DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. 391. JANUARY, 1896. Vol. 32, No. 3.

WOMAN'S INDUSTRIES AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

"My! ain't that pretty! My Samanthy Magnolia could do that ef she jest know'd how."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt woman, and she stood admiringly over a young woman who was spending the summer in her cabin, and who at this moment was busy on a bit of fine linen embroidery.

MISS POGOSKY, MAKING RUSSIAN LACE.

Samanthy Magnolia sat in the doorway making that hopelessly homely thread trimming which adorns the undergarments of so many benighted country-women. The yellow dog wagged his tail against the churn near by. The cabin was neat, but so bare, so crude, so utterly free from feminine grace. Samanthy Magnolia was hopeless and forlorn; her feet were bare, and the homespun frock she wore was dyed a dreadful color, and was woven in her own loom. The occupant of the chair looked at her with a pitying, thoughtful glance.

The girl cast her dull eyes upward to where the hands of the city woman were plying the embroidery-needle.

"I wisht ther' wus somethin' I could learn to do whut I could git pay fur," she said, sadly. "The men folks they makes liquor outer the mountain corn; but us wimmin, we ain't got no chance. I did send some uv this thr trimmin' to town, but nobody would buy hit. Seems there oughter be somethin' I mout do."

This set the town woman to thinking; when she w back to Atlanta the Exposition was starting, and w Woman's Board was appointed, with herself as one members, she arose one day and said:

"Ladies, we all know about and believe in the education. We women of the South, of the higher believe in the advancement of our sex in every way; but in this faith in the higher education let us not overlook the lower education. Let us bring into this Woman's Building something tangible, something practical, by which the masses of women may learn the simple and beautiful industrial arts which they can pursue by their own firesides with their children about their knees. These

THE SILK WEAVERS AND EMBROIDERERS FROM YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

A RUSSIAN LACE-MAKER.

he things that appeal to simple women. They will more to them than all the theories of progress and ty, than all the accomplished specimens of decorative ine needlework, or music or science. Let us show m the old-world industries that have made nations of eat, thrifty people."

From this suggestion, brought forward at the inception of the Woman's Department, the working exhibits were evolved, and Mrs. Clark Howell, wife of the managing editor of the Atlanta Constitution, was elected chairman of the department. To her is due all the credit of its success; for she undertook it and made it the great feature that it is, without one bit of aid from others.

It seems, by the way, particularly appropriate that this sweet, clever little woman, who is an ideal wife and mother, should represent a beautiful feature of the Woman's Building, that is essentially feminine and domestic in all its bearings. Mrs. Howell is a very intellectual woman, and believes thoroughly in the progress of her sex in every artistic and industrial way.

"Where is the working exhibit?" did you ask?

Well, go with me to the Woman's Building and you shall see it. It is in the upper gallery, where, ranged about the walls, are little booths containing women at work on various ornamental industries, the products of which they offer for sale to the visitors. The sewing-machine is, of course, a very commercial thing, but it seems right and proper, since so much has been accomplished

THE ENGLISH LACE-MAKER WINDING HER BOBBINS.

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON,
President of Woman's Board.

MRS. W. P. LANIER,
First Vice-President of Woman's Board.

MRS. CLARK HOWELL,
Chairman of Working Industrial Department.

MRS. EDWARD CONYNINGHAM PETERS,
Chairman of Building Committee.

MRS. ALBERT THORNTON,
Treasurer of Woman's Board.

MRS. A. B. STEELE,
Secretary of Woman's Board.

by women in the last ten years through its instrumentality, that it should be the first thing represented. One finds it at the head of the stairway, and plying the two

EXHIBIT FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION OF SILK-WEAVERS.

machines, which are especially for embroidery on silk, are two pretty Yorkshire girls. They were taught silk-weaving in their own country, and the silk handkerchiefs and fabrics are woven by their own loom. The handkerchiefs are embroidered on the machine by the girls, and about them stand an interested crowd of onlookers, watching their deft fingers and the quick fashion in which they form into perfect pattern the designs on the silk fabrics. They are pretty girls, too, and they speak in good, round, clearly enunciated English which it is a delight to hear.

Next to them comes an American industry which was discovered by a woman, and is a good illustration of that Yankee shrewdness which utilizes all available material; here paper is stamped and decorated to represent leather. The crowd moves on, and from its midst comes the high, twanging voice of the country cracker:

"Gracious goodness, Sarey! look at thet lace! Ain't she a mover? En it's finer than yer thread trimmin'. I believe yer could make it if yer jest tried."

Sarey is a gaunt, benighted country-girl, and she leans over the little English lace-maker with enchanted eyes.

"Where did yer come frum?" asks the Georgia cracker; and then the English girl, working nimbly with her bobbins all the while, tells the woman how she was born and reared in Bedfordshire, the only place in England where the Duchesse and Maltese laces are made. A wonderful story is this of the cottagers who have for three hundred years carried on this refined art. The girls begin at five years old.

"Instead of a doll," says the Englishwoman, "the mothers give their little girls a lace-cushion; this is their plaything, and many a little tot pillows her head at night on the implement about which her hands have been kept busy all day. The children learn their vocation in the cottage of some neighbor, and the patterns are given them by merchants who come every year and order the designs."

"And how long does it take," asked Sarey, picking up a lace cap a hundred years old, "ter make anything like this?"

"Oh, about nine months," is the reply; "but, you see, when it is finished one gets five hundred dollars for it."

Next to this stand is the pyrographer's booth. She is a pretty, black-eyed little Teuton, who looks like a Frenchwoman and talks the broken English of a Parisian. With deft fingers she plies the little implements which outline upon leather various artistic and graceful designs. The art of pyrography is a comparatively new one, and women have made a great success in it; their etchings upon wood and leather being some of the best examples of that art which it has to offer. The pretty Franco-German is swift in her work, and one can get his name upon pen-wipers, books, belts, and any number of other souvenirs, while he waits

THE ASSYRIAN BOOTH.

A little space divides her from the Assyrian booth, wherein sits a woman of the Orient, weaving wonderful colors upon a wooden frame. Here are bright banners and draperies, silk fabrics that can be drawn through a ring, ornamental jeweled stuffs fine enough for the palace of Aladdin. This is a beautiful booth, full of wonders and replete with industrial interest. The exhibit comes from an Assyrian school for girls, and in its exquisite fabrics are interwoven the passions, pains, and pleasures of a race of women who have for hundreds of years told their history in the warp and woof of their handiwork,—who, ignorant in an intellectual sense, have woven tragedies in temple-cloths, and poems in bits of silk drapery. Here, indeed, is represented the great strength and beauty of feminine expression, strangely harmonious in its ignorance of method and meaning, but great, withal, through that daintiness of execution, that refinement of feeling, with which the feminine temperament is endowed.

At the end of the hall opposite the silk embroiderers is a silk-weaver whose little booth represents a truly American industry, the Woman's Silk Culture Association of the United States. It was Mrs. Harriet Ann Lucas, whose connection with the World's Columbian Exposition is very well known, who took up the idea of silk culture as a feminine industry in the United States, and the good work which she started has gone on steadily prospering until now the association is represented by four large bodies of women. The State Association at Philadelphia has purchased, from women cultivating silk, twelve thousand pounds of cocoons ; it has sold seventeen hundred pounds of commercial raw silk; has manufactured fifteen hundred yards of raw silk ; has made sixty United States flags ; has made large quantities of silk ribbon and fringe ; and to every agricultural fair in the Union has sent exhibits of the various departments of silk culture. Besides this, it has sent exhibits of the work, with reel and reeler, to nearly every large exposition held within the last decade, and exhibited the work and reeling in England and Scotland. Here, then, is an American industry well worth knowing, and one which, owing to climatic conditions, must become a great factor in the progress of the women of the South in industrial endeavor.

In the back hall of the upper floor is arranged the Russian peasant cottage, and, sitting there, like some Oriental jewel in a precious setting, is a pretty, high-bred, young Russian girl working briskly upon her lace-cushion. She, too, represents a great industry, and all of the embroidered dresses about the wall, the enamels in gold and silver and jewels, the Russian clothes studded with jewels, are the work of women.

"My daughter ees not a peazant," says Madame her mother : "but she ees now representing one of ze Russian village girls, who are taught lace-making from ze age of five year."

Madame will show you beautiful laces from the peasant lace-school in Russia, all of them done by children, little girls who have agile fingers and the patience to work at these tiresome patterns which older people cannot master. All the finest laces, she will tell you, are made by the children.

Yes, Samanthy Magnolia is here, and though she may ask ignorant questions and finger the little Russian to find out if she is alive or a wax figure, her dull eyes are seeking out the new lights of practical industry, which is the one thing that will bring progress and prosperity into the Southern country. Not only to the white women of the lower class will this department of working industries prove a suggestive lesson toward development, but to the colored women, also. In the old days the mistress of a plantation took pride in her women slaves ; she taught them the art of fine needlework, of dressmaking, of weaving fine homespun in pretty patterns. But when her slaves were taken away she lost interest in them ; she could not adapt herself to the new conditions, nor could the new conditions adapt themselves to her. But the new woman of the South sees that the development and prosperity of her country must come through industrial endeavor.

The eternal fitness of things is something which is constantly evidenced to the philosophical thinker. Take this woman movement, for instance. In the West, where in many sections morals are so lax and vice ungoverned, the woman movement is moral and religious. In the North, where the scar upon human life is the love of greed and gain, the woman thought is high and altruistic. In the East, overflowing with a vast majority of women who need to govern themselves and protect their rights and property, the woman movement is that of political equality. In the South, where the heart of the warm Southern land is just beginning to lift itself above sorrows, loss, and financial depression, the woman movement is industrial. How beautiful are all these facts, how potent in their meaning, bespeaking, as they do, that feminine spirit which, through all time, must and will lead in the march of progress,—that spirit, gentle and strong, far-seeing and uplifting.

In the Woman's Building many new ideas are exploited, and great are the pleasures and benefits derived from lectures and talks on the higher progress ; but, summing up its purposes, the industrial department stands as its very central meaning, embodying, as it does, that germ of suggestion which will in time blossom forth into splendid, prosperous achievement.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

SOME RECENT INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES.

CUPID has never been credited with much common sense. He has always been regarded as a Will-o'-the-wisp little gentleman, as apt to send his arrows flying in the wrong direction as the right, thereby causing endless trouble in the world as well as infinite happiness. But Cupid's reputation has not quite done him justice ; he can be eminently wise and practical when in the humor, as certain notable marriages in the past, where rank on one side and wealth on the other have been united to the mutual satisfaction of the contracting parties and all their connections, bear testimony.

These marriages of wealth and title have been rather severely criticised as being marriages purely of convenience,—business transactions at which valuable commodities, namely, the bride's *dot* on the one hand, and the title and social distinction on the other, are exchanged without due regard for the divine passion, love. It is true that international marriages, considered as a whole, may offer

some grounds for suspicion and criticism on this account; but nobody has a right to venture an adverse opinion in individual cases, for who can read the hearts of the man and woman closely enough to say that the darts of Cupid are not imbedded there? Because a foreigner is of titled family and an American girl is an heiress it does not follow that they cannot love each other. They and those who have their confidence alone can know. Others who presume to criticise do so without true knowledge of the circumstances, and are therefore in the wrong.

The last but one of these marriages, that of Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, carries us back to one of the first that attracted public notice, for the young Duchess of Marlborough is the namesake of Consuelo Yznaga, an American girl who married Lord Mandeville in Grace Church in 1876, and is now the Duchess of

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Manchester. There is a connection, too, between the Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding and another of international character. The young duke's father, came to America seven years ago and carried off as his bride Mrs. Hammersly, who had come into immense wealth upon the death of her first husband, Mr. Louis Hammersly. There was no ostentation about her marriage to the duke. They simply walked into the mayor's office in New York, had the knot tied, and walked out again. The duke died in 1892, and the Duchess of Marlborough recently married Lord William Beresford. She was Lily Price, of Troy, New York, before her matrimonial ventures, and is sometimes called "the fair lily of Troy."

Besides Lord Mandeville and the late Duke of Marlborough numerous scions of noble families have been fortunate enough to win American brides during the last two decades, but public appreciation of the interesting features and importance of these marriages was not fully aroused until it was announced in the winter of 1893 that Miss Cornelia Martin, only daughter of Bradley-Martin, a prominent New York millionaire, was speedily to become the Countess of Craven. Little was known of the prospective bride, as she was only sixteen years old and had never appeared in society. Her mother was not so obscure. She was an energetic woman who had climbed the social ladder, and from her vantage ground near the top entertained lavishly. At Bal-ma-caan, her home in the heart of the Scotch highlands, she gave balls and dinner-parties that caused the staid Scots to open their eyes in wonder. The every-day life at the country seat was one of incessant hospitality. Rarely did less than forty guests sit down to dinner, and members of the nobility were very frequently among them. Lord Craven came often, and love sprang up between him and Miss Martin.

On a beautiful spring day in 1893 the doors of Grace Church in New York City were thrown open for the wedding guests and the bridal party. Everybody is interested in a bride, of course, and it is well known that "all creation," or the larger part of it, at any rate, "loves a lord." The combined attraction of a young lady who was not only a bride but a great heiress as well, and a young man who was a real lord, proved too much for the dignity of some of the people of New York. When the carriages began to arrive, Broadway, from Tenth to Thirteenth Streets, was filled with a struggling mass of humanity that surged round the church doors like a restless sea. When the ceremony was nearly at an end, and Bishop Potter was delivering the benediction, the crowd broke all bounds and burst with a rush through a side door. Those in

THE MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT WEDDING PROCESSION.

MR. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT.

front were pushed by the excited sight-seers behind into the very middle of the church and in front of the altar itself. Nor were these intruders the only offenders against decorum and good taste. Even guests so far forgot themselves as to stand on the seats to get a good view of the embarrassed little bride, who was startled beyond measure by their surprising conduct, and to feast their eyes upon his lordship. The ceremony was over at last, and the countess and her husband were driven to the Bradley-Martin house, while the chimes of Grace Church rang out upon the spring air the Lohengrin wedding-march and a love song from Il Trovatore.

The unseemly actions of the crowd are mentioned, not because they were at all edifying, but because they point to a remarkable and unexpected condition. They seem to prove that, despite New York's boasted democratic spirit, the old-world instinct of veneration for hereditary greatness is still strong enough within her; that the citizens of

LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD.

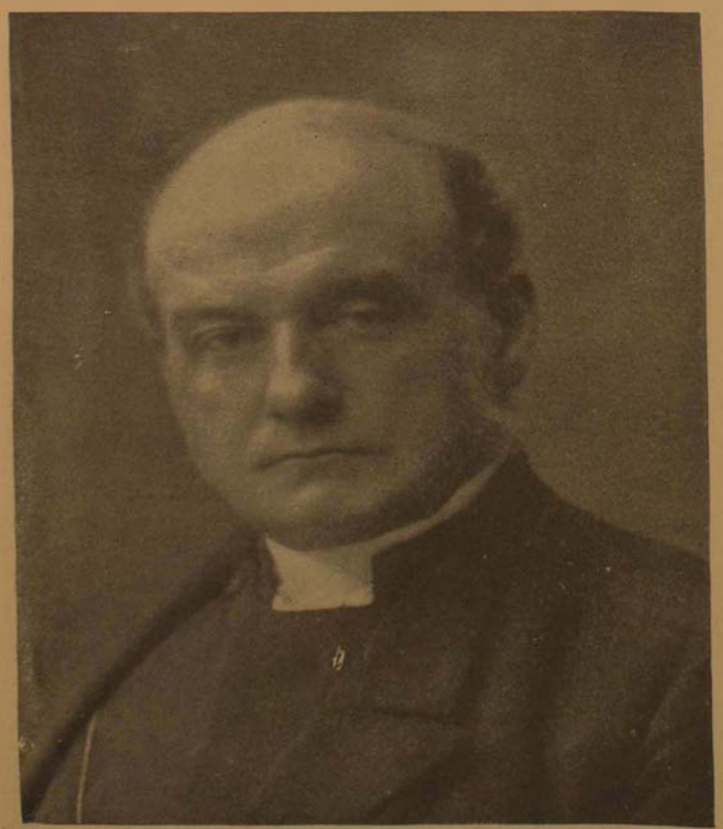
THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

this free republic do see, after all, a halo round the head of a "noble lord."

The young couple sailed away to England shortly after the wedding, and the vast majority of the people they left behind very speedily forgot all about the international marriage. Cupid was still very busy, but no other alliance that stirred the public heart so deeply occurred until Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the millionaire Jay Gould, and Count Boniface de Castellane, of the French nobility, met, loved, and were married in 1895. Miss Gould was a brunette of twenty, with an earnest, expressive face of much attractiveness, although without conventional beauty. Her accomplishments were those of the average young woman of wealth and refinement. The count, who had reached the age of twenty-seven, was a young man of medium height, slender and erect, of the blond type. Most important of all, from certain standpoints, his descent was irreproachable. Out of the dimness of the past the line takes definite form in the year 1000. Count Castellane's great-grandfather was one of Napoleon's marshals, and his father, the present marquis, is a nephew of Talleyrand.

ST. THOMAS' PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE.

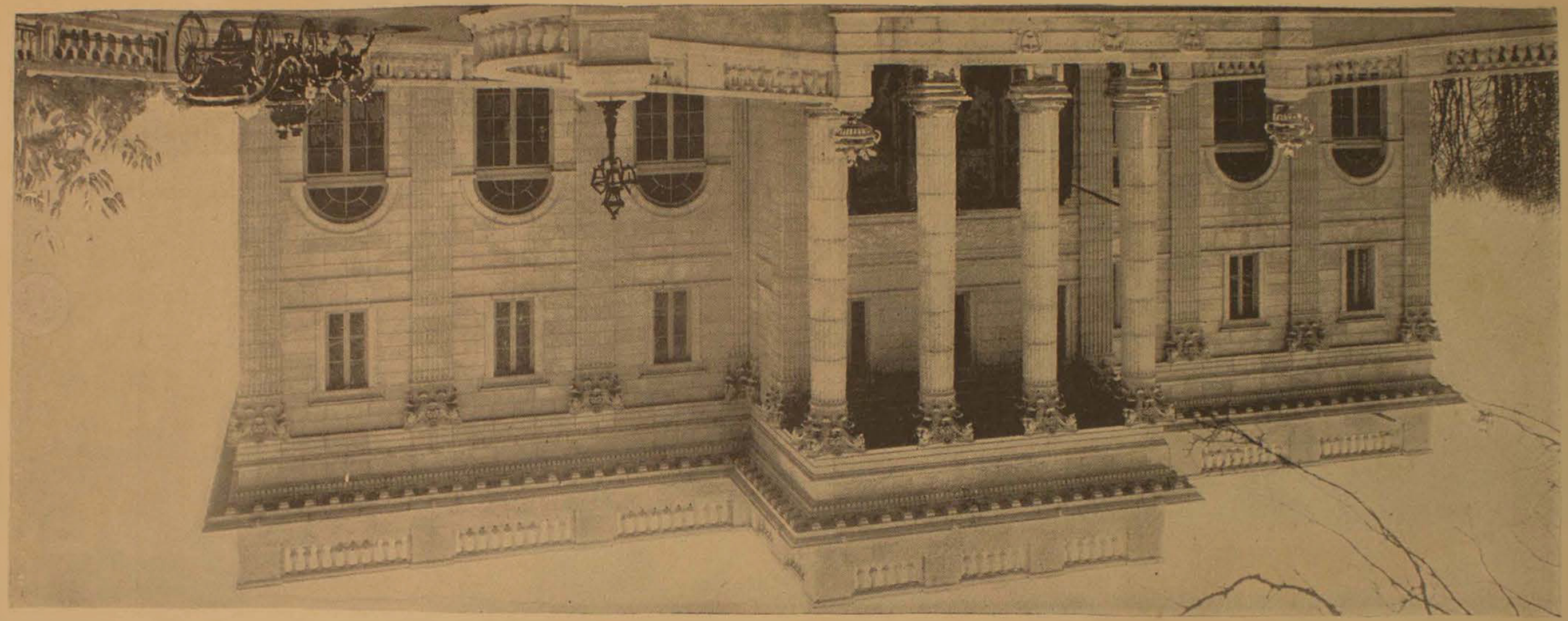
Perhaps it was the unpleasant experiences of the Bradley-Martins at Grace Church which led the Goulds to decide upon a home wedding. The ceremony was performed in the East India room of the Fifth Avenue residence of George Gould, the brother of the bride. The house was a fairyland of flowers on the day of the event. Soft music from instruments hidden in foliage, and the voice of a famous singer which rose upon the air out of a bower of roses and lilies-of-the-valley and festoons of smilax lit by a myriad of tiny electric lights, heralded the nuptials at high noon. Elsa's dream-song from Lohengrin suddenly filled the house with harmony; the hum of voices ceased, and the wedding guests took positions on either side of the flower-lined aisle. Archbishop Corrigan and his two assistants slowly approached from an alcove and stood upon the raised dais beneath a canopy of royal purple. Then the orchestra,



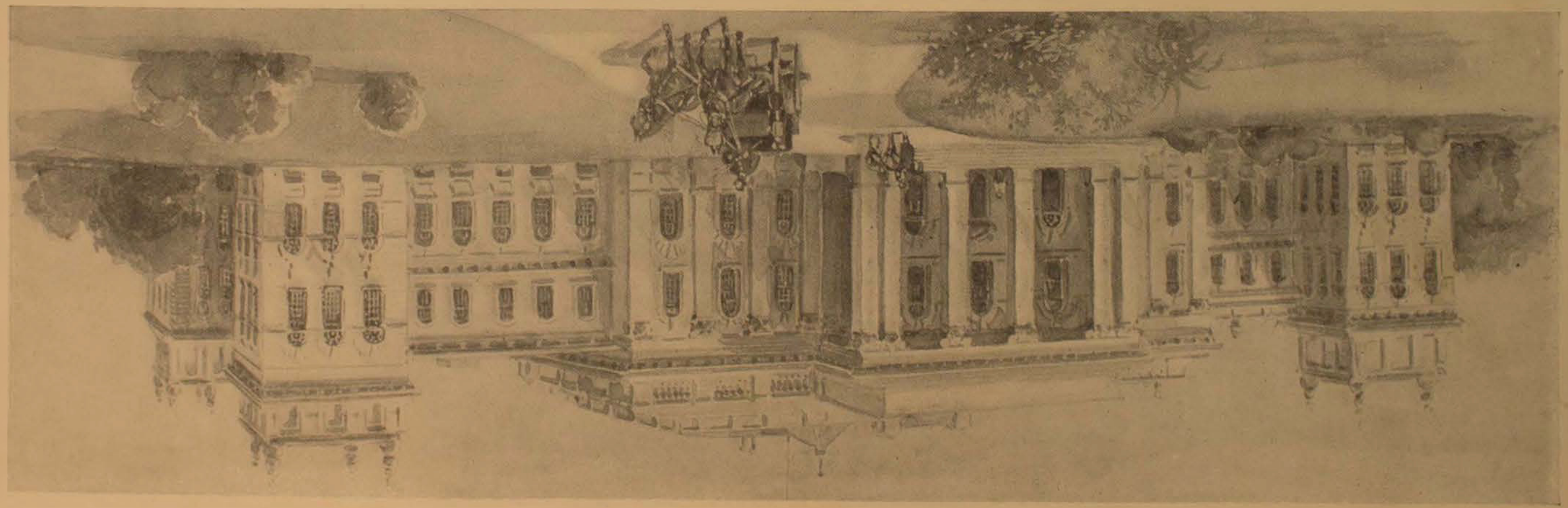
RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER, P. E. BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

REV. JOHN W. BROWN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'.

THE MARBLE HOUSE AT NEWPORT.



BLENHEIM, THE ANCESTRAL SEAT OF THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY.



From a Painting by Carolus Duran.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

accompanied by the organ, burst into the spirited wedding-music from Lohengrin, and the bridal party approached. The count and his brother followed in the footsteps of the clergy ; the ushers moved down the garlanded stairway and along the aisle to the dais ; following came the bridesmaids, dressed in white broadcloth and carrying great bouquets of pink and white orchids ; and then the bride appeared leaning on the arm of her brother George, her long train supported by her two small nephews in the costumes of court pages. The ushers separated and stood upon either side of the archbishop, the bridesmaids did the same, and the bride advanced and took her place by the side of her future husband, while a sweet soprano voice, accompanied by the organ and violin, was heard singing "Ave Marie." The wedding, fairly representative of those which occur in New York society, was a beautiful and impressive one. After the breakfast that followed, the count and his bride left for Miss Helen Gould's country-seat at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Soon afterward they crossed the ocean to France.

The ripples left by this notable wedding died away, when another great wave arose on the social sea and threw it into tumult. This was the marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, to Charles Spencer-Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough. The duke came to this country during the summer, ostensibly on a pleasure trip. He spent three weeks at Marble House, Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt's mansion at Newport, and it was soon announced that Miss Vanderbilt, who had just made her social début at Newport, was to be his bride. Immediately the lovers became the most widely talked-of persons of the day, and minute details of their personalities and of the approaching nuptials were published. The friendship of Miss Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough was formed in London in the early part of 1894, interested readers were informed by enterprising journalists ; the courtship began while Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter were guests at the famous old palace of Blenheim, early last summer, and it culminated in betrothal later in the season, at Marble House.

The duke is an unassuming young man of slender build, with sallow complexion and dark brown hair. He is just past twenty-four. He possesses much of the ability for which his family, the Churchills, have been noted, and takes great interest in literature and politics. At the opening of the present Parliament he made his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

The young Duchess of Marlborough is about eighteen years old, tall, and very slight, with a dignified and graceful bearing. She is a brunette, with a clear, olive complexion and black hair and eyes, her face small and somewhat oval in contour, with features rather irregular, but full of piquancy. She suggests the best type of Japanese beauty. Her friends say that her disposition is unusually sweet, and her manner is charming and unaffected. She dresses very simply, giving preference to white, and often her only ornament, despite the fact that the value of her jewels mounts into the millions, is a red rose or carnation in her dark hair. She is an expert tennis-player and is

The Vanderbilt House. The Tiffany House.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE, SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND MADISON AVENUE.

enthusiastic about bicycle riding. The truth is that she is not particularly distinguished from thousands of other charming American girls except in one thing; her marriage settlement was for many million dollars, and she is heiress to other millions.

No noble family in England has greater prestige than the Churchills. John Churchill was the first Duke of Marlborough, the title being conferred on him by Queen Anne in 1702 for his illustrious service in behalf of England in the war against the armies of Louis Fourteenth of France. Churchill was the greatest general of his age. Many of the succeeding Dukes of Marlborough and their collateral descendants have been conspicuous for ability. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, one of England's most brilliant statesmen, was the newly married duke's uncle. He, too, married an American girl, Miss Jenny Jerome, of New York. The fact that three of the Marlborough family, noted for its common sense and good judgment, have crossed the Atlantic for brides is no small compliment to the girls of the United States. The young duke might have had his choice of the most beautiful heiresses of the United Kingdom; for besides being personally attractive he has a most tempting array of titles. When he writes his name on ordinary occasions it is simply Charles Spencer-Churchill. It would take much too long to inscribe his full name and titles, as the following list will show: Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, Baron Churchill of Sandridge, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and Prince of Mindelheim in Suabia.

From the latest photograph by Davis & Sanford.

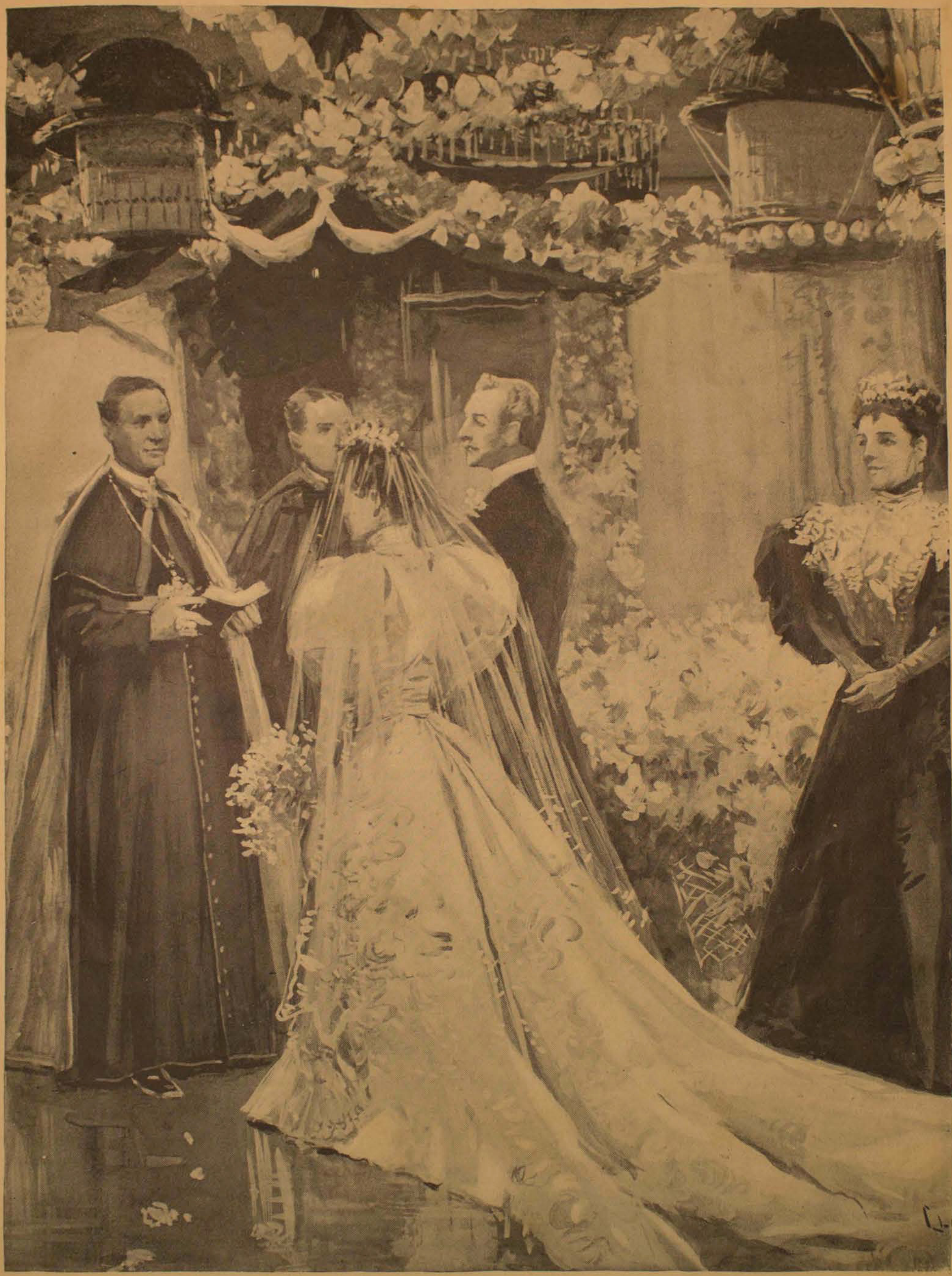
COUNT PAUL ERNEST BONIFACE DE CASTELLANE.

