DEMOREST'S

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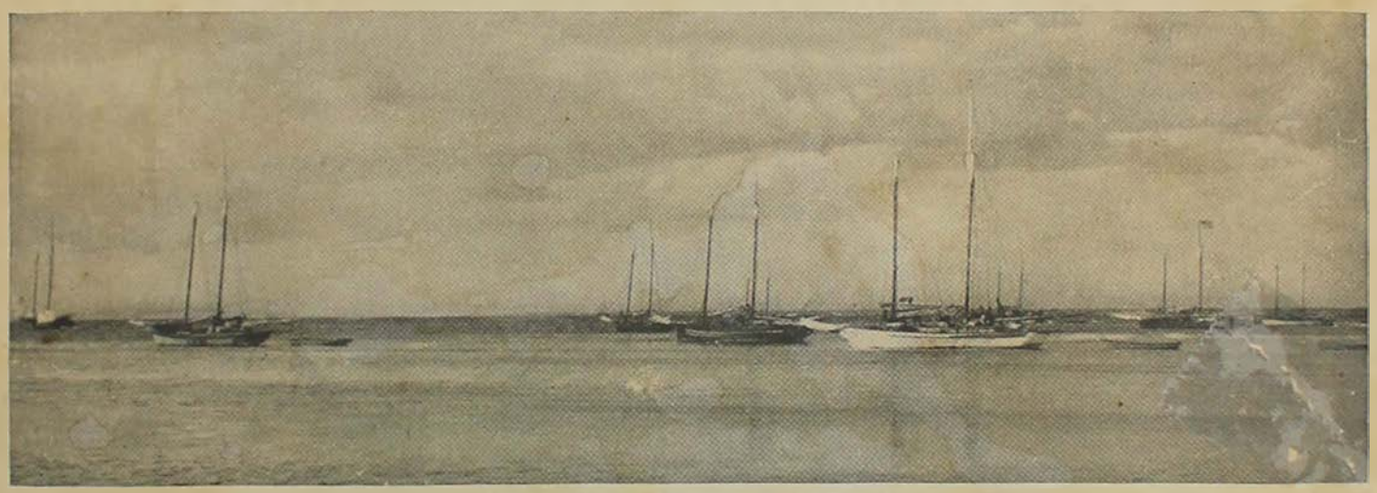
SPONGERS AND SPONGING IN FLORIDA.

NOT fairer to the eyes of that stern old warrior and dreamer Ponce de Leon was the land of many flowers and many birds, first beheld on that memorable *Pascua Florida* three hundred and eighty-two years ago, than is the scene outspread before me now. Citizen of this cold and unbelieving age though I am, cherishing no vision of the fountains which impart sempiternal youth and health to age-palsied limbs, yet the gentle beauty of this most perfect day flings its magic mantle about me, and I stand silent, wondering, admiring, grateful for the boon of mere life and the power to enjoy.

Of what stuff was that Spaniard, Pamphilo de Narvaez, made, that, coming to this peaceful coast with his corsletted ruffians, he could deal death and torture among the gentle, welcoming dwellers of these lovely shores? But his fate overtook him, and many a ruthless adventurer's bones lie in formless dust among these blossom-crowned hillocks and beneath the roots of these clustering trees.

There is scarce wind enough to make a whisper in the leaves above my head. The birds have sung their matins, and only a drowsy chirp comes from yonder bush, or a single, clear whistle from some far tree-top, shrilling a moment, like a flute fitfully blown, then hushed again. The air is one pervading perfume, sweeter than Eastern incense, rich as the breath which rises by night from the rose-gardens of Damascus. Silence!—nay, not perfect silence, for there is a low, continuous, rhythmic sound, now like the chime of innumerable silver bells, and again murmurous as the bees in a northern clover-field. It is the swing of the surf upon the shelving sands which rim the placid bay.

Here are no beetling crags forever bombarded by boom and roar of green billows, no spouting froth, no tumbling hills and gloomy hollows of storm-vexed waters. Almost as glassy as the bosom of an inland lake, the broad expanse of the bay lies glittering in the sun, bluer than the azure sky above, but melting away toward the tender horizon-line in tints as varied as those of the dying dolphin.



A FLEET OF SPONGERS IN ST. JOSEPH'S BAY.

Hark! A human voice, mellow as a horn heard upon a hillside when the October woods are veiled in mist, rude in accent, and unmistakably African in intonation. It is chanting an old camp-meeting hymn,

"Salvation's free for you and me."

Descending to the beach, an old colored man, sitting upon the gunwale of a small boat drawn upon the sand, with his naked feet dabbling in the water, pauses in his singing to offer a genial "How de do, suh?"

I observe that his boat is partly laden with a number of round and irregularly oblong black objects, from which proceeds an odor differing from that of the rose.

"What have you in your boat, uncle?" I ask, knowing from experience that my curiosity will not be regarded as impertinent by this dusky native.

"Sponges, suh! Do a little spongin' on my own 'count, 'casionally."

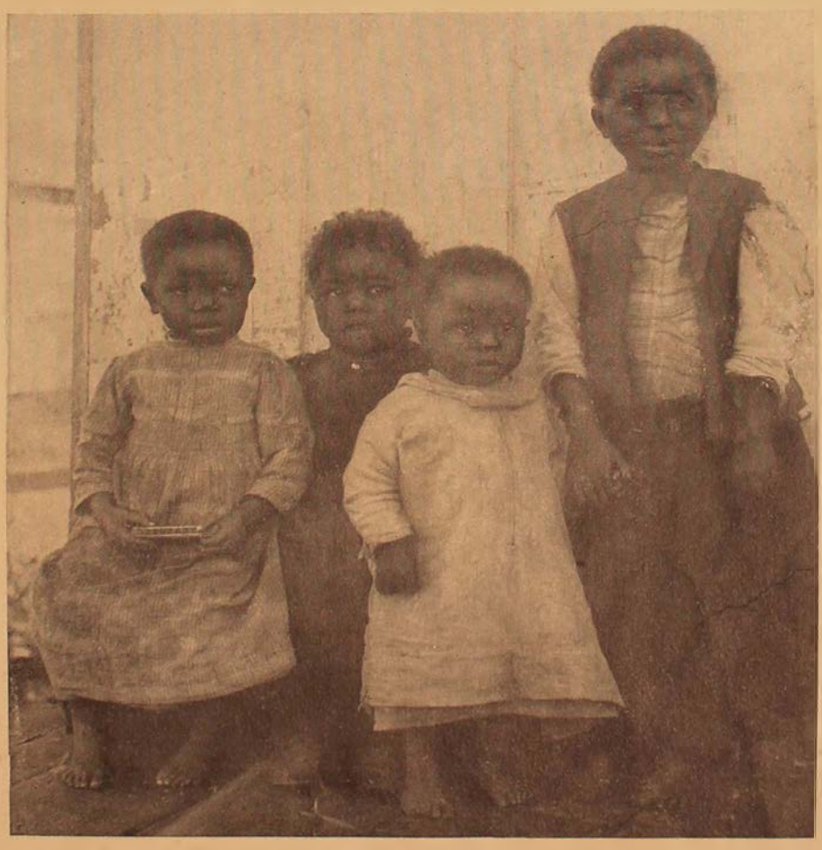
"And this," picking up a mass somewhat resembling a particularly dirty mop, coated with grit, and exuding a glairy slime offensive to sight, smell, and touch, "is a sponge?—an animal, they tell us, uncle."

The grizzled head is shaken in solemn disapprobation.

"Dey do say—dem sciencrific gen'lemen 'lows as sponges is yanimals. Mebbe 'tis so, suh, mebbe. I are only a po', ig'nant cullud man, widout no book-larnin'. But I been spongin' 'round yere fo' mo' 'n fo'ty year, an' *I* never saw a sponge move. Tell *me* de Almighty go to de trouble fo' to mek a yanimal that couldn't move? Sho! Might jus' as well tell me de Lawd didn't know his own business."

ANCLOTE LIGHT.

Nevertheless it has been pretty thoroughly proved that these sticky, mucilaginous objects—"sarcode masses," they are termed—are true animals, and that these porous, plant-like textures, in and about which the sarcodes cling, are the phalansteries of hundreds of living creatures whose corporeal substance is but little denser than water. The sponge with which we are familiar might serve as the type of cleanliness: it is so agreeably compressible and absorptive, so silken to the touch, so odorless, so delightful an adjunct to the bath, so necessary in the stable, so important in surgery, in electrical science, in the potter's art,—in a word, so ubiquitous in civilization; but when first torn from its native habitat beneath the surface of these mild subtropic waters, it is an object unwholesome to see, and full of ill-odored possibilities. Like many another crude product of nature's fabrication, the sponge requires the adaptive hand of man to shape it to his needs.



SMALL SPONGERS.

Ignorant colored man as he calls himself, my aged friend of African descent knows all about sponges and sponging, and I have learned from him during half an hour's talk more facts than I could have gleaned from a library of print; for, as he says himself in his quaint dialect:

"I bin dar all my life, suh. I know de sponge like my own right hand. I has de deepes' respec' fer dem sciencrific gen'lemen wha' speak tree or fo' langwidges; but, suh, wha good dem langwidges gwine do dem gen'lemen ef dey never *saw* no sponges?"

He is right; and I have secured a dozen pages of notes in my pocket-book, the cream of my colored friend's liberal outpourings, before I deposit a coin in his broad, leathery palm, receiving in return a sweeping salute of the tattered hat, and take my way up the beach.

Yonder tall, slender shaft, upon which clings a spidery framework, surmounted by a lantern which during the dark hours sends a ruby flash far across the spongers' hunting-grounds, is Anclote Light. The houses at its base, with their deep, shadowy verandas, have an East Indian look, which is emphasized by the richly foliaged trees clustering about them. The soaring tower, the synonym of American ideas and American civilization, is in odd contrast with these almost Oriental-seeming buildings from amidst which it springs.

Where the lofty beacon now sends its friendly gleam to warn unwary ships from treacherous shoal and reef, not many years ago the wrecker built his fire to lure to destruction the argosy, lumbering on its way from New Spain to the mother country, deep-laden with ore and treasure; and where dwelt the desperate picaroon acknowledging no law but the blasphemous compact with his mates, the mild and law-respecting sponger now plies his trade. By a singular contrast, the modern inhabitant of these sands is apt to be deeply religious. His working songs are of

the sort heard at camp-meetings. The Sabbath is always respected among them; and on that day, when any considerable number of them happen to be together, they will always hold some sort of service. If possible, they will engage a preacher and convert the largest of their boats into a temporary church. There is something touching and beautiful in this natural sense of reverence among a body of men whose pursuits are such as from their hourly danger might be supposed to coarsen the mental fiber and lead to recklessness, rather than devotion.

SPONGERS AT WORK.

SPONGE KRAALS.

As in a mining district everyone is a miner, so here everybody is a "sponger," even to the tiniest pickaninny. A group of the smallest Africans I ever saw upright, commanded by a boy of ten or twelve, were slowly and laboriously piling up sponges one at a time, getting under the workmen's feet and making themselves a nuisance generally. But no one appeared to object. An occasional "Look out, dar! you Milton Jones!" or "Outen de way! Leander Thompson!" in a perfectly good-natured tone from some heavily laden worker, was the sharpest admonition I heard. As I approached they all paused and stood in a wondering row, round-eyed and silent. And when I had presented them with a penny and a rub of the wool apiece all around, they gravely continued their task of tugging sponges and getting in everybody's way.

The vessels engaged in the sponge trade range from fifty-ton schooners down to the smallest of single-stickers carrying only three men, whose thirty-foot sponge-hooks protrude beyond the bow and stern. A fleet of them at anchor reminds one of the fishing smacks one sees in the mouth of some inlet of Long Island Sound.

Sponging, which has become one of the most important industries in Florida, is of comparatively recent growth. Sixty years ago a pair of Hebrews came hither, bent on gain, and began to purchase such few sponges as were casually gathered by the sparse population of the coast. The demand once created, the means of supplying it soon followed; and thus the trade was established. The sponge, formerly rare and dear in the United States, is now one of the cheapest of conveniences, from the school-boy's penny slate-cleaner, to the huge carriage-washer, always excluding the more delicate varieties used in surgery and for other special purposes. Sponges are found in nearly all tropical and semi-tropical seas. In some portions of the Mediterranean, chiefly about the Greek Archipelago and off the Syrian coast, they are largely obtained by diving, a slow and dangerous process which is likewise practised at certain points along the East African main, and, though to a less extent, among the Bahamas. Some of the finest sponges of commerce come from Smyrna. Rare specimens of Levantine sponges bring enormous prices. One example, scarcely so large as a hen's egg, of a natural snowy whiteness, of a velvety softness, and of the consistency of froth, cost ten dollars. But for the ordinary varieties the United States depend wholly upon the Florida spongers.

The varieties of Florida sponge are practically infinite, from the coarse network of fibers which bears no resemblance

WAITING FOR BIDS.

whatever to our notion of sponge, to the valuable and handsome "sheep's-wool," the latter being always in demand at good prices. Each species occupies its own special habitat and will thrive nowhere else; for in no other place can it find its proper conditions and food. Is it not curious to consider that this blot of slime eats like other living creatures, and is an epicure, too?—that is, his meals must be exactly such as he prefers, and warmed to the exact temperature which best pleases his delicate stomach. Into all these numerous alley-ways in the house which he has, in company with his numerous family and relations, built for himself, he absorbs the water, selects such particles as he needs, whether to devour or to aid him in continuing the construction of his dwelling, and expels it again through the larger openings, or oscula.

SPONGE BUYERS.

Professor Huxley's simile is an apt one. "The sponge," he says, "represents a kind of subaqueous city, where the people are arranged about the streets and roads in such a manner that each can appropriate his food from the water as it passes along." A sort of submarine Venice, in fact.

Sponges take all sorts of forms: thin and flat, branched, round, pear-shaped, or cup-like. They are fixed by a sort of root, or encrust other bodies, growing in groups, generally, and attached to all sorts of things, floating or stationary, animate or inanimate. When a sponge has an addition to the family in the spring, the young scion of the house leaves his native roof, enjoys himself by seeing life in a roving fashion for a while, then, having selected a site which suits his fancy, settles down and builds a dwelling of his own. Some varieties prefer shallow, others very deep, water.

Many of the sponge tribe are of so dense a silicious formation that they crumble like brittle glass, which, in a way, they really are. Others, like the "sheep's-wool," are soft as cotton. The next best variety after this same "sheep's-wool" is the "grass" sponge, which is hollow and grows to an enormous size. The "grass" sponge, being of a coarse texture, is used chiefly in the making of mattresses and for various mechanical purposes. The "yellow" sponge is also gathered; but its value is less, inasmuch as it is harsh and not of tough fibre. This species after being treated with chemicals is stained and sold as a better variety. They speedily drop to pieces, and are of little practical worth.

Originally Key West was the sole market for sponges on this coast; but other places have now a share of the trade, notably Sponge Harbor, a town recently founded, which has the advantage of proximity to Rock Island, where the finest variety of "sheep's-wool" is gathered.

The sponger's trade is more or less precarious, as are all

SPONGERS ASHORE.

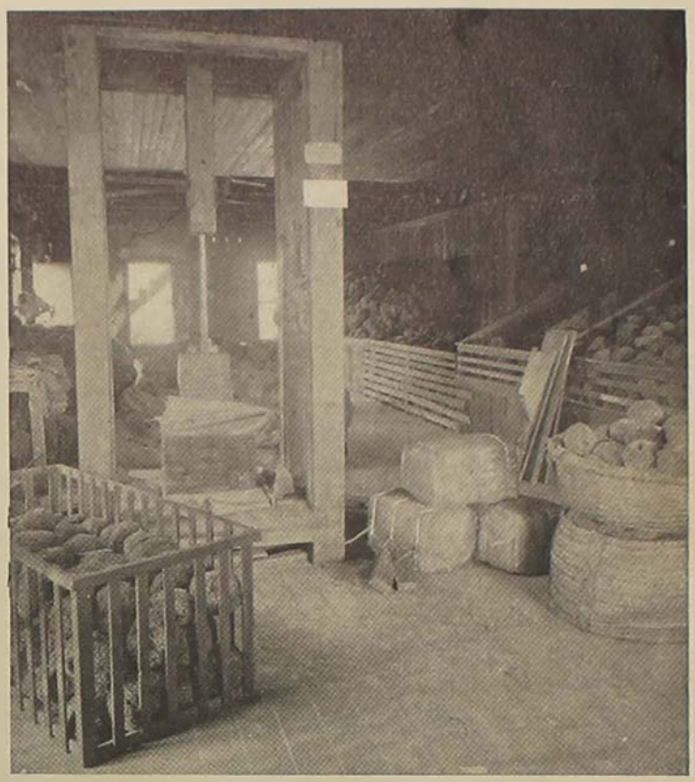
professions depending upon the variable ocean. If the weather is [illegible] or the water disturbed or obscured by sediment, [illegible]ging is impossible. The owner of the vessel

CLIPPING SPONGES.

assumes all responsibility of fitting-out, food, etc., and very frequently advances money for the support of the men and their families while idle. When a trip has been successful, one-half of the proceeds goes to the owner, and the remainder is divided among the crew.

A number of vessels usually sail in company; first, because the same conditions of weather and water apply to all, and next, because your sponger is a social animal, and craves association with his kind. The coast shelves away very gradually, and even five miles off shore the water is too shoal for any but vessels of light draught. Anclote Key is the last of a line of small, sandy islands extending from Tampa Bay northward, and forming a natural breakwater pierced with channels at intervals. The water behind Anclote Key is deeper than elsewhere, owing to the action of the outflowing Anclote River. This natural harbor, which is called St. Joseph's Bay, is an excellent protection for the spongers in heavy weather, and fleets of the little vessels may be seen here riding at anchor during the prevalence of a gale on the Gulf.

Rock Island is, in reality, no island at all, but merely an off-shore sounding upon whose rocky surface the best variety of the "sheep's-wool" grows in great quantity. Upon reaching the sponging-ground the vessel is left in charge of the cook, while captain and crew enter the small boats, or "dingeys," and prepare for work. The vessel is not anchored, but kept under just sufficient sail to follow the dingeys. The light weather, during which, only, sponging can be prosecuted, makes this prudent. In each dingey are two men, a "sculler" and a "hooker." The sculler, standing in the stern, propels the boat gently with his fourteen-foot oar, being careful not to disturb the water; the hooker, leaning over the side, studies the bottom through a crude, but ingenious, implement called the "water-glass," which is simply a cedar bucket with a glass bottom. This is



BALING SPONGES.

pushed below the surface, to avoid the ripples which distort or obscure objects upon the bottom. With a "water-glass" an experienced sponger can not only see distinctly, but can distinguish the different varieties and values of the sponges growing fifty feet below, though the ordinary depth is twenty to thirty. As the boat slides gently along, the hooker, with his head in his bucket, utters a word; the sculler's oar is brought flatwise to the course of the boat, and the little craft stops dead. At the same moment the hooker grasps his long-handled, three-tined hook, and, without lifting his head from the glass, shoots the slender tool swiftly, and with the unerring aim of an Indian salmon-catcher, into the depths below. With a quick twist the hook is withdrawn holding upon its tines a round, black, dripping object, which is thrown into the bottom of the boat if, after inspection, it is approved; if not, it is tossed overboard again. Then the sculling and the "water-glass" practice are resumed.

The sponge—for of course the anomalous black object is a sponge—thus torn from its rock always leaves some fragments still attached. These fragments serve as the foundation of another sponge, which will have grown to gathering dimensions in

two or three years. When the dingey is laden with its slimy cargo it returns to the vessel and its load is piled upon the deck. Under the action of the air and sunlight the animal matter of the sponge, technically known as "gurry," rapidly decomposes; and a deckload of sponges is anything but savory to the uninitiated, though the spongers aver that they do not notice it. They protest, too, that the smell is healthful. Tanners, I believe, assert the same of the aroma of their vats.

After they are gathered, the sponges must not be allowed to dry until every trace of animal matter has been removed; because if the black, slimy substance be once dried into the texture it can never be freed from it. They are therefore frequently moistened until they can be placed in the "kraals," which are merely spaces of shallow water near the shore, fenced in with small stakes driven into the sand and bound together with bands or withes. Into these enclosures the sponges are thrown and submitted to the constant action of the water, while protected from the danger of being carried away by waves or currents. Each vessel has its own kraal. A number of these pens are constructed close together, and a man called the "sponge-keeper" is employed to watch them all. Each man in the fleet pays him twenty-five cents a trip; and as he is expected to account for every sponge, and sometimes has as much as three hundred thousand dollars' worth of sponges under his charge at one time, his wages are not too large for his responsibility and for his unimpeachable honesty.

When most of the animal matter has been removed by the action of the water on the sponges in the kraals, they are finally cleansed by beating with a "bat" and rinsing out by hand. They have now lost their black, unwholesome look, and begin to appear like the sponges we are acquainted with. In this condition they are strung upon cords about five feet long, tied in rings, and dried in the sun. In the "sponge groves," which are situated near the kraals, these rings of dried sponges are heaped up in vast piles, the total value of which is enormous.

The sponges thus ringed and dried are loaded upon the boats again and taken to their destination, where they are offered to the buyer, who follows the old practice of not making his propositions *vivâ voce*, but by writing the price he is willing to pay upon a scrap of paper, which is pinned upon the pile. When the deal is made, owner and crew receive their respective shares of the proceeds. In two weeks, generally speaking, the sponger's money is exhausted; for on shore, as at sea, he preserves the same social habits, and during his idle period may most frequently be seen loafing about a more or less primitive building where, though by no means a dissipated character, he manages to get rid of such spare change as is not imperatively needed at home. It may be difficult to appreciate the exquisite enjoyment of slouching about a dreary-looking hut with one's hands in one's pockets, or squatting on a barrel kicking one's heels against the chines; but to various men, varied pleasures.

From the wharf where the bargain is concluded, the sponges are transported to the packing-house. Here they are unstrung, sorted according to size and quality, and placed in bins. The clippers with their sheep-shears trim off any torn ends or irregularities, after which the sponges are dried again in the sun to get rid of any moisture remaining, or which may have been reabsorbed after the sponge-grove process. Finally they are packed and baled under powerful presses, somewhat after the manner of cotton wool; and the bales are weighed, tagged, and shipped to New York or Philadelphia.

The methods of obtaining sponges, together with the tools, above described, seem, and indeed are, primitive in the extreme; but thus far no successful improvements have been devised. An attempt to dredge for sponges proved futile, chiefly because the dredging machines removed all sponges, small and large, and thus ruined the beds, since neither infants nor foundation fragments were left to beget a new crop. Had the process continued, the industry would have become extinct in Florida, along with the sponges themselves. After a protracted war between the adherents of the old and new methods, a State law finally did away with dredging, and the hook and water-glass are plied now as they were sixty years ago.

H. W. H. PENNIMAN.

An "Out-of-Date" Couple.

WE are "so out of date," they say,—
Ned and I:
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to *you*
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom;"
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home-corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife,—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass:
Even if the prospect be not bright,
We hold it true
That heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by:
We *are* behind the times, we know,—
Ned and I.

E. MATHESON.

A Day Among the Shakers.

THE sun was just sinking behind the most western of the Berkshire Hills as we turned into the road that leads along the edge of Queechy Lake, the charming little gem of that famous region. It was one of those dreamy, still, summer evenings that are the delight of a tired artist. We were on a sketching trip. My friend threw himself upon a green bank that sloped to the water's edge, exclaiming at the beauty of the scene before us.

For some time we rested there, quietly drinking in the sweet, peaceful sentiment of the place and hour. At last my friend broke the stillness by asking what village it was that seemed to nestle so cozily on the hillside and smile down at its own perfect reflection in the lake.

"Why! that's the Canaan Shaker village, my dear boy," I replied. "You wait, old fellow! there is a treat in store for you. Talk about painting Brétony peasants! Wait until you see a haying scene in the Lebanon valley, or a group of Shaker berry-pickers; you'll not complain about being too poor to cross the ocean again."

"It does promise well," he answered; "one might think this the home of eternal peace,—judging by the looks of such a spot. Now just see the gray tones in those distant hills; and not a tree is left out of that reflection."

But, in spite of all the poetry, we were fast approaching the realm of sense, for we both started to ask the same question at the same instant.

"Where are we going to get some supper and stop over night?"

I let him finish, and then replied that my plan was to go to Billy Bolster's, rather than return to the village of Canaan to a hotel.

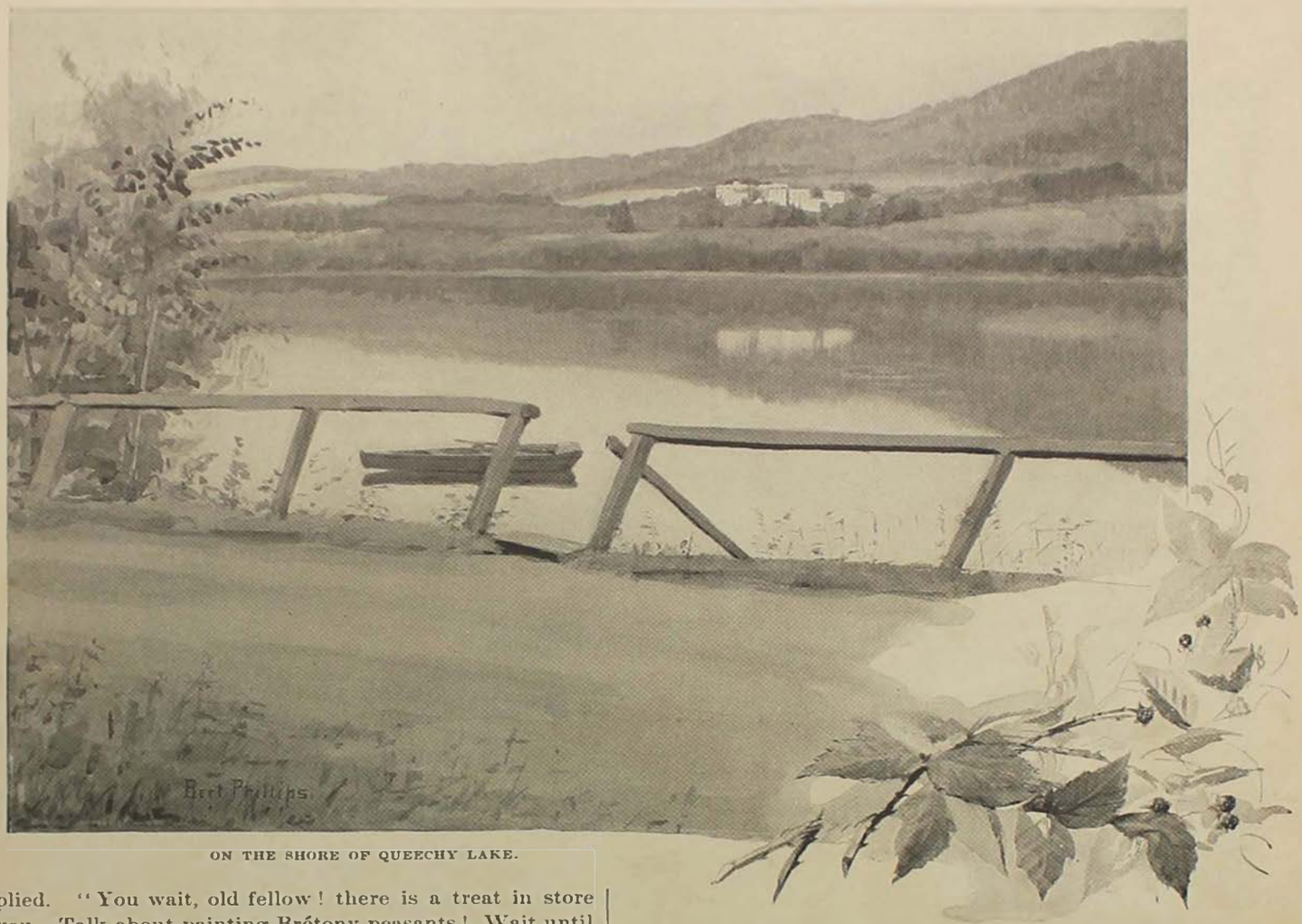
"How far to Billy Bolster's, and who is he?"

"Oh! it's only around the bend beyond those trees, and he is the best old fellow you ever heard of. The summer our club camped over there on Hall's Point he did us boys many a good turn; and I'll wager we shall find him just as obliging as ever. Perhaps," I added, "his good wife Lucy will bake us some biscuit, and with nice cool milk—— "

"Does he have honey?" broke in my chum.

"'Does he have honey?' Just you wait!"

At that moment we caught sight of the cottage. It is a place no artist would pass unnoticed, with its front door shaded by a fine old apple-tree, its clusters of old-fashioned flowers peeping in the front windows, and the large, overhanging locust with oars and fishing-poles leaning against its trunk and reaching up among the blossoms, where the bees gathered sweet morsels to carry to the many-tinted hives on the hillside just back of the house.



ON THE SHORE OF QUEECHY LAKE.

We were not disappointed in our entertainment by my good friends: the same kindly welcome prevailed, the biscuits rivalled in crispy lightness those of delightful memory, and the flavor of the pure white-clover honey was unchanged; though some of the jokes and war stories (Billy was a member of the First N. Y. Independent Battery) of our host had acquired the *semper idem* characteristic, they were good, and we enjoyed the quaint humor which was woven into them in his original way.

We retired early and were up with the sun the next morning. A row across the lake and back gave us a good appetite for breakfast, after which we were soon on the road around the end of the lake and climbing the hill past the Burnam Farm, where the music of a full brass band seemed strangely out of place,—as well as occasionally out

of tune. But more in keeping with our feelings and the scenes about us were a few of the boys coming down the lane carrying their hoes on their shoulders and followed by a team of oxen driven by one of the brothers.

Turning to the left at the top of the hill, a short walk brought us to subjects for sketching, a party of Shakers gathering harvest apples in the orchard; some of the sisters were bashful and kept their faces turned away as much as possible,—but we worked there industriously most of the morning.

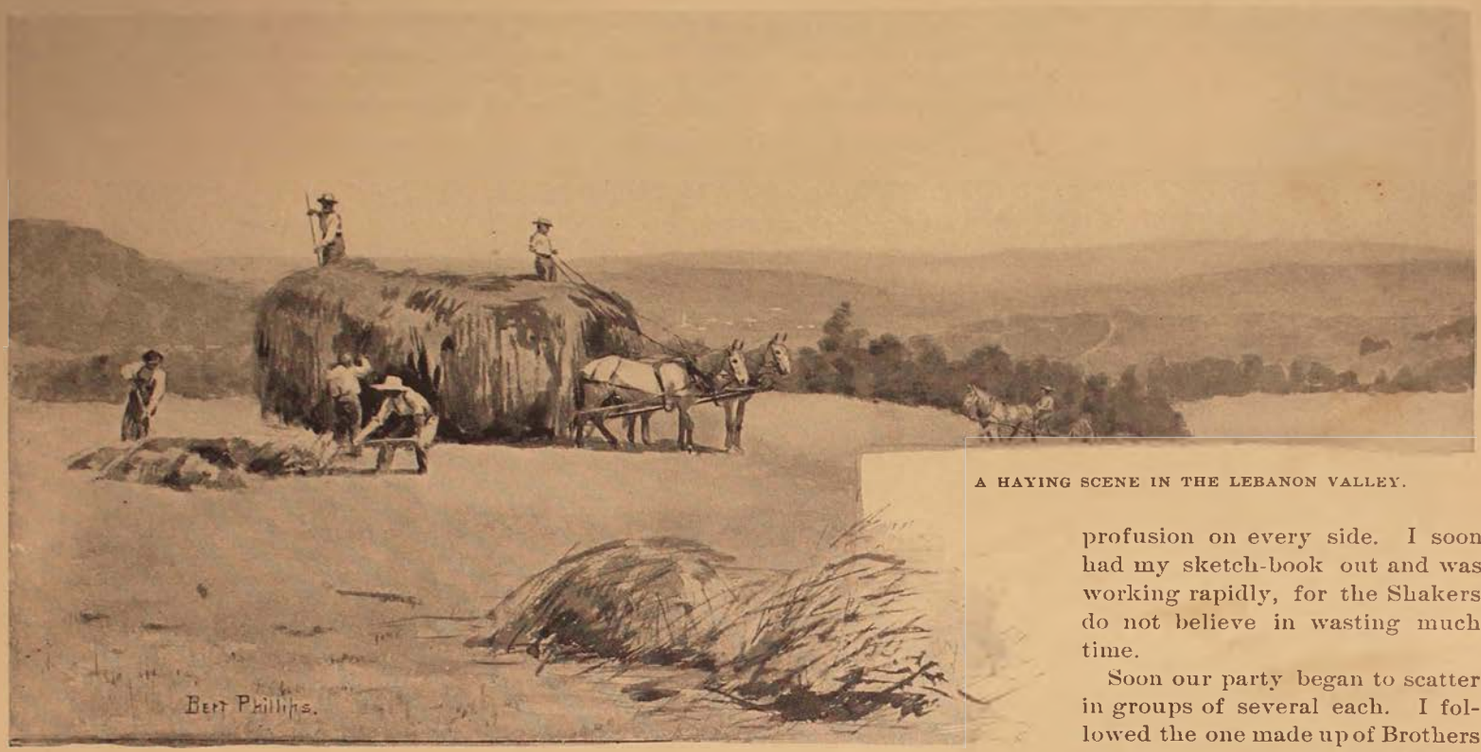
At noon we were invited to dinner, and entered a room off the main dining-room of the Shakers; for although they are lavish in hospitality, strangers must partake of meals alone, as they are not permitted to sit at table with the members of the community. Everything about the place was scrupulously neat, yet the absence of all ornament, which is a striking characteristic of these people, seemed almost painful. The table was bountifully filled, but one glance sufficed to show that we would have to be vegetarians for this meal, at any rate. There was every vegetable the garden afforded, cooked in a variety of ways, supplemented by sweet white and graham bread, good butter, delicious cool milk, preserves, fresh fruit, home-made cheese, and a most peculiar-looking pie which had such a purple crust that my friend quietly remarked "it must be afflicted with heart disease."

I was anxiously reaching for the pie when the door opened and a sweet-faced young Shakeress entered to inquire if we desired any more tea. She advanced toward the table, then suddenly stopped, grew deathly pale and reeled, but caught herself in time to save the tray from falling to the floor. My friend's face by this time was a study. Shades of intense feeling flashed across his countenance, while he clutched nervously at the table's edge, and half rising from his seat started to exclaim, when the sweet little Shakeress, having regained composure, disappeared as quickly and quietly as she had entered.

Will arose immediately after her disappearance, and before I could say a word he also had vanished.

"Well!" I said to myself, "this is a queer and interesting state of affairs." I thought he knew nothing of Shaker life; and now I felt he knew more than I would be likely to find out, but I determined to solve this sudden mystery if possible. Thus musing I finished my dinner in a silence which was only broken by the occasional clatter of dishes in the main dining-room, and the chirp of the young robins nested in the lilac-bush near the window as they received another course of their endless meal which the parent birds were busily serving.

After dinner Will was nowhere to be found; so I joined a party of berry-pickers which had started up one of the mountain lanes. We climbed for about a half-hour, and rested on the edge of a wood before going to work, as we had reached the place where luscious blackberries grew in



A HAYING SCENE IN THE LEBANON VALLEY.

profusion on every side. I soon had my sketch-book out and was working rapidly, for the Shakers do not believe in wasting much time.

Soon our party began to scatter in groups of several each. I followed the one made up of Brothers George and Ralph, Sister Marian, and two or three young girls, and sketched away earnestly; but the thoughts of the occurrence at dinner kept recurring to me until I began to feel my strokes growing feeble and characterless, so I stopped my vain attempts to catch the shy expression of two young sisters who were peeking at me from over a stone wall, and closing my book turned my steps toward the village.

The July sun poured down its warmest rays, and I dreaded the thought of leaving the wood road with its cool shadows, to cross the wide meadows on the outskirts of the village; so I kept within the woods, and taking a path which ran at a slight angle to the road, I was soon at the spring it led to, and gladly quaffed some of its cooling contents. My thirst quenched, I felt much refreshed; and coming out of the wood where it overlooks the village, I glanced about for a shady spot where I could get the best view of the beautiful, dazzling scene before me.

I had only gone a few rods when I saw Will in the shade of a large oak, sitting on his sketching-stool with his easel before him, but not at work. As I joined him I saw by his face why there was no sign of a picture on the canvas, although the scene was enough to tempt a master.

The clean white buildings with their green window-blinds, half-hidden by large, overhanging elms, seemed to doze in perfect contentment; while back of them the Berkshire Hills threw cool green curtains, now drawn aside to give us a glimpse of Queechy Lake, with its sunlit water sparkling like some huge gem in an emerald setting. In the foreground, the garden, a few boys, in blue and brown jeans and

large straw hats, toiled industriously with their hoes. He seemed to read my questioning glance as I looked upon the bare canvas, and said, in reply:

"It's no use; I can't work today.—But don't look so mystified, old fellow, and I'll tell you my story. You may have guessed that I have had my little romance; but if you have, you have guarded well your suspicion."

Without waiting for my reply he continued:

"You know what a hard struggle I had when I first left the art school and set up for myself; but you don't know that it was the helping hand of that little Shakeress which lifted me over and out of my deepest poverty. I remember, as if it was only an hour ago, the deep anguish of discouragement that I felt one dreary December day when I climbed the long flights of stairs with aching heart and feet, carrying my unsold pictures to my barren little room, and ate the dinner of bananas and dry bread which had been my bill-of-fare for weeks. Still I was not as badly fixed as I might have been; for I had an overcoat to take the place of a fire, and I knew that after dark I might be able to get a few soap-boxes to burn in my small sheet-iron stove, unless I spent the evening at one of the public libraries.

As I devoured the last banana and threw the skin in the empty coal-pail, I heard a knock at the door. Fearful lest it might be the collector, I had made up my mind to keep still and be 'out,' when the thought came to me that I had not heard his heavy footsteps, so I opened the door, and there stood Miss R——. I was so astonished that I did not invite her in until she, seeing my confusion, began to apologize about calling at the noon hour, which gave me time to collect my wits. The only chair I had to offer was a little shaky in the legs, but as it was clean (I always kept things neat even in those days), she seated herself without hesitation, and made known her errand. She said that she had been telling her father what good work I did in the composition class, and, consequently, he had sent the manuscript of a book for me to illustrate.

"By the way, I meant to tell you that her father was a publisher, and I had formed her acquaintance when we were both students in the antique class under Professor W——. Our acquaintance had gradually grown into a warm friendship, which, I suspected, had more influence in getting me this order than my ability.

"I was overjoyed at this sudden turn of affairs, but tried my best to appear calm. Once, as she glanced about the room, I saw a shade of feeling pass over her beautiful face; but it stayed only an instant, and her cheerful smile returned. After her departure my poor room seemed more barren than ever; but a glad hope of better times took away the sting. I resolved to do my best work, for more reasons than one; and from being the most forlorn fellow, I was transformed into the happiest one in New York.

"Well, it was easy sailing after that. The illustrations more than pleased the old gentleman; I had work right along from his firm, and was soon able to move to better quarters. As my fortune improved I became more bold, and began to call at the R—— mansion. I had never before accepted the polite invitations, tinged with a tone of kindness, simply because my clothes were too shabby. It only required a few calls for me to learn that I was madly in love, and that the feeling was shared by Charlotte.

"I resolved to speak to Mr. R——, but not without serious misgivings, as he was a very peculiar man, and I had reasons to believe that my suit would not be encouraged; but I was entirely unprepared for the treatment I received, when, one Sunday evening, a few weeks after my first visit, I sought him in his library, after a most happy hour spent with Charlotte.

"I was very nervous, and a sickening dread came over me in the hallway; but I attributed it to my having read, only a few days before, of the treatment of poor John Vanderlyn at the hands of Aaron Burr, when bent upon a similar quest. I had hardly explained myself, when he broke out with such a torrent of abuse that I was completely dumbfounded; but

"SHE ADVANCED TOWARD THE TABLE, THEN SUDDENLY STOPPED."

the more I began to realize my situation, the hotter my anger became (you know I was always impulsive), and as he laid hands upon me to thrust me out of the room, I struck him in the face. It was partly in self-defence and partly uncontrollable anger; but a cry from the doorway brought me to my senses, and to my disgrace. There stood Charlotte! Oh! the agony of that moment! It almost ruined my life!"

Here my friend broke down, and I begged him to spare himself any further recital; but after a long silence he controlled his feelings and continued:

"It was only the knowledge of her forgiveness that sustained me in those dark days. It came in answer to my pleading letters; but the dainty note was short, and contained no other encouragement. That was the last word I ever had from her; for it was only a few months later that her father lost all his fortune except some share in a South African mine. I learned after a while that he had sailed with his daughter for Capetown. Her mother had died some years before.

"The next news that came to me of them was that both had died of fever. This I believed until I saw her this very day; and I mean to speak with her if it is possible."

Packing up his traps he moved off toward the village. I bade him a "God speed," and leaning against the oak watched him descend the hillside and turn into the lane which leads through the orchard to the main road.

The sound of the supper-bell aroused me from my reveries. Following Will's trail through the deep grass, I chanced upon one of his sketches which had slipped out of his portfolio. I recognized it at a glance as one he had made in the Catskills. As I looked at it its meaning became very clear; though I had never thought of its having a meaning when I had seen Will so carefully painting it.

It represented a scene at the foot of a mountain, where a meadow began to slant away to the valley; from the steep side, among the loose stones,—an insecure rooting,—a tree bent over and wound its trunk around and mingled its branches with another, which grew tall and straight, as fine a specimen as the woods could show. On the ground about lay the moss-covered and decayed trunks of trees which the merciless winds had easily uprooted. It was very plain that this one had only been spared a like fate by the support of that noble companion.

