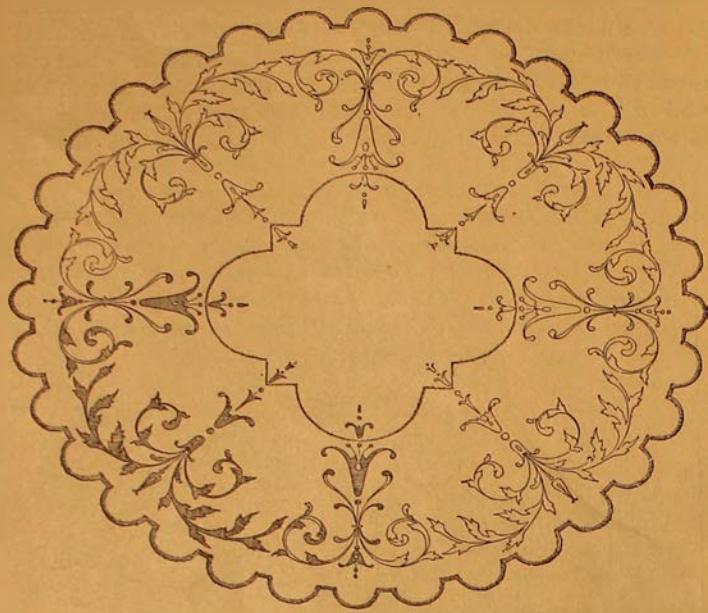
NO. 4. SQUARE DOILEY.

them, and after the piece has been used for a while and the fringe begins to show signs of wear, it is an easy matter to cut it off.

For fine work it is hardly necessary to state that the best quality of round-thread linen is the most satisfactory ; it

hand-spun and the fabric hand-woven, it is impossible to get it as regular as Irish linen ; but for fine embroidery it is most desirable, and its beautiful finish recommends it for all kinds of dainty embroidery when hemstitching is not desired. The threads may be drawn, but are so fine and irregular it is a somewhat difficult matter, and when drawn the result is not always satisfactory.

A square centrepiece of *fleur de lis* design, combined with scroll and leaf work, is shown in No. 2. This will make a very effective piece if carried out about eighteen inches square and the ornament worked solid, as suggested in one corner of the drawing. This design is not only adapted to a centrepiece, but is also a very handsome one for a table-cover about a yard square, or it may be used for a sofa-pillow or a tray-cover ; in fact, designs of this order may be adapted to many purposes. For a very large piece the corners may be used, and along the edges the line of *fleurs de lis* worked at regular distances and relieved here and there by the ornament drawn in between the corners. The generous use of light, pleasing



NO. 1. ROUND CENTREPIECE.

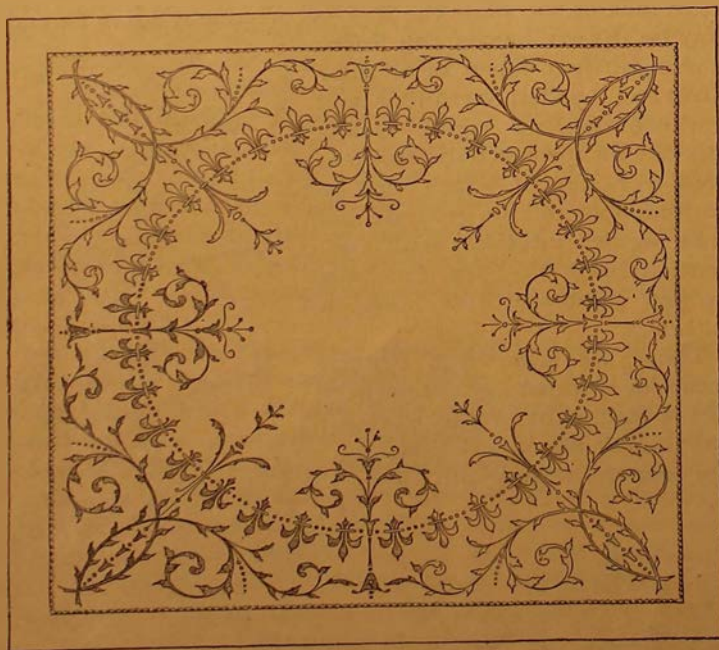
may be frequently laundered without showing the slightest signs of wear, it is easy to embroider on, it holds its shape well, and these are not the only advantages it holds over other materials, as those who have used it already know. For very fine work, such as some of these designs suggest, a very good material may be found in Japanese grass linen ; it is very fine and thin, having a surface somewhat like bolting-cloth, and its general appearance is that of good surah silk. Its greatest width is only thirty-four inches, and it will range from two to three dollars a yard. It may not be possible to find it at the large dry-goods houses, but it can always be had at the



NO. 3. CARVING-CLOTH.

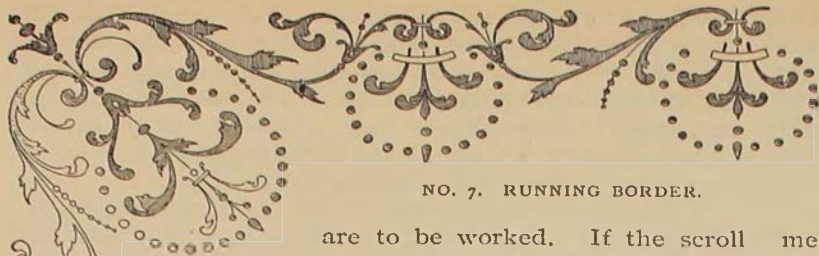
colors would, if well selected and placed, work out happily ; but if it were carried out in three or four shades of soft blue or pink the result would be very pleasing. For a sofa-pillow it will be effective worked in several shades of rich green on white or cream duck, and by the moderate introduction of black in places the contrast would be strengthened. The pearls, for instance, and the cross-bars to the *fleurs de lis* may be of black ; but do not use it too generously, as the green effect would be destroyed.

Illustration No. 3 offers an attractive design for a carving-cloth that would make a handsome addition to the stock of table linen ; a definite size cannot be given, but its proportions should be about twenty-one inches wide by twenty-six inches long, or about a fifth longer than its width. It is intended to be finished with a hemstitched hem an inch or an inch and a half in width all around. Two inches in from the hemstitching work a line of buttonholing, and between these two lines the half-circles, pearls, and small *fleurs de lis*



NO. 2. SQUARE CENTREPIECE.

shops which make a specialty of importing Japanese and Chinese goods. Take care in selecting it, however, as there are several grades, and only the best is smooth enough in texture for our purpose. As the threads are

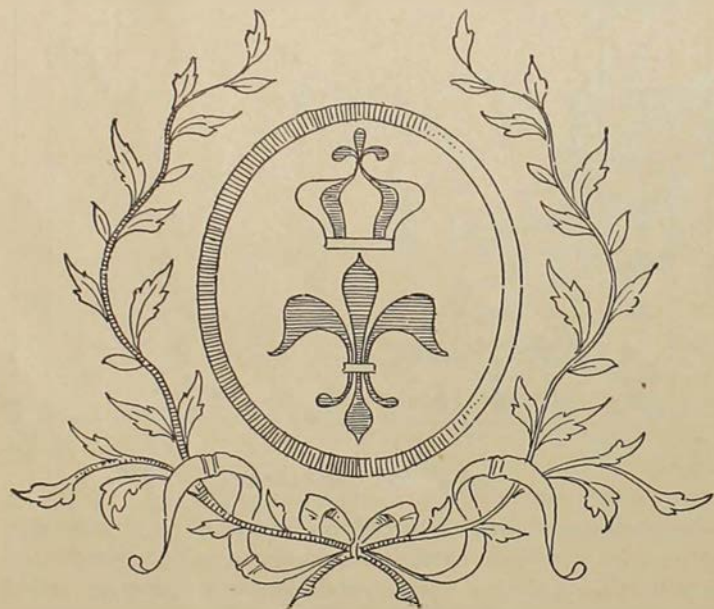


NO. 7. RUNNING BORDER.

are to be worked. If the scroll corners are not desired they may be left out; but, of course, they add much to the richness of the design. For this piece the solid treatment is suggested, as that is most satisfactory for all table linen; it stands laundering much better than outline work, and the effect is richer. Good round-thread butchers' linen is admirably adapted to work of this order, and its use is recommended for many large pieces, especially those that may require frequent laundering.

A plain linen table-cloth, with deep hem all around and this same design worked on it in proportion, would be a very handsome piece of work, and the napkins to match, as well as doileys, would make a very rich set. The suggestion for a doiley is given in No. 4; from six to eight inches would be a good size. For napkins this same design may be enlarged to the required size, and, if desired, a little more elaboration may be added in the corners.

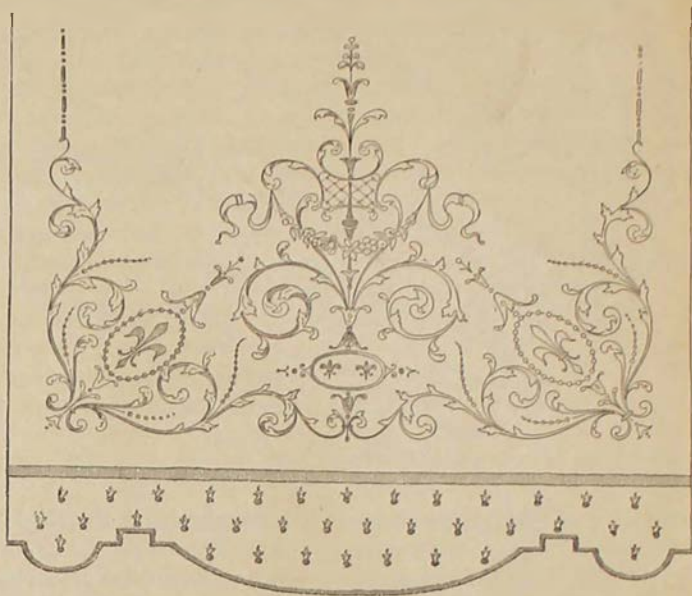
The design for a centre ornament that may be used also



NO. 5. CENTRE ORNAMENT.

for a corner on a tablecloth or other large piece is shown in No. 5. The crown, *fleur de lis*, and ellipse around them will look well filled and worked solid; the stem to the vine should be worked solid, also, but the leaf work may be in outline. An attractive color-scheme would be to work the leaves and stem in several shades of green, the bow and ribbons in *fade* pink, the ellipse in white, the crown in two or three shades of corn color, or in gilt thread, if preferable, and the *fleur de lis* in two or three shades of royal purple. If well selected and arranged, these colors will be very satisfactory. Pure white on a white ground is always pleasing, and for bed linen it is preferable to colors.

For the end of a scarf a typical French design is shown in No. 6; and as the pattern is made up of various motives there is great scope for treatment both as to stitch and color schemes. For a scarf eighteen inches wide the ornaments will measure about twelve inches high in the centre and fill the width of the material to within an inch of each edge; along the edge the broken bead ornament is to be embroidered to meet the design at the other end of the scarf. It should be worked solid, as outline stitch would make it insignificant. One side of the illus-

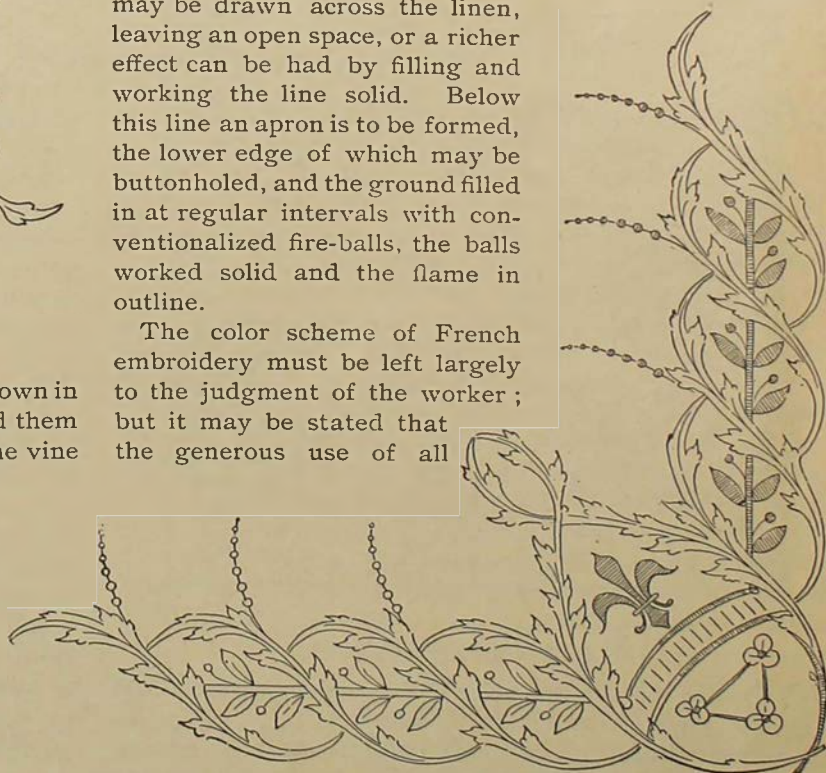


NO. 6. SCARF END.

tration suggests a partially solid treatment, but this is a matter the embroiderer may work out to her own satisfaction; it would, however, lend a much richer effect to the design if worked solid, as outline work is only effective when there is strength and boldness of line, not when the beauty of the design is made up of delicate detail, as in the French designs of this period.

An inch or so below the line of ornament some threads may be drawn across the linen, leaving an open space, or a richer effect can be had by filling and working the line solid. Below this line an apron is to be formed, the lower edge of which may be buttonholed, and the ground filled in at regular intervals with conventionalized fire-balls, the balls worked solid and the flame in outline.

The color scheme of French embroidery must be left largely to the judgment of the worker; but it may be stated that the generous use of all



NO. 8. RUNNING BORDER.