From the latest photograph by Davis & Sanford.

THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE.

The lineage of the young duchess may be outlined briefly. The founder of the Vanderbilt line in America was Aris Van Der Bilt, farmer, who migrated from Holland in 1685 and settled in Flatbush, Long Island. Jacob, his son, moved to a farm on Staten Island. This son had a son, Jacob Van Der Bilt, who remained a farmer. But the eldest son of the next generation, Cornelius Vanderbilt, enlarged his sphere of activity by engaging in ferrying as well as farming. It was his son Cornelius, first a boatman and finally a great railroad magnate and capitalist, who accumulated the immense fortune which made the Vanderbilts the wealthiest family in America. His eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, was the father of William K., whose eldest child is Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough.

The marriage of Miss Vanderbilt occurred in St. Thomas' Church, on Fifth Avenue, New York, at noon on November 6th, and was a most elegant and impressive function. The decorations of the church surpassed in elaboration and sumptuous beauty anything ever before seen. Bishop Potter and Bishop Littlejohn performed the ceremony assisted by several clergymen, and there was enchanting music. Eight young girls, the bride's most intimate friends were the bridesmaids. After the ceremony and the wedding breakfast amid a paradise of palms and orchids in Mrs. Vanderbilt's new residence on Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue



THE CASTELLANE-GOULD WEDDING CEREMONY.

the bride and her husband left for their honeymoon trip.

The future home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough will be the palace of Blenheim, which is said to be the finest private estate in the world. It was royal property, and the home of ancient and famous kings and queens before Queen Anne presented it to the first Duke of Marlborough in grateful recognition of his great victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, in 1704. Parliament appropriated three million dollars for the erection of the palace which contains some of the finest and most unique specimens of art in the world. The twenty-seven hundred acres of land abound in fountains and statuary, and fifteen hundred varieties of roses are cultivated on the grounds. There is much wild and charming natural scenery. The poet Chaucer lived within the gates, and ever since the place has been a theme for poets. It is a palace set in a veritable Garden of Eden, and the young American bride will reign as its honored mistress.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

VI.

MORE than once the Duchess de Louvet had drawn to her receptions advanced members of the National Assembly. The duke generally found business or pleasure elsewhere when the duchess crowded her country house with summer guests or her town quarters with Parisian society She had not been born in the purple, as the duke had. Her origin had linked the *bourgeoise* of trade with the *cordon bleu*. She had been a beauty in her time, and married the duke for wealth and station, he taking her in a freak of passion which soon came to an end. They loved each other for a month or two, and then both discovered separate individual amusements and occupations; but they were united in a sincere devotion to their only child, Mathilde.

It was more for the sake of Mathilde than to satisfy her own inclinations that the duchess had cultivated certain prominent leaders of the democracy of Paris, though she was more at home with members of the National Assembly and their wives than ever she had been with the high *noblesse*.

Mathilde was a true descendant of the De Louvet family, her pride somewhat tempered by the democratic influences of the times. She was not what the vulgar world calls beautiful, but she was a sweet, womanly creature, tall, graceful, with an intellectual face, fine eyes, a gracious carriage, and an amiable disposition. She was unaffected, sincere, and French in all those little unnamable charms that have given lessons to all nationalities. Her complexion was unusually fair and rosy for a Frenchwoman; otherwise she possessed the De Louvet characteristics, the oval face, short upper lip, delicately rounded chin, well-formed mouth, and a dignified repose of manner.

She loved the young Count de Fournier, but had a keen sense of the duty she owed to her parents; and it is quite possible that had they been united in pressing upon her the suit of the Deputy Grébauval she might have sacrificed her feelings and inclination upon the altar of obedience. But Mathilde was encouraged in her refusal of Grébauval by her father's objection to such a match, and also by a sentiment of family pride.

For the hour together Mathilde, on this fatal August day, had sat looking out from her window over the broad country stretching away to the Seine, and the woods and meadows of Courbevoie beyond, with its unreaped fields of yellow corn and its browning forest. Up to the very morning which was to usher in the sweet hour of her betrothal to the man she loved her mother had urged postponement, predicting some terrible dénouement of the ceremonial. The duchess had not dared to be frank with her daughter or the duke touching the more than vague warnings of Grébauval, St. Just, and other wire-pullers of the Assembly.

The hour set for the ceremony came at last. Many of the duke's friends had been faithful in their promise to be present, and a large company was arriving; but De Fournier had not yet come, and his absence began to be alarming.

"He is detained on some business of the king," said the duke, kissing Mathilde, ceremoniously, as was his wont. "They say His Majesty has at last asserted his royal authority."

"But where is his messenger?"

"Did you expect a messenger, my love?"

"Surely," said the girl, looking up pitifully into the steadfast eyes of her father. "There was the young man Ellicott; he should have come by his own impulse of devotion;" and her voice trembled with emotion.

"He may be here any moment," said the duke.

"If the king is in danger, or if he is in triumph," she said, "Henri is in peril, and Ellicott, too, if his dangerous service be discovered by the agents of Grébauval. I am overwhelmed with apprehension."

"Be comforted," was all the duke could say in reply; "be comforted. I will send your mother to you."

The duke, in his velvet breeches and silk stockings and his powdered wig (despite the scarcity of flour and the famine price of corn), tapped his snuff-box thoughtfully and sighed as he returned to the terrace of the principal *salon* of the château, where a gayly dressed company was eating *bonbons*, sipping syrups, and bandying about the latest scraps of news, the duchess in their midst, apparently the merriest of them all, almost youthfully alert in her movements, despite her stiff corset and high-heeled shoes.

"Go to Mathilde," said the duke, in a whisper, as he passed to welcome an old friend who had driven over in state from St. Germain.

"OH, my dear Mathilde!" said the duchess, flinging herself into a chair, "I am well-nigh driven mad."

'MADEMOISELLE WILL CONVEY NO LETTER FROM THE PRISON.'

"What tidings have you received, then?" asked Mathilde.

"Everything—nothing; the air is full of rumors. None of my friends are here to deny or confirm them."

"And Henri?"

"Not a word about him from anyone."

"And the girl, Bruyset?"

"Should have been here this morning," said the duchess; "no tidings of her by word or writing. My dear, we are lost. Oh, if you had only been advised by me," she continued. "Even now it is not too late."

"Too late for what?" asked the girl, rising to her feet. She knew too well what her mother was about to say.

"To take the hand of Monsieur Grébauval. No De Fournier was ever true to his wife."

"Mother!" said Mathilde, her long, white hands covering her ears.

"To Grébauval it would be a love-match, I'll swear it; he is as fine a figure as the other, his estate is not impoverished, he is rich in specie, too,—nay, I will speak, if it be for the last time,—rich and powerful, can protect you, can save us all from misery, perhaps from the scaffold!—who knows? Think of it. Only think of it!"

"Mother, you wrong yourself and me; you wrong my father, and you wrong Henri. Dear mother, don't break my heart."

"Your heart!" said the duchess, rising from the chair in which she had been rocking herself backward and forward to the disarrangement of her toilette. "You talk like some *bourgeoise* shop-girl who prefers François the hairdresser to Jacques the baker. Your heart, indeed! In your station marriage is a matter of state, of family, of business,—to use the most practical phrase; it is a contract between two parties who bring value on each side. Grébauval brings money, power, the good name of a statesman, the prospective authority of a ruler,—who knows?"

"Mother, forgive me; I cannot listen to you."

"Cannot listen to me!" said the duchess, shaking out her fan and posing in an attitude of defiance which became her well, for she was a fine woman, with a well-poised head, a figure straight as a Diana, and mobile features that responded to every emotion. "You cannot listen to me?"

"I said cannot, mother," replied Mathilde, the color coming suddenly back into her fair face, "I will not!"

"Very well, mademoiselle," said the duchess, "then go your own way to perdition!"

But she had no sooner uttered the unmotherly malediction than she burst into tears and flung herself into her daughter's arms, exclaiming between her sobs:

"My dear, I didn't mean what I said! But, oh, my poor child, we are surely lost! What will become of us?"

A hurried knock at the door brought back the duchess's self-possession. She withdrew from her daughter's arms, wiped her eyes, disappeared behind the screen of Mathilde's boudoir for a moment, and returned ready to meet the gaze of her waiting-woman, who brought a message from the duke.

"Will Madame la Duchesse be pleased to return to the salon? It is Monsieur le Deputé Grébauval who has arrived, with Captain Marcy of the National Guard."

"I will attend the duke immediately," said the duchess, with an assumed air of perfect self-possession.

VII.

"THE Deputy Grébauval and Captain Marcy of the National Guard!" said Mathilde to herself. "Captain Marcy is a new acquaintance of my mother's, I suppose. There is something she is hiding from us; she has some dreadful news. I'm sure of it!"

Presently she pushed one of the windows wide open, and shading her dark eyes with her hand gazed intently into the distance. Then, stepping out upon the balcony, she uttered a short, happy cry, followed by an exclamation of alarm.

"Yes, it is Henri! I'm sure it is! But why from that quarter? Surely he is pursued!"

She strained her eyes right and left, but no other horseman was in sight. As he drew nearer she noted the rider's hussar uniform. The dying rays of the afternoon sun sparkled on the scabbard of his sword. The crimson of his vest and the red stripes in his shako stood out against the green of the landscape. Arrived at the sunk fence of the park he slid from his saddle, and leading his horse into the cutting tethered it there and climbed the wall to the lawn. He took advantage of every bit of cover to conceal his approach. Yes, he was pursued. There was blood on his face. Mathilde felt all her strength leaving her; she fell over the window-seat, and only came back to sensibility some half an hour later, when the duke came for her.

Meanwhile the guests had begun to find it difficult to maintain a becoming composure in face of the extraordinary delay of the function at which they had been summoned to assist. The notary, with the marriage contract ready for the signatures, had been regaled with some of the château's best viands, and had fallen asleep.

It was a gayly dressed company: the gentlemen in silks and velvets, rich cravats with lace ends, frilled cuffs, silver-buckled shoes, brocaded coats, embroidered vests, and swords with jeweled hilts; the ladies in shot silks, high-heeled shoes, and dainty petticoats, many of them carrying gold-headed canes as well as exquisitely-painted fans. Grébauval in his tricolor sash, and his friend, Captain Marcy, in his uniform of the National Guard, stood out in striking contrast to the rest of the company.

"I have not the honor of Captain Marcy's acquaintance," said the duchess, "but any friend of our very good friend Monsieur Grébauval is welcome to the Château de Louvet." She thereupon presented Captain Marcy to several of the most aristocratic persons who surrounded her, and the duke bowed with great formality to both Grébauval and Marcy.

"You did not tell me that you had invited Monsieur Grébauval," said the duke, aside, to his wife.

"Nor had I," she answered, with a frankness that was unusual with her whenever Grébauval was in question.

"And his friend?"

"He is a stranger to me."

"What, then, may be the meaning of their presence?"

"I cannot tell."

At this instant the Count de Fournier, unperceived except by a trustworthy servant, was cautiously entering the house.

"Take me to the duke's private chamber, Joseph," said De Fournier to the duke's sturdy retainer, "and find an opportunity as quickly as you can to inform the duke that I am here."

"Yes, monsieur. Thank God, you have come!"

"I am pursued," said De Fournier. "Let no one but the duke know I am in the house."

He was bathing his face when the duke entered the room.

"Excuse me, my dear friend," said De Fournier. "I am making myself at home."

"My dear Henri," replied the duke, "you are wounded."

"Slightly," said the count, beginning to sponge his head, "but if you can find some clean linen I shall soon be ready to make my appearance."

THE arrival of the Deputy Grébauval instead of the Count de Fournier, the evident anxiety of the duchess, a hurried message which presently took the duke away, sudden rumors that a troop of the National Guard was stationed within the gates of the château gardens, and a remark made by Captain Marcy that the king was a prisoner and the Tuileries in the hands of the people, created considerable uneasiness among the guests bidden to the espousal of Mathilde de Louvet with Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier.

In the midst of the general disquietude the duke entered the chief salon leading in his daughter, with the count by her side, no longer in his uniform, but dressed in the style of the court of Louis XV.

"I present to you, my dear friends and neighbors," said the duke, "my daughter, Mathilde Henriette Hortense de Louvet, the contract of whose espousal with Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier, you honor us by being present to witness."

Vivas and shouts of "Long life and happiness!" greeted this announcement.

Hardly had the duke finished speaking and the cheers of his guests subsided when voices in altercation were heard at the entrance to the salon; and before the duke could turn to inquire the cause of it, the commissary of police, attended by his company of gendarmes under the command of the officer who had interrogated Pierre Grippin, forced their way into the room, the commissary uttering his shibboleth, "In the name of the law!"

Almost at the same moment the ladies were put aside, and the gentlemen, with few exceptions, drew their rapiers. Grébauval and his friend Captain Marcy remained apparently unmoved.

"Henri Lavelle, otherwise Count de Fournier, I arrest you, by order——"

The rest of the commissary's words were inaudible, a group of young bloods surrounding the count with shouts of protest and resistance.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the commissary, turning to the commander of the gendarmes, "do your duty!"

"Fix bayonets!" cried the captain, and the ring of the grounded arms rung along the marble floor.

"The ceremony!" shouted the duke's partisans, "and no arrest!"

"Forward!" commanded the captain of the gendarmes; and thereupon Captain Marcy drew his sword.

"For God's sake!" shouted Grébauval, flinging himself between the soldiers and the excited royalists, "let it be as the master of the house wishes."

"Aye, it shall be so!" said the Vicomte Languedoc. "Gentlemen, on guard!"

"Let me beseech you!" said Mathilde, releasing herself from her father's arms and placing herself in front of the vicomte. "This is a peaceful house, loyal to the nation. Do not you, Monsieur le Vicomte, defy the law. And you, Monsieur Grébauval, you have the power to order the withdrawal of these gentlemen who have outraged the peace of a private house."

"Pardon me," said the count, speaking for the first time, "I will accept no favor at the hands of Monsieur Grébauval. My dear, permit me," he concluded, turning to Mathilde; and taking her hand he led her to her mother, and the group of royalists now stood together, a body of gallant fellows ready for battle.

"Nay, then, gentlemen," said Grébauval, now assuming the full authority he had possessed from the first, "we will have consideration for mademoiselle and the ladies. Gallantry is as compatible with liberty as with tyranny. With your permission, Monsieur le Commissaire, the law this time shall not deign to use its strength, but will bide its time. You will set an example of forbearance, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the commissary and his officers, "of sobriety and mercy to these rash gentlemen of the noblesse. Messieurs and mesdames, let the ceremony proceed. Monsieur le Capitaine, you will have the grace to retire; our good friend the commissary desires it."

Both were creatures of Grébauval, and they retired accordingly; and the duke's friends making an archway of steel for the count and Mathilde to pass under, they advanced to the table of the notary and signed the marriage contract.

"An espousal is not a marriage," said Grébauval to himself, "and even if it were, the bridegroom shall sleep at the Conciergerie."

"And now, gentlemen," said the commissary, who had remained a silent witness of the reading of the contract and the signing and sealing thereof, "I claim the peaceful surrender of Henri Lavelle, otherwise the Count de Fournier."

"Otherwise be ——!" said the Vicomte Languedoc.

"A rescue, gentlemen; a rescue!"

"I will have no blood shed in this house on my account," exclaimed De Fournier. "I and Monsieur le Deputy Grébauval have met in this place once before. His was the victory then. His must be the victory now. There will be a third time when fate may be just."

A shout of protest greeted the count's decision; but Mathilde, in a soft voice, said:

"Henri, my love, you are right. Much misery must come of a contest here, and the deaths of many friends; but let me go with you."

"I surrender my sword," said the count.

"And I myself, to accompany him," said Mathilde.

"That may not be," replied the commissary.

"You shall not part us," cried Mathilde, clinging to the count.

The company stood by in doubt and sorrow, some having sheathed their swords, others still clutching their weapons threateningly.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, "it were well we submit, and lay our complaint before the Assembly."

"Be sure the government will do you justice, Monsieur le Duc," said Grébauval, who from the first had feared the result of an encounter between his small force and the duke's company; "and I will second your appeal with all my heart."

"Enough," said the duke. "But I pray you escort me to the lodging with my friend. I am equally criminal in being a king's man and wishing well to France."

"It may not be," said the commissary. "You will no doubt be accommodated, all in good time."

"At the same time, Monsieur le Commissaire," said Grébauval, "we may not prevent the citizen duke and his daughter from going to Paris, if it is their will," inspired by a wicked thought of making Mathilde prisoner also, and at La Force, not at the Conciergerie with De Fournier. "I will give you a passport, which you may need for a safe journey into the city."

He went to the notary's table and wrote a few lines which he handed to the duke; and almost at the same moment slipped into the commissary's hand a still briefer note, the three words of which the suspicious and wily Joseph deciphered as the deputy powdered it with the other.

"Detain them, nevertheless," was the traitorous message, or surely Joseph was dreaming.

Half an hour later the guests, some of them supperless, began to disperse, and the commissary of police and his guard were on their way to Paris with their prisoner. A cumbersome family carriage, containing the duke and Mathilde, brought up the rear.

But Joseph had disappeared.

Monsieur Bertin and his friends were still at the Lion d'Or when Pierre was mysteriously called from the room by Jean. It was to receive Joseph. Excitedly the duke's valet told of the proceedings at the château, and briefly, but with equal excitement, Pierre repeated the story to his guests. "The Deputy Grébauval gives them a false passport," he said, with glowing eyes. "The commissary is his creature. He has his secret orders to detain them on their arrival in Paris. If the king is a prisoner will they spare the duke? If it were a crime to defend the king, for which His Majesty's troops and His Majesty's personal friends have been sacrificed, what is monsieur the count to expect?"

"Death!" said Monsieur Galetierre.

"A rescue, gentlemen!" exclaimed the elder Delauny, "a rescue!" At which those who had not already risen to their feet got up with a clatter of swords and spurs.

"Then be it so, gentlemen," said Monsieur Bertin. "To horse!"

In a few minutes they were mounted and in the road. The night had grown lighter, the crescent moon shining like a jewel.

"At the bend of the road by the forest," said Pierre, "would be a good station for action."

"Lead on, then," said the captain. "If we fight, let each man mark down his quarry."

They had barely halted in the shadow of the wood when the lights of the flambeaux of the gendarmerie came in sight.

"The count, disarmed, is between two soldiers," said Pierre.

"Bid them stand, Delauny; and demand their prisoners. If they deliver them, well; if not, we must take them."

"Right," said Delauny. "And you, Joseph, look to your master, and tell the postilion to drive like mad for the bridge, and thence to St. Germain."

By this time the gendarmes and their prisoner had entered the bend of the road, where the rescuing party was posted.

"Monsieur Bertin, my brother, and you, Monsieur Galetierre, will advance with me; the rest await the word of command. It will be, 'A rescue!'"

On came the troop of gendarmes, and forward went the four royalists.

"Stand, messieurs!" said the elder Delauny, reining up his horse against the flambeaux, which suddenly seemed to dance. "We demand the release of your prisoner."

"Who are you?" shouted the captain of the guard, riding up.

"Loyal gentlemen of France," answered Delauny.

"Comrades," said the captain, grasping the situation in an instant, "prepare for action!"

There was a sudden clatter of accoutrements.

"Gentlemen," shouted De Fournier, "stay your hands!"

"De Fournier, you are betrayed," replied Delauny; "you are going to your death. The commissary has Grébauval's orders to imprison the duke and mademoiselle."

"It is a lie!" said the commissary.

"It is the truth, dear Monsieur le Comte," said the voice of Joseph, as if from the earth. "It is written; the commissary has the paper."

"We waste time," said Delauny.

"We do," said the captain, who had brought his company into line. "Present! Fire!"

The order was sudden, but the volley was not delivered before "A rescue!" brought the reserve on the scene pell-mell; and the intentionally murderous volley—clumsily fired, the "Ready!" not being given—missed its aim, with the exception of tearing a cap here and there and slightly wounding Delauny, which only gave an added fury to his onslaught.

Bertin and Galetierre were in the thick of the fighting. One of the gendarmes guarding De Fournier fired his pistols at the prisoner, who was down with the shock before the fight may be said to have fairly begun; but only one charge had struck him, the bullet hitting him obliquely and wasting itself upon his hat,—a marvelous escape, which argued favorably for the activity of his guardian angel. He was no sooner down than Pierre picked him up.

"No, not hurt," he said, "only stunned; give me your arm and help me remount."

"Back to the château!" screamed the sergeant of the gendarmes, galloping from the field. "Help from the National Guard!" and away went the unhorsed half of the defeated troop.

The duke and Mathilde were both in the road.

"Henri!" exclaimed the girl.

The count leaped from his saddle.

"My dearest, back into your carriage."

"And back to the château," said the duke.

The duke was hustled into the carriage, and Mathilde by his side.

"Away for St. Germain," whispered Joseph to the postilions, who, putting spurs into their horses, quickly had the family chariot fairly leaping on its way, and went pell-mell along the high road, speedily passing the Lion d'Or, Joseph in the boot, De Fournier and Monsieur Bertin galloping, one as advance and the other as rear guard.

"Ready, gentlemen?" asked Delauny.

"Ready all!" shouted his brother.

"Forward, then, for the rendezvous."

VIII.

During the same eventful day Jaffray Ellicott had passed through the blood and fire of the Tuileries, the dead and dying in his path, to exchange a refuge, that was paradise, for a dungeon that might have been an ante-room to the pit of Tophet, so beset was it with gloom of the present and grewsome memories of the past.

From the moment that Jaffray Ellicott found himself within the four cold, narrow walls of the Conciergerie, he had demanded to be taken to the Deputy Grébauval, who, for the convenient exercise of his functions, had taken up his abode in an old hotel in a back street behind the Palais de Justice.

"I am no royalist," he repeated with an air of fascinating frankness, as if he were still talking to Marie Bruyset; "I am the protégé of Monsieur the Deputy Grébauval,—his secretary. I was with General Lafayette in America, and I am a child of the great revolution against the King of England, the subject of a free people. Take me to Monsieur the Deputy, and he will confirm my declaration."

It was like so many months that Jaffray ate his heart out in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, instead of a matter of

days. The jailer rarely spoke to him. He was usually alone with his thoughts, and they were chiefly in Marie Bruyset's garret in the Rue Barnabé. The fate of the Count de Fournier cast a shadow upon the sunshine of his meeting with Marie; but he was young, and love is selfish and all-absorbing. It was love at first sight with Jaffray, and he had stirred Marie's unpledged heart with strange and unusual sensations. One day the jailer bade him prepare for a visitor.

"Make your toilet," he said; "it is a lady who has permission to have audience with you."

"A lady?" said Jaffray.

"Young, and not ill-looking," said the jailer, straightening the rug on Jaffray's bed and brushing away the crumbs that strewed his table.

Jaffray buttoned his long drab coat and readjusted his neckerchief. His heart beat furiously. There could be no other lady in the world who would be likely to visit him except her whose image was continually in his mind.

"Mademoiselle will convey no letter from the prison," said the jailer, as he closed the door upon Jaffray and his visitor.

"It is you!" exclaimed Jaffray, almost bursting into tears as she allowed him to fold her in his arms.

There was eloquence in the silence that followed. Neither of the two young people spoke for several minutes. Then Jaffray released his preserver of the tenth of August, and put her from him at arm's length.

"Let me look at you," he said, "my angel, my good fairy, my love."

Marie was deeply agitated. She had not counted upon so ardent a reception, but her heart responded to it. She had thought of Jaffray every moment since they parted,—thought of him, intrigued for him, and confessed to herself that she loved him; that her life only needed the gift of his love in return to make it complete, to compensate her for whatever ills she had endured, for whatever ills might come.

"Oh, my friend!" was all she could say, blushing as he gazed upon her.

To love is to doubt and fear; and Marie entered the shadow of the Conciergerie oppressed with womanly trepidation, and yet elated with joy at the prospect of meeting the fugitive again.

"Let us talk of you and your prospects," she said eagerly. I may only stay a few minutes longer; I promised the warder to be ready when he signaled me."

"My darling!" said Jaffray, pressing her hand to his lips.

"You are to be sent for by Monsieur le Juge Grébauval."

"Judge!" said Jaffray.

"Yes," said Marie, "and much besides. They say he is the soul of Robespierre,—you know that he is his great friend,—and Robespierre and Danton are masters of Paris. The bloodshed has been awful, but at present the cloak of Monsieur Grébauval is able enough to protect his friends, and his arm long enough to strike his enemies; so beware, Jaffray. You will be questioned by Grébauval. If you can satisfy him you will be reinstated; and try for your sake and mine."

"I will, my love."

Then there was a long, farewell embrace, and Marie was gone.

Within an hour Jaffray was conducted from his cell along dimly lighted passages and across an inclosed bridge into the house of the deputy and judge, Citizen Grébauval. Jaffray knew the ante-room of the bureau well enough, and the smaller apartment beyond, where he had been previously engaged in a secretarial capacity, the protégé and confidant of the man who was now to probe his sincerity.

With the warnings of Marie in his mind, Jaffray strung his faculties up to the liveliest tension. He was ushered into Grébauval's private room.

"It is not clever to get behind the bolts of the Conciergerie," said Grébauval, looking up from his desk and taking in his prisoner at a glance.

"No, monsieur, it is stupid," said Jaffray.

Grébauval finished a letter he was writing, and then looked up again.

"What is your explanation?"

"A mistake of an over-excited populace"

"You are in sympathy with the royalist faction?" said Grébauval, folding his letter and turning from his desk to open a panel of the wainscot, through which he passed it with some instructions.

"With one of them personally; not with his opinions, Monsieur le Deputé."

"It is the same," said Grébauval, leaning back in his chair and confronting Jaffray with his penetrating eyes; and Jaffray observed how much paler and thinner the clean-cut face was than heretofore, though it was only about ten days since they had parted,—the day before the insurrection of the tenth.

"You aided the escape of a Swiss guard?" continued the deputy.

"No, monsieur, I did not. I was in the press, and for a moment it seemed as if the crowd mistook me. My coat was torn, as you see; my vest is red, the color maddened them, and they set upon me."

"Well, you have an apologist in the Citizen Laroche. He is above suspicion and above reproach, the soul of fidelity, and is good enough to say you have only been indiscreet. I am willing to take that view; I take you back to my confidence."

"Oh, thank you, Monsieur le Deputé," said Jaffray, advancing as if he would kiss the newly appointed judge's hand, but with no such intention. "I hope to be worthy of your kindness."

"Not my kindness, my confidence," said Grébauval. "And now a word of warning. Never forget that your fidelity has been in doubt."

"But ——" said Jaffray.

"That your fidelity to the Revolution has been suspected," the deputy continued, not heeding the interruption, "and that should there be another indiscretion your life is forfeit. In the dungeons of the Conciergerie, they tell me, there are even worse punishments than death."

A hard, cold expression came into Grébauval's eyes, his lips were compressed, and his broad, strong chin seemed to gather a malignant wrinkle beneath his mouth, as he rose to his feet. Jaffray shuddered.

"I shall remember," said the young fellow.

"Very well; I wipe out yesterday," said Grébauval. "Every man is master of his own future."

With that he touched the panel spring of the door that led into the next room, and Jaffray went to his desk.

(*To be continued.*)

NESTED SILENCE.

My bird of song is silent, love!
When you are far away
The night-time of your absence ends
His tuneful day.

He lies in nested quiet, love!
In slumber naught can break
Until the light of your return
Bids him awake.

WM. H. HAYNE.

GATHERING THE CHRISTMAS-TREES.

THE lights in the church were suddenly lowered. The babel of the children's voices, which had been flowing on for half an hour in a murmur like that of falling water, died away, and every eye was turned toward the tree. It towered up on the platform so tall and dark that no one would have thought it was about to burst into a radiant light. But the children knew it; and that was why their eyes were bright with anticipation and excitement when a dark figure appeared with a long, lighted taper, and began to move deftly and silently about the graceful pine. Surely it was a fairy's wand he held, for every spot he touched instantly danced with light and glistened like a diamond. Many spots this good genius touched, and the gloomy apparition of a tree faded, and in its place there stood a brilliant, glorious thing, gleaming and twinkling with a myriad of stars —the lighted Christmas-tree.

SELLING TO LOCAL DEALERS.

A long-drawn "A-a-h-h!" the expression of pure ecstasy, opened the flood-gates of chatter again, and the children's voices went eddying and gurgling on like a mill-race. It was a great and wonderful moment for the tree, too wonderful to last. An hour passed; one by one the children went home; the candles began to burn dim and flicker out. And when the small, closed eyes saw in dreams the tree as a vision of glistening light, it stood in the silent church a specter of the darkness, a shadow even in the blackness.

Yet like all Christmas-trees, which lend Christmas its peculiar flavor and help to make it the holiday of holidays in pleasure, as it is in significance, this tree was unsurpassed in brilliancy during the supreme moments of its life; it radiated happiness as few things do. On this account it does not seem unfitting to follow the custom usual when other brilliant lives are ended, and trace back the steps which led the Christmas-tree to the culmination of its destiny.

In a wind-swept field in Maine it first raised its head timidly above the soil The rains fell coolly upon it and the sun kissed it into sturdy growth. It bowed and swayed gently in the summer breezes, and stood up stiffly against the winter blasts, until it became a tree of girth and had risen from its lowly position among its fellows to hold its head as high as any of them; no tree in all Maine pointed straighter upward or was more trim and graceful. And this meant a glorious but a short life for our young fir; for George and Alec, the farmer's sons, noticed it particularly one October day when they were in the field. "There's a fine fir yonder," said Alec. "We mustn't miss it when we begin to cut the Christmas-trees after the pumpkins are in."

If the tree had been blessed with an intelligence it would have guessed before this the fate which these words foreshadowed. There would surely have been stories current in the fir colony of fine members of it that had been cut down in their prime and carried away to some distant, mysterious place; for every fall, when the corn and buckwheat, the last of the meager crops, are safely housed, the harvesting of Christmas-trees begins on the stony New England hills and pasture-lands. Barren October has just merged into bleak November when the harvesters start out in parties to survey the field, get the

CHRISTMAS GREENS FOR HOUSE DECORATIONS.

Drawn by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens.

MARKET FOR CHRISTMAS GREENS.

consent of the owners of the land upon which the trees grow, and mark the available ones for the cutters. These, of whom there are usually two or three, follow the first party, and ruthlessly fell the beauties of the pine forests. But the shapely and peaceful trees do not long lie prostrate. The binders, in a crowd of ten or twelve, come next, tie the trees into bundles, and load them on wagons or sleds, which are drawn to the railway stations and boat-landings.