I rolled up the sketch, and hastening on joined a few belated brothers in the wash-room of the workshop, and in a tin basin of cool mountain spring-water bathed my hands and face before going to the evening meal, where I met Will, who had hoped to eat and be gone before I arrived; at least I imagined this from the silence in which we ate and the trembling hand that received the sketch. Seeing that my company was not wanted, I finished my supper as soon as possible and hurried off to complete arrangements with Brother Andrew to drive us over to Lebanon that evening.

"WHERE LUSCIOUS BLACKBERRIES GREW."

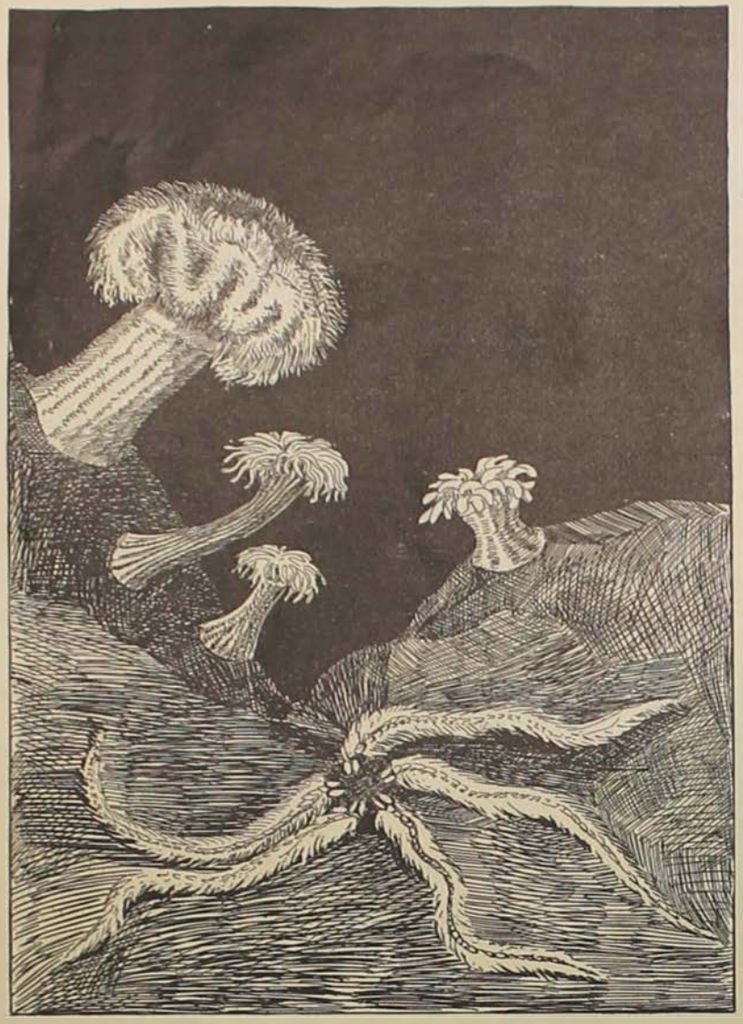
The sun was just going down as we left our hospitable friends. The old gray broke into a trot as we passed the lower orchard, by the burying-ground, and as I chanced to look back for a parting glance I saw Sister Charlotte leaning against an apple-tree, looking wistfully down the road.

Will seemed unconscious of his surroundings; his eyes were fixed on a spot in the road away ahead, where it disappeared after reaching the top of a beautiful hill still bathed in a golden gleam, and a faint smile stole around the corners of his mouth as he saw it again shining, like a bright thread, in the same ray that painted the top of the distant spire.

BERT G. PHILLIPS.

Submarine Lights.

THE abyssal depths of the ocean, supposed but a few years ago to be "untenanted and untenantable by living organisms," are now found to be as replete with animal life as the shallower waters. The light of the sun penetrates a comparatively short distance beneath the surface, and greater depths, below its influence, were conjectured to be "regions of utter darkness;" but here, again, speculation, brought to the test of subsequently ascertained fact, is found to be at fault. Great depths, miles below the surface, indeed, gleam with a pale, perpetual day, for the denizens of these regions, instead of depending upon sun, moon, and stars, are themselves the source of light. Vast tracts of the floor of the ocean are carpeted with the phosphorescence of deep-sea corals, alcyonarian zoöphytes, and ophuiridians. Wyville Thomson, dredging in the northern seas, reports:

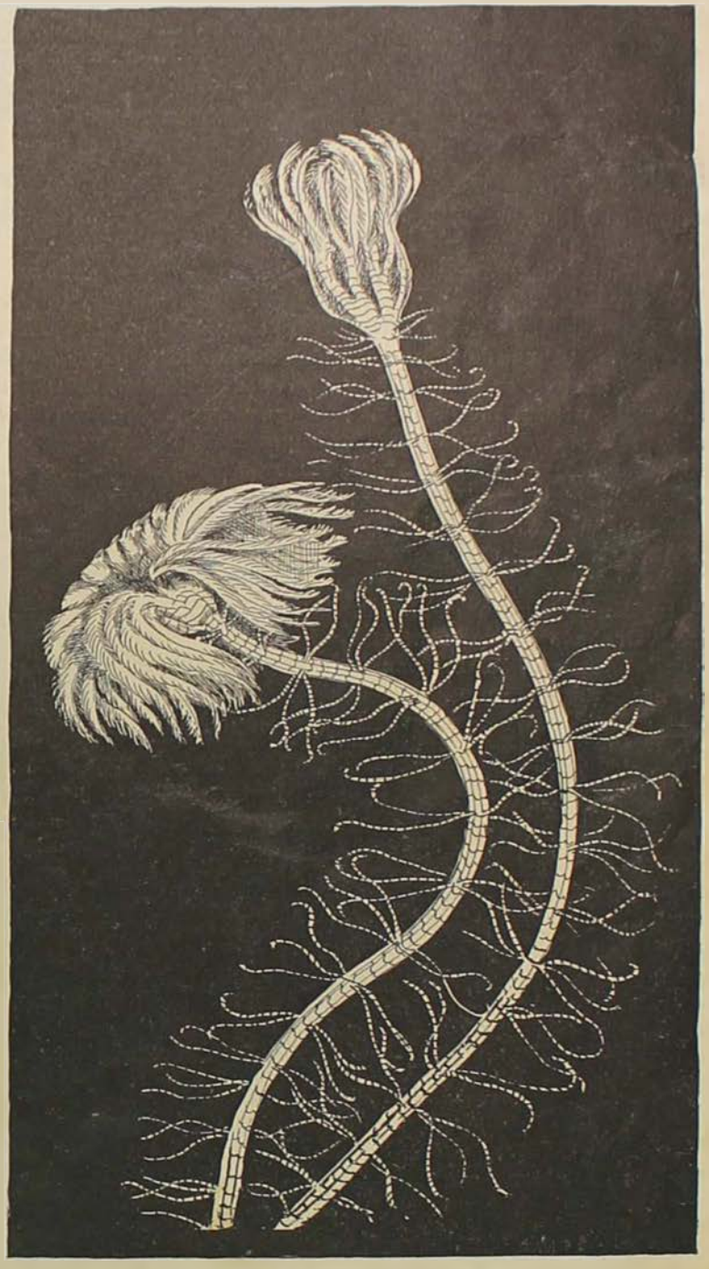


PHOSPHORESCENT ANEMONES AND STAR-FISH.

"In places, nearly everything brought up emitted light, and the mud itself was perfectly full of luminous specks." On another occasion, between Shetland and Stornoway, when the hauls were taken late in the evening, "the tangles were sprinkled over with stars of the most brilliant uranium green, little stars, for the phosphorescent light was much more vivid in the younger and smaller individuals. The light was not constant nor continuous all over the star, but sometimes struck out a line of fire all around the disk, flashing up to the center; this fading, a defined patch broke out in the middle of an arm and traveled slowly to the point, or the whole five rays lit up at the ends and the luminosity spread inward."

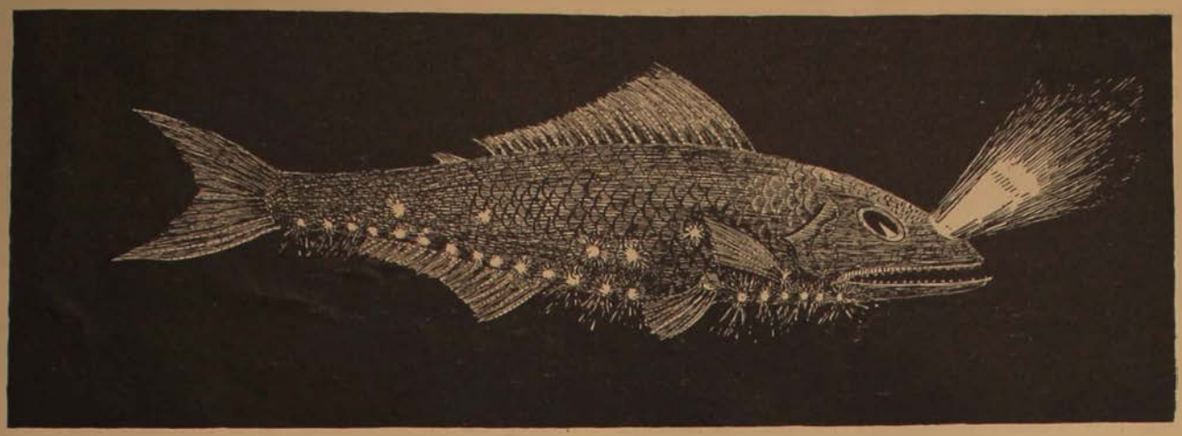
In the deeper parts of the ocean are found the deep-sea crabs with phosphorescent eyes, one genus, called munida, being described as possessing organs that have entirely lost their proper functions and been converted into "veritable balls of living fire." Here, too, are those strange living skeletons the pienogonids, the luminous anemones, and the beautiful animal flowers, the crinoids, or sea-lilies.

Probably, however, the most interesting of the abyssal light-bearers are the luminous fish. The phosphorescence of these creatures is centered in curious light-giving organs about their heads and bodies. The scopelus resplendans, or resplendant scopelus, for example, has distributed along its entire length a number of spots that appear of a pearly luster by daylight, but in the dark light up like the cabin windows of a miniature submarine boat; while upon its forehead flashes so large and brilliant a light as to give the fish the popular name of lamp-fish. The phosphorescence of the sternoptyx is compared by Professor Suhm to the luster of a golden star; while, as in the scopelus, occur the pearly spots



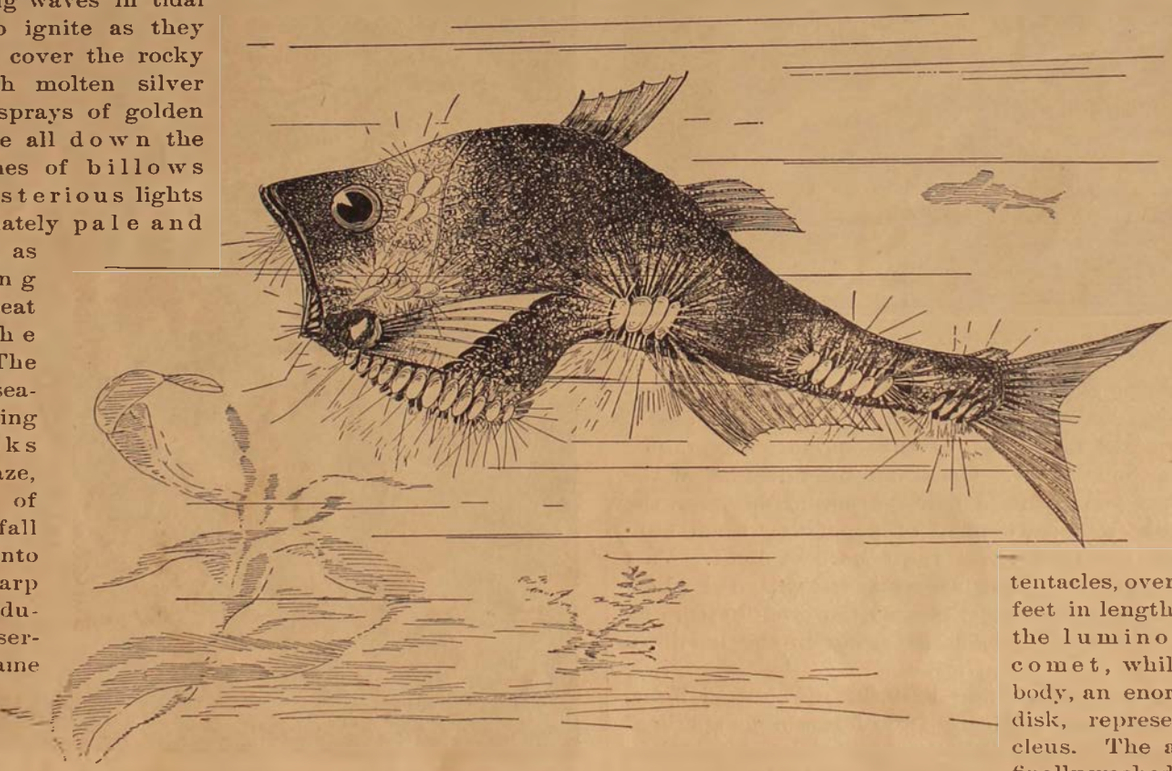
PHOSPHORESCENT CRINOIDS.

that have occasioned so much interest among ichthyologists. These again appear in the strangely formed fish the argyropeletus, from the waters of the Mediterranean, which, though a comparatively small fish, carries fifty-three double luminous spots. Professor Leybig, however, claims that while some of these spots are luminous, others are not. Myriads of these spots appear in the fish chauliodus, as also in the snake-like stomias. The great eyes of the ipnops, a fish discovered in the cruise of the Challenger, are described as "blazing with phosphorescence in the dark."



SCOPELUS RESPLENDANS.

Too many of our inland visitors at the seashore fail to remain near the water after dark, and so lose the most beautiful and wonderful sight they are likely to meet with on their excursion. Who, indeed, can ever forget, or fail to remember with enthusiasm, the phosphorescent sea breaking upon the rocky shores of our more northern coasts? A luminous mist hangs over the waters, through which come the swelling waves in tidal measure to ignite as they break, and cover the rocky shoals with molten silver shot with sprays of golden fire, while all down the parallel lines of billows gleam mysterious lights that alternately pale and brighten as the long surges beat upon the shore. The masses of seaweed clinging to the rocks are all ablaze, and flakes of liquid fire fall from them into the sea; sharp gleams undulate like serpents of flame in the water beneath, and nebulous flashes and spectral wreaths play over the dripping rocks. But to comprehend such description the scene itself must be witnessed and impressed deeply upon the soul of the spectator; then, and not till then, will it be understood how inadequate all attempts to fitly describe such phenomena must necessarily prove.

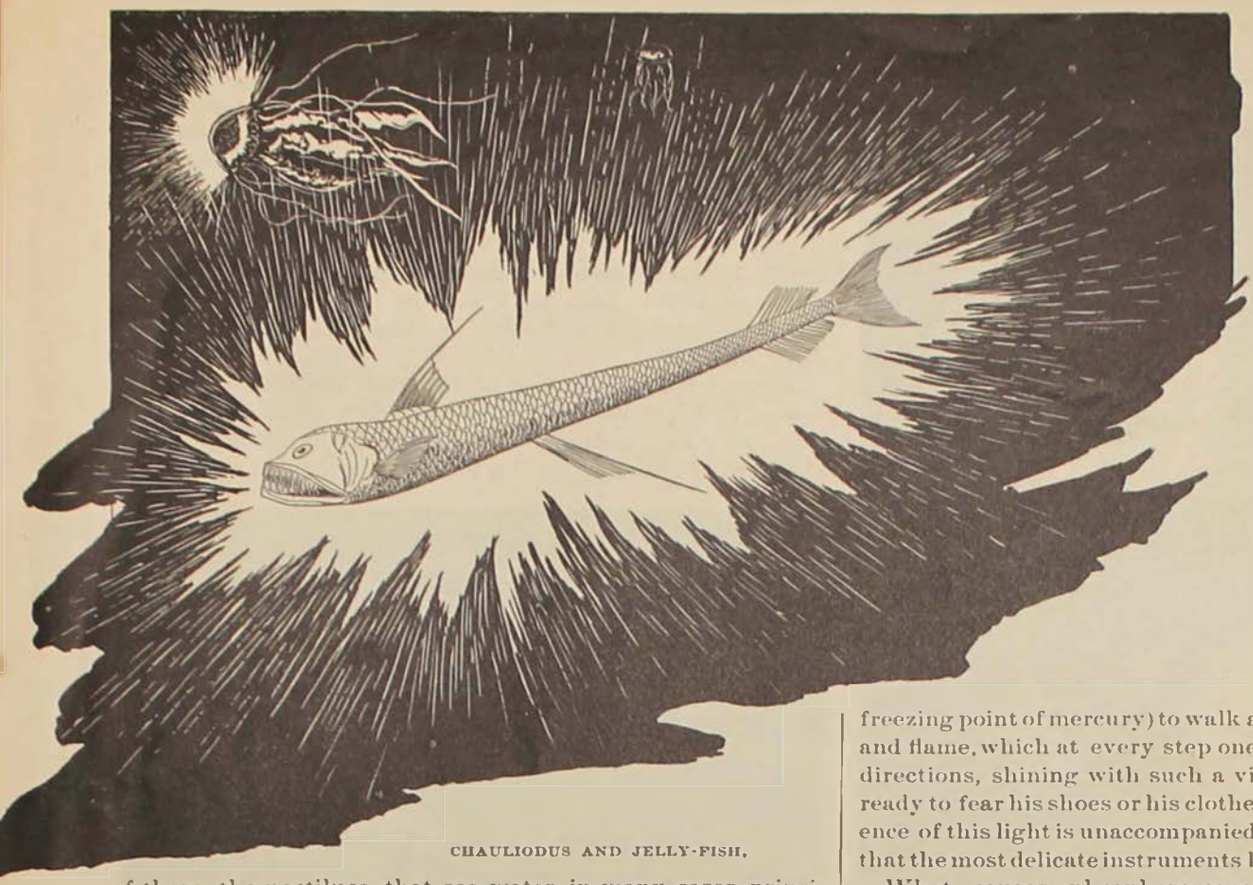


ARGYROPELETUS.

"While sailing a little south of the Plata," writes Darwin, "the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. It was a very dark night; there was a fresh breeze, and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorescence, and in her wake she was followed by a train of milky light. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright; and the sky above the horizon reflected the glare of these livid flames."

The phosphorescence of the sea is of many colors. As one or the other of the light-giving organisms, principally jelly-fish of different genera and species, preponderate in the waters, they may appear emerald green, golden yellow, milky white, purple, or red. The natives near Bombay, some fifty-odd years ago, told a Mr. Telfair of a gigantic flaming monster they had met with in their fishing excursions, some of them asserting that they had seen it in the heavens many years before, but that it had fallen into the sea. Evidently they confounded it with a comet. Finally Mr. Telfair himself obtained a sight of the monster. It proved to be a jelly-fish of gigantic proportions, its tentacles, over three hundred feet in length, answering to the luminous tail of the comet, while its head, or body, an enormous glowing disk, represented the nucleus. The acaleph was finally washed ashore, where, for several nights, it emitted so brilliant a glow that it could be seen from great distances, and shone upon the natives who gathered about it, lighting up their forms and features with a strong light. It is reported to have weighed two tons, and is the largest creature of the kind of which we have any account.

Many of the infusoria are phosphorescent; and it is to one



CHAULIODUS AND JELLY-FISH.

of these, the noctiluca, that sea-water, in many cases, principally owes its olive green tint by day, and its phosphorescence at night. A glass containing a pint of sea-water filled with these minute creatures will, we are assured, give light by which, not only the time by a watch can be told, but ordinary print be read at the distance of two feet from the vessel in which they are placed.

Humboldt tells us that after bathing among the noctiluca in the Pacific his whole body was luminous for hours after; and that the sandy beach upon which the tide left them shone as if it was composed of grains of gold. The captain of a vessel crossed a belt of these marine organisms nearly thirty miles in width. He tells us that although the night was clear yet the noctiluca eclipsed the brightest stars, the Milky Way could be but dimly seen, while for as many miles as the eye could reach the ocean seemed a vast bed of shining, white, molten metal, upon which lay the huge shadow of the ship. Flames sprang from the bow as the ship divided the waters, and blazed in long waves of more vivid light on either side.

So numerous are the light-giving marine organisms that it has been calculated that eighty thousand persons beginning six thousand years ago to count would scarcely at the present time have enumerated the individuals of a single species to be found in a cubic mile of sea-water.

Yellow seems the characteristic color of phosphorescent plants and animals. Numbers of minute crustaceans, either yellow or spotted with yellow, that shine with self-emitted light, frequent our coast. They are known specifically as idotea phosphorea. Nordenskiold in the voyage of the Vega describes the phosphorescence of the snow at Mussel Bay caused by a similar crustacean.

"If one walks," he says, "during winter, along the beach on the snow, which at ebb-tide is dry, but at flood-tide is more or less drenched with sea-water, there arises at every step an exceedingly intense, beautiful, bluish-white flash of light, which in the spectroscope gives a one-colored Labrador-blue spectrum. This lovely flash of light arises from the snow, that shows no luminosity before it is stepped upon. The flash lasts only a few moments, but is so intense that it appears as if a sea of fire would open at every step a man takes. It produces, indeed, a peculiar impression on dark and stormy days (the temperature of the air was sometimes in the neighborhood of the freezing point of mercury) to walk along in this mixture of snow and flame, which at every step one takes splashes about in all directions, shining with such a vivid light that one is almost ready to fear his shoes or his clothes will take fire." The presence of this light is unaccompanied by any rise of temperature that the most delicate instruments known to science can detect.

What causes phosphorescence in animals, what is its

NOCTILUCA AND CRUSTACEANS.

nature and the conditions of its display, are very imperfectly known, if, indeed, it can be said that anything at all is certainly known on the subject. It has been suggested,

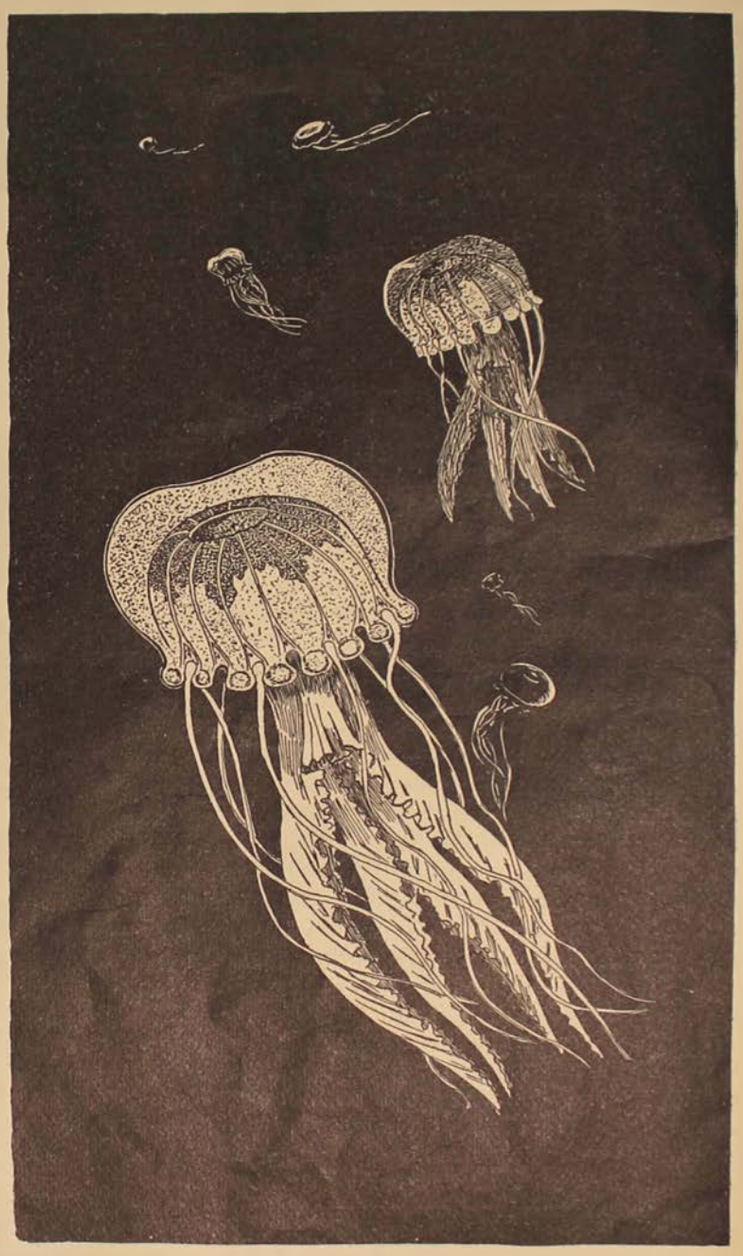
LUMINOUS DEEP-SEA ORGANISMS.

and is to some extent accepted as an explanation of the phenomenon, that it is the result of slow animal combustion; but it is difficult to understand what sort of slow animal combustion, resulting in the brilliant light described above by Nordenskiold, can take place in a substance reduced to a temperature "in the neighborhood of the freezing point of mercury," or some thirty-seven degrees below zero.

The benefit to be derived from the gift of phosphorescence to the animals possessing it, surrounded as they are, in many cases, by enemies seeking to devour them, must necessarily seem rather problematical. Professor Verril believes that because phosphorescence is possessed by jelly-fish, which are armed with stinging organs, fish have learned to fear whatever is phosphorescent; and offers in confirmation of his views the statement, made by certain fishermen, that fishes avoid a net in which jelly-fish have become entangled, arguing that, "if this be the case, animals otherwise defenceless obtain protection by developing this property." The difficulty about this explanation is the possession of a high degree of phosphorescence by creatures in the abyssal depths of the sea untenanted by jelly-fish or animals of a like nature; besides which there is really nothing to prove that jelly-fish possess any claims prior to those of other marine organisms to a patent on phosphorescence. In addition to this it is pertinently urged that jelly-fish do not find their stinging apparatus a sure protection, but are themselves devoured by voracious enemies.

It may be naturally supposed by those who have given but little attention to the subject, that the presence of phosphorus in some form is necessary to the exhibition of the phenomena of phosphorescence. This, however, is not the case. The word employed is made up of two Greek terms signifying light-bringer, and was used before the elementary substance phosphorus was discovered. As nearly as can be ascertained, the quality of phosphorescence is closely connected with electrical conditions as yet little understood. In certain cases the atmosphere itself becomes phosphorescent. I myself have seen moonless nights when everything could be clearly seen by a sort of diffused light without apparent origin, and casting no shadows in any definite direction.

A great many instances of the kind are related by Professor T. L. Phipson in a treatise on the subject, and in every case they seemed to be caused by or related to some electrical disturbance in the atmosphere similar to that pro-



PHOSPHORESCENT JELLY-FISH.

ducing the phenomena of the aurora borealis. As a number of fish, and even insects, are known to possess organs capable of producing discharges of electricity, it may be conjectured that animal phosphorescence may possibly be induced by some form of animal electricity.

J. CARTER BEARD

FADS, HOBBIES, AND RECREATIONS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

PERSONAL items given specially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE by Henry O. Havemeyer, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Frances Willard, Hamilton W. Mabie, Edward E. Rice, and Senator W. A. Peffer.

REMBRANDTS, POTTERIES, AND VIOLINS.

HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, PRESIDENT OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

IF I ride any particular hobby I may say I ride three of them,—three abreast. What are they? Well, Rembrandt paintings, Japanese potteries, and violins.

It is rather difficult to write or talk of the things one has collected without appearing conceited; but anyway, since you ask, I may as well say that I have ten Rembrandts in my dining-room. Some of my friends have single Rembrandts; but this collection of mine, I believe, is the largest in the country. Perhaps that is why I name it as one of my hobbies. For "The Gilder" I paid $60,000; and as for what the entire collection cost,—well! I'd better not say.

The Japanese potteries are scattered all over my house. I like to see them. I will travel any distance to find a rare specimen of Japanese work in pottery.

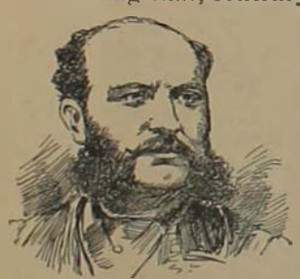
As for the violins, I have a large collection,—old ones, dark ones, light ones, antique, historic, modern. And can I play on them? I'd rather you'd ask my friends.

I am asked how I came to care so particularly for Rembrandt paintings. One day I happened in Schaus' art store on Fifth Avenue, and saw "The Gilder." It was so life-like, so true, it attracted my attention immediately. I called in again and again, for several days, to see that picture. I couldn't get it off my mind. Several weeks elapsed, then I went again to see it. This time I bought it, and have been buying them ever since, one at a time. Whenever I hear of or see a good one in this country or Europe, I cannot rest until it is mine.

HIS HORSES ARE HOBBY-HORSES.

THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

MY hobby? Horses—always horses. You may say that my horses are therefore hobby-horses. So they are, excepting that, contrary to most men who ride a hobby, I can sometimes get off mine.



I love any sport, any recreation, any enterprise with a horse in it. I play polo because I can play it seated on a horse's back. I coach because I love to see four or six fine animals all in graceful motion, and under my control. I remember as a boy I used to like to ride a merry-go-round when I could ride on a horse. I have seen an invention for propelling carriages with naphtha or electricity in order to do away with horses. This apparatus may do for wagons and heavy trucking; but who that has sat behind a horse and held the reins as he covered the ground up the boulevard at a 2.20 gait would want to be carried up there without that horse?

How many horses have I? Oh! the number fluctuates; but perhaps my stables show an average of thirty-five the year round. My interest in horses is amateur rather than professional. I find pleasure not so much in the racing speed of a horse, as in the grace and beauty, the sterling qualities of the animal itself.

HER FAD IS BICYCLING.

FRANCES WILLARD, PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD'S AND NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

I HAVE been asked how I came to adopt the fad of bicycling. I adopted it, first of all, in England, as a sort of medicine. It was recommended to me by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, probably the best-known hygienist in England. He recommended the bicycle to me for my health. Lady Somerset presented it to me. She bought a tricycle, and together we used to ride about the grounds of her estate.

I think if one has a fad, a recreating fad, one should adopt the fad which gives most health. Bowling for women is good in a measure, but it develops one arm while it leaves the other weak, and is, besides, a form of recreation too often carried on indoors in an overheated room. But for filling the lungs with good, pure air, clearing the mind, and bracing the nerves, bicycling is the best. I call bicycling walking six inches above ground.

My two guiding mottoes in learning were "I will not fail," and "It's dogged as does it." With the aid of these, together with the help of my three young women assistants, I learned to ride in thirty hours. I went first with three assistants, then with two, then one, then without any, though they usually accompanied me even after I learned. I have brought my wheel from England with me, and shall probably ride out at my home in Evanston.

I learn that the two reigning fads in New York just now are woman suffrage and bicycling. Now woman suffrage is all right in season; but in the warm months let the girls take up the bicycling fad in earnest. I like to see as many girls riding as men; and on all the wheels ridden by both men and women I'd like to see the white ribbon floating.

A GREAT WALKER.

HAMILTON W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE OUTLOOK," PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK KINDERGARTEN SOCIETY, AND AUTHOR OF "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," "UNDER THE TREES AND ELSEWHERE," ETC.

I AM tempted to believe that very nearly every man has some particular amusement or form of recreation that gives him that certain pleasure which is found in having a hobby. When I was asked to say what is my favorite amusement, form of recreation, fad, or hobby, I found it difficult to decide upon one thing, for the reason that I think I enjoy nearly everything, in a way. I found it especially hard to draw an exact line of demarcation between my work and my play, for my work seems to me to be part of my play. But, after some reflection, I am inclined to think myself guilty of finding a peculiar pleasure, different from all other pleasures, in walking,—w a l k i n g, I m e a n, in the woods.

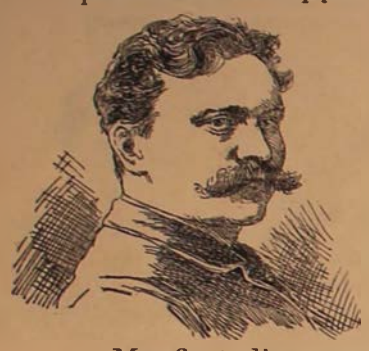
I am a great walker, anyway, whether in the city or country; but it is in the country more particularly that I love to indulge my pedestrian inclinations. I'm fond of a congenial companion, one who

responds to one's moods out there in the woods as we stroll along the brookside, toil up the mountain, or wander down the valley. In these walks I take no rod nor gun, for I'm sure I've not the sporting instincts; but I simply love the sport that nature furnishes for my eyes and ears in the ever-changing scenery, in the sky, the lonely, solitary, ever-running brooks, the full, sweet discourse of birds, and the stately conversations of the trees. I have a house in Sullivan County, New York, where I always go in the summer, and from where I start for a walk sometimes of two or three days' duration. I don't hurry on these walks; I just linger, watching the shadows, just glad in being outdoors. I have tramped on the other side, especially in England, but nowhere as much as in beautiful, hilly Sullivan County.

A DISCOVERER OF TALENT.

EDWARD E. RICE, MANAGER OF "1492," "EVANGELINE," "PINAFORE," "ADONIS," ETC.

"A SCORE of the most prominent comedians of today were permitted the opportunity to emerge from obscurity through the quick perception of Mr. Rice. Many others whom death or retirement has removed he also discovered and brought to the front."



Thus writes one kind Boswell of me. As for discovering people for the stage I suppose he's right. If I have any one forte, any one hobby, it is in the hunt, the diligent search after unusual and special talent in the theatrical field.

My first discovery was made some twenty years ago. I discovered a fact. It was that many talented persons in stageland were wasting their lives without ever having an opportunity for showing their talent. Some who could really sing were simply acting; others, actors born, were simply singing in the chorus, with no other opportunity for acting than the mere lifting of an arm or the swaying of the body. Others with decided talent for musical composition remained obscure through sheer blindness of managers to their particular talent. Comedians were playing tragic rôles, or were down-trodden and confined to their lines by stage managers, with never a chance of showing their actual capabilities.

These were some of the people I set out to discover, and this matter of "discovering" became my hobby.

As my Boswell says, I have "discovered" scores of comedians who would never have been known just for the want of a suitable opportunity. And all on account of a hobby.

HE LOVES CHILDREN.

SENATOR W. A. PEFFER, POPULIST SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

I DO not attend theaters nor baseball games nor dog-fights nor cock-fights nor horse-races; I do not play cards, I do not play billiards.

The children's fun is my fun, my amusement, my particular hobby. George Francis Train likes children because he hates grown people; Elbridge T. Gerry likes children because he has made their protection part of his lifework; I like children because they are a source of pleasure. They are all living flowers. What better influence can be brought to bear upon a man than when he looks into a child's soulful, peaceful, pure, and innocent eyes?

I like to be the children's companion, to play with them, sport with them, especially in the street. I like to be their playmate.

I would much more enjoy a game of hide-and-seek or of ordinary ball among a squad of eight or ten year old boys, than to witness the best horse-race, the finest yacht-race, or the best football or baseball game by the finest "teams" in the country. And there you have my hobby.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(*Continued from Page* 592.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MISS BESSIE SINGLETON'S father, overwhelmed with financial trouble, took his own life, leaving his wife and children penniless. Bessie, but just introduced into society at the time of the calamity, received news of it by telegram, while she was at a ball in the company of a gentleman who had shown her very marked attention. She is the eldest of the children, and in the time of trouble was the comfort and stay of all, planned for the future, and settled the family in a little house in the village after they left their own beautiful home. She secured a position for herself in the public school; but after a few months gave it up to a younger sister, came to New York to try her fortunes as a journalist, and sought employment in a newspaper office. After repeated rebuffs, the editor of the Daily Meteor consented to give her "space" work: that is, she is to take an assignment every day and write it up, and at the end of the week is to be paid for the space she has filled. Returning from this interview to her boarding-house she ran against a Miss Carter, an artist, in the vestibule; mutual apologies and explanations ensued, and Bessie accepted an invitation from Miss Carter to take tea in her studio on the next day. Her companion of the ball had written her one or two courteous but formal letters before she left home, and this evening she found in her room a bouquet of hot-house roses from him, and a note stating that as he was called out of town he had sent the roses to welcome her to New York.

Betty went out on her first assignment in a blinding snowstorm, wrote what she considered an excellent account that would fill a column, and then went to the tea at Miss Carter's studio. Here she met Nellie O'Conner, an actress, Jean McFarlan, a young physician, and Gretchen and Isabel Müller, one a singer, the other a musician. They elected Betty a member of their club, the Pleiades, and she started homeward, on the way meeting a wealthy young lady who had made her *début* at the same time with herself. The heiress patronized Betty, but of course was not very cordial; yet Betty felt very happy in

her independence. The next morning she bought a Meteor and found her work of the previous day cut down to a single paragraph, and on demanding an explanation was told that her work was "trashy," and that she must be brief. Sadly disappointed, as she had been calculating on pay for a column, she started on another assignment, turned in her "copy," and going home found a card from her friend Mr. Fenwick Huntington. Still more disappointed at not seeing him, she rushed up stairs to find Miss Carter waiting for her to request that she would come to her studio as soon as she could find leisure, to get points for an article about Miss Carter, to be published in an art paper. The next afternoon she went to the studio, when Miss Carter told her how, after the death of her grandfather, with whom she lived, she had taught school, and saved, and starved, almost, until she got together three hundred dollars, with which she came to New York, entered at the Art Students' League, had to begin in the lowest classes, but, possessing talent, steadily worked up until she was able to open a studio for herself. This interview resulted in the formation of a strong friendship between the two women. Almost every day Betty would drop in at Miss Carter's studio and tell her about her discouragements and her successes: how she had few assignments, but turned to good account every "catchy" thing she saw, writing it up for her paper and thus adding to her earnings; how she sometimes was snubbed when she interviewed ladies on society matters; how she went to a fashionable ball to write up the dresses and encountered Mr. Huntington and Miss Van Tassle, her former rival, in the entrance hall, who revenged herself by speaking quite derisively to Mr. Huntington about women as reporters. But with it all she was comparatively happy, and conscious of achieving some degree of success.

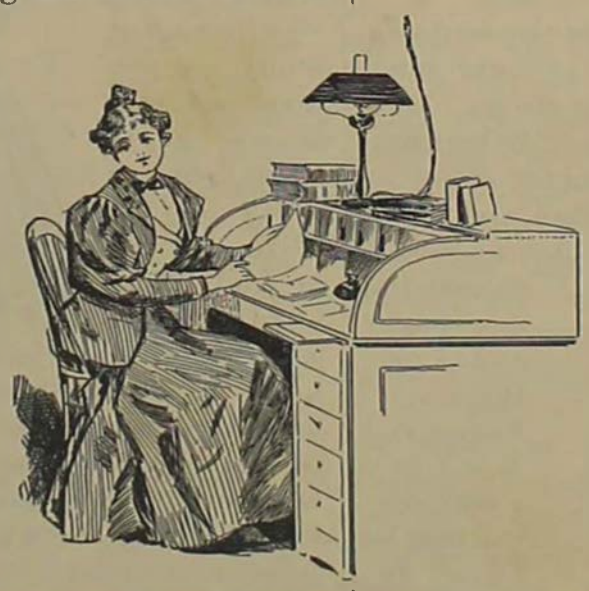
Meanwhile Nellie O'Conner, the actress, had an opportunity to take a leading part, and was to make her first appearance on her birthday; and the Pleiades determined to give her a birthday surprise-party, to which a number of friends of the Pleiades were to be invited, among them the Great Bear, an artist having a studio in the same building with Miss Carter, and about whom Betty had a theory of her own that he might be the lost Pleiad. Miss O'Conner's *début* proved a great success; and a very happy party gathered after it in Fanny Carter's studio to celebrate the event. "The Great Bear" sent with his acceptance of the invitation to the gathering some lovely flowers, proved a great acquisition, and dropped as naturally into his position as if he had always been one of them. The play in which Nellie O'Conner made her *début* proved very successful, and she was promoted to a permanently important position in the company. The increase in salary decides her to send for her mother—whom she has supported for some years—and establish herself in a pretty home in New York. Of course the plans for this are talked over in Miss Carter's studio; after tea Nellie and Betty take a walk together, and Nellie relates her experiences on the stage, the ups and downs of starting, hardships of provincial tours, and gives much valuable information for students of her profession. With the coming of Spring Betty grows a little weary of the routine of work and accepts an invitation from an old friend to a reception where she once more mingles with the gay world as one of its ornaments, instead of an humble chronicler of its movements. She meets Mr. Huntington there and he resumes his devoted attentions, walking down the Avenue with her after the reception to Fanny Carter's studio. Betty makes a pretty picture in her dainty reception-gown, and Fanny insists on her posing for a picture; the sitting is interrupted by the arrival of "four thirsty Pleiades clamoring for tea," during the enjoyment of which the girls discuss plans for their summer outings. Their pleasure is rudely broken into by the upsetting of the kettle with its alcohol lamp, which causes an incipient conflagration, only prevented from being serious by the hasty entrance of the Great Bear, who tears down draperies, and quickly stamps out the fire, but burns his hands cruelly in the work. Dr. Jean dresses them, and all ends well.