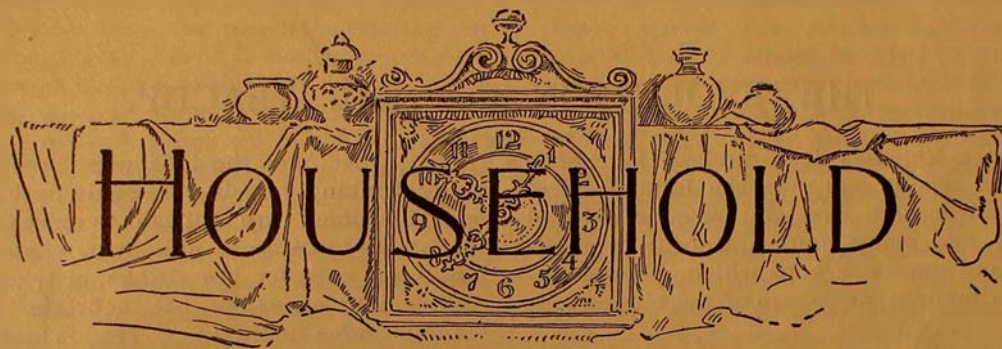
shades and colors in delicate tones is advocated, as in all French ornaments the many colors and shades are happily blended together to work out the most pleasing results. It is not necessary, however, that a variety of colors be used to carry out the French idea, as the simple use of a single color is quite as effective sometimes, and in much better taste than to place a number together without regard to their harmony and relations. Vivid colors should be avoided for rich work, as they are apt to kill the effect of the more quiet ones about them.

Illustration No. 7 is the design for a running border and corner; it may be used from two to four inches in width, but for general work, such as table-cloths, draperies, and portières, it will perhaps appear to best advantage if made three inches in width, and the ornaments encircled with pearls would be placed in that case about five and three quarter inches apart. One end of this design suggests solid work, while the other is drawn for outline; but either

may be used, according to the material and purpose of the work. For a table-cover a yard or more square, this design will look well in two shades of pink and two of green. Embroidered on linen with silk it would prove satisfactory, or if a bolder effect is desired it may be worked on cream-colored canvas with art linen thread. A decidedly French effect would be obtained if worked on a sage-green denim with black, or on any other soft-colored material with either white or black linen.

A compact design for a running border is shown in No. 8, which is well adapted to table-covers or other pieces of a similar nature; at the centers on the sides it would be well to arrange the design to match so it would run together well; this can be done nicely where the ends are brought together so the union will be satisfactory. For colors on white, green, pink, and golden-brown, with berries of soft red, will be effective; or if to match other work in a room the colors may be selected accordingly.

HELEN MAR ADAMS.*



A POSTER LUNCHEON.

NEVER does the old saying "there is nothing new under the sun" appear so forceful as when one is seeking for some touch of novelty in the way of an entertainment.

Thanks to the poster fad and its devotees, who have made it quite as common a topic of conversation as Trilby used to be, we are given many startling and wonderful suggestions. But although a successful poster affair may be startling it must also be artistic.

The poster luncheon is perhaps the prettiest of these affairs, and easily executed with the help of the home artist, or an artistic friend willing to be pressed into service. First a scheme of color should be chosen for the table decorations, in which the color of one's china should be considered, unless one intends to draw upon a caterer's store. The scheme should be simple,—a few strong colors that harmonize well.

At a recent poster luncheon, dark blue, red, green, and white were used with excellent effect. The table was covered with a white damask cloth and there was a lace centrepiece upon which rested an oddly shaped blue dish filled with brilliant red tulips and their gray-green leaves, standing bolt upright after the usual fashion of poster flowers. To obtain this effect, fill the dish with fine sand and moisten it just enough to keep the sand firm and compact. In this the flowers will stand just as their stems are pressed. At the four corners of the table were cut glass flower-holders filled with lilies of the valley. About the centrepiece were cut-glass dishes of olives, gherkins, salted almonds, fancy cakes, and red *bombons*. The china used was of the old-fashioned blue sort so highly prized by our great-grandmothers, and again by us today. Each cover was set with the necessary silver and

glasses and a Delft bread-and-butter plate with a roll and butter-ball upon it, while upon each triangularly folded napkin lay a miniature poster.

This is when the home artist becomes necessary,—in copying familiar book and magazine posters upon water-color cards about three and a half by four inches in size. Where the name of the magazine appears in the original, paint in bold letters the name of the guest. There is a little magazine published now called "Poster Lore," in which may be found reproductions of posters. It would not even require the talent of the home artist to trace these, transfer them to the water-color cards, and paint them in flat tints. Even if indifferently done they are still effective.

These cards serve a double purpose. Besides being name cards they have written upon the back, down the left-hand edge, as many numbers as there are guests, and opposite one of the numbers a conundrum. The answer to each conundrum is the name of some well-known poster-artist. Naturally there is much comment and chaffing upon these riddles, but they are not to be guessed until after luncheon, when everyone is provided with a pencil. Then, commencing with the conundrum numbered 1, they are read aloud in turn, the answers being written by the guests opposite the respective numbers. About three minutes is allowed for the guessing of each one. A prize is given to the person making the greatest number of correct guesses.

Following are a few conundrums; with a little thought they can easily be supplemented with more. Do not make

* See advertising pages for address where all of these embroidery designs can be obtained in full working size.

them too complex; minds do not work with great activity after a heavy luncheon.

1. The first syllable is often used as a weapon by the new woman, and the second is a very common sight in the country. Pen-field.

2. Something usually associated with Moses and the bull-rushes. Reed.

3. A man whose best girl we all know. Gibson.

4. The first syllable is a famous river abroad, and the second is something possessed by everything that breathes. Reinhart. (Rhein-heart.)

5. The twentieth letter of the alphabet added to a masculine Christian name. Edward-s. (Edwards.)

6. Something every soldier carries to war. A gun. (Archie Gunn.)

7. The first syllable is a small sharp article used by carpenters, and the second the name of a famous general of the South. Bradley. (Brad-Lee.)

As to the menu, it may be as simple or as elaborate as one chooses. A few courses delicately cooked and well served are preferable to many heavy courses. Such a

simple menu would be *purée* of tomatoes, which, if the color scheme already mentioned is chosen, would contrast well with dark blue *bouillon* cups. Lobster *à la Newburg* served in individual cases placed each upon a doiley, and these upon blue-bordered plates, would again bring in a touch of color. Tiny Graham-bread sandwiches should be passed with this. The next course might be birds, or simply chops and green peas. Pass with them potato puffs garnished prettily with parsley. Tomatoes slightly hollowed at the top, filled in with *mayonnaise*, and arranged upon pale green lettuce leaves, make always an attractive dish.

With the salad, if the hostess choose, can be served creamed cheese made in the chafing-dish at the table, a proceeding which always breaks up any formality, and is decidedly enjoyable if—the cheese turns out well.

For the sweets nothing is better than some of the frozen puddings, ices, or individual ice-creams; but any number of variations can be made to suit the taste and the seasons.

EDITH MARIE ALLEN.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TEACUP.

THE afternoon tea-table has been dubbed the "altar of society," and time is said to be the daily sacrifice.

Treasures in silver and porcelain are collected and laid upon this altar, and many hours are spent in determining the names and marks of cups which, whether inherited or found in modern shops, are of priceless worth to their owners.

The loving-cup of olden time was surely never more lovingly offered to guests than is the teacup of to-day. All through the years cups have signified sociability, whether the wreathed cups offered by the Greeks one to the other, the loving-cups, or "tygs," handed by our English ancestors to guests, or our own treasured teacups.

The loving-cup, or "wassail bowl,"—"waeshael" being Anglo-Saxon for "be in health,"—was used in England at the festivities on New Year's Eve and on various festival occasions, both in noble houses and in taverns, by the wealthy and the humble cottager as well. After filling the tyg with foaming ale it was the custom for the master of the house to drink first from it and then give it to him who sat next, and so on around the circle.

The cupboards of many of the private householders in those early days held cups made of elm, of box, of maple, horns of beasts, cocker-nuts, gourds, eggs of ostriches, and shells of fishes; cups called piggins, cruses, tankards, beakers, and "gray-beards."

It is interesting to trace the evolution of the teacup from the Greek *kylix* through the various changes in form, to the cup with separate saucer (or stand) that we now use. In the Porcelain Museum in Dresden are teacups made with stem and stand, suggestive of the Greek *kylix*, and the Turkish cups that rest in metal stands are surely classic in design.

Allusion to the use of horns for drinking vessels is made in the mythological history of all nations. The earliest potters formed drinking-mugs and cups in simple designs, but often reasons have been discovered for shapes and patterns used. There is a large clay drinking-cup in the British Museum (found in Vulci) in the shape of a human leg. The story goes that in 1625 Marshal de Bassompierre, in parting from his friends to return to Switzerland, proposed to drink to the health of each one. Finding his horn not large enough he filled his military boot and drank

from it. At once the idea was taken up by potters, and many drinking-vessels were made in the shape of a boot or leg. Specimens are still said to exist in Italy.

It seems to be quite unknown when it became the custom to use cups for hot drinks, or whether any hot drinks that would "cheer but not inebriate" preceded the use of tea and coffee in Europe. True it is that teapots and teacups such as we now use were first made in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and from that time to this there has been little change in their form and general design.

Hours might be profitably spent in examining ancient and modern teacups, studying styles and marks, and making oneself familiar with under and over glaze decoration, factory figures, etc.

Cups as souvenirs and congratulatory gifts have been used for many years, and searchers after novelties maintain that the more handles a cup has the greater the luck that attends the gift.

ROSE CROSBY.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU.

FOR the convenience and benefit of the regular subscribers to DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE we have organized the DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU, through which they may obtain anything purchasable,—any and everything needed for utility or ornamentation, for personal or household use, nothing being too small and nothing too large to be beyond its scope. Owing to extensive relations with the largest and most reliable establishments in every line, all over the country, the facilities of the DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU for filling orders in the most satisfactory manner are practically unlimited, provided, always, that the sender is explicit in stating what is needed, and the amount it is desired to expend. Our subscribers will save themselves much time and trouble, and be sure of always getting the full value of their money, by sending for what they may need to

THE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SANITARIAN

SUMMER HYGIENE.

MANY persons are laying up for themselves, not "treasures in heaven," but days of painful reckoning here, because they are too heedless to recognize the fact that they should adapt their daily habits of life to the changes of temperature in the varying seasons. During the summer months we should make as complete a change in our manner of living as our duties will permit.

The diet is the first thing that needs regulating when the thermometer begins to ascend to eccentric and alarming heights. Everything should be done now to keep the body cool, and the food it consumes has as much to do with this as the manner in which we clothe it. For this reason the hearty eater of greasy meats, fats and oils, and unlimited quantities of starchy foods, always suffers more on a hot day than his temperate comrade who sensibly restricts his diet to sparing rations of lean meat with plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. It is understood, of course, that those who are engaged in active work require in summer as much food to repair the waste of tissues—sometimes accelerated at this season—as at any time; but it should be of a cooling nature, for the heat-producing foods that form an important part of the winter diet not only cause immediate discomfort in the rise of the body's temperature, but also entail upon the digestive organs an unnecessary and dangerous tax.

We should save to spend, all through these months, and relegate all unnecessary tasks, mental and physical, to more favorable days. Over-exertion of any organ is trebled in danger under the climatic conditions of our erratic summer, and we should endeavor to so regulate our occupations as to lessen the high pressure and intense absorption which, always a menace to health, become little short of slow suicide during the season of torrid waves. There is a something in the atmosphere which encourages perplexing and baffling conditions most unfavorable to intense mental application, and, at the same time, favors the development of all the ills that flesh is heir to if the healthful tone of any organ be allowed to fall below the normal condition.

Nature gives us an example of what summer should be for all human beings. It is the season of growth, and men and women, like children, should be growing, not taxing themselves. This does not imply idleness; work in moderation is necessary alike for growth and development and health and happiness. But after many months of the closest application, when body and mind both give unmistakable evidence of the strain they have been under, we should lighten our tasks, change our occupations where possible, and store up strength for the next race. Everything in Nature favors this, if we try to adapt ourselves to her conditions. She provides us abundantly with delicious fruits and vegetables; and when these form the principal part of the diet, supplemented with milk, eggs, and cereals, with fish, poultry, and lean beef and mutton used sparingly, other things being favorable, people enjoy

the best health and suffer little discomfort from extreme heat.

The Frenchman, not without reason, calls our iced drinks "American poisons." As a matter of fact, cool spring-water will allay thirst much better than iced water; but it is very difficult to convince those addicted to the iced-water habit of this fact. The grave harm caused by iced water is from swallowing it quickly and in large quantities. If sipped slowly and held in the mouth for a moment, the temperature is raised appreciably before it reaches the stomach, and its cooling effects reach that part of the body where they are most needed,—the head, throat, and upper part of the chest. For this reason ice-cream is much less dangerous than iced water; we eat it slowly, and it is not only entirely melted, but also perceptibly warmed, before it enters the stomach.

This well-known fact, which everyone can verify for himself, is entirely ignored by those alarmists who draw so harrowing pictures of the internal economy, representing the stomach and its contents as almost paralyzed by the suddenly congealing influence of the introduction of a mass of frozen cream. Of course, if this were so the danger would be immense, for when the stomach is attending to its appointed duties—actively engaged in the process of digestion—it is a little furnace, and any tampering with its fires results in the immediate discomfort of its owner and overseer. When you deluge it with iced drinks you put out the fires, and arrested digestion means acute pain and much discomfort. Don't ask it to do so much work when the thermometer goes above 80°; then the fires will not have to be so hot, and you will not suffer from what you feel is a consuming thirst.

All the time possible in the summer should be spent in the open air, and too much attention cannot be given to the ventilation of sleeping-rooms. Fresh air should have the sweep of the whole house at some hour in the day, and the sunshine, too, be admitted freely, except during those torrid waves when suffering humanity with an instinct of self-preservation seeks the darkness. On an ordinary summer day, with the temperature about 75°, the sun should be recognized as one of nature's most beneficent influences for growth and health; we should admit its purifying influence as much as possible to our homes, and be out under its blessed rays ourselves.