The fir which was destined to make such a brilliant picture in the New York church was among the fallen ones last autumn, and it had been bundled into a wagon and was being carried farther and farther from its native field. A brown-faced, sturdy boy of fifteen sat on the fir. Like all New England farmers' boys, he regarded the Christmas-tree gathering time as one of the jolliest of all the year, and now he had reached the very summit of bliss in being allowed to ride to the railroad with the trees. His uncle was going all the way to New York with them, and for that reason the boy regarded him with a sort of awe. One of the great ambitions of his own life was to take a load of Christmas-trees to the great city, whose wonders and mysteries he had often thought of. He listened with the most intense interest to everything that was told him about the gathering and selling of the trees.

LOADING UP.

WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.

"Expect to take some trees down to York yourself some day, don't you, Bill?" asked his uncle, after they had driven over the frost-hardened road awhile in silence.

"That's what I'm going to do, an' the trees I take down 'll be dandies, too," answered Billy, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm.

"Well, it won't be the pile o' fun you think it now. Wait till you have a howling snowstorm come up after you have driven about five of the thirty miles, and have to drive all the rest of the way in the face of a nipping wind; or wait till you get your trees down there after a whole month of work, and find, for some reason you can't make out, that it's a bad year for trees; and 'long about New Year's,

LARGE TREES FOR CHURCHES.

when you ought to be home eatin' your turkey, and goin' to dances, and sparkin' the girls, you stand around watchin' the boys draggin' away your fine firs and throwin' 'em into the river, just to see the splash. Of course, that's the dark side of this here Christmas-tree business ; it has its bright side,—a side just about as bright as the shine of the silver dollars that jingle in the pockets of us fellows, as a general thing, when we come home from York. Most years are good years ; one funny thing I've noticed is that hard times don't make much difference in the sale of Christmas-trees. Most men have to get pretty hard up before they will deny their children the usual tree at Christmas.

"But you can't fool the people down at York, even if you wanted to. You've got to have first-class trees ; and that's why we have to go so far and it takes us so long to gather 'em. Nothing would be easier, of course, than to go to a pine wood and cut down a thousand, or ten thousand, trees ; but it wouldn't do any good. The people wouldn't buy 'em, because the trees in the woods are just like you would be if you had grown in the dark, without air or sunshine. You would be pale and scrawny and sickly, wouldn't you? So are the trees. It is the trees that grow in pasture-lands and around the edges of plowed fields that are straight and graceful ; that's the kind we've got to get.

"Another thing you must be careful about in taking trees to York is to pick out firs instead of spruces. I never could understand the way the people in some cities will have nothing but firs, while those in others are all for spruces. New York has a hankerin' after firs, and will take nothing else. In Philadelphia it's just the other way ; they must have the spruces."

Billy absorbed every bit of this discourse on Christmas-trees, and he listened so intently that his uncle was encouraged to go on and tell about the first trees he took down, and his experiences in the business, and the world of interesting things he had seen in the metropolis. The boy was anxious to get to the station and see a railroad train, a rare sight for him ; but almost too soon the little brown building and the glistening rails came into view. He was in a perfect whirl of excitement, however, when the long freight-train came rushing up, and the trees, of which there were thousands and thousands, were hastily loaded on. His uncle and the other dealers at last climbed into the passenger-coach which was attached behind, as is sometimes the case with freight-trains running through the country, and Billy watched the train as it swept around the curve and went rattling away between the hills. Then he hitched the horses again, and at a spanking pace he drove them the long miles home, with his muscular hands steady upon the reins, but with his head filled with golden-hued visions of the time when he would go to New York with trees.

As to the firs which he had seen whirled away, they had a dark journey by rail and one by boat, and one crisp December morning a stream of fresh air rushed in upon them, and they were surrounded by the roar and tumult of the city. They were taken off the boat and laid in heaps beside other orderly piles that were there before them, and which, adorned with signs bearing such inscriptions as "State of Maine Trees," "Trees from Vermont," and "New Hampshire Firs," stretched far along the Hudson River front. All day empty wagons rolled into the neighborhood and rolled away after the bargaining was done, laden with the trees, each one of which was to carry Christmas cheer into some household and make children's eyes dance with pleasure. They were the Christmas heralds. Their fragrance pervaded the city, and the sight of them stacked before the grocery-stores lightened people's hearts, and the children's laughter grew merrier. With the coming of the trees came that peculiar, distinctive Christmas atmosphere which makes the spirits bound and thrill, and fills the heart with charity. The stately fir, among the rest, was carried away to become a vision of beauty before the eyes of the children of the Sunday-school. The piles dwindled away, till the day before Christmas only a few broken-branched, ugly trees were left. The New Englanders who, in their heavy boots and ulsters, had spent days in bargaining and watching their trees, boarded north-bound trains, and on Christmas were at home, where there was happiness because of burdens lightened by the proceeds from the sale of the trees, just as there was happiness in the city houses when candles began to twinkle among the branches.

J. W. HERBERT.

BETTY'S PAPA.

A ONE-ACT FARCE.

CHARACTERS.

CONSTANCE PALMER, *one of Betty's schoolmates.*
GRACE WESTCOTT, *another of Betty's schoolmates.*
BETTY LINDEN, *her father's only child.*
MR. JOHN LINDEN, *Betty's papa.*
MR. BOB LINDEN, *Betty's second cousin.*

SCENE. *Prettily furnished morning-room of Mrs. Palmer's cottage at Berne, Switzerland. Time, morning. As the curtain rises, Betty is heard singing off left, to the accompaniment of a guitar or banjo, any popular air. By the time the curtain is entirely raisea she enters at left, laughing and waving a telegram and the banjo over her head, and dancing gayly.*

BETTY. Papa is coming! dear old papa! "Old"! Papa isn't old, either ; he can't be but thirty-six, because he was married at nineteen, and poor, wee mamma died [*sighs*] a year afterward, leaving papa with me to take care of, and I'm just sixteen. So papa is, of course, in what the novelists call the "prime of life,"—just the very age that Constance and Grace both vowed last night was their ideal Well, it isn't mine [*crosses*]—at least not for—a—sweetheart! [*Laughs and takes letter from pocket.*] Ten years younger suits me. [*Unfolds letter.*] Bob is twenty-six, and he is *so* nice ; I hope papa 'll approve. [*Sits.*] When I tell him that I'm engaged [*shakes head*] I fear he won't, though, for from his letters I judge he still looks upon me as a perfect child. [*Rises.*] The idea! I am a woman!—of course I am! [*Crosses.*] A woman with a secret, too, for I haven't even hinted to the girls about Bob ; they suspect it so little that I do believe they are actually looking forward to his coming as eagerly as if—well, as if I were nothing but his little cousin. What will they say when I tell them that he, too, will be here to-day. [*Reads letter.*] Yes,—let me see,—by the

one-fifteen train. Why, that's the very train papa's telegram says he's to arrive by. Hark! the girls are coming! [*Footsteps outside.*] You see, as soon as I let them know that Bob is due to-day instead of to-morrow, how they will spruce up and leave off the droops. Now!

[*Enter right, dejectedly, Constance and Grace. They sink limply into chairs and sigh.*]

CONSTANCE. Oh dear!

GRACE. Will nothing ever happen to break the monotony of this place?

BETTY. [*Demurely.*] My cousin, Bob Linden, is due by the one-fifteen; perhaps that will give it a little crack. I don't suppose it can break it, though.

CONSTANCE. [*Sitting up erect.*] What did you say, Betty, dear?

GRACE. [*Brisking up.*] What's that, Betty, love?

BETTY. Bob—is—due [*glances at watch*], goodness me! in an hour! [*Crosses to left, hastily.*] I've just time to put on my hat and drive down to the station to meet him. Ta! ta!

[*Waves hand and exits left, as Constance and Grace both rise and cross to mirror and begin to smooth their hair, ribbons, etc.*]

BETTY. [*Poking her head in the door, left.*] Papa's coming, too, on the same train; as you've never seen either of them, I do hope you'll like them, at least for my sake! *Au revoir!* [*Exit laughing, left.*]

CONSTANCE. [*Arranging hair.*] "Like *them!*"

GRACE. [*Pulling out her skirts.*] "Them," indeed! Not much! No old codgers for me! Bob 'll suit me, eh, Connie?

CONSTANCE. Me, too. What'll we do, Grace? We'll have to divide him up, won't we?

GRACE. I suppose so. [*Sits.*] What 'll Betty do?

CONSTANCE. Oh, he's her cousin. Cousins don't count. [*Sits demurely at piano.*] I wonder if he's fond of music?

GRACE. [*Takes up book.*] Or if he's intellectual?

CONSTANCE. Goodness! I trust not. I have a presentiment, Grace, that he will be my fate. [*Plays sentimental air, softly.*]

GRACE. Where do I come in?

CONSTANCE. Gooseberry, with the old gentleman.

GRACE. Thanks. I fancy Betty will take care of her father. Your mother was saying, only yesterday, that she had not laid eyes on him since she was six years old, and that she wouldn't see him now had she not come abroad with us.

CONSTANCE. I know Mr. Linden has always lived in Europe since he lost his wife. I suppose he's so old he doesn't like to venture on the ocean voyage.

GRACE. Don't know,—I suppose so. How old is he?

CONSTANCE. Never inquired. Fifty or sixty, I dare say,—fathers always are.

GRACE. Hasn't Betty got his photo?

CONSTANCE. No. I asked her one day, and she said her father was very peculiar and never had had one taken.

GRACE. Probably a cause for it. I shouldn't wonder if he were humpbacked.

CONSTANCE. Very likely; or has a wen.

GRACE. Possibly squints.

CONSTANCE. Mercy! What does he want to come here for? As if it were not bad enough without any man, that we should be tantalized by an aged, horrid frump, so hideous that he's never dared to have his picture taken.

GRACE. Cheer up! Bob's coming, too!

CONSTANCE. [*Crossing to right.*] To be sure; and we certainly don't want to be found here the moment he arrives, as if we were bees waiting for the sugar-bowl to be uncovered.

GRACE. Of course not! Let dear, enthusiastic Betty get over her ecstasies of welcome with both her cousin and her papa, and then we can dawn on the scene.

CONSTANCE. Yes. What a special providence mamma has gone to Paris for a few days. No one to interfere with us and Bob, eh? [*Laughs.*]

GRACE. Except Betty and—Betty's papa!

CONSTANCE. Come along! [*arm around Grace's waist*] or the antique terror will arrive and find us here.

GRACE. No danger! [*Looks at clock.*] It takes a half-hour to drive from the station. It will be full fifteen minutes yet before Betty gets back with her jewel and her monster!

[*Both laugh and exeunt, right, as enter, center, through bay-window, Mr. John Linden, overcoat and hat on, traveling-rug, canes, umbrellas, etc., in hand.*]

JOHN. I surely heard girlish laughter. [*Glances around, setting down bags, etc., and taking off hat.*] I suppose it must have been Betty. I see she did not get my telegram Continental telegraphic service is beastly. Yet no, that could not have been Betty's laughter, for Betty is but a child, a mere infant, of course. Who could it have been? Not Mrs. Palmer, dear old lady! she left girlish mirth behind her forty year's ago. Her daughter? To be sure! It seems to me Betty's letters spoke of a schoolmate named Palmer. I declare, I'm such a devil of a fellow for remembering what I should forget, and such a capital hand at forgetting what I shouldn't, that I don't recall Betty's epistles with that clearness which they merit from Betty's papa. Heigho! [*Walks up and down.*] "Betty's papa!" what a terribly old sound it has, to be sure,—and I've got to face the music of it, now, too, with a vengeance, for Mrs. Palmer wrote in her last that Betty was very much grown for her years. [*Crosses.*] I suppose I'm a fool, but I don't want to be old, and fathers are always supposed to be fifty or sixty. Hang it! Why did I let Betty come abroad at all? Why didn't I insist on her stopping in America, and enjoy one year more myself of bachelor, daughterless freedom? [*Surveys himself in mirror.*] If a pretty girl had met me yesterday she would not have found me such a bad-looking fellow. Not a white hair in my whole head, either! To-day! [*Crosses down center, and sighs deeply.*] Pretty soon, in five minutes, perhaps, with Betty at my side, a pretty girl if she came into this room and heard me called "papa" would not cast half an eye on yours obediently. Fate is har——Hello! [*Laughter and footsteps heard outside, right, from Constance and Grace.*] What's that? Betty, I suppose; she will come in and hug me and pull my cravat awry, and spoil my parting [*smooths hair*], and perhaps weep. Ugh! I haven't seen her since she was six and spilled a box of guava jelly all over my evening suit. I believe I'll get behind this portière and take a preliminary observation of Betty; it may give me the inside track to my daughter's character by a short cut.

[*Conceals himself behind portière, left, leaving hat, coat, etc., visible, as enter, cautiously, right, Constance and Grace, with their fingers on their lips, tip-toeing. They peer around and shake their heads.*]

CONSTANCE. [*Disappointed.*] There isn't a soul here.

GRACE. No, not a "soul," but a hat [*picks up hat*], canes, umbrellas, satchels [*points to articles*], and a very swell overcoat!

CONSTANCE. [*Surveying articles.*] Grace, are you sure you saw him come in the garden and up to our balcony?

GRACE Perfectly sure. [*John peeps out from the portière.*]

JOHN. [*Aside.*] Two pretty girls. Neither can be Betty; they are not children [*Withdraws.*]

CONSTANCE. Are you sure that he wasn't an old man?

GRACE. [*Holding up overcoat and hat, as John peeps out anxiously from his concealment.*] Are these the garments of an old man, my dear?

CONSTANCE. Assuredly not.

GRACE. Then he was not old. I tell you he was young, handsome [*John exhibits joy*], and charming!

JOHN. [*Aside.*] Two immensely pretty girls! [*Conceals himself.*]

CONSTANCE. I wonder how Betty came to miss him?

GRACE. I wonder where he is? [*Hunting about room anxiously.*] He must have stepped out on the balcony again, not finding anyone to welcome him inside.

JOHN. [*Peeping out, aside.*] By Jove! This is uncommonly awkward! How am I to get out of this? [*Retreats.*]

CONSTANCE. To be sure. Let's go out and find him and put him at his ease.

GRACE. Of course, come! [*Exeunt both, center, as John enters from behind portière.*]

JOHN. [*Adjusting cravat, monocle, etc.*] "Young, handsome, charming." [*Crosses down center.*] That's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life; and the other girl, —why, she is, too! Gad! I hope they'll come in again before Betty gets here. If I can only contrive to make an impression on them prior to Betty's entrance [*crosses left*] all is well; but if Betty should appear just as they return, and shriek out, "Papa!" Oh-h-h! [*Sinks in chair, center, head in hands.*]

CONSTANCE. [*Outside.*] Where can he have gone?

GRACE. [*Outside.*] I could not have seen a vision, for there are his hat and coat and things.

CONSTANCE. [*Entering, center.*] Let's go in and gaze at them, for that's all we are likely to enjoy, so far as I can see.

GRACE. [*Entering center, perceives John.*] Hush-h!

CONSTANCE. [*Perceiving John.*] Oh!

[*Starts down center, quickly, Grace follows, and each, in pantomime, endeavors to reach John first. Constance finally attains his right hand, Grace his left, at precisely the same moment. They look triumphantly at each other above John's bent head.*]

CONSTANCE AND GRACE. [*Together.*] Ah-h-hem!

JOHN. [*Starting to his feet, rubbing his eyes, and gazing comically first at one girl, then at the other, with hand on heart, he salaams first to one, then the other.*] Ladies, your most obedient. I haven't the least idea who you are, save that you are all that is charming and good. I have the honor to be——

CONSTANCE. [*Quickly interrupting.*] Oh, we know who you are, Mr. Linden. Betty has spoken of you so often. She went to the station to meet you, of course, but I presume she missed you, someway. This is my friend, Miss Grace Westcott. [*John bows, Grace courtesies.*] I am Constance Palmer, Mrs. Palmer's daughter. Both of us were Betty's schoolmates.

JOHN. I am so happy to meet you,—to meet any friends of dear little Betty.

CONSTANCE. [*Aside.*] I told you he regarded Betty as a child. Cousins always do! [*To John.*] Yes, Betty's a dear child, and we're both very fond of her.

GRACE. Of course. Dear Mr. Linden, do be seated.

JOHN. Thanks. [*Sits.*] I am a trifle surprised that you knew who I am. Er—do I resemble,—I would say, does Betty resemble me, at all? It is so long since I have seen the child.

CONSTANCE. Oh, no; you don't in the least look alike. But, you see, we knew it must be you, because Betty told us you were coming, not an hour ago.

GRACE. And we were sure it must be you, because there isn't another *young* man [*John bridles*] whom it could be. We know no one, absolutely.

CONSTANCE. Yes, indeed, Mr. Linden, I don't know what you will do for masculine companionship during your stay; you won't meet one of your sex except Betty's papa. [*John starts violently.*]

GRACE. Yes, the dear old man is due to-day, the same as yourself, and by the same train; possibly that was how Betty missed you. Betty has always been so anxious to see her father, she of course will enjoy his society; but a man of your years will hardly find much in sympathy with a superannuated frump, dear Mr. Linden, will you? [*John starts and coughs.*]

CONSTANCE. Grace, love, you forget that Mr. Linden, Mr. Bob Linden [*smiling sweetly at John*] and Betty's papa are nearly related. Are you not, Mr. Linden?

GRACE. Oh, I beg pardon; but Mr. Linden understands.

JOHN [*To Constance.*] Yes,—er—oh, yes. We are related,—Betty's papa and myself. [*To Grace.*] I think I begin to understand. [*Aside.*] Jove! they mistake me for Bob, and he's ten years my junior, and due at any moment.

CONSTANCE. Do you know Betty's papa at all well, Mr. Linden? or did he go away before you were born?

JOHN. Quite well, yes, indeed,—to be sure. [*Laughs grimly.*] No, I didn't go away until—I mean he didn't go away until after I was born, oh, no!

GRACE. We've always been rather curious about him, because Betty hasn't seen him since she was six; but I daresay he's quite like all other old men?

JOHN. "*Old* men"! Oh, ah, yes, to be sure, precisely!

CONSTANCE. Rheumatic, gouty, lame [*John rises and stalks across stage*], afraid of draughts, and fog, and night-air, and that sort of thing, I suppose?

JOHN. Er, well, I can't say, really.

GRACE. And yet there are girls who are willing to marry just such antiquities as I suppose Betty's papa is!

CONSTANCE. Yes, I know it.

JOHN. [*Sits, center, between the two girls.*] Do you believe there is a girl, I mean a nice, pretty, lovable girl [*gazes first at one, then the other, in most melting style*], who would be willing to marry any such old fellow as Betty's papa?

GRACE. Why, it happens every day, I've heard; but if I were a nice, pretty [*coyly*], lovable girl, nothing earthly would tempt me to marry any but a man—well, under twenty-seven. Would you, Connie?

CONSTANCE. No. Now, Mr Linden, imagine yourself a girl; would you want to tie yourself to—Betty's papa, for instance?

JOHN. [*Absently.*] But I've always been tied to him.

GRACE. Have you? Oh! we fancied you had only just come abroad, for the first time. Betty said so.

JOHN. I mean, you see,—from my soul!—I never laid my eyes on Betty's papa in my life. [*Rises.*]

CONSTANCE AND GRACE. [*Rising.*] Haven't you?

JOHN. Never! Nothing but his counterfeit presentment.

CONSTANCE. Have you—have you really seen his picture? Betty said he would not have his photo taken, ever, and so we guessed it must be because he is a humpback. [*John groans.*]

GRACE. Or has a wen. [*John winces.*]

CONSTANCE. Or a squint. [*John sits.*] Has he? Do tell us!

GRACE. Pray do, so that we can be prepared for the worst when Betty brings him in.

GRACE. Please hurry; I think I hear Betty now! [*Crosses up to center and looks out.*]

JOHN. I tell you I never saw him in my life! [*Crossing in agitation.*]

CONSTANCE. We know, dear Mr. Linden, we comprehend that; but you have seen his picture. Do, do say which it is,—humpback, wen,——

GRACE. [*Running down to them.*] Or squint. Quick! Betty's coming!

JOHN. [*Frantically gathering up hat, coat, etc.*] I—I don't know. I'm going back to Vienna by the next train.

CONSTANCE. [*Aside.*] Merciful powers! can we have made a mistake? Can he be an impostor, a thief, perhaps a murderer? [*John brandishes his canes over his head and rushes back and forth between right exit and center, trying to dodge the sound of the voices outside.*] Who are you, sir?

JOHN. I—I—I don't know. [*Crossing.*]

GRACE. Aren't you Betty's Cousin Bob?

CONSTANCE. [*Brandishing the umbrellas.*] Speak!

JOHN. No, I am not!

GRACE. [*Uttering a piercing scream.*] Are you a burglar? [*Catching up poker.*]

CONSTANCE. Who are you, I say?

[*Enter center, Betty and Bob.*]

BETTY. [*Rushing down to John.*] Papa! papa, dear old papa! I know it's you, isn't it?—although you do look centuries older than when I was six and painted you all over with guava jelly! [*Embraces him fervently.*]

CONSTANCE AND GRACE. [*Together.*] Betty's papa! Betty's papa!

BOB. Betty's papa. [*Nods at John.*] Betty's Cousin Bob, at your service, ladies.

JOHN. [*Faintly.*] Betty, my child, are you sure this is you? I thought you were a little girl. [*Holds her off at arm's length.*]

BETTY. No, papa, I'm a woman. I'm engaged! I'm going to be married to Bob!

JOHN. [*Dazed.*] "Engaged"! "Married"!

BOB. Yes, sir. Give us your blessing.

CONSTANCE. Give us your forgiveness.

GRACE. Can you ever forgive us?

BETTY. Come, papa, stretch out your arms like the dear old patriarch you are! Bless us [*Betty and Bob kneel at right of John*], and pardon them. [*Constance and Grace kneel at left of John.*] Although I'm sure I don't know what for.

JOHN. Nor I, unless it be for having told a fib and called me "young, handsome [*spreading out his hands over their heads*], and charming!"

GRACE. [*Looking down.*] Oh, Mr. Linden!

CONSTANCE. [*Laughing.*] Oh, Mr. Linden.

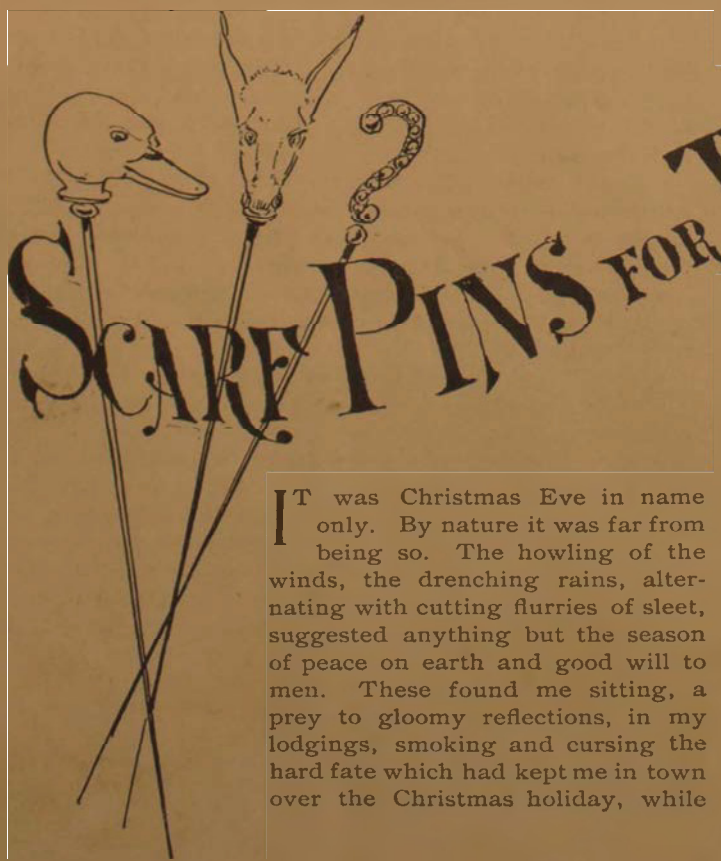
BOB. [*Mimicking them.*] Oh! Mr. Linden.

JOHN. [*To Betty and Bob.*] Rise, with an old man's blessing! [*Both rise.*] But, Miss Constance [*raising Constance; Grace also rises*] and Miss Grace [*taking one by either hand*], I can assure you my forgiveness will not be gained as easily as my blessing. [*Both girls start.*] There will be a fine imposed. [*Both girls shudder.*] Since Bob has robbed me of my Betty, I propose to adopt you both. [*Both girls sigh with relief and joy.*] I shall spend several hours a day in teaching you various—er—ahem! lessons,—especially you, Miss Constance. [*Aside.*] She's a darling! So glad I had a daughter and that my daughter had such a friend! [*To both.*] And it is my hope that, in the end, you may both [*takes the two girls' hands*] learn to love [*all start, as John continues, aside*], in different ways [*glancing admiringly at Constance and speaking aloud*], Betty's Papa!

[*John, center, Constance at his left, Grace, right, Betty and Bob, right.*]

Curtain.

FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.



SCARF PINS FOR THREE

IT was Christmas Eve in name only. By nature it was far from being so. The howling of the winds, the drenching rains, alternating with cutting flurries of sleet, suggested anything but the season of peace on earth and good will to men. These found me sitting, a prey to gloomy reflections, in my lodgings, smoking and cursing the hard fate which had kept me in town over the Christmas holiday, while all my friends were off in the country enjoying the hospitality of that prince of entertainers, Dawson,—a hospitality which business complications had compelled me to decline. I was particularly unhappy over my enforced absence from the gayeties of the Dawson house-party at Belmore, for the very good reason that I had laid my plans to put a long-deferred and exceedingly important question to Dawson's sister Helen during my contemplated stay there; and my unhappiness was further aggravated by the fact that I had reason to believe that my friend and rival, Gerald Parsons, more fortunate than I in having no business complications to interfere, contemplated doing precisely the same thing.

It was a singular fact, which perhaps showed how superior we were to all other men, that Parsons and I had through many years been true to our first love. We had known and fought over Helen Dawson for well-nigh twenty years, and it was galling to my soul to think that after twenty years of such devotion it was I who, by force of circumstances over which I had no control, was likely to suffer the woes of disappointment.

We had met Helen and each other at one and the same

time at a little wayside inn in the Adirondack regions,—the Bear and Fox, it was called, if I remember rightly,—in the years, now long past, when bonifaces were still willing to keep inns, and before their aspiring natures led them to erect caravansaries easy of access and hard to live in,—before the sweet charms of that balsam-scented country, were obliterated by the advance of a so-called civilization which substituted brass bands for quiet, full dress for the comfortable *négligé* mountain life, and Chicago beef and New York bluefish for venison and brook trout fresh caught and cooked by a backwoods Savarin.

In this paradise, an Eden without its serpent or forbidden fruit, we three had met,—Gerald, Helen, and I. Gerald was seven, I six, and Helen five, and straightway, as boys ever will, did Gerald and I fall madly in love; straightway did we confide our passions, not to the fair object thereof, but to each other, and with the inevitable result. Gerald returned to the inn after this interchange of confidences with one of his front teeth conspicuously absent; I sought the seclusion of my room with a sullen, red scratch ornamenting my cheek. Meanwhile, the five-year-old maiden was lavishing her fondest affections upon the chore-boy of the inn, being somewhat too youthful to draw those nice social distinctions in which art in later life she became an adept. It is to the chore-boy's preferment that Parsons and I owe our life-long friendship, since in a common misery over the coolness of our adoration toward us, and in the sharing of a consequent hatred for the chore-boy who monopolized those little attentions which we so longed to call our own, we laid the foundations of a mutual regard which has lasted until now, and which bids fair to last through all our days.

As we grew older neither of us saw any reason why we should alter our attitude toward Helen. Other maidens came into our life and passed over the horizon; Helen still remained the object of our affections, and, much to our relief, discarded before many days the hated chore-boy, who has by this time, I doubt not, become a finished and accomplished baggage-smasher in the hotel which rears its ugly proportions where the Bear and Fox once stood; and now, when Gerald and I had more than reached man's estate, we were each of us still firm in our determination that, provided she were willing, Helen Dawson should become the wife of one of us. Between Gerald and me there was no difference save on this one point, and it was a difference which served to bind us, I think, more firmly together. Each pitied the other because each believed the other doomed to disappointment, and as love and pity were but a step apart, it was not long before each took the step.

It was not until this Christmas Eve of which I have spoken that I had experienced any disquieting reflections upon the subject. It had never occurred to me that there was any room for doubt that Helen's feeling toward Gerald was that of admiration, while I was convinced that she looked upon me with that same admiration plus something more ardently to be desired. But as I sat in my rooms that night, listening to the howling of the wind, which seemed to be giving a sort of Christmas entertainment to its friends, whistling soft and weird tunes through the key-holes, roaring like a caged tiger up and down the highways, sobbing in the chimneys in tones suggesting the cry of a child who has had too little or too much candy, and ever and anon stopping as if to listen to the applause of the rattling windows, I began to think over the comparative merits of Parsons and myself. I tried to put myself in Helen Dawson's place, and then my troubles swept over me like a cataract of ice-cold water. I succeeded too well for my own comfort, for I seemed to see myself, as Miss Dawson, thinking of myself as I am, in this fashion:

"Yes, Jack *is* a good fellow,—but then amiability is not all. He is kind and considerate,—yet Gerald is quite as much so and by no means so quick-tempered or set in his ways as Jack. Gerald is slow to anger and forgiving, while Jack—dear me! how Jack does cherish a grudge! And then, too, Jack has other very grave faults, such as——"

And here, still as Miss Dawson, I rehearsed to myself all those quiet little vices which I have so fondly nursed, and which I find it so hard to wean, of which, unhappily, too, in my imaginative frame of mind that night, I appeared to fancy Miss Dawson entirely cognizant, though, as a matter of fact, they were and still are securely locked in the most secret chamber of my own consciousness, not even being confided to the reader of this story, as he or she may possibly have observed.

The more I indulged in these reflections the more gloomy did I become, until, finally, so blue did my prospects appear and so rosy those of Gerald, that, sitting in the shadow of my disappointment, I found myself impelled to write two notes of congratulation to Gerald and to Helen, so as to have them ready when the dreaded news should fall upon my broken spirit. I still believe that another hour would have found me engaged in this wise, had not a rousing rap upon my door brought me to my senses.

"Come in!" I cried.

The door opened, and, much to my surprise, in walked no less a person than Gerald Parsons himself.

I gazed in astonishment at my visitor for a moment, and then rose to welcome him.

"Why, Gerald," I said, "what does this mean? I thought you had gone to Belmore."

"I'm on my way there now," he replied, gayly. "I have a cab below stairs It is too beastly wet to bring it up with me, so I told the Jehu to wait outside. I've stopped in here to get you and insist upon your coming with me. Dawson told me some cock-and-bull story about your being too busy to get off. He doesn't know you as well as I do. The idea of a writer ever being busy! Why, it's almost funny, Jack, really!"