By midsummer the Pleiades had scattered for their vacation outings, leaving only Betty and Jean in town. Mr. Huntington becomes very attentive and frequently takes Betty out to the theaters. One hot evening he invites her to go to a Roof Garden where there is a vaudeville entertainment; a little against her better judgment, Betty yields to his persuasions, but regrets it much afterwards, as a "bold, bad man" annoys her by impertinent scrutiny, and she feels she has violated *les convenances*, and decides in her own mind that Mr. Huntington had no business to have taken her there. Betty meets Jean and the Great Bear the next day as they are starting on a Fresh Air expedition with a company of the city's waifs, and joins them, passing a refreshing day in the country, which restores her mind and feelings to a healthier, normal tone. The Great Bear has become very much interested in Jean's work among the sick poor, and gives her valuable aid. In a quiet talk with Betty, while resting in an arbor after luncheon, Jean relates her experiences while a medical student in New York, and asks for her congratulations upon the success of her spring "exams."

The morning after Betty's excursion with Jean she took to the Meteor office a clever account of the fresh-air children, which, with its illustrations, she felt sure would please the editor. She found Mr. Griswold too absorbed in business with a stranger to give her more than a glance, and went away disappointed. At dinner she found a note from the office informing her that her services as a salaried member of the staff must be dispensed with. So Betty was compelled to work as a "free lance" for different papers through the summer, and suffered many trials and hardships, which drove her for sympathy to Mr. Huntington, whose attentions culminated in an avowal of his devoted love. For a short time Betty lived in a heaven of her own, from which she was rudely torn by learning in a very cruel way of the announcement of Mr. Huntington's engagement to a wealthy society girl. None of her friends knew anything of her troubles. Finally Fanny Carter returned to her studio in the autumn, and when Betty made her first visit she found that Fanny had taken another room adjoining her studio, and had made every preparation for her to come and live there. Fanny would take no refusal, and they did not separate till she had learned all about Betty's trials and sorrows, and all was arranged for her prompt removal to the studio. On her way home Betty was spoken to by the impudent rascal of Roof Garden memory; but Mr. Griswold promptly arrived on the scene, knocked the wretch down, and insisted on seeing Betty safely to her door. During the walk explanations ensued, and Betty learned that her dismissal from the Meteor's staff was received from a sub-editor in charge during Mr. Griswold's absence, he being called away by the death of his father; and matters assumed a roseate hue before they separated.

XIV.

"IT is the unexpected that always happens," writes a philosopher observant of the average course of human events; and Betty's eyes widened to their utmost size when, the morning after her adventure on Fifth Avenue, she found a note, formal, yet kind, from Mr. Griswold, asking her to take the editorship of the woman's page of the Meteor, at thirty dollars a week. How the gathering clans of the Pleiades did congratulate her!

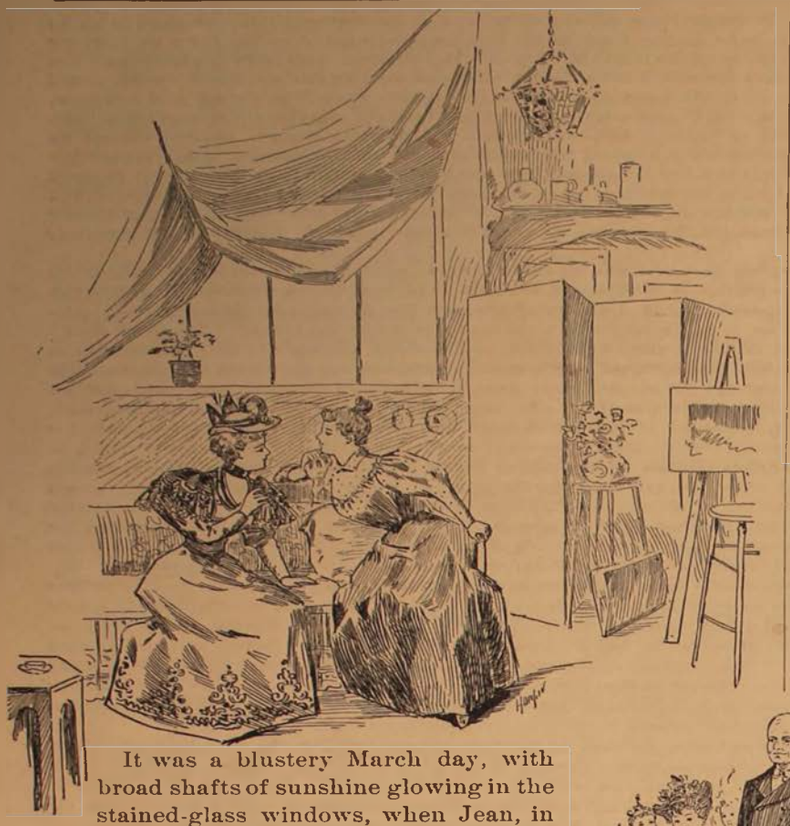


She was installed at a stately rolling-top desk in a tiny private office, and with helpful suggestions from Mr. Griswold she mapped out her department with admirable results. With thirty dollars she felt everything was possible; at home she could lend a strong hand in meeting the expenses, and life in the studio was so cosy and sweet! As for Fanny, she was working harder than ever at her classes and at Betty's portrait, with which she hoped to win a prize at the spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists. If she realized her hope she would go for the long-toiled-for trip to Europe.

The winter seemed to go by on wings for the two girls. Pleasant work shortened the days, and Betty came to realize how, outside of fashionable society, there is a world in New York made up of the clever folk, artists, authors, sculptors, musicians, and their friends, delightful to record. The old fretting ceased in this happy atmosphere of striving and success, and day by day the old wound healed. Since the day of confession neither she nor Fanny mentioned Mr. Huntington's name.

But upon her heart, as well as on the spirits of every sister Pleiad, a shadow was falling. This was Miss Carter's health. Even the Great Bear spoke of it to Jean, who begged Fanny to go South; but Fanny only laughed. She had always had a little cough, she said, and, ridiculing Jean's fears, went steadily on with her work. Somehow the Pleiades, after that, began to regard Fanny with tenderer glances than of yore; and the Great Bear, who was always hinting broadly for an invitation to tea, fell into the way of bringing some little cluster of flowers she liked, exclaiming with genuine enthusiasm over her beautiful work, and then calmly walking home with Jean, who no longer had the grace to blush.

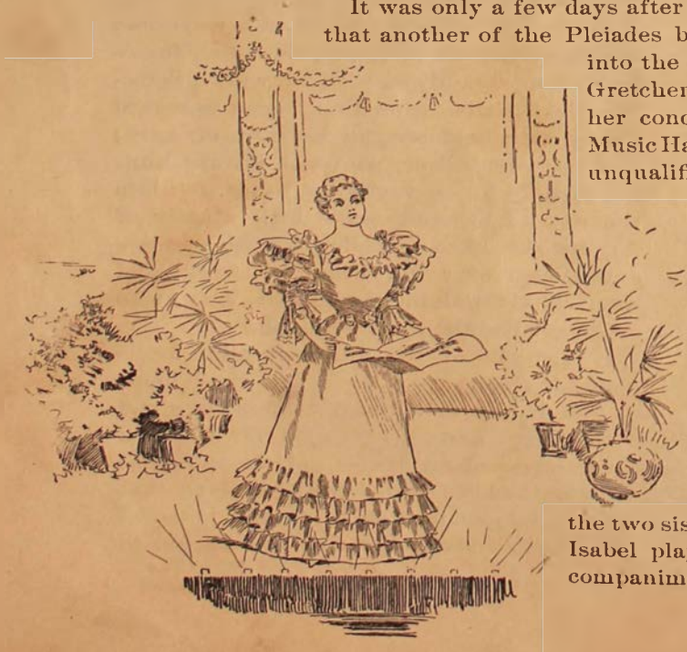
It was one of the first springlike afternoons in February that Betty came home to find Fanny and Jean all smiles and tears, and to hear the great news that Cupid for the first time had entered the circle of sisters,—Cupid in the guise of the Great Bear, who had persuaded practical Jean that there was no future happiness for him if she did not consent to make it; and like a sensible girl she had agreed to try.



It was a blustery March day, with broad shafts of sunshine glowing in the stained-glass windows, when Jean, in a soft gray gown, and with a great bouquet of pink roses in her hand, went up the aisle on Mr. Holbrook's arm, to where the Great Bear waited her coming at the altar. The girls could not help it that one and all they wept when Gretchen Müller sang "The voice that breathed over Eden," in sweetest tones, and when Jean and the Great Bear answered "I will," like good soldiers receiving a solemn charge. They wept again at the station where they went to bid the bride *au revoir*, for she and her proud, happy husband went off for a honeymoon trip to Florida.

"Who will be the next to go?" said Nellie, in so seriously anxious a tone that everybody laughed save Betty, who blushed hotly and then grew very sad; for she knew a great grief and a great happiness would soon be hers.

It was only a few days after the wedding that another of the Pleiades brought fame into the circle. Miss Gretchen Müller made her concert début at Music Hall, and "won unqualified success," so said the newspaper critics. Betty, Fanny, and Nellie were there, you may be sure, regarding with no little pride the two sisters in white, Isabel playing the accompaniments, while Gretchen charmed her hearers with an aria full of trills as clear as rippling water. Back she came to the delightful welcome of hearty hand-clapping, to sing, first a tender lullaby of Mozart's, and then that ever new old plaint of Mignon, "*Connais tu le pays*," that made the tears start and roused the hand-clapping anew.



"I am so glad for those two brave girls!" said Fanny as she and Betty sat that night over glowing logs in the Franklin fireplace. "Isabel is the eldest, you know. Their father was a violinist and a member of the opera orchestra. He and his good wife and two tow-headed little daughters lived very happily, so Isabel tells me, until the wife died, and a stroke of paralysis, one night in the orchestra, suddenly carried off the father. He had taught the girls a great deal of music, so Isabel took up her life's work. Gretchen had the voice, and her sister sacrificed everything to train it. Her idea was to make Gretchen an accomplished oratorio and concert singer; so she took all the piano and violin scholars she could get, and she secured a goodly number in private schools and families.

"She has often grieved that she had never profited by a bit of musical education abroad, since a foreign graduation certificate entitles one in New York to high prices for teaching. Diligence achieved a great deal for her, however, and by the hardest labor and most scrupulous economy she managed to get together enough to send Gretchen to a famous instructor, paying out, poor child! seventy dollars per quarter from her hard earnings.

"'One cannot do on less,' she used to tell me when I thought the prices too high, 'for every other art save music may be bought cheaply; and it is worse than fatal to give a fresh, good voice into the care of any but the most perfect instructors.' Meantime everything was sacrificed to Gretchen, whose health needed to be kept up, and her courage sustained with an opera ticket now and again.

"'You give Gretchen too much,' I used sometimes to complain to Isabel. "'No,' she would insist, 'a voice is the most delicate organ. It must be nourished; one cannot study as you starve and painters do. It does not surprise me that many girls come to New York, enter a school of music or the studio of an able and expensive teacher, and, living meanwhile in a garret on a crust, lose health and voice, and wonder how it happened. To make a fine voice, body and mind must be kept well and strong; and for that reason when a girl asks me what are some of the requisites for vocal training in New York, I always tell her, if she comes alone, to live in a good boarding-house where she will get nourishing food, and have absolutely no manual labor; to estimate her board and washing at, at least, four hundred dollars, which is for nine months; to bring an abundance of good, warm clothes; to allow two hundred and fifty dollars for tuition; carry no cares, and guard her health like a jewel. If she can, I tell her to have a sister or her mother live with her, to nurse her when she is ill, to rub her when she is tired, cheer her when she

is sad, guard her against draughts, damp feet, and failing appetite, and to play chaperon.'

"All that Isabel does for Gretchen, and more, and the reward will come very soon now; for Gretchen's voice is good, and having saved with that end in view, Isabel will take her to Paris or Dresden for a half-year's finishing, and then on coming back to New York she will look for regular engagements at——"

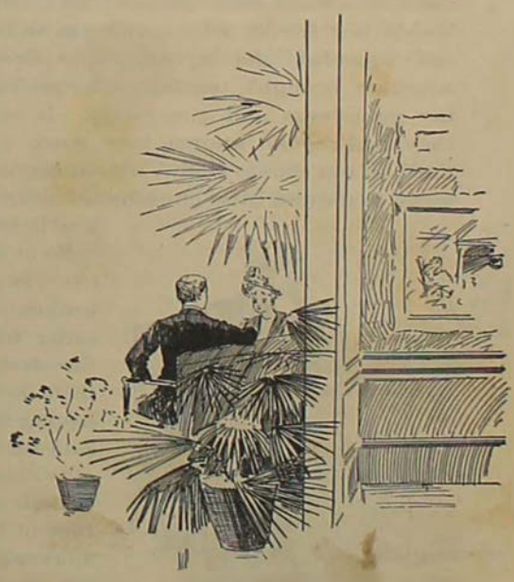
But here Fanny could say no more. She had risen to her feet, and attempting to walk across the floor staggered and would have fallen had not Betty caught her. Bending over her friend Betty tried to stanch the thin stream of blood issuing from her lips. The next day, however, Fanny was up and busy at her work; she would not even see a doctor, saying all was well, and smiling brightly the while.

The portrait was now finished, and standing before it Betty wondered if she had really seemed so fair to Fanny, if her eyes and lips were so sad and tender, so mirthful, wistful, and serene. A great mist of tears dimmed her eyes as she watched Fanny's hands, grown thin and trembling, like an old woman's, putting last loving touches in here and there. She turned her head away sharply, and Miss Carter's face fell; she feared Betty was disappointed.

The day of the reception and private view in the beautiful galleries of the Fine Arts Building was held in due season. Fanny had been too ill to attend on varnishing or press day, but as the afternoon proved warm and bright, with Betty's help she got into her best gown, and the two girls joined the great procession of private viewers passing under the street awning. Of course, the galleries were full to overflowing; artists, authors, editors, actors, commonplace folk, eminent lawyers, doctors, and the smartest, wealthiest women in New York crowded and jostled through the great rooms. But the girls had eyes for none of these; they were looking for the half-length portrait of a young girl in gray, set down in the catalogue as "Youth, by Frances Carter."

"There it is! there! there!" almost shouted Betty, whose excited exclamation was happily drowned in a Babel of voices. Sure enough; and it was well hung, bearing on its frame the magic brass plate announcing a prize. They could not get very near, for the crowd was dense about it, eager and enthusiastic; but Fanny was content. The crowning glory of her gentle life had come, and she was willing to hold Betty's hand quite close in hers, and smile placidly up at her great achievement. Just in front of them a tall man stood, gazing at the sweet face on the canvas long and intently. At last he turned to walk on, and Betty's eyes rested full on his face. She did not pale nor flush, but smiled calmly and bowed. She wondered what Fenwick Huntington had thought as he looked at her portrait. At any rate, she was glad to prove to him that the past was forgotten. How long ago the summer seemed, and how foolish all its passions and tears; they were put away and forgiven quite, and she smiled politely to Mrs. Huntington, whom as Miss Rodin she had formerly known.

At last Mr. Lawrence came up and took both Fanny's hands in his with warmest congratulation; and before the girls knew it they were meeting all the great folk in the room, who echoed Mr. Lawrence's praises. Then Fanny was carried off by a group of brother artists to see the rest of the pictures, and Betty found Mr. Griswold was lingering beside her. He secured a seat for her in the shade of some palms, near where the musicians were playing on the stairs, and they could talk quietly, not of pictures or newspapers; and yet they seemed well enough amused until Betty sprang up with a blush and a smile when the lights were turned on in the reflectors, and the leader of the band called out to his men, "Six o'clock!"



XV.

It was not many days before "Youth" wore in the corner of its frame a little brown ticket bearing the word "Sold," and Fanny began actively to plan for her trip abroad. She decided to sail the first of June, and Betty made no objection; for with sinking heart she had received the dictum of the doctor that before that date her friend would set out on a

longer and more glorious voyage. Meanwhile Fanny was content to lie still and smiling on a big sofa and be carefully waited on. She was tired, she said, and resting would give her strength for all she intended to do on the other side. Mr. Lawrence came often and sat beside her invalid chair; and other folk, for Fanny had grown to be a famous person. But by and by she grew too weak even to see them; and when one day Betty came home early from her work she found Miss Carter paler than usual, with traces of tears on her wan cheeks.

The doctor had been in for a little, was all she would say; and when the Müllers came in for their cup of tea she asked Gretchen to sing again "*Connais tu le pays.*" One day she tapped the drawer of her desk and told Betty that after she sailed she wished her to read a letter she had left there. The next afternoon she begged Betty and the doctor to lift her up in bed that she might see the sunlight across the greening tree-tops in the square. She put her arms out toward the window, saying, dreamily,

"How good it is to be at home again at Fernhurst! There is the dear old grandad calling, I think. I really must go; he needs me."

For a time Betty could not realize the terrible fact of Fanny's death, and, stunned and dry-eyed, she sat long beside her friend, who never was so beautiful as when, fair and peaceful, she lay amid the flowers her friends and admirers brought, tearfully whispering countless stories of her gentleness and generosity. It seemed to the Pleiades they had never known how much she had been to them, until an old cousin from Virginia carried their dearest Fanny away to a quiet little churchyard near Fernhurst, to lay her beside her grandfather.

So at length, when it was all over, Betty went about heart-brokenly, putting the studio in order for another tenant. In the desk drawer she found a little loving note from Fanny, asking that all her pictures be sold for the benefit of the little old Virginia cousin, and that certain sketches and well-loved bits of bric-a-brac be given as souvenirs to the Pleiades and a few well-loved pupils. Every sweet wish Betty had fulfilled with scrupulous care; and then, at dusk, when her work was done, she took off the little white card bearing the simple legend "Miss Frances Carter, Artist." Here, her composure and courage quite gone, she leaned her cheek against the hard, cold door, sobbing as if her heart would break.

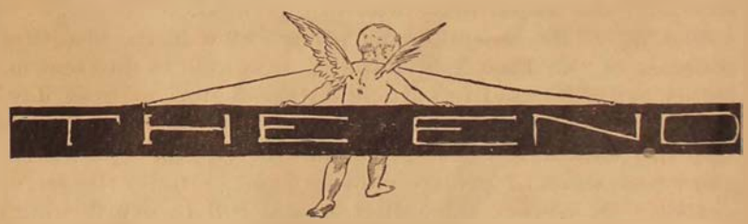
In the street she moved with lagging step, thankful that the gathering dusk hid her tear-dimmed eyes from any curious gaze, and wondering with infinite sadness where she should turn for strength, comfort, and sympathy. Jean was already busy over her little flat, with schemes for the farm and the Great Bear's pictures, too well occupied to be more than kind; in a week the Müllers would sail for Germany, and Nellie be at home in a wee apartment with her mother, and wrapped up in her work.

Suddenly a quick step behind her sent the blood from her cheeks and fear to her heart. What if those ugly black eyes should peep over her shoulders at any moment? She quickened her step tremblingly, when someone spoke her name, and she turned to meet Mr. Griswold.

They laughed a little over her fright; he quietly drew her hand through his arm, and all at once Betty knew he was asking her to be his wife.

"I think," he said, gently, "I must have loved you from the very first day, when, you remember, you came in to ask me for work; but you did not like me then, and so I have had to wait for this. Surely you have seen what I feel for you."

Being an intelligent young woman, Betty undoubtedly had; and gladly she gave him her answer, her heart shining in her brown eyes raised to his with a contentment he could not mistake. So up the long thoroughfare they pass out of our sight under twinkling lights; behind them the spring sky aglow with tints of daffodil and rose glimmering softly over the trees of Washington Square, where the Pleiades had met and parted, each finding her own perfect sphere.



Society Fads.

The last stronghold of selfish man has capitulated to the pleading, envious eyes of women, and every well-regulated country clubhouse has hospitably opened its doors, not only to women guests, but to women members; greatly, they say, to the social advancement of the club itself. Now in one country yacht-club house, that looks down with wide verandas from grassy cliffs on blue Long Island Sound, a woman member, a week or two since, entertained her friends at a sea-food dinner. The table was set on the corner of the veranda where everyone could see the moon rise, Japanese lanterns were the lights, and men in full sailor-suits of white duck waited on the table. The guests were asked to come in their smartest seaside flannels, and they found a round table decorated with marsh and water lilies and reeds, placed in silver yachting-trophy cups,

while the dinner-cards were of rough gray, blue, and green paper, bearing dainty designs of Neptune, the sea-horse, and pretty goggle-eyed fishes, in water-colors. From Little Neck clams to lobster salad every dish was a triumph of the cook's art and the fisherman's field. Nearly every edible fish was represented in most delicious form, served in silver and china shells, while the ices were in the form of tiny yachts with dolphins playing about the bows. Pretty bo's'n whistles were gifts made the men, while the women for favors received bouquets of water-lilies and tiny enamelled oyster-shell pins.

The smart young man who wears his flannels well and has a great deal of gay society chatter at his tongue's tip is no longer asked for yachting parties and country-house weeks, unless he can do a few juggling tricks. To play tennis and golf well, swim, dive, be able to dash off bright tunes on the banjo, is not nearly sufficient for applause. The juggler who leans over laughing and picks a gold coin out of a young lady's ear, or who tears a sheet of tissue-paper to tatters before one's eyes, then, rolling the bits in his palms for an instant, produces a good whole sheet once more, is the young man in favor. He has a group of excited, admiring girls about him as he sits on the balcony at teatime, and long and wonderful are the stories he tells of how he came to master his art. Perhaps they are true, perhaps they are not; nevertheless, he is greatly admired and sought for as a guest, quite rivaling the fashionable astrologist who draws one's horoscope on his cuff and reads one's future in magic, wiggling marks that are nothing more than the signs of the zodiac.

What would Queen Marie Antoinette of France, the daintiest, most fad-loving little woman in the world, say, could she come back to see here in America one of the funniest fancies that ever possessed her sex before! That invisible, but omnipotent social power, which for lack of a better name we call "Madam Fashion," decreed this summer that white should be most widely worn. White gowns, white hats, white shoes, and now white pets are in lively demand. White Angora cats, white pigeons, Pomeranian dogs, white rabbits, and white poodles are puzzled, perhaps, to know why they are, as never before, so tenderly cherished. Eidelweis, madam's French poodle, who looks a good deal like a child's woolly lamb, goes his rounds of the flower-garden in the morning cuddled under a lace-clad arm; and Iodi, the blue-eyed Angora with a rose-colored ribbon on her throat, perches sedately on madam's shoulder. Out in the tea-house, in a beautiful Dresden china cage, lives a snowy cockatoo; and among the cushions of the divan, erstwhile slept Poppet, the white rabbit. It was but a few days ago that poor Poppet met an untimely fate; for his mistress, like a Watteau belle on an old fan, decided to tie him to a rosebush with a white ribbon, while she and the poodle went for a call. It was very poetic, no doubt; but when she returned the white ribbon hung empty on the rosebush, and Iodi, the Angora, sat on the end of the veranda licking her paws happily, while before her lay a wee bunch of soft, white fur.

Now the really truly fashionable woman who dresses well and knows her hat is becoming is never a coward about taking the sunshine in her face when she attends country club gymkana races, or from the deck of a friend's steam-yacht watches crack sloops having a brush in Newport Bay. She is glad to take on plenty of sunburn, and never minds freckles in the least; but she very seriously objects to her face looking greasy. Nothing, she believes, can so entirely nullify even supreme beauty of face, form, and gown, as a greasy countenance, the result of too much sitting in the sun without precautions. Precautions mean cologne and a *soupçon* of the purest rice-powder, violet scented. That these may be handy to administer at any moment, she carries three magic articles. One is a vast white veil of *chiffon*, long enough to pass around her hat and face, cross at the back, and draw forward again to tie in a big bow under her chin. If under this protection she still feels herself growing greasy, she unscrews a flat, antique silver bottle, that by delicate chains hangs from her belt, moistens her handkerchief with the cologne it contains, and delicately mops her face; then from a tiny, brocade satin pouch, that matches the prevailing tint of her gown, and that hangs also from her belt, she draws a powder-puff and passes it over her face. The result is a sweet freshness of skin and a cooling from the heat that puts renewed vigor into her conversation and a complacent consciousness of well-being into her eyes, that none could gainsay. Some women carry a diluted kind of aromatic ammonia in their cologne bottles, while others carry a bottle of some flexible material that fits in a silver case but when squeezed sends out a sweet spray of cologne over one's face.

The sailor hat, the trusty and becoming, though women in general don't know it, perhaps, has been quietly laid aside of late by many who dress according to the best mode; and the yachting cap is somewhat losing favor. Wisely enough the lovers of good form decided that the sailor had grown monotonous, and that the yachting-cap, though convenient is trying to many women; so in the place of them silk handkerchiefs are worn. It is pretty to see the way they are used, wrapped like the *tignons* of the negresses round blonde or brown heads, the ends knotted prettily in front, and a few, just a few, curls allowed to escape on the forehead. There is a deal of art and good sense shown in this newly adopted headdress; for, remember, it is only worn at the seaside or on board yachts, where the strong hand of the salt breeze smites one's bangs heavily, or tumbles one's neatly banded locks; and a mere harbor-cap never did suffice. In every sea-going woman's wardrobe there are at least a dozen of these handkerchiefs, not to mention certain long, softly tinted *chiffon* scarfs. These last are worn to table when a dance is to follow and one's bangs are done up to await the great festivity. Some women even go so far as to do up their hair with scarfs of *chiffon*, winding the soft goods among the folds of hair, through clusters of curls, and otherwise imitating their grandmothers, whose pretty faces often appear in miniatures under a vast, graceful arrangement of hair loops and airy muslin.

When it comes to a question of liveries there are no people in the world more painfully ignorant of how stablemen should be dressed for summer than Americans of that class who should know better. Yet, on the whole, they are quick to learn; but only this season in the country one notices the advent of the morning livery. It is very nice when the coachman and footman appear in brown or a shade of brownish gray. The livery consists of a sack coat, high-buttoned vest, and very peg-top trowsers of brown covert-cloth. The trowsers are tight from the knees down, and over them button leggins of covert-cloth. The high-buttoned waistcoat only permits a glimpse of a white collar with rounded points, and a flat folded tie of white linen. Then the hat is a square-top brown felt, and the gloves are brown. Up to one o'clock it is not only proper, but requisite, that Hibbs appear in this; after that hour he changes to white breeches, top boots, high hat, and black coat and waistcoat.

Madame La Mode.

A Flash Acquaintance.

UP at the De-je-non-de-wa-ha House, where I passed the first part of my last summer's vacation, the one promise made by the landlord's circular which the guests were able to completely realize was, "retirement, remoteness from the world's bustle and care." That line caught me. But I had more than "an elegant sufficiency"—to use a sailor's phrase—of retirement. Located in the mountains, amid the primeval forests, the De-je-non-de-wa-ha's only neighbor, within miles around, was the Royal, a more pretentious and newer hotel. The Royal's furniture was finer, its bills-of-fare were "menus," and its prices were higher, so it had, or was supposed to have, more aristocratic patronage than our older house; but we of the De-je-etc. knew our table to be the less bad of the two, and believed we had much more fun than our neighbors. An air-line between the two houses would not have measured a mile; but by the road—which went up and down, zig-zag and slanting, so that it seemed to have been laid out on the model of a tangled fish-line thrown on a flax-heckle—the distance was two or three times as long, and was generally esteemed more.

There was not much intercourse or commonality of feeling between the guests of the rival establishments, but in one sentiment they united; viz., in disgust with the mail facilities. The post-office, at Doolittle's store, was three miles from our place, and farther yet from the other house; and though, nominally, some employee of each hotel went daily for letters, we soon learned that if guests wanted mail their surest way of getting it was by going for it themselves. Thereafter we took turns at that duty, and found it rather pleasant than otherwise, in good weather.

One afternoon when a storm was threatening none of us cared to go. The clerk (who was the landlord's son) said the porter (who was his brother) "would most likely be going over for something to-morrow, and that would do as well;" but the more we thought we could not get our letters, the more we wanted them. Finally, I mounted a horse and started for Doolittle's. The horse and the road were both against speed, but that did not matter; I was not in haste, the air was invigorating, and the scenery magnificent, so I just sauntered along, if an equestrian can be said to "saunter," and it was within an hour of dusk when I reached my destination. The air was cool and damp with the breath of the coming storm, and dark clouds were piling heavily over the mountain-tops toward the northwest.

I found old man Doolittle in an excited frame of mind.

"Consarn the special delivery stamp!" he was declaiming. "Darn the man who invented it! Confound the postmaster-general who adopted it! And double-darn the cuss who slapped it onto a letter for this office! Dum 'em all!"

I understood the situation at once, of course; but the best of us find amusement in the little annoyances of our fellow-creatures, so I stirred him up afresh with the innocent query,

"What is the matter?"

"This dod-ratted special-delivery letter is what's the matter," he responded, hotly. "It's for some chap at the Royal, a good five miles from here if it's an inch, night nigh at hand, a storm coming on, me alone in the store, and it's as much as my place is worth not to deliver it this night. The government says I must do it, whatever it costs me, immediately. If I was to leave it until to-morrow I'd be bounced, sure, in case the old chap it's for should make a complaint; and, from what I've seen of him, that is just what he would do. And then Bugaloo would get the post-office. It's dum hard, mister; dum hard."

I happened to know that M. Bergalieu, a French Canadian hunter and guide located in the mountains, had no more notion of applying for a postmastership than I; but some of us had made Doolittle believe it was the dream of "Frenchy's" life, and his consequent jealous anxiety was simply lovely to behold.

"I might ride around by way of the Royal and deliver it for you," I said, after I had had fun enough with the old man.

"It's a good two miles out of your way, sir," he hesitated, with a feigned reluctance to give me so much trouble.

"Yes, it is three," I replied, "but that doesn't matter if the storm does not fall."

"Oh!" he rejoined, eagerly, "that shower isn't coming here. It will blow over, sure. And even at most, it would only be a light bit of a summer shower,—just enough to freshen up growing things."

I took the letter and rode away, but had only gone a couple of miles when the tempest overtook me; and instead of being a mere summer shower it was a violent thunder-storm. The deluge of rain quickly converted the light dust of the narrow mountain road to thin, slippery mud, and the darkness was so intense that I abandoned all attempt to direct my horse. With the reins lying loosely on his neck he plodded slowly along, stumbling, shivering at each crash of thunder, starting in terror at every flash of lightning, the worst-scared horse I ever bestrode.

But I was almost as much frightened as he at one point. By the fierce, instantaneous glare of a lightning-flash, I believed I saw, standing by the road, almost within arm's length of me, a female figure, and I was pretty certain of hearing, mingled with the succeeding roll of thunder, a shrill scream, such as the Irish banshee is said to execute with great effect. My horse stood shuddering, temporarily paralyzed by fright I have no doubt, and it was no comfort to me to remember having heard it said that horses and dogs can see ghosts. While he chose to stand there, I, too, perforce remained; for even if I could have climbed down off him,—of which I am by no means confident,—running away from a ghost, on that road, was surely beyond me.

While waiting for another flash I tried, vainly, to reassure myself by thinking the apparition was probably nothing but a barked and bleached stump, and even if a ghost, only that of a young woman, not of a pirate or slugger or headless horseman or some other inherently dreadful creature. But how earnestly I wished it might be only a stump!

The next flash came. It was not a stump, and it was not a ghost. It was a woman! She had sunk down in a sitting posture on a rock, with her face in her hands. I dismounted, went to her,—dragging my unwilling horse along,—and laid a hand upon her shoulder, whereupon she sprang up again and let out another of those banshee yells. It was a minute or two before I could restrain the horse's frantic eagerness to go somewhere; but when I had hauled him up so close that he could touch his nose to her, he did so, and from that on seemed satisfied to behave himself, being finally convinced she was simply another human being. The noise of the rain, even when there was no thunder, was such that I had to shout in the woman's ear to make myself heard, and in that gentle way I sought to reassure her.

"Don't be alarmed," I said, "I don't intend to bite you."

Perhaps I unconsciously put most vehemence into those last two words; at all events she affirmed afterward they were all she heard, and naturally she shrieked louder than before. But when the lightning occurred again and she saw me, her senses seemed to return; and in a little while I had her calm enough to mount my horse, when I resumed my journey, trudging ahead of the beast and leading him. By good luck I remembered a hunter's shelter in a ravine crossed by the road, not more than a quarter of a mile from where I

met the woman, and to that directed my course, halting when we reached the ravine, until the lightning showed it to me. The shelter was merely a leaky roof of clapboards supported by poles on forked saplings, but it kept off most of the rain, and was welcome.

Having hitched the horse and put the saddle on the ground, under the roof, for the woman to sit on,—clearly explaining to her each step in the proceedings to spare her unnecessary alarm,—I stood aloof in the darkness, as far as the limited shelter would permit, and waited for her to commence talking. Of course I did not have to wait long. As soon as her fear was dissipated she spoke freely enough; and, well—her voice was that of a young woman, melodious and fresh; her speech, the utterance of a lady. Under pretence of lighting a cigar, with her permission, I got a good look at her face, and found her decidedly pretty; also I obtained a glimpse of her dress, and saw she had been handsomely attired, though her summer finery was now in a sadly bedraggled condition.

"I am ashamed to tell you how I come to be in such a plight," she said, "but I do owe you an explanation in return for your kindness, and doubtless I deserve even more punishment than that for my folly. The fact is, you see before you—or, more correctly, you hear near you—the wretched remains of a wrecked elopement."

"An elopement of one, or two?"

"Only one is left, but there were two."

"Tell me about it, and you shall have my sincerest sympathy."

"Oh! There's no sympathy deserved. I was a goose, and I know it, now. But I have no objection to telling you, particularly as we are in the dark. I am stopping at the Royal. A young gentleman, also stopping there, paid me a great deal of attention, and—for lack of anything better to do, I suppose—I actually made myself believe I was in love with him, as he professed to be with me. But papa,—you don't know how violent papa can be when anything crosses him,—papa said if the nonsense between us was not stopped he would break the young man's back and sp—punish me. Well, it made me mad to be talked to in that way, as if I were only a child in a pinafore, and as for the young man, he was really alarmed for his spine; so we made up our minds to run away and get married.

"It was the most foolish thing in the world, as I have been saying to myself for two hours; but it was all papa's fault. If he had not interfered, the affair would have passed off as a mere ordinary summer flirtation; but, of course, when he put his oar in he made mischief. I thought it was awfully romantic to elope; and so, this afternoon, while I was supposed to be botanizing, I was really scurrying through the woods with Clarence, to reach the point in the road where he had told a man to meet us with a carriage. But the man must have mistaken the road, or else we did; anyhow, he did not appear, and we walked on, and on, and on, until I was so tired I was ready to drop. Finally, I just sat down by the roadside and said I would not walk a step farther, if I never got married. Clarence sat down by me, and said he felt a good deal that way himself; and he used real violent language about the man who hadn't come with the carriage. He said he was 'a real mean thing!' What do you think of that? Oh! he was very much put out, I assure you.

"Well, while we were sitting there, all of a sudden Clarence jumped up and shrieked as loud as he could, 'A bear! a bear!' and flew down the road, leaving me sitting there. I was so paralyzed by fear I could not move nor even cry out; and there, right behind me in the bushes, coming nearer and nearer, I could hear the monster approaching to devour me. That was the last I knew for a while. When I came back to myself there was a great big calf standing over me, looking at me with mild curiosity in his large innocent eyes. That was Clarence's bear! When I realized it, I just rolled over on the ground and laughed until I got a pain in my side. Then I began to get mad when I thought how he had run away to save himself, and left me, as he supposed, to be eaten by a ferocious bear; and I made up my mind I would never have anything to say to him again, and I almost wished papa would break his back. Then the storm came on, and I was more frightened by it than by the bear, for it was real. I had only gone a little way, trying to retrace my steps to the Royal, when black night seemed to shut suddenly down, and I was afraid to move for fear of falling down the mountain, so I stood still and waited."

"And shrieked."

"I suppose so,—when the lightning came. Any girl would in such a fix. I don't know how long I stood there, but about a week I should judge by my feelings when you came up and threatened to bite me."

"I didn't. I said I was not going to."

"Oh! Well, I understood you the other way."

After a long time the rain ceased, I mounted her on the horse again, and we succeeded eventually in reaching the Royal, but only after the most abominable walk I ever had. The road, under the thin, slippery mud, was full of stones and ruts, and it is as easy to sprain your ankle in such a place as to draw your breath, so we had to go slowly.

We arrived at the hotel a little before midnight, and found a torchlight procession of searchers about setting out to scour the forest for missing Miss Jennie Cranshaw,—the girl I had found. Naturally they gave her a sort of magnified prodigal-son reception, and I came in for a very fair share of congratulations and popular approval. Her father—a sturdy, rubicund, positive old fellow—was quite enthusiastic in his gratitude to me. Jennie, to my great surprise, told frankly the story of her wrecked elopement. I thought her rash, at the time, but see now that it was a shrewd play. Your own version of a story about your personal affairs is likely to suit you much better than one somebody else sets afloat; and then, what a chance it gave her to balance accounts with Clarence, and give a quietus to any possible scandal connecting his name with hers!

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the evil plight of the road, I determined to stay at the Royal that night. Just as I was going to my room I remembered the "special delivery letter." Saying "Good-night, Mr. Cranshaw," reminded me of it, for "B. B. Cranshaw" was its address. He thanked me heartily for bringing it, as it was important; and before separating for the night we exchanged a few joking words about the strange coincidences of the affair.

Though neither of us thought so at the time, the chain of queer coincidences was by no means ended. As he told me the next morning, the letter was from his lawyer, whom he had commissioned to investigate the desirability of investment in a certain business which advertised for capital required by its expansion. The agent's report was altogether favorable. He found the business solid, the opportunity for investment exceptionally good, and the character he gave to the advertiser, Mr. Richard Renfrew, was higher than my modesty will permit me to repeat, for—I am Richard Renfrew. That was a formal introduction, practically, which at once made my standing good with Mr. Cranshaw, and I am happy to dispose of this branch of my story by saying that our business relations were readily established on a mutually satisfactory basis.

After breakfast the Cranshaws and myself were chatting on the porch while I waited for my horse to be brought around, when a "buckboard" halted before the house, and a miserably tattered, draggled, limp, and woe-begone-looking little fellow alighted from it.

"Clarence!" cried Jennie.

"Good gwacious!" stammered the wreck, staring up at her in amazement.

"Clarence!" echoed a score of voices from the porch and the open windows of the dining-room. In a minute there were at least fifty ladies and gentlemen inspecting him, laughing, and chaffingly calling:

"Where's your bear?"

"Why didn't you bring your bear along?"

"How did you escape the bear?"

The volley of ridicule dazed him. He doffed his hat, stared blankly at the scoffing faces, and gasped, huskily:

"I wun for help, y' knaw, because I had no ahms; and I got lost in the hawid woods. I wandered all night, in the most awful misery,—'pon my soul I did,—until this morning, when I found this—ah—man, who brought me here on this atwocious vehicle."

"You must be proud of the thing you wanted to marry," said Mr. Cranshaw to his daughter, with a sardonic grin. "Why don't you call it up and comfort it?"

"Oh! papa! I think you are awful mean! You know I never want to see the wretched creature again."

"Say! you!" the old fellow shouted savagely down at poor Clarence, "what did you come back here for, anyway?"

"For—for—my clothes, Mr. Cranshaw," he gasped.

"Get 'em, then, and get out, quick!" roared the self-elected dictator; and, so far as we could see, he was promptly obeyed. The unhappy dude fled to the shelter of a convenient stairway, and we saw no more of him, then or thereafter.

That afternoon I shifted my quarters from the De-je-etc. over to the Royal, and in the course of a few days found Jennie a most charming girl, with such good sense that I was simply amazed to think she could ever have thought of an elopement with such a creature as Clarence. Doubtless it was, as she said, because she had nothing better to do; but she has found something better now, and Mr. Cranshaw says that so long as Jennie is suited, he has no objection to accepting me as a son-in-law.

J. H. CONNELLY.

AMONG THE PALMETTOS.

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS IN LOUISIANA.

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

(*Continued from Page* 606.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

THE scene of the story is laid in the Province of Louisiana, a French colony, about the middle of the eighteenth century. The governor of the colony is Monsieur le Chevral, still a young man. Madame le Chevral's maid discovers asleep in one of the outbuildings on the governor's estate a very beautiful young woman of refined and aristocratic appearance, who has evidently suffered great hardships. Telling her mistress of the strange incident, she is directed to question the stranger and to bring her to the *château* and give her food. When the maid, Louise, returned to the outbuilding, the stranger had just awakened; in reply to questions she gave no information about herself, but on learning where she was betrayed anxiety to get away. Essaying to rise she fell in a dead faint, and Louise, calling assistance, had her carried to the *château*, where she was given every care. Too feeble to resist she was put to bed, and by evening seemed somewhat restored, when Madame le Chevral visited her, and touched by her appearance endeavored to learn the cause of her sufferings and destitution. The stranger would reveal nothing about her past except that she had just come from Montreal by way of the Mississippi; a long and perilous journey, during which she had been shipwrecked and lost everything.

As soon as the woman had recovered sufficient strength the governor insisted that she should be questioned by those in authority, being himself present at the examination. By an inquisition of cross-questioning and putting two and two together they elicited the fact that she had arrived in New Orleans some months before, and was entered on the ship's passenger list as "Gabrielle St. Martin, ex-convict; age, twenty-one; sentence of life imprisonment commuted to banishment to the Province of Louisiana." At this point in the proceedings the poor girl again fainted, and the physician who was called pronounced her case very critical.