In planning our amusements and recreations we should adapt them, also, to the temperature, and never attempt on extremely hot days to play out-of-door games nor take long bicycle rides. There are always plenty of days when we can do all these things with the greatest benefit; but we can utterly defeat and undo all the good derived from a month's vacation well spent, by obstinately—we call it "firmly," when we do it ourselves—carrying out some programme which chances to fall on an unfavorable day and causes us to become greatly heated and over-fatigued.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Our Relations with Spain.

If Spain were not so weak financially, and her difficulties in Cuba were not so great, she would probably give emphatic manifestation of her hostility toward the United States. Under the present circumstances, however, her ministers pursue a very diplomatic course and are careful to avoid official expression toward this country. The ill-feeling has existed since the outbreak of the Cuban rebellion and the display of sympathy for the insurgents by the people of the United States; it has been greatly increased during the last few months by the manifestation on the part of Congress of friendship with Cuba, and most recently by Secretary Olney's intervention in behalf of the American citizens who were captured by the Spanish gunboat *Mesagera* when about to land on the Cuban coast from the filibustering schooner *Competitor*. These Americans, Alfredo Laborde and Orna Miller, were taken to Havana with their companions in misfortune, and after a summary trial by court-martial were sentenced to be shot. This superficial drumhead trial and the hasty condemnation of the Americans to death by General Weyler and his associates was an affront to this country. It was quickly resented by Secretary Olney, who informed the authorities at Madrid that the American citizens must have a legal trial with opportunity for defense, in accordance with the treaty between Spain and the United States and the law of nations. Premier Canovas, despite the protests of Weyler, has agreed to grant this trial; the executions have been adjourned, and the affair will be thoroughly sifted by the Supreme Court of the Army and Navy at Madrid before the final decision is rendered. This concession on the part of Spain does not necessarily mean, however, that the men will escape death. Secretary Olney has merely requested that their case be given such consideration and investigation as is demanded in the interests of humanity. It certainly would not be good policy for Spain to carry out the sentence in its full severity, for such a course would greatly inflame public opinion in this country against the Madrid government, and thus would probably result in material benefit to the cause of Cuba.

English Humiliation in the Transvaal.

President Krüger of the Transvaal Republic has been entirely victorious in his controversy with the government of Great Britain, and has proved himself to be one of the ablest statesmen and diplomats of the age. This triumph is made the greater by the difficulty of his past position. The Transvaal Republic was established by Boers who were driven north by the advent and the aggression of the English in the Boer community at the lower end of the continent of Africa. The latter emigrated northward beyond the Vaal River, and there settled to live and make a government to suit themselves. But gold and diamonds were discovered in the Transvaal, and the English again invaded the domains of the Boers. Their number increased until it outnumbered the Boer population, and strong efforts were made by the Uitlanders, or foreigners, to obtain the franchise, which was denied them because it would open the door to control of the government by them. The now celebrated Jameson raid was an effort of the English to this end. Its chief instigators in Johannesburg, among whom were Colonel



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes, and John Hays Hammond, an American, were tried by the Transvaal government and condemned to death. This gave President Krüger an opportunity to commute the sentences and thus stand as a dispenser of clemency in the eyes of the world. Shortly afterward, at a most opportune time, he made public a number of dispatches relating to Jameson's raid, which displayed the movement in the light of an unjustifiable assault upon a friendly State, and turned the tide of public opinion from complacent toleration, if not approval, of Jameson, into condemnation, and proved that Cecil Rhodes, who had persuaded Joseph Chamberlain, Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, that he was in no way responsible for the invasion of the Transvaal, was really one of the arch conspirators, with the result that Mr. Rhodes has fallen many degrees in public estimation. He is no longer spoken of admiringly as the "King of South Africa." The whole affair is instructive in that it gives an accurate idea of Great Britain's colonial method of encroaching upon and assuming proprietorship of other people's territory whenever that territory is rich in metals, particularly gold, or when possession of it promises other commercial advantages.

Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian Explorer.

The reports that Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is returning from an Arctic expedition during which the North Pole has been reached are without confirmation, but they have served to awaken widespread interest in the attempt and in the remarkable man who has made it. It is certain that if Nansen has really reached the Pole, he has done so in the face of incalculable difficulties. He is a man to succeed, however, where others fail. He is a typical Norseman, of fine, commanding features and a magnificent physique. His most pronounced characteristics are quickness and determination, and the name of his vessel, *Fram* (Forward), is the name of his own guiding principle. He made a remarkable trip across Greenland in 1888-9. The undertaking was one of great danger, and was said before the departure to be impossible. But Nansen accomplished it after cutting off all means of retreat, and thus making the alternative success or death. Nansen is a scholar as well as a man of remarkable hardihood and action. His contributions to zoology and histology have won him high standing in the scientific world, and he has recently succeeded in reaching the North Pole light will be thrown on many interesting and important geographical and meteorological questions, and one of the aims of the century has been accomplished.

Much anxiety, suffering, and self-sacrifice are entailed on the wife of an Arctic explorer, and particularly one of Nansen's fearlessness and determination. Mrs. Nansen, however, who is waiting in Christiania for her husband's return, is endowed with much of his spirit and enthusiasm, and has endured her suspense with great fortitude. Her father and a brother are eminent scientists, and another brother is Norway's greatest historian. She is almost as much of an athlete as is her husband.



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

The Coronation of the Czar.

History has no record of more splendid ceremonies or greater spectacular display than that which attended the celebration of the coronation of Nicholas II., Czar of the Russias, in Moscow last month. Nicholas succeeds his father, Alexander III., and has been the ruler since the latter's death, November 1, 1894, although the formal coronation has been delayed until this spring.



NICHOLAS II.,
CZAR OF THE RUSSIAS.

With almost absolute sway over an immense empire and a population of nearly one hundred and thirty millions, the burden of the Czar's position seems a gigantic one for his comparatively youthful shoulders, he being only twenty-eight years old. Yet he is better equipped to bear it than have been most kings upon the assumption of their power. He has traveled extensively, speaks and writes several languages, and has received a cosmopolitan education which has given him mental breadth and enlightened views. He says that the guiding principle of his reign will be the peaceful development of the Empire.

A Distinguished Citizen of Japan.

The recent visit to the United States of Marquis Yamagata, Japan's greatest soldier, on his way to Russia to represent his government at the coronation of the Czar, has given the people of this country an opportunity to study the famous Japanese leader at close range, and the verdict is that in ability and the other qualities which constitute the great man he is fully up to the standard of Western civilization. His record is unsurpassed by that of any modern general; it is not probable that any of them could have conducted the operations against China in the late war between that country and Japan with more skill than did Marquis Yamagata. He is now the Mikado's Secretary of War. He has been a soldier from his youth, and was the organizer of the Japanese army which crushed the formidable Satsuma rebellion. It was Yamagata, then a colonel, who was made military escort to ex-President Grant when he visited Japan on his tour around the world. He has been almost as active in politics as in war, having held the offices of Minister of the Interior, Prime Minister, and Minister of Justice. He also organized the first parliament of Japan when a constitutional form of government was adopted. Marquis Yamagata has a nervous but strong face, keen, observant eyes, and a mustache tinged with gray. In manner he is mild and graceful. Gentleness and force are combined in his personality. He is one of the enlightened Japanese who are swinging Japan into the front rank of civilized nations.

The English Expedition to the Soudan.

One of the interesting questions of the hour in Europe is that of England's reasons for sending a force of troops to the eastern part of the Soudan, the territory which lies just south of the Desert of Sahara. Apparently the purpose of the expedition is to suppress an uprising of the dervishes, who were reported to be marching to the number of some thousands upon Kassala, one of the important towns of the region. England is favorable to the operations of Italy in Abyssinia, and the quelling of the dervishes would be a natural aid to the Italians, for the reason that the former would fight with Abyssinia against the encroachments of Italy. Mr. Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary of the British government, says that the expedition is merely a demonstration to avert a possible revival of dervish power, which would be aroused and strengthened in the event of the fall of Kassala. But notwith-



OSMAN DIGNA, THE LEADER
OF THE DERVISHES.

ened in the event

standing the Foreign Secretary's bland assurance that there are no hidden motives behind the expedition, several of the other powers of Europe, and particularly France and Russia, look upon it with the eye of jealousy and suspicion. They intimate that, instead of increasing her strength, it is high time for England to withdraw from Egypt and northeastern Africa, over which she has held for some time a sort of protectorate. Many of the European diplomats believe that the real purpose of the expedition is to convert England's occupation of Egypt into English rule; that it is an expedition of conquest with the end in view of ultimately establishing a great British colony in Africa.

Assassination of the Shah of Persia.

The hand of an assassin directed against Nasr-ed-din, Shah of Persia, while the latter was visiting a shrine near Teheran, has removed the most merciful, civilized, and progressive ruler Persia has had for many years. The Shah's mercy and civilization, however, were chiefly comparative, and did not count for much measured by European standards. Indeed, he had less of mercy and more of power than the Czar of Russia. But two visits he made to Europe gave him an insight into Western civilization, and each of these visits was followed by radical reforms and improvements in the Persian kingdom. The Shah introduced the electric telegraph after having seen it in Europe, but as a punishment for molesting the wires and poles he resorted to the thoroughly Oriental expedient of burying the offender alive, with the head protruding, beside the pole which had been injured. The Shah was a reasonably wise and good ruler, according to his light, and his reign of forty-eight years was one of comparative peace and prosperity in Persia.



NASR-ED-DIN,
THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

To Avoid Infection in Dust.

That the traditional abhorrence of the thrifty housewife for dust has scientific justification is confirmed by Dr. Guy Hindall, of Philadelphia. In a recent lecture he thus expressed himself about the dangers of dust:

"I think I have made it plain that dust is an abomination to be shunned. We shall probably never live where we shall absolutely avoid it, but we can do a great deal toward preventing its virulent character. If the doctrine of spontaneous generation had been established, little encouragement might be expected in a fight against infectious diseases; but, as Pasteur said, thirty years ago, 'Man has it in his power to cause parasitic diseases to disappear from the globe.' Prevention, like charity, properly begins at home; and eternal vigilance is the price of safety. . . . In our homes few of us have marble floors and steam heat, and painted walls are not looked upon with favor. We can, however, make a warfare against dust. A hardwood floor is conducive to health because it quickly shows the presence of dust or dirt, and can easily be kept clean. But, best of all, we have sunlight. The tubercle bacillus is an imp that loves darkness rather than light. There is no disinfectant so potent against tubercle bacilli as bright sunlight. The sunniest spots are the safest. In choosing a home, avoid shadows from trees and high buildings; avoid dampness, especially dampness of the soil; and, above all, make inquiry as to previous occupants, whether in your house or your hotel, and if tubercular disease has been present, and there has not been proper disinfection or supervision of the patient, see that the quarters are put in proper condition, or procure others."

ABOUT WOMEN.

PRINCESS BEATRICE, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, has been appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, the office previously held by her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg.

MISS KAKU SUDO and Miss Hana Abe, two young Japanese women, were recently graduated from the Laura Memorial Medical College in Cincinnati, after taking the four years' course.

MISS ALICE LUCE, an American girl, is the fourth woman to receive a Doctor's degree at Göttingen. She was graduated at Wellesley, and previous to her studies at Göttingen passed two years in philological study at Leipsic.

THE DOMINICAN NUNS at King William's Town, in Cape Colony, have a school and a farm, and run both themselves. They teach the boys and girls to plow and hoe, do the carpentry and blacksmith work, and have built their own buildings.

ROSELLA BABCOCK, a girl of fifteen, is an important factor in the mail service at Palmasola, Fla. Twice every week-day, wind or calm, rain or shine, she rows a mile to deliver the mail to the river boat, *Tarpon*. On the \$20 per month that she earns by this work, she supports a mother and younger sister.

A NEW OBJECTION TO CORSETS has been discovered. In a California high school where electrical experiments were being performed, the professor was so annoyed by the effects of the steel in the girls' corsets upon his delicate instruments that a rule was made forbidding the wearing of corsets in the electrical department.

MISS GEORGINA LEE MORRELL, a graduate of Vassar, has won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Heidelberg University by translating a poem from the Auchinbeck MS. in Edinburgh from Middle English into German, and editing it. She was the first woman admitted to the lectures in English at the University of Berlin.

MRS. CADWALLADER GOULD, the American sculptor, has been charged by Dr. von Stephan, Minister of the Imperial Post-office, with the modeling of two great allegorical figures, representing Posts and Telegraphs, to be placed upon the Post-office building at Magdeburg. The German sculptors, through the *Vossische Zeitung* and other newspapers, have protested against this award of the work.

OF THE ONE HUNDRED and seventy-five school inspectors recently appointed for New York City by Mayor Strong thirty-seven are women. Among them are the following well-known and prominent women: Miss Mae Callender, Miss Martha Draper, Mrs. Alfred Meyer, Mrs. E. Alma Rainsford, Miss Jane E. Robbins, Mrs. Louis Tiffany, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, and Mrs. Clara M. Williams.

MRS. LAURIE-JOHNSTONE lately killed the biggest tiger ever measured in India. It was shot in the Aghat Reserved Forest, and was found to be twelve feet and a half inch long,—twelve and a half inches longer than the famous tiger killed by J. L. Shillingford in 1871. Mrs. Johnstone went on the tiger-hunting expedition with her husband, a gentleman friend, and two ladies, all mounted on elephants.

MISS IDA WAUGH, who won this year at the National Academy the Norman W. Dodge prize of three hundred dollars for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, comes honestly by her talent. Her father, the late S. B. Waugh, was a well-known portrait-painter a generation ago. Miss Waugh's prize picture is a portrait of Dr. Paul Sartain. Readers of Demorest's will recall her as the artist who painted the much-admired picture, "I'm a Daisy!"

MISS FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS has been elected an officer of the *Académie Française*, in recognition of her accurate

and appreciative criticisms of musicians and musical events in the French capital. Miss Thomas is the first American woman upon whom this honor has been bestowed. The recommendation of her work, sent to the Academy, was signed by such well-known names as Alexander Guilmant, Ambroise Thomas, C. Saint-Saëns, and others. Massenet, who was in Milan, sent a special letter expressing his desire that the honor should be conferred.