"It is strange," I replied. "Writing is such easy work; nothing but dipping a pen in ink and then wiggling it over a sheet of paper. But tell me, how is it that you are not already at Belmore?"

"That's simple enough," said Gerald. "A man can't be in two places at once. I am here, therefore I am not at Belmore, and my astral body is off on a vacation."

"Nonsense!" said I. "I thought you were going up with the others at three o'clock."

"So I was," was Gerald's response; "but I was detained by a little slip of—ah—well, I'll be frank with you, Jack. You are the only man with whom I am always sincere, because I think you understand me. Fact is, I've been detained by a little slip of Tiffany's. You know Tiffany—deals in ten-thousand-dollar diamonds and forty-thousand-dollar pearls, and so on. I'm a regular customer of his, but on this occasion he has disappointed me."

"Wanted you to pay in advance for having your watch repaired?" I suggested.

"No; that would be a disappointment," said Gerald, "but it's something else this time. This is a busy season with Tiffany, and sometimes things don't get done on time. This"—tossing a small package into my lap—"this wasn't ready for me to take up on the three o'clock train, and as it bears an important relation to something I expect to have happen at Belmore, I concluded to wait for

it. It was ready at six o'clock, and I'm going to take it up on the ten-five ; and I want you to go with me."

With a sinking sensation about my heart I opened the parcel, and as the paper wrapper fell away it disclosed to my view a dainty blue-plush box.

"Hullo!" I said, as I lifted the cover of the box and caught sight of its contents. "A solitaire ring, eh?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "You have a wonderful eye. I was afraid you might think it was a bicycle. Don't you think it's pretty?"

"Very," I replied, holding it up to the light. "Very pretty. Who is it for, Gerald?"

Parsons reddened. "I guess you know," he answered. "If you don't you won't be long in finding out when I tell you that I am going to Belmore, not so much to enjoy Dawson's hospitality as to—ah—well, to do something else. That's an engagement ring."

"Oh!" I ejaculated. "Then—then you are engaged?"

"No," he replied, "not yet,—but I expect to be before I return."

My throat began to fill up and my mouth got dry. I did not like the calm assumption on Gerald's part that it was all settled, and that it needed only his question to make the engagement a definite one. It is true that my reasoning of the past hour had led me into entertaining a similar belief, but Parsons's calm acceptance of my unwilling theories as absolute fact galled me not a little.

"You appear to be very confident of success, Gerald," I said, as soon as I could speak without making an exhibition of my feelings.

"Well, Jack," he returned, "I did feel confident when I ordered that ring, and I still feel a certain measure of confidence that all will come out as I want it; but since four o'clock this afternoon I must confess the reserve fund of my assurance has been appreciably reduced. Having nothing to do during the afternoon hours, I went to my rooms and tried to get a nap ; and I got one, but it wasn't the kind I like. I'm partial to what they call dreamless sleep. What I got was anything but that. I had a dream that set my confidence to oozing, and I'm hanged if it hasn't pretty much all gone."

I laughed. "How nervous you must be. Are you upset by dreams as easily as all that?" I said.

"Not always," he answered. "Indeed, I've never been affected by them this way before. But somehow or other this dream seemed so real, and it suggested an idea to me that, while I know that you have entertained it, never seemed to me to be worthy of serious consideration until now."

"You speak in riddles," said I, lighting a cigar. I had to do something to steady my nerves. "Do you want me to guess what the idea was for a prize, or what?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Parsons. "I'll tell you what the idea was, only I don't want you to feel hurt. I know that you are quite as much in love with Helen Dawson as I am."

"If not more so," I ventured.

"We needn't discuss that," rejoined Parsons. "To measure our respective loves for a woman with the intention of discovering which is the greater would amount chiefly to our telling each other what sacrifices we would make for her, which would entail a needless amount of lying, and engender a spirit of rivalry between you and me which would be out of place on Christmas Eve. Besides, you have a stronger imagination than I, and my exaggeration would be puny alongside of yours. I'm willing to admit that you are as deeply in love with Helen as I am. Say for the argument's sake that there we stand on an equality. Now which of us does *she* like the better? That is the important point. I have always felt certain that with me out of the way you would have clear sailing; but, unfortunately for you, I'm not out of the way, and I don't intend to get out of the way, either. But in the dream I had, it was suggested to me that, after all, there is no counting on a woman. I *may* be entirely wrong. Perhaps she does like you better than she does me. I don't believe she does, but that beastly little 'perhaps' has suggested itself, and I can't get rid of it. I can quite understand a woman's falling in love with you. If I were a woman I'd fall in love with you myself,—unless Helen Dawson were a man, so that I could still love her. You are attractive in appearance, you talk well, you can't sing and you know it, and so don't try, which in itself is enough to commend you to the affections of any well-ordered person ; so why should it not happen that *perhaps*, through some idiosyncrasy of womankind, Helen Dawson should prefer you to me?"

"I think it quite likely that that may be the case," said I, with a smile.

"I've no doubt of that," said Gerald, returning the smile ; "but that judgment is based upon self-interest and conceit. My judgment centers upon something which involves a bitter disappointment for me, and so is worth something. But what I've come to you to-night for is just this: I want you to let your business slide, pack up your bag and go up to Belmore with me, and to-morrow morning I want you to propose to Helen Dawson."

If the ceiling had fallen on me I should not have been more staggered. The idea of Parsons making such a request as the one he had just voiced was too preposterous to be real. I pinched myself several times to make sure that I was not dreaming. Finally I found my voice.

"Gerald," I said, "are you really here in my rooms?"

"Of course I am," said he. "Where did you suppose I was?"

"I didn't know," I answered. "Are you sure I am not dreaming all this? As a matter of fact, are you not already at Belmore, dancing the York with Helen Dawson, or taking a sleigh-ride with the whole Dawson party?"

"Not on a night like this," returned Parsons, as an unusually heavy blast of wind came blustering past the windows and making the panes rattle. "I am here talking to you, and making what seems to me to be a perfectly fair, straightforward, friendly proposition to you."

"I can't believe it!" I said. "The proposition is fair enough and friendly enough, and you make it with a straightforwardness that is simply astounding ; but what I find difficult to believe is that you have really made it at all. What is your object? Do you want to lose Helen altogether?"

"I do not," Gerald answered. "No more do I want to be rejected in your favor. That is the purely selfish side of it. I'd much prefer to have you rejected in my favor. But there are other sides to it. It may be that Helen likes us both equally well, and would accept the one who asks her first. If that is the case, while I should be disappointed in having her accept you, I should be much better off than I would be if I married a woman who took me only because I happened to be more enterprising with my proposal than some other man. Furthermore, granting that she liked you better than she did me, you have put off proposing so long, and have absented yourself so unaccountably from this house-party,—for no one can imagine you as being too busy to take a week off,—that in a spirit of pique she might accept me, and that I won't have. The only real way to get this thing settled to my entire satisfaction is to have you propose first, have you rejected, have you fly from the field and leave me in possession."

"But the ring! What will you do with that?" I asked.

"If she takes you you can have it free gratis. You'll need it. Come, will you go with me?"

"I will not!" I answered, firmly. "It is about the only thing in the world, Gerald, that you could ask me to do for you that I would refuse to do. I won't go. Say what you please, that is final."

"Not even when your own future happiness is at stake?" he said.

"That is unkind of you," I answered. "After failing in an appeal to my friendship for you, you try to gain your point by an appeal to my selfishness. I have no fear for my future happiness. If Helen Dawson loves me, as I think she does, she'll never accept you; so go along with you. Take your ring. I'll wager you one like it you won't succeed in getting rid of it in the way you think."

Gerald sat staring into the fire for a minute in silence. Then rising, he took my hand, pressed it warmly, and started for the door. As he opened it he turned and said:

"Good-bye, Jack. I'm going to Belmore. Don't ever say that I didn't give you a chance."

"No, Gerald," I replied, "I'll never say that."

In a moment Parsons was gone. After an hour of more reflection, in which this interview with Gerald played an important part, I turned in and was soon lost in dreams.

Christmas Day dawned clear and cold; just the sort of day for me with a large amount of writing to be done, since with me sunshine is as essential in writing as are ink, pen, and paper. I was felicitating myself upon this fact, when the thought flashed across my mind that as it was just the day for work, so also was it quite the sort of weather which would advance the cause of a wooer like Gerald, and with that thought all hope of accomplishing anything fled. I might quite as well have taken the day off, for the work I had undertaken was, under the circumstances, impossible of fulfillment. The morning hours passed slowly by, the afternoon came and went, and twilight found me sitting once more at my fireside, a prey to disquieting reflections; and as they had been interrupted by a knock upon the door the night before, so were they again interrupted by a similar knock this evening.

Again I cried "Come in!" and again Gerald Parsons entered.

"What?" I said, rising from my chair. "Back again?"

"Oh, no — of course not," he said, gloomily. "I'm off skating at Belmore. Don't you admire the graceful curves I make on the ice?"

"I didn't know but I was dreaming again, Gerald," I explained. "I certainly didn't expect to see you so soon."

"I didn't expect you would, either," he returned, shortly. "But it had to be done."

"What has brought you to town?" I queried.

"I wanted to make you a Christmas present," he answered. "There it is," he added, tossing at me the box he had shown me the night before. "You can have it!"

"The ring?" I cried.

"Yes,—the ring. I—ah—I haven't any use for it, Jack, and it's my firm belief that perhaps you have," he said. "Don't ask any questions, but keep it, and—ah—if you can, go up to Belmore and stay over Sunday. They're all asking after you. I'm not going back."

Of course I knew then what had happened, and I put in the hardest kind of an evening trying to convince poor Parsons that I was sorry; but he did not seem to think I was very sincere, and as I think it over now I half believe he was right, for when, at eleven o'clock, he left me I danced a fandango from one end of the room to the other, and with difficulty repressed my desire to shout for joy.

The following Saturday afternoon I went to Belmore.

Monday I returned, and on Monday afternoon Gerald Parsons and I might have been seen walking into Tiffany's together, where we exchanged a solitaire diamond ring for a couple of scarf-pins, leaving a balance of about three dollars to our credit.

"Jack," said Gerald, as we walked dejectedly up Broadway together, "I have a scheme."

"What's that?" I inquired, listlessly.

"Let's go back and buy another scarf-pin with that three dollars," said he.

"What for?" I asked.

"We can send it to that chore-boy up in the Adirondacks. That will complete the set," said Gerald.

CARLYLE SMITH.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

CHANT me a song for the New Year, poet,
A rhyme that is happy and gay;
Let your voice ring true and each word sound clear
As you sing me my sweet roundelay;
For the nobler the theme the grander the song,
And who shall predict what rare gifts may belong
To the twelvemonth commencing to-day?

Write me a prayer for the season, poet,
A prayer from a brave, hopeful heart;
Let it impress bear of a loving faith,
Of a trust that will vigor impart;
For the greater the strain the stronger the need,
The higher the effort the surer the meed,
Be the standard of life or of art.

Man cannot pierce through the curtain, poet,
Concealing the year's future flight;
Offer prayer or praise in its grief or joy,
From the darkness shall burst forth the light!
Tho' the clouds gather thick the sun will shine through,
The sultriest day hath its evening of dew,
And the world hath God's haven in sight!

LEE C. HARBY.

SHE.

A MISTY mass of lace and such
Ethereal things you dare not touch;
A crown of wavy, filmy hair,
(One strand of which you'd like to wear
Upon your coat); two dancing eyes,
Whose glance your love-lorn look defies;
A nose that has a saucy air,
And mouth—"Why, kiss me if you dare!"
That's she,
And this is

HE.

A conscious clump of tailor clothes;
A longish head; a Roman nose;
Chameleon eyes of blue and green
And gray,—eyes seldom seen;
A mouth that talks a steady stream
In reverie or idle dream,
But scarce can utter or express
One single thought if but her dress
Touch but his foot as she goes by.
Blushing, I pause,—you wonder why?
Why, he is I and I am he,
And you, my darling,—you are she!

L. T. E

A NEW YEAR REVERIE.

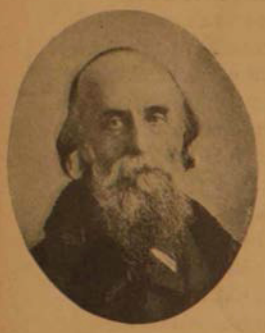
NEW THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, MARTHA MORTON, "BILL NYE," MRS. JEANNETTE THURBER, AND MRS. RORER, GIVE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE FRESH IDEAS ON INTERESTING TOPICS.

THE NEW BIRTH.

A BRIEF NEW YEAR SERMON BY DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

CHRISTMAS and New Year Day are, and should be, times of introspection, of self-examination, to ascertain whether achievements are not falling far short of ideals, and whether the ideals themselves are not becoming dim. Invariably it will be found that this is true. Everybody needs a newer and diviner life than that of days that are gone. They need more spirituality. No intellectual development, no culture, no moral obedience to laws of conduct, can take the place of spiritual life. It is the absolute necessity of humanity. No finger-drilling will enable a girl to see the kingdom of music; no Greek grammatical grind will enable a student to see the kingdom of literature. The artistic sense must be born before art or literature are even as much as seen. So no drill in creed or ritual will ever open the windows of the kingdom of God and let the soul look in. The sense of spiritual realities must be born within the soul. A new life must begin; and this life must be born from above. If it be true that we *must*, it is true that we *may*, become new creatures. We may bury the past in the depths of the sea. It may become as foreign to us as though it were a pre-existent state. The moral and spiritual nature may be re-formed. The very substratum of character may be changed. No man or woman need despair. No one has a right to say in exculpation of himself, "It is my nature; I was born so." He can acquire a new nature; he can be born again, born out of the dead past. The secret and origin of this new and divine life is the love of God, and this omnipotent love may be obtained by meriting it, by setting Christian ideals high, and striving to live up to them, not in the letter merely, but in the true spirit. New Year's is an excellent day to begin to live a spiritual and unselfish life; and even if the efforts are not wholly successful at first, they will result, nevertheless, in lasting good.



WOMEN IN A NEW SPHERE.

MARTHA MORTON, ONE OF THE FIRST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN PLAYWRIGHTS, SPEAKS OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF HER SEX IN PLAY-MAKING.

THE writing of plays is one of the newest fields for the activity of women, but I venture to predict that it is one from which my sex will gather many laurels in the future. It has always been difficult for either a man or woman of untried abilities to get a play produced, the reason being that a manager can never be certain how the public will receive a new production, and the expense involved in putting it on the boards is very great. Naturally he is desirous of taking as little risk as possible, and therefore has a *penchant* for playwrights who have already achieved success. Men who are seeking a market for their first play encounter this obstacle, and to women it has been more formidable still, because not a few of the managers have been possessed of the blind and unreasonable idea that women can't be dramatists. Now that a number of us have shown that we can construct successful plays, the way will be easier for women. I am very glad of this, not only because I think that all, both men and women, should have full opportunity for all possible development, but also because I think that the drama will be benefited. The conventional and old-fogy beliefs that women are not as well equipped as men for the work of play-making are disappearing. Personally I believe that we women excel the men in some respects, notably in the handling of the emotions, for the reason that, as a rule, we are ourselves the more emotional, and this gives us an insight which is a great advantage if other qualifications are equal. The one great need of women in play-writing is a thorough knowledge of the mechanical part of it, the stage technique. This is important, and must be acquired if success is to be achieved.

"BILL NYE'S" NEW YEAR MEDITATION.

THE THOUGHTS INSPIRED IN THE FAMOUS HUMORIST'S MIND BY THE ADVENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

OF course the serious business on New Year Day is to make good resolutions, and no person who respects himself or has due regard for the proprieties will begin to smash them until the bright-eyed young cherub whom we picture as the New Year has been long enough in the world not to mind hearing the crash of the fine china. Some authorities on the etiquette of the day say that while the breaking should not begin before sundown of New Year Day, it may be inaugurated after that time, as the cherub, being very young, and tired out with moving in, may be presumed to have retired for the night. This however, is a doubtful point, upon which it is not safe to act.

Personally, I don't begin to toy with the good resolutions until late in the day. I work up to them by degrees. The first thing I do in the morning is to think over the good I have done. I find that I can finish this very nicely before breakfast by getting up at my usual time, which is six minutes before James, my butler, brings in the first course of sun-kissed strawberries. I think I may say, without undue pride, that these strawberries are kissed through the hot-house windows at fifty cents a kiss.

After breakfast I attend to my regrets for things done which ought not to have been done, and things left undone which ought to have been done. This is the long undertaking of the day, and I should have to pull down the curtains upon the still night and the white mantle of virgin snow, and light the lamp before completing it, were it not for the fact that I do not find

myself an enthusiastic regretter, and soon tire of my work. I knock off with the comforting thought that we should only regret enough to chastise ourselves, anyhow, and then with a firm, rigid upper lip should proceed to do better. We should let our sorrows heal, if they will, instead of keeping them open, torn and bleeding, as cowardly soldiers sometimes do to avoid the coming battle. I always like to shake hands with the New Year and bid it welcome, for it seems to me to be a sort of cleaning-day, when we can put our past out on the line, look it over, and pound it with a broom and knock out the dust of selfishness and unkindness.

IS A MUSICAL EDUCATION WORTH WHILE?

THE VIEWS OF MRS. JEANNETTE THURBER, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, UPON THIS QUESTION.

IF a young woman or man has talent and is properly taught, a musical education is decidedly worth while; otherwise it is not. The experience of the National Conservatory of Music, New York, during the last ten years has demonstrated that there is no lack of talent.

What shall a parent do with his son or daughter? The country is full of college graduates who cannot make a living. Shall the boy be a clerk, the girl a saleswoman, stenographer, or typewriter? Suppose the boy becomes a remarkable clerk, or the girl a remarkable typewriter, what then? Does the life of a clerk or of a typewriter influence the taste and ideas of the community or lead to social recognition?

Even if a musician fails to show talent, a thorough training can always be turned to account in teaching. The earnest study of music pays. It pays in its refining influence upon the student; in the pleasure it enables one to give to others; in the valuable part it plays in social life; in the influence and honor that it wins; and, to put it on no higher basis, in the large income it assures. It is not an uncommon thing for music-teachers to get five dollars for a half-hour lesson. As the taste for music increases—and it is increasing every year in America at an amazing rate—a musical education becomes more valuable. The field is widening. But the important thing is to be trained under masters whose authority in music, honesty of purpose, and independence can be relied upon.

This is the field that the National Conservatory of Music is trying to fill; its faculty is not excelled by any of the great conservatories of Europe. This is a question that touches every town and village, every fireside in the country. The next generation of America will be the heirs of this generation. The music of the nation is largely in the hands of foreigners. Let us educate our own teachers and create a system that will spread sound ideas and reflect credit upon the nation. Why should Americans go abroad to study when the best teachers are available here? What we need are American musicians educated in America and surrounded by American influences.

THAT VEXATIOUS SUBJECT, THE COOK.

WHAT MRS. RORER, THE EXPERT IN THE CULINARY ART, HAS TO SAY ON THE EVOLUTION OF COOKS AND COOKING.

IN my opinion cooking is one of the most important things in the world. We have to eat to live, and whether we live happily or not depends, more than most people imagine, upon our food. The evil that badly cooked dinners can do is great and far reaching. They give rise to bad temper, lead to domestic trouble and marital unhappiness, and may culminate in the breaking up of homes, and in sorrowful, ruined lives. I believe seriously that bad cooking drives men, particularly men who do physical work, to drink. They come home at night wearied, with the whole system demanding something warm and nourishing. The poorly cooked food does not satisfy nature's craving, and they go to the dram-shops for hot and stimulating beverages.

One of the domestic woman's highest duties is to cook well herself, or be able to see that others under her control cook well. Vain indeed are the fine accomplishments of music and painting for a woman who is presiding over a home if the meals in that home are not such as her husband and children can enjoy. Good cooking is vital to a family's or a nation's best welfare; yet the culinary art, I regret to say, is sadly neglected in America. The reason is plain enough. Women in this country have an idea that cooking is an occupation of a decidedly menial character. The result is that it is largely relegated to ignorant girls who are wasteful and have not the slightest conception of the principles of good cookery. What we need is trained cooks; and we shall get them only when American women come to a realization of the fact that cooking is not an occupation of the lower and menial order, but may be a dignified profession, requiring just as much intelligence and education and skill as nursing or dressmaking or other feminine callings. I think that our women are beginning to view the matter in this light, and that the future generations of American women will be better cooks than those of the past. This result will be due in no small degree to the introduction of electrical cooking apparatus, which, in doing away with dust and coal and the uncertainty of fires, will make the culinary art a particularly dainty and agreeable one. I think that the electrical apparatus will be in very general use within the next decade or two.

CONTENT.

TO-NIGHT, thank God! I am content,
No matter when the call is sent,
No matter when my soul is blent
With other souls above.

Contented here, and perfect there;
Never was promise half so fair
As that which tells us "God does care;
His words are words of love."

So, though the day may still seem long,
And though your life seems full of wrong,
Through evil and through good be strong,
Be patient, and be brave.

God's messengers may be named "Pain,"
"Sorrow," "Affliction;" yet not in vain
These messengers all sing one strain,
"Remember, He will save."

JOHN O. COIT.

THE NOBLE LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

SOCIETY FADS.

WHEN the photograph album of affectionate memory was banished from the drawing-room, fertile-minded women at once set about discovering something to take its place, until at last they discovered the uses and beauties of the portrait book. This is in reality only the old-fashioned album brought up to date and enlarged. Instead of a heavy volume to hold upon one's knees or to ornament a table, the portrait book appears as ponderous as an atlas of the world. It measures three feet long by two and a quarter broad, is bound in leather elaborately embossed in colors, or in a richly carved skin, with the owner's initials on the back. It lies on a low, carved oak reading-desk, to aid in easily examining its contents. Within it holds fifty leaves thick enough to admit of photographs being mounted thereon, and every leaf is decorated with a portrait of the book's owner, who is usually one's handsome hostess or the hostess's pretty daughter. Since it has become the custom to make photographs very large and by divers processes the portrait book has appeared, for the pictures are made from plates nearly the size of the big leaves, and are developed as carbon, platinum, albumen, or silver prints. Not content to see herself in these varying tints, the subject will next sit for an etching, has from her favorite photograph an engraving made, and, lastly, submits her charms to the possibilities of a water-color sketch. Moreover, on every leaf her costume and pose are different, for the mode now is to have oneself photographed in the posture of celebrated portraits. Exact copies are made of Lely's lovely Duchess of Richmond, mother and daughter are taken in imitation of Vigée Le Brun and her child ; Queen Louise of Prussia, Madame Récamier, and the Duchess of Devonshire are also favorite models for these modern ladies, who resort to the portrait book when they cannot afford to have their pictures painted by eminent artists of the day.

EVERY season, just as spring fills the world with green, and autumn colors both atmosphere and forests with its own russet gold, society accepts what is called a prevailing color. Last season forest green and sealing-wax red were the dominating shades. Walls were hung with either one or the other, books bound in them, card-cases covered with red or green, while on hats and writing-desks, stationery and upholstery, red or green greeted the eye. Again the change has come, as subtile as the shifting of the seasons, and Episcopal violet now binds the pretty books of devotion, covers the opera-glass case, enamels the silver backs of brushes, even covers the dinner-table under a cloth of embroidered white muslin. It is the rich purple shade with which theological college hoods are lined, and it first came into use for binding the splendid sets of church service that women carry about rather conspicuously of a Sunday. These volumes are large and thin, with silver-edged leaves, gloriously illuminated. They are covered in violet leather, and then wonderfully overwrought with delicate ecclesiastical solid silver traceries. In place of the pretty ribbon markers ordinarily used, with their silver symbols of cross, anchor, etc., at the end, between the leaves are slipped three broad, long strips of silk, one violet, one ecclesiastical red, and one white. These are finished at the ends with silver fringe, and solidly embroidered in gold and silver threads, after designs taken from ancient church vestments.

WHEN cards were sent out the other day by a woman famous alike for her wealth, for her love of music, and her abilities as a hostess, the fortunate recipients congratulated themselves upon having the chance to hear an undoubtedly unique and charming concert, since the invitations promised music. They were not disappointed ; for when the evening was half-over and the prima donnas and violinists had achieved their best, the mistress of the house announced that she had yet another musical number to offer. In this final performance and in behalf of the vocalists she begged her guests to permit the drawing-room lights to be extinguished, and the most perfect silence preserved. Thereupon the room was plunged in darkness, and at a signal a double pair of curtains at the end were softly drawn aside, folding doors rolled into their sockets, and a veritable fairyland presented to view. A huge conservatory, where tree ferns towered, water-lilies lay gleaming on a miniature lake, and jasmine blossomed, was only partially illuminated by an electric light hid somewhere high among the leaves and softened to moonlight radiance. A fountain plashed beneath a flowering orange-tree, and after a moment, with a trill and a twitter, a nightingale began to sing. The songster was answered by its mate, and the notes re-echoed by other captive birds, singing quite as sweetly as though in their native olive-groves in Italy. Suddenly varied notes mingled with the nightingale roundelays, and the mocking-bird, though the audience dared not applaud, stirred even deeper enthusiasm. Up and down the scale of innumerable bird-songs his nimble tongue ran without a fault, from the wren's cheerful chirrup to the rich, sweet notes of the nightingales; and when his marvelous notes subsided into silence, the heavy doors and curtains were drawn, and in the again brightly lighted drawing-room such a burst of applause rewarded these songsters as rarely falls to the share of the greatest artist. But an encore was not permitted, though the hostess explained she had secured the birds from Italy and Louisiana as a special feature for her conservatory, where, nightly, for her delectation they sing among the trees as though again in their own Southern forests.

AN Englishwoman with her eyes about her, taking in her first impressions of American life, believes there is no end, not only to the richness, but exceeding ingenuity, with which the average American woman of means decorates her home. The most recent acquisition she finds to the sumptuous library is a huge, oval, stained-glass window, the design of which is a portrait of the mistress of the mansion. To have a portrait done all in this colored crystal is a novel idea to the Englishwoman's mind ; but she admits it is an interesting variation on the usual oil-painting, though quite as expensive. She who would be done in glass gives regular sittings to a designer, and wears for the occasion the richest of her gowns, with colored jewels. He first makes an exact copy of her costume in water-colors, which is imitated in heavy cathedral glass, tone for tone. Only the face and flesh tints are painted on the crystal, to get them quite exact, and the result is splendid to a degree.

GLASS as a decoration has come of late years to be most highly considered when house-furnishing. Sconces and candelabra, the latter standing five feet high, are made of solid cut white crystal to hold wax candles. Mirrors are framed in jeweled glass, and, as a last addition to the oddities of home decoration, women who are clever photographers utilize their glass camera-plates. These, both

large and small, and the more irregular the size the better, are, when developed, put together with leaden strips and used to fill an entire window-sash. Well-developed glass plates showing lovely wood or water views, clever portraits, or favorite scenes of summer outings, taking us to mountain heights or sandy shore, are employed for this purpose with a charming effect, for the light shining through brings out the points sharply.

One woman's morning-room windows, that look out on an uninteresting street, have their plain glass panes replaced by these leaded-in camera-plates, to her infinite satisfaction.

MADAME LA MODE.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

FLOWERS FOR WEDDINGS AND DINNERS.

DID you ever dream that you were in an enchanted forest, where roses blossomed on palm-trees and mammoth chrysanthemums grew on tropical vines at unattainable heights, while entrancing color and soft fragrance enveloped you as a cloud? If so, you had only to be in St. Thomas' Church when it was decorated for the Marlborough-Vanderbilt nuptials to see the tantalizing, ever-evading figment of sleep bodied forth in the reality of a *fin de siècle* achievement.

The term is chosen advisedly, for the art of the florist-decorator has been carried to a point of perfection during this present decade never heretofore even dreamed of; and we may consider the decorations of St. Thomas' on this occasion as marking the culmination of effort in this direction. They were most happily adapted to the architecture of the church, and only the keenest artistic sense could so artfully have subordinated the one to the other. The imposing interior dropped its austerity and took on an air of gladness and joyousness that no holiday greens have ever been able to give it.

Potent factors in this transformation of the vast chilling spaces to the coziness of a beautiful chapel were the draping of the great dome with festoons of foliage, studded thick with roses and white chrysanthemums, and the fastening of floral torches on the ends of the pews, so that the advance of the fair young bride to the altar was through a veritable forest of roses and palms. From the tops of these torches waved a feathery mass of palm leaves, while just below immense bouquets of rosebuds were tied with broad satin ribbons, the stanchions beneath being wound with the same, and fluttering ends extending toward the floor. The torches were alternately of white and pink buds, and the ribbons matched the flowers.

The whole color-scheme was green, white, and pink, deepening to the pinkish lavender of *cattleyas*, with a warm undertone of bright autumn foliage used in masses around doorways and on the fronts of the galleries, for no remote corner of the church was left undecorated. The massive columns were wound from base to capital with broad garlands of pink and white chrysanthemums and feathery ferns. On the fronts of the galleries abundant use was made of the dainty pink and white cosmos, which were festooned with graceful vines between large medallions of autumn leaves picked out with immense pink and white chrysanthemums, while countless growing orchids were hung in still other festoons beneath. This decoration surrounded the entire nave and transepts, terminating in the north and south galleries under the dome, and while beautiful in detail, was skillfully subordinated to the exquisite arrangement of the chancel and choir.

Spanning the chancel were three Gothic arches literally woven of thousands of fragrant white blossoms bordered with asparagus fern, while the chancel railing was concealed by a trellis of lilies-of-the-valley and bride roses. Tall palms, trailing vines, and blooming plants formed a background for the altar, on which were large vases filled with Amazon and ascension lilies. Banks of palms and blooming plants hid the choir stalls and railings, and Gothic arches of white chrysanthemums on the left and pink on the right of the chancel half-concealed the organ fronts, which were further decorated with palms and vines. A century-old palm was placed in the pulpit, which was veiled with garlands of pink orchids and maidenhair fern.

Instead of the white ribbon across the aisle, so long used to indicate the pews reserved for the family and close friends, floral gates most beautifully barred the way. At the close of the ceremony, while the bride and groom were in the vestry signing the register,—according to the English custom,—the bridesmaids passed through the aisles carrying lovely baskets heaped with loose flowers which they distributed among the guests.

The decorations at the house were no less beautiful than those at the church; the same colors were used, but no autumn leaves, and flowers were even more lavishly employed. The broad fireplace in the great hall was banked with palms and tropical plants, and the chimney-piece was a bed of pink and white chrysanthemums. The stairway was festooned with asparagus plumosa, Farleyenca ferns, and pink and white chrysanthemums, and at its head Mrs. Vanderbilt stood to receive her guests. The bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends under a great floral bell of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley on a background of lace-like fern, the whole so light and delicate that it swayed with every breath. South American tree-ferns, standing in every available spot, transformed the great drawing-room into a tropical garden, the fireplace and chimney being completely hidden under a mass of ferns, white orchids, and pink and white chrysanthemums.