To increase the governor's annoyance a ship arrived in port bringing his half-brother M. Paul le Chevral, who had been sent out to his care to get him away from the perilous attractions of Paris, and especially to counteract the effects of the dangerous fascinations of an actress, Marie St. Garnier, with whom he had been deeply in love. The antithesis of his brother in disposition, there was no love lost between them, and they met only on a footing of formal politeness. Paul le Chevral made himself quickly at home in the colony. The unknown woman remained so critically ill that Mme. le Chevral would listen to no proposals about sending her away; but the governor was very anxious, fearing her wondrous beauty, if she should chance to be seen by his susceptible brother, might lead to further trouble. From Gabrielle's room in a remote part of the *château* a view could be had of the courtyard of the house. Though gaining strength she was not encouraged to leave her room, and took what air she longed for from a tiny balcony upon which one of her windows opened. As she sat there one day Paul crossed the courtyard, and at sight of him she betrayed deep emotion, withdrawing at once to her apartment. Although Paul himself had but a glimpse of the figure upon the balcony he was confident that he recognized the dearly loved Marie St. Garnier from whom he had been so ruthlessly separated in Paris. She had disappeared without possibility of his tracing her. Hastening into the house he learned that the governor and his wife were out for a drive, and returning to the garden he tossed a note up through the window of Gabrielle's room, begging her, if she were indeed Marie, to meet him in the library. They had a brief interview in which Marie told of her arrest in Paris upon the accusation of treasonable utterances on the stage, her confinement in the Bastile, and subsequent transference as a convict to a ship loaded with prisoners for the penal colony of Louisiana, and of the many trials that had followed the perilous voyage. Upon the governor's return he heard of Paul's interview with the supposed unknown. Hasty words followed a hasty accusation, and a stormy interview terminated in Paul's challenging the governor; arrangements for the duel were quickly and quietly made, and when the brothers crossed swords on the following afternoon Paul was seriously wounded by the governor. He had previously had an interview with Marie, explaining the quarrel, telling her what to do in the event of disaster overtaking him, and giving her money. The evening after the duel the governor had tea with his wife in a favorite arbor, and discussed with her the necessary steps to be taken with regard to Paul—a fatal termination of the duel being imminent—and Marie. Louise was an unsuspected listener at this interview, and took her own measures accordingly.

VII.

IT is curious to note how promptly the sympathies of all sorts and conditions of people are won by lovers in distress; but, as we are told that "all the world loves a lover," the application of this favorite axiom disposes of the matter without further words.

Although the secret relations existing between the no longer mysterious stranger and Paul le Chevral owed their discovery to the sharp eyes and prying propensities of Mademoiselle Louise, that very proper maid no sooner learned the true state of affairs between the young people than her sympathies were immediately transferred from her master and mistress to the unfortunate and strangely menaced lovers.

During the discussion which took place in the arbor between the governor and his wife she learned that Paul was to be removed during the night to a settlement in the interior, where his identity was not to be disclosed, and that the

day following, Marie, or Gabrielle, as she was called, was to be convicted on some assumed charge, and locked up in the common prison until some means could be found of getting her entirely out of the way.

Prompt to act, Louise determined that no time should be lost in making preparation to defeat the evil purposes of the governor. Since she knew whither Paul le Chevral was to be taken, no attention need for the present be bestowed upon him; the important thing being to get the young woman safely out of the hands of her enemies. Louise was a woman exceedingly fertile in resources, and she soon mapped out a plan, which she hoped would not only ensure the safety of the young woman in getting away from New Orleans, but would also serve to protect her from dangers that she might meet farther on.

Louise went immediately to Marie St. Garnier and told her of the governor's plans and also of the means by which she hoped to be able to assist her escape. She cheered the poor girl by volunteering the statement, made entirely on her own responsibility, that Paul le Chevral was but slightly wounded, and would soon be well; then she unfolded her scheme. She had brought with her some old garments, which, with a skillful make-up, the details of which Marie well understood, would give her the appearance of quite an elderly woman. Marie, quick to recognize the really friendly purpose of the maid, agreed to her plans immediately, and retaining the dress which had been given her by Mme. le Chevral, donned the other garments over it; meantime, Louise gave her full details of her plan.

There was a coach, an old ramshackle vehicle, which plied between the various settlements of Lower Louisiana, which would leave New Orleans in the morning, and although it would not go directly to the place whither it was intended to have the wounded man transferred, it would reach that spot duly by a circuitous route, and thus Marie would be enabled to rejoin her lover.

Long before dawn a muffled figure, which, owing to Louise's cleverness and Marie's professional experience in filling various rôles, bore not the slightest resemblance to Paul's sweetheart, and could have escaped even the scrutiny of his sharp eyes, passed beyond the boundaries of the governor's estate, and started off for the place from which, one hour after daybreak, the coach was timed to start.

Scarcely had Marie gained the highway, before the sound of voices was heard; and withdrawing into the shadow of a palmetto tree she saw a file of Indians pass out bearing between them a stretcher, upon which she easily surmised her wounded lover was being borne away to the settlement in the interior. Suppressing her feelings as best she could, and silently praying that all might be well with him until she could find her way to his side, the brave girl plunged on into the darkness, towards her own destination.

VIII.

At the time when the governor, flushed with the triumph of his skill at arms, had been planning the destruction of his half-brother's hopes, and arranging to heap further indignities upon the girl already made a martyr to his family's pride to a degree sufficient to have broken the heart of a feebler-spirited woman, there were clouds rising upon his own horizon which he did not even remotely anticipate.

Although feeling so secure in his own power as governor of the province of Louisiana that he would not have hesitated to crush the highest as well as the lowliest who crossed his path, he was standing upon the brink of a chasm which might at any moment widen and swallow him. In fact there were but a few hours between him and a doom as tragic as he could have wished might befall his worst enemy.

On the morning following the duel he went as usual to the government office, where he generally had a number of papers to sign, callers to receive, and various duties connected with his position to perform. While seated at his desk he was somewhat surprised by an unexpected call from the principal officers of his government, including the commandant, the intendant, the presiding judge, and the procureur-general, accompanied by a stranger, known as Monsieur Abbatville, a person whom the governor had not before met, but who he had been informed was a passenger on the brigantine which had brought Paul le Chevral to New Orleans. It was now fully two weeks since the arrival of the brigantine, but little had been seen of Monsieur Abbatville in the interim; in fact, he had been up the Mississippi on a short voyage, and had been particularly busy otherwise, as he subsequently explained.

The object of the officials seemed to be first to present Monsieur Abbatville to the governor; which ceremony having been duly performed, he handed the governor a letter bearing the royal seal, requesting him to open it in the presence of himself and companions. The governor opened the letter and read as follows:

"Louis XV. by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre.

"To the Governor of Louisiana, Greeting:

"The care we have always manifested to procure the welfare of our subjects in all parts of the world has led us to investigate the charges brought by various persons residing in our colony of Louisiana, touching on the corruption and misdirection of public moneys intrusted to his care by our deputy, the governor of the aforesaid province; and with a view to further investigation, we do now instruct our servant Monsieur le Chevral to relinquish the office of governor of Louisiana in favor of Monsieur Abbatville, whom we herewith appoint governor of the colony.

"We do also instruct the said Monsieur le Chevral to repair immediately to our court, and to make such explanations as we may see fit to demand of him.

"Given at Versailles, June 21, 1760.

[Signed] "Louis."

When Monsieur le Chevral had finished reading this letter the pallor of his cheeks betrayed how thoroughly he comprehended the full meaning of its contents.

"I am to consider myself your prisoner, I suppose, gentlemen," he said, with an attempt at haughtiness in his tones.

"We shall only request you to occupy one of the smaller rooms here, and to leave only in company with one of us until the brigantine is ready for her return voyage to France," answered Monsieur Abbatville, politely.

"Thank you," replied Monsieur le Chevral, with mock submission. "And my estate?"

"Will be consigned to our jurisdiction until matters have been more thoroughly investigated," was the reply.

With a cold bow the late governor of Louisiana passed from the office of which he had but a few minutes before been the sole autocrat, and seating himself at a table that had been used by one of his clerks, in a small inner office, he was left to reflect on the sudden and strange misadventure that had befallen him.

Meanwhile, under orders from the new governor, two of the clerks from the office of the king's attorney made their way to Monsieur le Chevral's house, and proceeded to take an inventory of all his real and personal estate. Madame le Chevral, upon being informed of the presence of the notaries in the house, entered the room in which they were busy, and demanded by what right and by whose orders they were there.

"We are here in the king's name," answered one of the notaries.

"And what of Monsieur le Chevral's name?" asked madame, indignantly.

"IN A SMALL INNER OFFICE."

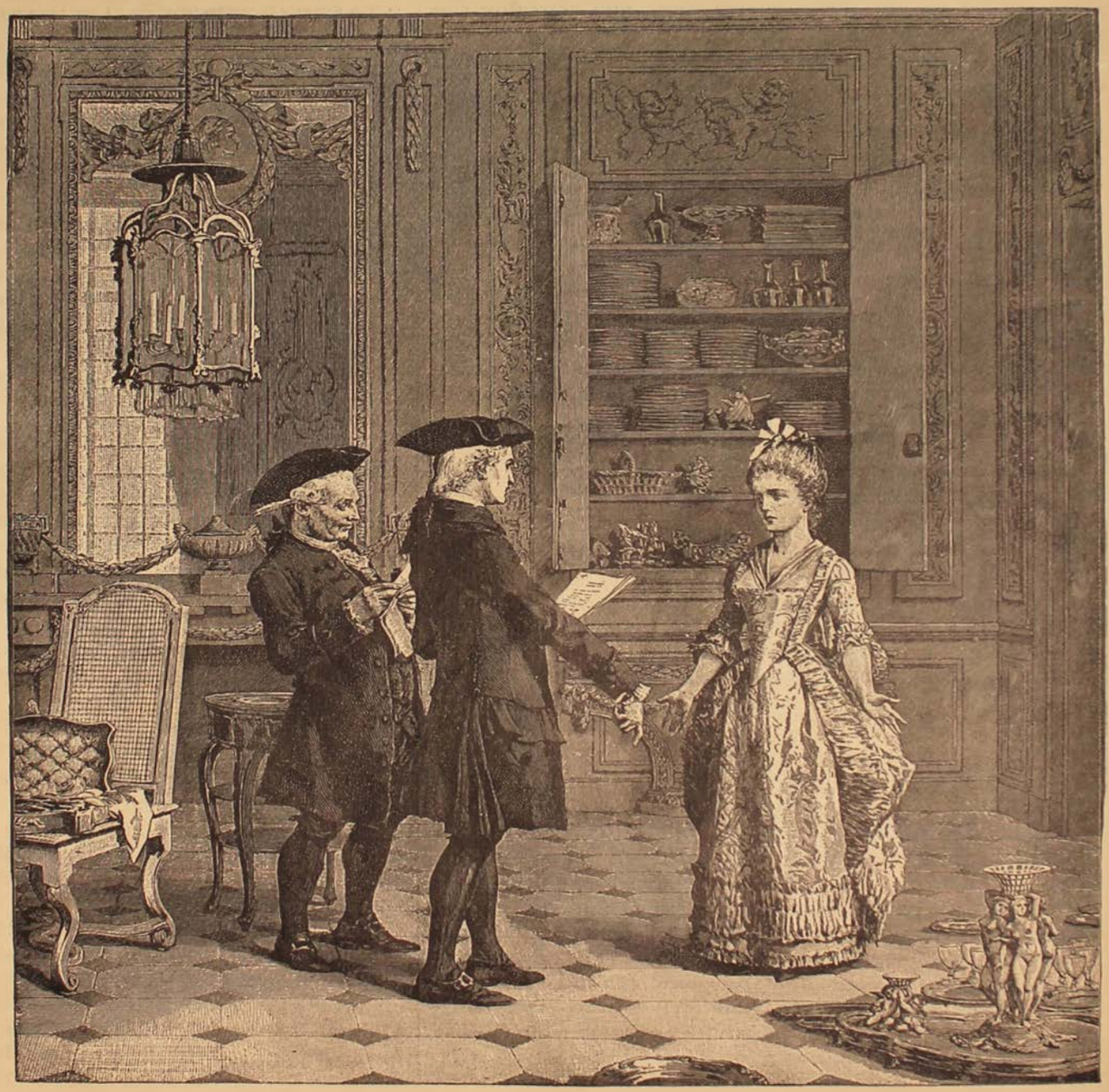
"Monsieur le Chevral is no longer governor of Louisiana, madame," answered the clerk. "He is a prisoner at the Government Office."

Overcome by the shock of this news, Madame le Chevral fell in a dead faint. Louise was called to look after her mistress, but it was a long time before Madame le Chevral recovered consciousness; and it required all Louise's common sense to calm her sufficiently so they could talk over matters, and decide what was best to be done under the circumstances,—a difficult problem, indeed, to solve, but one which nevertheless must be attended to. Later in the day the wife of the intendant called to sympathize with her friend, and cheer her up as much as possible. The two women sat and talked for a long time about Madame le Chevral's future, and of the sudden turn that had taken place in her affairs. Fortunately the governor's wife had parents living; and, as Monsieur le Chevral well knew before he married her, they were exceedingly rich.

But to return to Marie. So great was the confusion caused by the news of the governor's deposition that the disappearance of the young woman who had passed as Gabrielle St. Martin was overlooked. That young lady had duly climbed to the top of the coach, a place on the straw under the awning being the only vacancy, and had started on her journey with a curious medley of fellow-passengers, and merchandise destined for distribution among the settlements.

As the coach rolled onward over the rough and tortuous road, the forest or swamp scenery was occasionally enlivened by the sight of a clearing on which some hardy settler, venturing beyond the protection afforded by the city, had erected a home in the wilderness for himself,—a snug white-washed cottage and well-supplied garden suggesting a comfortable, if isolated, life. Wherever the land was indented by bayou or marsh the inevitable palmetto lent its picturesque foliage to the scenery; while on higher ground the melancholy cypress rose more conspicuous than any other object in the forest, casting the more somber shadows of its delicately traced foliage over the bushy undergrowth below.

After traversing a rather devious route, Marie at last reached the spot where Paul le Chevral was supposed to have been taken by his brother's orders. She had been supplied by Louise with a basket of small wares, so that she could pass as a pedler, if subterfuge were needed to gain her admittance to the house where her wounded lover was lying; and with this excuse Marie found it an easy matter to pass around the settlement and make inquiries. She was not long in locating the place where the young Frenchman was



"WE ARE HERE IN THE KING'S NAME."

"MARIE CLIMBED TO A PLACE UNDER THE AWNING."

staying, and it required but little diplomacy to gain admission to his presence when this was discovered.

Owing to the hurry of departure, scant instructions had been sent by the governor concerning arrangements for the young man's comfort; nothing further had been heard from New Orleans, and Paul was billeted temporarily at the house of one of the better class of settlers, who had taken him in at the bidding of the local commandant. Therefore Marie found it an easy matter, not only to gain access to her lover's presence, but also to obtain permission to act as his nurse for the time being.

Paul appeared to be convalescing nicely when she arrived; and, as soon as the exhilarating sight of his faithful Marie had enlivened the gloomy little chamber in which he lay, declared that he already felt strong enough to get up. He was amused at the ingenuity displayed by Louise in Marie's disguise, and complimented her highly upon her skill in making-up.

"I think it would be perfectly safe for you to lay aside your picturesque costume for the present," said Paul, noticing how cumbersome the garments were that the faithful Louise had piled on Marie to aid in carrying out the deception.

Marie was only too glad to be herself once more, if only temporarily; and quickly divested herself of her surplus wardrobe and seated herself beside Paul's comfortable bed.

"Great changes have taken place at New Orleans, we hear," said Paul. "I understand that my brother has been relieved of his position as governor, and goes back on the next vessel to answer charges of malfeasance which have been brought against him. I do not know how this change will affect us, but we cannot certainly have worse evils to contend with than we should have had to face had he remained in power.

"I had already planned a means of escape from the country by way of the Spanish settlements on the Gulf; but that course may not now be necessary, as my brother's successor, whoever he is, may be inclined to listen to us and to believe the true facts of the case with regard to your position. As soon as possible I shall return to New Orleans and see what can be done in the matter. There are no inducements for us to remain in the colony; and if we cannot find peace and happiness in our own country we can probably do so in either Italy or Spain."

"As you know," answered Marie, "I am almost as much at home in Rome as in Paris, having filled several engagements at Roman theaters. We might be as happy there as we should be in Paris."

At this moment the lovers were disturbed by the sound of a horse's hoofs in the street, and looking out of the window Paul saw one of the sheriffs connected with the court at New Orleans go by, holding in his hand a paper from which he was reading in loud tones, some kind of a proclamation.

"THE TWO WOMEN SAT AND TALKED."

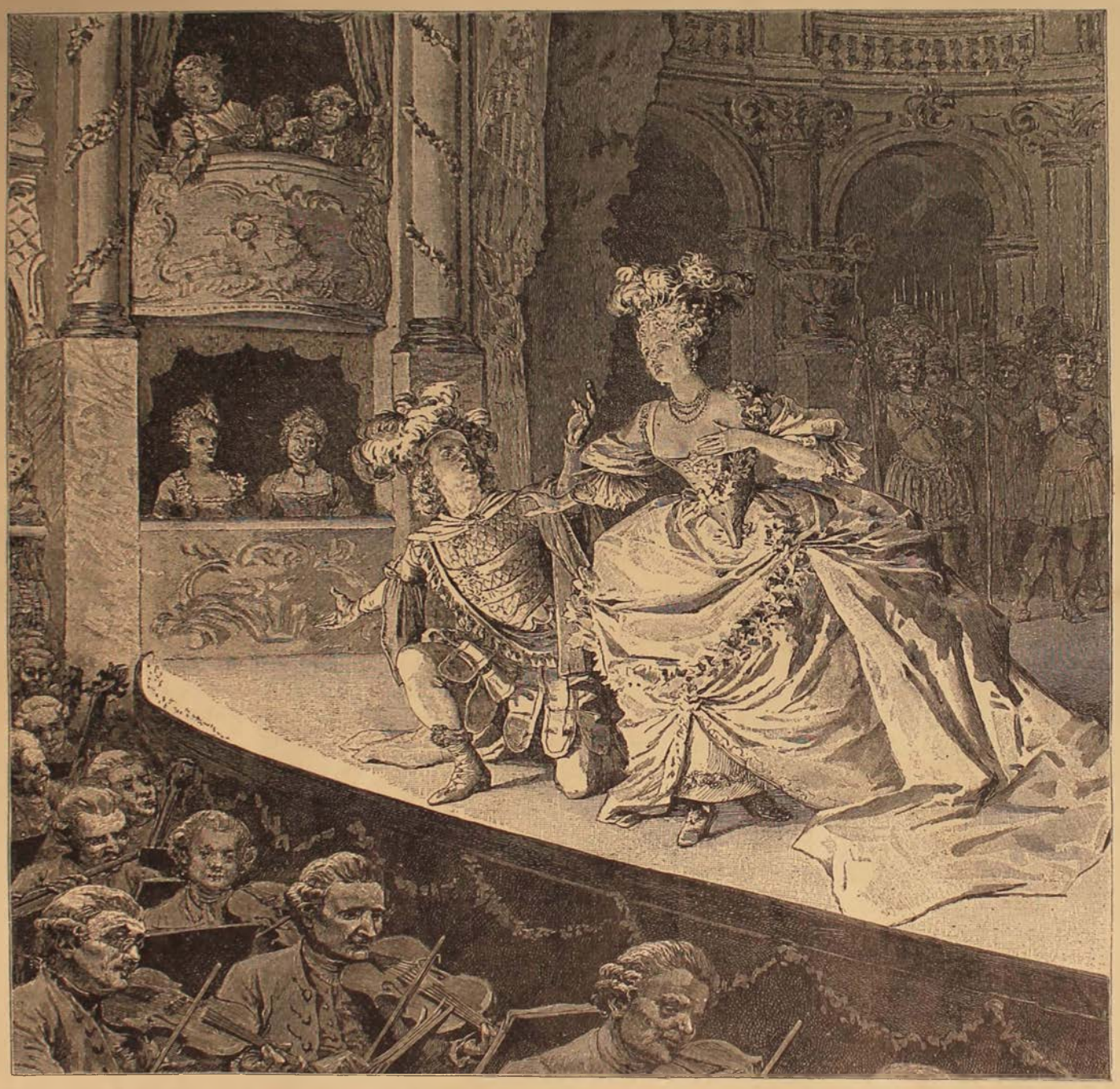
Indistinctly, indeed, but with sufficient clearness to be sure of the words, Paul le Chevral heard with a sickening heart the name of Gabrielle St. Martin pronounced by the sheriff. The fact of her disappearance had been discovered, and she was being pursued by the officers

of the law. At this moment the mistress of the house, a sturdy Picardy peasant woman, rapped at the door and came in. She almost tumbled across the threshold with surprise when she saw the transformation which had taken place in Marie, and Paul le Chevral was not slow in comprehending what she surmised as she pointed significantly to his companion. Taking from his pocket five twenty-franc gold-pieces he laid them in the woman's palm. "Hide her," he said, "until I am well enough to leave my bed."

"It is a great risk, monsieur," answered the woman, dubiously.

"It is on behalf of the innocent and the oppressed," answered Paul le Chevral.

"I will do my best," replied the woman, leading the young girl away with her; "but if they search, and they are sure to come here, remember, I cannot be responsible."



THE NEW STAR.

"All right," answered Paul, hoarsely, "we must accept the verdict of heaven. If I could rise I would die fighting to save her from their hands."

IX.

THE principal theater in Rome was on a certain evening in the spring of the year seventeen hundred and sixty-one, less than a year subsequent to the occurrences narrated in the previous chapter, a scene of unusual interest. The occasion was the first performance of a new play, and the introduction of a new star whose superb talents had excited admiration from the most chary of the critics, in every city where she had hitherto appeared. Spellbound with delight, the audience listened to the performance with an attention which it seldom bestowed even upon the most favored.

There was something about the favorite actress which was more impressive even than the splendid art by which she won the encomiums of the critics. It was a solemnity, almost amounting to melancholy, which seemed to be a part of her nature, and served, even in her strongest passages and most intense parts, to mark a dividing line between the actress and the woman. The effect of this peculiar style was fascinating in the extreme, for it lent a two-fold interest to the performance; and while it did not detract from the acting, it marked the individuality of the woman more strikingly than it could otherwise have been expressed.

"She is great!" one heard murmured on all sides.

"She is strange!" said others.

"How passionately she sobbed in the last act!"

"Yes; but she could have sobbed as passionately again if she had been off the stage."

"Did you ever hear her history?"

"She spent some years in the Bastile, I have heard."

"And lost a lover in America," added another.

"Ah! She is a woman with a past, and looks it. But what a superb voice! She can have all the lovers she wants to-night. She can tread on crowns and have princes at her feet. What a miracle is success!"

The last act was finished; the plaudits had ceased; a closed carriage had carried the public's favorite away; and the lights were being turned out in the theater. An usher in going through the place saw a man sitting in one of the boxes. He was lost in reverie, apparently; but when the usher spoke to him he rose, donned his cloak, and passed out into the busy crowd that still thronged the street.

The stranger who had been so deeply impressed with the actress' power was apparently a new arrival in the city, for he seemed to be but little acquainted with it. Groups

of men were gathered about, and one could hear from the frequent mention of the favorite's name that her exploits were the theme of general conversation still.

The stranger halted near one of these groups, for he seemed to greedily devour any conversation that concerned the great artist.

"You had not much success with her, to-night, Prince?" one of the young aristocrats was saying to a companion.

"Bah! She is as cold as marble," retorted the prince.

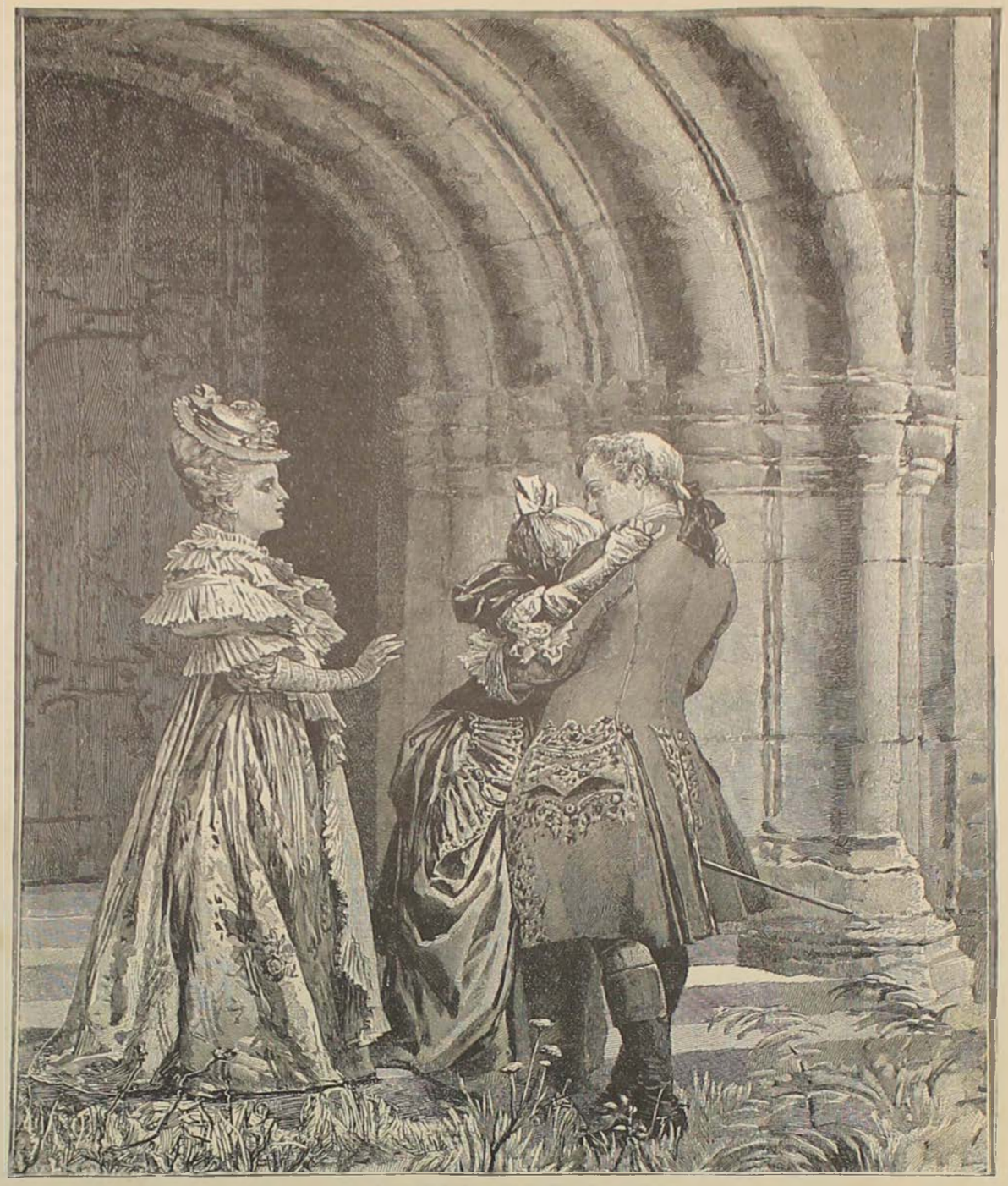
"She is a widow, I hear, and is broken-hearted at the death of her husband."

"She goes to mass every morning at half-past six, and is very devout, I hear," volunteers another.

"Tell us where she goes; I will present her with a bouquet tomorrow morning, although half-past six is early," said the prince.

"The old Church of St. Sulpice, up by the Pincian Road, is the favored place," answered the informant. "But she goes in a carriage, and is attended by her maid, a regular dragon."

The stranger waited to hear no more, but passed on and turned into one of the numerous hotels in the vicinity.



"SHE THREW HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS."

The cool dews of morning had succeeded the feverish heat of the Roman night. The sky, an arch of sapphire, formed a background against which the ruins of temple, amphitheater, and palace, were outlined in a picturesque medley. Below there was the turmoil and confusion of new Rome, where the day was already well started on its way,—the busy marts of commerce, the trucks, the coaches and carriages, all modern, conventional, and commonplace. A carriage, threading its way in a northerly direction, wound about through the streets of the old and almost deserted city, towards a small church, where service was daily performed for the benefit of those who chose to go so far out of their way for spiritual ministrations.

The great actress had selected this place for her morning worship on account of its seclusion, the churches in the busier parts of the city being crowded on any occasion when she entered them. Here, at the little church of St. Sulpice, she could worship unnoticed.

When the carriage stopped at the church and the actress, accompanied by her maid, proceeded to enter the porch, the stranger who had been so peculiarly impressed by her acting the previous evening stepped forward from the shadow of the gloomy archway and stood directly in the path of the women.

There was a hasty and sudden glance of recognition as the eyes of the actress swept the face of the stranger; and then with a cry she threw herself into the outstretched arms of the man before her, while the maid looked on with dignified but delighted surprise.

Rome's favorite actress was Marie St. Garnier; the stranger was Paul le Chevral; and, strangely enough, the maid was Louise.

A few words will suffice to explain the events which had transpired since the day on which the proclamation of the governor of New Orleans respecting the whereabouts of Gabrielle St. Martin was issued. The search for her had become so keen that the settler's wife had feared longer to harbor her, and while Paul, suffering from a relapse due to his great anxiety, had been unable to leave his bed, Marie had started out alone, in her disguise, to try to reach the Spanish settlements on the Gulf of Mexico.

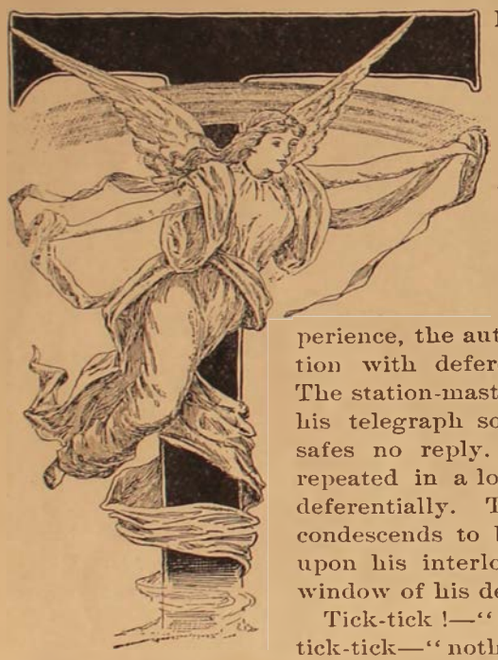
From the day she left the house where he was a prisoner, owing to his wound, Paul le Chevral had never seen the face of Marie until at the hour of her triumph the night before. During all these months he had continued a hopeless search in the colonies, and finally had returned to Europe, going to Rome in the forlorn hope that chance might have brought her back home, and that he might find her there.

Marie's experiences had been a tangle of danger and romance after her departure from Paul's bedside. After having been carried off into Mexico, where she was rescued by the gallantry of a Spanish officer who fell in love with her, she had finally reached the Gulf settlements. Then hearing that her lover had died from his wound, she had crossed the ocean and tried to forget the past by a devoted study of her profession, which, next to the handsome Paul, claimed most the fealty of her heart.

Louise had met Marie in Switzerland, where she had gone to live after returning from Louisiana, and had acted as her maid ever since. From her Paul learned that his brother was in the Bastile, owing to the charges brought against him in connection with the governorship of Louisiana, and that his father had been dead over a year. But before going to see about the administration of the estate, which would now necessarily be left in his hands, there was a quiet wedding in the little church of St. Sulpice; and the critics thought that after her appearance on the first night the new star lost a good deal of the strange melancholy which had at that time impressed them so deeply.

They did not know that she was no longer haunted by thoughts of a strange and far-away land across the Atlantic, and an unknown grave "Under the Palmettos."

IN A GLASS-HOUSE.



TICK-TICK! tick-tick-tick! tick-tick! tick-tick-tick!

"Will you kindly tell me, sir, where I can find the glass-house?"

Knowing something of station-masters from experience, the author asks this question with deference and humility. The station-master bends lower over his telegraph sounder, and vouchsafes no reply. The question is repeated in a louder tone, but still deferentially. This time the official condescends to bend a baleful glare upon his interlocutor through the window of his den.

Tick-tick!—"I don't know"—tick-tick—"nothing about no glass-house,"—tick-tick!—"Have to ask"—tick-tick-tick!—"somebody else;" and the sounder pours out a platoon-fire of ticks, as if to make up for lost time.

"*I* know whar there is a glass house."

The author turns about and beholds a ragged youth with as dirty a face as it was ever his fortune to behold, a shapeless hat through whose torn crown protrudes a wisp of tangled hair, and an engaging smile as a sort of common solvent for the whole mixture.

"You know where the glass-house is, do you?"

"Yessir. It's a piece down the road, yonder."

The author holds up a silver quarter.

"Do you know what that is?"

"Yessir." The intelligent youth's eyes glitter with anticipation.

"It represents several large pieces of succulent pie——"

"I like punkin-pie, an' rooberb, better."

"Very well. Show us this glass-house, and the pumpkin and rhubarb are yours."

With a preparatory hitch of his ragged trousers and a slap upon the crown of his dilapidated hat, the intelligent youth starts off at a gait reminding one of a horse afflicted with spring-halt, yet, withal, getting over the ground at a good pace.

"WILL YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE GLASS-HOUSE?"

Under the guidance of the intelligent youth we walk nearly a mile over one of the worst roads in the country. At length, as we pause for breath upon the top of a steep hill, he turns to us, and pointing with an exceedingly dirty hand, says, triumphantly: "Yonder's the glass house."

"I KNOW WHAR THERE IS A GLASS HOUSE."

Following the direction of his finger, we see, glittering in the sun, like a sort of convex lake among the leafless branches of the trees—a conservatory! A glass house, indeed; but not the kind we are after. We explain at length to the intelligent youth, and finally he understands.

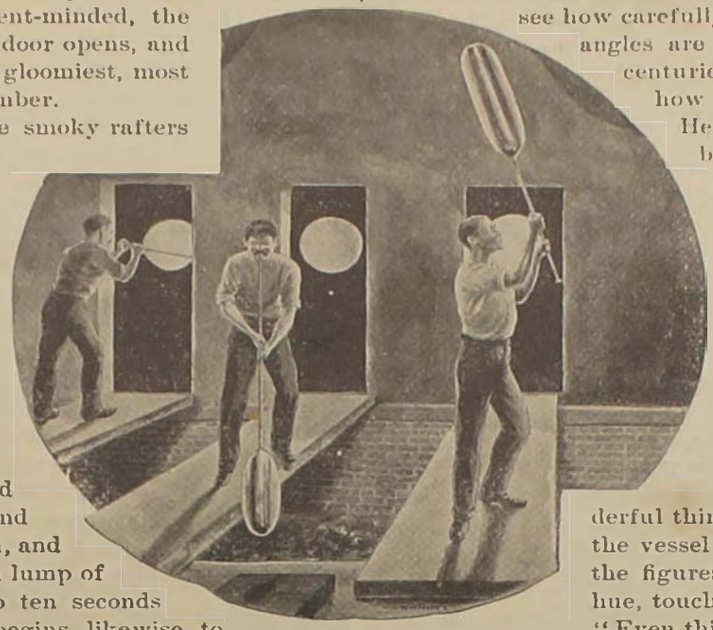
"Oh! a glass-foundry!" he ejaculates, with disdain. "Why didn't you say so? *That's* about two mile the other way."

By dint of skillful and patient cross-examination we extract directions sufficiently explicit, pay the intelligent youth the stipulated fee, and dismiss him; and after a weary tramp of what seems nearer six miles than two, we arrive before a low, forbidding-looking, brick building. There is an iron-braced door with a wicket, and at this we rap. The wicket is opened, presently, and an elderly individual with a sour visage, watery eyes, and tobacco-tinted lips, peers forth. We make our errand known.

"No admission," growls the Cerberus.

We expostulate and explain, but without effect until, in a fit of absent-mindedness, the author passes half a dollar in at the wicket. Equally absent-minded, the Cerberus pockets the coin, the door opens, and we enter one of the dingiest, gloomiest, most depressing places we can remember.

It is a long, low room, whose smoky rafters seem about to fall upon one's head, at the far end of which two large, golden eyes glare into the dusk. Close beside these, keen rays flash out around what is evidently the closed door of a third furnace. In the doubtful gleam, dark figures move quickly hither and thither. Now something like a globe of fire whirls round and round, throwing off sparks; and now a bare-armed shape plunges a rod into the second furnace, twists it back and forth, and in an instant brings out a rough lump of flaming substance, holds it up ten seconds upon the end of the rod, and begins, likewise, to whirl it round and round.



THE FURNACES.

By this time our eyes have become somewhat accustomed to the contrast of gloom and glare, and as we advance up the long, hall-like room, we can make out three furnaces, through whose circular openings we obtain a glimpse of the molten glass within, slowly rising and falling in Tartarean ebullition. Before the furnaces is a pit seven or eight feet deep, crossed by narrow bridges, upon each of which stands a workman manipulating a long rod terminated by a gleaming lump of glass. This, swung swiftly round the worker's head, down into the pit, and up again, explains the wheel-like phenomenon we noticed when we first entered the place.

MELTING-POT WITH MOVABLE TOP.

We introduce ourselves to the manager, who, very kindly, offers to be our guide and cicerone. Before we start upon our tour, however, he volunteers a few facts as to the nature and composition of that familiar and most useful of all the inventions of human genius, glass. As he sits upon the edge of a long, smoke-stained work-bench, twirling a pair of tweezers between his fingers and swinging one leg, the author makes notes of his words, while the artist, screened behind the leaves of his sketch-book, jots down the outline of his grave, characteristic features.

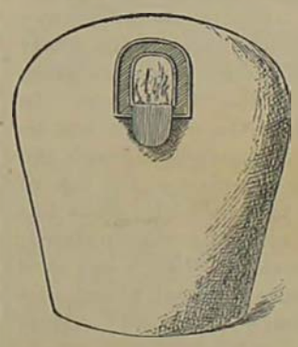
Glass is a compound whose principal element is silica, or sand, which combines with potash, soda, oxide of lead, lime, alumina, arsenic, and other substances. These combinations are called "fluxes"; and by varying the ingredients, or their proportions, many different qualities of glass are made, as well as every conceivable tint and color. The chief point is to obtain a compound which solidifies in cooling into a mass which shall be transparent and not crystalline in structure. But this is not all. Some glass, and very useful kinds, may be black, green, or gray, and almost, if not quite, opaque.

Our friend proves to be an enthusiastic antiquarian on the subject of glass. He leads us to a small apartment, neatly carpeted, with rows of shelves along the walls.

"There is an ignorant notion," he observes, "that glass is a modern invention; whereas the truth is, glass is actually prehistoric. Here is a vessel," and he produces an odd, conical object from one of the shelves and holds it up before us. "What it was used for I have no idea; but it was dug up from the mud of the Nile at a depth which proves that it must be at least four or five thousand years old. You see how carefully it is made, how sharply the angles are ground; and, in spite of the centuries it has lain in the ground, how brilliant the surfaces still are. Here," he continues, showing us a broken oblong of stone, with some dull-hued paintings upon it, "we find that the ancient Egyptians understood glass-blowing. This tablet is from an Egyptian tomb, and its date is about 3000 B.C. I only wish," he adds, regretfully, "I had a few of those old fellows to work for me here to-day. They would astonish you. Why! look at this bottle;" and he takes out a wonderful thing in blue and white, the body of the vessel being of a dark sapphire, while the figures traced upon it are of a pearly hue, touched here and there with gold. "Even this," he says, as he turns it about with caressing fingers, "is nothing to what you will find in the great European museums. Look at that marvel, the Portland vase. You know it was made somewhere about 140 B.C., and was found in a Roman tomb in the sixteenth century. It was taken to the Barberini palace in Rome. Afterward it was sold to the Duke of Portland for five thousand dollars. A crank smashed it, one day; but they have mended it so that you can't tell where it was broken. I've seen it. Oh! but it is a lovely little thing! —only ten inches high, but worth its weight in diamonds.

"You must have seen," he goes on, "those splendid specimens Cesnola brought from Cyprus. I secured one or two myself. Here they are. But if you care to know what the Greeks and Egyptians could do in the way of glass-making, go to the Museum of Art in the Central Park, New York.

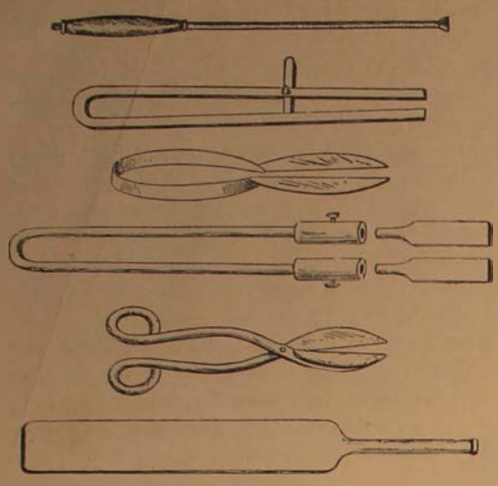
"They made flexible glass, too; the art of which we have lost, just as we have lost the art of tempering copper, and the rediscovery of which would be worth millions to the fortunate Columbus of that buried secret. They could make glass that would roll up like a curtain."



MELTING-POT WITH OPENING AT SIDE.

We do not deny this, but we remember that we have heard this statement questioned by very grave authorities.

"Then look at the Venetians and Bohemians," he continues, producing a flat, flask-like object, gorgeous in crimson, blue, and gold. "That is only a poor imitation of what those Venetian fellows did. This is a genuine Bohemian;" and he holds up a queer, straight-sided, engraved glass that rings like a



GLASS-MAKERS' TOOLS.

1. Pipe, or blowing-tube. 2. Spring tongs. 3. Pucellas. 4. Pucellas with movable blades. 5. Glass shears. 6. Battledore.

bell as he touches it. "I am not by any means a rich man, but you couldn't buy that little thing for the newest thousand-dollar Treasury note you ever saw.

