DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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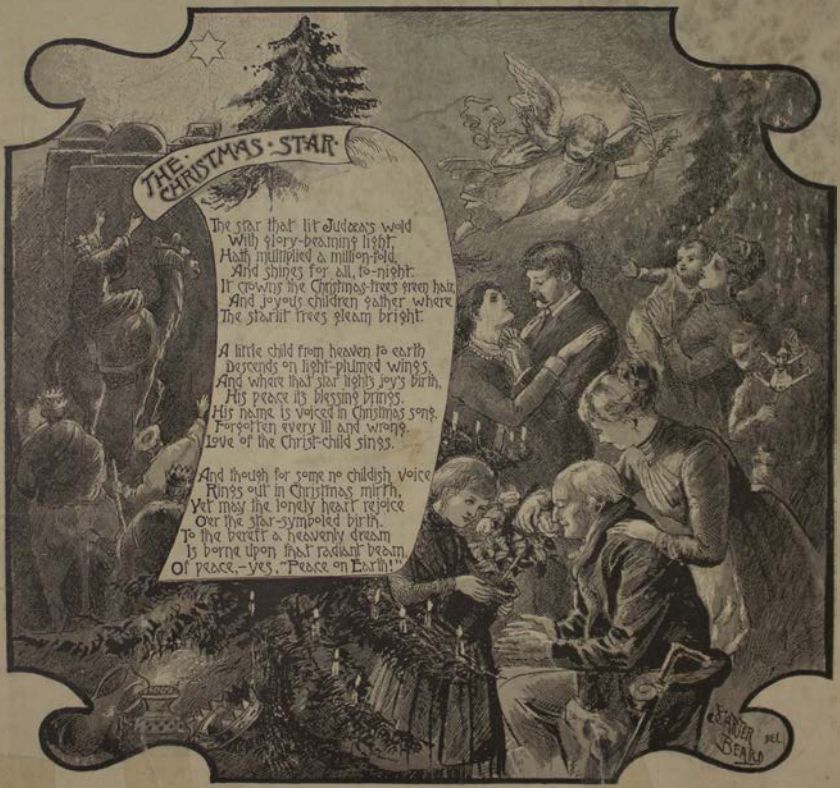


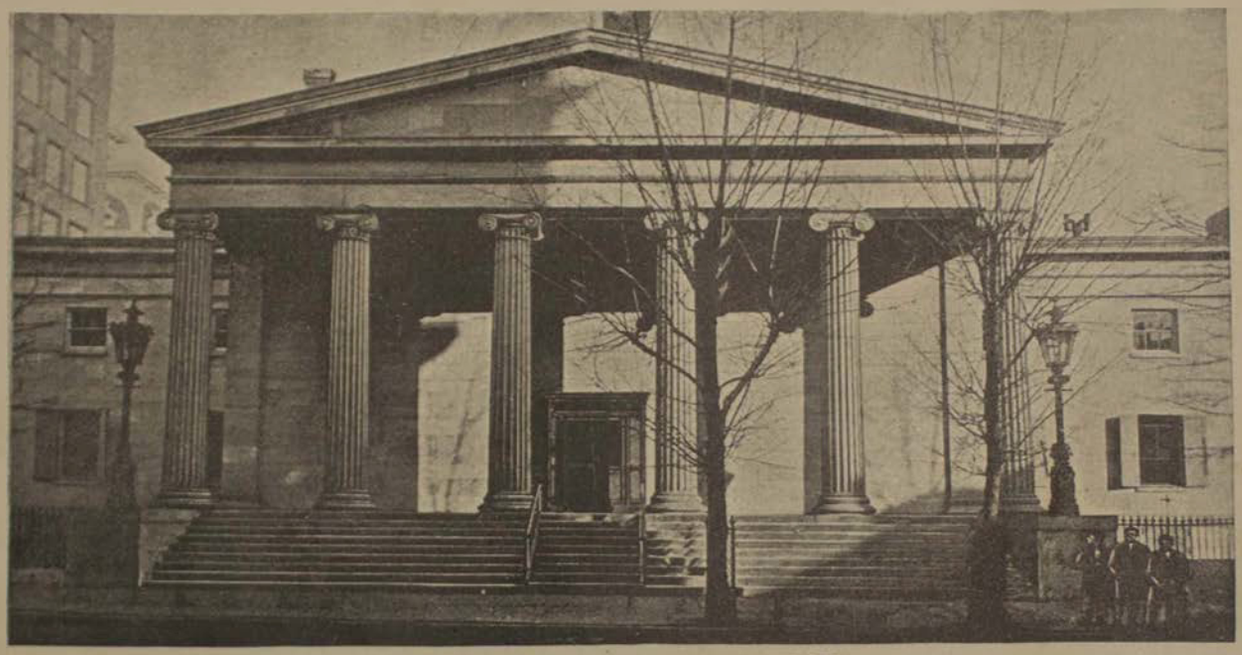
UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

I.