The bride's table, standing in the center of the dining-room, was oval in shape, and decorated through the middle from end to end with a bed of lilies-of-the-valley and white orchids, fringed with maidenhair ferns. At this table, with the bride and groom, were seated the

bridesmaids, best man, and ushers. There were thirteen other tables, seating eight guests each, which were decorated with American Beauty roses and ferns.

It is the present fancy not only to distinguish the bride's table by distinctive decorations, but, also, by its shape. At a lovely wedding in Lenox, when the church and house decorations were of yellow and white chrysanthemums and feathery ferns, the bride's table was heart-shaped; it stood in a large bay-window, under a marriage-bell of white chysanthemums, and was decorated with the same flowers. Some features of the church decorations for this wedding were the banking of the window ledges with chrysanthemums and ferns, from which trailing vines fell to the floor, the fastening of bunches of yellow and white chrysanthemums on the pews, and a marriage-bell of white chrysanthemums over the altar.

The bride's table for the Paget-Whitney wedding was crescent-shaped. It stood in a spacious bay-window, and the inner edge of the crescent was bordered deeply with white orchids and lilies mingled with ferns and an occasional American Beauty rose, giving just a touch of color. The small tables were decked with these roses and lilies; and throughout the house American Beauty roses reared their proud heads in countless numbers, mingled with palms and lilies, chrysanthemums and ferns, wherever the ingenuity of the florist could devise a place for them.

St. Thomas' was also the scene of this wedding, and the scheme of decoration was so beautiful and offers so useful suggestions that a few features must be mentioned. Twelve arches in groups of three each, spanned the body of the church, following its Gothic outlines; they were made of delicate vines at least six inches through, and were studded thickly with white chrysanthemums. The great columns and gallery fronts were twined and draped with smilax, asparagus, and trailing ferns, in a graceful irregular fashion suggesting natural growth; countless palms also aided in covering the walls with a mantle of green, and transformed the chancel and choir into a tropical forest. White flowers alone were used, and many blooming plants, chrysanthemums, roses, and lilies, were mingled with the palms. Gates of white chrysanthemums shut off a few front pews on the main aisle reserved for the relatives and intimate friends.

A curtain of feathery vines picked out with white flowers veiled the high reredos and formed an effective background for the altar, which was massed with bride roses and lilies. The whole effect was simple, artistic, and natural to a degree, the elaboration of design and labor required in its execution being most skillfully concealed.

While of general interest for their exquisite beauty, the sumptuousness of all these decorations is such that naturally there cannot be many who will imitate them; but very many suggestions will be found in them that can be effectively carried out in the home as well as the church. The floral torches would be charming on the newel post and stairway, and especially on an open stair-landing and on the balustrade of the veranda; while for Christmas decorations of a church they would be lovely made of bunches of scarlet-budded holly tied with red ribbons, and having tossing branches of spruce or hemlock instead of palms. Even our common woodbine can be draped in bay-windows and archways so as to make most graceful and lovely curtains and portières, and the woods are full of delicate, fine vines that are even prettier, the wild genista being as dainty as a trailing fern.

A pretty fashion observed in some home weddings is to form an aisle with white satin ribbons, held by small maidens gowned all in white or in harmonizing flower colors. Usually their gowns are chosen to match the decorations; with yellow and white chrysanthemums, they should have gowns of yellow India silk, with small fichus or shoulder-trimmings of white mull. Sometimes a page, all in white, precedes the bride, and strews her path through the aisle with flowers; but this is really prettier in sentiment than in effect.

The annual revival of the violet as Fashion's most favored flower is again upon us, and a recent dinner-table decoration showed a charming combination of these sweet blossoms with those quaint, richly-colored orchids, chocolate-striped olive cypridediums. The orchids were massed in the center of the table, and surrounding them was a border of violets resting upon delicate fern fronds; radiating to the ends of the table from the center were long, slender branches of glossy green leaves studded thickly with tiny bunches of violets, the whole lying perfectly flat upon the table. Corsage bouquets and small *boutonnières* of violets were placed alternately at the covers, and the white candle-shades were trimmed with artificial violets.

This flat arrangement extending from the center could be effectively carried out for a holiday dinner with autumn or ivy leaves, using bitter-sweet or holly berries, if flowers cannot be had. In Virginia, where the woods are full of blossoming jasmine, and often the honeysuckle vines are covered with flowers, charming decorations can be arranged with them in the same fashion. One of our northern evergreens, too, the hemlock, is so soft and pliable and delicate in outline that it can be effectively manipulated for table decoration. If the supply of both greens and flowers is small, a round or oblong mirror for the center is a great help; for with its aid a heavy wreath-like border can be made as beautiful as a solid mass of flowers. A slender vase in the center should hold a few specimen flowers.

The use of ribbons on the table is growing much rarer, and, as a rule, it might be said they are used only when their color effect is needed; as when an abundance of green is available but flowers are scarce.

E. A. Fletcher.

PLANTS FOR SHADY PLACES INDOORS.

Quite frequently we have a window to which the sun never comes, in which we would be glad to have plants grow. We remove plants from our sunny windows, and soon they droop and take on such a dejected air that we are glad to take them back to their old quarters. A little experience convinces us that plants which are successfully cultivated in a south or east window are not at all adapted to use in a window having a northern exposure. What, then, shall we select for the north window, or the window from which the sun is shut away?

One of the best flowering plants for such a window is *primula obconica*. This plant does as well without sunshine as it does with it. It sends up its clusters of dainty flowers in rapid succession, month after month, and gives your sunless window the charm of beauty, if not of bright color. Its flowers are sometimes pure white, sometimes faintly tinged with lilac. It is of very easy culture. Because of the great quantity of fine roots which it forms in a light, spongy soil, it takes up moisture rapidly, and must be given more water than most other plants require. If you try it, you will be delighted with it.

The Chinese primrose is another good flowering plant to grow in shade. The white varieties will be found best for this purpose, as sunshine is necessary to bring out and properly develop bright colors. A little observation when in the woods will convince you that most flowers growing

in shade are white or very light in color. Nature never grows such flowers there as require sunshine in their coloring.

The calla can be grown successfully in a north window; so can *Lilium Harrisii*, better known as the Bermuda Easter lily. The effect of either of these flowers among a wealth of green foliage is very pleasing; frequently more so than a window full of richly colored flowers would be if the furnishings of the room have in them that depth of tone and tint suggestive of warmth and cheer. If given a place close to the glass, it is possible to grow some of the light-colored geraniums well in a north window. Madame Christine, Mrs. Jas. Vick, and Mary Hallock Foote are the three best varieties to select for this purpose.

Begonia *rubra* does comparatively well in shade; but its flowers will not have that bright coral-red color which makes them so pleasing when grown in a sunny window. B. *Washingtonianum*, with thick, wax-like foliage and pure white flowers, will do good work there; so will B. *Weltoniensis*, with its beautiful satiny foliage and pink flowers, during the summer. This variety is not adapted to winter use anywhere. B. *argentea guttala*, with olive-green foliage thickly spotted with silvery white, succeeds charmingly away from the sun, and will therefore be found an excellent plant for north windows. It is a good bloomer, having large clusters of flesh-white flowers of semi-tranparent texture.

Plants with fine foliage are what must be depended on, however, to make a sunless window attractive. Fortunately there are many kinds that can be grown easily there. The palms are perfectly "at home" in a shady place. If you want one with low, spreading habit, select *Latania borbonica*, the fan palm, with white, rich leaves. If you prefer a taller grower, get *Kentia Belmoreana* or *Areca lutescens*, both beautiful and of easy culture. *Phœnix reclinata* is a good variety for a large window. *Cocos Weddelliana* is one of the daintiest of all palms, having foliage almost fern-like in character. *Sieforthia elegans* is a robust grower, with wide-spreading, arching foliage, and makes an attractive specimen for a large window, especially if plants of a lower growth be grouped about it.

Perhaps the best of all plants for a window wholly in shade is *Sanseviera Zeylanica*. This plant grows well not only in complete shade, but at some distance from the light,—something no other plant with which I am familiar is able to do. On this account it is especially useful for halls where the light is never very strong; but it needs a good deal of heat and plenty of moisture. It has leaves from a foot and a half to three feet in length, thick in texture, like some of the agaves, which it somewhat resembles in more than one respect, with spots and blotches of white on a dark green ground. If you have a place for a plant where you feel confident nothing will grow, give this plant a trial.

The aspidistras are most excellent plants for entire shade. Thousands of them are grown in Paris yearly, for the decoration of parlors, stairways, and corridors where the sun never enters. There are two varieties; one having plain, dark green leaves, the other leaves irregularly variegated with creamy white. They should have a liberal admixture of sand in the soil, and be kept in small pots to produce well-marked leaves.

The good old English ivy is the best vine we have for room-culture; and one reason why it is so popular is that it flourishes in shade. It can be trained away from the window, about pictures, and along the ceiling, and its thick, leathery foliage will retain the same rich, dark color that it takes on in strong light.

Asparagus *tenuissimus* is a charming plant to train up about the window-frame, where its filmy, feathery beauty can be seen against the light. Its branches, at a little distance, give one an idea of green mist, rather than of foliage, so light and delicate are the leaves. A. *plumosus* is another variety of branching, rather than vining, habit, and makes a fine plant for use at the window-sill, where its graceful branches can display themselves against the lower part of the window. The plant is very useful for cutting, and it lasts much longer than smilax and has a more airy, delicate effect when used among flowers which are in harmony with it.

Campsidium filicifolium, or climbing fern, is a very pretty vine for window culture. It is not a fern in the true sense of the term, but is so called because of its finely cut foliage. It is of easy culture, and being of rapid growth it will be found a good plant to train up and about the window where a mass of green foliage is desired.

Several varieties of fern succeed well in the house if the room is not too warm and dry. One of the very best of these is the sword fern. This variety has very long fronds of a gracefully curling habit, and is one of the most attractive plants we have for growing on brackets. *Davallia stricta* is a strong-growing, broad-fronded sort, very finely cut and extremely ornamental. *Pteris argyrea* has large, bold foliage, beautifully marked with white. The *adiantums* are too delicate for culture in the ordinary living-room; but any of the varieties named can be grown there with little trouble by those who are willing to study their habits and requirements.

For hanging-baskets in shady windows there are several very pretty plants. One is the *Vinca*, with rich, evergreen foliage; another is *Tradescantia*, with its green, olive, and purplish leaves, these colors running lengthwise of the leaf, in stripes of irregular width. Moneywort is very pretty and of rapid growth, while *Saxifraga sarmentosa*, sometimes called "strawberry geranium," is a very attractive plant. If the atmosphere is not too dry nothing will grow better in a north window or give more pleasure from its graceful form than a basket of lycopodium.

White chrysanthemums can be used with fine effect in shady windows after they come into bloom; but before that time they must be grown in sunshine. If placed in shade as soon as the flowers are ready to expand, they last much longer than they will if kept in a sunny room.

Fuchsia *speciosa*, the only good variety for winter flowering, does very well in a north window if not kept too far from the light. It is of very rapid growth, and a plant in a good-sized pot can be grown to a height of five or six feet in a single season. If given a place at one side of the window; on a bracket, the branches can be trained up and across the frame, and allowed to droop on the other side. The flowers, which are flesh-colored and carmine, are borne in long sprays at the ends of the branches, and are produced in wonderful profusion.

All the plants mentioned will be found well adapted to culture in shady locations, are easily obtained, and are not expensive; yet all require careful attention to watering and temperature.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THIS NEW YEAR GIFT of a basket of playful kittens, which is the subject of our beautiful full-page oil-picture for this month, is something the little folk will enjoy hugely without question, simply because they are kittens; but older people will derive additional pleasure in recognizing the spirited work of the famous animal-painter Dolph, whose pictures always attract eager crowds of admirers at the annual exhibitions in New York.

OUR GIRLS

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

HENRIETTE sat perched on the line fence, a big tear trickling down beside her short nose. Briers, young grapevines, and rampant sumach filled with their matted tangle the crooked corners either side. A great rent in Henriette's linsey frock told how strenuously she had struggled to reach the top rail. One hand was scratched. A vagrant bough had caught up her calico sun-bonnet and now flaunted it bannerwise in the soft, west wind.

But none of these moved Henriette to tears; she was too well used to rents and scratches. The cause of her grief lay just under her eyes,—a partridge-coop with a dozen brown-winged darlings fluttering helplessly within it, thrusting their beautiful striped heads so violently through the cracks that the watcher began to fear for their lives.

If only she dared to set them free! This was the covey she had watched and fed all summer, ever since, indeed, they ran away from the nest, which the harvesters left undisturbed because she asked it. Wild things she knew belonged to whoever could kill or snare them. If only her birds had not crossed the fence into this shrubby tangle they would be safe and free. Henriette herself had delighted to throw handfuls of wheat among the weeds there after the home field was turned to a dusty fallow. She did not dream then that anybody would think of renting the ramshackle house that stood a little way off. Nobody had lived in it since she could remember; it was quite ten years, folks said, since the Rankin farm had had a tenant. Outbuildings there were none; yet some strange folk had come to live there. Peering through the bushes, yet thinly clothed in red and yellow, Henriette saw a smother of thick smoke puffing out of the barrel, open at both ends, that had been set up to do duty as a funnel upon the tumbling chimney.

"Umph! No wonder them folks are so poor they have to live on rented land," Henriette said, aloud. "Here it is half an hour by sun and they just a-makin' their breakfast fire. Our wagin will be comin' in with a load of corn before they git to work. They haven't got no corn to gather, 'cause they've just come here; but if they have any next year they'll have to strike a better gait than this. I hate lazy folks! If that boy had plenty to do he wouldn't be makin' coops to ketch my poor, pretty birdies. Oh, you little bairnies you, what made you go in there? I wish that boy was in Jericho! An' I wish the coop was our side the fence, an' I'd turn you loose in a minute; no, I'd make you a big cage to stay in this winter while its cold, then turn you loose in the spring."

"Ai, ai!" said the partridges, rushing wildly about. Henriette's tears flowed afresh at sound of their frightened crying.

"I wonder how—a live par-tige—feels," she said, in gulps, leaning so far over the fence that her hand almost touched the top of the coop. A purpose was strengthening in her heart,—one that she dared not look fairly in the face. She had been taught to respect, most scrupulously, the rights of other persons; but over against that came the image of the boy, the lanky, red-handed creature in patched garments, whom she could not think of but to hate. He would be here soon, as soon as he had swallowed his lazy breakfast. Cautiously he would slip aside a board, thrust his big hand in and bring it out full of fluttering, small creatures, whose necks he would at once wring. He should not, must not, have them all. She would let loose —say half of them. Trembling she dropped to earth, thrust in her band, took gentle hold of a small palpitant body, and drew it outside. It lay limp, with closed eyes and hanging head, a little convulsive tremor now and again stirring its soft warmth.

"Poor birdie! you are scared clean to death," Henriette said, pressing her lips to the soft feathers. Then she sighed deeply and held the bird on her open palm. In the flash of an eye its wings spread, its eyes opened, it went whirring down the wind in swift, triumphant flight.

Henrietta laughed aloud.

"Oh, you little cheat!" she said. "Who taught you how to play 'possum? I wonder if the rest can play the same trick? Let's see," again thrusting in her hand, this time to clutch a brace of birds. "Ha! they heard you fly away, they know I won't hurt them. There now bairnies, fly away fast. How many are left now? Two three, five, seven, nine. I can turn loose three more, then——"

Almost before she had done speaking the three were flying away on happy pinions. Henriette looked at the remnant, her lips quivering. The enthusiasm of rescue filled all her soul. Swiftly, deftly, she caught them by twos, by threes, sent them away in joyous flight, and felt her heart leap at the noise of their wings. A touch or two, and the coop showed no trace of her work. With a quaking heart she scrambled back, not a minute too soon. Lying snugly in the corner, she saw the boy come whistling through the tangle. He bent over the coop, looking intently at the tunnel in the earth through which the birds had been tempted inside.

"Funny," he said, getting slowly to his feet, "the partridges have eaten every bit of corn. I don't see how they kept from going inside. Oh, if only they had! But it's no use sighing, Jack Ferris, you've got too much else to do."

Still he did sigh, so deeply that Henriette's mind more than half misgave her. She was glad her dear birds were free, but could not help feeling that Jack Ferris, if he knew what she had done, would have a right to feel aggrieved. She wondered if he did not see her where she sat,—his gray eyes were so sharp. He was a very ugly boy, with big freckles all over his face, and such faded clothes; but, faded as they were, they were clean, as were

his face and hands and hair. That was unusual in a rustic boy; Henriette had seen a dozen, each dirtier than the other. She was about to speak to him when the faint tinkle of a bell sent him off like a shot to the house whence he had come.

That puzzled Henriette until the afternoon. Then her Aunt Rose came to pay them a visit. Aunt Rose knew whatever was to be known in the country-side. Naturally she had much to say of the Ferrises, who had moved in a bare month before.

"Yes, I've been to see them," she said. "They are decent folk, but my! so poor. There's just three of them,—the man, his wife, and the boy. She's been sick ever since the boy was born,—can't walk a step, nor sew, nor knit, in fact does nothing but read and suffer. Her husband is a good, easily discouraged sort of a man. He waits on her mighty kind, but it's plain the boy is the mainstay of the place. They lived for two years close to my husband's mother. She says Jack cooks, washes, and makes fires, and works what crop they have, and is never too busy nor too tired to run to his mother when she rings her little bell. I don't see, really, how they get along. All they've got in the world besides their little house-plunder is a pair of old mules and a wagon. The father doesn't seem to care that they have no cow nor pigs nor chickens, but Jack does. He came to our house yesterday to ask if we had any work he could do,—said he'd take pay in whatever we'd give him. He'd especially like some fowls, then he blushed and stammered something about having eaten up all theirs when they knew they had to move. Poor things! I reckon they had to do it. My mother-in-law says Mrs. Ferris about lives on the birds and rabbits Jack catches for her."

"Oh, oh! I didn't know. I'm so sorry!" Henriette cried out; then ran away to her father. The mother and aunt, looking after her, smiled.

"Poor little girl," said Mrs. Main, "she has been mightily troubled ever since she found that this Ferris boy was trying to trap her pet birds; now she feels bad to think she said hard things about him. I believe, Sister Rose, she is the honestest child I ever saw."

"She's full of queer notions; you oughtn't to encourage all of them," Aunt Rose replied, judicially.

Mr. Main was very glad of his "tom-boy's" company. First he took her to the persimmon-trees, then he gathered for her trails of coral-red berries, and at last sat her in the wagon that went slowly along the corn-rows with the men either side tossing into it a rain of flinty ears.

Henriette ought to have been at ease; instead, she was unhappy, bitterly ashamed of her morning's exploit, all the more that there was no chance of its bringing her into trouble. She was a thief,—a mean, sly, sneaking thief, of whom her father must be more than ashamed; for had she not robbed a poor neighbor of what was lawfully his? Those were his birds; she ought to have bought their freedom before laying a finger upon them. If she had spent all her money for that last wax doll, pappy would have given her some and waited till she could knit socks enough to pay it. Maybe he might do it even now. She would ask him. But even as she pondered the wagon-bed overran, the mules were sent full tilt for the crib, with Henriette lying at length on top of the heaped ears.

Clambering down at the yard gate something met her eye that almost took away her breath. Lady Gay, her pet bantam hen, came running to meet her at the head of a brood now something larger than herself. All were Henriette's very own, loved and cherished as the apple of her eye. At sight of them she got quite white, then set her mouth hard and said, half under her breath,

"Yes, I will! My pappy's girl mustn't be a thief."

Half an hour later Jack Ferris, shuffling before his father's place, saw a small girl coming toward him in most surprising company. She had a gorgeous red rooster fast under one arm, a bantam biddy ran clucking at her heels, while on either shoulder young chickens perched, each scrambling over the others in the effort to nestle under her thick hair. Straight up to him she came with flaming cheeks but bravely lifted eyes. Holding the rooster toward him she said, tremulously,

"I've brought you these chickens,—they're mine to do as I please with; but please don't k—i—ll them,—I—I—love them a—ll!"

"Why don't you keep them, then?" Jack said, his face, if possible, grown a deeper red. Two big tears rolled over Henriette's plump cheeks, but she managed to say, in gasps:

"I—stole your—b—bi—rds this—mornin'. I—I—want to pay for 'em,—and this is—all I've got—without askin'—anybody."

"So it was you meddled with my coop. Why was that, little Miss? I never done you any harm," Jack said, leaning upon his hoe-handle and looking down at her.

"Be—c—cause I was so s—sor—ry for the poor birds,—I—turned them all loose. I—I didn't want you to kill them," Henriette said, breaking down utterly as the chicks flew down from her shoulders and began to peep about her feet. Jack Ferris looked at her, then held out his hand for the red rooster, saying, with a lump in his throat.

"Gimme this feller,—take the rest back home. If they wus my pets I'd not part with 'em for a heap. And don't talk about pay; the rooster is just a present; I'll take it from you, though I wouldn't from many folks."

"But I want to pay you,—I must!" Henriette sobbed.

"You shall, daughter," said her father's voice behind her. Turning to Jack he went on: "My lad, we're neighbors, and after this, if you want a friend count on me. I've been listening,—I don't know which of ye has come out best—or worst. She was very wrong to meddle,—very brave to own it; and you've met and treated her like a gentleman. I'll help you to show other folks what you are."

Farmer Main was always a little better than his word. It is three years since he made acquaintance with Jack Ferris, who now owns a gun, a nice colt, a flock of sheep, and a hundred hens. Henriette has never meddled with any more of his traps, partly, it may be, because he is too busy to set any.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

FAITH.

'Tis joy to know that God knows best.
Oh, beating heart! that yearns for rest,
Whatever burden we may bear,
However hidden be our care,
From out the soil some flower will bloom
To give forth fragrance through the gloom,
And silently through the still air
Reflect God's influence everywhere.
So, groping blindly day by day,
A wanderer o'er an unknown way,
Forgetting things which are behind,
And reaching forth as do the blind,—
Who try to cross the furrowed land
With docile step and clinging hand,
Guided through trials unto rest,
By One who knows which way is best,—
My human heart, strengthened by prayer,
The flower of faith shall ever bear,
Amidst a thousand perils blessed.
Why do we fear when God knows best?

H. G. P.

EARTH-MAKING.

VIII.

Jessica's Journey to the Cliffs.

(For the Children.)

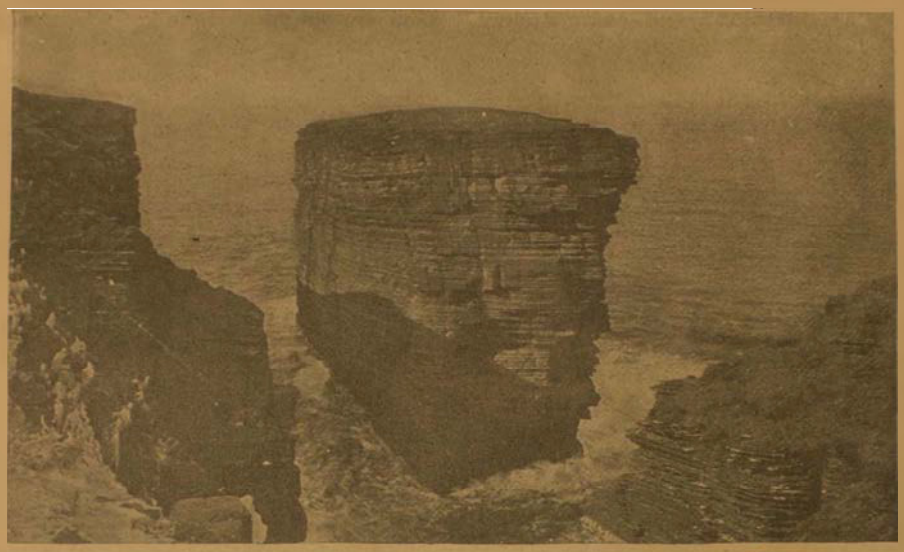
"YOU need not study your lesson this afternoon, Jessica," said the Earth Spirit, entering just as the child was beginning her task. "You may come with me, and see it all with your own eyes."

"Oh, how much nicer that will be!" exclaimed Jessica. "I am ready." Wafted in the briefest space of time to the shores of the ocean, the child, opening her eyes, looked up at the great white cliffs in amazement.

"What is it?" asked the Spirit. "Run up close, and examine for yourself."

"Why!" cried Jessica, who had scratched the surface with her finger-nail, "it seems to be only chalk!"

"Yes, just chalk, and nothing more," said the Spirit.



"STUPENDOUS CLIFFS WITH THEIR BASES IN THE OCEAN."

Jessica gazed around in silence. In some places strips of fresh sward grew at the foot of the cliffs, and ran up the steep and narrow ravines between the precipices. Sheep were feeding upon the scanty pasture-grounds higher up, and their bells sounded musically as they cropped the short herbage. The coast was indented with many coves, bays, and inlets. In one place a broad, placid stream came winding quietly among the hills until it emptied into the sea. For the most part, however, the stupendous cliffs stood with their bases in the ocean, which beat upon them incessantly, flinging the spray-crested billows up the white walls with a roar like thunder, repeated with the regularity of the swing of a pendulum.

'What a dreadful noise!" exclaimed Jessica. "How fearfully the waves dash against the cliffs!"

"Yet this is nothing," said the Spirit, "compared with what you would see here during a winter storm. It is the violent bombardment of the waves which has isolated that great mass of rock. I want to show you something else. Here is a little bay bounded by the same white walls. You see how the ocean has cut them into great pillars and vast archways which look like the ruins of a castle."

Jessica began to run along the smooth beach uttering cries of delight.

"Why, I don't think I ever saw such a strange place!" she called. "Hasten, dear Spirit! I want to look into one of those curious holes."

"Here is one," replied the Spirit. "Let us examine this."

"What a wonderful cave!" said Jessica, in a slightly awestruck voice as she went close to the Spirit's side. "Does the ocean ever fill this great arch?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the guide.

"Because the stones up there are all wet," replied the child, looking upward, "and the rocks are smooth in places, and broken off in others, like some of the arches we saw out there; and that makes me think——"

"Well, what do you think, darling?"

"Why, that the sea must rush in here at times, and tear down all the loose stones, and—maybe, I don't know—perhaps polish smooth those it can't tear down."

"You are right, dear, the high tides of the ocean do fill this cave, and loosen and tear down pieces of rock. There you see them lying all over the sandy floor of the cave, some of them fresh, with sharp, jagged edges, just as they fell; others, of older date, rounded by the action of the waves, or rather of the sand and pebbles flung about by the water. Up there, as your bright eyes have detected, the billows have, indeed, polished the surfaces of the rocks which they have not yet been able to detach. But it is only a question of time. One day, sooner or later, the ocean will conquer, and down will come the whole roof of the cave."

"But," said Jessica, who, while the Spirit was speaking, had been studying the roof of the cave, "there are some places which, I think, the waves cannot reach, nor even the spray, yet bits of rock are falling down."

"I was going to tell you about that, child," responded the Spirit. "At high tide, and especially during a storm, when the waves are piled up against this wall, the water is forced into the cave with tremendous power. It compresses the air, which has no time to escape, and forces it into every seam and crack; not an ant's burrow escapes, no, not a pin-hole. Then, when the huge volume of water retreats again, in its regular rise and fall, the condensed air rushes out with furious energy, taking with it everything soft, loose, or detachable. At the same time," she continued, as they left the cavern, "the outside of the cliff is being fiercely attacked. Rain, frost, and wind are hard at work."

"And the waves, too," said Jessica. "But what are all these roundish stones scattered all over the beach, and so many piled up against the cliff?"

"Those are the ocean's cannon-balls," replied the Spirit, "with which it bombards the cliffs. They were originally rough, broken fragments; but they have been made round and oval by being flung repeatedly against the side of the precipice. And, of course, while being worn smooth,

they must, in turn, wear away the wall against which they are tossed."

"This is a curious stone," said Jessica, showing her friend a whitish pebble which she had picked up upon the beach.

"That is a flint."

"What! a flint? Does a flint, one of the hardest of stones, come out of a cliff of chalk, almost the softest of stones?"

"Yes; and if you will look up there, dear, you will see many bands of them embedded in the chalk. You know how many flints there commonly are in the bed of a brook; well, suppose such a brook, or many of them, flowing down the cliff ages ago, leaving their flints behind. You will know more about these points when you really come to study geology."

"Oh, what a dreary place!" cried the girl, as they turned about the corner of a headland and came upon a shore heaped with vast, black rocks piled one upon another."

"Run up the beach, dear," said the Spirit, "and see if you can tell me what material it is in which those gigantic stones are embedded, and which lies between them where those half-starved plants are striving to grow."

"LIKE THE RUINS OF A CASTLE."

"Clay!" exclaimed the child, bringing back in her hand a morsel of the grayish black substance which lay between the huge bowlders.

"Clay it is," replied the Earth Spirit. "This bay, which stretches from headland to headland, was cut out of the shore by the action of the waves, because the coast line was composed of clay which offered no resistance. So the rocks are left standing alone. Now let us find out what the sea does with all the materials it takes away from the land." They walked on over bowlders, broken rocks, and a belt of pebbles, till they came to the smooth, sandy beach.

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" cried Jessica, as she stood, with the Spirit's hand upon her shoulder, upon the sands, just out of reach of the inflowing surf. "Away out there the water is a deeper blue than the sky; here, where it rolls upon the land, it is fringed with pure white snow. Is the whole bottom of the ocean sand like this?"

"No, indeed," answered her guide. "If you were to go out there far enough you would find mud of various colors."

"Mud, real mud?" said Jessica. "It doesn't seem possible."

"Yes, real mud, dear," answered the Spirit. "You might have to go some distance out, for the current, or 'undertow,' as it is sometimes called, carries the shore sand a good way out. There you would find green mud, and if you were to go yet farther you would find dark blue mud."

"I don't see why the mud should be colored," said Jessica.

"It is colored by minerals, dear," replied her guide, "which are dissolved by the waters of the ocean from all the rocks and sands around; they also pour into the sea from the rivers, brooks, and creeks, which dissolve them from their beds and banks. The ocean is full of minute creatures," continued the Spirit, "invisible except under the microscope. These creatures swim about in the water in infinite myriads; yet each one absorbs from the water a certain proportion of lime, and some other minerals. In a very brief time they die and sink to the bottom with whatever tiny proportion of lime and chalk they may have gathered during their brief existence."

"It must be pretty dark down at the bottom of the ocean, is it not?"

"Almost like midnight, always, Jessica."

"How do the fish see to swim about?"

"There are not many fish in the deepest parts, as I have already told you. Some of them are blind, quite without eyes, indeed. Others carry their own lanterns."

"Oh!" cried the child, laughing incredulously. "Now you are jesting."

"Not at all," returned her guide, seriously. "You have seen fire-flies and glow-worms of a summer evening, have you not? Well, there are fish furnished by nature with the means of making light for themselves, on the same principle."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Jessica, in amazement. "Oh! what a strange sight it would be to walk along the bottom of the sea down there,—with some sort of a lantern, I mean, of course."