MRS. SARAH WHITMAN, of Boston, the designer of the three beautiful windows recently placed in Trinity Chapel as a memorial to Phillips Brooks, is known also as a portrait painter, though her work of late years has been devoted almost exclusively to some wonderful effects in stained glass. This latest production shows remarkable skill in designing, the central window having a large cross of dark red glass, while below is a crusader's shield of white opal with a green laurel wreath in the centre tinted with gold. Mrs. Whitman is the teacher of the Bible class at Trinity.

MRS. VAN WYCK BRINKERHOFF, a wealthy widow, who lives at Hastings, Westchester County, was the benefactress who gave \$100,000 to Barnard College on condition that the \$100,000 mortgage remaining on the site for the new college buildings at Morningside Heights should be paid before May 10th of this year. Her promise was made some time ago, but her name was kept a secret from all except a few of the Barnard College officials. It was her wish that her name should not be known until the money to pay off the mortgage was raised. Her gift is a memorial to her late husband and to her father, William H. Hoople.

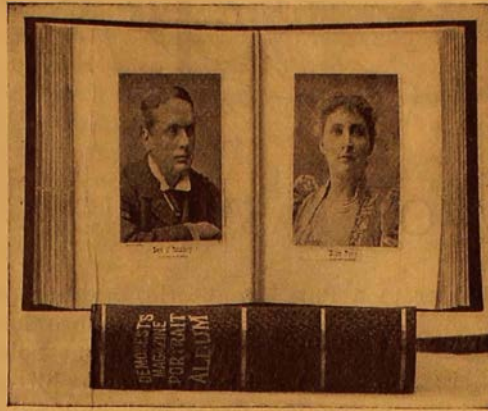
MRS. ELLEN H. RICHARDS, of the Institute of Technology, was last year elected a trustee of Vassar. She found the college preparing to build a large drain to carry its sewage to the Hudson. This involved great expense and a needless pollution of the river. Mrs. Richards persuaded the trustees, instead, to convey the sewage to a farm belonging to the college, and use it to fertilize the land. This plan has been carried out most successfully, at one sixth of the cost that the other project would have involved. Mrs. Richards' bright idea, in the actual amount of money saved to the college, is said to be the most valuable gift any Vassar graduate has yet conferred upon her *alma mater*.

THOSE SUCCESSFUL YOUNG ARCHITECTS, Misses Gannon & Hands, are preparing plans for the most complete gynecium ever erected. The success of the undertaking is now so well assured that the scheme has been made public, and it is confidently expected that building operations will not be long delayed. It is to be fourteen stories high, and will inclose within its walls everything required for the comfort, entertainment, and needs of women. It is intended to devote the ground floor to bank, restaurant, and store purposes; and in the basement there will be Turkish and Russian baths. A theatre seating one thousand two hundred people will occupy part of the first, second, and third floors, the rest of the space being given to club-rooms, a banquet-hall, club-auditorium, parlors, and *salon*. The fourth, fifth, and sixth floors will be taken up by suites of rooms for club uses; there will be offices on the seventh, eighth, and ninth floors; the following floor will be devoted to music-rooms, and the eleventh to a gymnasium, ice-rink, and tennis-courts. The three upper stories will be occupied by apartments and studios, and the crowning comfort and convenience will be a roof garden and observatory over all. And this wonderful structure, which would tax the powers of the best-trained architects in the world, has been designed by women! Its estimated cost is \$1,000,000.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

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

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



their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in every Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and have mounted in it all the published portraits, it is filled, and you need another. Send your order at

once and avoid delay. Or if you have not an album, send for one, and start your collection.

Any or all of the portraits that have been published since June, 1895, may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazines containing them.

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO ALL.

Our long-time friends and subscribers have the very pleasant custom of writing to us occasionally and expressing their opinions about the different issues of Demorest's Magazine, telling us what they particularly like, and what other things would, if published in it, make Demorest's still more valuable or interesting to them. It is a custom which we wish more of our readers and subscribers would follow; and as we are now formulating our plans for the next volume, and it is our intention to make Demorest's of the greatest value to the greatest number, we would be much pleased to receive, at an early date, suggestions and expressions of preferences from all of our subscribers and regular readers,—especially whether they would like the Fashion Department or any of the others enlarged, or any new features added,—in order that their desires may be taken into consideration in making our new arrangements.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS—JULY.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 553. 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.

TRANSSPARENT fabrics are a pronounced feature of this summer's styles, and, in consequence, the silk skirt-lining is of more importance than ever before. Very much of the style and beauty of a gown is given it by the choice of its lining, which supplies the dash of color now needed in everything but mourning dress.

Plain and dark silks are seldom chosen for these linings, but instead charming combinations of color in stripes, *chiné*, and changeable effects, which are really handsome enough for gowns themselves. However, for certain occasions,—afternoon drives at summer resorts, garden-parties, day receptions, etc.,—gowns of grenadine, striped and plain canvas, semi-transparent *crêpes*, goat's-hair, and *étamine*, are smarter than those of fancy silk. The skirts of these gowns are invariably plain, or at most have an insertion of lace between the seams, or a frill of narrow lace down them, through which, of course, the lining glints effectively. The sleeves, and usually the back of the corsage, are like the skirt, but oftener than not the front is of plaited *chiffon* veiled with embroidered lace, or of beautifully embroidered batiste.

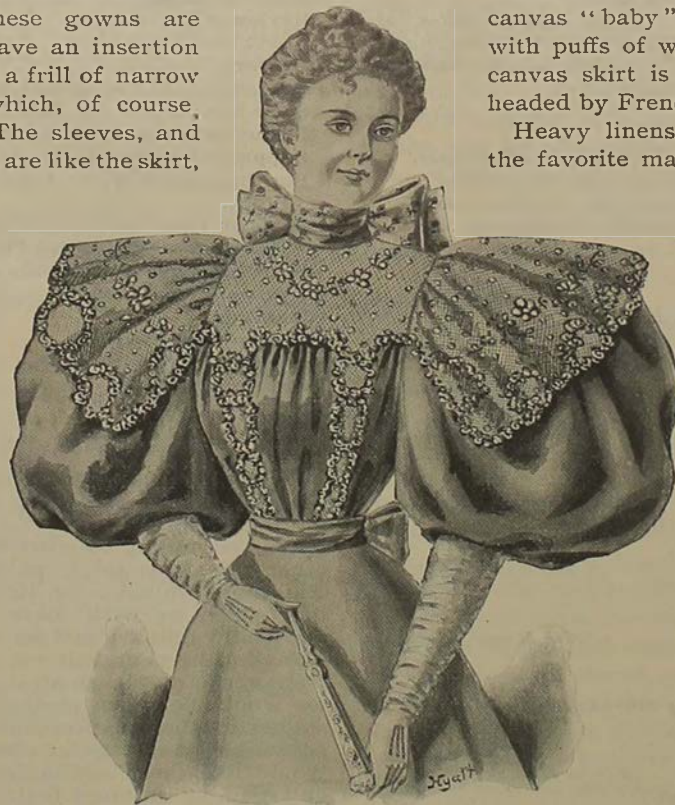
Very many yoke effects are seen, and the irrepresible bolero jacket, cut in many fanciful ways, proclaims its undying popularity by being *en évidence* on more than half of the imported gowns. Sometimes there are only extremely short jacket-fronts shaped out of lace or cut of batiste, or they may be of white or delicate colored satin completely covered with metal and spangle embroidery. If the bolero matches the skirt, it is finished on the edge with narrow passe-

menterie, braiding, or lace appliqué, and the collars and revers are embroidered.

A convenient bolero, which the woman who does not like to wear a shirt-waist without a coat or blazer on the street will hail with delight, is sleeveless and finished around the armholes with plaited epaulets. But this garment, too, is also made for a very smart affair to be worn with rich skirts of brocaded satin. For this purpose smooth-faced cloth of delicate color, mastic, bird's-egg blue, peach color, etc., is chosen; it is finished on the edge with metal embroidery or braiding, the wide revers are faced with white satin and draped with lace, and it is worn over a full waist of plaited *chiffon*; wide flounces of lace fall over the tops of the sleeves.

A charming Empire house-gown is of white canvas worn over a slip of *chiné* taffeta in heliotrope, pink, and green, all these colors blending softly in half-defined blossoms and their leaves, while a fine brocade in white satin lines throws a network over all. The sleeves and a dainty jacket, very short-waisted in the back but cut down in pointed tabs in front, are of the silk, and the low neck of the canvas "baby" waist is filled in to the throat with puffs of white *chiffon*. The foot of the canvas skirt is finished with a five-inch hem headed by French beading.

Heavy linens, Russia crash, and piqués are the favorite materials for midsummer outing-gowns. Following the craze for embroidery on everything, there is a coarse gray linen which has an all-over scroll-pattern worked upon it in chain stitch, with white, brown, blue, or black thread. The embroidered linen is used for the skirt and for a deep square collar on the coat or blazer, which is made of plain linen. The newest piqués have tiny Dresden flowerets embroidered in silk scattered all over them. Sometimes the entire suit is made of the embroidered fabric, but it is better to have the skirt plain and the jacket embroidered. A skirt of pale pink piqué is effective with a little coat of



NOVEL AND BECOMING.
HOPE CORSAGE.

embroidered white piqué; and the same coat can be worn with several skirts.

The blouse fronts and puffed sleeve-tops of organdy and lawn gowns are given a novel effect by insertions of lace run in diamond form all over them. It requires dainty fingers and patience to do the work, but the effect is so pretty and unique that it pays.

The newest shirt-waists are tucked across the fronts the depth of a yoke, and have a corresponding number of tucks running around the tops of the sleeves in a direct line from those in the yoke; and a very novel one has the whole sleeve tucked upside down in half-inch tucks, every tuck falling out slightly, from its own weight. There is a new lining called ribbon-cloth, which has a pretty gloss, and comes in all the delicate colors, and is very suitable for using under organdies and lawns, when taffeta is too expensive.

It is not so much a question of many gowns now that makes the completest wardrobe, but the taste and judgment to have something suitable for every occasion, and the good sense to fit the gown to the occasion. Over-dressing is always a violation of both good form and good taste, and in these days of so great elaboration it requires a very nice discrimination to avoid styles, fabrics, and combinations which are too *prononcé*.

OUR thanks are due Messrs. B. Altman & Co. and Stern Bros. for courtesies received.

NOVEL AND BECOMING.

CANVAS *linon* and black satin are combined in this very effective and smart waist; and very many equally as effective combinations will readily suggest themselves to women of taste and ingenuity. It is a charming design, also, to complete gowns of fancy taffeta and the host of transparent fabrics—grenadines, organdies, batistes, etc.—which are having so great vogue this season. The back is like the front except that there are no pendent straps. A yoke of black grenadine ornamented with Honiton lace braids or with fine appliqués of Venetian point would be very handsome with black-and-white or any light silks or satins. The pattern is the "Hope."

FOR SOCIAL OCCASIONS.

A VERY smart coat of *chiné* taffeta, and a skirt of one of the new *crépéd*, semi-transparent fabrics of silk and wool, are combined in this becoming and dressy costume. The skirt is a new pattern, the "Khiva,"—having seven breadths and measuring five and a half yards at the foot. The changes in skirts are still too slight to mention; for though there is the same variety in cut as during past seasons, the aim of all is about the same,—to fit trimly around the waist, and flare widely at the foot. All inter-lining is confined to a narrow strip around the bottom. The coat is the "Alexandra," and its chief claim to dis-

tingtion is in the becoming jabot front, very full and fluffy neck-dressing and elaborate arrangements on the fronts of corsages being a distinctive feature of the season's modes. The coat is fitted in the back with the usual seams, and flares in *godet* fullness in the skirt, this continuing to be the popular and prevailing style, in spite of repeated prophecies of its waning favor. The broad revers are of black satin, richly embroidered with metal threads and finished on the edge with a frill of doubled white *chiffon*. The *jabot* is made of overlapping frills of *Lierre* lace, or of plaited *chiffon*; if the latter is used, white or ivory is preferred to color. Folds of *chiffon* pass under the velvet collar points, and fasten under a very fluffy bow of lace and *chiffon* in the back. This is a favorite style for the gowns of plain or brocaded black satin which are so generally worn this summer.

SUMMER GOWNS.

(See Page 534.)

THE dressy coat of many fancy fabrics, and of varied weight, from velvet to batiste, divides favor this season with the round waist, though it has by no means superseded it, as was at first predicted. We welcome it, however, as giving a pleasing variety to dress, and making even a single handsome skirt more useful than ever before.

The coat illustrated is the "Magda," made of black-and-white striped velvet, with a full front of white *chiffon* finished across the bottom with embroidery. It is fitted in the back with the usual seams, and is lined throughout with ivory satin. There is a great fancy for these white linings, but the economist is warned to resist their fascination as they are easily defaced. The collar can be of white or colored satin, or of ribbon, as is most becoming. When batiste and other thin fabrics are used for these coats they are usually lined with colored taffeta, and the full front is of any thin and becoming stuff which contrasts effectively with the coat.

A charming model for a gown of batiste, taffeta, India silk, or for any or all of the transparent fabrics so much in vogue is shown on the second figure. Plain batiste over apple-green taffeta makes a fresh and youth-

ful-looking gown, very suitable for a young girl, while, made of handsome dark grenadine, gray or black silk, or many of the fancy taffetas, it will be just as well adapted to her mother. It is a graceful, conservative design that will probably look as well next year as this. The pattern of this corsage is the "Hermia." There is fullness in the back laid in side plaits turning towards the middle, as in front. A dressier effect can be given if desired by covering the openings between the plaits in front with strips of insertion. Tiny metal, pearl, or jeweled buttons are used, according to the fabric,—very small pearl balls being the usual choice on batiste,—and the collar and girdle are of ribbon of any becoming color.



FOR SOCIAL OCCASIONS.
ALEXANDRA COAT. KHIVA SKIRT.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

(See Pages 538 and 539.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS OF 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

pliqués; guimpe of tucked batiste, with shoulder-straps of Dresden ribbon.