"Now," he exclaims, closing the glass doors on the shelves containing his treasures, "we will see what we modern glass-makers can do;" and he leads the way to another portion of the building.

"'HEAVY?' IT'S HOT!"

We pause before a sort of mill in which the materials for the glass are being ground. These are pure sand from the sea-beach, carefully cleaned and washed, sulphate of soda, and a variety of limestone, in the proportion of seventy-four per cent of the sand, eleven per cent of the soda, and fourteen per cent of the lime. A small portion of arsenic is added to assist in oxidizing any carbonaceous impurities, and also to promote the perfect blending of the mixture. This combination, our guide informs us, will produce a fine variety of sheet glass. In the manufacture of flint glass the lime is replaced by lead, which gives greater brilliancy. A quantity of waste glass, or "cullet," is frequently ground into the mixture in order to cause rapid fusion of the ingredients.

The melting-pots, or crucibles, are made of fire-clay, the largest being about four feet high and nearly the same in diameter across the top, and holding about two thousand pounds of melted glass each; the smallest are about half that size. For window, and other ordinary varieties of glass, the pot is open at the top, sometimes with a movable lid, but for the finer classes of glass the pot is covered, with an opening at the side; the object being to protect the contents from external impurities. The pots are placed in the furnace side by side, in such a way that the heat passes around and between them. In the present instance they have been in the furnace for several hours, and as the finely ground mixture is shovelled into them, each separate grain seems to sparkle like a keen star in the fierce heat. In about twenty hours, nine or ten tons of the mixture will be melted into a fluid in these pots. At another furnace the workmen are ladling off the scum which rises to the top of the mass. At still another furnace, in which the glass has become "sticky," *i. e.*, sufficiently cool to be manipulated, the workmen are making "sheet-glass." With what skill the long rods are thrust into the pots, twirled about and withdrawn with huge, red-hot lumps attached! How deftly they are swung about! What strength must reside in those brawny arms that toss such weights to and fro as if they were toys!

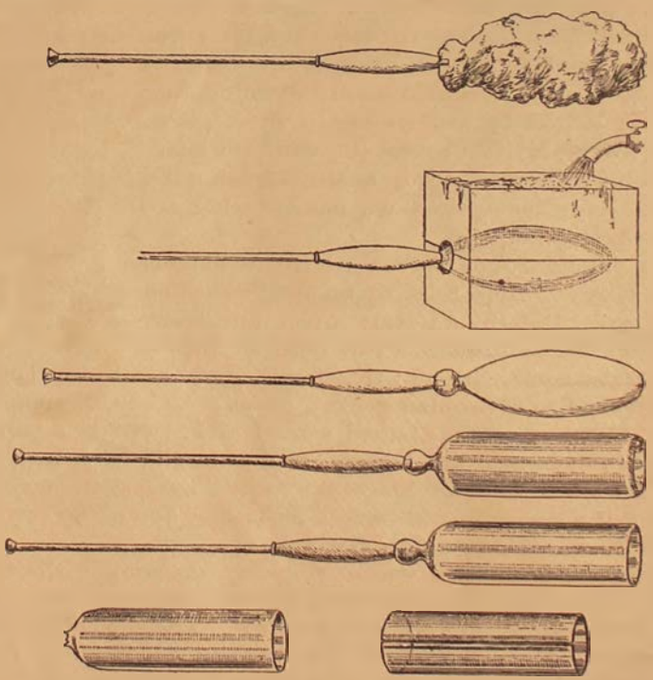
The tools employed in this branch of the art are very few and simple, considering the results obtained. We are told that, in shape and number, they have undergone no essential change in a century. There is the blow-pipe, of wrought iron, about four feet six inches long, and from one quarter to one inch bore; there are the spring tongs, very much like those used for sugar; the "pucellas," a heavy pair of scissors-shaped blades, with a spring back; "pucellas" with movable wooden blades; long-handled shears for clipping off rough edges; the "battledore," a sort of wooden paddle for thumping, patting, and "coaxing" the soft glass; iron rods of various shapes and thicknesses, termed "punties" or "pontils"; and finally a number of short wands, split at one end, with which the worker carries the glass object, still too hot to handle, from his bench to the annealing oven or elsewhere. The "marver" is a smooth slab of iron upon the surface of which cylinders and other shapes are rolled.

It is at this point in our investigations that the author discovers how false appearances are. Perceiving a small glass bowl—a most innocent-looking glass bowl it is!—lying upon a work-table, he picks it up with the laudable intention of examining it; but he drops it instantly, and it is smashed to pieces at his feet, and we are ashamed to say that, simultaneously, he emits a discordant howl.

"I really shouldn't have thought that little thing was so heavy," remarks the artist, solemnly.

"'Heavy'?" shouts the author, blowing furiously upon his fingers. "It's *hot!*"

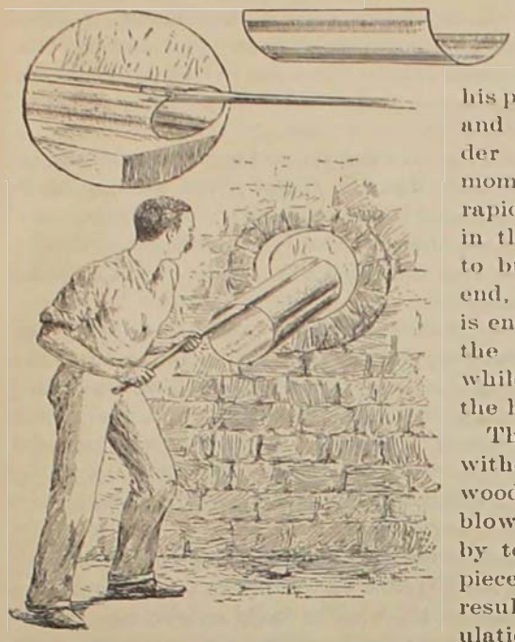
The making of plain window, or "sheet," glass, for the smaller sizes, is an interesting process. The workman, standing upon his stage before the furnace, gathers from the pot a lump of viscid glass upon his blow-pipe; when this has partially cooled, the pipe is again dipped into the pot and more glass added, the dipping being continued until some twenty pounds have been accumulated upon the end of the pipe. The mass is then squeezed into a wooden mold, over which a stream of water flows to prevent the scorching of the wood, the workman meantime blowing into the mass in order to cause



PROCESS OF MAKING WINDOW-GLASS.

1. As the glass comes from the pot. 2. In the block mold. 3. As swung about in the air by the blower. 4. The cylinder burst open. 5. Opening enlarged by spinning. 6. Cylinder disengaged from blow-pipe. 7. Cylinder cut longitudinally.

it to assume the shape of the mold. Now he removes his still soft lump from the mold and whirls it round and round, blowing into it constantly, until he has formed something like an elongated pear. At this point he heats it again, by thrusting it into the mouth of the furnace, and continues the whirling and blowing, occasionally rolling the mass upon the marver, until a cylinder, closed at one end and attached to the pipe at the other, results. Then he stops his pipe with his thumb and exposes his cylinder to the heat for a moment, as before. The rapid expansion of air in the glass causes it to burst open at the end, and the aperture is enlarged by spinning the cylinder rapidly while still submitted to the heat.



REHEATING CYLINDER FOR FLATTENING. CYLINDER FLATTENING, AND OPENING.

The cylinder is then withdrawn, laid upon a wooden block, and the blow-pipe end cut off by touching it with a piece of cold iron. The result of these manipulations is a sort of glass pipe, from ten to twenty inches in diameter. When it is cool, a diamond upon the point of a right-angled tool is drawn longitudinally along the inside surface.

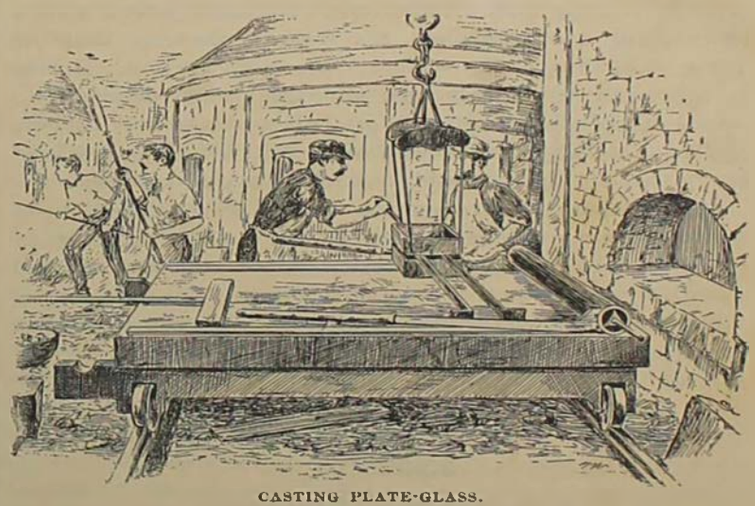
The "section," as it is called, is placed upon the "flattening-stone," a smooth slab of stone or iron, supported upon a wheeled carriage, also known as a car, or table, running on a track, usually in a sort of long tunnel heated by a furnace. As the cylinder submits to the heat, it slowly flattens downward; a workman now thrusts in an iron rod and folds back the flexible portions of the cylinder till it lies upon the table in the form of a sheet. At this stage it is full of waves, or "cockles," which are smoothed out by the workman's rod. The car, or table, with its sheet, then goes on, cooling as it moves down the long tunnel, which may be from forty to a hundred feet long. A train of such cars with sheets of glass, running upon an endless chain, passes on toward the cooling room, where the now stiffened sheets are piled one upon another, with bits of charcoal or non-adhesive powder between, and allowed to remain from ten to forty hours, according to thickness, to remove all possible brittleness.

The better qualities of window-glass are then taken to the "polishing table," where, by an ingenious device (a piece of soft leather, the size of the sheet, is wetted and made to adhere to the glass on the principle of a boy's "sucker") one sheet can be rubbed against another with emery powder and water between, the polish being given by rotten-stone or chalk. We are shown some sheets of enormous size, weighing forty-five pounds, undergoing this grinding and polishing process.

The manufacture of "plate glass" is a simpler and yet more difficult task. The glass having been very carefully mixed and properly fused, is allowed to cool until it attains a slight degree of "stickiness," when the "casting table," a massive framework, with a smooth, cast-iron bed, is wheeled up to the furnace, the pots are hoisted out by huge derrick-tongs, and the contents, carefully skimmed, are poured upon the table. On each side are metal bars which prevent the molten glass from overflowing. A copper cylinder, heated to the same temperature as the glass, is swiftly rolled over the table, reducing the whole mass to a uniform thickness. As the roller goes from end to end of the table, the most beautiful, iridescent colors appear, change, and disappear. In an instant one of the workmen, wearing thick gloves, catches the end of the now cooling plate, opposite the furnace, and gives it a roll up, as if it were pasteboard. A toothed instrument catches this rolled-up edge and whirls the plate into the annealing oven. Another plate is immediately cast upon the table, and in turn passed into the annealing oven, where, we are told, the plates must lie for at least four days, slowly cooling from red heat to the normal temperature. We are given a glimpse of an enormous plate, said to be twenty feet by fifteen, baking in one of the ovens.

We are next shown the plate polishing-table, about twenty feet in diameter, fixed upon a strong iron spindle, revolving at twenty-five revolutions a minute. Upon this table lies a large plate of glass with a smooth iron block in contact with it, which is grinding down the surface with fine emery and water. In some cases, we are told, the plates are invested in frames with plaster of Paris, sometimes opposed to the table itself, sometimes to each other, with sand and water, or emery and water. Finally, after the surfaces are ground true with the coarser materials, wooden blocks, covered with felt and moistened with a mixture of red oxide of iron and water, are employed to polish the plates. We are shown at this point how many large plates reveal flaws after the whole process of casting, grinding, and polishing has been completed. Such plates are cut up into smaller sections, in such a way as to exclude the flaws.

We are shown how these plates may be bent into curves and angles. A "core" of cast iron, of the shape required, —for example, half a circle,—is introduced into one of the furnaces and allowed to rise to a dull red. Then the plate of glass is introduced and accurately fitted over the metal form. In a few moments it softens and adapts itself to the "core," when core and plate are immediately withdrawn and allowed to cool before the glass has had an opportunity



CASTING PLATE-GLASS.

to fuse or "run." If the "core" is of an "angled" shape, the sheet is quickly rubbed down over the angles with the "battledore," or a similar tool, and, as in the case of the curved shape, withdrawn before fusion.

It may well cause a thrill of patriotic pride to Americans when they reflect that the largest and finest telescopic lenses, as well as the best and most powerful microscopic lenses in the world, are cast, cut, and polished in this country. Of the great Lick telescope, with its thirty-six-inch objective, made by Alvan Clark, of Boston, it was confidently predicted, by many high authorities abroad, that the glass would be a failure, that such an immense mass could not

be made to collect sufficient light. It was finished and proved a complete success. Now Chicago is to have an instrument with a forty-five-inch objective, likewise to be made by the Boston firm. Again come the warnings of the prophets abroad; but we feel not the smallest twinge of doubt ourselves. The great lens will be constructed, and it will perform its mission.

Is it not marvelous that by means of a composition of alkalies, sand, soda, potash, and lead, we are able to traverse thousands of miles of space at a glance, and bring ourselves within a few hours' railway journey of the moon? Is it not almost beyond comprehension that by melting together dense lumps of stony matter, which we may pick up, or dig out of the earth, we can note the continents and seas of Mars, the belts of Jupiter, the rings and satellites of Saturn?—that we can mark and measure the awful convulsions in the crust of our parent, the sun?—that we can watch the slow and solemn march of those outermost guards of our system, Uranus and Neptune, whose years are the lives of the patriarchs? Is it not equally wonderful that by means, similar in effect, we may penetrate the infinitely little, the universes of organized existence in water or on the leaves of plants, study the habits of myriads of beings which inhabit every square inch of grass, pond, tree,—aye, even of our own sacred bodies? The secrets disclosed by these lenses may well stun and appall the imagination, and prove to us what poor, weak things our unaided eyes really are.

On the other hand may we not feel proud of the mind resident in man that, from his physical feebleness and his mundane limitations, may reach out and grasp such wondrous thoughts, and achieve creations almost divine in their scope and grandeur? To us it seems that the power to achieve such marvels proves us indeed "sons of God, clad, for a time, in vestments of clay."

One difficult problem connected with the manufacture of these great lenses is their tendency to change, or, so to say, "flow," after they are finished. A lens weighing several hundredweight must be handled as if, in some sense, it were still partly fluid. Placed upon edge and jarred, as in a railway car, a certain distortion follows, showing that the particles of the glass have moved among themselves. Hence, in transporting the great Lick objective, it was necessary to swing it upon a frame with gimbals and a revolving bed, so that it could be frequently shifted in all directions, and every part of the glass subjected to the same conditions.

In the space of a magazine article it is impossible to describe the many interesting departments and processes in glass-making; and in the present paper we have devoted ourselves chiefly to those which may be studied in any of the more extensive "glass-foundries," to use the term employed by our "intelligent youth."

C. L. HILDRETH.

Goldenrod.

(*See Full-Page Water-Color.*)

OUR September number most appropriately honors that favorite flower, the goldenrod, with an exquisite water-color picture, which we are confident will give great pleasure to all art and flower lovers. Like "Rival Beauties," in the August magazine, this also is a lovely study for the art-student. Its dainty, fairy-like character makes it an especially charming subject for a bolting-cloth panel to be mounted over pearl or gold colored satin and hung by slender gilt rods. For a hand or fire screen, also, it would be lovely. The picture should be taken out of the magazine and framed in one of our white enamelled frames, which, with the narrow gilt margin, sets off its delicate beauty admirably.

The Resurrection of Hannah Higgs.

HANNAH HIGGS had just returned from town. She gave the reins to her hired man, and gathering up her bundles, entered the house. At the door she turned back to say:

"Naow don't be all day takin' care o' that horse, Anson. It does seem 's if you git slower an' slower ever' day o' your life. Don't feed or water him while he's het up so, neither. I can't 'ford to have a horse faoundered ever' time I drive t' taown."

A complaint like this would have quickened the actions of a man unacquainted with Hannah Higgs; but for ten years Anson had heard almost the same words delivered upon every such occasion. At first her querulous, fault-finding manner irritated him; but he had long ago got "uset of her," as he would have expressed it.

Her disagreeable ways were variously accounted for by her neighbors. Mrs. Munson, in talking with Anson, had said: "She gits it all from her ma before her. Nobody could ever get on with her, neither. She was al'ays makin' a fuss daown th' meetin'-haouse." But another neighbor had declared that Hannah was just as "soft spoken" as anybody until she was twenty, when she had "got dis'p'inted in love," and it had made her what she was.

Hannah Higgs laid down her bundles and threw off her shawl. She did not remove her bonnet, but stood a moment,—tall and slim, in fact as angular in body as she was in disposition. Then drawing a letter from her pocket she dropped into a chair.

"For the life o' me I can't think who can be a-writin' to me naow. It can't be abaout them stocks, for I got the money on the caoupons two weeks ago. But it's from Detroit."

She held the envelope between herself and the light, as she had a dozen times while on the way home; then adjusting her glasses she carefully pinched off one end. There were two pages. She looked at once for the signature; it was strange to her. Turning to the beginning she read aloud, in a dreary monotone, giving to the words her own peculiar pronunciation, as follows:

"'MISS HANNAH HIGGS.

"'Dear Madam.

"'It is my sad duty tew inform you of the death of your cousin, Mrs. Sarie Higgs DeViny. Her husband, as you no daoubt know, died several years ago.'"

She let her hand with the letter drop for a moment into her lap.

"No; I didn't know," she commented; and then, after a moment's dreamy reflection, added, "And naow Sarie is dead, tew."

Then she continued reading:

"'This leaves their only child, a girl nine years old, with no living relative naow but yourself.'"

"Good land!" she broke off. "I hope they ain't goin' to send her here for me to care for naow. I can't have it!—I jest can't! Why, I never could put up with children!"

She quickened her reading.

"'Naturally you will not wish her left in the care of strangers. Her mother felt this, and I gave the dying woman my promise that I would send her child, Margaret, tew you at an early day. I write this that you may expect her on the 21st.'"

"Good land! that's tomorrow," ejaculated Hannah. "It's jest the way o' the world," she complained. "Folks run off an' git married an' die an' leave their children for their relations to care for an' bring up. But I won't stand it! I

won't be imposed on in that way! She can go to a orphan asylum!" She paused a moment to nurse her indignation, then read on:

"'The child will not be hully dependent on you, for there was some property left, which has been judiciously invested, and which will yield abaout one hundurd dollars a year.'"

Hannah opened her eyes in surprise. This threw a different light on the prospect.

"My! a hundurd dollars a year!" she exulted. "That'll more'n pay for her keep. Why, I calc'late I scrape aout 'nough ever' day for the chickens, to feed one person. Then as for clo'es, there's 'nough o' my old ones in the haouse that can be cut over for her for years. It'll be jest one hundurd dollars, clean cash, in my pocket ever' year."

From this bright prospect her mind suddenly changed to the thought of having a child about the house, and her face darkened.

"She'll have t' toe the mark," Hannah muttered, looking sharply before her. "I'll give her to understand that at the start off. I'll have nothin' harum-scarum abaout my haouse. I calc'late it will be a trial at first, but a body can put up with a heap for a hundurd dollars a year."

Late the next afternoon the stage stopped before the Higgs homestead, and a blue-eyed girl with flaxen hair was set down. She was very tired after her long journey, and went early to bed.

Hannah, left alone in the evening, communed with herself:

"She's got her ma's looks, an' her ma didn't have the Higgs' look," she said, with a sense of injury. "It's the Allen look; an' the Allen girls was all good lookers. But she's got her pa's ways—Frenchy. She'd 'a' kissed me if I'd 'a' let her, but I 'laowed as I'd begin as I could hold aout. I'm glad I wa'n't hard on her, though, tonight. I'm glad I didn't say anything real sharp to her. I couldn't,—them big eyes o' hers seemed to be tellin' me that her ma was dead. 'Tain't a week yet, she says. I'm glad I put them seed-cakes on for supper. She didn't eat much else. I'm glad I offered 'em to her twice. But she only et one."

It was June, and the next day was as fair as any that month ever bore. Marguerite was out early. She had slept the sleep of youth, and was rested. Just before breakfast she came in from a short walk.

"Oh! Cousin Hannah," she said, with delight, "I think the country is so nice! There is such color in everything. The sky is so blue, and the clouds are so clean and fleecy, and the grass is so green, and there are so many pretty flowers. Oh! everything is just lovely! Do you care, Cousin Hannah, if I pick some of your flowers?" she asked, suddenly.

Hannah Higgs gave a contemptuous sniff.

"I hain't got no flowers," she replied. "Them's wild what you see. You're welcome to pick what ye're mind tew of them; but don't ye bring any in here. I'm not goin' to have my haouse littered up with any sech mess."

Marguerite gave a cry of delight and sprang away; but Hannah instantly called after her:

"Marg'ret! Marg'ret! Come back here! Ye've got t' eat naow or go 'thaout till noon. I ain't goin' t' have no eatin' 'tween meals."

Marguerite's buoyancy vanished in an instant, and she came slowly back to her breakfast. They ate for some time in silence, and then Marguerite asked, timidly:

"What makes you call me Marg'ret, Cousin Hannah? My name is Mar-*gue-reet*," she pronounced.

"That's French, I guess, for De Viny is French," replied Hannah, with one of her sniffs. "Marg'ret's English, an' that's good 'nough for me. I've a great mind to call ye Higgs, tew, seein' as ye're goin' to live here along 'i' me."

"Oh! I don't think you ought to, Cousin Hannah," said Marguerite, reproachfully. "De Viny is my right name. I don't think Higgs is bad. It was mamma's name; but I don't think she would like me called by it." Her voice trembled in speaking of her mother, and her eyes became tearful.

Hannah rose and began to clear the table, rattling the dishes rather more than necessary as she did so.

"You can go and git ye're flowers naow," she said, shortly. "I don't know's I shall call ye anything."

"My!" she continued, after Marguerite had gone. "Haow her eyes dew take hold of me! I don't know's I'm goin' to be able to make aout as I intended."

Several days passed, warm and bright, full of the songs of the birds and the sweet scents of the country. Marguerite spent most of the time in the open air, and thought that she would never tire of all the beauty around her.

Every day there were hours, however, when she was very sad and very lonely. She longed for the love and sympathy which had been taken from her. Sitting on some secluded, grassy knoll, she would look away into the deep, blue sky and wonder if her mamma could not see her. Then the tears would come to blind her eyes, and stretching out her arms she would cry, "Mamma, mamma!" and sob as if her heart would break. After this she would return to the house and watch Hannah about her work. Often she begged to be allowed to help; but Hannah declared that the child knew nothing about work, and that she herself had no time to waste in showing her. She generally wound up by saying:

"Oh, g'long an' play with yer flowers. I can't have ye 'baout in my way."

One afternoon, as Marguerite came in very quietly she discovered her cousin asleep in the rocking-chair. All the hard lines had gone out of Hannah's face, leaving only something which answered to a yearning in the child's heart, and which seemed to draw her irresistibly. Noiselessly she tiptoed forward and softly put her arms about the old woman's bony shoulders and breathed a kiss upon the sallow, weather-worn cheek. Despite her utmost care Hannah started.

"Good land!" she cried, springing to her feet. "What a scare you give me! Don't you ever, *ever* dew that thing ag'in!"

Marguerite was frightened beyond measure, and turned and fled to her room. There she threw herself upon her bed and cried until sleep came and shut out all thoughts of the cold world to which she had come.

But the effect on Hannah was remarkable. She had felt the softening influences of the child ever since the first moment; and now this stolen demonstration seemed to break up her whole icy nature. So foreign to her, however, was this new feeling, that she knew not how to act. She could put seed-cakes on the table three times a day and offer them to Marguerite twice at each meal; she could tell the little one that she might have her flowers in the house on a rainy day, if she would be careful not to make a muss; but somehow she could not put her arms about the child nor give any tender caress, though she began to long to do so very much. She wished that Marguerite would repeat the act of that former day, and once or twice feigned sleep hoping to tempt the child; but the risk to be run was too great, and Marguerite permitted herself only hungry looks.

At night, now, before going to bed, Hannah would steal up to the child's room, "jest to see that ever'thing is right." Holding the light above her head she would gaze at the little, sleeping beauty until her knees began to give way with an inward impulse to stoop and put a kiss upon the soft, rosy cheek. Once she did stroke the flaxen hair; then murmured to herself, "Naow don't go to bein' silly," and turned and left the room.

Hannah was a puzzle to the child from the first; and,

though she studied her as only children will study their elders, she was never sure that she had found her out. There appeared to be changes continually. At first nearly every act that had the least hint of tenderness in it was followed by sharp words. Marguerite had been quick to notice the increase of seed-cakes, and her heart rejoiced more and more as the harsh speeches became less and less frequent.

One day about this time she met with an accident, which, though slight in itself, was mighty in the results which followed. She had been playing with the cat for some time, near the kitchen door, when pussy suddenly scampered off. Marguerite bounded away after him, but, catching her toe, fell forward and ran an ugly sliver into her hand. She tried to remove the offender herself, but was unable, and at last came to the house for assistance.

"Cousin Hannah," she said, with a little plaintive note in her voice, "I've got a sliver in my hand. Won't you please get it out for me?"

Hannah made a motion of assent and the child came and stood before her, putting out her little hand.

"Oh!" cried Hannah, sympathetically, as she caught sight of the hurt. "Does it pain ye much?" she asked, her brows knitting.

"No,—but I guess it will to get it out," replied Marguerite, preparing to stand it all heroically.

"You jest turn yer head t'other way an' I'll pinch it hard an' ma'be it won't." Then Hannah, adjusting her glasses, began to pick away with her darning-needle.

After a moment she said: "I can't git at it this way; I guess ye'll have t' turn clear raound—so," twisting Marguerite about so that they both faced in the same direction. Then Hannah, bending forward in her chair with arms about the little one, continued her kind but painful work. Their heads were very close together; the soft cheek of the child pressed against the somewhat wrinkled older one, and her yellow locks mingled with the gray and black.

For some time Hannah worked at the sliver, and then again declared that she could not "git at it good in that way. I guess ye'll have t' climb up in my lap," she said, at last; and Marguerite did so very promptly.

Again the old woman put her arms about the little one. She felt the child's warm breath in her face, and pressed her needlessly close to her breast. It was years and years since she had held anyone in her lap; and she was at a loss now to explain the emotion which every moment grew stronger within her. At last the sliver was out. Hannah let her arms drop, but still about the child. She looked kindly into the sweet, upturned face, and asked:

"Did it hurt?"

"No, not very much," replied Marguerite, smiling back. Then, seized with a sudden impulse, she put her arms about her cousin's neck and pressed a kiss upon her cheek. She was alarmed immediately on recalling how such an act had been received on that other afternoon; but her surprise and joy knew no bounds when, instead of a rebuff, her cousin returned the caress,—once, twice, three times. Then, for some reason, Hannah became very red in the face. Putting the child down quickly she sprang to her feet.

"Good land!" she exclaimed, hurrying from the room. "I wonder if that apple sa'ce is a-burnin' on!"

Entering the kitchen she paid no attention to the "apple sa'ce,"—which, in fact, had not been put over to cook,—but walked to the window and gazed far out before her. Her eyes rested on the line where the earth and sky met, still she was not conscious of anything there. "I don't see what on airth ails me. Sech strange feelin's seems to be a-comin' over me of late. Why, a-holdin' of that child jest seemed to make my blood run all sand-like through my veins!"

Anson and all the neighbors noticed the great change which was slowly coming over Hannah Higgs, and it began to be talked of far and near. One neighbor said that Hannah was becoming "jest as soft spoken as she used to be thirty-five year ago," and she "guessed she was a-gettin' over her dis'pintment, at last." Mrs. Munson declared that her "ma before her took jest sech a turn a few weeks before she died," and she "guessed Hannah wa'n't long for this world, if what people said was true."

But Hannah, who had never "enjoyed" such good health before in her life, expressed it better than any of them. Standing in the doorway a few hours later, on that same memorable afternoon, she had said to Marguerite:

"I don't mind if ye git some o' the flaowers that ye like best an' put on the table to-night. I believe I'll raise some that ain't wild, next year."

"Oh, thank you! cousin," the child returned, a happy light burning in her eyes as she moved away to seek out her treasures. Now and then she glanced back, but always to find the face in the doorway following her with its new, kind look.

And Hannah, watching the child, saw before her all the glad years of companionship with the young and loving creature.

"Jest to think," she said, with much self-loathing, "I'd never 'a' taken her if 't hadn't 'a' been for that hundurd dollars a year. When I think of that I despise myself. I didn't know's I could be so mean. But I shan't tech it,—I shan't tech a cent of it. It shall all be put by for her when she gits big; an' she shall have all o' mine, tew, some day. Why, I'm jest beginnin' to live. I've been dead,—dead all o' these years; an' now I'm jest beginnin' to live. That child has been the resurrection of me!"

ALBERT E. LAWRENCE.

Waring's Tip.

MR. DUNCAN walked through the streets with his eyes lowered, seeing nothing, and it was only because of Charles Waring's restraining hand that he drew back at a crossing in time to let an elegantly appointed carriage pass.

"What a lovely girl!" Charles exclaimed, as the occupant of the carriage leaned from the window. "She seems to be looking at you," he continued. "Why!"—as his companion raised his hat,—"do you know her?"

"She is my wife," was the unexpected reply.

"Your wife!" Charles looked at the carelessly dressed, elderly appearing man beside him, and then at the carriage with its fashionably attired occupant, in amazement at the contrast between them.

The two men had each an office in the same building. In spite of the difference in their ages, a warm friendship had sprung up between them, and they had formed the habit of walking home together as far as their route lay in the same direction. But their talk was always of business, and they knew nothing of each other's personal affairs.

"No wonder you are astonished," said Mr. Duncan, at last withdrawing his abstracted gaze from the rapidly receding carriage. "I will tell you about it. Two years ago an old, rather eccentric, client sent for me in haste. When I reached his secluded suburban home I found him dying.

"His mind was full of anxiety for the one child he was to leave. She had not a relative in the world, and he begged me to accept the position of guardian. I knew nothing of children, and hesitated.

"'She will be no care to you,' he urged. 'The woman who nursed her is still in our employ and devoted to the

child; but she is ignorant, and I must have someone of mind and judgment to watch over my daughter's interests. Say that you will accept the trust.'

"His naturally pathetic eyes were doubly so when dying. With their gaze imploring, beseeching me, what could I do but agree to take the responsibility on my shoulders? He died that night. His child and her nurse were spending the summer in the mountains, too far away to reach home in time for the funeral. I was to open the will and then go to bring them back to the city. Judge of my dismay to find on examination that every one of the securities mentioned in the will had become worthless! Creditors immediately put in their claims. The house and furniture even could not be saved. There was absolutely nothing left for my ward.

"'But what of that?' I reasoned. 'A child does not want much. I can manage to have her taken care of in a simple way, and perhaps by the time she is grown I shall have succeeded so well in my profession that I can give her the luxuries she has the right to expect.'

"My dismay at the condition of my client's affairs was, however, insignificant in comparison to the consternation which awaited me. Armed with a large doll and a supply of candy, I sought her mountain retreat, asked for my ward, and found her to be a beautiful young lady of twenty, yet as ignorant of the world as a child, having been brought up with no companions save her father, the old nurse, and a daily governess.

"I did not know what to do with her. She had her father's pathetic eyes, appealing, haunting. Not to weary you with a long recital, upon deliberation I concluded that marriage with my ward was the only way out of the difficulty. She was of a clinging, dependent nature, and made no objection; and so we were married."

"And have lived happily ever after, like people in stories,"—put in Charles to fill the pause.

A half-sigh preceded the answer:

"I *hope* she is happy. I am sure I give her all she seems to need."

"Yes, and work yourself to death to do it," Charles said to himself.

"Sometimes I have feared,—well, perhaps, it is the companionship of young people that she needs," went on Duncan, musingly. "I am too old for her. You are not married?" turning abruptly to Waring. "Have no ties?"

"No. I am free as air."

"Then come around to the house. Sing with my wife. Talk music, books, all those things of which I know nothing. I like you. Come often. Here is the corner where we part. Come very soon. Good night."

Some evenings thereafter, Waring called at Mr. Duncan's. He found the house luxurious and tasteful, the mistress beautifully gowned, with many jewels gleaming and sparkling about her.

"They represent just so much of Duncan's life," was the young man's inward comment. "Is she worth it? Does she appreciate his efforts to surround her with all this wealth, or is she like the daughter of the horse-leech, continually crying 'Give! Give!'?"

She was a beautiful woman, this Berenice Duncan, with a rather long, slender face, light hair, and large, haunting, dark eyes. She proved so attractive that Waring's visits to the house became frequent; but although he sang duets with her, talked music, books, and all the fads of the day, and even, at her husband's urgent request, accompanied her to several concerts, he did not feel that he understood her any better as the companionship progressed. There was always a wistful, appealing look in her beautiful eyes when fixed on her husband, and Waring as he noted it would ask himself, "I wonder what it is she wants now?"

John Duncan interpreted the expression of her eyes in his own way, and ransacked the jewelers' stores for a new bracelet or a marquise ring, while his own clothes grew shabbier, and he worked harder than ever over his law cases.

One evening, as Waring stood by Mrs. Duncan's side at the piano, he noticed a beautiful jeweled pin among the masses of the lady's fair hair, and something prompted him to speak of it.

"You have a new pin," he said. "It is remarkably beautiful."

"Yes," she replied, "Mr. Duncan gave it to me yesterday."

"He is a very generous husband," Waring continued, feeling that he was venturing on dangerous ground, but determined to discover, if possible, Mrs. Duncan's attitude toward her husband.

"Yes," she said again, with apparent indifference, keeping her fingers on the keyboard and playing rippling notes.

"Most women would envy you these lavish gifts of jewels which you take so quietly," said Waring, waxing indignant.

She turned quickly, her eyes glowing with a new light.

"Are you like other men," she cried, "and think jewels will satisfy a woman's nature?"

Waring was electrified, but quoted, lightly:

> "Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
> More quick than words do move a woman's mind."

"Shakespeare erred when he made that statement," returned his companion, with fervor. "No true woman will put jewels before words of confidence, of companionship, of —love. They may please her fancy, but can never satisfy her heart." She sighed wistfully, then tried to recover herself. "Shall we go on with this song?"

But after such a burst of feeling, commonplaces could not easily be taken up, and Waring soon took leave.

"By George!" he said to himself, "I believe the girl is in love with her husband and he is too blind to see it! How can I give him the hint?"

He soon had an opportunity. The next day Mr. Duncan said to him,

"Have you seen Mrs. Duncan lately?"

"Oh yes. I spent last evening with her."

"Did she seem happy?"

"Well, no—" boldly seizing the opportunity.

Mr. Duncan's face expressed anxiety and sorrow.

"Not happy?" he said. "Oh, what can I do? I have tried everything! I must go around to Tiffany's today. I hear of some artistic pendants——"

"Now look here, Duncan," Waring broke in, "drop this jewelry business and try a new tack. Put yourself in my hands, and I'll undertake not only to show you how to make your wife happy, but yourself at the same time."

Duncan looked up eagerly.

"I will do anything, make any sacrifice," he said.

"My plan requires no sacrifices, and my treatment is a pleasant one. You have only to obey my commands."

"I will, implicitly."

"Well, in the first place, you, and not I, must accompany Mrs. Duncan to the opera tonight."

"But I have no clothes."

"You must buy some."

"But I cannot afford it."

"Pshaw! The money you pay for one bracelet will fit you out. Now, after you have attended to your toilet according to my orders, you will find instructions for your further guidance in a sealed note which I will have placed on your dressing-table."

So that evening at dinner Duncan announced, with inward perturbation,

"Mr. Waring will be unable to accompany you this evening."

"Oh! I am sorry. I want very much to hear this new singer," returned his wife.

"How will I do in his place?" he ventured, watching her narrowly, his sensitive nature fearing to see disappointment, perhaps repugnance, in her beautiful face.

"Can you go?" she said, eagerly. "Can you spare the time? And isn't music a bore to you?"

She looked so bright and happy that Duncan felt himself grow lighter-hearted at once. He drew his wife's hand within his arm as they rose from the table, and pressing it in an unusual caress, replied, impulsively,

"I mean to learn to like it for your sake, Berenice."

After visiting a fashionable barber, as directed by Waring, and arraying himself in his new clothes, Duncan hardly knew his own reflection in the mirror before which he stood. "Why, I am young!" he exclaimed; and in truth he was but thirty-five, his careless dress having made him appear middle-aged.

Pleased as a girl in her first party-dress, he waited with anxiety the meeting with his wife.

"But first," he said, "I must read my instructions from Waring. Where is the promised note? Oh, here it is. I can't imagine what he can have to say."

"Let me give you a first-class tip," ran the note. "Make ardent love to your wife."

"'Make ardent love!'" Duncan repeated, realizing for the first time that he had never made even *lukewarm* love to her. Man though he was, a blush suffused his face and set his pulses throbbing as he went down to the drawing-room.

"Well, my dear," he said gaily as his wife approached him, "will I do for your cavalier?"

"'Do'?" she exclaimed, with a girlish impulsiveness which he had never before heard from her, "why, you are perfectly lovely!"

He put his arm around her waist in quite a natural manner.

"Yes," he said, laughingly, "'fine feathers make fine birds,' you know."

She lightly touched his tie with her pretty fingers, and smoothed the lapels of his coat admiringly.

"Why do you not always dress like this?" she asked.

He captured her wandering hand and pressed it to his lips, amazed that love-making came so easy to him.

"'Dress like this?'" he cried, playfully. "Why, it costs money, my child! And I am not worthy of the expense."

"No," she returned, earnestly; "you spend all your money on baubles for me. Oh, you think me a child; but I am a woman, and have thought much, although I feared to speak."

"My only desire has been to make you happy, Berenice," he said, somewhat sadly.

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" she cried, clinging fondly to him. "But I could not be happy while you were wasting health and strength to surround me with all this luxury. Let us live more simply; let me be to you what a wife should be,—a companion, a sharer of your burdens, a comforter in your troubles. I am young and ignorant, but you, so noble and wise, will teach me to make some return for all you have done for me since poor papa died."

John Duncan, moved beyond words, could only press his wife more closely in his arms, and thank God for the unlooked-for happiness which had come into his life. When at last he could speak he said, tenderly:

"My wife, your love will be sufficient recompense for all. I never thought to be so blest."

A little later, Waring from his obscure seat saw them enter the brilliant play-house, and knew from their faces that his tip had been a sure one.

LIDA C. TULLOCH.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Fans in Decoration.

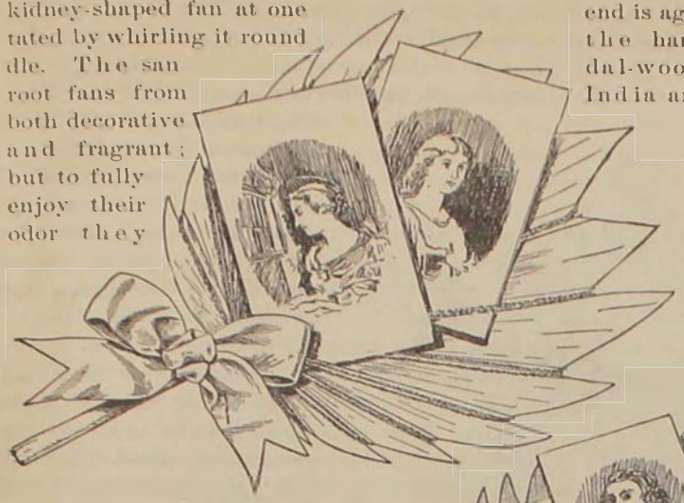
ALWAYS a powerful weapon in the hands of a graceful woman, and for centuries lying side by side with her jewels in its importance as an accessory of the toilette, the fan has ever been an article of comfort and luxury; but it has remained for the present period to find other and wider uses for it. The possibilities of the fan, however, are not yet more than half discovered; whole realms of unexplored uses are waiting for the ingenious brains whose office it is to ornament life; and it would be impossible for a matter-of-fact, unimaginative person to predict what would result from the gift of a big box of gay Japanese fans to a bright, artistic girl with deft and nimble fingers. Of one thing we are sure; she would achieve something admirable and wholly unique.

We are indebted to the Japanese and Oriental shops for the abundant and cheap supply of picturesque fans which has placed within the reach of all this most valuable aid to effective and inexpensive decoration. Of these the Japanese are most widely known and cheapest. The flat ones come now in every conceivable shape, sometimes quaint and grotesque, again simulating a giant tropical flower or a mammoth leaf. Others of gauze—costing a little more—are embroidered with silk and tinsel, and some silk ones have flights of storks or birds stuffed in slight relief, and covered with *crêpe*; thus the variety is endless. Of the folding sorts, care should be taken to avoid those made specially for the American market, as they are deplorably bad in color and design. 'Tis easy to distinguish them, for they are usually poor imitations of French styles. Japanese instinct and taste, following their own traditions, are always good, gratifying the eye and pleasing the most æsthetic taste.

From Turkey and India we have very many odd fans of

1. A FAN FRIEZE.

palm and woven fibers, and gauze, silk, and leather, embroidered with bright silks, spangles, and metal threads. Some of them have very long handles; and the half-circle or kidney-shaped fan at one end is agitated by whirling it round the handle. The sandal-wood root fans from India are both decorative and fragrant; but to fully enjoy their odor they should be occasionally dampened.