"You would indeed see many strange things,—the bones of sharks, whales, and other swimming creatures, pieces of wrecks, and even human skeletons. And now let me put my arm about you, dear, for our next flight is a long one."

"What beautiful white sand!" cried Jessica, as she found herself in an entirely different place, "and how lovely the green water looks as it sweeps over it."

"This sand is—what? Can you tell me, dear?"

"Why, I suppose it is from some rocks which have been worn away by the action of the sea. But, come to think, I don't see any cliffs or rocks; and then, again, I am sure this sand is not of the sort which you showed me at the foot of the chalk and limestone cliffs. Altogether, it is very queer. Where are we?"

"In the South Pacific, Jessica," responded her guide.

"Oh, then I know!" cried the child, "for I have seen pictures of just such a place. We are standing upon a species of stony rim or circle, inside of which is a smooth lake. It is called an 'atoll,' and is made by coral insects. Outside, the waves are beating and plunging upon the white beach, but within all is calm and placid."

"Yes, you are upon a coral island. The beautiful white rock of which it is formed is the dwelling of countless infinitely small creatures, who absorb from the ocean the

materials to construct their houses. The billows break off pieces of these coral edifices and pile them upon the masses below the surface. In a short time the action of the water and the weather reduces such fragments to powder. Palm seeds and the germs of other sorts of vegetation are borne to the ring island, and presently trees, plants, and weeds are growing thickly upon the atoll."

"Was that lovely little island over there made by the coral insect?" asked Jessica. "It is full of beautiful palms shaped like umbrellas; and I can see great clumps of plants, and splendid blossoms, gold, blue, and red."

"Yes," replied the Spirit. "These fairy islands are all the work of a creature almost too minute to see. Look down into that transparent water and tell me what you see."

"It looks like a garden full of asters, daisies, lilies, and other flowers. Yet I know they must be stone; how beautiful!"

"Yes, dear. And if you were to remain here but a single year you would be amazed at the rapidity with which these corals grow and encroach upon the bed of the sea. I will tell you another fact which may astonish you. If it were not that all around the coast where you live the oysters were raked up by millions every year, they would increase so fast that every bay, harbor, and channel would become so clogged with them as to be utterly impassable by ships."

"Then oysters, too, grow by the lime they get out of the sea water?" said Jessica. "I know that they burn oyster-shells to get lime for plaster, but I never thought before that all the lime came out of the sea."

"Now, dear, I must go," replied the Spirit, pressing her lips to the child's forehead. It seemed but an instant when, putting her hand vaguely to her head, Jessica pushed back her hair and found herself sitting upon one of her favorite stones beside the brook at home.

"How fast we must have traveled," she said to herself. "And there is the dinner-bell."

LESTER HUNT.

MILADY'S TEA-TABLE.

WITH the passing of summer the charming tea-table of milady reasserts its value as a social feature. The very latest caprice in the furnishing of such dainty tables is to have the service, doileys, and cloth entirely white and green. Exquisite cups and saucers, tiny teapot, sugar-bowl, and cream-pitcher,—the latter, of course, being only for symmetry, as no truly æsthetic person ever takes tea with cream,—also tiny plates and tea-caddies may be found in the beautiful green Canton china, which is the more desirable because not generally appreciated. On the alluring tea-table, all in green and white, must always be found—to be served as the delicate bite with the little cup of tea—pistache *bon-bons* and marshmallows. Another essential to such a perfect tea-table is a small, clear glass bowl filled with white rosebuds or white violets nestling in the tender green of maidenhair fern.

For the young hostess who serves afternoon tea regularly in her boudoir, studio, or den, the souvenir-spoon fad offers opportunity for a delicate attention to those feminine friends whom most she values. One such young woman has conceived the unique idea of having a dozen teaspoons dedicated solely to the use of as many girl friends whom she loves. The design of each spoon is floral, and each is chosen for its significance, and is indicative of great admiration and regard. Stately Maud finds her name engraved on the chrysanthemum spoon, gentle Alice reads hers on the violet spoon, while spicy Kitty has the one with the carnation pink, blooming Margaret the beauteous rose, and the girl from the Southland sips from the jasmine spoon with the name Adèle on the handle. So the real souvenir idea is carried through the entire dozen spoons. The charming flavor bestowed by this unusual and unique honor must be experienced to be appreciated.

Feminine fancy sometimes runs aground for something new and palatable to serve with the cup of afternoon tea. When the days are shorter and correspondingly cooler, stuffed dates touch a responsive gastronomic chord. For this delightful and dainty bite, procure good, fresh dates and sound almonds or English walnuts. Seed the dates, and in each one shut carefully half a walnut or a whole almond, keeping the original shape of the date as far as possible. Thus prepared, roll each one generously in powdered sugar, and heap picturesquely on your prettiest china plate covered with your most feathery bit of doiley. In place of nuts the seedless raisin may be used. Graciously decline to analyze the ingredients of the novel confection, as the title "Oriental bon-bon" will add largely to its mysterious toothsomeness and popularity.

Among the pretty ornaments in bisque and Dresden china which are found in the shops this season is an exquisite little bit which every woman who owns a tea-table must instinctively desire. It is a little china settee, or sofa, with a high arched back, gilded in the Empire style, and on the broad seat, in a pretty little row, sit four little damsels drinking tea. They are delicately French in garb and form, and their little pink toes barely touch the floor; while the tiny cups in lap or hand are realistic to a charm, and pleasantly suggest the harmless badinage which is inspired in the feminine mind by the cup which always cheers. The little *faïence* bit is only about six inches

long, and would add the crowning touch to any already attractive tea-table.

The grandmother's tea-table is one of the fads of the hour, and argues a respectability of background which every well-regulated woman must hold valuable. Any antique china of grandmother or great-grandmother prestige is shown on these tables with good effect, and with that inward peace which outshines the fervor of religion. One New York society belle, of Southern family, has an entire service of the old blackberry pattern, banded in purple and gold, and decorated with abnormal blackberries in the bottoms of the cups and in the saucers. This tea-service was brought from England in the vessel which also brought brick to build the family residence down on the Maryland shore. Another much admired grandmother's set is of Colonial pattern, gold-banded, with sharp, angular, octagonal edges. A Canton service in the pale old blue willow-pattern of the days when great-grandfather went sailing to foreign ports is also much cherished and revered. A unique and beautiful tea-service, owned in New York, is decorated with the castles of old England, and is, of course, priceless to the lovely girl whose grandmother's tea-table it hallows and adorns.

EMMA CARLETON.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

A brownie party is quite the latest thing in social gatherings for the small lads and lassies who desire to entertain their numerous friends and acquaintances. The invitations are neatly written on creamy note-paper which has brownies engraved on it. The little folks appear in quaint brownie costumes, and the scene makes one think he is in fairyland. A clever May-pole dance, in which all the brownie guests participate, is very entertaining. Following this there should be some magic-lantern views of Palmer Cox's brownies and their peculiar and amusing antics.

The simple but dainty menu may consist of chocolate with whipped cream, small glasses of milk, lemonade, a variety of sandwiches cut in diamonds, hearts, triangles, and squares, or simply rolled and tied with baby ribbons in different colors, salad eggs, orange baskets cut with a penknife from oranges and filled with lemon or orange jelly, simple little cakes baked in fancy shapes, and ices, the latter being molded in the form of brownies.

The souvenirs which are to be given each child in memory of the occasion are cunning little cups and saucers decorated with brownies. The house should be prettily decorated with blossoms and trailing vines. The invitations should be for from four to eight P. M.

There have been Japanese and Chinese teas without number; but it has been left for a clever Chicago woman to originate an Italian party—which she calls "An evening in Italy"—for the little folks.

The spacious drawing-room was transformed into a veritable Italian interior by means of potted palms, flags, and attractive draperies. Probably the thing of all others which pleased the children most was the small organ-grinder in the quaint costume of his native land, who was picked up from the streets by the mother of the little host. The little organ-grinder delighted the wee lads and lassies as he was accompanied by his pet monkey, which performed all manner of funny tricks, besides dancing.

One pretty feature of the entertainment was a tall pole gayly decorated with quantities of red, white, and green ribbons (Italy's colors), and fastened to the end of each ribbon was a small blue paper package, which resembled a package of macaroni. Upon investigation it proved, however, to be peanut candy and almond *nougat*. At the close of the evening the children danced an Italian May-pole dance around this pretty pole.

The dining-room was decidedly unique in its tasteful decorations. In the center of the table was laid a large, circular mirror, and on this were placed six black gondolas, hired from an Italian confectioner. These were filled with *bon-bons*. The floral decorations, candles, and confectionery were all in red, white, and green.

The menu consisted of macaroni sandwiches, rolled and tied with baby ribbon; a delicious warm drink, which consisted of lemonade to which was added the juice of currants, cherries, or berries before it was heated; a salad, cold meat, fancy little cakes, and ices. At one end of the table was an organ-grinder standing a foot and a half high and made of Neapolitan ices. He was truly a most pleasing sight to the little folks, who were loth to believe that he was not a miniature Italian. Pistache cream was used for his coat, white *nougat* for his trousers, his shoes were of chocolate, while bits of almond formed the mouth, nose, and eyes. His hat was of cocoanut colored with cochineal. An organ of chocolate cream with a chocolate monkey standing on it was strapped to his side.

An orange party is both novel and pleasing in the way of entertainments. The parlors should be decorated with orange-color, and the little guests requested to wear costumes of that color. Cheese-cloth, cotton crêpe, or any other inexpensive fabric which drapes prettily will answer for the gowns. An orange-tree is a pretty feature of such an entertainment, and can be arranged with little trouble. Dozens of orange cushions in exact imitation of ripe oranges can be made from china silk and fastened to a small tree; or real oranges may be used.

The refreshments should consist of sandwiches spread with orange marmalade, rolled and tied with orange-colored ribbon; orangeade, which is easily prepared by simply pouring water on orange sugar, that is now made in California and can be had at the confectioners; a fruit salad, orange baskets filled with orange jelly, orange cake, and orange ices.

A rose tea is a simple little entertainment which will afford quite as much pleasure as many a more elaborate one. Decorate the house with pink roses and green vines. The supper table should be daintily festooned with smilax, La France or Mermet roses, and pink ribbons. At each place lay a long-stemmed, half-blown rose or bud, and have a small, quaint-shaped basket filled with them, for a centerpiece. In the way of refreshments have your cakes iced with rose-tinted frosting, your ices molded in the form of pink roses, and serve delicately tinted jellies. Afternoon tea-wafers can now be had in a pink tint, and are just the thing for a rose tea.

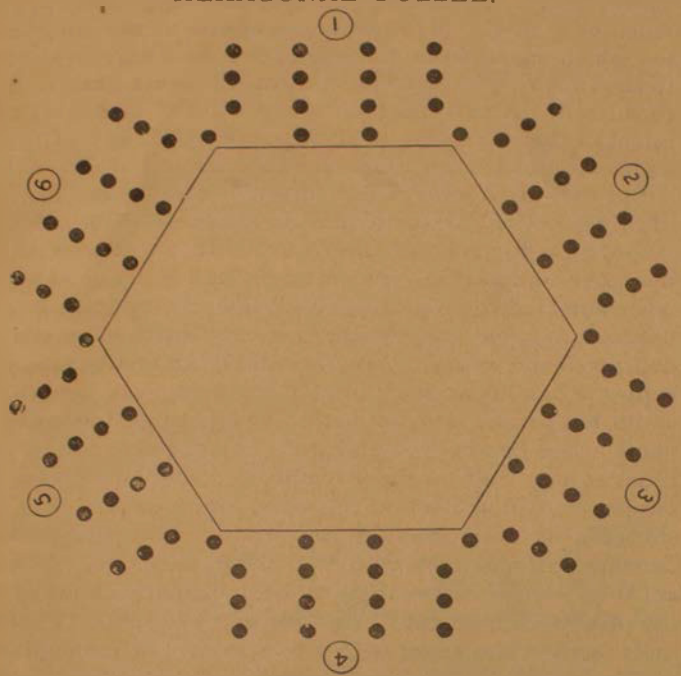
A soap-bubble party will delight the children as but few other entertainments can. Pipes are no longer considered the proper thing for blowing bubbles; small tin horns, an inch and an eighth in diameter at the mouth, and seven inches long, are recommended for this purpose. These can be made by any tinsmith for a small sum, and it is recommended that they "should be faintly fluted upward from the base, in order that enough fluid may be collected to feed the bubble." Common yellow laundry soap makes the best suds; and the addition of an ounce of glycerine to a pint of suds—when cool—gives staying power to the bubbles, and increases the beauty of their colors.

Prizes can be given for the largest and smallest bubbles blown. At the close of the entertainment dainty refreshments should be served.

CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

PUZZLES

HEXAGONAL PUZZLE.



First word square: break, useless, a plant, used to make cloth. Second square: wagon, surface, gather, binding. Third square: coop, line on which a body revolves, kind of trimming, see. Fourth square: ancient city, large cord, precious stone, part of egg. Fifth square: lie in warmth, tropical plant, part of shoe, sharp. Sixth square, verily, mud, wrong-doing, cozy place.

A RIDDLEMEREE.

My first is in crow but not in rook;
My second is in fountain and also in brook;
My third is in coo and also in cry;
My fourth is in rock but not in stone;
My fifth is in meat but not in bone;
My sixth is in oats but not in grain;
My seventh is in cross but not in pain;
My eighth is in strong but not in weak:
My whole is the name of a bird.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. Empty.
2. Painful.
3. A verb.
4. A girl's name.
5. A table land.
6. A motive.

My letters read diagonally from left to right form a boy's name.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A letter.
2. A light.
3. A city in Europe.
4. A sea.
5. A verb.
6. A period of time.
7. A vowel.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.

In the following letters find a well-known proverb: a, a, d, e, e, e, h, l, l, l, l, l, l, n, s, s, t, t, w, w.

A MESOSTICH.

1. A tree.
2. A star.
3. A fruit.
4. Wide.
5. An exercise in grammar.
6. A good person.
7. A spring.
8. An animal.

My central letters read downwards form the name of a place of business.

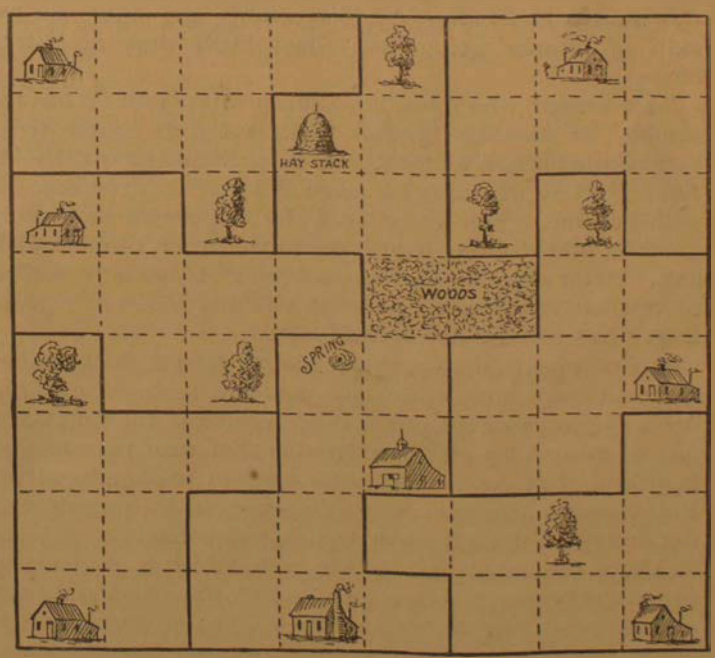
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A celebrated woman.
2. A girl's name.
3. A color.
4. A handle.
5. A letter.
6. A confession.
7. A beast.

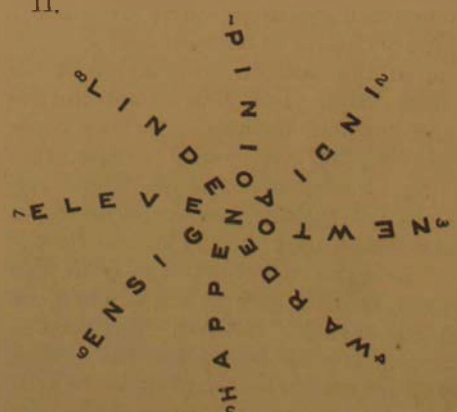
My initials read downwards form the name of a bird, and my finals a musical instrument.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

I.



II.



III. Bangkok.

IV.

V	er	B
E	as	E
R	oa	R
N	ew	T
O		H
N	ett	A

SANITARIAN.

THE CARE OF THE SKIN.

THE most essential condition to the possession of a beautiful skin is stability of habit. The skin is less adaptable than other parts of the body, being easily disordered by any sort of change. Not only is uniformity of diet, dress, and bathing beneficial, but the enjoyment of a uniform temperature conduces largely to its health and beauty. This has probably more influence than any other physical agent. A person who is exposed alternately to heat and cold, to dryness and dampness, either develops a toughened cuticle or suffers continually from eruptions. Travelers soon become weather-beaten ; and although in a man hardiness is becoming, women prefer a smooth, pure complexion to parchment.

To obtain a beautiful complexion women will do anything excepting the one thing needful, which is to live a self-controlled life. A popular lecturer upon hygiene, who numbers among her patients many fashionable women, who come to her piteously reduced after the excesses of the season, tells me that one of the most obstinate affections of the skin which she has to deal with is "goose flesh." This is a stiffening and coarsening of the cuticle, which is brought on by subjecting the body to extremes of temperature. If after having been covered with flannel all day the shoulders are bared at night, the pores of the skin contract suddenly and the flesh is raised up in minute tufts. Tropically heated apartments do not make the matter any better, for it is utterly impossible for the skin of human beings to adjust itself thus rapidly to changes.

The woman who finds her skin in this condition has the remedy in massage. After the prescribed course it resumes its normal texture, and is, perhaps, finer than before. But it will also be more delicate than before. It will become again disordered by exposure, and more quickly, and to effect a cure the second time is more difficult. After several experiences even massage is powerless to restore lost vitality, and the victim finds that "goose flesh" has become her normal state.

A few physicians—perhaps realizing that thick undergarments are frequently laid aside in favor of evening dress—object to wool. Silk is preferable if the skin is too much irritated by the slight friction that most persons find healthful ; but cotton garments are not to be advocated. Full-blooded persons may dispense with long-sleeved underwear, although when a chill does come it is very apt to attack the upper part of the arm, which is particularly prone to become "goose flesh." But the chest and back should positively be protected. The modern woman ought to have resolution enough to cover her shoulders, choosing to preserve her beauty rather than to make a temporary display of it and lose it in consequence.

The great danger is in the sudden contraction of the pores which ensues from chill. But this is not always brought on by wearing low-cut clothing. It may come from that sudden lowering of the bodily temperature which follows the eating of ices after one has been overheated. This is a practice to which young girls are especially addicted, and they fancy that if they escape for the time they are safe. But even a robust digestion can scarcely cope with frozen dainties late at night when the body is fatigued and the muscles relaxed. Excitement prevents us from realizing the extent of the discomfort caused, and habit may inure one to feebly unpleasant sensations ; but nature keeps a just account, and the belle of a season or so stands in need of a thorough making over before her skin resumes its satiny texture.

It is necessary if one keeps late hours to take a little nourishment, but it should be light and warm. A cup of cocoa or *bouillon* is suitable, and it should be sipped slowly, not immediately after dancing, but when one is in a rested state. Not every one knows that it is imprudent to eat when very tired. Many injurious effects to the complexion which ensue from the use of rich food may be traced to the time at which it was consumed, rather than to the food itself. Americans have a bad habit of eating in the midst of their business, of their perplexities, and of their engrossing pleasures ; they take food instead of rest.

But they sin against their digestion also in the matter of drinks. Cold drinks should be shunned by the woman who wishes to avoid the internal chill that writes its mark upon her complexion. She may sip iced water or sherbet when she is at the top of her condition, merry and robust; but let her avoid the treacherous comforter when she is depressed and weary. *Bouillon* and broth are the rational supports in such an hour ; and I must suggest here that, while hot drinks and hot baths have peculiar therapeutic value when one is tired and worn out, the skin can at all times adjust itself far more readily to a sudden increase of temperature than to a lowering of it, for an outburst of perspiration at once relieves the strain. But perspiration benefits a thin skin more than a thick, dark one, which is apt to grow oily rather than moist. Brunettes must seize the propitious moment when their pores are open to bathe their faces in hot water with a teaspoonful of ammonia in it, thoroughly drying it afterward, and *not* filling up the pores with starch. Nothing grows dirty so quickly as powder, and many of the pimples and blackheads that torment us come from the accumulation of powder and dust, ground together into the skin.

The treatment of blackheads, or comedones, has now been taken up by physicians, and each one is apt to have his pet theory and special remedy; but all suggestions finally resolve themselves into the simple formula of moist heat applied to the skin, and the extraction of the black point, either by pressing upon it a watch-key or the "comedo-extractor," which has been invented for the purpose. Internal remedies are useful, but no general prescription can apply to all cases, and each individual should either apply to a doctor who will pay proper attention to skin disorders, or else study her own case and find out the specific.

The popular craze of the day is for face massage, and when scientifically performed it is of great benefit ; but false ideas and silly counsels upon the subject, floating through the newspapers, are doing harm. Before performing massage one should understand the physiology of the muscular system. Miscellaneous stroking of the face has a bad, rather than a good, effect. One is safe in making it a practice to wash the face every night in very hot water, using good soap, and rinsing it off thoroughly. Afterward, rub the skin gently, but firmly, with a preparation made by mixing together one part of rose-water and one part of chemically pure glycerine, with a few drops of the tincture of benzoin. Glycerine does not agree with all skins; but where it does not, other oils would best be left alone, as most of them are apt to induce a growth of hair.

An excellent preservative of the complexion is cold

cream made from the best quality of olive oil. The face and neck should be thoroughly massaged with it before retiring at night, rubbing the cheeks upward and toward the ears, and a quarter of an hour for the process is not too long. This nourishes the skin and induces a uniform plumpness. It is not necessary to use the cream profusely, and that which is not absorbed by the skin can be removed with a soft linen napkin. Especially is this beneficial in cold weather. In a week's time a decided improvement will be noticeable in the texture and freshness of the skin.

With the advent of mild days the complexion which has shrunk and hardened under frost and wind grows softer and more comely, and then, one can employ with greater advantage the remedies and exercises which are to restore its beauty. But the point to which I want to call especial attention is that the skin cannot endure capricious treatment. It needs uniform habits, regular care; and we should not be surprised that an organ so delicate resents the revolutions and changes to which we ordinarily subject it.

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN in Chicago are practicing lawyers.

THERE ARE 360,000 WOMEN employed in business houses in London, including 60,000 women clerks, and statistics show that the average life of women workers in that city is thirty-six years.

THERE ARE THREE WOMEN MINISTERS in Belfast, Me.,—Miss Kingsbury, pastor of the Universalist Church; Miss King, of the Church of the Advent; and Miss McIntyre, of the Church of God.

MISS ALLMAN is one of the most successful photographers in New York. She is not only an expert operator, but excels also in artistic posing, which has drawn to her a large and aristocratic patronage.

MISS WREDE is the Elizabeth Fry of Finland. For the past twelve years she has visited every prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts.

MRS. HENRY D. CRAM, of Boston, will furnish the Paris Exposition of 1900 with seventy-five derricks, to be used in the construction of all the buildings that are to be of durable stone. Mrs. Cram will personally superintend the placing of these derricks.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON objects to the title "old maid" being longer applied to an elderly unmarried woman. In these days of the new woman she holds the title improper. She wants an unmarried woman to be called a "bachelor," and not a woman bachelor at that.

MRS. A. J. HEYWARD, of Plymouth, Me., is declared by her fellow-townsmen and townswomen to be the cleverest old lady in the State. She is seventy-eight years old, yet she lives alone and does all her own work, including sawing and splitting the wood for her fires, and planting her garden.

MRS. MARGARET TOUCHARD, of San Francisco, gave a dinner there, recently, of purely California products, the variety of which astonished experts. The table was uniquely decorated with brilliant flowers and pomegranates. Mrs. Touchard has opened a cooking-school in which a specialty is made of the preparation of California fruits.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER is now eighty-three years old,—a slender woman of medium height, with a face that is described as faded and wrinkled, but has lines of strength and determination in it, while her voice is strong and her mind clear. Mrs. Beecher has contributed many articles to periodicals during the last few years, and found literary work profitable and pleasant.

MME. ALBANI'S appearance has become quite an indispensable episode in Queen Victoria's autumn stay at Balmoral. Amongst the presents Mme. Albani has received are an autograph copy of the Queen's "Highland Journals," a portrait of Her Majesty, and a superb model in gold of the personified figure of "Victory," designed by the Countess Gleichen, and bearing a scroll whereon the word "Victoria" is inscribed in precious stones.

THERE is in London a firm of women tea-merchants, who have bought an estate in Ceylon, and carry on their business entirely through women blenders, tasters, packers, and agents. The rooms where this essentially feminine luxury is dispensed in London are marvelously decorated and daintily appointed, and are becoming a favorite rendezvous for women.

MRS. AUSTA DENSMORE STURDEVANT, formerly of Meadville, Pa., later of New York City, received honorable mention for her picture in the last Paris "Salon," a high distinction which few foreigners receive. In the last fifty years forty-seven such mentions have been given to Americans, eight of which were to women. Mrs. Sturdevant began the study of painting at the age of thirty-four, when her girls were old enough to go to school.

MRS. KATE CHAPIN, whose tales of the people of the Louisiana bayous have given her high rank as a writer of short stories, lives in St. Louis, where she was famous for her beauty before she gained equal fame from her pen. She is still a handsome woman, though now the mother of six children. She is a Creole by birth, and her husband was a Louisiana planter. It may be of interest to ambitious young authors of the gentler sex to know that Mrs. Chapin writes on an old cutting-board held in her lap.

MISS HYPATIA BOYD is the first deaf and dumb girl to enter a college in this country. She passed the Wisconsin University entrance examination with honor, and began the regular course last fall. Miss Boyd lost her hearing when she was six years old, and the power of speech soon after. She was one of the first pupils at the Milwaukee school for the deaf and dumb, where the oral method is used exclusively. So effective did this method prove in Miss Boyd's case that when she was graduated from the school, in 1891, she was able to enter the regular high school and to understand her teachers by following the movement of their lips.

MISS ADELE POLLOCK, of Topeka, Kan., aged seventeen, for amusement learned to turn a horseshoe in her father's blacksmith shop. At an entertainment for the benefit of a church, Miss Adele appeared in a match against two of the most expert blacksmiths in the city. Three portable forges were placed upon the stage and each contestant was allowed a helper to blow the bellows. Miss Adele wore a very workmanlike garb,—a corduroy skirt and leather apron. Her competitors smiled indulgently at her when time was called, but became anxious, then alarmed, and finally discomfited when she turned and cast a perfect horseshoe before the judges in less than four minutes. The curtain dropped on the pretty picture of the flaming forge, and a few minutes later Miss Pollock appeared among her friends daintily clad in white.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

A Successful Philanthropic Plan.

It is the belief of Dr. G. H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, that true philanthropy lies in helping the deserving poor to help themselves; he has applied this principle to what is called the St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau, which, under the direction of J. A. MacKnight, is rapidly becoming one of the most beneficent institutions in the city. The plan is to loan money to people in poor circumstances on chattel mortgages, taking but little interest, and allowing ample time for payment. While the bureau is not a money-making concern, it is not a charity. The loans are made on business principles, the only difference between it and commercial institutions being the latitude and leniency of the terms. No loss of self-respect is involved in accepting the opportunities for self-help which it offers. Much of the success which has attended Dr. Greer's plan is due to the efforts of Mr. MacKnight, who, having had wide experience in newspaper work, is thoroughly conversant with the conditions and problems of poverty in New York City, and in addition has great energy, practicability, and a philanthropic spirit.

J. A. MACKNIGHT.

A Messiah of the West.

The influence of mind upon body and the power of faith have lately received a remarkable demonstration in Denver, Col., where, according to good authority, Francis Schlatter, a shoemaker from New Mexico, has been curing people of apparently incurable bodily ailments by simply laying his hands upon the patients and declaring them cured, if they believe. The "New Mexico Messiah," as he is called, claims no personal credit for his remarkable powers. He attributes them to the Father, who, he says, has called upon him to go forth into the world and heal. Not alone the credulous and easily led have been convinced of his wonderful gifts; medical men, particularly experts in nervous diseases, clergymen, and practical business men have visited him, and have gone away mystified and astonished. The healer is apparently a simple, innocent-minded man; certainly there is the utmost simplicity about his methods of curing, and he is wholly free from the ostentation and tricks of humbug.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER.

Although he is penniless, and has barely enough clothing to protect him from the weather, he refuses all remuneration for his cures, and shows no discrimination between the high and low, the rich and poor. Regardless of meteorological conditions, in rain or snow, he stood at the gate of his host's house while in Denver, and from the rising of the sun until long after it had gone down treated, without apparent weariness, the people who flocked around him.

The grasp of his hands is so strong that men and women who have had treatment have cried aloud; and the sensation is described as acute pain that darts through the body, for the moment causing intense suffering, and then relaxing into a delicious current that permeates every fiber of the frame. Babies in pain who have been the bane of the mother's life have become suddenly mollified by the touch of the healer, and have relaxed into sleep even while the stranger's hands were upon them. Faith may have cured many of the adults who have flocked to the shrine, but medical men are completely mystified by the testimony of cures effected in infants. One authenticated case may be cited. The mind of the baby of a prominent Denver man had been blank from birth. The mother and father pleaded with the healer to come and see their child, and for once he departed from his rule and paid a visit to the home of the little patient. After treatment, extending over a period of two weeks, the baby began to awake from its lethargy. At the conclusion of the fourth visit the light of intelligence came into the little one's eyes, and childish affection was manifested the first time since it came into the world. It laughed and chattered with baby glee as it hugged its mother, while tears of joy streamed down the happy woman's cheeks. A characteristic incident in Schlatter's strange life was his sudden disappearance.

The Kaffir Boom.

Not since the period of the famous South Sea Bubble has there been such general financial excitement in England as at present. Men, women, and children have been attacked by the speculative fever, and are eagerly saving their money or withdrawing it from banks and saving institutions to invest in Kaffir shares. The Kaffir boom is due to the sudden development of the South African gold-fields, particularly that of the Transvaal. Early investments in the mines brought very handsome returns, and a large number of persons, of many ranks of life and varied financial conditions have seized the apparently golden opportunity to make money. Large fortunes have been acquired, but there are various influences which are apt to reduce the value of the shares; the bubble will burst sooner or later, and the confiding and eager public will lose an immense sum of money. The one man most closely identified in the public mind with the boom is Barney Barnato, a London speculator who has been carried into prominence on the flood tide of the excitement. His sudden rise from obscurity to the possession of a fabulous fortune savors strongly of romance, and has made him one of the most picturesque and interesting men in London.