6.—Reception-gown of black-and-white *crêpéd* grenadine; front of corsage and cuffs of black *chiffon* with an all-over appliqué of Honiton.

7.—Young girl's evening-gown of white organdy, with lace yoke, and girdle of yellow silk.

8.—Coat of *chiné* taffeta, trimmed with ribbon and lace.

9.—Reception-gown of printed warp black grenadine, lined with green taffeta, and trimmed with a lace-frilled flounce and ruffles.

10.—Tailor-gown of tan-colored cloth, with a narrow braiding design of brown *soutache* on the front seams of the skirt and the edges of the coat.

11.—Gown of cadet blue *étamine*, lined with rose-colored silk;



MAGDA COAT.

SUMMER GOWNS.

(See Page 533.)

HERMIA CORSAGE.

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.—Visiting-gown of taffeta silk; corsage trimmed with black velvet and *beurre* lace.

2.—Reception-gown of sage-green canvas lined with changeable—blue and green—silk; sleeves and back of the bodice of the canvas, front of plaited *chiffon* banded with lace insertion.

3.—Dressy shoulder-cape of embroidered *mousseline de soie* over heliotrope silk.

4.—Gown of forest-green *étamine*, lined with red silk, and worn with a smart coat of embroidered and plain batiste.

5.—Garden-party gown of white canvas, trimmed with lace ap-

girdle of black satin ribbon; collar and epaulets of Venetian point.

12.—Garden-party gown of plain and embroidered batiste lined with heliotrope satine.

13.—Bridesmaid's gown of white silk, *chiffon*, and blue velvet.

14.—Bridesmaid's gown of organdy over lemon-colored taffeta, trimmed with *Lidre* insertion; *chiffon* parasol lined with lemon silk; yellow Leghorn hat trimmed with white tulle, yellow buttercups, and black velvet.

15.—Gown of heliotrope flowered *plumétis* trimmed with purple satin ribbon.

16.—A simple organdy gown, the fullness of the skirt held in fine tucks at the waist for a depth of four inches.

17.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta—white with violet flowers



SOME BECOMING HATS.
(For Descriptions, See Page 536.)

—and accordion-plaited *mousseline de soie*. *Chiffon* parasol trimmed with garlands of violets.

18.—Brown satin waist with full front, cuffs, and collar of lace-trimmed white satin.

19.—Stock-collar of white India lawn, finished on the edge with frills of Valenciennes lace; the ends cross in the back and are brought forward to tie under the chin.

20.—Reefer of navy-blue cheviot with collar of white cloth trimmed with gold braid.

21.—*Chiné*-flowered black grenadine gown made over apple-green taffeta; flounces of plaited *chiffon* fall over the tops of the sleeves, and the front of the bodice is of black-and-white lace over white plaited *chiffon*.

22.—Gold shamrock brooch set with pearls and emeralds.

23.—Jacket of black-and-white striped silk, with revers of embroidered grass-cloth over white satin; black satin girdle, and *jabot* of white *chiffon*.

24.—Simple house-gown of pale blue albatross cloth; collar of embroidered batiste, and belt of white ribbon.

of a darker shade. A ruche of black gauze ribbon finishes the under side of the brim.

No. 4.—Purple chip hat, with crown of lavender *chiné* ribbon, trimmed with black plumes; a mass of violets and their leaves fills in the upturned brim in the back.

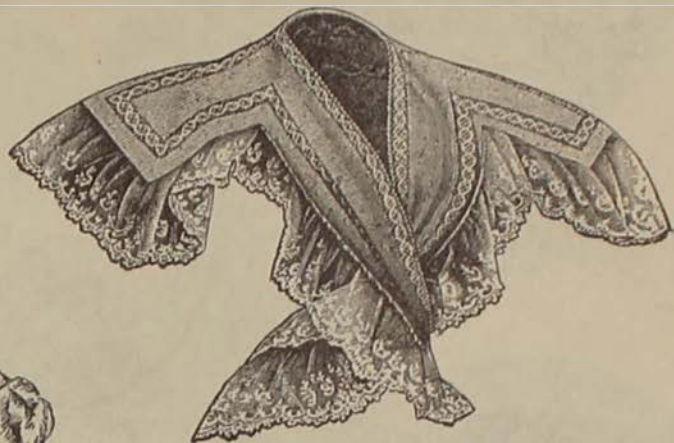
No. 5.—Black Neapolitan hat trimmed with white lace, black plumes, and pink roses; a wreath of pink roses frames the face beneath the crown.

No. 6.—Hat of fancy white chip, trimmed with plaitings of satin-bound white *chiffon* and sprays of white lilacs.

No. 7.—Hat of purple chip, trimmed with a ruche of changeable—pink and lavender—silk with frayed edges,



1. BLOUSE-FRONT.



2. BATISTE FICHU.

25.—Organdy gown trimmed with lace insertion, through which the colored taffeta lining shows.

26.—Reception-gown of black-and-white striped taffeta with purple violets sprinkled over the white stripes; butterfly bows on the corsage, and collar and cuffs of violet velvet.

27.—Reception-gown of *chiné* taffeta; the scalloped revers are bound with black satin, and the full front is of lace-embroidered white *chiffon*.

28.—Evening-waist of *chiné*-flowered white tulle over rose-colored silk; sash and girdle of black satin ribbon, and ruches of Chantilly lace over the shoulders.

29.—Gown of black grenadine lined with heliotrope silk; bands of lace insertion border the front breadth; sash and collar-bow of heliotrope and white plaided ribbon.

30.—Fancy waist of plain and embroidered batiste.

31.—Bicycle-gown of tan colored covert cloth.



4. LOUIS SEIZE JABOT.

32.—Evening-gown of dotted Swiss muslin over pale green taffeta, with ribbons of the same color.

33.—Batiste waist trimmed with Venetian point insertion and plaited frills of *chiffon* the color of the batiste.

34.—Tailor-gown of blue camel's-hair serge, with collar, and tabs around the waist, of white satin finished on the edge with a double frill of black *chiffon*.

35.—Golf-gown of black and brown mixed cheviot; coat of tan-colored kersey with collar and cuffs of brown velvet.



3. BRETTELLE TRIMMING.

and a large bow of green ribbon with a bunch of violets in the back.

No. 8.—Brown rush-straw hat, trimmed with corn-flowers and a bow of black velvet ribbon.

No. 9.—Small toque of black chip, with crown of brocaded silk in blue, gold, and dull red; a cluster of blue corn-flowers is on the right side, balanced with bows of the

silk and yellow carnations on the left.



5. BLOUSE-FRONT.

MILADY'S PETTI-COATS.

DAINTINESS is a pre-eminent characteristic of the *fin de siècle* woman; from the crown of her well-poised head to the tips of her tiny feet every detail of her artistic toilet receives the most careful attention. Her petticoats, especially for dressy wear, are too pretty to be hidden, and no material or trimming is considered too costly to use for them. For ordinary wear silks of all colors and qualities are employed, the simpler ones trimmed with ruffles of the same goods or of ribbon. Always there is a *balayouse* of silk or lace-trimmed muslin. The illustrations show some attractive styles which can easily be modified:

No. 1.—Old-rose satin petticoat, trimmed with a festooned ruffle of black satin surmounted by two narrow ruches of black gauze ribbon.

SOME BECOMING HATS.

(See Page 535.)

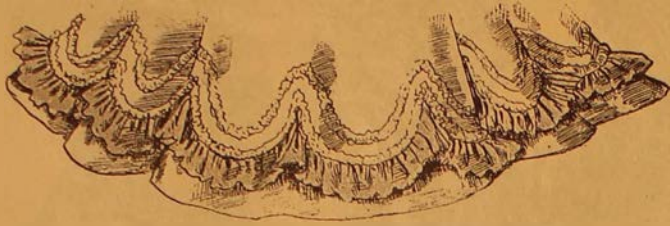
No. 1.—Sailor hat of burnt straw, trimmed with Maréchal Neil roses, black plumes, and black-edged white ribbon.

No. 2.—Green-and-brown rush-straw hat, swathed in green tulle over white, with ruches of the white tulle around the crown, and a bunch of tossing grasses on top made of iridescent feathers.

No. 3.—Hat of pale green chip trimmed with snowballs, black wings, and wide lavender ribbon swathed in tulle

No. 2.—Petticoat of pink taffeta, trimmed with very full ruches of pink gauze ribbon and bows of black satin ribbon.

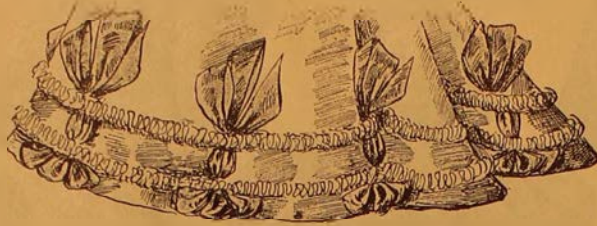
No. 3.—Skirt of pale blue taffeta, trimmed with a broad insertion of cream-colored guipure edged with a full plaiting of black *mousseline de soie*, and covered at



No. 1. OLD-ROSE SATIN PETTICOAT.

intervals by bands of black velvet ribbon finished on the ends with rosettes.

No. 4.—Petticoat of *chiné* silk, a dark lavender ground with pink blossoms strewn over it, trimmed with wide black gauze ribbon edged with narrow Valenciennes lace,



No. 2. RIBBON TRIMMING.

which is plaited at intervals in



mediate spaces caught in with rosettes of pink velvet ribbon.

FICHUS AND COLLARS.

THE tendency of the fashions is to introduce fichu effects into many corsage trimmings, and the variety of these and the number of materials combined in one collar, blouse-front, or fichu, is little short of marvelous.

No. 1.—Blouse-front of embroidered white satin with flowered taffeta or plain satin of a becoming color. To be worn with a coat or jacket, or over any full, untrimmed corsage.

No. 2.—Fichu of batiste, with embroidered insertion and ruffle of *beurre* lace on the edge.

No. 3.—Bretelle-trimming of ribbon to be arranged on fancy waists of organdy, mull, or silk. For organdy gowns the ribbons are carried over the shoulders and fastened at the waist in the back under a fluffy bow, whence long sash-ends depend upon the skirt.

No. 4.—Louis Seize jabot of rich *beurre* lace.

No. 5.—Blouse front of black *chiffon*, trimmed with cross rows of lace-frilled batiste insertion; stock-collar of rose-colored *chiffon*.

THREE MODISH SLEEVES.

THE extreme fancy of the summer in sleeves is to fit them quite snugly over the lower arm and elbow, sometimes with fullness drawn around the arm, but as often plain, and to arrange a more or less intricate drapery over the top of the sleeve. We give some suggestive illustrations which can be easily copied, and which furnish ideas for remodeling sleeves made last year or early this season.

No. 1.—A handsome design for a combination of materials; in the original the close part is of *chiné*-flowered grenadine lined with green silk, and the drapery, also of green silk, is the usual deep puff, which, instead of being gathered to the sleeve above the elbow, is drawn up to the shoulder by several rows of shirring on the top of the arm, and under the arm is sewed nearly or quite to the armhole.

No. 2.—Suitable for silk, canvas, or any transparent fabric. The fitted lining to any full or puffed sleeve can be used as a pattern for the plain sleeve, which fits rather closely over the whole arm. A wide flounce of embroidery, lace, or plaited *chiffon* surrounds the armhole, meeting on the shoulder, and on the front of the sleeve the flounce is draped to it with a rosette of ribbon.

No. 3.—For silk, *crépon*, fancy wool, or transparent fabrics; any large *gigot* sleeve pattern will answer



No. 3. PALE BLUE TAFFETA PETTICOAT.

double fans, for this, and the inter-cutting it



No. 4. TRIMMED WITH GAUZE RIBBON.



No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.

down over the wrist in square turrets, and the fullness is drawn up to the top and held by a band of passementerie, lace, or ribbons, the trimming extending as a shoulder-strap to the neck, where it is confined by a rosette.

THE loveliest fancy silks, *chiné* and changeable, line the favorite transparent fabrics.

HELIOTROPE in every shade from deep purple to palest lavender, is more worn than ever before.

SMART OUTING SUITS, consisting of plain, untrimmed skirt and blazer or coat, are made of Russian crash. They endure as hard service as serge, but are heavy.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 534.)

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 534.)

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

FOR ORGANDY AND MULL.

THIS is a charmingly simple and becoming waist, which can be used to complete gowns of any light summer fabrics, or for a separate waist of batiste or silk. Effective combinations are: dotted Swiss muslin with yoke and deep cuffs of lace or embroidery; plain or striped batiste with all-over embroidered batiste, which is also effective for the yokes and lower parts of the sleeves of silk and challie waists. With organdies and delicate lawns, a yoke and cuffs of silk or lawn, the tint of the most pronounced figures, overlaid with lace, is charming. The model waist is of dotted Swiss muslin made over pale green taffeta, with yoke and lower sleeves of lace-like embroidery. The back is like the front, and a fitted lining holds the fullness in place. The belt may be of ribbon or jeweled passementerie, and the rosette under which it fastens is of ribbon like the collar bows. The pattern is the "Bernice," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.



FOR ORGANDY AND MULL.
BERNICE WAIST.

A SAILOR FROCK.

THIS is a simple and attractive model for everyday frocks of serge and flannel, as well as the heavier washable fabrics,—teviot suitings, galateas, and cotton chevots. As far as the child's comfort and pleasure go these

are really the most important gowns in her wardrobe, of which there should be an abundant supply, and so simply fashioned that they will cause the laundress no



A SAILOR FROCK.
THE "FAUVETTE."

trouble. For inland country wear the cotton fabrics and heavy Russian linen are the best choice; but for the seashore and mountains, light-weight serge or flannel gives better service and is more comfortable for general use, though there are always some days when washable gowns will be needed.

A fitted lining holds the slight fullness of the waist in place, but it can be omitted when desired. The gored skirt should be sewed to the waist with the fullness in the back held in gathers. The

little to its warmth. The deep collar is a square sailor in the back, and it is finished on the edge with a plaiting of plain blue Chambéry, matching the chemisette. The pattern is the "Lissette," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

FULL RUCHES of tulle, gauze, or chiffon, framing the face above high collars of soft folds, or high flaring collars cut in points or turrets and lined to keep them in shape, having full frills of lace filling in the openings, are vastly becoming features of the season's gowns.