COIN.

"CASH!" as vociferated by some brisk saleswoman, leads one in this work-a-day world to little speculation outside the all-absorbing question, "Will what you have get what you want?"

The "root of all evil" is likewise the source of much power; and, seemingly since the beginning of time, human kind has been engaged in one tremendous, money-getting scramble, a helter-skelter race for wealth in which the pace has reached its fastest to-day and in America. As a natural consequence, in this money-making age, and pre-eminently in this money-making country, the "Almighty Dollar" serves as the measure of most things and the motive of most men; but whoever holds up the greed of the world to derision knows likewise of the many things money cannot buy, and that the dollar, while often "almighty," is also as often pitifully impotent.



THE UNITED STATES MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

Money, thus regarded in a thousand different lights,—toiled for, borrowed, stolen, won on the turn of a card, hoarded, spent lightly, wasted or saved,—is seldom looked upon as purely a manufactured article. Its existence is accepted as so much a matter of course, that even if one comes to the point of regarding it as manufactured, it is in a vague fashion, coin being so many bits of stamped metal, and notes only a series of printed slips of paper. Stamped metal and printed paper they assuredly are; but they bear the impress and official seal of a great nation, and are the results of elaborate and delicate processes, comparatively unfamiliar, yet full of wide interest, which may be satisfied (in a measure) by an account of the workings of two of Uncle Sam's big money-factories, the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington.

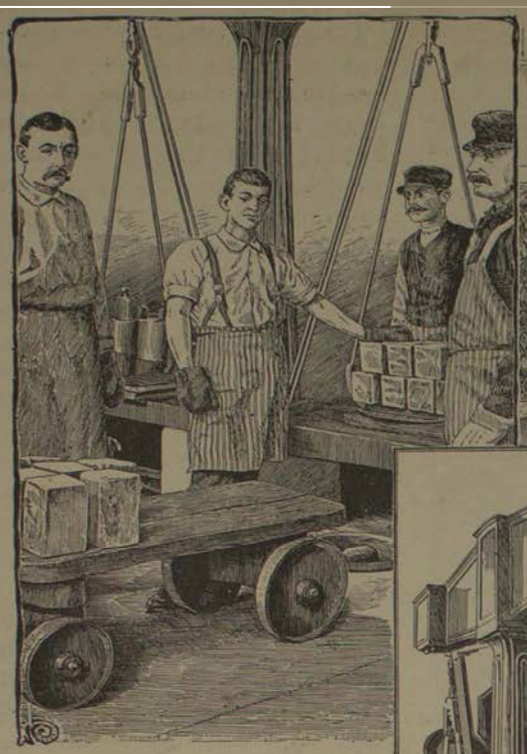
The history of the Parent Mint (as the Philadelphia Mint is known) is closely connected with that of the early days of the Republic, one of the most pressing needs of the new commonwealth proving to be the issue of a national currency, and the establishment of a Mint for its production. The financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris, first brought the subject of a National Mint before Congress. Through his efforts and with the aid of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, was passed a resolution which led to the establishment at Philadelphia of the first United States Mint. An Act of Congress, bearing date April 2, 1792, authorized the United States Mint. A lot was purchased on Seventh Street, near Arch, and work was at once begun on the unpretentious brick building, which still stands, and which was the first structure erected in the United States under the authority of the Federal Government, for public use. The laying of the foundation stone was performed with appropriate ceremonies by David Rittenhouse, Director of the Mint, on July 31, 1792.

The work of coinage was begun in the following October, a resolution of Congress, in 1786, having fixed upon simple and convenient denominations of money of account: as the dollar, or unit; dimes, or tenths, cents, or hundredths, and mills, or thousandths of a dollar. The first purchase of metal for coinage by the U. S Mint was six pounds of old copper at one shilling and three pence per pound. This, however, did not have the distinction of becoming the first issue of coin from the Mint; for, in response to a demand for small silver coins, a quantity of half-dimes constituted the initial coinage of the United States Government.