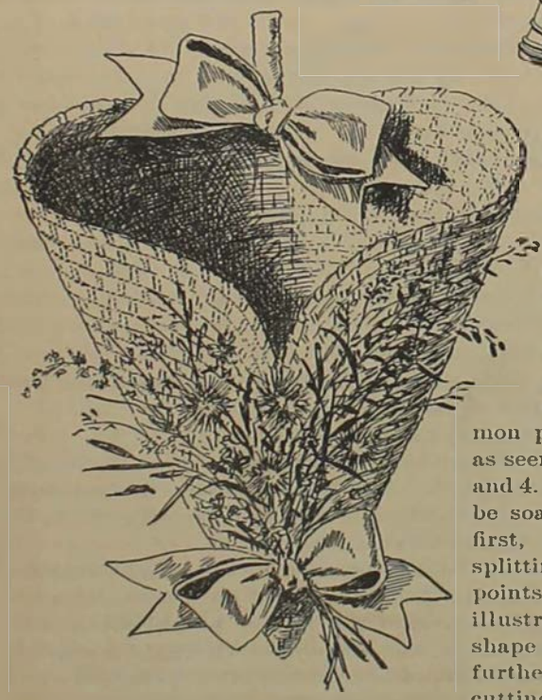


2. PHOTOGRAPH RACK.

A frieze or a dado can be most effectively arranged with a varied assortment of simple fans (see No. 1), and harmonizes well with a hard-finished wall which is only stained. It is an admirable expedient in a rented house or apartment where it is undesirable to go to great expense, and any clever woman could do all the work, even to staining the wall, herself. She might, perhaps, have to call in a carpenter to put up a narrow picture-molding for her, which will be her line of guidance and form the border.

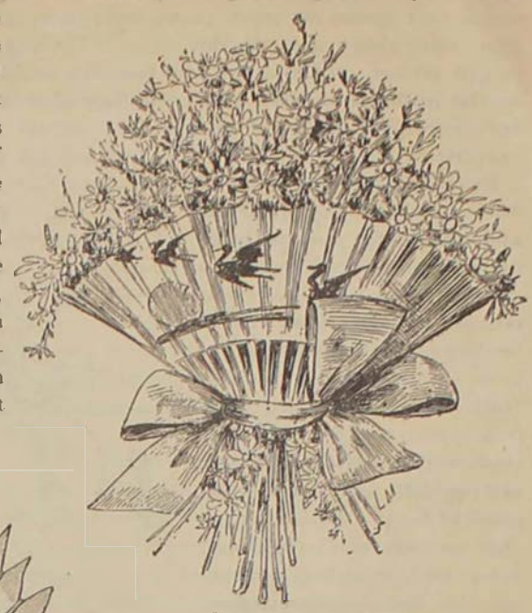
3. PHOTOGRAPH RACK.

Very pretty photograph-racks can be made of common palm-leaf fans, as seen in Nos. 2, 3, and 4. They should be soaked in water, first, to prevent splitting, and cut in points as seen in the illustrations. The shape of No. 4 is further varied by cutting the fan down on the sides—following a rib—to the handle, and lapping the pieces over about an inch and a half. Remember that if you soak them first you can manipulate a palm-leaf or woven fan by cutting, bending, folding, or twisting into any form your ingenuity may devise.

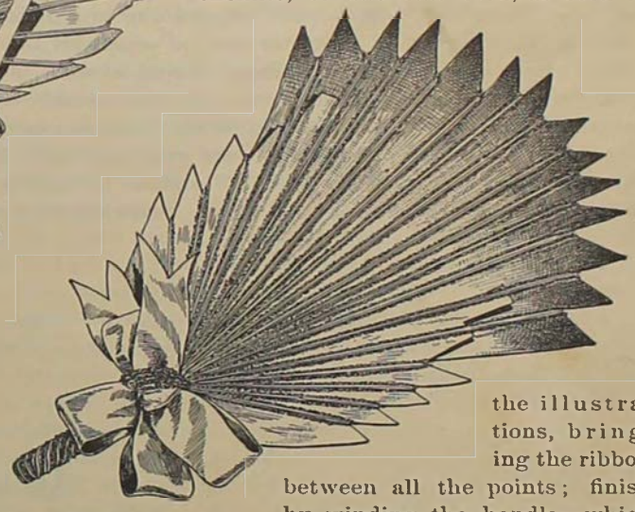


5. FAN CATCH-ALL.

A bottle of gold or metal paint goes a great ways in ornamenting the fans. Some are gilded all over the front surface, others have dashes of gold on the points, or just a narrow band around the serrated edge, and they can also be finished with enamel paint in any desired color. In bedrooms it is pretty to have them match the prevailing color; and they are dainty in ivory and gold. When the gilding or painting—or both—is perfectly dry, wind the fans with "baby" ribbon, chenille, or fine silk cord, as seen in the illustrations, bringing the ribbon between all the points; finish by winding the handle—which may be gilded—and tying a bow of ribbon of corresponding color on it. The photographs are held securely in place by the ribbons or cord. It is best not to overcrowd them, but leave a bit of the fan as a frame around them.

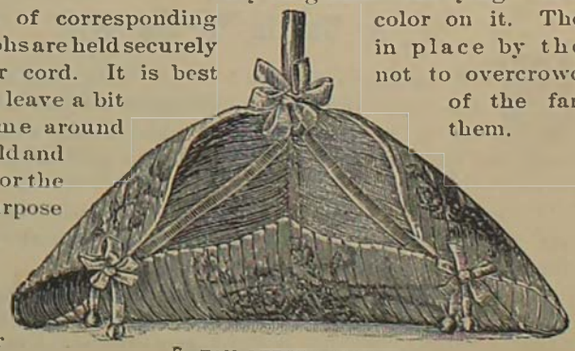


6. FLOWER HOLDER.



4. PHOTOGRAPH RACK.

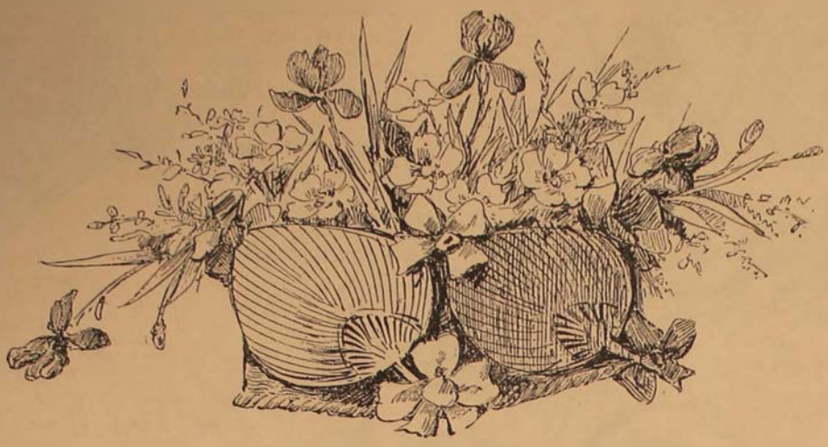
Very bold and effective for the same purpose are the big, uncut palm-leaves, with their straggling, irregularly fringed edges. They are wholly unconventional, and suited to one's own den, an artist's studio, or the living-



7. FAN LETTER-POCKET.

room of a country house. Arrange the photographs as fancy dictates, slitting the palm-leaf to insert their corners, and lapping them a good deal. When all are arranged, take a brush and bottle of gold paint and give dashes of gilding here and there around the edge. Tie a generous bow of bright ribbon on the stem, and tack up on the wall. Decide on the position of the palm—which way it is to be turned—before putting in the photographs.

In the arrangement of flowers some very graceful and charming things have been accomplished with the aid of fans. Often when elaborate decorations are to be used it is desirable to have some flowers on the wall, under pictures, over doors, etc., and for this purpose very convenient and appropriate holders can be made of fans. Take a palm-leaf or one of the braided fans, and, soaking it first, cut off the rounded sides, and bend it over something like a cornucopia. Wrap a small flower-holder in moss and thrust into the pocket thus made ; tie a large bow of ribbon on the stem or handle, and hang it up. When filled with flowers and gracefully drooping vines and ferns the effect is lovely.



8. CHIMNEY OR TABLE DECORATION.

A beautiful design is shown in No. 8, suitable for a dinner-table or for a chimney decoration. Any cheap square or oblong basket will do for the foundation, in which some receptacle for wet sand or water can be concealed,—a generous provision of fresh wood-moss should always be provided when working with flowers. On the outside of the basket fasten straw fans or the folding Japanese ones outspread, or any other picturesque ones you may have, filling out the angles with fluffy bows of ribbon to contrast or harmonize with the flowers and fans ; cover any interstices with moss, and let the flowers, vines, and leaves peep and trail over the edge.

A pretty device to fasten up at the side of a door or window, or below an arch, is shown in No. 6. Behind the spread fan a flower-holder is concealed ; but if wanted for decoration where no water can be used, damp moss will preserve the freshness of the flowers for a long time. They can be thrust into the moss as in a vase, letting some of the stems come down below the fan, and the more careless the arrangement, the better. A bow of ribbon finishes the bottom and mingles with the trailing blossoms.

A word as to matching flowers and fans : If fruit-blossoms are to be used in decoration, select fans with the typical cherry and peach blossoms which are so dear to the Japanese, and always found in their best work ; with chrysanthemums, have chrysanthemum fans ; and when you cannot match the flowers, choose designs of trees, flights of birds, and bold vines.

A pretty little note or letter pocket, to hang by side of the writing-desk, can be made from a palm, willow, or straw fan cut and folded as seen in No. 7. It may be left *au naturel* with some dashes of gilding ; or, if to be used in a white-and-gold room, finished with ivory paint. Gild the edges and handle, and fasten with bows of yellow ribbon.

A catch-all for the bedroom is seen in No. 5. A sweet-grass fan is soaked in water to make it pliable, and bent into shape as shown. The front edges are tacked together with a few stitches, which are concealed by a bunch of grasses and thistles tied with a bow of orange ribbon, and a similar bow upon the handle conceals the nail upon which it hangs.

E. A. F.

Our Girls.

A Castle in the Air.

"BUT *another* old man ! Now, Nell, you needn't pretend that you like the prospect one bit better than I do, only *I'm* honest enough to say what I think ; and *one* old man is hard enough to get along with, I'm sure ! "

"Living here practically on Uncle John's charity, don't you think we had better leave *him* entirely out of the question? " asked Nellie.

"Even when he goes about spying and criticising everything we do? And worries old Susan's life almost out, looking into the soup-pot and adding more water for fear it won't go 'round ? "

In spite of herself Nellie laughed gaily.

"It's no laughing matter," her sister declared. "Besides, if Uncle John isn't glad to see his own brother, I don't see why we should pretend to be."

"But I'm not going to pretend at all—— "

"Gertrude ! Helen !—one of you come down ! " cried a gruff voice from below. And Nellie, obeying the summons, found Uncle John in the dim sitting-room with his newly arrived and evidently unwelcome guest.

Left alone, Gertie still pondered over the unexpected letter which that morning had announced to Uncle John the almost immediate arrival of the brother he had not seen for a quarter of a century, and the orders which old Susan had thereupon received to practice various extra economies which might tend to shorten the stay of the unwished-for visitor. So supper that night proved an even more frugal and unsocial meal than usual. Uncle John preserved his customary grim silence ; the two girls were always overawed and

quiet in his presence; while the newcomer seemed occupied in examining his surroundings.

"Well, brother," he remarked, at last, "though some things seem to point to the contrary, I am inclined to believe that you have prospered during these last five-and-twenty years?"

A growl came from the grim figure at the head of the table, but the words, "*You* certainly have not prospered, to judge from appearances," were quite audible.

"But you can't always judge from appearances," was the newcomer's cool reply.

His retort apparently missed its effect upon all but Gertie, and she began to wonder if this shabby stranger might not possibly prove a kind of fairy godfather in disguise. But the next afternoon she burst suddenly into the room where her sister was deep in her book.

"Well, what do you suppose he wants me to do?" she cried. "Look at this wretched old coat, with pockets torn out, and the facing in ribbons; well, this fine new uncle has coolly requested me to mend it for him! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why don't he take it to a tailor? It's all in rags,—and I'm *not* going to do it!"

Nellie took the dilapidated garment, while a slight wrinkle appeared upon her usually smooth young brow. It quickly vanished, however, and she reached for her workbox.

"You aren't going to do it? I wouldn't touch it!" Gertie declared.

"I'd rather mend it than have him wear it as it is; I hate to see ragged old men!" said Nellie.

"But he'll bring you his old shoes next, and ask you to patch them——"

"His boots would be a step beyond me," laughed Nellie; "but this is easy enough, and it won't take long. Now if ever *I* have the management of a boy, I'll bring him up to sew, and to keep his own clothes in apple-pie order. He shall have a thimble and scissors and well-stocked workbag, and he shall learn to handle a needle as well as a jack-knife. Why! here's something slipped down between the lining and the outside, Gertie,—a five-dollar gold-piece! I'm glad Uncle Silas brought it to you, after all, else he might never have seen his money again!" Nellie's fingers flew rapidly, and it was not long before she exclaimed: "There! it's finished now, as well as I can do it. You'd better take it right back to him, and the gold piece, too."

Gertie disappeared, but in a moment she returned with a flushed face, and dropping the gold piece into Nellie's lap she stammered:

"He—he told me to keep it for mending the coat, and I—I hadn't courage to tell him I didn't do it; so it's yours,—for *I* sha'n't take it. And Nellie, in spite of his looking so shabby, I believe he's awfully rich, and he's come here this way just to find out what we're like, and what we need. I wish he'd adopt us and take us away from here; he's a great deal nicer than Uncle John!"

"O Gertie!" cried Nellie, indignantly. "No, *you* must keep it, for he gave it to you. But if he's ever so rich, I'd be ashamed to talk so when Uncle John has been so kind. What would we have done when mother died if he had not been willing to give us a home? And didn't he promise to take care of us and keep us at school until we were old enough to teach and support ourselves? It's very ungrateful to say Uncle Silas is nicer, just because he has given you a bright gold piece!"

Gertie was quite unmoved by her sister's indignation; but finding that Nellie utterly refused to share her sudden bright anticipations, she finally descended to the kitchen and took old Susan into her confidence, much to that good woman's astonishment.

"Law, Miss Gertie, 'tain't possible!" said Susan. "I've been in the fam'ly sence them men was *byes*, an' Mr. John was alwuz queer, an' clus, an' 'cumulative,—but, for all that, kind, an' honest as the daylight! But that there Mr. Silas!—alwuz wild an' shiftless, if nothin' wuss,—he worritted your poor gramma mos' to death. An' from what *I* see, 'tain't at all likely he's changed his ways."

This plain statement rather shook the foundations of the air-castle which Gertie had begun to build; but still, on thinking it over, she decided that old Susan *might* be wrong, and especially as she acknowledged that she "hadn't heard nothin' about Mr. Silas an' his ways" since he left his home to seek his fortune in South America, so many years ago.

So Gertie took great pains to be very polite and attentive to Uncle Silas, and especially in the evenings, when Uncle John went out for his solitary walk. She had begun to pride herself upon the impression she was making, when one night he suddenly inquired:

"Are you the one with a theory about the boy and the needle and workbag?"

"No, that was Nellie," she stammered, while she vainly tried to recall her own disparaging remarks about the listener on that memorable afternoon.

But whatever Uncle Silas had overheard, he evidently was not angry, for he seemed to be enjoying her embarrassment.

"But *you* mended my coat?" he persisted.

"N—no, that was Nellie, too."

"Oh, I begin to see. Nellie found the gold piece, and you spent it; I call that a fair division of labor."

"I *made* her keep it," said Nellie, quickly coming to the rescue of her unhappy sister. "Gertie tried to give it to me, but there was nothing I happened to want, so I wouldn't take it."

"Oh," said Uncle Silas, "then apparently Gertie *did* want something just at that moment?"

"I'm *always* wanting something," murmured Gertie. "I do wish I was rich!"

Uncle Silas actually chuckled over this reply; then, as Nellie became absorbed in her book again, he bent forward and laid his bony hand upon Gertie's arm.

"You're smart," he said, "and you'll be rich, too, one of these days, or I'll miss my guess."

Then he began to relate such marvelous stories of the wealth in South America that she was more than ever convinced he had not returned from there without a fortune.

Far from sharing Gertie's romantic belief, Nellie did not for a moment dream of the hold it had taken upon her sister's imagination. But already Gertie had begun to throw out mysterious hints to her classmates about her uncle's wealth, and an exaggerated story of the gold-piece was going the rounds of the school. She could not help mourning a little in secret, at the possibility of being separated from her sister; for it was evident that Uncle Silas was quite indifferent towards Nellie, and so it could hardly be expected that he would treat them both with equal favor. But at the same time she was very eager for him to reveal his plans, and to enter the life of luxury he so often hinted of to her.

In the meantime Uncle Silas had found much of his apparel as dilapidated as the famous coat had been; and as if to punish Gertie for her one act of rebellion he brought her each tattered garment in its turn, and one by one she meekly mended them, although she hated sewing. No other hidden gold-piece ever rewarded her, but now Uncle Silas often slyly spoke of the "surprise" he had in preparation for her.

The girls at school were growing more and more curious, but hardly more impatient than Gertie herself. Her castle in the air had grown so real to her that never a morning came but she expected to see it realized before the night. Her only dread was lest some of her exaggerated stories should come to Nellie's honest ears too soon.

Then came a day which Gertie never will forget,—when it was found that Uncle Silas had gone, no one knew whither!

His oldest, but now carefully mended clothes, had been left behind, with a card bearing the laconic inscription, "For my brother John"; and it afterwards appeared that he had been freely replenishing his wardrobe,—at his frugal brother's expense.

But this was not the worst: it soon came out that Uncle Silas had been trying to raise large sums of money, in his brother's name, upon bogus South American securities; and it was his failure in this, and fear of the consequences, which had led to his sudden and secret flight.

A package of the worthless securities had been left "For my charming but avaricious niece, as a suitable reward for her disinterested devotion."

Uncle John was furious, and vowed that the swindler should be prosecuted if ever he could be traced. But what became of Uncle Silas after his disappearance was never known; at all events, they never heard of him again.

Gertie's humiliation was complete; and she foresaw a bitter punishment for her folly in the merciless teasing of her companions, when they should learn of her air castle's utter and pitiful collapse.

Nellie was honestly sorry for her sister, though she wondered how it had been possible for Gertie to indulge in such absurdly romantic hopes; and she heartily sympathized with Uncle John's discomfiture and indignation at the discovery of his brother's utter unworthiness. But old Susan chuckled over the state of things for days.

"Jest like Mr. Silas!" she said, "an' serves Mr. John right for trustin' him, when he *knew*—well as I do—that Mr. Silas was born a scamp, an' warn't likely to go ag'in' his natur'. But for Miss Gertie to be so taken in by his great yarns! She ain't much like her sister; seems as if Miss Nellie's got all the fam'ly common sense. Well, I often said, an' I says again, 'Blessed is them that didn't expect nothin', —for they ain't so likely to get disapp'inted!'"

JUDITH SPENCER.

Sanitarian.

Corpulence Considered as a Disease.

ONE of the penalties which humanity suffers for some of the privileges of a high state of civilization is the taking on of flesh till it becomes a burden; and only in recent years has this condition been recognized in its true nature as a disease of a grave character, bringing in its train many painful complications.

The chief producing cause of obesity is over-indulgence in fat-producing foods,—the sweets, pastries, rich *entrées*, and tempting warm breads, which occupy so important a place on our lavish American tables. With the means for providing so elaborate a *cuisine* comes also, to a great many lives, comparative freedom from care. Existence for these seemingly fortunate people seems to be padded on all sides against the friction of the petty daily worries and trials which wear others to skin and bone. Carriages and horses tempt them to forego all exercise, and cheat them into the belief that if they religiously take the air every day they are doing all that health requires.

When the victim of this over-assimilation of food is in the early stages of the disease, her mistaken friends congratulate her upon her plumpness, and think her the picture of good health; but insidiously there creeps over her a trying consciousness of weakness and weight combined; and though there seems nothing really the matter with her, life is sown with daily pin-pricks of unnamable discomforts. Ere long the plumpness becomes a burden of flesh, and even the most necessary duties of life, those which we cannot delegate to others, become a wearisome exertion, sometimes even requiring fortitude to perform them.

Taken betimes, before the disease has assumed, as it were, a chronic nature, very trifling changes in the habits of life will arrest its progress; later, however, nothing short of heroic measures will suffice.

At the first indication of the abdomen's taking upon itself a disagreeable prominence, accompanied by a sensation of uncomfortable fullness after eating, and often with shortness of breath, it is advisable to make a slight change of diet. Bread should be eaten very sparingly, and only of the coarse kinds; graham is the best. No white bread should be eaten unless cut very thin and toasted brown. It is best to drop all cereals, and also the root vegetables, potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., and beans and peas. Of course sweets are tabooed, and it is well to erase chocolate from the list of liquids. All drinks should be taken in moderation, but a goblet of hot water a half hour before meals will hasten the cure. The only meats that are under the ban are veal and pork, and the latter is unfit to be eaten at any time excepting by those working hard at manual labor.

Eat as freely as appetite prompts of fruits, both fresh and dried, and all green vegetables, especially salads. Nuts and raisins, figs and dates, ices and jellies, can be varied for dessert, so you will not miss the harmful pastries, cakes, and puddings.

But eating is not all; though very important, it is only one part of the regimen. Night and morning you must take exercises that will work off the abdominal fat and give firmness to the tissues. The following are all good for the purpose, and will help to make and keep the body lithe and supple:

Raise the arms straight above the head, palms together: expand the chest with a deep inspiration, rising at the same moment upon your toes and taking five or six steps across the room; expel the breath as you drop your arms and come down upon your heels. Repeat from eight to ten times. With the arms above the head as before, bring them down in a sweeping curve till the finger-tips touch the floor in front of your toes. When this is properly done, with pliant body, the whole spine curves over link after link.

Avoid haste in all exercises, and repeat to the point of slight fatigue, not beyond that. With the arms hanging lifeless from the shoulder,—technically called "decomposed," or "devitalized,"—bend the body sidewise as far as possible, first to the right, then to the left; repeat as before. With the arms in same position and keeping the feet firmly on the floor, twist the body as far as you can turn it from right to left and *vice versâ*; this performs the same office for the internal organs that wringing wet clothes does in the laundry: it stimulates them, and expels stagnant juices. Lie flat on your back, either on the floor or on a cane-seated couch,—something that will not give beneath you,—and, with arms at your side, raise yourself to a sitting posture without touching anything to assist you. The trunk of the body forms the fulcrum, and this exercise greatly stimulates the intestines to perform their duty. Standing upon one foot, raise the other up so the knee will come as closely as possible to the body; lift each leg thus five or six times consecutively, with vigor, and alternate the motion with both legs, repeating five times.

In addition to these physical-culture exercises, a walk should be taken every day. Of course, if totally unused to the exertion of walking you will have to begin with care, taking only a short walk; but, from the first, do not saun-

ter. This is an emphatic caution; for as long as one foot is put with dragging reluctance before the other, the whole purpose of the walk is defeated, and weariness alone will result.

Take long, free steps, giving a slight spring from the ball of the foot, which should touch the ground just imperceptibly before the heel. With such a step the weight of the body is carried without perceptible fatigue, for it is balanced in perfect harmony; and the motion is as pleasant and exhilarating as that of dancing. All the muscles are gently but effectually stimulated, and their continued exercise in this manner will strengthen and render them firm. Care must be taken, however, not to go too far and become over-tired. There is a healthy fatigue derived from walking which encourages sound, restful sleep, from which you will waken ready for a longer walk; for in this the ability to do increases with the doing.

Bicycle riding is another most effectual anti-fat exercise; and an odd fact when enumerating the benefits derived from it, which at first seem contradictory, is that it is beneficial both to the thin and the corpulent. Rightly considered, this is the keynote of its advantage; it is the very perfection of a healthful exercise, encouraging all the organs of the body to the normal performance of their functions, hence the over-thin take on flesh, while those who are burdened with it experience a most gratifying reduction of it, and glow with pride as pound after pound disappears.

Baths, followed by massage, are also an effectual aid in the reduction of flesh; and of all forms the Turkish bath is much the best, for the abundant perspiration it induces carries off more rapidly than any other means the waste and effete matter from the body. It no doubt may seem a harsh criticism to tell people who pride themselves on the regularity of their one hot bath a week that they are never clean; but it is a truth that cannot be disputed, and after the first Turkish bath they would themselves be convinced of it. There is no other means so efficacious for producing the most perfect condition of physical cleanliness. The very free perspiration purifies the blood, and strengthens the skin—one of the vital organs—to a lively exercise of its important functions.

In advanced stages of the disease, the matter of diet will require more self-denial; all breads, farinaceous and cereal foods, milk, butter, and cheese, sweets of all sorts, and the vegetables enumerated above must be rigidly shunned. Simply a moderate quantity of lean beef and mutton, or fish, with aperient fruits,—dates, figs, prunes, apples, etc.,—and tomatoes, stewed or raw, or any of the so-called greens, spinach, beet-tops, cowslips, and dandelions, and fresh salads must form the menu; and abstemiousness cannot be too strongly recommended.

All the rules given for exercise and bathing apply, of course, but bicycle riding will be found specially efficacious; and two or three Turkish baths a week will arrest the disease, and hasten the restoration of a healthful normal habit.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

Frame Your Magazine Pictures.

WE have made arrangements to furnish picture frames to our readers at so moderate a price as to make it possible for all to frame the pictures they receive in the Magazine. The colored pictures when hung on the wall cannot be distinguished from oil paintings or water-colors, and the black-and-white pictures are gems. Everybody ought to take advantage of the chance we give them to adorn their homes with these exquisite works of art. Illustrations and prices of these frames will be found upon another page.

Chat.

Moonlight picnics have been in order during the recent fortuitous association of a rising mercury, clear skies, and a perfect moon. All the young people from several near-by country-homes where there were large house-parties united for a straw-ride to a beautiful lake a few miles away on one of these ideal nights. Three hay-racks gayly decorated with bunting and flowers, and drawn by four horses each, held the merry party. Preparations at the lake included a beautifully smooth green-sward for dancing, with music from a colored banjo-club, and a marquee where tables were set for refreshments. Beneath the trees hay was stacked in the most inviting fashion, to make low divans, which were covered with rugs; and the moon's witching light was picturesquely assisted by a hundred Japanese lanterns, like monster oranges, hung beneath the branches. The boats on the lake were hung with similar lanterns, and the effect was indescribably pretty.

At another, the rendezvous was on the Sound, and the guests were conveyed to it in half a dozen sloop-yachts, so a lovely moonlight sail was part of the programme; and mandolins and banjos made merry music on the way. A small string-orchestra furnished music for the dance in the pavilion of a boat-house swung out over the water.

The roof-garden is growing in favor for the stay-at-homes; and the wonder is that it has taken people so long to find out the benefit and pleasure to be derived from such an adjunct to the city home. It is by no means necessary to fit it up in an expensive manner, but an awning should be arranged, if possible, because that makes it feasible to sit out during the heaviest dews, or even in a light shower; and the awning also affords protection from the weather to whatever furniture is placed there, so that a house-moving is not necessary every time the open-air parlor is sought. A wooden settle and a rattan couch, with a couple of steamer chairs and some willow rockers, a table, and a hammock are all that is needed. A few rugs and cushions can be taken up when wanted; and if boxes and jars are filled with plants and some vines to trail up the awning posts, you can really have all the pleasure of a little garden on airy heights where neither mosquitoes nor flies will tease you.

Fashion this summer has elected to take its pleasure in out-of-the-way and unfrequented places, and no longer have the fishing and hunting parties been made up entirely of men; wives and sisters are sharing in the unconventional freedom of these outings. The lakes and rivers of northern Canada are the favorite goals of most of these parties. The rivers Moise and St. John, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and Lake St. John, the lower Miramichi, Dartmouth River, and Lake Mistassini are among the places which have proved attractive. When these lucky people return they will be able to speak trippingly such staggering names as these: Lake Quaquakamaksis, Amabelish, Kiskisink, Chicoutimi, Metabetchouan, Ouiatchouan, Ashuapinouchouan, and Ticouapee, the last some of the eighteen rivers that flow into Lake St. John, which is the famous fishing-ground for the fresh-water salmon, called by the Indians "Ouananiche" (wa-na-nish), and as gamy as the Michigan grayling.

Yachting was never more popular than this summer, and in spite of business depression there were never more yachts in commission. An unusual number are off for long cruises, and it is refreshing during torrid waves to think of the large schooner-yacht Yampa upon which Mr. and Mrs. J. Hood Wright with a family party are slowly cruising northward to Labrador, after lingering many pleasant days on the Sound and at Shelter Island. More than thirty steam and sailing yachts were anchored on a recent Sunday in Dering Harbor, Shelter Island; and on board Rev. W. L. Moore's large steam-yacht, Kanapaha, divine service was held. The spacious after-deck was prepared, and awnings hung to screen from wind and sun. There was a large attendance from the yachts, cottages, and hotels, and the service was very impressive. As a thank offering for the privilege enjoyed, it was proposed to present an offertory for the Fresh-Air Fund, with the result that a goodly sum was sent to the treasurer,—a most appropriate way of commemorating the beautiful open-air service.

A FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

(For the Children.)

THE restaurant was really paying very well; for broad-faced Rosina, the German cook, had just baked one of her great square seed-cakes, such as no other cook on the block had ever been known to make, and had put it to cool on the lowest pantry shelf. Fair-sized slices of it sold very briskly at a penny each, and the California peaches and pears which had been piled up in a silver dish ready for dessert went off readily at two for a cent. The little Baldwins were making money fast.

They had moved mamma's afternoon-tea table out on the piece of lawn in front of the steps and covered it with a square of Oriental embroidery.

"I'd like a white cloth better," sighed Constance, whose housewifely instincts were developing early; "but a napkin is too small, and I suppose Rosina'd scold if we took a whole table-cloth, and that would be too big anyhow."

THEIR FIRST VENTURE.

Arthur was in charge of the provisions which were kept in the "kitchen," down the area steps; Herbert had pinned a towel around his waist, and was the waiter; while Constance sat by the high steps and took the money of the patrons, just as the plump, black eyed young lady did in the down-town restaurant where mamma sometimes took them for luncheon. It would have been perfect, but the second-girl, Louisa, Rosina's pretty sister, chanced to look out of an open window. In less than five minutes this popular but unlicensed house of entertainment was closed to the public. The last two customers marched down the street with their slices of cake in their hands, the tea-table was put back in its corner in the library, and Rosina, after ruefully deciding that there would be enough cake left for one day's luncheon and a little over, good-naturedly divided this remainder among the members of the lately dissolved firm, who had been too busy to eat anything themselves.

THE LAST TWO CUSTOMERS.

"We've got fourteen cents, anyhow," remarked Herbert, the senior partner, counting up the profits between bites of cake. "I don't see why we had to stop. We always have just as much seed-cake as we want to eat; and papa says he wants us to learn to do things that will earn money."

"We might try some other way," said Constance. "The Ellis girls had a fair a long time ago, before we went into the country, and they made nine dollars."

"Yes, but you haven't got any pincushions and aprons and broomholders and things made," scornfully retorted her twin brother. "Besides, that isn't any sort of business for boys."

"Johnny Arrowsmith and Billy McGlynn had a circus in Billy's father's barn," reflected Herbert, "but our barn isn't large enough. I wish our father kept a livery stable, like Billy's."

THE PLUSH-CUSHIONED CARRIAGE.

"We might take the largest express wagon and play running a stage," was the next, half-hearted, suggestion from Arthur.

"Not a bit o' use," said Herbert. "All the fellows on the block have got express wagons of their own, and you can't make money out of something that everybody's got and is tired of," and with this wise commercial axiom the conference seemed to close; but when the little Baldwins were all still at once, older heads knew that something must be going to happen.

"I don't know whether you boys could fix it or not," said Constance, after a while, "but when I was down to the seashore with Aunt Kitty, you know, I went on the merry-go-round every morning; and it was just like that thing in the back yard that swings round and round to dry clothes on. Only there were places to sit, and horses and stags and 'dolphings,' Aunt Kitty said they were,—great, big, queer fishes,—and boats, and all sorts of things to ride in. We couldn't have all those, of course, but if you could hang some chairs or something on the ends of those poles, you might run it round and round and charge two cents for every ride. The man at the seashore asked five cents; but then his was a nicer one. And I could sit at the corner of the walk and take in the money, just as I did for the restaurant."

"BILLY McGLYNN STOPPED WHISTLING AND LOOKED AT THE CARD."

There was something in this suggestion, in spite of its feminine source.

"I don't think chairs would do," said Herbert, thoughtfully, "but if we could get some boxes——"

"Archie has some up in the barn," broke in Arthur, eagerly. "He keeps condition powders and things for the horses in them, but there aren't but three."

"There's the wicker part of that old baby-carriage of mine, up in the garret," said Constance. "Mamma let you take the wheels when you made your circus chariot, but the part

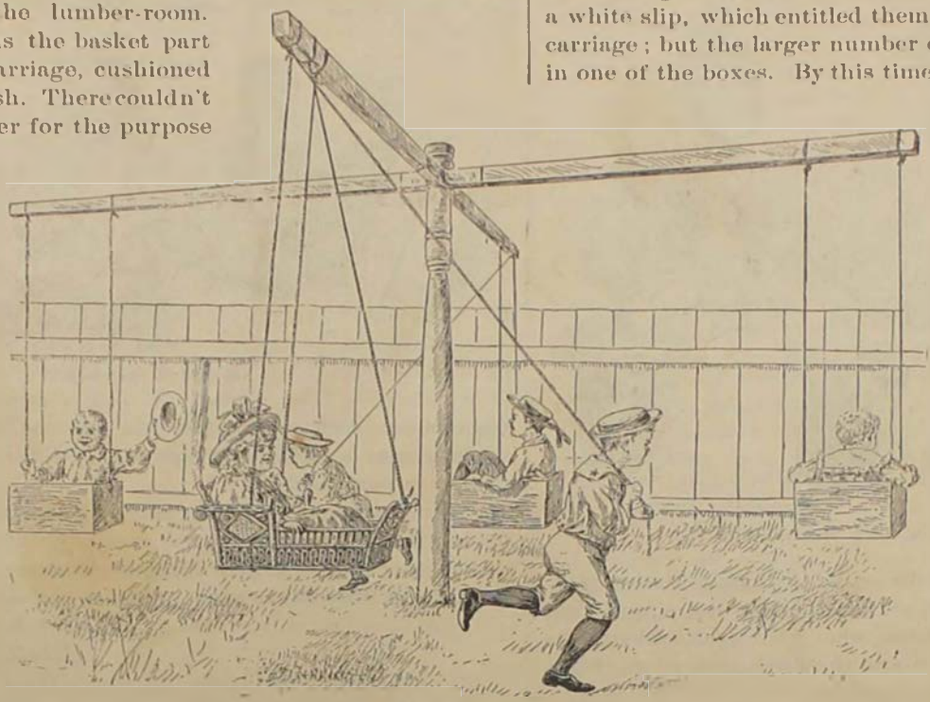
THE BOYS ON THE FENCE.

with the seat in it is up there yet. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could have four of those!"

Before she had fairly finished there was a wild scramble for the stairs, and in a minute or two more three breathless, panting children had opened the door which led into the cool, dusty quiet of the lumber-room. In one corner was the basket part of an old baby-carriage, cushioned with crimson plush. There couldn't be anything better for the purpose in hand.

"Suppose we ask two cents for a ride in this, and only a cent for one in a box," said Herbert, who was the practical man of the firm.

It was carried quietly down the back stairs and out into the yard. By this time Rosina and Louisa were taking their afternoon rest in the front basement, and the children thoughtfully concluded to disturb them as little as possible. There was no harm in making a merry-go-round of the clothes-horse, but they did not want to be disturbed by unsympathetic criticism.



THE "MERYGOROWND."

At first they were at a loss where to find rope enough to hang the seats to the ends of the wooden arms; but Arthur pointed out that nothing was easier than to take those already there. Stout clothes-lines were stretched between the arms, and by cutting them off close to the ends they could easily get two sufficiently long pieces at each of the points where they wanted to attach a seat. To do this was the work of a minute; and now there was left only the labor of tying on the three boxes and the carriage seat, and the drumming up of patronage for the new enterprise.

The back yard was out of sight of the passing multitude, and while the boys were boring holes in the sides of the boxes so that they could tie them on to the ropes, Constance busied herself with a sign to hang at the corner of the house. As she was only nine years old, and spelling was not her forte, the following piece of work may be considered fairly creditable:

A MERYGOROWND
IN
HEAR.

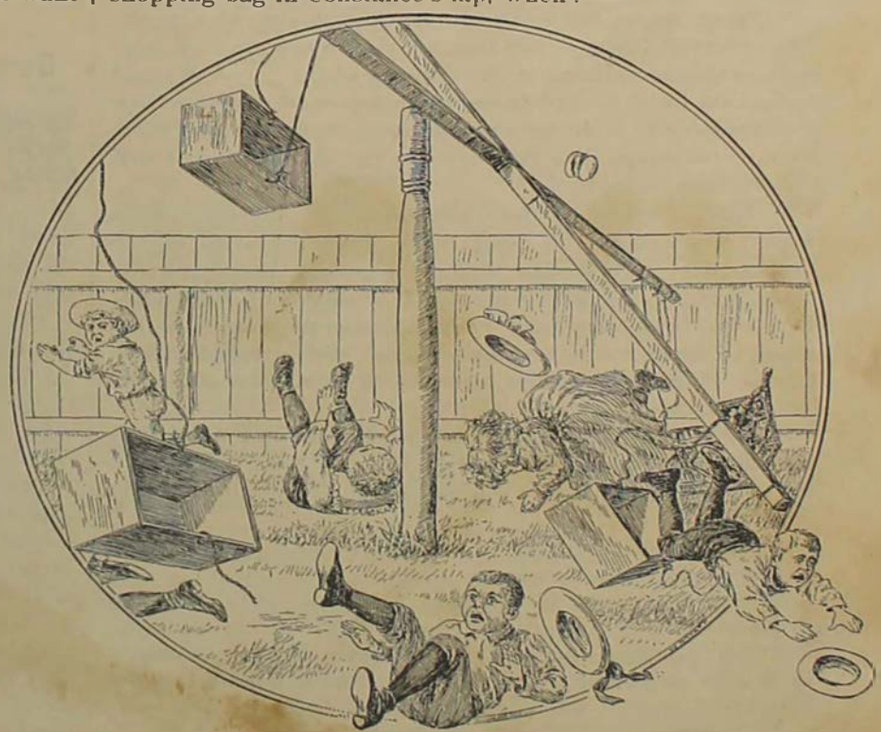
It had not been up two minutes before Billy McGlynn sauntered past with his hands in his pockets. He stopped whistling and looked at the card.

"Watcher doin'?" asked he, derisively.

"Go 'round in the back yard and see," said Constance. She knew that they were forbidden to play with Billy McGlynn; but this was business, and quite another matter.

Billy went around, and so in time did many other children, from both the block of substantial houses where the Baldwins lived, and the alley which lay just behind it. Most of them quickly re-appeared and went home for the wherewithal to buy one of the long pink slips which Constance was selling at the corner. A few could afford the luxury of a white slip, which entitled them to a turn in the cushioned carriage; but the larger number of them preferred two turns in one of the boxes. By this time the labor of running round and round the center post with the cords which operated the machine had made Herbert and Arthur very tired, so Billy was admitted to an equal partnership with the three others, in return for his services.

Business was good, for the little throng increased all the time. Some of the customers complained that there wasn't any band, but were promptly silenced by Billy's impudent mockery. A few large, rough-looking boys perched on the back fence and made derogatory remarks about the appearance and workings of the home-made machine, but they were treated with dignified silence. All the spare spending money on the block was finding its way, penny by penny, into the black leather shopping-bag in Constance's lap, when!——



THE DOWNFALL OF THE "MERYGOROWND."

Mrs. Baldwin had stopped at the office for her husband, on her way home from a shopping expedition. They walked slowly home to dinner, busily discussing plans for the coming winter. As they turned the corner nearest home they gave a little gasp in concert, for loud cries could be heard in the direction of their back yard, and a tall policeman was just coming around the corner of the house. There was one comfort,—he was smiling; and he would hardly do that if all the children had come to some untimely end.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Baldwin, quickly, clutching him by the wrist.

"Sure it's only a bit oav an achsidint, and nobuddy's

"NOBUDDY'S MUCH HURT."

much hurt; but the show is broke up, more's the pity. There was such a crowd and such a turrible noise, and thin that row oav toughs on the fence, that I thought I'd better be seein' what was the matter;" and the good-natured guardian of the peace walked on with a grin.

Mrs. Baldwin had not stopped to hear the policeman's story, but had run to the scene of disaster at once. On the grass-plot she found four prostrate little figures, each surrounded by a pitying group.

"It took me at least five minutes," said she, afterwards, "to understand why it was that *my* children were not more hurt, as they are always in the thickest of the fray. When I found that I had to explain to four other mothers how their darlings came to such harm in my yard I really felt as if there were worse things than having to do up unlimited cuts and bruises on my own flock."

Well-fed chubby children are decidedly heavier than a weekly wash; and the pivot which held the arms of the clothes-horse had broken under the strain, scattering the passengers of the merry-go-round in different directions. The three boys who were running it were tangled in the wreck of cords and boxes, and escaped with a few bruises; but the four children who were riding were lame and sore for many a day.

"Now," said papa, that evening, after dinner, when they were all together in the library talking it over, "I want to ask you some questions. Whose clothes-horse did you think that was?"

"Yours," said Herbert.

"Rosina's," from Constance.

"Why, I thought it belonged to all of us," exclaimed Arthur.