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



A SIMPLE GINGHAM FROCK.
LISSETTE WAIST. FULL SKIRT.

under revers should be of the gown stuff finished like the hem, with rows of stitching. The chemisette and outer revers can be of white or light blue serge, mohair, or batiste or colored Chambéry. The wool fabrics are trimmed with braid, and the cotton and batiste with insertions. The pattern—the "Fauvette"—is in sizes for ten and twelve years of age.

A SIMPLE GINGHAM FROCK.

BLUE-AND-WHITE plaided gingham is the fabric of this neat little frock, which is an attractive model for all washable materials. The skirt is made of straight breadths, and should measure from

three to four yards around, according to the size of the child; a five-inch hem finishes it around the bottom, but for plain fabrics a narrower hem headed by several tucks is also liked. The fitted lining of the waist may be omitted if preferred, or it may be cut low in the neck, and finished with a narrow edging; but the lining is generally preferred, as it keeps the gown in shape and adds

SUMMER HATS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

No. 1.—Shade-hat of coarse brown straw, trimmed with pale blue ribbon and lilies of the valley.

No. 2.—Hat of yellow and brown plaided chip, trimmed with a twist of white ribbon round the crown, fastening under a bow of long, careless loops.

No. 3.—Granny bonnet of shirred lawn, trimmed with Irish lace; loops of lawn upon the top, and white ribbon strings.

No. 4.—Rush-straw hat plaided in green and white, trimmed with dark green satin ribbon and white feathers. Brim lined with white tulle.

lawn, with straps of batiste ornamented with rows of feather-stitching, and the yoke is finished correspondingly. An insertion of lace or embroidered batiste can be substituted for the bands. The model is commended for challies, India silk and all pretty summer fabrics, as well as fancy wools. The pattern is the "Eleva," in sizes for eight and ten years.



AN AFTERNOON FROCK.
THE "Eleva."

AN EMBROIDERED CHAMBÉRY FROCK.

This cunning little frock has a straight skirt of pale blue embroidered Chambéry, the embroidered selvedge forming the bottom of the skirt. A fitted lining is given with the pattern of the waist, but it is often



SUMMER HATS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

No. 5.—A Daisy hat, with crown of yellow fancy straw and brim formed of wide plaited frills of white lawn. A green ribbon is twisted around the crown, and knotted on top with a spray of wild flowers.

AN AFTERNOON FROCK.

The transparent fabrics so liked by their mammas have been diverted to the small girls' use as well. The charming little frock illustrated is of sheer grass-cloth lined with pink lawn, the color of the lawn glinting through just enough to brighten it. The skirt is gored in the front and on the sides, and the lining and outside may be sewn together or made separately, as preferred. If separate, both skirts are finished with a five-inch hem or a facing. In the back of the waist the batiste is full over a lining of the pink lawn, but there is a full front of the

omitted when making washable fabrics. The deep shoulder-collar is of white lawn trimmed with a ruffle and insertion of embroidery. It is a suitable pattern for cashmere, challie, and India silk, the skirts of which should be finished with a wide feather-stitched hem, or with a hem and tucks. The pattern is the "Bonetta," in sizes for four and six years.



EMBROIDERED CHAMBÉRY FROCK.
THE "BONETTA."

BABY'S SUMMER COAT.

Light blue piqué trimmed with lace-patterned Hamburg embroidery is the material used for this dainty little coat. The full, straight skirt is finished with a

deep hem and sewn in gathers to the short, plain waist which extends only an inch or two below the arm-holes. The cape and collar are finished on the edge with a full ruffle of wide embroidery. A little cuff of narrow embroidery turns down over the wristbands. All delicate colors of piqué as well as white are used for these simple coats, which are worn by boy as well as girl babies, and the pattern—the "Pearl"—is commended also for light-weight woolsens, and silks. The pattern is in two sizes, for

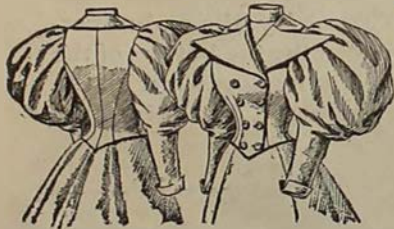


BABY'S SUMMER COAT.
THE "PEARL."

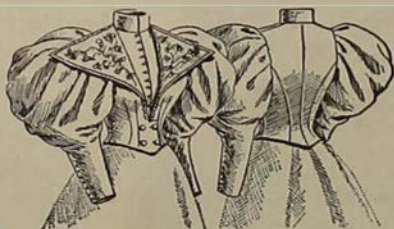
from six to twelve months of age, and for two-year-olds.

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.



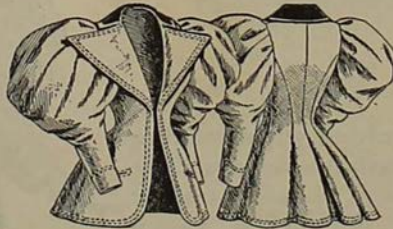
PEMBROKE BASQUE.



INDIMORA WAIST.



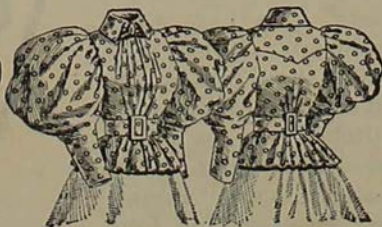
OLIPHANT HOUSE-GOWN.



JARVIS COAT.



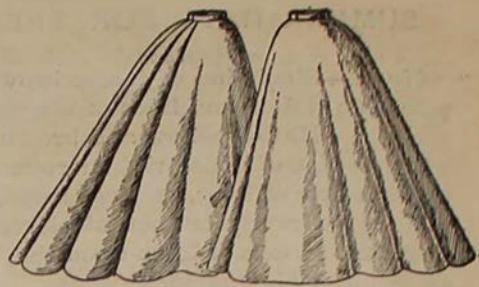
FANTON WAIST.



GLOVENA SHIRT-WAIST.



MANHATTAN BATHING-SUIT.



SPENCER SKIRT.



HAROLDINE GOWN.



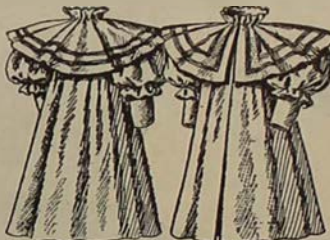
"MAN-O'-WAR" SUIT.



ALRUNA FROCK.



KENOVA DRESS.



ELSIDORE COAT.



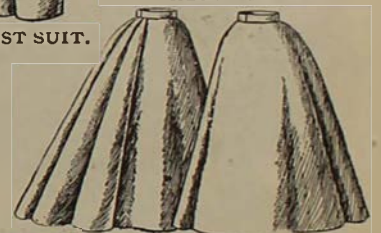
ERNEST SUIT.



ALBIA DRESS.



ARNON FROCK.



TRYME SKIRT.



VALTELLA WAIST.

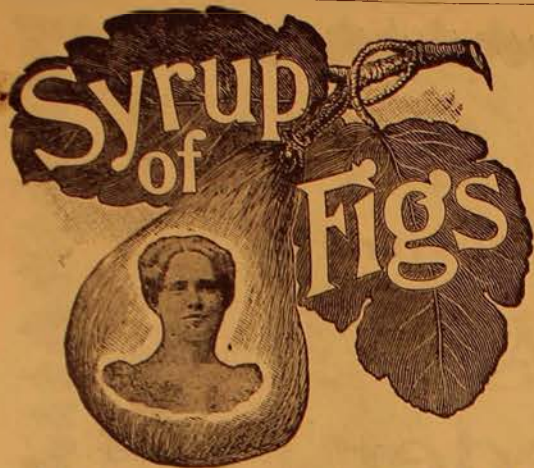


CLARA SUN-BONNET.



ELVERY WAIST.

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.



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

Agreeable

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

Syrup of Figs

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

Mild and Sure

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

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For Sale by all Druggists.

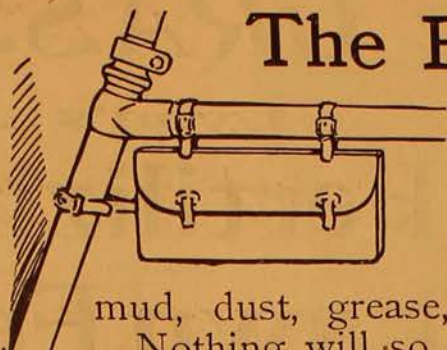
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

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.

"E. L. P."—Read Froude's "Cæsar," and consult any cyclopædia or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" for the answers to your questions. We have not space in these columns to give the history of the introduction of Christianity.—At the time of Cæsar's invasion of Gaul the coarsest

(Continued on Page 544.)



The Best Tool-bag

is the one that carries a little can or bottle of Pearline.

Then you're ready for anything in the shape of

mud, dust, grease, or dirt.

Nothing will so quickly and thoroughly take away all wheeling-grime and stains, from hands or clothes or anywhere.

There's no weight or bulk to speak of.

How many times you have needed Pearline when far from home!

Unequaled as a lubricant for Bicycle chains.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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

Take a Combination Case of the **LARKIN SOAPS**

and a "Chautauqua" **Reclining Easy Chair or Desk**

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

CASE CONTAINS . . .

- 100 Bars Sweet Home Soap.
- 9 Packages Boraxine.
- Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
- 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
- 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.

If changes in contents desired, write.

The Soaps at retail would cost \$10.00
 Either Premium is worth . \$10.00
 Both if at retail . . . \$20.00

From factory to family, Both \$10.

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT \$10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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

NOTE.—The combination offer of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., although unusually generous, is genuine. From personal inspection of factory and experience with their soaps and premiums we know that they are all that is claimed for them and can heartily recommend them.—The Christian Work, New York.

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



CEYLON AND INDIA.

PURE TEA.

Alleged Difficulty in Obtaining It.

The New York Importers of China and Japan Teas recently petitioned Congress to impose a duty on tea, that the Standard might be RAISED, by shutting out "cheap" and artificially "colored trash." They urged the difficulty of obtaining pure and good teas—(from them a significant admission.)

But these gentlemen know that, setting aside their vested interests in China and Japan, they can procure teas, **PURE, WHOLESOME AND UNCOLORED**, from Ceylon and India.

TEA DRINKERS should take note that **THESE** teas are the most economical, **BECAUSE**, only half the quantity is required. Avoid cheap "trash."

Insist that **YOUR** grocer keep them. All other good grocers do.

Consumption in America of these **MACHINE TWISTED** teas was in 1893—4¼ million lbs.; 1894—5½ million lbs.; 1895—9¼ million lbs. Americans are evidently discriminating.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

YOU CAN ALMOST

SEE THE GRASS GROW

WHEN USING.....



see that lump?

THE W. W. SPRAGUE CO.,

Lyon's Automatic Fertilizing Lawn Feeder.

(ODORLESS)

It is a neat, light, little device, attached between the end of the hose and the nozzle, which automatically dissolves a stick of Lyon's Concentrated Lawn Food, diffusing it through as much water as

will pass through an ordinary garden hose in 40 minutes. It is clean, odorless, non-poisonous, and will give perceptible results after one week's use on your lawn. It produces a dark-green foliage and a healthy growth.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. Complete outfit, consisting of one holder and twelve sticks of the food, by mail postpaid, \$1.00.

DEPT. C, UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Cheerfully Refunded.

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There are reasons why

Remington Bicycles

give universal satisfaction.

Full Particulars in Catalogue.—Mailed Free.

REMINGTON ARMS CO.,

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BRANCHES:

New York, 59th St. and Grand Circle.

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Boston, 162 Columbus Ave.

San Francisco, 418-420 Market St.

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

(Continued from Page 543.)

polytheism prevailed, and human victims were sacrificed to the gods.

"X."—Cheiro's "Language of the Hand" is a popular book upon palmistry price \$2.50. Write to Demorest's Purchasing Bureau for it. The publishers about whom you inquire are still in business in New York.—If a lady expects to arrive alone at a strange hotel in the evening she would better telegraph and engage a room in advance. There is always a ladies' entrance, with a reception-room adjoining it, to which an attendant will conduct her. She should give him her card to take to the office, telling him she wishes a room. A room clerk will wait upon her then and assign a room.

"MABEL GLYNN."—There is the utmost freedom in the choice of stock-collars and belts; they match only when that is the preference, and black and fancy belts of spangled galloon are worn with stock-collars of ribbon, velvet, chiffon, lace, etc.—Yours is the first request of the kind we have had in three years; as we have not a regular pattern business, we give only those patterns for which there is the greatest demand.

"D. E. F."—If you have your file of DEMOREST'S for 1895 you will find the correct pronunciation of bicycle in "Common Errors in Speech," in the May number. The accent is on the first syllable, and y has the sound of short i: bī sīk-l.

"A. H."—You will find the mention of the horse-leech's (spelled leach in the Bible) daughters who cry "Give, give," in Proverbs xxx., 15.

"UNSOPHISTICATED."—The gentleman (?) must have been "straining at a gnat and swallowing a grist-mill." Don't feel chagrined that you did not understand his original forms of etiquette. We never heard of a similar circumstance; but the man probably wanted to ask, and if he had known anything of good form, would have asked, if he might have the pleasure of renewing the lady's acquaintance when he returned to town.

"S. H."—The title of Julian Hawthorne's novel which won the Herald's \$10,000 prize is "A Fool of Nature."—The pronunciation of "Les Miserables"

(Continued on Page 545.)

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

FASHIONS CHANGE

BUT A PURE SKIN IS NEVER OUT OF DATE

MILK WEED CREAM

IS THE NATURAL SKIN FOOD
IT REMOVES BLACKHEADS,
FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES AND
WRINKLES.