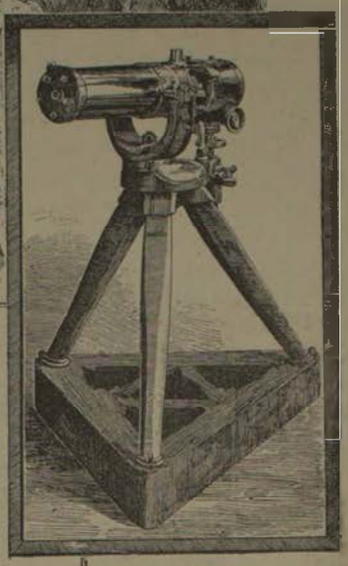
The work of the Mint continued in the modest brick building on Seventh Street for nearly forty years, when by Act of Congress, in May, 1829, a lot on the corner of Chestnut and Juniper Streets was purchased, and after the laying of the corner-stone, on the 4th of July, 1829, the present structure was erected at a cost of $200,000, coinage beginning in 1833. The Mint

HON. DANIEL M. FOX.
Superintendent of the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia.

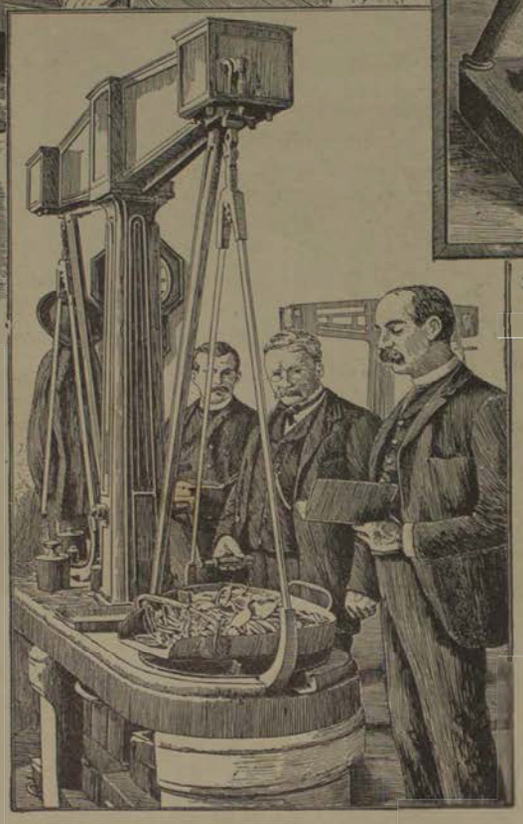
edifice is a low and rather grim-looking structure, whose solid marble walls and columned porticoes give it at once an air of security and old-fashioned pretentiousness. The severe front with its Grecian colonnade faces upon Chestnut Street; while the building extends squarely along Juniper Street to the erstwhile Penn Square, where the magnificent new City Hall now rears a majestic height of florid architecture.



WEIGHING BARS OF BULLION.



BRICKS OF SILVER. A GATLING GUN.



WEIGHING OLD SILVER.

Old-fashioned, dingy, and begrimed by its own smoke, showing the wear and tear of nearly sixty years of usefulness, the Philadelphia Mint is still the center of a unique interest, which hinges upon the fact that the bulk of the gold and silver coin and all the minor coin of the United States are manufactured within its walls. Therefore, sight-seers in Philadelphia, after a visit to Independence Hall, turn, as a matter of course, to the Mint.

Mounting the heavy-columned portico, a modest sign at the entrance gives the information that the Mint is open to visitors daily, excepting Sundays and holidays, between the hours of 9 and 12 A.M. A push of the light swinging-doors brings one into a small rotunda, where a corps of politely efficient and good-natured guides are in attendance to conduct visitors through the Mint. These guides, who are uniformed and have a military bearing, are in reality the guardians of the Mint with its store of treasure. They are well prepared for any emergency; and in the event of a riot, mob, or an attack upon the Mint, they have ready for immediate use a varied collection of weapons, which, with the exception of two ornamental and neatly wicked little Gatling guns standing at the end of either corridor, it is not deemed necessary to show to visitors.

To begin at the very first step of coined-money making, one turns to the left of the corridor leading from the miniature rotunda, and enters the Deposit or Weigh Room. Here all gold and silver bullion brought to the Mint is purchased or received on deposit, and after being weighed starts out upon the journey which eventually lands it in the vault of the Chief Coiner, in the shape of thousands upon thousands of neat and shining coin.