"Well, you are all more or less right. It does belong to Rosina, or to any of us, to use as a clothes-horse; but not to sell or destroy. You see I have to pay for the new one; and it looks to me as if I had been badly treated."

"You might take the money we made with the merry-go-round," said Herbert quickly, but very soberly.

"That's just what I was coming to," replied papa. "You know, among grown people when one man injures the property of another he has to pay the other the price of what he has destroyed, if he has any money. We call that 'damages.' Now I think you will all remember this longer if I claim damages. The man who built that clothes-horse charged me six dollars and a half. Now, how much money did you make with the merry-go-round?"

"Fifty-four cents," said Constance, who had counted every penny as she put it in.

"Well, if that's all you have, I suppose that's all I can get," said papa. "It happens that way down town, too,

ASSESSING DAMAGES.

sometimes. Can anyone of you tell me what they call it when a man's business winds up and there is not enough money to pay his debts?"

"I am not sure," said Herbert, "but I think that that is 'going into bankruptcy.'"

And so ended a useful chapter in the commercial education of the little Baldwins.

ALICE M. WHITLOCK.

Household.

Summer Guests and Their Entertainment.

THE home-coming of sons and daughters from college and school for the long summer vacation should be the happiest time in the year; but, too often, from an unwise borrowing of trouble and unnecessary increase of work, it is made a season of exhausting care and anxiety to the house-mother, who, like an overburdened Martha, well-nigh breaks down under her added cares.

Young people are naturally a little thoughtless about the trouble they give their elders, and exigeant in their craving for constant amusement. This restless desire for "something going on" can, however, be satisfied in many simple ways; requiring, 'tis true, a little ingenuity to devise, but only a minimum of labor to execute.

The mothers who make themselves slaves to their children deserve little sympathy from the world, for selfishness is largely a matter of education; and nothing so promotes its growth as this very slavish devotion to a child's every need and whim. The wholesome ignoring of some of these helps to make the useful men and women of the world,—those who often remember the needs of their fellow-creatures before they think of the gratification of their own pleasures. The development of this quality is one of the greatest blessings a mother can bestow upon her children; for nothing, as they

go out in the world, will be a greater help to them in making steadfast friends.

One fact which complicates vastly our social relations is that in no other country of the round globe are the worldly circumstances of intimate friends so dissimilar as in America. Our great schools and colleges are prime factors in this condition of things. Boys and girls from remote villages and farms, whose parents in many instances strain every resource to give their children the advantage of higher education, are thrown into closest contact with the favored sons and daughters of wealth who accept as their natural right the privileges so hardly won by others. Tastes and sympathies, however, not bank accounts, are the bonds which bring the young together; so, during vacations, visits are exchanged between students whose homes are regulated on widely differing planes.

In the winter and spring it is of course a great treat for the village maiden to visit the city and enjoy its sights and opportunities. Picture galleries, museums, concerts, and operas, all open to her a new world of culture and pleasure combined; and, if she be a tactful and sensible girl, she also gains many valuable hints in household matters from the well-ordered home-living. The first trouble in this intercourse occurs when these invitations are returned, and the city girl visits the country home. Several problems arise here, according to the common sense and practical solution of which depends not only the comfort and pleasure of all concerned, but still more the health and welfare of the home-maker, for upon her devolves the extra care, and, very often, work.

'Tis a great mistake, under all circumstances, whether the guests be young or old, when wealthy friends are invited, to strain every nerve to achieve a poor imitation of their daily modes of life; the truth being that they will enjoy much more the freedom from form and ceremony, which should be a part of country living.

If, instead of foolish efforts, often with only the aid of unskilled service, to carry on her household with an elaboration quite foreign to the daily habits of the family, the country housekeeper will welcome her guests hospitably to the home circle without change from its customary routine, she will give great pleasure and prove herself a clever woman. All imitations are bad; and in the country, entertainments which have a rustic flavor are much more enjoyable than formal receptions, teas, and dinners, which, without trained servants, run a great risk of being utter failures, although the effort to carry them through successfully costs the hostess weary hours of labor and anxiety.

A pumpkin frolic can be made a very jolly affair, at small expense either of time, money, or trouble. A bolt or two of pumpkin-colored cheese-cloth festooned about the verandas and draped in the parlors and halls, with vines and ferns from the woods, and masses of goldenrod and rudbeckia, will furnish the most effective and pleasing decorations possible. Large pumpkins can be hollowed out for veranda jars, and filled with ferns or flowers. All the refreshments should be of the homely, old-fashioned sort,—nut-cakes and pumpkin pie, baked custards and jam tarts, with buttered rolls, of course, and cold meats *ad libitum*. Lemonade can be served in a huge pumpkin, one that after its top is cut off and it is hollowed out to a shell of an inch-and-a-half's thickness will hold a peck. If the lemonade—iced very cold—be poured in the last thing, 'twill absorb but little and not affect the taste; while the novel receptacle will excite no little interest and amusement.

All sorts of games, new and old, should be played; and if dancing be desired, Money Musk, "Pop goes the weazel," and Virginia reel are just the thing. If a novel way of

("*Household*" *continued on Page* 697.)

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Annie Thomson Nettleton has resigned her position in Vassar College to become presiding officer of Guilford Cottage at the Woman's College of the Western Reserve University.

Prof. Mary Roberts Smith, a graduate of Cornell and formerly connected with Wellesley College, has been appointed to a position in the Social Science Department of Leland Stanford University.

Miss Hamilton, of India, who has just been appointed the physician of the harem of the Ameer of Afghanistan, will be accompanied wherever she goes by a personal guard of six native soldiers.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has won the respect and admiration of her late husband's associates by the way in which she manages her great estate. She examines every bill, and signs every contract made and every cheque.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, formerly Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, practices pistol-shooting a great deal, and is said to be wonderfully clever at it. Conlin, the New York expert, says Mrs. Astor is the best pistol-shot he ever saw.

Miss Katharine L. Sharp, the librarian of Armour Institute, Chicago, has in charge the department of library science in that institute, and has been so successful both in material and training that seven out of the ten students of the past year have already secured positions for next year in various libraries.

Miss Melba Stanleyetta Titus was the only woman who appeared for examination for admission to the bar of New York State in June last. When she received her degree of LL. B. from the University of the City of New York she stood fourth in a class of one hundred and five men and five women.

Mrs. French-Sheldon has just gone to England to perfect arrangements for another journey to Africa, where she purposes to found a new nation. It is to be a free commercial settlement on the Eastern Coast, north of Zanzibar. She has heard from about three thousand American and Canadian workingmen who are anxious to go to the new country.

Mrs. Sara Yorke Stevenson, who has received the unusual distinction of an honorary degree from the University of Pennsylvania, has long been known as one of the most learned archæologists in the country. She was invited by the World's Fair authorities to act as one of the jury in the archæological department, and her work there was highly complimented.

One hard-working woman in New York earns her living, at least in part, as a book-broker. Her specialty is Americana, and by an industrious study of catalogues, a laborious inspection of old books and maps, and a sharp outlook upon the needs of libraries and other book-buyers, she is able to buy and sell many valuable books in the course of a year.

The Baroness de Langenau, of Vienna, widow of a former minister from the Austrian Court to Russia, has taken the vice-presidency of the W. C. T. U. for that country. The Baroness devotes all her varied gifts to the well-being of those who need help. She has opened a home for servant girls, a mission for postmen, and a chapel for the Wesleyan missionary,—a German sent out under the auspices of the London Society.

Mrs. Shipley, a teacher in the colored schools of Philadelphia, is quietly doing a work of unique beneficence. She rents a cottage for the vacation in Asbury Park, where she entertains aged and invalid negroes who would not otherwise be able to have such an outing. Mrs. Shipley is a highly cultured and intelligent lady, whose colored blood would never be suspected were it not for her voluntary association with that race. The recipients of her bounty are those who need it the most.

The Art Institute of Chicago has received a gift from Harriet Hosmer of the cast she made in 1853 of the clasped hands of Robert Browning and his wife. This is the cast of which Hawthorne wrote in "The Marble Faun": "It symbolizes the individuality and heroic union of two high, poetic lives." The autograph of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rome, May, 1853," is on the wrist of one; "Robert Browning, Rome," on the wrist of the other. Miss Hosmer has refused in England an offer of $5,000 for this unique cast.

Exquisite Frames for the Full-Page Pictures Given in Demorest's Magazine.

A PICTURE without a frame is like a gem without a setting. The stone may be a jewel of fine water, but its fire and beauty can only be properly exhibited in an effective setting. The same is true of a picture. Indeed, an appropriate frame becomes a part of the picture itself, and the two together form the complete work of art.

No more thoroughly excellent works of art have ever been placed within the reach of the public than those which are given with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. Each picture is a superior example of its class, whether in oil, water-color, or gravure; and the success of the past is the promise of even higher excellence in the future. The pictures already published would constitute a fine gallery in themselves, more than sufficient to decorate any parlor.

Our full-page pictures measure 8¼x11½ inches. In this size, only, we furnish two varieties of frames. One is highly ornamental and richly gilt, making a most superb setting for our works in oil; this frame is sent, transportation prepaid, for thirty-five cents. Another frame of the same dimensions, *i. e.*, 8¼x11½ inches, is equally desirable, owing to its peculiarly simple, unpretentious and yet thoroughly artistic effect. It is a flat band worked in the "reeded pattern," enameled a pure, glistening cream-white, and edged next the picture with a burnished strip of gold. It is an exquisite frame, specially adapted for water-colors, though it will answer perfectly for oils or gravures. The price of this frame, transportation prepaid, is twenty-five cents.

"SISTER CHARLOTTE."
In Gilt Frame.

The measurements given are all for the inside, or that portion of the frame next the picture. It should be remembered that when you receive these frames you will find them ready to slip your pictures in at once, without trouble some manipulation. The price, which in each case covers all cost of transportation, should be sent with your order, and full post-office address (or that of nearest express-office), to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York City, and your order will be filled without delay.

"GOLDENROD."
In White-and-Gold Frame.

A Remarkable Portrait Album.

THE novel feature which we have recently introduced in the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue permanently, is of exceptional value to readers. In order that it may not be necessary to mutilate the Magazine to form a collection, these portraits are printed 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 to our readers at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid. The superior quality of paper used in the latest editions issued of these albums, and the consequent increase in postage, has necessitated the change in price from forty cents (as first advertised) to fifty cents each.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back of the albums a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits; and being placed by themselves in the album they will not detract from the artistic effect of the pages containing the portraits. The album forms a very handsome ornament for the parlor or library, as well as a valuable source of entertainment, information, and reference, interesting to every member of the family. Send at once for an album, and start your collection.

Puzzles.

A SIMPLE QUESTION IN MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Take the letter away from puss, and leave 80.

A STORY PUZZLE.

The omitted words or letters are articles of dress or accessories thereto; the dots represent the number of letters required. Very frequently the words have a double meaning, and only phonetically represent the object intended.

A YOUNG LADY'S WARDROBE AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

One day my little brother ran out in the yard, shutting the door with a noise that sounded like firing of . . . . ets, and soon after I saw him . . . . ing the chickens by turning the . . . on them. They ran in all directions looking much . . . . d.

I p . . . d myself at the windo . . . ping softly until I caught his attention. Then, ad . . . ing him, I said it seemed a great . . . of water, and asked if it did any good.

"Why, of . . . . it does! Just look!"

But in turning, he sent the water into the kitchen window; whereupon, out ran the cook, making a great fuss. She was not lookin . . . . ly at all, for she had a . . . . ic temper; and it took . . . an instant to give the small boy a . . . on his ear, saying:

"I wish I could fasten you up with a . . . . and pad . . . . it would serve you right, you little scamp!" She shook him roughly, and with a final em . . . . him go.

H . . . . the noise, the coachman came out of the barn where he was trying to re . . . . id steel hammer. When he learned what the trouble was he turned back, only saying, "O, p . . . . et him alone!"

Charlie ran off as soon as he was f . . . . vently determined to "get even." He soon came back b . . . . ing a . . . l of . . . . . ed soap which he scattered on the wet walk, hoping to make the cook . . . ., . . haps, when she came out again.

"There!" said he, "I guess t . . . will make her s . . ."

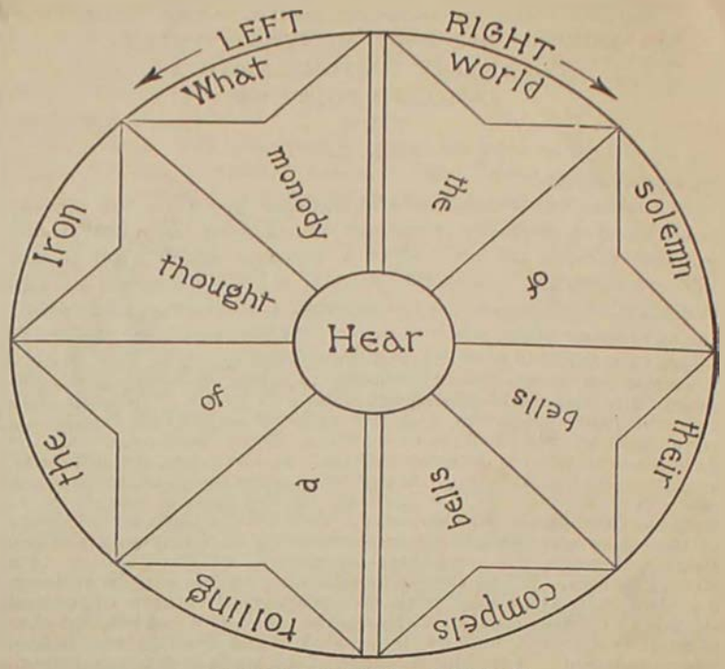
But the cook had . . . . . ed him through the window, and now came out. She had in one . . . ., ... which she was doing up for grandma, and a small . . . . . in the other. She tried hard to catch Charlie; but she was large and clumsy, and he was too quick for her, and easily es . . . d, without even a . . . . . or her pains.

He next went to the barn, where he found a . . . . of corn and amused himself building a c . . . . . the floor with the cobs. He soon tired of that, however, and spying a can of paint on a high shelf he reached it by climbing on a broken c . . . ., . . . ching his finger as he did it. He next proceeded to put a . . . of paint on the wall. The coachman tried to pre . . . . on him to stop, but Charlie only . . . . d up his mouth, made a . . . tastic picture of the coachman, and soon took hi . . . . . The kitchen door was still locked, so he raised the window- . . . ., broke the fly- . . ., and went to his room, where I found him later eating a bon . . . . . was his luck to find.

A WORD PUZZLE.

NEW DOOR.

Transpose the letters forming the above two words so as to form one word. All the letters must be used.



GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

The above illustration contains a quotation from Poe; beginning with the center word it is to be read alternately from the right inner spaces to the left outer spaces, and then *vice versâ* for the other half.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

I. There are seven insects: Queen bee; Spider; Lady-bird; Walking-stick; Ant-lion; Beetle; Cricket.

II.

A P P R O P R I A T E
S P E A R M I N T
C H R O N I C
O C H R E
W I T
B
D I N
S A T I N
C H A I N E D
D I A B O L I S M
I N T R I N S I C A L

III. Because it makes an eel feel.

IV. Necklace.

V.

M	E	T
O	A	R
P	R	Y

VI. A man with an ocean [a notion] in his head.

VII. "The Open Door," by Blanche Willis Howard; "No Name," by Wilkie Collins; and "The Black Cat," by Edgar Allan Poe.

The World's Progress.

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

The Great Strike.

The recent labor-troubles add another proof to the already overwhelming evidence that our civilization, our social and national fabrics, are built over a volcano which may at any moment burst into destructive flame. A little more and the disturbances would have become downright insurrection, and caused the subversion of all law and order. While, as usual, the strike began in a small way,—the Pullman employees, in this case,—the agitation spread with alarming rapidity, showing a subterranean dissatisfaction among all classes of labor. Chicago, with adjacent railway centers, and the railway termini in California were the principal theaters of warfare. Peaceful measures soon gave place to riotous demonstrations, car-burnings, derailments, assaults, and intimidation. Many lives were lost, and millions in property destroyed, to say nothing of the partial paralysis of business throughout the country. One of the saddest incidents of the strike was the killing and maiming of many soldiers and citizens through the accidental explosion of the caisson of a Hotchkiss gun. Up to the point of violence the people at large are always in sympathy with the workers in their organized attempts to better their condition; but when the red plague-spot of anarchy appears, men of sense and right feeling are forced into opposition. Were the laborers of all sorts and conditions to combine lawful methods with steadfast persistence toward their aim, it is certain that they must win a just cause in every instance, because the people, almost as an unit, would be with them, would even aid them in material ways. But Americans as a race abhor brutality and violence, and will not tolerate a cause which invokes or permits unlawful acts. It is for this reason that the recent strikes have failed so ignominiously. The hot heads among the workers, acting, evidently, against the wishes of the better disposed, lost this fight as they have lost many another. If the trouble had proceeded so far that the bad element of our population, the restless, idle, criminal, and vagabond classes, had gained even temporary control, and compelled the establishment of martial law throughout so much as a single State, the cause of labor would have been set back a quarter of a century; for as strong as the various Federations and Unions may be, they are as a handful to the total number of law-respecting citizens. As it is, the labor organizations have received great damage. If the employee would remember that capital has rights,—often abused, it is true,—that without capital there can be no wage-earning, that capital and labor are interdependent, not inimical, as they are now, fortuitously, strikes would assume a different aspect. If, on the other hand, capital would remember that without labor it could not exist, that not a single great enterprise could be inaugurated, not a dollar of dividend earned, not the shadow of wealth, employers would deal more circumspectly with workers. The ending of a strike like this does not end the danger, which still lies smoldering beneath enforced calm.

Mgr. Satolli and the Liquor Traffic.

In rendering his decision in support of Bishop Watterson of Ohio, Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, has struck the heaviest blow which has fallen upon the liquor traffic in the United States. The Bishop's pastoral letter was couched in the strongest and clearest terms, leaving those against whom it was aimed no doubt as to his intentions. He withdrew his support and approbation from every Roman Catholic society or branch in his diocese which had any person engaged in the sale of liquor either at its head or among its officers. Furthermore, he suspended every society having such a leader or officer from all rank, rights, and privileges as a Roman Catholic organization, in effect putting it out of existence so far as its intents and purposes are concerned in their relation to the Roman Catholic Church, until it should rid itself of the persons thus placed under the ban. He added that he would not approve of any new societies, or new branches of old organizations, which admitted to membership any person engaged either as principal or agent in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. He directed the priests of the several parishes to see this ruling enforced rigorously and without fear or favor. It would appear that this letter aroused considerable opposition; for an appeal was taken by one of the societies against the Bishop's decree, and the matter was laid formally before the Apostolic Delegate. Mgr. Satolli returned an answer fully upholding the Bishop. The society was not satisfied, however, and made a second appeal on the ground that the Delegate had not fully considered the facts, and did not understand that the Bishop's decree was, as they asserted, in opposition to personal liberty.

To this supplementary appeal Mgr. Satolli has responded, reaffirming his decision in support of Bishop Watterson, in terms which leave no doubt of his thorough knowledge of the whole subject and of his deliberate and just consideration of the point at issue. It is significant that he brushes aside the specious plea that the liquor business contributes largely in money support to the Church and its dependencies. Even if temporal loss follows, he says, that must not stand in the way of spiritual good. Therefore he sustains the Bishop's order which practically compels the expulsion of every liquor dealer, wholesale or retail, saloon-keeper, bar-keeper, agent, or salesman of liquors, from the societies of the Church. Herein lies a pertinent text for all denominations. It is a fact that all churches and church societies have members connected with the liquor trade, men who by sheer dint of money, made in a godless business, seek to buy their way to heaven and to respectability. They contribute very liberally because they can well afford to do so out of the enormous profits they make. And, with shame be it said, their money is accepted. Do we forget that it is the product of misery, ruined homes, wrecked youth, and disgraced manhood? Can the blessing of God rest upon an edifice reared with the earnings of laborers spent in mind-destroying, soul-condemning poisons? Is it not an anomalous condition of things that an institution established for the sole purpose of combating wrong should be willing to accept the earnings of wrong-doing? Charity covers a multitude of sins, but not the charity of those who make nine-tenths of modern charity necessary. To create paupers and criminals with one hand, and contribute to their support or redemption with the other, is a paradox with an evil complexion. The decision of the Bishop of Ohio, supported by the ultimatum of the Apostolic Delegate, should cause the leaders and influential persons of all denominations to think deeply and act effectually in a question so important to all humanity, irrespective of creed.

The East River Tunnel.

One of the grandest of modern engineering feats has just been successfully accomplished in the East River Gas Tunnel. The work was begun by a private corporation, in 1892, and in the rapidity of its construction and perfection of details it puts to shame most recent public enterprises of the same sort. Mere figures convey no adequate conception of the magnitude of the work. The tunnel is two thousand five hundred and sixteen feet in length. The top of the tunnel, on the New York side, is forty-one feet below the river bottom, while under the channel, on the Brooklyn side, the top of the tunnel is eighty-two and a third feet from the river bed. The depth of water on the New York side is sixty-five feet, on the Brooklyn side, thirty feet. In some parts the tunnel goes down nearly one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of earth and water. The boring passes beneath Blackwell's Island; the New York opening being at Seventy-first Street, the Long Island terminus at Ravenswood. The dimensions of the tunnel are ten feet across and eight feet six inches in height. The two opposite cuttings, one driven from the New York shore, the other from the Long Island shore, were so exactly surveyed, that when they met, there was but three-quarters of an inch difference in alignment; a remarkable evidence of the accuracy of engineering methods. The gas mains, one of forty-eight inches and two of thirty-six inches diameter, which are to be led through this tunnel, are of sufficient size to supply the present needs of the company, which makes gas on Long Island and conveys it to the metropolis at a profit. But the chief importance of the work is to show that passenger tunnels may be readily driven at comparatively small cost between New York and Brooklyn. It is inexplicable that a dozen such have not already been completed.

The Original Camel.

We have always regarded the camel as a native of the tropical and sub-tropical regions of the Eastern world. Recent scientific investigations, however, would seem to prove, beyond question, that the animal had its origin, that is within the historical period of geology, in North America. History, fable, travel, and even scientific description, have accustomed us to look upon the camel as essentially Oriental, from structure, habit, and, in fact, from every possible condition of its existence. To learn that it began its career, at least within geological eras, in this country, rather overturns our ideas of the fitness of things. No fossil remains of the camel have been discovered in the Old World, while the pliocene, miocene, and even the eocene eras of North America are rich in fossil deposits of camel skeletons. Under some stress of climate unknown to us now, the greater proportion of the race was destroyed, while the remainder migrated toward the tropical regions of our hemisphere, and their descendants became the llama, vicuña, and alpaca, of the present Andean regions of South America. Plato's hint of the great Atlantis, the wondrous western continent which approached so near the Pillars of Hercules,—*i.e.* the heights on each side of the Straits of Gibraltar,—thus gains one more proof. For if, as some scientists have held, once upon a time the American continent joined the Eastern, there would be no difficulty in supposing that the camel might have become an inhabitant of the Orient, where it throve under favorable climatic conditions, while it died out, or was reduced to diminutive forms, in the West.

Our Treeless Plains.

A peculiar and almost unique feature of our western and mid-continental plains is their treelessness. In no other region of the world where the soil is so rich and water-supply so adequate is there such complete absence of forests. Many reasons, more or less scientific, have been brought forward to explain this phenomenon. The nature of the soil is such that a heavy forest growth could be supported. Fires sweeping over the region would not destroy the roots of trees, though those portions above the soil might suffer. It has been observed that the condition of great forest regions always proves that quantities of water, alluvial or intermittent, have flooded such regions, and it is held that water is the great planting medium of forest seed. Our western treeless plains have never within a computable period been subject to the overflow of water, and therefore forest seed has never been deposited over a territory especially fitted for forest growth. This theory, which is well supported, may furnish a hint whereby our great plains may be converted into great woodlands, valuable both for timber and for climatic modifications, though the benefit must be for future generations, not for us.

The Highest North American Mountain Peak.

Until within a few months geographers have assigned to the Peak of Orizaba, or Citlaltepetl, its Aztec title, and Mount St. Elias, the former in Mexico, the latter in Alaska, the honors of supreme elevation in North America. Orizaba measures eighteen thousand three hundred feet, and St. Elias rises to the height of eighteen thousand two hundred feet. But Mr. Russel has discovered and measured the altitude of a new mountain in Alaska, which he calls Mount Logan, giving it a height of nineteen thousand five hundred feet, thirteen hundred feet in excess of St. Elias, and twelve hundred feet higher than the Mexican Orizaba. The methods employed for determining these altitudes are sufficiently scientific, but many determinations of like character have been proved faulty. Aconcagua, for example, being given twenty-three thousand nine hundred feet by one survey, and twenty-two thousand four hundred feet by another; Chimborazo varying fourteen hundred feet, Illampu three thousand feet, and other of the world's great elevations lying under similar, or even more excessive, divergences of survey.

Extinction of the Seal.

The international treaties for the preservation of the fur seal have perhaps done something for the animal in northern habitats, though it is questionable if treaty interdiction enforced by a few armed boats will prevent the ultimate extinction of the seal. The coasts of Tasmania, New Zealand, and adjacent islands, were within a long life the haunt of innumerable seals, whereas now not one is to be seen. Indeed, the recent appearance of a single seal after ten years was the occasion of wonder. Probably the creature was set upon by a whole fleet and destroyed,—at least, such would be natural, judging from experience. The waters of Auckland, Campbell, and Macquarie Islands, once the breeding-grounds of millions of seals, are now ignorant of such an animal. When we remember that shore parties alone slaughtered as many as a hundred thousand seals on their breeding-grounds in a month on one island, we can readily understand why these innocent and valuable creatures have almost ceased to exist. On one island over twenty thousand dead seal pups were found, starved, their nursing mothers having been butchered or driven away. This is not only vile brutality, but reckless extravagance and stupid waste.

The Return of an Old-World Terror.

Canton, Hong Kong, and other Asiatic seaport towns are suffering under what, to all appearance, is a revisitation of the ancient plague which, during the middle ages, swept destroyingly over the then known globe at nearly regular intervals of time. The symptoms are exactly those so minutely described by Danial De Foe in his vividly written "Journal of the Plague in London, 1665." The purely medical records of previous visitations are scanty and unreliable, and there has been no opportunity of studying the disease in the light of modern scientific methods of investigation. The appearance of boils and swellings on various portions of the body is a constant outward characteristic, while the changes in the blood are also present in every case thus far examined, both of which conditions agree with the ancient observer's statement. "Vast angry hillocks and poison swellings burst out suddenly, while the blood turns to water." Most authorities have regarded the true plague as a thing of the past, due to conditions of life no longer existing. This reappearance will require an immediate and careful study both as to causes and cure; and meantime the prevention and suppression of the epidemic must depend upon absolute quarantine, and upon such hygienic measures as can be enforced upon the stricken centers.

Water-Power for Electricity.

Another instance of the adoption of water-power as a means of generating electricity has been demonstrated on the coast of Cheshire, England, where a tidal mill having about four horse-power is used to run a dynamo which supplies a house with electric light.

Photographic Inspection of Bridges.

Many successful experiments have now fully proved that the strain of the parts of bridges may be reported and registered by the camera. Photographs of the various sections of the structure are carefully taken and enlarged to the fullest extent. Six months later another accurate set of pictures is taken, enlarged, and compared under the microscope with the original set, showing, it is said, the enlargement of a joint even to the hundredth part of an inch, the shifting of a rivet, the movement of a girder, the lengthening of a supporter, and even the change in the substance of the metal itself.

Electric Vehicles.

Until quite recently the electric motor has been partly a dream, and partly a too expensive reality. Now, however, a new type of battery has developed the electric motor power into a practical fact. The new batteries are small, cheap, compact, of moderate weight, and perfectly satisfactory in application. Vehicles can be driven along the street at a rate exceeding the ordinary pace of a horse, yet so perfectly controllable that accidents from collision are less liable than from a spirited team. Indeed, the claim is made, apparently on good grounds, that the electric wagon, dray, or carriage can be stopped instantly. The use of pneumatic tires will render them noiseless, though danger from that source will be obviated by automatic bell-signals. Electrically driven omnibuses will shortly appear upon the thoroughfares of our large cities.

A New Light.

Herr Ludwig Deer, of Bremer, an inventor of international reputation, has discovered a new and powerful light which is claimed to be superior to electricity. It is obtained by evaporating and gasifying petroleum. As the light is pure white and is possessed of from 3,500 to 12,000 candle-power, with an hourly consumption of less than a quart of oil to each thousand candle-power, its value from an economical standpoint is readily apparent.

Still Another Flying-Machine.

The areostat is again on deck. This time the machine is a steel cylinder vacuum chamber to which is attached a pair of movable planes with fans worked by a storage battery. The vacuum cylinder is supposed to assist in supporting the areoplane while the engine develops the raising and motive power. The apparatus is steered by a vertical plane at the stern. The inventor is an English engineer, who, it is said, has produced several valuable and practical inventions. Thus far, however, the vacuum chamber as applied to areostatics has proved a failure, and has indeed been pronounced contrary to correct mechanical principles. That the air navigator is possible, and even a certainty in the near future, we have every reason to hope; but that it has yet appeared is doubtful. Even the liberal reward offered by Congress seems to have produced no result.

The Decline of Fashionable Barbarism.

The recent tragic death of the most celebrated of Spanish bull-fighters, sad in itself as it was, promises a change in popular opinion looking toward the abolition of a national barbarism. It is even proposed to tear down the rings and dismiss to their pastures the bulls now in waiting for the next show on the Catalonion plains. Bull-fighting is a picturesque business, no doubt. It has furnished material for paintings, statuary, and music. What would "Carmen" be, for example, without the *toreador?* But human nature in itself is not picturesque, and it is only in a barbarous age or under barbarous conditions that it can be made so. Better a decade of modern civilization than a cycle of Cathay; better a year of our common-sense comfort under the safe protection of law, than all the poetic brigandage of all the redoubtable barons of Europe put together. The abolition of bull-fighting is now only a question of a very few years, probably a very few months. The better class of Spanish citizens no longer patronize the brutal show, and the fearful death of their favorite will do much to render the amusement odious, and aid in its legal abolition.

A Great Ruined City.

A party of scientists have recently explored the ruins of the great city Ancor, or Angor, situated in what are now the almost inaccessible forests of Cambodia. As may be remembered, these ruins were discovered only a short time ago, comparatively, though rumors of the existence of such a place have long been current in the country. The ruins as described would indicate that Ancor must have been one of the largest cities of the world, if not the largest. Temples, palaces, and edifices of vast size in a fine state of preservation lie scattered over a wide territory, intermingled with mounds and masses of crumbling stone and brick. Large forest-trees are growing upon the débris and in the courts of palace and temple. Little is known of the history of Ancor, though it is stated that it could send forth a million or more fighting men. The portions of the walls still standing are cyclopean. How it should have fallen into such complete desuetude it is difficult to conjecture.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 707.

In this *demi-saison* there is little interest in anything with regard to dress except fresh traveling and yachting gowns, and novelties for garden *fêtes* and country-house parties. The long-continued high temperature has increased the favor of mohair gowns for traveling, as they are light, comparatively cool, and shed the dust so readily. They are made in the simple tailor styles which alone are considered suitable for traveling ; but there is infinite variety in the shape, length, fullness, and general style of the coats. Though jackets are still worn they are not so universal as last season.

More than ever, this year, women of taste are able to choose that which is most becoming and best calculated to enhance their attractions; for there is such variety both of fabrics, colors, and styles of making that individuality has the fullest power for its expression.

Time was when a yachting-gown was either of blue or white serge, made with a skirt and blazer, and had scarcely a mark of distinction except in the variety of shirt waists. This season, however, all is changed. The wool gowns may be of serge or covert cloth of any becoming or favorite color, with contrasting waistcoat or silk shirt waist; and they are varied on occasions with those of white or figured duck, made either in tailor style or in sailor suits. The last have bands of color—navy or light blue or red—on the full skirts to match the wide sailor-collar, deep cuffs, and belt of the sailor blouse. These are very youthful and becoming ; and so readily laundered that it is easy to keep them in that state of immaculate freshness which alone is pleasant to see.

Fancy waists increase in importance and variety with the changing seasons, and are really of more moment now than a variety of gowns. By their aid, an ingenious girl with two or three dress skirts of modish fabric and cut contrives at least a dozen different costumes. And, in fact, the corsage proper of every afternoon, dinner, or evening gown is itself a fancy waist ; for oftener than not two or three fabrics, harmonizing or contrasting with the skirt, are combined in its construction. An evening-gown of pink and white striped and brocaded moire has a perfectly plain skirt, just touching the floor. The low, slashed bodice discloses pale green accordion-plaited *chiffon* over white satin between the slashes, and a wide ruffle of the chiffon falls over sleeve puffs of the moire.

Many black skirts of moire or *crêpon* and black-and-white striped or checked silks are worn with corsages of black plaited chiffon over white satin. Very frequently there is either a corselet or yoke of Venetian guipure ; and abundant use of this effective lace is made on many gowns. Accordion-plaiting increases its hold upon Dame Fashion's favor and is turned to many uses. Whole gowns of plaited chiffon are much admired, but they are so fragile that they are within the reach of only the favored few. One of pink chiffon over pink satin had short puffed sleeves, braces, and girdle with tiny basque below it of black velvet embroidered with daisies of pink *paillettes*. More useful than this was an accordion-plaited gown of black Brussels net trimmed from hem to waist with rows of two-inch black satin ribbon, and finished on the bottom with a ruffle of Chantilly lace. Two silk slips—a yellow and a heliotrope—were furnished with this beautiful gown and changed its appearance and character entirely.

An occasional Louis Quinze coat is seen. Made of rich light brocades, or of the Dresden-flowered striped silks, with fronts of plaited chiffon and lavish frills of rich lace at the neck and wrists they are very dressy and have an extremely *chic* effect.

With the coming of cool autumn days white will still be worn. The serge and duck tailor-gowns being so popular that they will not be relegated to the closet till dreary skies are over us. The white *crêpon* house-gowns, some of which are very handsome, will continue to be used all the year, and no prettier fabric can be selected for simple home evening-gowns. Next in choice to the whites—both pearl and ivory—are the delicate colors, silver-gray, mastic, blue-gray, tan, and old rose. They are simply fashioned, with plain full skirts—perhaps a single row of narrow moiré ribbon round the bottom, put on plain—and full waists. A ribbon girdle and stock collar of becoming color is all the trimming.

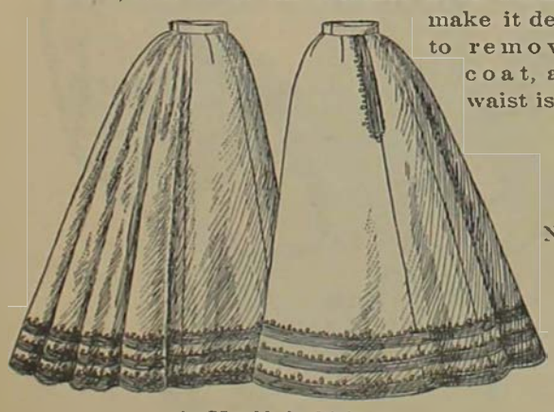
The lightest shade of lavender blue is the new color that promises to drive cerise and magenta from favor. It is called *bluet*, the French name of the German cornflower, and is the palest tint of that favorite flower, bunches of which with *bluet* chiffon trim black or unbleached straw hats.

An Autumn Tailor-Gown.
SHELDON COAT. WHEATLAND SKIRT.

An Autumn Tailor-Gown.

THIS smart traveling or walking gown is of fine steel-gray covert cloth, absolutely without trimming. The skirt is the new "Wheatland" pattern, in five gores with straight back breadth; the front wide, and the side-gores very narrow. The seams may be lapped and stitched on the outside, and the coat seams finished correspondingly; or they may be closed in the usual way. The coat—the "Sheldon"—is fitted with the usual under-arm and back seams, but has only one dart in front, whence the skirt is cut away, giving a very jaunty effect; and the skirt falls gracefully full without the exaggerated umbrella effect. Several waistcoats—dark and light, silk and cotton—are usually provided with these suits; and when the weather is so warm as to make it desirable to remove the coat, a silk waist is worn under it.

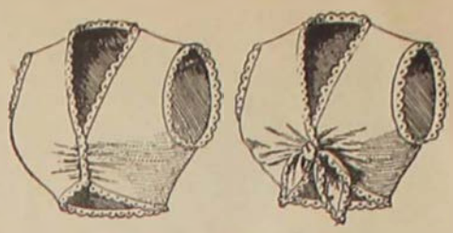
An All-Weather Gown.
COTTSWOLD COAT. GILBERT SKIRT.
(*See Page* 690.)



A Modish Skirt.
THE "WHEATLAND."

A Modish Skirt.

No decided change in the cut of skirts is anticipated this autumn. They continue to be cut in a variety of ways, depending upon the skill and ingenuity of the modiste, and the fabric employed; the general characteristics of all being a trim fit across the front and over the hips, with fullness behind, and considerable flare at the bottom. Our new pattern—the "Wheatland"—has a broad apron front, with two narrow side-gores, and a straight breadth in the back. When making tailor-gowns of covert cloth, Oxford suiting, cheviot, or heavy serge, unless the skirt be lined with silk there is a general preference for an unlined skirt, simply faced up with the gown fabric, and stitched or finished with a few rows of braid. The stiff interlining is almost invariably omitted; but the fullness in the back is held in "organ" plaits, or "flutes," by tapes tacked across on the inside.



Bolero Corset Cover.

Bolero Corset Cover.

THE simplicity of this pattern has made it a great favorite. It has the French back, so it is fitted with but three seams—shoulders and middle of back. India silk, nainsook, and India long-cloth are the favorite fabrics, and sprigged lawns and cambrics are also used. Very narrow and fine embroidered or lace edgings are the trimming, sometimes headed by a narrow beading through which "baby" ribbons are run. The ends are drawn together and tied on the bust; or, if preferred, can be cut off following the line of holes, gathered to fit the figure, and buttoned together.

A Smart Visiting-Gown.
ROSCOE WAIST. WHEATLAND SKIRT.
(*See Page* 690.)

An All-Weather Gown.

(*See Page* 689.)

A TRIM tailor-gown of tan-colored covert cloth, suited for many and varied occasions, and adaptable to all conditions of climate. The coat—the "Cottswold"—may be worn as a wrap with other gowns. It fits trimly in the back and under the arms, but is without darts in front, and can at pleasure be lapped and buttoned snugly to the throat. The skirt is the favorite "Gilbert," illustrated and described in Demorest's for June, 1893.

A Light Autumn Wrap.
SUTRO CAPE.

All the seams of skirt and coat are lapped and stitched on the outside, but may be closed in the usual way if preferred.

VERY full ruches of silk pinked out like the petals of a chrysanthemum—hence called chrysanthemum ruches—are a popular finish for the bottoms of skirts.

A Smart Visiting-Gown.

(*See Page* 689.)

BLUE-GRAY *crépon* is the fabric of this trimly elegant gown, relieved by black moiré ribbon. The skirt—the "Wheatland"—has a widely gored front, two very narrow gores on the sides, and a full back breadth. It is lined with taffeta silk, without crinoline interlining. The corsage—the "Roscoe"—is tight-fitting, the wide back being stretched smoothly over a lining cut with the usual side-forms. An inch-wide black moiré ribbon finishes the revers, and the deep cuffs, the stock collar, and the girdle are of moiré ribbon. A tiny bonnet of steel, jet, and a black moiré bow, with one pink rose in the back, is worn with this gown.

1. Straw Walking-Hat.

2. Picture Hat.

3. English Walking-Hat.

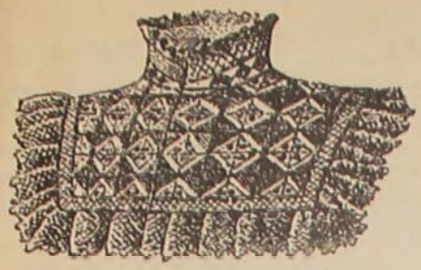
4. Duck Walking-Hat.

5. Straw Capote.

A Light Autumn Wrap.

A CONVENIENT and simple wrap for cool mornings or evenings, and just the thing to take for short excursions by water. It may be made of heavy silk—moire or satin—or of any fancy or plain cloth; and be lined with silk or simply bound or hemmed on the edges. Wraps of black moire or satin are usually lined with a bright fancy silk, and finished on the edge with spangled gimp; those of cloth are lined with gayly plaided silk, or unlined and finished with several rows of stitching. A snug turn-down collar finishes the neck. The pattern—"Sutro"—is excellent for an autumn wrap.

Basque for a Walking-Gown.
THE "ATWATER."



1. Yoke of Jet and Lace.

Basque for a Walking-Gown.

(*See Page* 690.)

With this basque and a skirt of any preferred shape, a simple gown suitable for almost any occasion on cool summer days, or when the first hint of autumn frost is in the air,—really a sort of all-seasons' gown, that may be worn the year round,—may be arranged. The fabric illustrated is a black-and-white homespun. The basque—the "Atwater"—is fitted trimly with the usual seams, the back being stretched smoothly over a fitted lining. The plaited vest may be made of a different fabric if preferred. A narrow silk passementerie finishes the edges of the circle basque and the revers, which are in one with a collar extending across the back.

4. Yoke of Chiffon and Lace.

Some Smart Hats.

(*See Page* 690.)