IS FRAGRANT AND SOOTHING
A LUXURY THAT COSTS 50 CTS
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PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION

BY MAIL OR AT DRUGGISTS WRITE FOR SAMPLE
FREDERICK F. INGRAM & CO
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Do You Ride a Wheel?

If you do you need our
Boston Cycle Cleaner.

Once used, always used. Superior to all others. As a Polisher of Ladies' Tan Shoes it has no equal.

Sample by mail, 25 cents; 8 for 60 cents. Agents wanted.

NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY MFG. CO.,
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BICYCLE.

THE 'New Haven' BEST \$100 Cycle on Earth.

The U. S. Government and good judges buy of us.

Lists of each sent free.

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

Rolling Chair.

A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.

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Karezza ETHICS OF MARRIAGE.

By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Is a supplement to TOKOLOGY, containing valuable instruction for the married. Circulars free. Prepaid \$1.00.

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

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BUY ONLY SHEARS BEARING THE NAME

Clauss

They are hand forged, water-hardened and tempered with natural gas. Don't pinch your fingers, cut a clean edge. Sold by 20,000 hardware dealers.

Booklet: "How to Take Care of Scissors." Free. Sample pair 50 cents.

Clauss Shear Co., Fremont, O.

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Ladies' "Ball-Bearing" Knee Boot
"Fits and Feels Like a Glove."

The most graceful bicycle shoe. Allows free action without strain.
 Pratt Fasteners hold laces.
 This Trade-Mark is on every heel. Look for it.



Sold by all Leading Dealers.
 C. H. Fargo & Co.
 -Makers-
 Chicago

BOOKLET FREE

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(Continued from Page 544.)

should be heard to be acquired accurately; an accurate English key is not only difficult, but, for the last syllables, impossible. The following is the nearest approach to it: Lay (exactly like the verb to lay), mee-zair (one syllable) āblu. The last two syllables are as nearly one as they can be sounded, simply the liquid sound of *lu* (in lullaby) being heard after the *b* and closely connected with it. Paderewski is pronounced Pād-er-eff-skey.

"MRS. A. S. D."—Negroes are enlisted in the United States Army.—A full toilet-set includes, besides the pieces you enumerated, a waste-water jar, brush-holder, mug, and small pitcher for drinking-water.—The lines you quote are not familiar, and we cannot find them.

"MRS. C. D."—A smooth flour-paste with a little alum stirred into it is the best adhesive to use in mounting the pictures in the Demorest Portrait Albums.—"The Woman's Book," published by Scribner, will give you much valuable information upon house furnishing and decorating, and other kindred topics. You will find it briefly reviewed in "Our Book Shelves," in Demorest's for February, 1895. "Model Houses for Model Housekeepers," by E. C. Gardner, is also good. We can furnish both books through our Purchasing Bureau.

"A. M. H."—The word "misfit" has crept into use as an adjective during the last decade. It might be called newspaper English, being confined generally to advertisements, as of "misfit carpets" and "misfit clothing."

"R. L."—Miss Ellen Beach Yaw is a young American singer who possesses a fine soprano voice of remarkable range. She returned to New York last winter after several years of foreign study, and surprised the musical world by singing clearly E above E in Alt, which is almost an octave higher than Patti's highest tone.

"X. Y. Z."—People who are punctilious concerning a strict observance of mourning use black-bordered stationery, and any stationer can supply it with the proper border graded according to degrees of relationship. Wide borders are considered

(Continued on Page 546.)

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
 Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Sterling Bicycle




"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"

STERLING CYCLE WORKS.
 CHICAGO.
 NEW YORK - DENVER - SAN FRANCISCO

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

CHRISTY ANATOMICAL SADDLE



ONLY SADDLE BUILT ON ANATOMICAL PRINCIPLES
 ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR LADIES

Has pads to receive the pelvis bones, prevents stiffness, soreness, chafing, and protects the sensitive parts.

Price, \$5.00

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
 NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

CATALOGUE FREE

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

RHEUMATISM

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

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



CORPUS LEAN
 Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials.
 L. E. Marsh Co.,
 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
 Simply stopping the fat-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once.
 Sold by all Druggists.



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(Continued from Page 545.)

ostentatious and bad form; many people prefer plain white stationery, and, like crape, its use is a matter of taste. Those who ever wear crape would wear it for a mother; but it is very commonly omitted.

"MRS. J. N. K."—We do not answer inquiries by letter. If you wish to set certain poems to music you should obtain the consent of the writer, if living, and of the publishers, if they have been copyrighted. If the author is dead and the copyright has expired, the name of the author is all that is required.

"VALENTINE."—On page 746 of the October, 1895, number of Demorest's you will find a short article in "Gleanings" discussing a boarding-school girl's needs.—A four-roomed cottage could be furnished very nicely for five hundred dollars, and neatly and tastefully for from three to four hundred. The sum you name could be most advantageously divided about as follows: The living-room, \$130; dining-room, \$115; bed-room, \$70; kitchen, \$25; veranda, \$20; household linen, \$40. This allows in the living room a comfortable couch, one upholstered arm-chair, and a deep willow one with cushion in the seat, a willow rocker, and two fancy chairs, neat table, writing-desk, open book-case with India silk curtain, a large rug, portières, curtains, and a few simple etchings, prettily framed, for the walls. The usual dining-room furniture is considered in that estimate, including buffet and a cabinet for china, and allowing a neat dinner-set of one hundred and thirty pieces of German china, rug, pictures, and draperies, and an allowance of \$15 for cutlery and spoons and forks of Rogers' best plated ware. If you will send your address to Demorest's Purchasing Bureau, dealers' estimates will be sent to you. The Purchasing Bureau can also send you the books you ask about; a better choice, however, would be some of Mrs. Whitney's stories for girls, or the newer books by Maria Louise Pool, Mary Wilkins, Anthony Hope, Gilbert Parker, and Ian Maclaren.

The Waverley Bicycle

has been before the public long enough to establish its own success. It has been in extensive use for several years, and has demonstrated unequalled wearing qualities. Its constant and rapidly growing popularity speaks loudly in its favor. Its present proud position could not have been attained had it not maintained a standard of the highest quality ❀ ❀ ❀

Waverley riders know that it is the peer of any bicycle built and it is sold at ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

\$85 A FAIR PRICE \$85
INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Eastern Wholesale Branch, 339 B'way, N. Y.
Catalogue free by mail

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

Agents Wanted everywhere (Lady & Gents). Salary and Commission. Only part of time required. Investor, Room 30-31, 17 Broadway, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"All is not
Columbia
that Glitters."

Your pleasure and safety depend on knowing what is under enamel and nickel before you buy a bicycle. ❀ ❀ ❀



No question about Columbias. If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle why buy any but a Columbia?

See the Catalogue. Free if you call on the agent. By mail for two 2-cent stamps

POPE
MFG. CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Houses and Agencies are almost everywhere. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

All Columbia Bicycles are fitted with
HARTFORD SINGLE-TUBE TIRES
UNLESS DUNLOP TIRES ARE ASKED FOR.
WE KNOW NO TIRES SO GOOD AS HARTFORDS.

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

WALL-PAPER

Samples mailed free. Prices from 2½c. to \$3½ a roll, 8 yds. **KAYSER & ALLMAN,** 932-34 Market St., 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

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



CYNICAL.

MISS SENTIMENT—"Were you ever disappointed in love?"

ELIGIBLE WIDOWER—"Two and a half times."

MISS SENTIMENT—"Two and a half times!"

ELIGIBLE WIDOWER—"Yes; twice married and once relected."



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

GLEANINGS.

ARTISTIC PERSONALITIES.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones is an indefatigable worker, and it is said that not a day in his life passes that he does not make a small picture in pencil as a study. Some of his drawings done in silver-point are exquisite from the delicacy and accuracy of touch which characterizes them. He never hurries in his painting, and he broods long and lovingly over his compositions, which mark a growth and development of thought. The only picture he ever tired of was "The Golden Stairs,"—well-known in this country through the black-and-white reproductions,—which he had to finish in time for an exhibition; and of this he said, "I am so tired of those girls!"

Laurenz Alma-Tadema has one of the kindest hearts in the world, and enjoys giving people beautiful surprises. One day at an exhibition he overheard some overbearing young girls, who were dragging their poor young governess away from one of his pictures, say: "What's the use of looking at it? You know you couldn't buy it." All unrecognized the artist stopped the trio and begged to know the name and address of the governess, which she in much confusion gave. Shortly thereafter she received from Alma-Tadema one of his dainty little pictures, beautifully framed, with a kind note begging its acceptance.

A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT WORK.

In Philadelphia the St. Mary College Settlement has taken upon itself the very important work of providing penny lunches for school children.

The college women resident in the home learned that the school children of their neighborhood, one of the most squalid and poor in Philadelphia, were given a penny each to buy their luncheon, and that oftener than not the penny was spent for candy or

(Continued on Page 548.)

Keep your lawns green by using The W. W. Sprague Co. Lawn Feeder. It is a simple device, but worth trying. The feeder and a dozen sticks of fertilizer put up in a neat box cost \$1.00 at any hardware store, and when it is considered how long it takes to get a lawn well started, and how short is the season, it is certainly worth a dollar to keep the grass healthy and green. See advertisement on another page.

One of the simplest devices for the relief of the overworked housewife that has ever been invented, which, by its absolute simplicity, stands out in strong relief from the complicated machines that housekeepers are being urged to buy for various purposes, is "Witchkloth."
It is a plain cloth to all appearances, but if slightly dampened, it cleans the many bright metals of the household—the silver, brass and nickel—as perfectly as the most effective of the dirty pastes, powders and liquids in common use. The polishing is accomplished with the dry end of the same rag, giving a brilliancy never attained by the expensive and heretofore necessary chamolis.



"What have we to Match the Flowers?"

"A Pretty Girl with Pearly Teeth and Fragrant Breath."

RUBIFOAM

The Perfect Liquid Dentifrice, cleanses the teeth without the aid of gritty powder. Particularly agreeable as a mouth wash during hot weather. Cooling, refreshing, and most deliciously flavored. Rubifoam is harmless as pure water, fragrant as the sweetest flowers.

25 cents. At all druggists.

Send us your address, and we will mail free a sample vial and beautiful booklet on "Care of the Teeth." Address
E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration. "Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has cured and been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

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

Pasadena, Cal., April, 1895.
For the past two years and more I suffered with Articular Rheumatism in my arms, muscles and shoulder joints, and treated with a number of physicians and tried about every remedy suggested, but with only temporary relief. I concluded to give the Oxydonor "Victory" a trial, although I had not the least particle of faith in its efficacy, but to my surprise after a few applications my pains left me, my muscles began to relax, and joints to loosen, in fact my whole organic structure began to take on new life and strength, and now, in less than ninety days' treatment, without a drop of medicine, I feel like a new man. I regard the Oxydonor "Victory" as the greatest invention of man, and would advise all afflicted ones to try it.

W. H. RAYMOND, N. Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Cal.
Large book of information, and latest price-list mailed free.
Dr. H. SANCHE, Discover and Inventor, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City.
61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

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



The Glasgow Lace Thread Co., Glasgo, Conn., offers \$1,000 in premiums for the best work done with Glasgo Twilled Lace Thread. The prizes are divided into 4 classes, giving every one an opportunity.

\$1,000 CASH PREMIUMS

Extra prizes will also be given to those using the greatest amount of Glasgo Lace Thread. Particulars of competition in detail with sample of thread sent free. Sample spool of 500 yards 10c.
THE GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Box 5, Glasgo, Conn.

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

DURKEE'S

Salad Dressing

Challenge Sauce

Celery Salt

E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
Condiments of Every Description.



Guaranteed Pure.

Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. **Gold Medals and Diplomas** awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for **Superiority to all others.** These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.

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GRAY HAIR RESTORED

to its natural color by **LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT**, no dye, harmless, pleasant odor; 75c. prepaid. **LEE'S HAIR TONIC** removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth. 75c. prepaid. **LEE MEDICANT CO** 108 Fulton st., N.Y. **FREE** Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application

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



Cake

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.

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

Easily removed without breaking. **Perfection Tins** require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35 cents. Catalogue Free.



Your Dinner
can be cooked all at one time on one burner of any kind of stove, if you use the **Peerless Steam Cooker**. Prevents steam and odors. *Whistle blows when cooker needs more water.* Catalogue free. The agents' bonanza. Agents wanted. **PEERLESS COOKER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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

(Continued from Page 547.)

for some glittering bauble of a plaything; and, worse than this, many of the children went breakfastless to school in the morning. Quick to seize every chance to improve the condition of those around them, these women made experiments and found they could supply a generous sandwich of two slices of good home-made bread spread with apple jam for a cent. Then they tried gingerbread,—which was very popular,—and afterward, currant cake, buns, and rusks. For four months all this work was done in the kitchen of the College Settlement, with such success that the ladies decided to rent some rooms near by for a public kitchen and expand the work. They added milk, giving a half-pint for one cent, and meat sandwiches, buying the cheap cuts of meat and preparing them by slow cooking in the Aladdin oven. They are much encouraged by the popularity of their luncheons, for the poor are so distrustful of all philanthropic efforts for their improvement which take the form of object-lessons, that it is really a great triumph to win them to adopt civilized habits of food and feeding.

THE FIRST "WOMAN'S EDITION."

So numerous, and so popular and successful as a means of raising money for philanthropic purposes, have the "Woman's Editions" of newspapers become, that the first undertaking of the sort is now interesting matter for historical chronicle.

The story goes that it was brought about in this way: The Ladies' Aid Society of the

(Continued on Page 549.)

BETTER THAN MATTING.

BRUSSELINE (trade mark.) Our celebrated yard-wide, reversible carpet in 80 cents a yard. Brussels designs and colorings.

Send 10 cents for samples and circulars.

LACE CURTAINS, 3 yards long by 80 inches wide, 90 cents a pair post-paid.

W. J. ELDRIDGE, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

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

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



Marshall's Catarrh Snuff

has never been equaled for the instant relief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Headache. Cures Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty years on the market. All Druggists sell it. 25c. per bottle. F. C. KEITH, Mfr., Cleveland, O.