The Weigh Room, as is quite proper under the circumstances, is mostly furnished with scales, varying in size to such an extent that one is involuntarily reminded thereby of the "Father Bear," "Mother Bear" and "Baby Bear," of the children's fairy stories. Besides this interesting collection of big scales, medium-sized scales, and little scales, there are several desks, where the records of all purchases and deposits are kept; and a rough, old-fashioned counter, over which passes annually between twenty-five and thirty millions of dollars' worth of bullion. A nice technical difference exists between a purchase and a deposit: the U. S. Government buying the bullion outright, in the first instance; whereas, in the latter, the bullion actually deposited is supposed to be returned to the owner, either in the shape of coin or refined bars, a small sum having been deducted from the net amount to cover expenses of melting, refining, etc.

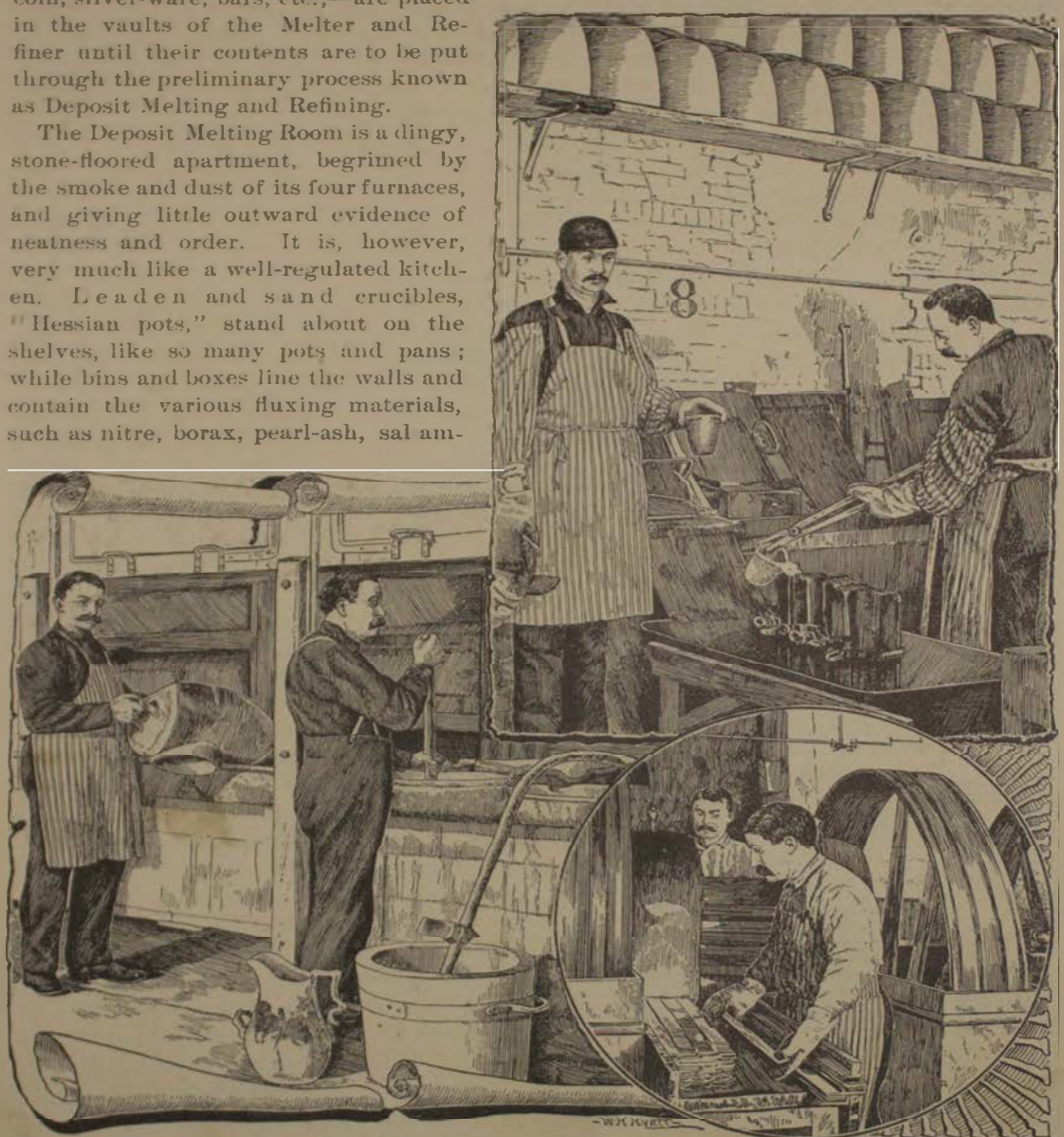
The bulk of the gold and silver received at the Mint comes from the mines of the Western States; but the neatly stamped and valued bar of the refineries of the West is not the only kind of bullion the Weigh Clerk is called upon to handle. A most curious lot of metal comes daily over the little old counter. The pawnbrokers have considerable business with the Mint, and their contributions usually consist of old watch-cases, bent and broken spoons, spectacle rims, thimbles, snuff-boxes, bits of watch-chains, old rings and new rings, whose tender engraved devices—"X with Z's love," etc.—conjure up many a romance where pathos and tragedy seem inevitably mingled. The Mint officials also receive quantities of other miscellaneous bullion: gold coin, for melting into bars for the gold-beater's use; ore crudely melted and left to cool in the crucible, thus forming "king lumps;" gold dust, shaken out of some miner's belt; together with teeth-plates, jewelry, silver-ware, and occasionally very elaborate silver tea-services.