BARNEY BARNATO.

Electricity in Mines.

The proofs are multiplying that electricity is an exceedingly able and ready servant of mankind. In whatever industrial field it is adopted it does more and better work than is done by other motive powers. One of the latest illustrations of this is the adaptation of the electric current to mining. It is now being largely used in American and English coal mines, and in gold and silver mines in the West. Electric machines have been constructed which do the cutting and digging; electricity lights the mines, thus rendering them free from the old and often fatal danger of the contact of miners' lamps with fire-damp; and the material mined is now carried to the surface in cars operated by electricity. For lateral mines small electric engines are used, with a powerful incandescent headlight. In all respects the employment of electricity in mines has resulted in great improvements over the old manual labor methods. Until the adoption of the electric current the work of mining was slower and more arduous than in almost all other industries, for the reason that the cramped quarters and peculiar conditions in general have not permitted the extensive use of steam motive power.

The Mysterious Keely Motor.

The announcement that John Jacob Astor has evinced great interest in the Keely motor has revived general interest in that mechanical mystery, which has been under discussion in the scientific world for a quarter of a century. Its inventor, John E. W. Keely, claims that he has discovered a new motive power, which he can apply practically in his motor and which will, at an exceedingly low cost, draw loads, raise weights, evolve light and heat, and, in general, supplant steam and other motive forces. Despite the time he has been at work on it, Keely has not as yet been able to adapt the motor to practical uses, his reason for this inability being that the new force is so vast and powerful that after years of labor he is just completing the mastery of the rudiments of its principles and nature. He promises, however, that early in the year 1896 its powers will be given a public and ample demonstration.

KEELY AND HIS MOTOR.

Probably three hundred thousand dollars have been spent by the stockholders in the company organized twenty-odd years ago to put the Keely discoveries to the test, and these gentlemen are themselves ignorant of the exact nature of the force. The belief is very general that the whole thing is a gigantic delusion, and yet there are scientific men of high standing who do not so denounce it. Several mechanical experts of excellent repute, moreover, have declared from personal investigations in Keely's laboratory in Philadelphia that results are shown there which could not have been produced by compressed air or steam, hydraulic pressure, or electricity.

These results are interesting. An eye-witness has seen ten-pound weights float up and down, pause, and move in various directions in a jar of water with no apparent influence brought to bear on them except that of musical notes given on a tuning-fork and repeated and re-enforced by a musical apparatus near by. Apparently by this same strange means a steel shell weighing several tons was raised from the floor to the top of a tripod six feet high, there being no mechanical apparatus in view but a small box which was connected with the shell by a wire. According to the philosophy by which Keely explains these strange phenomena, every mass has its musical chord, and if this chord is struck so that there will be more than forty thousand vibrations in a second the force of gravity will be overcome, and the weight will become obedient to the influences of the musical notes. Of course this seems absurd, and yet the results remain. Scientific men have been astonished and puzzled; capitalists have invested their money.

The Keely motor is either a monumental fraud or one of the greatest discoveries the world has yet known. Either contingency makes Keely, who is a large man of impressive presence, one of the remarkable figures of the century.

Suffrage and Divorce in South Carolina.

Political matters in South Carolina are never very calm, but of late they have been in a state of unusual agitation. This is due to the fact that the convention which has been revising the State Constitution has been confronted with one or two particularly perplexing questions. The most vital and important of these pertains to suffrage. It has been claimed that the negroes in the State have practically ruled it, because of their numerical strength, and that, as they are in the main ignorant, their influence has not been conducive to the best welfare of the commonwealth. The convention considered means to abolish this evil, and under the rather despotic leadership of Senator Tillman adopted an amendment to the Constitution whereby every intending voter is required to read and expound upon any clause in the State Constitution that may be selected by the registration officials. If this is not accomplished to the satisfaction of the inspectors, the man's name is omitted from the poll lists and he cannot vote. The inspectors are the sole judges in the matter, and there is no appeal from their decision. The object of this law is not to debar ignorant voters in general, but to debar negroes. The express intention was to disenfranchise them, and, as most of them are uneducated, there is little doubt that the plan will be successful. Obviously this is directly opposed to the fundamental principle of our government, that of equal rights. The constitutionality of the clause has already been tested in the courts, with a decision in its favor on the ground that no limitations, other than those expressly disclosed in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, can be placed upon the sovereignty of a State in dealing with the elective franchise. Doubtless there will be further adjudication, the result of which cannot be foreseen.

Not alone in the suffrage clause is the South Carolina Constitution unique. It has been the only one in the Union which does not permit any legal dissolution of marriage, and the convention has adopted by an overwhelming majority a clause forbidding the passage by the Legislature of any laws recognizing divorce. Public sentiment in the State is favorable to this step. Says a leading newspaper: "The home is the foundation of social life and the mainstay of morality. That State is safest and highest and best where the home life is purest. The lack of divorce laws in this State has made people careful how they take upon themselves the matrimonial bonds, and there is no place on God's green earth where the home life is purer than in South Carolina, a condition which the absence of divorce laws has been no small factor in bringing about."

Eugene Field.

We have had no gentler or more sympathetic poet than Eugene Field, and his death is a loss not only to English-speaking people, but to the whole of literature. He loved the beautiful in all its forms, but particularly in nature and in women and children, and his poetry reflects this love in a peculiarly tender and charming way. He had graces of mind in plenty, but it was his heart that made him a poet. It was his overflowing sympathy for every living thing, his tolerance, his kindliness, and wealth of affection and devotion to things which are good and true, that made his verse dear to readers of the English and other languages, and the man dear to those who were fortunate enough to know him personally. He might appropriately be called the child's poet; his childhood poems, of which he wrote many, show a rare knowledge of the mysterious mind of childhood. They are not, however, wholly poems for children; they are charming alike to young people and to their elders; and herein lies the genius of their writer.

EUGENE FIELD.

One of Field's most distinctive characteristics was his sense of humor, and it was a very potent influence in his life and writings. All his verse was colored by it, and made delightful by it; and yet if it had not been quite so pronounced, if the writer had viewed life a little more seriously than he did, his rare poetical gifts would probably have been exercised with higher themes, and he might have been a greater poet than he was. His long career as a newspaper writer was both an aid and a detriment to him in his poetical work; it gave it spontaneity and ease, but it took from it something of polish and finish in execution. The poet's newspaper experience began in 1873 and continued until his death. His daily column, called "Sharps and Flats," in a Chicago paper was eagerly and widely read. Contemporaneous with the announcement of Mr. Field's death came one of the publication of a new book of his poems called "Echoes From the Sabine Farm."

COMMON ERRORS IN SPEECH.

"Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other."

THE impression made by saying pleasant things will be much deeper and more lasting if they are uttered in a sweet voice, and it is possible for every one with painstaking to acquire this charm. Most of the harsh, disagreeable voices that assault our ears daily are more the result of bad habits than originally faulty organs. The nasal tones so common in America are caused by contracting the throat muscles, and the voice is muffled for want of proper breathing, there not being sufficient air in the lungs to produce a full, round tone.

The ear should be trained to recognize these disagreeable qualities and correct them. With head erect, throat muscles relaxed, and breathing deeply, practice musical speech; you can make the exercise a drill in pronunciation as well, repeating one word till you can produce it in a full, mellow tone, then a sentence, with natural and melodious modulation. In this exercise the mouth must be well opened, and all the muscles employed in correct speech must be facile and flexible. Much of the slovenly, slurring speech we hear is caused by a habit of rigidity in these muscles, few people moving them sufficiently to make the necessary distinctions in sound. But you cannot say *dŏg* with the muscles of speech in the same form required to utter the word *through*, and the recognition of this fact is the first step in reform.

Practice especially in this way the pure utterance of vowel sounds in unaccented syllables, where *ar*, *er*, *ir*, and *or* are often pronounced alike as *ur*. The slurring of these and other final vowel sounds is one of the commonest faults of American speech, and there is nothing the cultivated ear recognizes more quickly than their clean and distinct utterance by persons of culture. Do not let the *er* of *offer* sound like the *or* of *mirror*, nor the *yr* of *zĕphyr—zĕ'fear*—like the *ur* of *sulphur*. It is an excellent drill to make lists of words, as *scandal*, *parcel*, *pupil*, *couple; pillar*, *porter*, *senator*, *molar; Latin*, *chicken*, etc., and with listening ear speak them repeatedly till the nice distinction in their vowel sounds is clearly recognized and impressed upon the memory.

Probably no one who pays any attention to the niceties of language is ignorant of the fact that *don't* is a contraction of *do not*, and that *doesn't* is a contraction of *does not*; the first being used correctly with I, you, me, and they, and the latter with he, she, it, and corresponding nouns. Yet every day we hear, "*Mary don't* want to go." "*He don't* like it." Remember that *you* and *I don't* intend to speak incorrectly, although *Will doesn't* care.

Pursuing our studies of this important little verb *to do* we find its past participle is frequently misused and tacked on very inelegantly where it is entirely superfluous; thus, "Her mother did not scold her as some would have *done*." The sentence is complete without the last two words. "The play does not end as satisfactorily as it might have *done*." The absurdity of this is shown if you ask yourself, *Done* what? *done* the ending?

Too great care cannot be given to the diacritical marks by which the nice distinctions in the sounds of the vowels are indicated, and it is time lost to consult dictionaries without understanding these. Below will be found the simple and convenient key * to pronunciation which has been given with previous articles on this subject.

---

* ă as in fate; á, fat; â, care; ä, ask; å, father; ĕ, me; é, met; ê, her; ĭ, pine; i, pin; ŏ, note; o, not; ô, for; o͝o, mood; o͝o, foot; ŭ, use; u, us; û, fur; s like z; sibilant s as in list.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1896.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JANUARY.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern will be found at the bottom of page 197.

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

THE general effect of winter modes is marked by unusual brilliancy of color and a luxury and richness never exceeded and only in recent seasons approached. There are few novelties in materials, but every other woman is not clothed in *crépon* as last season, the heavy *bouclé* cloths, rough cheviots, and checked tweeds being employed for the smartest street-gowns. While *crépon* is by no means displaced, some very handsome gowns for day functions being seen of it, and the skirts, which bear any amount of crushing without injury, being much worn with fancy waists for the theater and concerts, yet it is safe to say not one is bought this season where ten were sold last spring.

One reason for this is that the real novelties of this season, Persian-patterned Liberty velvets and velvet-striped *chiné* satins and silks, combine most effectively with smooth faced-cloths and the silky haired zibelines, which has given great favor to these fabrics. Contrasts of color as well as harmonizing effects are seen in these costumes, which with those of plain and striped velvet have distinctly the smartest air of anything worn.

In velvets black and dark colors prevail ; the skirts are perfectly plain, or, at most, have a vine of spangle embroidery or gimp on the seams, or a narrow border of fur at the foot. There is either a very short coat like the skirt, or one of faced-cloth, or else an Eton jacket of fur. The ingenuity of the *couturière* is lavished upon the front, neck, and shoulders of the corsage, greater variety than ever being seen ; and for the first time in several seasons we are spared the infliction of seeing countless duplicates of some *chic* model gown, which immediately its first copy is made loses its *chic*-ness. These costume coats are all short, the skirts seldom more than four to six inches deep, and the revers are wide or narrow, square, pointed, or draped in jabots, according to fancy. Every conceit for the arrangement of the front goes. For some figures the drooping blouse is found very becoming, while others look much better if the fullness is held by a broad girdle of folds, and the satin or cloth waistcoat of surplice folds is more novel than either. Spangled and embroidered lace and *chiffon*, *chiné* silks, and satin overlaid with embroidered *chiffon*, batiste, or Venetian guipure, are all employed for these fronts and vests ; and very smart accessories in the way of glitter and sparkle are the jeweled buttons, which almost never button, but are fastened wherever a fancy pin could be stuck.

In the matter of skirts there is very little change, except that the stiffly lined *godet* flutes have entirely lost their smart appearance, and begin to look *passé*. They are so stiff, heavy, awkward, and inconvenient that the wonder is they held favor so long. The well-cut skirt of this winter hangs in free and easy tubular flutes around the figure, and can be drawn to either side when seated, so as to avoid crushing. There is a hint even of the passing of the flutes in the newest evening-gowns, where the fullness of the back is box-plaited and hangs distinctly flat.

These gowns also show a delightful change in sleeves, the very large, aggressive puffs having entirely disappeared. Very many of them are nothing more than soft puffs of lace or *chiffon* under the full lace ruffles of the bertha which surrounds the low-cut neck, and it is safe to say that not more than half the material used last winter goes into their construction. Sleeves of day gowns, also, while still cut very full, are lined less stiffly, and many of them droop from the shoulder. The extremists who stuffed and lined their monstrous sleeves so there was no more give in them than in an upholstered chair have brought about this reaction ; for no woman of well-balanced mind who has suffered the infliction of being seated next such sleeves at the theater or in a street-car has failed to recognize not only their absurdity, but also their impertinence.

A charmingly simple and elegant evening-gown, which will serve as a model for many, is of changeable, opal-tinted moire with garlands of *chiné* flowers thrown over it. The plain skirt has a demi-train, the fullness of which is laid in two triple box-plaits ; the low-cut bodice, tight-fitting, is slightly pointed in front, and the fabric is swathed in many intricate folds over the bust ; small, puffed sleeves of blush-colored tulle complete it, and folds of the tulle finish the neck. A shoulder-strap of black velvet crosses over the right shoulder, and a bunch of shaded roses with a rosette of black velvet is on the left shoulder. This touch of black has come to be recognized as very artistic, and is seen on day as well as evening gowns, on hats and toques, and also on the wraps and headgear of little folk.

Infinite are the collar and fichu arrangements which are made of lace, ribbon, passementerie, *chiffon*, and insertions, to be worn on occasion with plain corsages. A simple and very effective novelty of this sort is made of Persian or *chiné* ribbon and wide, white lace. A band of the six-inch ribbon with a two-inch box-plait laid in the center extends from throat to belt, and is bordered with the wide lace, sewed on with considerable fullness and shaped to a point at the bottom ; a folded band of the ribbon passes round the neck, tying in the back in a large bow, and the

lace is continued around the neck, forming a deep collar behind, and extending over the sleeve-puffs. Clusters of pearl buttons in groups of three fasten the plait in front, or else from three to four large jeweled buttons are set down the center of the plait. Another effective arrangement has strips of two-inch guipure insertion extending from throat to belt in front, and about five inches in length upon the shoulders, from a neck-band of velvet or ribbon, and a flounce of wide, white lace starts at the open-

A TAILOR GOWN.
DAGMAR BASQUE—WALDRON SKIRT.

ing in the back of the band, surrounds the neck, running out around the strips of insertion on the shoulders, falling out wide and full over the sleeves, and then down the front in a double jabot.

Neck-ruffs for street wear have attained such size that they are frequently called collarettes. The prettiest are very irregular in arrangement, being a mass of plaited frills of *chiffon* and lace, with many bows and loops of broad ribbon, and for evening wear, clusters of artificial flowers are frequently added. The silk, velvet, and ribbon poppies, which are the greatest novelty in hat trimmings this season, are very handsome for this purpose, and are usually grouped as on the hats, in clusters of several colors.

Violets have returned to favor earlier than ever this year, and promise to be a furor. Entire bonnets are seen of them with just a tiny border of fur; and large velvet hats have the brims entirely covered with these dainty blossoms. A purple velvet toque of unusual size, being really a sort of softly folded turban, has a wreath of violets, closely set, which encircles the hair, and above the right face is vastly becoming. Every shade of violet is much worn in accessories, and divides favor with turquois blue and geranium pink.

The Louis Seize coat is made for evening as well as day gowns, and is more effective than would at first be thought. The low neck is sometimes square, sometimes round, and again pointed. If square, the shoulders come up well to the throat, which is encircled with a becoming stock-collar of lace, ribbon, and jeweled passementerie. A very smart gown of this description has a skirt of heliotrope-and-rose printed moire, so called because watered lines define huge tropical blossoms which glint forth in changing lights. The coat is of black velvet, with draped revers of white satin embroidered with heliotrope and steel spangles and seed pearls; the low-cut vest of satin is draped with plaited white *chiffon*, spangled to match the revers, which are finished on the edge with a ruffle of

FOR AFTERNOON FUNCTIONS.
RAMONA CORSAGE—MELBA SKIRT.

three-inch point lace. The demi-sleeves are of the moire, moderate in size, and draped on the outside with jabots of lace; a ruffle of the lace falls over the elbow, which is banded with velvet folds fastening under a rosette and cluster of violets.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Stern Bros. and James McCreery & Co., for courtesies shown.

A TAILOR GOWN.

TAN-COLORED whip cord is the fabric of this smart gown, and it is trimmed with brown velvet and black silk soutache brightened with a few gold threads. The best English tailors have a great fancy for using these effective braids, and their workwomen apply them most skillfully. The skirt is cut by the "Waldron" pattern, illustrated

A GRACEFUL HOUSE-GOWN.
THE "BRISTOL."
(See Page 174.)

and described in Demorest's for December. It is lined with changeable taffeta, and has a facing of haircloth the depth of the trimming, between the fabrics. The basque is the "Dagmar." It is fitted trimly with the usual seams, and the short basque has *godet* fullness in the back. The revers, of cloth faced with velvet, form a square sailor-collar on the shoulders. The plastron, fastening to the left, under the revers, is of the cloth banded with soutache; but variety can be given by having several plastrons of different colors and materials.

HARDLY any fashion has remained in vogue so long as that of the feather and lace boas and ruffs, which this winter seem to have taken a new lease of life and are out in great force. 'Tis an open secret, however, that the cause of their long reign is the well-recognized fact that they are universally becoming, and women do not easily resign anything that enhances their attractions.

FOR AFTERNOON FUNCTIONS.

AN effective gown for home wear or small social functions. The bright plaid of silk-and-wool novelty goods in which blue, brown, and green are barred with brilliant stripes of red, turquois, and gold, is cut on the bias in both skirt and corsage. The skirt is the "Melba." It has panels of green velvet inserted between the narrow front breadth and wide, circling side-gores; there are two wide gores in the back, making five breadths and two panels, and it measures five and a half yards at the foot. The panels are sometimes made of accordion-plaited silk, or of "transparencies"—colored silk—covered with lace, and velvet or cloth panels are frequently embroidered or braided richly with beads, spangles, and iridescent silks; while for evening gowns plaited tulle and *chiffon* or jeweled lace are much used. The corsage is the "Ramona." It is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining, and opens in front to disclose a vest of gold-embroidered white satin. Plaited turquois silk is inserted in the sleeve-puffs, and the velvet girdle and cuffs are braided with gold soutache. A plaited frill of the blue silk falls over the neck-band of green velvet.

FOR MANY OCCASIONS.
GARRICK COAT. WALDRON SKIRT.
(See Page 175.)

THE daintiest handkerchiefs are pure white, with narrow, hemstitched hems, and either very delicate vines of embroidery or a tiny edge of Valenciennes.

BECOMING AND MODISH.
ROSEBERY BASQUE.

A MODISH COAT.
THE "CARLETON."

A GRACEFUL HOUSE-GOWN.

(*See Page 173.*)

THE shops are filled with legions of pretty fabrics suitable for these comfortable room and morning gowns; but nothing holds general favor more firmly than the soft, all-wool *crépons* of fine crinkle, in prices from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard. They are double-fold, do not muss, and wear very well, and are a much better choice than cheap silks. Our model, the "Bristol," is of heliotrope *crépon*, trimmed with wide Bruges lace and black velvet ribbons. The pattern is a princesse in the back, and a fitted lining holds the fullness of the front in place. Percaline is the best lining for these gowns, and they should have no facing.

WINTER WRAPS.
(*See Page 176.*)

FOR MANY OCCASIONS.

(See Page 173.)

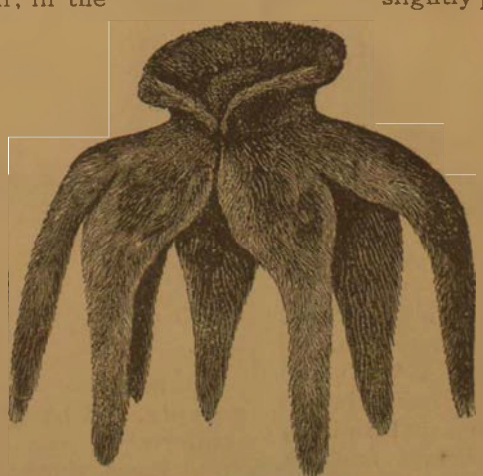
BROAD-WALED serge in a warm shade of brown is the fabric of this smart tailor-gown. It is to be noted that despite the many vagaries of fashion and the elaboration of dress this winter, the tailor-gown holds its own in the esteem of fastidious women, who consider it the most correct thing for many occasions. The skirt of our model is cut by the "Waldron" pattern, illustrated and described in the last number of Demorest's. The seams of the skirt are piped with black velvet, and the black velveteen binding forms a cord at the foot. The coat is the "Garrick"; it is double-breasted, fitted with the usual seams in the back, and single darts in the fronts, and all the seams are piped with velvet. The cuffs and revers have a two-inch facing of velvet and are embroidered with gold soutache, which covers the cloth part and extends in a narrow border upon the velvet. The silk linings of the sleeves should be made the same size as the outside, so that the coat can be worn over a silk waist when convenience requires it.

1. EVENING CAPE OF WHITE THIBET.

2. BOA OF HUDSON BAY SABLE.

3. MUFF OF HUDSON BAY SABLE.

WOMEN are often more beautiful at thirty than at twenty, but to be so involves special care in the choice of dress. Changes in the color of the hair, in the complexion, in the figure, must be noted and provided for. Dead-leaf browns are becoming to sallow complexions, black silk or wool is trying, and pearl-gray not to be thought of. Shades of pure, dark blue, free from a purple tint, can be worn. Black silk net or grenadine, or brocaded black satin is more becoming than plain black silk. Dark velvets in rich colors are almost always becoming. Pearl-gray or drab, so often chosen by mature beauties, is very trying, and needs an almost faultless complexion. Soft, creamy, or black laces rarely fail to improve a complexion that has grown somewhat sallow.



5. RUSSIAN SABLE COLLAR.

CHINÉ silk skirts with corsages of *chiffon*, or silk trimmed with *chiffon*, are in high favor for young girls' evening-gowns.

A MODISH COAT.

THIS model is designed to complete gowns of *crépon*, rich novelty wools, or zibeline, or for the separate coats of gayly flowered brocade which are worn with plain silk, satin, or velvet skirts. The coat is fitted with the usual seams in the back, which has a modified ripple effect, and one dart in the fronts, which are cut away to disclose the broad girdle of velvet folds and the surplice chemisette of *crêpe* or *chiffon*. The double revers are of black velvet bordered with Persian lamb, and white satin *paillétted* with steel. A broad Persian ribbon is passed around the throat in folds, the ends tying in front in a large bow. Richly chased and enameled buttons set with Rhinestones finish the front of the coat. The pattern is the "Carleton."

BECOMING AND MODISH

THIS new model for a basque shows how reluctantly the round waist is yielding to the return of points and basques, and how effectively some of the features of both are combined by the ingenious French designers. The fabric is zibeline in a rich mulberry shade; the full blouse front is of white satin, and the trimmings, black velvet and gold soutache. The back is fitted trimly with the usual seams, and there is a short, slightly pointed basque, upon which the braiding, which surrounds the waist like a girdle, descends. The cuffs and collar-points of velvet are faced with white satin. The pattern is the "Rosebery."

4. RUSSIAN SABLE BOA.

DRESSY SHOES are still of French kid ornamented with patent leather.

CHARMINGLY youthful gowns for *débutantes* are made of white wash tulles. A plain skirt of white satin is veiled with one or two plain full skirts of tulle finished at the foot with a tulle ruche. Three-inch pink satin ribbon is run in the hem of the outer skirt, which is banded at wide intervals with ribbon-run puffs and ruches. The low corsage is a marvel of puffs and ruches, and a cluster of pink pelargoniums is in front of the left shoulder tied with long loops and fluttering ends of narrow ribbon.

1. BLACK VELVET HAT.

WINTER WRAPS.

(*See Page 174.*)

THERE is scarcely any change in the shapes of wraps this winter, which is good news to the economist, as those of last season can be worn without change. There are, howeve , some novelties in trimmings or their disposition, and we give three illustrations to show some of these. Embroidery of beads and glittering tinsel is lavishly employed on most French importations, and the glitter and sparkle of it all quite keeps up with recent seasons. The middle figure shows a cape of tan-colored cloth of satin-like finish beautifully embroidered with shades of brown silk and amber beads; it is trimmed with natural otter. The other capes are both of black velvet; the one at the left is embroidered with jet and peacock-colored spangles, and trimmed with a band of peacock feathers. The other wrap is embroidered with jet and trimmed with Thibet. Chameleon and Dresden-figured taffeta and brocaded *peau de soie* in bright colors are the usual linings, which are important features of all wraps. The patterns of these cloaks are all simple circles similar to the "Benvola," illustrated and described in the October number, and the "Norbury," in November.

3. BLACK VELVET HAT.

4. TAN-COLORED FELT HAT.

7. BLUE VELVET HAT.

SMALL FURS.

(*See Page 175.*)

No. 1.—Evening cape of white Thibet, with yoke of tinsel-embroidered sapphire velvet.

No. 2. — Boa of Hudson Bay sable.

No. 3. — Muff of Hudson Bay sable.

2. GRAY FELT HAT.

No. 4. —Russian sable boa.

No. 5.—Russian sable collar, the points finished with tails.

UTILITY GOWNS of tweed, cheviot, or serge, are made with a plain skirt and a box-plaited Norfolk blouse. The favorite wrap with these, when one is needed, is a double-breasted reefer of medium length.

HIGH COIFFURES are again in vogue. The extreme height of some of the modish neck-dressing necessitates that the hair be massed on the crown.

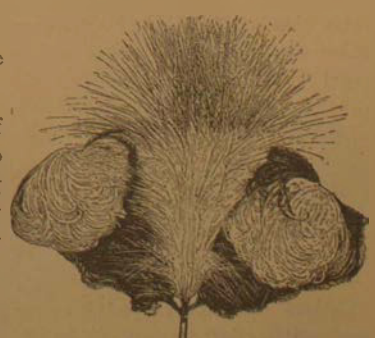
THE soft, English walking-hat, in black, or matching the costume, is much worn with tailor-gowns. A band of velvet encircles the crown, and a bunch of stiff feathers or a single quill is placed at one side.

LADIES who are fond of walking, and like to do so comfortably, are wearing boys' laced shoes, and say they are admirable for tramping.

CORDUROY, in gray, brown, and tan, is very popular for utility suits.

5. EVENING TOQUE.

6. FEATHER HAT-TRIMMING.

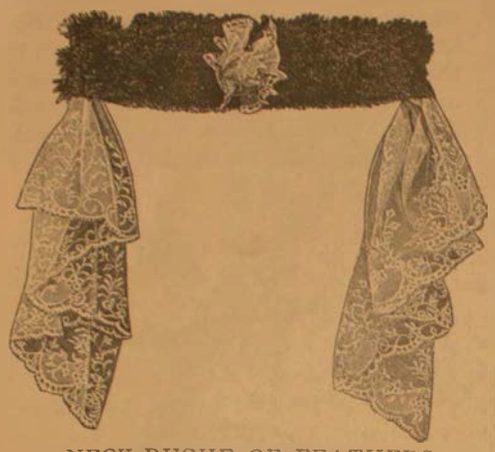


8. FEATHER HAT-TRIMMING

MIDWINTER MILLINERY.

No. 1.—Black velvet hat, trimmed with heliotrope satin-faced Persian ribbon, and the brim faced with Venetian guipure.

No. 2.—Round hat of gray felt, trimmed with painted *coq* feathers, a bird-of-Paradise aigrette, and green-and-violet changeable velvet.

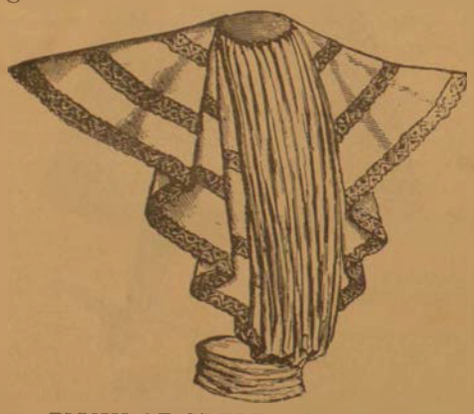


2. NECK RUCHE OF FEATHERS AND LACE.

No. 3.—Round hat of black velvet, trimmed with pink-and-green changeable velvet, jeweled slides, together with black plumes.

No. 4.—Tan-colored felt hat, trimmed with green *miroir* velvet and brown feathers.

No. 5.—Evening toque; crown of steel-embroidered gray velvet, with pompons of violets and a white aigrette.



5. FICHU OF CREPE AND CHIFFON.

Nos. 6 and 8.—Feather hat-trimmings.

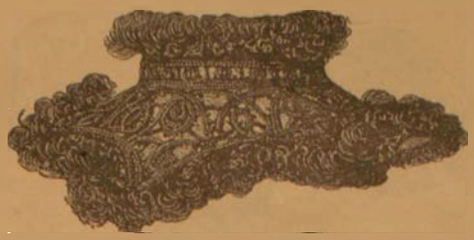
No. 7.—Blue velvet hat, with crown of *cerise* satin, pulled out in irregular flutes over its shirred band; blue plumes on the top of the crown complete the trimming.

FANS are much in evidence this winter. There are feather ones with beautiful pearl inlaid mounts in five or six different sizes, a magnificent white ostrich one, relieved with a little marabout, having pearl handles embossed with silver; almost equally handsome is one of natural ostrich-plumes with tortoise-shell mounts. The smaller empire models are most artistic; those in black, with spangles, are likely to be much in vogue.

TOILETTE ACCESSORIES.

No. 1.—Yoke and stock-collar of jetted passementerie underlaid with bright satin and bordered with ostrich-feather band.

No. 2.—Neck ruche of black ostrich-feathers, with rosette of lace in the back, and jabot-ends of wide Brussels point in front.



1. YOKE AND COLLAR OF JET AND SATIN.

No. 3.—Corsage trimming of embroidered *chiffon* and ribbon, attached to a neck band of folded ribbon.

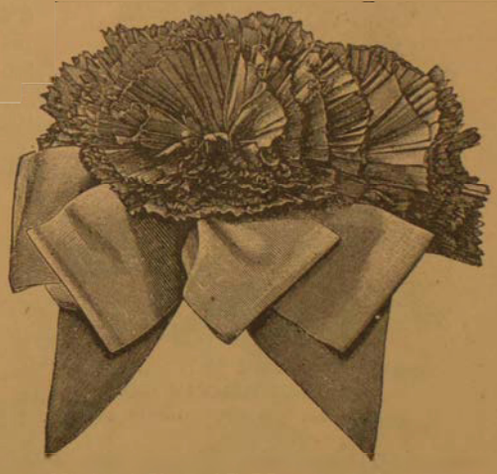
3. CORSAGE TRIMMING.