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TO READERS OF DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

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

"MEMORIAL WAR BOOK"

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

TWO THOUSAND MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

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

AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,

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



Forming the most Sumptuous Work on the War ever issued.

The text has been written especially for the work by

MAJOR GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,

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

PEN AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

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

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

For particulars, address, BOOK DEPARTMENT, DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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The Waldorf—

is the ideal pattern for the best family use. The design is artistic. The quality is assured by

STERLING SILVER INLAID

in the back of the bowl and handle on spoons and forks

Guaranteed 25 Years.



Patented.

Made only by

Holmes & Edwards,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SALESROOMS—N. Y. City, 2 Maiden Lane.
Chicago, 65 Washington St.
St. Louis, 307 N. Fourth St.
San Francisco, 120 Sutter St.

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

Why Don't You put the

S. H. & M.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

on your dresses? It's just as easy to get it as the cheap imitations.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings and other valuable points sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City,
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

EDWIN A. FITCH, successor to CHAS. F. HERBERT & Co., 18 East 14th St., N. Y. City.
Stamp all the HELEN MAR ADAMS Embroidery Patterns.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

ONE PINT OF LEMON JELLY for 5 cents. Send 5 cents in stamps and I will mail you a package of my Acidulated Gelatine, which will make one pint of Jelly; no Lemons required; a child can make it.

C. B. KNOX, Johnstown, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE NATION'S FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, THE

Autoharp

For sale by all music dealers. Send for catalogue. ALFRED DOLGE & SON, Dept. Z., Dolge Building, New York.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

1896 High Grade Bicycles

Shipped anywhere C. O. D., at lowest wholesale prices.
\$100 'Oakwood' for \$57.50
\$85 'Arlington' " \$45.00
\$65 " " \$37.50
\$20 Bicyele " \$10.75
Latest models, fully guaranteed; pneumatic tires; weight 17½ to 30 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free.
Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St. B-51 Chicago
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 548.)

Presbyterian Church in Mankato, Minn., was doing everything that aid societies ever had done to raise money to build a new church; and a final plan was to have each lady take one dollar from the treasury and see how many times she could multiply it in a bonafide business way. In the summer of 1893 the wife of the editor of the "Mankato Free Press" proposed that twenty-five ladies combine to pay the expenses of one issue of the paper, and manage and edit it themselves. They secured the interest of advertisers in the novel idea, and all entered into the spirit of the undertaking with great zest. Of course the townspeople became greatly interested in the scheme, the paper sold well, and the courageous women who trod this new path in charitable endeavor added three hundred dollars to their treasury.

THE PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING OF JAMAICA.

The household cares of the Jamaica peasant woman are reduced to a minimum; she spends no weary hours in that war against dirt and worship of the *lares* and *penates* of the home which makes the lives of many northern women a ceaseless round of drudgery. But why is she exempt from these? Because life is reduced to its simplest elements; her house consists, oftener than not, of only a roof a few feet square; it is garretless and closetless, and no superfluous work is done to keep it in order. Some of these primitive shelters boast of four walls made of bamboo interwoven with plantain leaves; but most of them are open on all sides. A rough bench or two; a rude couch, some iron pots and other cooking utensils, and a few gourds are all the household impedimenta required in this humble home. But the women, like women every-

(Continued on Page 550.)

MY HUSBAND Can't see how you do it!
\$30 Kenwood Machine for - \$23.00
\$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50
Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00
\$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 51, Chicago, Ill.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

EARN A GOLD WATCH!
Many ladies and young people are having fine success in introducing our Teas and Baking Powder. Sell 50 lbs. to earn a Gold Watch and Chain; 25 lbs., for a Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs., for a Gold Ring; 50 lbs., for a Dinner Set; 200 lbs., for a High Grade Bicycle. Send your full address on postal for Catalogue and Order Sheets.
W. G. BAKER, Springfield, Mass

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

Paper Clippings bought all kinds, and acquaintances names, \$35. a thousand. Particulars for stamp. News Clipping Co., Dept. A.X. 304 W. 139th St. N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

She doesn't wear Corsets

yet see

the fit of her dress.

That's what

Warren's Featherbone

does for a waist— moulds it almost to a corset shape. You can bone a basque in 20 minutes on your machine, stitching right through the featherbone.

Call at our parlors—907 Broadway, New York; Marshall Field Building, Chicago; 40 West Street, Boston; 1113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and see just how Featherbone is used.

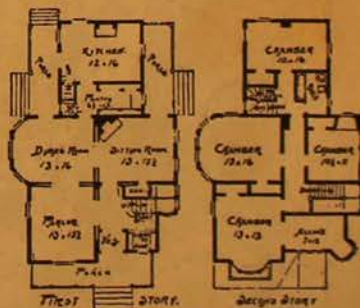
Look for this trade-mark on the box.



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

A Handsome Home for \$3,500.

Working plans and specifications for \$20.



80-page 9x12 book Attractive Designs \$1.00.

GEO. W. PAYNE & SON, Archt's., CARTHAGE, ILL.

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



Half the Time

people who take what they suppose are tonic medicines, are really taking stimulating drugs. A crutch is no cure for lameness. It but modifies the discomfort. A stimulant is only a crutch which modifies the discomforts of languor and debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla does not brace up, but builds up the enfeebled system. Read the evidence. Ayer's Cure-book, a story of cures, told by the cured. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 549.)

where, find plenty of work to do. They take the entire care of the little vegetable gardens which surround their huts, cultivating especially the yams which are their principal food; and during idle hours they earn a pittance breaking stone for the Government roads.

SOME RECENT WEDDINGS.

Many of the spring and early summer brides elected to distinguish their weddings by something unusual. One charming girl walked to the altar through a bower of apple-blossoms, attended only by two dear little flower girls carrying flower-baskets nearly as big as themselves. Another had, in addition to her four bridesmaids, two maids of honor and two flower-girls. At a home wedding the bride and groom stood during the ceremony in a grotto of palms and lilies, the rest of the drawing-room being banked and hung with thousands of white roses. The adjoining room was decorated with pink roses, and the bride's only attendant wore a gown of pink brocade.

In still another church wedding the decorations were all of golden daffodils and white

(Continued on Page 551.)



Dressy Frock

Of white lawn for 2 and 3 year old "tots." Deep pointed collar trimmed with ruffle of openwork embroidery, full sleeves finished with turnback cuffs edged with embroidery—deep hemstitched hem on skirt. Price \$1.45.

Just as good value for the price as those we have heretofore advertised at 48c. and 75c.

By mail, postage paid 5 cents extra.



From our Catalogue—so full of illustrations of

The Best Way to Clothe Children

of all ages, that it almost takes the place of a visit to our store—free for 4 cents postage.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



"PARTED BANG."

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

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

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



DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention "Demorest's Magazine," and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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

Yes?

Something New! We send a 6in. fine Linen Doily for the new "Jewel" Embroidery, Wash Silk Floss to work. We send Embroidery Book with full instructions.

Also a set of the new and latest Stamping Patterns. All sent Post-paid for ONLY 25c.

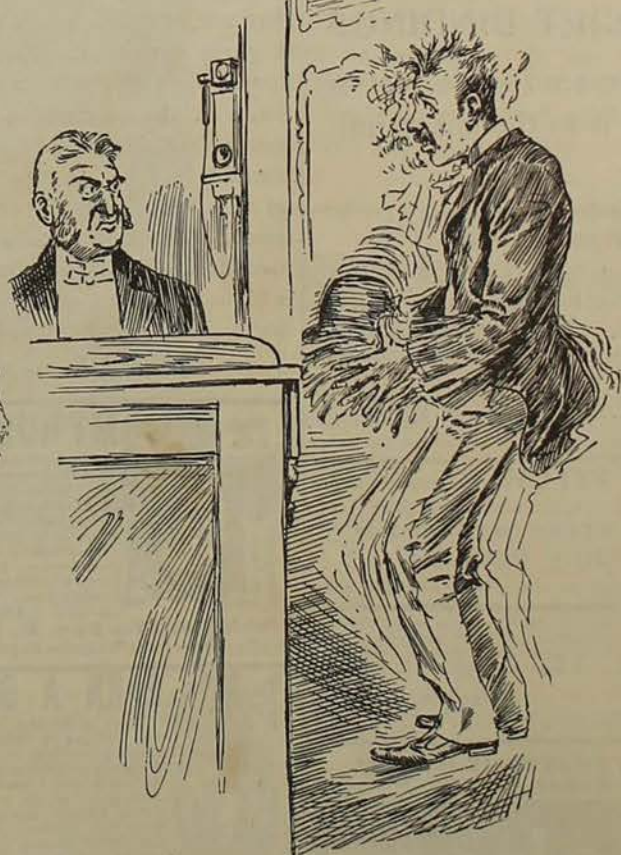
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IN THE EVENING.

"Never fear, my love. I'll not mind the ordeal. Why, I'll see Mr. Boodler first thing in the morning—tell him that I love his daughter"—



IN THE MORNING.

MR. BOODLER—"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"OH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING."

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



\$2.50 and up.

TEUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Drawer E, St. Joseph, Michigan
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(Continued from Page 550.)

lilies, and the six bridesmaids carried out the color scheme with their yellow satin gowns veiled in white chiffon.

A charmingly novel and pretty scene was presented by one bride who walked to the altar surrounded by her bridesmaids.

DANCING ON WHEELS.

One of the spring events at the Michaux Club in New York was a "music ride," when the most expert members of the club danced (?) the Virginia reel on their wheels. These riders have gained great skill in going through intricate evolutions by practice during the winter in what has become known as the "Michaux drill," and the success and beauty of these evolutions encouraged them to try the various movements of the country dance. Eight couples took part, and they stood in lines holding their bicycles, ready to mount at a given signal. The riding was most spirited and lively, and after each couple went through a figure, all wheeled in line around the hall. One looker-on said they made their wheels do everything but talk!

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It is a curious fact that the most difficult object of note and interest in Washington to get a good photograph of is the great Washington Monument. There are only a few exceptional atmospheric conditions that make it possible to secure a satisfactory picture of the slender, towering shaft. The clearer the day and the brighter the sky the more impossible it becomes to make anything but a beautifully white picture of nothing,—the blue background and the white obelisk merging into each other. It needs a good light on one side and a bank of thunder-clouds behind the monument in order to obtain a clear negative, and as these conditions are only chance occurrences which a photographer cannot always be on the spot to seize, good pictures are most uncommon.

A most unfortunate accident destroyed the finest negative ever taken of the monument before a half-dozen proofs had been printed. It was taken by the late Mr. Cudlip, who had studied out the conditions necessary for success and was watching for the favoring occasion. The storm reached the monument before him, so he had to wait for the rain to cease; but after it the sun shone out clearly low down on the Western horizon, while in the southeast thunderous black clouds were massed, tumbling over each other almost to the zenith. The resulting negative developed without a flaw, giving a magnificent picture of the snow-white shaft, showing even the rain streaks on its sides.



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Improves the
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waist measure.

Better than
Whalebone.

Warranted not to cut through.

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Perfect fitting WIGS,
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WAVY SWITCHES,
COCOANUT BALM for
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EXTRACT TURKISH ROSE LEAVES, for the
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and if they knew how women toiled
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THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.
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The Chimes of Normandy could not
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SPICE BOX.

IGNORANT OF ITS USE.

A benevolent old lady presented one of the anarchists with a wash-basin. At last accounts the man was using it for a growler.

FOR SELF.

"Who is more dear to you than your husband?"

"My husband's wife."

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

DOCTOR: "These pills, Mr. Croaker, will either kill or cure."

PATIENT: "Say, Doc., which will they do first."



THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

Mrs. DORSEY—"Wese may not be Arnica Conshtebbles'r Macy's, but be gob wese kin have a cash thrack. Here's your change, Johnny Flynn."

(Continued on Page 554.)



Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every pail. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal.

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We begin this month our Bargain Sale of Suits, Capes, Jackets, etc., and if you have not yet purchased, now is your opportunity:

- Tailor-made Suits, \$5 upward, have been \$8 and \$10.
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- Capes, \$2.50, were \$5.
- Jackets, \$3, have been \$6.
- Bicycle Suits, \$5, former price \$8 to \$12.
- Special offers in Separate Skirts at \$3.95, really worth \$6 to \$8.

Write to-day for our new Summer Catalogue and samples of the materials from which we make these garments. We will mail it free, together with our Bargain List of reduced prices. We pay express charges.

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Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired.

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Name,
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1. Hermia Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
2. Hope Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
3. Alexandra Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
4. Magda Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
5. Khiva Skirt, Medium and Large.
6. Bernice Waist, 14 and 16 years.
7. Lissette Waist, 12 and 14 years.
8. Fauvette Frock, 10 and 12 years.
9. Eleva Frock, 8 and 10 years.
10. Bonetta Frock, 4 and 6 years.
11. Pearl Cloak, 6 to 12 months, and 2 years.
12. Pembroke Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
13. Indimora Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
14. Fanton Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
15. Glovena Shirt-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
16. Jarvis Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
17. Oliphant House-Gown, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
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22. Elvery Waist, 12 and 14 years.
23. Haroldine Gown, 12 and 14 years.
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26. Arnon Frock, 4 and 6 years.
27. Albia Dress, 2 and 4 years.
28. Elsdore Coat, 4 and 6 years.
29. Clara Sunbonnet, 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.
30. "Man-o'-War Suit," 8, 10, and 12 yrs.
31. Ernest Suit, 6, 8, and 10 years.

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

The patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine are given as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Two or more extra patterns can be had on this order by sending FOUR CENTS EXTRA FOR EACH ADDITIONAL PATTERN. Under this new arrangement as many as 30 PATTERNS EACH MONTH can be obtained ON ONE ORDER, instead of only one, as heretofore.



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\$1.40 STUD

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Season Opens June 22d, 1896.

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[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from Page 553.)
THE KANGAROO'S TALE.



"There is one thing sure,"
Said the kangaroo:
"When I want to jump rope
As the children do"



"I don't have to go where
They've ropes for sale.
I jump, jump, jump with
My long thin tail."

A GRASP FOR WEALTH.



(Continued on Page 555.)