Perhaps the most remarkable deposit of the latter description ever received at the Mint, was a magnificent silver service valued at $15,000. This service was a masterpiece of fine workmanship, and had formed the wedding set of a wealthy woman, who concluded that rather than have anyone else use her beautiful silver-ware she would have it melted down. With a certain amount of heroism, but with tears in her eyes, she stood by the Melter's furnace and watched the work of destruction go on. She received $1.700 as the value of the silver in the entire set. Rather an expensive and selfish bit of sentiment.

Whatever the nature of a deposit, it is first carefully weighed (the unit being one ounce troy), and a receipt is given

the depositor for so many ounces of bullion, gold or silver, according to the predominating metal. The weight in ounces determined, the deposit is placed in a curiously shaped iron box, or pyx, fitted with a pair of spring locks, one key being in the hands of the Melter and Refiner, and the other in the keeping of the Weigh Clerk. These craftily secured boxes, bearing a memorandum of the number of the deposit, its weight in ounces, and its general character,—as of jewelry, coin, silver-ware, bars, etc.,—are placed in the vaults of the Melter and Refiner until their contents are to be put through the preliminary process known as Deposit Melting and Refining.

The Deposit Melting Room is a dingy, stone-floored apartment, begrimed by the smoke and dust of its four furnaces, and giving little outward evidence of neatness and order. It is, however, very much like a well-regulated kitchen. Leaden and sand crucibles, "Hessian pots," stand about on the shelves, like so many pots and pans; while bins and boxes line the walls and contain the various fluxing materials, such as nitre, borax, pearl-ash, sal ammonia, bone-ash, sand, oak charcoal, and the like. The deposits are mixed with the various fluxing ingredients, according to the nature of their composition, and placed in crucibles in the furnace, to melt, the foreman adding a pinch of borax or a little nitre to his melts, seemingly by instinct, just as a practiced cook will add to her savory dishes an extra lump of butter or a sprinkling of salt. The melt is stirred thoroughly, and when relieved of the most of its baser ingredients it is poured into a mold.



SEPARATING ROOM. CASTING INGOTS. BREAK-DOWN ROLLS.

Now comes a most careful and delicate operation, which determines by assay the exact amount of gold and silver contained in a deposit. For this purpose, if the deposit is of gold, the Assayer receives from the Melter and Refiner bits chipped from the opposite corners of the brick just molded. If it is silver to be assayed, particles of the molten metal are dropped into water before the melt is cast, these quickly cooled particles forming a true representation of the brick. The Assayer makes his delicate tests and abstruse calculations in the sunny rooms which occupy one corner of the second floor. Here all the utensils are in miniature, the scales being Lilliputian, and the weights and measures so small that one's imagination is taxed to think of their existing at all. These tiny scales are so delicately adjusted that the weight of a hair will move the needle considerably, while even the inquisitive fly is kept out of the glass case covering them, so that his buzzing wings may not stir the atmosphere and thus disturb the exquisitely sensitive balance. The unit of weight used in the process of assay is a half-gramme bearing the mark 1,000, and equalling 7.716 grains troy. The lesser weights are decimal divisions of the half-gramme, and run down to $\frac{1}{10000}$ part, the most minute weight being scarcely visible to the naked eye.