4. LINEN LAWN FICHU.

No. 4.—Fichu of linen lawn trimmed with a lace-edged, plaited frill of the lawn.

No. 5.—Fichu of white *crêpe* trimmed with Chantilly insertion; plaited front and girdle of *ciel*-blue *chiffon*.

No. 6.—Back view of neck ruff made of plaited *chiffon*, with bow of wide rose-colored ribbon.



6. NECK RUFF OF PLAITED CHIFFON.

7. FANCY MUFF.

No. 7.—Fancy muff of velvet and ribbon to match gown or hat; made in the shape of a bag, with pocket at top for handkerchief and purse.

FASHIONS change so rapidly that women—even brides—are beginning to realize that it is wise not to have too many gowns, they become old-fashioned so soon.

BAVARIAN GREEN and puce are favorite colors for dresses and wraps.

CLOSE-FITTING Eton jackets of fur, with velvet sleeves, are worn with woolen skirts.

AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

WHILE not too dressy for afternoons at home, this pretty gown is also in the best taste for small visits, matinées, etc., and, in fact, for any social needs of a young girl's life except dancing-school. The fabric is a golden-brown faced-cloth, and the trimming, dark brown velvet and chinchilla fur, which borders the box-plait in front and the collar. The back of the corsage is like the front, having a similar box-plait, but without trimming and not drooping, and, of course, the rosettes should be omitted. The yoke may be of the cloth, or of white silk or satin covered closely with rows of fine, gold soutache. This is a popular model for all the fancy wools, and also for simple evening frocks of light taffeta. The skirt is the "Doris," —described in the last number,—and the corsage, the "Starella," which is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

AN AFTERNOON GOWN.
STARELLA WAIST. DORIS SKIRT.

A BECOMING LITTLE FROCK.
THE "ROSBELL."

A BECOMING LITTLE FROCK.

THIS becoming and simple frock of mulberry *crépon* is just the thing for afternoon visits and for church, for which use all the pretty wools are in much better taste than rustling silks and showy velvets. The pattern is the "Rosbell." The circle skirt flares well at the bottom, and fits quite trimly around the waist. It is so cut as to hang in graceful flutes without interlining. The back of the corsage is like the front; the square yoke and epaulets of dark velvet are finished on the edge with very narrow guipure edging or with a half-inch band of fur. A ruffle of yellow Valenciennes finishes the neck-band. The pattern is in sizes for ten and twelve years.

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.

A LIGHT mixed cheviot is the fabric of this neat little frock, which is an adaptation of the sailor style, and always popular with mothers and their little folk. A jacket effect is given by the V plastron extending to the waist and by the addition of large pearl buttons on the fronts. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the corsage in place, and the skirt is sewed to it. The trimming is dark blue serge, which faces the cuffs and sailor collar, and soutache of the same color. Blue serge remains a favorite fabric for these little frocks, and it is trimmed with white or dark red. The pattern is the "Winnie," in sizes for six and eight years.

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.
WINNIE FROCK.

A NEW REEFER.
THE "MERESIA."

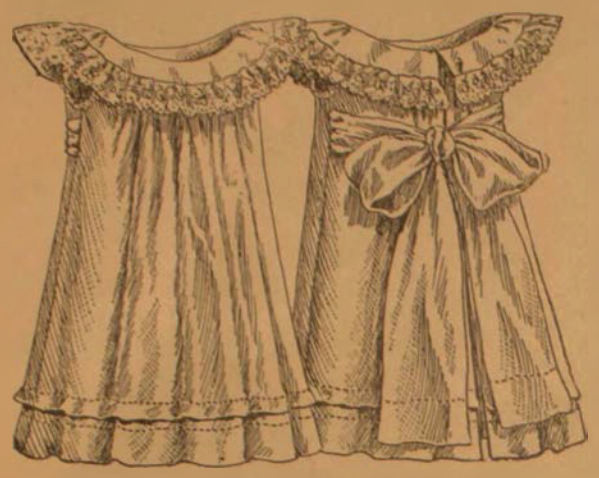
A NEW REEFER.

THIS tan-colored cloth reefer, trimmed with natural otter and lined with blue-and-gold *peau de soie*, is both a useful and handsome garment, the materials being so fine and substantial that they will endure every-day wear, while the coat is quite dressy enough for any occasion. It fits trimly in the back and under the arms, and has a broad lap in the front, giving additional warmth where most needed. The skirt, of fancy plaided wool, is made by the "Doris"

pattern, illustrated and described in Demorest's for December. The reefer—the "Meresia"—is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years, and the skirt, for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.

NAINSOOK, fine lawns, and cambric are used for these pretty little aprons, and the preferred trimmings are fine-patterned embroideries. Pure white alone is used, the fancy for color not having extended to these garments. They protect the little gowns perfectly, nothing more than the hem of the skirt showing below, and not always that. The neck is finished by a circular bertha of double lawn trimmed on the edge with a ruffle of embroidery. Long strings of the lawn tie in the back. The pattern is the "Nina," in sizes for six, eight, and ten years.



FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.
NINA APRON.

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.—Evening waist of lemon-colored *mousseline de soie*, tucked and trimmed with Chantilly lace; girdle, stock collar and shoulder-bow of black velvet.

2.—Evening gown of opal-tinted moire, embroidered with spangles in vines, which cover the princesse seams; sleeves and corsage draped with spangled tulle.

3.—Evening waist of tucked *miroir* velvet in shades of heliotrope; a band of ostrich-feather trimming around the neck.

4.—Pelerine of Hudson Bay sable.

5.—Mink cape bordered with a fringe of tails.

6.—Collarette of white taffeta edged with black lace, plaited very full, and finished in the back with a large bow of rose-colored ribbon.

7.—Collarette of black plaited *mousseline de soie* and bows of black satin ribbon.

8.—Shoulder-cape of Chinchilla.

9.—Cape of Alaska sable.

10.—Front view of No. 6.

11.—House-gown of gray faced-cloth, trimmed with Persian ribbons; chemisette of blue *crêpe*.

12.—Tea-gown of green *crèpon* and India silk, trimmed with black velvet and white lace.

13.—Evening gown of rose-colored *chiné* silk, trimmed with lace and roses.

14.—Front view of No. 7.

15.—Dinner gown of velvet brocaded satin, with *tablier* front of ivory satin and panels of pearl embroidery. Corsage of spangled net over ivory satin, with ruffles of point lace.

16.—Evening waist of spangled net over green silk, with epaulets of gold-embroidered white satin.

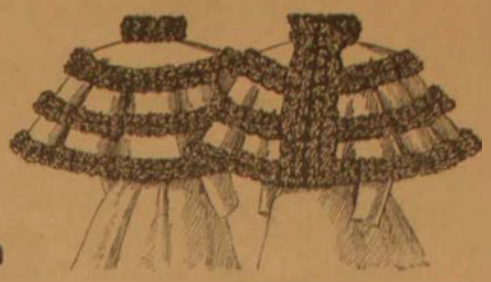
17.—Reception gown of green cloth and velvet; sleeves of figured velvet; cloth vest crossed with gold soutache; revers of embroidered white satin bordered with sable.

18.—*Chiffon* waist trimmed with ribbons and artificial flowers.

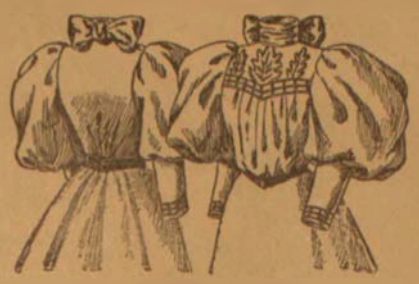
19.—*Débutante's* gown of white tulle over white silk, with ribbon-run tucks; girdle and shoulder-bows of rose-colored ribbon.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

MORLAND COAT.



JUDITH WRAP.

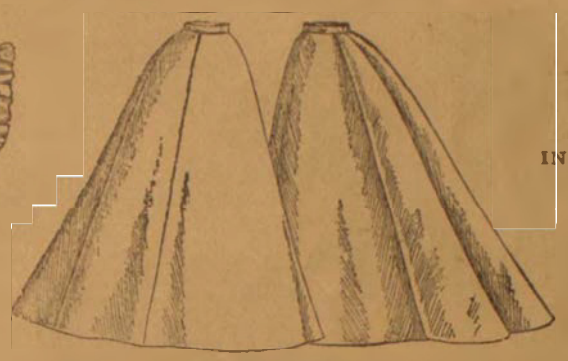


CAREW WAIST.

WORTH COLLAR.

INFANT'S WRAPPER.

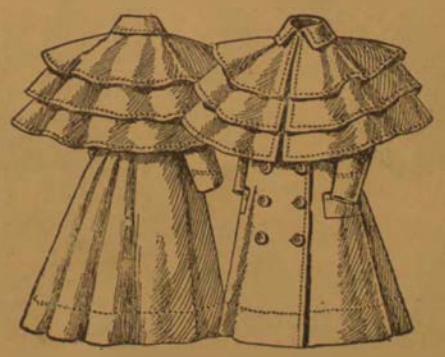
LILLA BONNET.



RIPPLE SKIRT.

EDNA GOWN

MARCELLA DRESS.



URIEL COAT.

VERONICA WAIST.

BARRIE REEFER.

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 great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." *Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on its back.*

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

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, see Page 179.*)

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

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

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

"MRS. J. W. H."—President Cleveland's first child, Ruth, was born October 3, 1891.

"L. T."—The frames for Demorest's pictures in the regular sizes are still for sale.

"A. P. T."—Patterns for the bicycle suits described in Fashion Review for November are not for sale. The suits ready-made or fitted to order can be procured of the first firm mentioned in the card of thanks.—Make new sleeves of velvet or heavy silk for your beaver coat.

"MRS. L. C."—Electric seal is an imitation fur made from rabbit skins. It is as durable as its price would warrant. A good fur cannot be had without paying for it. Much valuable information about kinds of fur was given in Demorest's for December, 1894.

"PAULINE."—For your holiday luncheon have a topic-party, introducing a topic for discussion with each course; or have a literary salad served just before the eatable one. For the latter, write parts of familiar quotations on autumn or artificial leaves,—made as ornamental as you please—and heap them up in a large salad-bowl; each guest in turn will draw a leaf and read aloud the quotation. Give prizes to the two persons who cap the most quotations and name the highest number of authors. For the menu have beef *bouillon*, some kind of nice fish or creamed oysters, rolls, lamb chops

(*Continued on Page 182.*)

(*Continued from Page 181.*)

with green peas, a salad, serving wafers and grated cheese or cheese sticks with it, fruits, ices, and coffee.—Make your green China silk with a plain full skirt, and model the waist after any of those illustrated in the December number.

"C. L. T."—An "At Home" invitation requires no acceptance; if you do not attend the reception, send your calling-card by mail or by messenger, so timed as to arrive the afternoon of the reception.—For a more formal entertainment, a large evening reception, with dancing etc., a dinner, breakfast, or luncheon, a written regret on note-paper is *de rigueur*.—There is no change in the size of calling-cards; a thin Bristol-board card, either pearl or ivory white, is the regulation thing, and the name is engraved in script. A married woman uses her husband's name on her card, as, "Mrs. James Jordan White"; but she signs her name to all letters and business papers "Catherine Haydon White"; when writing to strangers she either adds below the signature "address Mrs. James Jordan White," etc., or writes "Mrs." in parentheses before her signature.—Invention is rife in devising new forms of entertainment, and everything goes. Spiderweb parties as described in "Gleanings" in the December number are given for grown folk as well as the little ones; quotation parties, and all sorts of games played in progressive fashion, with prizes for successful competitors, are among the things now enjoyed.—The guests at a breakfast are not expected to linger more than a half hour after the conclusion of the function, and except for very formal affairs, where a stringed orchestra is employed to play in an adjoining room during the repast, no attempt is made to "amuse the guests."—Invite your friends personally if you do not wish to send formal invitations for a house-warming; for a small party of intimate friends, coffee or chocolate with dainty sandwiches and cake and ice-cream or fruit would be sufficient; a large company would require a more elaborate menu, as *bouillon*, creamed oysters, buttered rolls, sandwiches, chicken or lobster salad, cheese-sticks, cakes, ices, and coffee.

"M. H."—It is impossible to tell you how long it would take you to become a thorough Latin scholar, so much depends upon the degree of application and natural linguistic ability. Many students under good coaching accomplish a college-year's work during the long summer vacation. It is quite safe to say that under a capable tutor you could do four years' work in two; or six years, in three.

"BOB."—Chow-chow is eaten, like any pickle, with hot or cold meats, and is especially liked with fried oysters. It is put on the table in a fancy side-dish of china or cut glass.—Get Madras curtains for your parlor windows, or those of the broad silk-striped snow-flake that comes in many desirable colorings.—Poland passed under the sovereignty of Russia in 1815, but many and repeated efforts were made by the people to regain their

(*Continued on Page 183.*)

(*Continued from Page 182.*)

independence, till, in 1863, Poland lost its separate administration and all its peculiar institutions, the Russian language was introduced in its schools and colleges, and border provinces violently Russianized. For further information consult any cyclopedia.—A hostess should rise and extend her hand to greet a man calling upon her. It is optional with other women present whether they shake hands with him or acknowledge his entrance only by an inclination of the head. The degree of acquaintance regulates this.—Place sachets of powdered orris-root and violet or heliotrope in your writing-desk; they will impart to your stationery just the faint perfume which alone is good form.

"L. F. T."—We have a riding-habit pattern which includes skirt, trousers, and postilion basque; the skirt is just what you need, but most women wear tights instead of trousers now. The sleeves should have a little fullness at the top, and the basque may be cut round, from six to ten inches deep, or in postilion like the pattern.

"MRS. C."—Mrs. Amelia Edith Barr, *née* Huddleston, was born at Ulverston, England, March 29th, 1834. She was married to Mr. Barr in 1852, and came to this country in 1854; they resided in Texas, and Mr. Barr and their three sons died of yellow fever in Galveston, in 1867. Mrs. Barr supported herself and daughters for several years by teaching, coming to New York in 1869; and soon thereafter she began writing. "Romance and Reality" was published in 1872. For a list of her works see "Men and Women of the Time." Mrs. Barr has a pleasant home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where she does most of her writing.

"SCHOOL GIRL."—"Manners and Social Usages," by Mrs. John Sherwood, is a standard book on etiquette.—If there is opportunity for verbal acknowledgment of flowers sent on the occasion of a death in the family, it is all that is necessary; there is usually some friend, if not a member of the family, who can express them for us, and a note is not expected any more than an answer to a letter of condolence.

"LENA."—As you gave us no address it is impossible to send you the pattern of the "Rolf" skirt.—If an extremely simple wedding is desired unless there is a sentiment concerning the celebration of the ceremony in church it is advisable to have it at home. Of course you could omit decorations, but if there were guests invited it would be a very stupid affair without music.—We have repeatedly stated that the bride's parents pay *all* the expenses of the wedding, whether at church or at home. The groom's only expenses are for his own carriage and the clergyman's fee.—It is not expected that the bride furnish her bridesmaids' gowns,—though many wealthy brides do it,—but she gives them some handsome ornament, a brooch, locket, or lace-pin, as souvenirs of the occasion. The cards, whether of invitation to the wedding or of announcement afterwards, are provided by the bride's parents.

"MRS. W. J. S."—No business addresses are ever given in the Correspondence Club. The names of the best dry-goods houses in the city are frequently mentioned at the close of our Fashion Review. Letters to them simply addressed to New York City would reach them.

"H. A. Z."—Your sample of lace is guipure, and not used now except to cover the yokes and cuffs of tea or house gowns.

"MRS. J. W."—The Priests of Pallas were the

(*Continued on Page 184.*)

(*Continued from Page 183.*)

priests in charge of the temple of Pallas Athena, worshiped by the Romans under the name of Minerva. The magnificent temple of the Parthenon was dedicated to her, and the sacred festival of the Panathenæa, in which all the people of Attica took part, was celebrated annually in her honor. She was the patron of heroism among men, and protectress of the arts of peace. The Priests of Pallas celebration in Kansas City is simply a modern spectacle instituted for the frank purpose of drawing throngs of people to the town. As goddess of peace and protector of agriculture, husbandry, mechanics, and general prosperity, Minerva is quite appropriately made patron of the festival, which is always a gorgeous and splendid affair.

"MRS. L. A. K."—A baby boy of two years is dressed exactly like a girl baby. The little gowns of white lawn or wool, or light-tinted cashmere, reach the ankles, and are attached either to yokes or full waists, very simply trimmed; their little cloaks are similar in style to the "Katerina,"—illustrated in miniature in the December number; they cover the gown, and all light-colored wools and silks are used for them. A cap of the cloak fabric instead of a granny bonnet is provided for a boy.—New subscribers can obtain the portraits to complete their albums.—Make a large folio of cardboard covered with art *crêpe*, denim, or silk, to hold your Demorest's pictures. Line it with India silk, and tie with ribbons. It will keep the pictures nicely, and in accessible form so everyone can enjoy them.

GLEANINGS.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMES AND ATHLETICS.

Vassar College girls have gone in thoroughly this year for out-of-door sports, and the fact that a blanket of fog spread itself over the earth on their autumn field-day seemed to have not the slightest effect in dampening their ardor. When the first event was called fifty competitors, representing all classes, lined up in readiness to start. They wore divided skirts and white sweaters, on which the class year was worked in color. The contests were a hundred-yard dash, broad jump, one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle-race, running high jump, two-hundred-and-twenty-yard run, and a game of basket-ball. The time of the winner in the first contest was sixteen seconds, though in some of the heats better time was made; the winning broad jump was eleven feet five inches, and the running high jump four feet eight inches. In the hurdle race there were ten hurdles two and a half feet high, placed twelve yards apart, to be jumped, and the winner's time was thirty-six and a quarter seconds.

The college faculty are greatly pleased

(*Continued on Page 185.*)

(*Continued from Page 184.*)

with the interest the students take in these open-air exercises, which have resulted already in improved health, and are also a valuable mental stimulant.

COLOR SCHEMES.

Much greater attention is being paid to the effective massing of color whenever groups of people come together than ever before. In the setting of a play now the costumes of the players must harmonize with the scenery, and the furniture, if there be any. An exquisite example of this is given in a scene of "King Arthur," designed by Burne-Jones. It represents a forest in May, with hawthorns all a-bloom, and the hill-sides clothed with blossoming rhododendrons. Through the winding forest paths comes a long line of the queen's maidens, and last of all Queen Guinevere herself. The maiden's gowns are white and green with soft draperies of golden browns and gray; the queen wears a gown of some soft, clinging stuff in bright, spring green, veiled with a shimmering bronze-hued *crêpe* that looks like prisoned sunbeams. The exquisite harmony of the whole picture is entrancing.

In designing wedding decorations the gowns of the bridal party are first considered, for each must set the other off. A recent group of lovely bridesmaids formed a brilliant bouquet against the background of green and white decorations; their gowns were of moire in pale tints of blue, yellow, pink, heliotrope, and green, with one in white to make up the six. They wore velvet caps of a darker shade than their gowns, copied from an old Dutch picture. At a yellow-and-white wedding the bridesmaids wore gowns of pale yellow satin, with fichus of white *chiffon*. Pink-robed bridesmaids with black velvet hats trimmed with pink plumes completed the picture at a pink-and-white wedding, and this effect has been repeated more than any other. With the pink and lavender tones of the decorations for the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding only blue was seen in the bridal party, the maids wearing cream-white satin gowns with turquois-colored sashes and sapphire velvet picture-hats, while the bride's mother herself wore turquois satin.

THE BACHELOR DINNER.

While the daily papers busied themselves with announcing the Duke of Marlborough's

(*Continued on Page 186.*)

(*Continued from Page 185.*)

farewell bachelor-dinner as to be given here, there, and everywhere, the duke pursued the even tenor of his way as quietly and unobtrusively as the reporters would allow him till the eventful wedding-day arrived, and none of the newspaper-appointed dinners materialized. The duke, in short, was independent enough to set a new fashion and give no bachelor dinner to his ushers.

It remained, however, for Mr. Paget to be wholly original, and give a dinner which was so charming and delightful that he will probably have many imitators. Instead of the stupid and selfish "stag dinner," which has been the accepted form of these farewell bachelor functions, Mr. Paget invited his bride-elect and her father, together with all the ladies of the bridal party, and the ushers. Very happily Mr. Paget's sisters and brother arrived from England just in time to be present at this delightful dinner, which was given in one of the private rooms of the ladies' annex to the Metropolitan Club. Flowers and palms were used lavishly in decoration, and the Franko Festival Orchestra played during the progress of the banquet.

A MARVELOUS FLOWER.

The largest flower in the world is supposed to be the *Reafflesia Arnoldi*, discovered by Dr. Arnold in the island of Sumatra during the early part of this century. It is a parasite, attaching itself to the roots of other plants, and is entirely destitute of leaves. A swelling beneath the bark of some huge surface-appearing root of a large tree announces the coming of the flower. The bud, bursting through the bark, looks like a young cabbage. When fully opened the flower, green in color, measures thirty-nine inches in diameter, and its five great petals surround a cup-like calyx which holds six quarts of liquid.

(*Continued on Page 187.*)

(*Continued from Page 186.*)

HAVE YOU A COAT-OF-ARMS?

In this great and free American Union there has developed in recent years so large a number of that over-rich leisure class whose greatest ambition is for social prominence that the pursuivant of arms finds his time filled in researches, at their expense, into the pedigrees of their forefathers, to the end that they may sport a coat-of-arms. It is found that most family lines in the United States do not go back earlier than 1700, and they are comprised in two divisions, according to the student of heraldry,—those who sprang from peasants, and those from other lines. If a peasant forefather be reached, hope is dead; for, alas! no coat-of-arms is forthcoming. But the man who finds profitable employment for all his time in these studies, and makes frequent trips to Europe to prosecute them, says that a surprising number of American families are entitled to coats-of-arms, which are more trustworthy guides in establishing descent, important marriages, and the whole genealogical record, than names, which are often so mangled and distorted in spelling.

BRASS AND COPPER WEDDINGS.

In Belgium it is the fashion to celebrate with a feast or ball the day when two people have been happily married for six and a half years, and the occasion is called the "brass wedding." When twelve and a half years married the "copper wedding" comes, and utensils of brass and copper are presented on these occasions.

THE KODAK FIEND.

A curious incident occurred during the autumn yacht races in the garden of the R. Y. S. Castle at Cowes. The German Emperor was talking to Baron de Courcel, the French Ambassador, when a French lady, who had been admitted by introduction into the sacred inclosure, suddenly rose and by means of a miniature camera took a snap-shot of the interview with the greatest coolness. Instantly the most intense indignation prevailed among the smart folk present. The upshot of the affair was that the Gallic dame was warned not to repeat her conduct. The signalman at the gate was subsequently ordered to keep a sharp look-out for all "Kodaks."

ALUMINIUM CAR-TICKETS.

The latest use for aluminium is for street car tickets, and it must be conceded that the metal is singularly adapted for the purpose. The aluminium ticket has also the great

(*Continued on Page 188.*)

(*Continued from Page 187.*)

advantage of requiring no cancellation. As soon as the tickets are turned in by the public to the railroad company they are done up in packages and sold again.

TABLE TALK.

General Grant and Jefferson Davis had a common ancestor in William Simpson, whose granddaughter, Hannah Simpson, was the mother of Ulysses Simpson Grant. His grandson, Samuel Davis, was the father of Jefferson Davis.

M. Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, has bought for $5,065 the Stradivarius violin known as Hercules. It is dated 1732, is one of the most perfect of its family, and is beautifully preserved.

A decree has been signed declaring Brussels to be a seaport. A canal will be constructed at a cost of 5,000,000 francs that will enable vessels of 2,000 tons burden to come up to the city, and discharge at the wharves that will be built there.

AN ALARMING METAMORPHOSIS.

A fashionable audience in Paris recently listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. At the conclusion of the lecture a lady and gentleman who were among the first to leave the hall had reached the open

(*Continued on Page 189.*)

HE SUFFERS TERRIBLY.

MARGUERITE—"Since she has married again I don't believe she deplores the death of her first husband at all."
MELITA—"No; but her last husband does."

(*Continued from Page 188.*)

air, when the lady caught her escort staring at her. "What is the matter?" asked the madame in surprise. "Pardon me, but you are quite blue!" The lady returned to the hall and approached a mirror. She started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been converted into a beautiful blue by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. The majority of the women in the audience had suffered in a similar manuer. There were all sorts of colors,—blue, yellow, violet, and black. Some whose vanity had induced them to put ivory on the skin, coral on the lips, rouge on the cheeks and black on the eyebrows, had undergone a ludicrous transformation.

BICYCLE TRUNKS.

That we should come to it was to be expected; for as soon as the checking of bicycles extended beyond an occasional demand, the baggage-masters have—so to speak—kicked against their ever-increasing numbers, and there are now only a few railroads in the country which check bicycles

(*Continued on Page 190.*)

(*Continued from Page 189.*)

free. Of course, not everybody who has one has a trunk to carry it in, but the number of bicycle trunks made is considerable. Professional bicyclists use them to carry their bicycles, so as to avoid risk of injury to the wheels in transit, and amateurs, when they travel, use them for the same purpose and to keep them from being marred. The trunk is flat and thin, the handle-bar being removed and placed in holders like a bow in a violin-case. Bicycle trunks are made sometimes to carry two machines.

A POVERTY PARTY.

A novel entertainment given for the benefit of a Christian Endeavor Society affords useful hints to other church societies who are seeking new ways of filling their treasuries. The invitations were printed in old English style on note sheets of common brown wrapping-paper, and inclosed in envelopes to match. The wording was as follows:

"POVERTIE PARTIE.

"Ye be all herewith invited to a gathering to be held on ye evening of Tuesday, ye ——— of ye year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five, in ye Scotch Presbyterian Meeting House, located on the street called ———.

"Such partie to be given in ye spirit of ye hard times which do now prevail.

"ADMITTANCE.

"Five pennies it shall be to all
Whether it be greate or small."

On the inside were the following rules and regulations:

"Ye women must wear ye cotton gowne and apron or equally befitting apparel. Ye menne must wear ye plain attire. Such men as do bedeck themselves with gold watch chain or brocade tie shall pay fine of five cents. Ye man and ye woman who shall appear at such partie in garments most suitable shall partake of ye supper free of compensation. These rules shall be enforced by ye select committee, who will likewise introduce strangers and also much befriende ye bashful young menne. In ye dining-room, crullers, cookies, and ginger nuts will be served with coffee.

"These be ye fines for women: no apron, 1 cent; earrings, plain, 5 cents; diamond earrings, 10 cents; woll dress, old, 3 cents; woll dress, new, 5 cents; trimmed apron, 3 cents; finger rings, plain, 3 cents; diamond-set, 10 cents; silk dress, 10 cents; evening dress, 25 cents."

The "menne" were fined various sums from 1 cent for a mustache to fifty cents for wearing evening dress. Every ingenious committee arranging such an entertainment will be able to devise some amusing and original features.

A WHITE ROOM FOR "NERVES."

Not every one can have a "rest room" distinct from other rooms in the house, but every one can give more thought to the

(*Continued on Page 191.*)

(Continued from Page 190.)

effect of color upon the brain, nerves, and general health. Though very many people have never put the feeling into words, there are few women who are not conscious of being depressed by certain surroundings, and cheered and uplifted by others, and it is of the first importance if our daily environment has an unfavorable effect upon us that no trouble be considered too great to effect a radical change. If you cannot have a "rest room," study to make all rooms restful. Use cool greens, blues, and soft terra cottas in rooms where brain-work is to be done or where the eyes must be continuously taxed, and avoid a multiplicity of detail. The crowding of rooms with a bewildering mass of bric-à-brac, of objects which, taken singly, are a delight, is one of the taxes upon the nerves that our present civilization has imposed upon itself. Those women who have the decorative instinct highly developed without the artistic do themselves and all those connected with them an immense amount of harm. They are as fond of ribbons as a child of dolls, and sash up everything around which a ribbon can be bowed; and when they are not tying bows they are making that other barbarous thing,—with its barbarous name,—a "throw." Curious! that the people who have time to make these things are too hurried to call them drapery scarfs.

A New York woman who leads a very busy life and has studied methods of preserving health and strength avoids certain colors "as she would a pestilence." She has fitted up a green-and-white bedroom for herself, in which the walls are tinted a cool, refreshing green, and the woodwork and furniture are ivory-white touched with delicate lines of gold. The floor is covered with matting and white lamb-skin rugs; the curtains are of soft, white stuff, and near one window is a feathery palm. "There is not a picture, a cabinet or a ribbon to be seen," but there are a few photographs on a table, and the last new works of fiction on the bookshelf. There is, in fact, nothing to tax one, but everything to rest the nerves and brain.

THIMBLES DE LUXE.

Time was when a richly chased gold thimble satisfied any woman's ambition and love of beauty in this direction; but in these days of luxury and extravagance the jewelers keep in regular stock jeweled thimbles costing from thirty to eighty dollars, and receive frequent orders for others costing from two to five hundred dollars. It has remained, however, for a very daft young man—with more dollars than sense—to order an exquisite affair set with a five-carat diamond in the top, which will cost at least four thousand dollars. The rim will be encircled by ten diamonds, and in the midst of the scroll-work above, a tiny monogram of diamond sparks will flash. How touching it will be to see this glittering bauble pushing the needle through unbleached cloth and linseys at the Lenten sewing-circle!

(Continued on Page 192.)

(*Continued from Page 191.*)

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S GODCHILDREN.

One of the deepest interests in the life of that sadly bereft woman, the widowed and childless ex-Empress Eugénie, concerns her numerous godchildren. So great was the happiness of the imperial couple upon the birth of their only child, March 16, 1856, that they both decided to be sponsors for all legitimate children born in France on that day. The announcement of this fact [illegible] the gates of the palace; during day, according to in- births of three thousand six children were registered in the prefect of the department, as godson of Napoleon and Eugénie. On the death of her husband Eugénie assumed his obligations toward the children; she keeps an exact list of all her charges, of whom sixty per cent are living, and it is said that upon death each one will receive some silver or money gift.

NEW THINGS IN SILVER.

The silversmiths' contributions to the holiday goods have been even more attractive than usual this season. Every conceivable little trinket of beauty or convenience, from the umbrella and diary clasps to toilet brushes and mirrors, has been offered. The cost of the small things also places them within the reach of all; there are umbrella clasps on rubber bands, mustache combs of shell shutting into handles of filigree silver, tiny nail-files of the same style,—just the thing to carry in the purse,—hat-markers, coat-hangers, bag-tags, and tooth-pick cases at prices varying from twenty-five cents to one dollar. The guard-chain, too, of black ribbon, with silver slides and watch hook, is

(*Continued on Page 193.*)