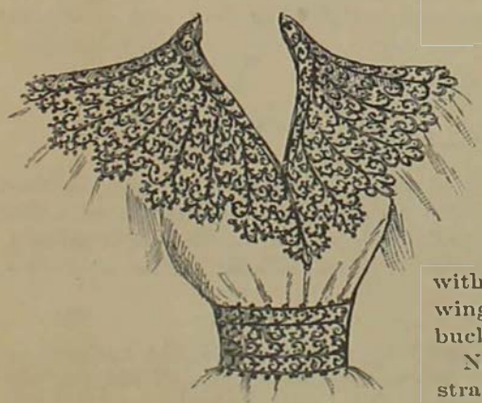
No. 1.—Yellow straw walking-hat, trimmed with yellow roses and black violets; brim faced with straw-colored *chiffon* put on quite full.

No. 2.—Picture hat of cream-colored guipure lace, trimmed with black moiré ribbon and Jacque roses.

No. 3.—English walking-hat of unbleached Dunstable, trimmed with tan-colored gauze; long scarf ends are carried from the back to the front, and are tied under the chin.

No. 4.—Sailor hat of white duck trimmed with white *chiffon*, black wings, and a Rhinestone buckle.

No. 5.—Fancy yellow straw capote, trimmed with white doves and cluster of black violets.



3. Collar and Belt of Passementerie.

5. Yoke-Fichu.

Corsage Garnitures.

The corsage continues to be made the dressiest part of every gown, and there are numberless devices for changing and freshening it by means of fancy lace collars, yokes, fichus, etc., which are arranged to wear with any gown.

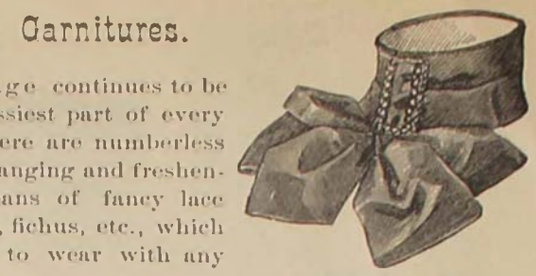
No. 1.—Yoke of jetted passementerie and bourdon lace. It can also be made entirely of lace with a narrow spangled gimp to head the ruffle; and it is very pretty made of Torchon insertion and lace.

No. 2.—Yoke of Venetian guipure. Most effective when worn over a black *crêpon* or moire gown, or some rich, dark fabric.

No. 3.—Collar and belt of passementerie. A similar garniture can be made of the new guipure-patterned batiste embroidery, to wear with light silks or mulls.

No. 4.—A yoke-shaped to fall in points at the back as in front—of puffed gauze or *chiffon*, trimmed with a wide frill of Bruges lace, and finished at the neck with a soft stock-collar of the *chiffon*.

No. 5.—A yoke-fichu of rose-colored *crêpe*, Brussels net, and Chantilly lace. It fastens in the back, where it is cut in two deep points, and is finished with a bow on the collar. Scarf-like pieces of the net are brought down over the bust and crossed, the ends fastening under the girdle of rose-colored ribbon.



6. Stock Collar.

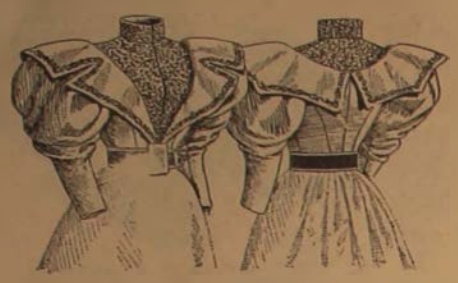
2. Yoke of Venetian Guipure.

No. 6.—Stock collar and bow of *bluet* velvet clasped in front by a steel buckle.

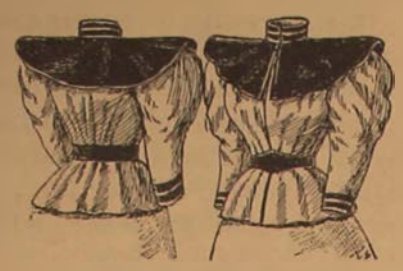
No. 7.—Pelerine of white *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with Bruges insertion, and tied by a bow of bright ribbon at the waist.

7. Pelerine of Mousseline de soie.

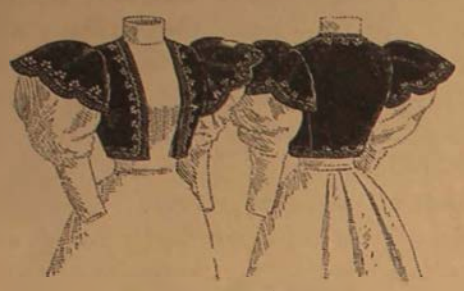
Standard Patterns.



Viatka Waist.



Dosia Waist.

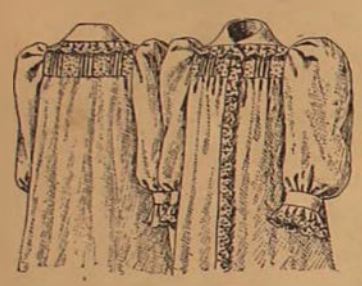


Coletta Waist.

Malta Coat.

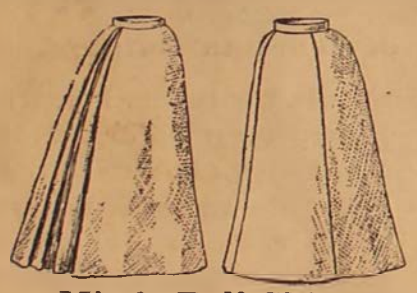
Elmis Waist.

Hansa Waist.



Miss's "Mother Hubbard" Gown.

Yoke Night-Shirt.



Miss's Bell Skirt.

Susia Dress.

Florine Dress.

Infant's Wrapper.

Lilla Bonnet.

"Mother Hubbard" Slip.

Infant's Night-Dress.

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

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT EACH "PATTERN ORDER" ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO BUT ONE PATTERN.

THIS month and in future the directions for each pattern named in the Pattern Order will be printed on the envelope containing the Pattern, which will also bear a special illustration.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

1.—Fancy waist of black satin trimmed with gray *crêpe* and *pailletted* passementerie.
2.—Butterfly brooch set with pearls and diamonds.
3.—Star brooch set with diamonds and a solitaire sapphire.
4.—Diamond and pearl pendant.
5.—Clover-leaf lace-pin set with emeralds and a pearl.
6.—Fancy waist of changeable taffeta, with plastron and collar of *crêpe*.
7.—Tennis-gown of white duck with thread stripe of dark blue; vest of blue linen.
8.—Capote of jetted lace trimmed with roses.
9.—French hat of unbleached rice-straw, trimmed with ostrich-tips and a wide fall of white lace. Intended for country drives and watering-place use.
10.—Bridesmaid's pendant set with moonstone and diamonds.
11.—White India lawn over yellow taffeta, with plastron, collar, and cuffs of accordion-plaited gold-colored *chiffon*.
12.—Enameled miniature brooch set with diamonds.
13.—Visiting-gown of silver-gray moire combined with Nile-green accordion-plaited *chiffon*, and trimmed with white lace.
14.—Garden-*fête* gown of embroidered batiste over *chiné* taffeta, with girdle and sash of black satin.
15.—Corsage of black moire with puffed undersleeves and plastron of gray *chiffon*, and wide revers of white satin.
16.—*Crêpon* gown with yoke, girdle, and pendent trimming of jets.
17.—White mull gown over purple silk which shows through the wide bands of Venetian insertion.
18.—Evening-gown of white Swiss over pale blue silk, trimmed with lace ruffles and insertion.
19.—Corsage of fancy silk gown, the skirt of which is plain. The sleeve-caps and revers are trimmed with white lace, and a stock collar and jabot of *chiffon* completes it.
20.—Fancy waist of ivory-white silk gingham, trimmed with thread lace and beading. Garden hat of shirred *mousseline de soie*.
21.—Dinner-gown of black-and-white silk, trimmed with mauve ribbons and black lace.
22.—Visiting-gown of black *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with ruches of itself, bretelles of white lace, and black satin bows.

Garden-Party Frock.

THIS dainty little gown is of *chiné* taffeta, with yoke, girdle, and bows of green satin. The skirt is trimmed with lace on the sides to give a panel effect. The baby waist is fulled over a fitted lining, and trimmed with Bruges lace. The sleeve-puff is one of the novelties, being cut in a circle, which gives a peculiar and effective flare, and the lace trims the top like an epaulet. It is a good model for early autumn gowns of novelty wools, and cashmeres; and would be pretty made of a fine shepherds' check, with yoke and girdle of black velvet. The pattern is the "Elgitha," and is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

Garden Hat and Fichu.

A GRACEFUL fichu of ivory *mousseline de soie*, finished with a ruffle of itself and fastened at the waist with a bow of yellow ribbon. The hat, also of *mousseline de soie*, is shirred, and trimmed with yellow primroses and a bow of yellow ribbon.

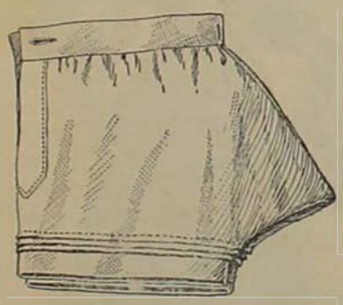
FOR traveling and yachting are small English turbans of rough straw—gray or black—trimmed with soft folds of ice *crêpe* twisted between the close brim and the crown, with some sea-bird's or dove's wings on the left side.

Garden-Party Frock.
THE "ELGITHA."

For these small garments, elaborate trimmings are out of place; a few tucks heading a narrow edging are all that is needed. The finest are made of cambric or nainsook, but the finish is in all cases simple though dainty.

Child's Drawers.

ALTHOUGH these simple garments can be bought ready-made for a song, there are many mothers who prefer their own dainty handiwork on the tiny things, and for their convenience we furnish this pattern in sizes for two, four, and six years.



Child's Drawers.

pattern is a plain sacque with a little fullness at the throat in front. For wrappers, all the soft, inexpensive challies and *crépons* are used, and for bath-gowns tennis flannel and Turkish toweling. The pattern is in sizes for two, four, and six years.

Sacque Gown or Wrapper.

THIS little pattern is intended not only for night-gowns, but also for the simple wrappers and bath-gowns which are now generally recognized as necessary garments in a child's wardrobe. The

Sacque Gown or Wrapper.

Garden Hat and Fichu.

Girlish and Graceful.

A CHARMING fancy waist of pale pink India silk, trimmed with white lace insertion. It is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining, and fastens in front under the jabot bib, which can be omitted, if desired, but is very becoming to slender figures. A fan-like bow of plaited mull or silk finishes the throat. The pattern—the "Mazelle"—is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. It is a good model, as well, for the corsages of all summer gowns, mulls and organdies, and light silks, challies, and *crépons*.

Girlish and Graceful.
MAZELLE WAIST.

An Everyday Frock.

THIS practical little frock is suited for both thick and thin fabrics. As illustrated it is of navy blue serge trimmed with light blue mohair, feather-stitched with blue silk. The skirt is mounted to the short waist in a box-plait in front and gathers at the sides and back. The shoulder-frill extends across the back as in front. The pattern—the "Ruthella"—is in sizes for four and six years.

An Everyday Frock.
THE "RUTHELLA."

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 692.)

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

Woman's Relation to Temperance.

WOMAN is the autocrat of society. It is she who says what shall be done and what shall not be done in social circles; who shall come and who shall go.

It is within the power of women to shape social laws. It is the voice of woman that controls social sentiment. With this power in her possession to wield for good or for evil, woman is in a great degree responsible for the elevation and purity of the social circle in which she moves. In regard to social drinking, it is a lamentable fact that much of its popularity has been due to the encouragement of women who control society. Let women on all occasions seek to foster a social sentiment against drinking, and there will be fewer of our young men treading the downward road to ruin, and fewer of our old men sinking under the accumulated miseries of a drunken life.

Herein lies a responsibility that every woman must recognize,—a responsibility from which no woman can shrink with impunity. There is a great burden of vice and crime, the result of social drinking, lying at the doors of the women of American society; and well may we dread to see that burden enlarged, lest it roll in upon us and crush all peace and happiness from our homes and from our lives.

It may seem but a little thing to a woman to offer a glass of wine or beer or cider to a gentleman at a social entertainment, and to her that may seem to be the end of the matter; but alas! too often it is not so. He goes out with an awakened craving for stimulants. The means to satisfy that craving are presented on all sides in the most tempting shapes. His little indulgence at the hands of his friend may have weakened his will-power, and further indulgence ensues. It was a tiny link forged by a woman's hand, but it may be one in a chain which may yet bind a man's soul in a hopeless and eternal bondage. Let women carefully consider the results of social drinking, and beware how they tamper with such dangerous weapons.

Is it so pleasant a sight to witness the downfall of a husband or brother that we should in any way encourage the evils of drunkenness? Is there so great a charm in the picture of a man's intellect clouded, his honor tarnished, his soul darkened, and his manhood lost, that we are content to sit carelessly by and raise no voice against that which has done it all? Is there such comfort in lying awake at night while imagination pictures scenes of debauch in which our loved ones may be partakers, or delight in shivering with dread as the voices of drunken revelers come to our ears lest we recognize the tones of one who is dear to us? Is it so fair a thing to see the boy whose lips hung on ours in innocence and purity, treading a path where his innocence will be destroyed, his purity stained, his clear, white soul filled with blackness and foulness, all pride in him turned to shame, and the pit of hell yawning at his feet, that mothers should make no effort to close up the path so that he tread therein no longer?

Mothers, if one should point a deadly weapon at your boy and threaten to take his life, you would not hesitate a moment to thrust the weapon aside, and you would not rest until you felt that the danger was surely averted.

He who, deliberately and for the sake of gain, sells that to your boy which he knows will dethrone reason and open the floodgates of passion and vice to run riot in his soul, does fouler murder than he who would take your boy's life. It is the murder of his manhood.

One feature of intemperance for which women are wholly responsible is their social drinking together and woman's drunkenness. During the past few years beer-drinking has increased to such an extent among the women of respectable circles in our large cities that the question of doing away with the habit has become a very serious one. In many cities saloons have a side entrance for women; and while the women of America do not drink so universally as the women of the old world, the habit of drink is frightfully on the increase, and the social customs of society are in many ways fostering it. Early in the morning in any large city you may see creatures dragged along by the policeman's hand, or hauled on a dray to the police station,—creatures who once rejoiced in the innocence of childhood and the purity of girlhood. These are the women who figure in our police reports; maddened by the misery and degradation of their own lost womanhood they have sought a brief forgetfulness in intoxication. For such there is nothing left but God's pity. A drunken man is a degraded sight, one that no sober man nor woman can look upon without repugnance and horror; but at sight of a drunken woman methinks the angels of mercy would fold their wings before their faces to shut out so pitiable and revolting a spectacle.

Woman is also the greatest sufferer from the evils of intemperance. Language is powerless to describe, nay, the imagination can hardly conceive, the agony of a sensitive, high-spirited, loving woman at seeing one whom she has loved and revered dragged down to ruin and shame from the height upon which her pride gloried to behold him. Now and then a wail is heard, or a moan that can no longer be repressed; but that which comes to our knowledge and is made visible to our eyes is but the faintest shadow of the universal misery that exists in society. There is not a social circle that is untainted by the presence of the drink curse, hardly a household within whose privacy it has not thrust its destroying hand. It lies heavy upon the home and all its most sacred interests; but the hidden depths of the misery it has wrought will never be revealed. So long as concealment is possible to a woman, she hides the ravages it makes in her heart and home, stifling the cry of bitter despair, and writhing with brave front under an agony that none but God and her own soul will ever know.

We have seen genius from its loftiest flights descend into the lowest depths of misery and wretchedness because of intemperance; we have seen the strongest intellects shattered until all their brightness and power were gone forever; we have seen the tongue of eloquence palsied in its utterances until it gave forth only the gibberings of an idiot; we have seen the light in the poet's brain go out in darkness that was hopeless; we have seen the strength and buoyancy of youth stricken with the feebleness of old age; we have seen the strength of manhood turned into brutishness, and the fair flowers of womanhood stained and crushed until they were but scentless, withered things trodden under foot of man; we have seen the picture of every village in our land marred by the unsightly blots which intemperance has placed there; we have seen our land, so broad in extent, so beautiful to look upon, filled with humiliation because of the drunkenness of those who should have been her pride and glory; we have seen poverty exchanged for riches, sickness for health, death for life, curses for blessing; and wherever we have seen these evils of intemperance a woman's head has bowed in the dust, a woman's heart been bruised and bleeding, a woman's hopes blasted, a woman's soul filled with despair.

There is no need of rehearsing the horrors of intemperance; they are known only too well. Every daily journal in the land records under the head of crimes and casualties the fact that some man while insane with drink has injured or murdered wife or child or friend. Every morning, when the daylight breaks, it lays bare the pinching poverty, the misery and nakedness brought upon women and children by intemperance. Every night that falls upon the earth serves as a curtain to hide the riotings and debaucheries and crimes of

intemperance. Every clock that strikes the hour of midnight echoes the sighs and moans of broken-hearted women waiting for the returning steps of a drunken husband or son.

I ask you, women of America, who have for many years looked upon all these horrors with seeming indifference? You. Who have encouraged this evil by smiles when they should have given tears, and laughter when they should have uttered prayers? You. Who have been cursed by this monster in their domestic life, their social and religious life? You. Then who are the ones to stretch forth an arm of resistance against that which has ruined our husbands, destroyed the souls and bodies of our children, swept away peace and comfort from our homes, and filled our lives with misery and our hearts with despair, and declare we will no longer have this thing among us? You. The American women have been aroused to a sense of their power to stay this evil, and for years they have been putting that power to the test. Not in the strength of intellect, not in the strength of the law, not in the strength of physical force have they sought to destroy the wrong; but through their own weakness and their dependence upon a Divine power. It is not the power of eloquence they have all these years been testing, but the power of prayer. Year after year their appeals have gone up to the God of justice asking that He open a way whereby this evil might be destroyed; and the Infinite has opened a way by crystallizing every appeal into an aggressive power that is clearing away the mists of expediency and prejudice that once enveloped the people, that their eyes have come to see the straight path of Prohibition.

And now, in the face of the dangers that are threatening the hearthstones of America, it behooves every woman to ask herself seriously and earnestly, What can I do? I call upon every woman to throw aside the trivialities that have so often engaged her mind, and to press forward eagerly to advance this great moral reform. If you lack earnestness and zeal, talk yourselves into earnestness and zeal. The women of America cannot refuse to bear this burden that is now being laid upon them without lowering their position as the saving power of morals, religion, and the home.

Many women have hesitated to engage in this work of reform because they shrank from the publicity attending some of the features of the work; but we must remember that American women themselves have severed the bonds of conventionality that once bound them, and let us also remember that this is a fight for our homes and our children. Many have not raised hands nor voices to aid in this work, for fear of the ridicule of those who did not sympathize with us. Well, if our loved ones are not worth saving, let us sit placidly by and see them go to destruction; but I feel that I am uttering the sentiment of every true-hearted mother when I say that if there were no alternative, I would rather go to the polls on every election day, and on my knees beseech every voter for this salvation of my home and children, than see one of my boys the drunken, besotted, diseased wretch that may be seen any day in our licensed saloons.

Many women refrain from active work in this cause because of the jeers and laughter of the indifferent and opposing ones; but jeers and laughter weigh lightly in the balance against human lives and immortal souls. Every mother who has a boy to come to manhood has an interest in the success of this reform. Every wife who has a husband for whose future she trembles needs to uphold it. Every woman who has a heart to sympathize with the woes of humanity needs to advance it. There are women, and men, too, who are afraid of the cry of "Fanaticism;" but it is fanaticism we want. Fanaticism disseminated the Gospel in the time of the apostles; fanaticism worked the Reformation under Luther; fanaticism shivered the bonds of American slavery; and if fanaticism will break the bonds of this whisky slavery that is banding the American people in a bondage ten times more galling than that which degraded the Southern States, pray God we be filled brimful and overflowing with fanaticism.

We may hear also the plea from women that they have no gift; but God bestowed a gift upon woman in the beginning of the world, which has been inherited by every daughter of Eve, and the use of this gift in all ages has proved that there is no limit to the influence of a woman's tongue. Let every woman seek to use this gift for the protection of her home. Let us talk against the legalized saloon, in the church meeting, in the social circle, in the street, in the home. Let us talk against this evil thing until every man shall be even as the unjust judge in the Bible; he will grant our prayer because of our much talking.

Women of America, the government of this commonwealth is a good guardian to your sons in their minority. It seeks to guard their morals by declaring by law that no man may sell to them the means of debasing themselves through intoxicating liquors while under twenty-one years of age. It cares for their property with as much watchfulness as a parent. If parents die, it is even more careful, and sees that their own is rendered to them at the proper time; but as soon as they reach their majority it frees the hands of the licensed liquor-dealer to touch them and drag them down to ruin, and rob them of that property it has so carefully guarded. Let the women of America declare they will no longer submit to have this foul wrong perpetrated upon the enfranchised citizens of the State, that they will not rear citizens for the State, and, when they have tended those citizens through helpless infancy, and brought them through innocent childhood and turbulent boyhood up to manhood, have the State let loose upon them a monster evil that will sow their path so thick with temptations it will be like walking over red-hot plowshares.

When women fight a legalized liquor-traffic they fight for their homes and their children, they fight for the purity of the social circle, they fight for the permanence of our free institutions, they fight for the sanctity and perpetuity of the Sabbath, they fight for the upbuilding of the cause of religion; and may God give them strength and wisdom to fight the evil to its death.

JOSEPHINE R. NICHOLS.

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THE CONSTITUTION, an eight-page monthly paper, got up in good style, with logical and convincing arguments on the necessity for legal prohibition of the liquor traffic.

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Household.

Summer Guests and Their Entertainment.

(*Continued from Page* 683.)

choosing partners be desired, the following can be tried: Select a sufficient number of quotations in prose and verse, mingling the humorous with the sentimental; have ready as many cards as you have guests, and write the alternate words of all the quotations on a pair of cards, keeping the cards in different piles,—that is, cards bearing the first, third, fifth, etc., words must be together; those with the second, fourth, and sixth, etc., words, in another pile. Make use of pumpkins again, as receptacles; but cut them in two, hollow them out, and make a hole in one half—that which will form the cover—large enough to pass the hand through. The cards should have orange-colored ribbons attached, and after they are placed in the pumpkin the two halves of it should be tied together with dark green ribbon. Matching these quotations is sure to afford much entertainment, and will bring the shyest people out of their shell of reserve and diffidence. The pumpkins can be placed in the hall or on the veranda,—where they would be very decorative,—and guests can draw the cards as they arrive, or at a given signal after all are assembled.

(*Continued on page* 698.)

(*Continued from page* 697.)

The hours for such an entertainment could be either in the afternoon or evening, or it could take in both, beginning at four o'clock and lasting till ten or eleven; which would suit both old and young, so whole families could be invited. In this way you could give the frolic the character of a lawn *fête*, and have jack-o'-lanterns hung under the trees and on the veranda. Supper should be at six o'clock, with tables on the lawn and veranda for the younger set, and others in the house where those poor mortals who are afraid of draughts could be made comfortable.

A barn dance is another delightfully informal affair whose rural flavor has proved so fascinating that the people who are weary of Patriarch's and Matriarch's dances, and all the other "swell" functions of the season in town, find a new zest in social intercourse freed from its usual ceremonies.

The first step in preparation is, of course, to make the barn spotlessly clean. The matter of decoration is a simple one, for the whole forest can be brought in to hide anything unsightly; and as for hands to do the work, your guests, city boys and girls, will enjoy doing their part as much as they will the dance that follows. And the ingenuity and taste these young folk will develop when given a chance will surprise you as well as themselves! As liberal a use of flags and gay bunting or cheese-cloth can be made as is convenient. The bright Japanese lanterns will come in play for lighting, or, if these are not accessible, pretty candle-shades can be made in a trice out of *crêpe* tissue-paper. For seats, by piling hay to a convenient height and covering it with rugs and carpet, you can have a continuous divan, *à la Turque*, running round the wall.

The supper should correspond with the barn, and be of a substantial, old-timey character, which does not mean, however, that all delicacies must be banished, for our grandmothers knew how to make delicious cakes, jellies, and preserves, and as many of these things as are convenient you can have; but aim at abundance without elaboration. Foaming pitchers of buttermilk should decorate the board, and milk-pails full of milk with a milk dipper to serve it. Pumpkin shells and wooden trenchers stacked high with doughnuts, crullers, frosted patty-cakes, buttered rolls, and sandwiches, will be in keeping, and tempt appetites that turn wearily from the French *chef's* most skillful efforts.

A great, roomy barn is also just the place for a harvest festival, which is one of the most appropriate and enjoyable entertainments for August or September. All the grains and late fruits—especially bright red apples—should be used for decoration. Refreshments would be the same as for a barn dance, unless the festival be turned into a picnic, in which case there would be even more informality.

It would be a good plan to have games, running, jumping, and wrestling, tennis, and ball, and even a bicycle race, with a harvest queen

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to preside over the games, crown the victors, and award trifling prizes. These hints can be expanded to turn the harvest festival into a church entertainment, ideas for which are always at a premium in country neighborhoods.

For many years straw-rides have been a favorite amusement at summer resorts, and you can hardly please city visitors more than by showing them the attractions of your neighborhood in this simple fashion. If you have a pretty lake or viewing spot within easy driving distance, that can be made the objective point for the drive, with luncheon *al fresco*, in other words, a picnic, but not of the sort that deserves Samantha Allen's satirical term "an exertion;" for the whole aim of this little talk is to lead the way to simplicity and ease in the management of the pleasures of life.

E. A. FLETCHER.

Correspondence Club.

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

"V. E. C."—We can give no addresses in this column. Try any hair-dresser or wig-maker.—Seek the advice of your local photographer. Amateur photography is an expensive pastime; but if pursued with patience by one of artistic taste, so that you can succeed in doing as good work as a professional, it can be made to pay. Nothing but the best work ever pays, or is acceptable anywhere.

"L. A. R."—"Maine Punch" is made like any good lemonade, with the addition of other fruits in season,—various berries, cherries, and oranges. The berries are mashed and strained, two or three orange rinds are rubbed with sugar to extract their oil, and after grating, mingled with the juice of the other oranges and lemons.

"E. V. H."—Your son could continue his music studies in connection with his college work almost anywhere; but there is no course in music in the higher colleges for men. Write to Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, and to Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Penn., for special information.

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"L. M. H."—For your black India silk the model "Cool and Graceful," in the August number, would be pretty, and is about what you ask for; but with your wide hips would recommend a trimming like that in "Ribbon Bretelles," same number, as more becoming. With it, a plain, full skirt, with narrow ruffles of lace with jet heading, around the bottom, would look well.

"L. B.," of Duluth, Minn., who sent a poem "*On Dit*" to this office, is requested to send her name and address.

"E. S. Y."—For the third time within a year we give to the "constant readers" of this column the pronunciation of the name Demorest. It is pronounced as spelled, with slight accent on the first syllable. Dem'-o-rest.

"LIZZIE."—If there were any "sure" remedies for thin hair or positive specifics to make it curl, every woman and girl would have a fine head of curly hair. We can give no better remedy than that already advised many times: Rub the scalp gently and thoroughly several times a week with vaseline, being careful to get as little of it on the hair itself as possible; and every day, night and morning, massage the scalp with the tips of the fingers; it takes but a few moments, and is more efficacious than brushing. Quinine tonics are also good for the hair; and it should be shampooed once in two weeks. The hair-dressers use lycopodium powder to keep the hair in curl.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The words you quote, "I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother," are from Tennyson's poem "The May Queen." It can be found in any volume of his poems.

"M. I. M."—The Empress Josephine is buried in the church of Rueil, France. The king of Rome, known as the Duke of Reichstadt, lies in the vaults of the Austrian imperial family in the church of St. Augustine, Vienna; and his mother, Marie Louise, is probably there also. The Pantheon in Paris is a church, and bears also the name St. Geneviève's, as it was built through the influence of Mme. de Pompadour to replace the old church of that name. The word is from the Greek, and means a temple dedicated to the gods; and the Paris Pantheon has served to perpetuate the memory of illustrious Frenchmen, having been alternately dedicated as a Pantheon and a church, and *vice versâ*. Its crypts contain monuments and tablets to Voltaire, Rousseau, Lannes, and many others.—A sapphire is a blue stone, and the deepest shades are most valuable.

"MRS. DELIA M. F."—A defect in the shape of the flue prevents a chimney's drawing well. Any mason who understands his work can tell you how it should be constructed.—Four centuries before Christ,—in the reign of Darius III.,—there was a square bit of paper attached to the silver daric, a coin of small value.—It depends altogether upon the person whether going up or down hill is most fatiguing. You can easily prove it in your own case by selecting a steep hill for the experiment.—Men have lived six weeks on water.—"Fire-proof" is applied to things which are supposed to be unburnable.—We know of no flower larger than the giant sunflower, which has been grown in this country larger than the top of a peck measure.—Seven miles and one hundred and thirty-one feet is the highest altitude ever attained by a balloonist.—Petroleum is a fixed oil and cannot be manufactured.—The moa, an Australian bird, builds a nest seven feet long.—If you mean the highest statue, probably Bartholdi's Liberty, in New York Harbor, is the highest; it is 324 feet high. If you mean mere bulk, the Sphynx, in Egypt, is the largest.—Marbles are made in Nuremberg.

"KATHERINE."—We do not know the material about which you inquire. If we had the address we could not give it in these columns, as we have repeatedly stated.

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"MRS. W. C. W."—If you had given us some idea of the situation, arrangement, or furnishing of the suite of rooms, it would be a simpler task to find a suitable name for them; or even something about the young men who are to occupy them, and their tastes, might suggest something to the imagination. "The Snuggery" would suit some, and "The Growlery" might be very appropriate. Here are some others: "Go As You Please Club," "Happy Luck Corner," "The Kennebunk," "The Minnesink," "Mt. Minsi Hall," "The Bears' Den," "Good-Fellows' Hall."

"AN OLD LADY."—There are many "Old Ladies' Homes" in New York and vicinity. They are most of them denominational, and applicants for admission are usually required to be members of that particular denomination; but, aside from this, conditions vary in the different homes. Usually a sum of money—from two to three hundred dollars—is required. You would better write to some special home—one under the care of your church—for full particulars.

"L. M. E."—Use the fitted lining of any corsage pattern for a high-necked corset cover; let it flare over the hips about two inches in depth, and cut it square or V-shaped at the throat. Trim with a narrow insertion and edge. Our pattern, the "Agatha" corset-cover, is an excellent one.

Gleanings.

SWIMMING AS A TONIC.

THERE is a wonderfully restorative power in the exercise of swimming, and every woman who has the opportunity to learn should avail herself of it. Nothing is more healthfully stimulating to the nerves, nor more beneficial in strengthening the powers of self-control, calmness, and equipoise. Music-masters in Germany frequently recommend it to their pupils as a means of sustaining them through their months of hard work; and timely resort to the swimming-pool has prevented many an ambitious, overworked student from breaking down, and enabled her to carry her studies to a successful conclusion. A new swimming-school has been opened to the women of New York in the former Manhattan Athletic Club, and there are very many expert pupils there. The tank is one hundred feet long and about twenty-five wide. It goes without saying that the swimmer derives twice the advantage from open-air sea-bathing that her timid sister who has to cling to the ropes and submit to be buffeted about by every breaker does; and it is not surprising that learning to swim has become one of the sensible fads of the day. It is claimed for swimming that in no other exercise is the exertion distributed so generally, calling into action all the muscles of the body: it thus develops and rounds out weak muscles, and works off superfluous flesh from the corpulent.

KISSING IS OUT OF FAVOR.

WITH the growing cult of hygiene and physical culture, people have been roused to an appreciation of the danger in promiscuous kissing. The kiss is recognized as a very possible source of disease; and careful mothers endeavor to protect their little ones from the too frequently tendered caresses of friends and acquaintances,—well-meaning but thoughtless people who are not yet up-to-date with modern thought, and do not know that for reasons in-

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controvertible the fiat has gone forth that the kiss shall lapse into "innocuous desuetude." It is voted bad form for women to exchange kisses, and the society girl is very chary of bestowing them even upon her most intimate friends.

THE PEPPER-TREE.

AMONG the many forms of Oriental vegetation which have taken with perfect kindliness to the soil and climate of Southern California, the pepper-tree appears to be one of the most adaptable. It grows and flowers as freely as in its Oriental habitat. A peculiarity of the pepper-leaf when broken across and cast upon the surface of a dish containing water was noticed as far back as the time of Zosimus the Greek, who says: "The pieces appear to approach and recede as if instinct with life. They swim about the surface with so much regularity that you cannot believe that they are not guided by some shreds of intellect." Modern scientific investigation suggests—though it has not yet proved—that some explosion of gas from the small tubes of the leaves occasions their sudden darting to and fro. The pepper-tree is exempt from the ravages of most, though not all, forms of caterpillar, which makes it a valuable shade-tree in a grub-infested region.

GABBLE AND SCRIBBLE.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, moralizing on the times we live in, says: "We read, write, and talk too much; and this sin is growing upon us. It is one of the calamities of an age too exclusively intellectual." He draws a painful picture of the unemotional men and women of this *fin de siècle* period and the unprofitable character of the work emanating from their dry brains; and among other clever things says: "We are getting to the pitch where gabble and scribble will comprise all our life."

SUBTERRANEAN LONDON.

A FORCEFUL lesson for metropolitan students and commissioners of rapid transit is given by recent statistics with reference to underground railways in London. The new city and Waterloo line will, on emerging from the river, run up Queen Victoria Street for a part of the way underneath the low-level sewer, which in its turn runs beneath the tunnel of the District Underground Railway. Thus, below a busy main thoroughfare, there is first a steam-railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, and beneath that an electric railway, which will reach its terminus at a depth of sixty feet below the street level; and here it will connect with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of eighty feet below the surface.

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Modern Color Effects.

The beautiful shadings now produced in the coloring of textile fabrics is a chemical achievement which is more to be appreciated in view of the peculiar fact that such shadings or mixtures are often more easily made than are solid shades. The art is, in fact, so perfect at the present time that from two or more solid shades, any number of similar mixture shades can be produced by altering the proportions in which they are blended together. Thus, from a dark blue and light lavender, every variety of shade may be produced between the two: five parts of blue and one part of lavender will produce a dark blue lavender mixture; two parts of blue and four of lavender will produce a lavender mixture of light degree; and one part of blue and five of lavender exhibit an extra light lavender mixture. Of course these proportions may be again varied, and different hues procured by adding small quantities of red, orange, black, white, etc., according to the precise class of shade desired. Such are the means by which combinations of hues are now obtained of bright and imposing colors; and in blending these become subdued in their distinctive fixtures, presenting novel and attractive shades.

Surgical Improvement of Musical Touch.

It has been strenuously advocated, and upon high authority, that musicians should have the transverse bands which attach the extensor tendon of the ring-finger to those of the middle and little finger surgically divided. Some musicians claim that much greater flexibility is the result, while others say that complete paralysis may result. Schumann, the composer and pianist, recognizing the feebleness of the ring-finger in performance, tied that finger back for a long time, and in the end maimed his hand so that he had to give up playing. He became a composer in consequence, and the world gained by his mistake; but not every performer has a genius for composition, so it would be well to hesitate before trying to improve upon nature.

Chemicals in the Laundry.

The destruction of linen in the laundry by the use of corroding chemicals has been the source of bitter complaint for many years. Now that investigation on a scientific basis has been undertaken, together with the formulation of laws regulating the use of cleansing materials, there is some hope that the evil may be checked. In France a laundryman has been

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compelled to pay the full price of goods destroyed by the use of chemicals. The use of Javelle water, chloride of lime, oxalic acid, and other corrosive substances, should be, and shortly will be, forbidden by law, as not only destructive of garments, but as liable to injure health by absorption through the skin. The danger from this source is all the greater as being insidious and hidden.

Joseph Jefferson's Summer Home.

Crow's Nest, the beautiful summer home of Joe Jefferson, at Buzzard's Bay, which was sacrificed to the fire fiend last autumn, has been replaced by one of the handsomest structures in that part of the country. It will be remembered that many priceless curios—furniture and works of art—vanished in smoke and flames at that time, and Mr. Jefferson received widespread sympathy from his immense circle of friends and admirers for his irreparable loss. But, in no wise cast down, with true Rip Van Winkle-ish lightness and gayety of heart, that calamity but increased Mr. Jefferson's ardor in the pursuit of curios, and he has developed great shrewdness and finesse in acquiring his valuable finds. His Louisiana home, which contained many beautiful and interesting old pieces of furniture,—the accumulations, in New Orleans, of thirty years,—has contributed towards the furnishing of the new cottage. Curiously enough Mrs. Jefferson does not share in her husband's *penchant* for things antique, and has the unfeminine notion that one dollar in the bank is worth two curios in a cabinet.

Compositions of Bach.

The Bach Society, which now numbers over five hundred persons, with headquarters in Leipsic, Germany, is engaged in publishing the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, the great mass of which were left in manuscript at the time of his death. Some idea of their enormous volume may be gained from the recently published thematic catalogue, which contains 1,100 instrumental themes and 1,936 for voices.

Another Specific for Long Life.

This time it is not a member of the medical fraternity, but a writer, no other than the well-known French *littérateur* M. Jules Simon, who has discovered the elixir of life; and desiring to benefit humanity, he makes no secret of it, but gives the formula in two words, weighty in significance,—intellectual work. M. Simon is convinced that nothing so materially helps to maintain physical strength as mental employment, and cites as proof of his theory the imposing members of the French Institute, most of them hale and hearty octogenarians.

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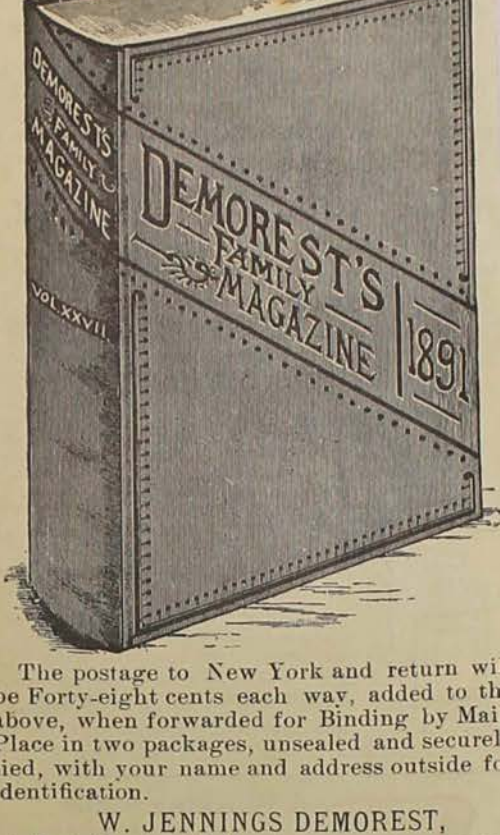

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er by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

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MISS NEWCOMBE:—"Seems to be rather a good year this for fruit, Giles. Are all your trees as full of apples as that one?"

GILES:—"Oh, naw; only the apple trees."

PHYSICIAN (with ear to patient's chest):—"There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once."

PATIENT (anxiously):—"That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much."

"PAPA," said little Katie, "do you know how high those clouds are?"

"No, child," answered her father, with an indulgent smile.

"Well," said Katie, regarding them with critical eye, "I do. They're cirrus clouds, and they're about three miles and a half high. You didn't have very good schools when you was little, did you papa?"

THE governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?"

"A red-hot poker!"

"YOU cannot judge a man by the umbrella he carries."

"Why not?"

"Because the chances are it belongs to somebody else."

"SIR, will you allow me to shake hands with you, as that will create an impression that there is somebody here whom I know?"

"Delighted, sir, I am sure. I am in the same predicament as yourself."

"I'VE got a cold or something in my 'ead," was what the simple little chappie said. The summer girl, with roguishness demure, replied, "Oh, it must be a cold, I'm sure."

"YOU don't know how much your book has helped me, Mr. Scribbs."

MR. SCRIBBS:—"You flatter me."

"I mean every word of it. Whenever I am restless I go get your book and inside of fifteen minutes I'll be asleep."

ANGELINA:—"That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do those initials 'E. C.' mean on the inside?"

EDWIN:—"Why—er—that is—don't you know that's the new way of stamping eighteen carats?"

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AUNT MANDY (at concert):—"Now, what's the next thing to be done?"

UNCLE JOSIAH:—"They're goin' to sing 'For a Thousand Years'"

AUNT MANDY:—"For the land sake, Josiah, you'd better sell the tickets or telegraph the children what's keepin' us"

GENTLEMAN (to house agent):—"The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp."

HOUSE AGENT:—"Disadvantage, sir? Advantage, I call it. In case of fire it wouldn't be so likely to burn."

A LADY who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that, as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Now is it, really?" remarked the lady; "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

AN Irish servant girl came to her mistress one morning begging permission to go to the dentist to have an aching "toot" filled, saying that it had been going "thumpity-thump, thumpity thump" all night. When the girl returned, her mistress asked, "Well, Katie, did you have the tooth filled?"

"Oi did, mum."

"What did you have it filled with?"

"Oi don't know just phwat it was, mum, but, from the way it fales, Oi should t'ink it was t'under and loightning he'd put into it, mum."

SOME years ago a well-known divine was spending his summer holidays with his family in the country. One Sunday he accepted an invitation to preach in one of the churches of that region. In the congregation was a man who apparently was very deaf, for he came to the service armed and equipped with an immense brass ear-trumpet, and, as soon as the service began, went forward and took his seat well up on the pulpit stairs. The clergyman's little daughter was among the congregation. She had never seen an ear-trumpet, and the spectacle of the form on the pulpit stairs steadily holding that instrument to its head filled her with awe and wonder. On her way home from church, the first thing she said to her father when they were alone was: "Papa, was that an archangel by you?"

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