The result upon which the Assayer bases his calculations of the value of a deposit is obtained by an elaborate and carefully exact process; but, briefly, an assay consists of the weighing off of a certain quantity of the bullion under test, reducing this to absolutely pure gold or silver, weighing the resulting fine metal, and by a careful comparison of the relative weights determining the exact proportion of gold or silver in the deposit. On the result thus obtained, the Assayer makes an official report to the Superintendent of the Mint, thereupon the depositor is paid, and the bullion, freed by its first melt from the greater part of its impurities, is turned over to the Melter and Refiner for manufacture into standard bullion.

As the gold and silver received are almost invariably in composition, the next step is the parting or separating of the two into chemically pure gold and pure silver. This is the work carried on in the Separating Room, a long and somewhat cheerless apartment, whose furniture is curious to the uninitiated. All the operations of this department are based upon the fact that silver is readily soluble in both nitric and sulphuric acids, while gold is unaffected by either. The bullion received from the Deposit Melting Room is now melted down for the second time. Upon the Assayer's estimate, enough silver is added to all bullion classed as gold to make the relative parts one of gold to two of silver: mixed in any lesser proportion, the gold predominates sufficiently to render the action of the acid ineffectual upon the silver.

The second melt, thus consisting of one part of gold and two parts of silver, is not poured into molds as in the first

instance. Instead, it is dipped out of the melting crucibles while still molten, and by a scientific twist of brawny wrists it is flirted and twirled into big troughs of cold water. Of course, considerable spluttering, hissing, and steaming is the result; but eventually the water gets the best of it, and the metal is speedily reduced to what is known as a granulated state, in which shape the silver is thoroughly exposed to the action of the acid. The bullion having been thus granulated is ready to be acted upon in the Separating Room.

The furniture of this room, as has been said, is curious, and consists of a furnace, various filters and vats, big jars of acids, huge iron pots, and, the gem of the collection, a solid gold siphon which contains $3,600 worth of the precious metal. The siphon is necessarily pure gold, as the acid would corrode any other material, save glass, that could be used.

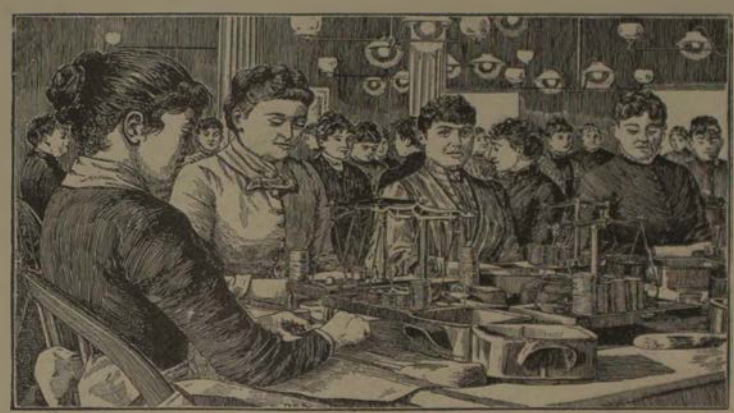
Extending back from the furnace is a miniature house, the sides of which slide up and reveal a long row of deep porcelain jars standing in a trough of water which is heated by the furnace. Into these jars the granulated bullion is placed with nitric acid, and after a thorough stirring with wooden paddles the panels of the inclosure are shut down, the water in the trough heated, and the chemical action allowed to proceed. The silver unites with the acid, forming nitrate of silver; while the gold is precipitated, as a dull, earthy powder, to the bottom of the porcelain jars. The nitrate of silver is siphoned off, by way of the solid gold siphon, and the resulting powder is first washed, then boiled with oil of vitriol, in the huge iron pots, until white fumes begin to rise. The vitriol solution is then drawn off, and the gold, after a second thorough washing, is almost absolutely pure. A final melt, with the proper copper alloy of one hundred parts of copper to nine hundred parts of gold, is only required to reduce the gold thus obtained to standard coinage ingots.

The silver, however, which has been separated from the gold, and is now in solution as nitrate of silver, undergoes a much longer process. After the nitrate of silver is siphoned off it is placed in a large wooden bath-tub, and salt water poured upon the solution. It is curious and interesting to watch the rapid chemical action which now takes place, the chlorate of silver flaking up instantly in a snowy mass. This is now placed in a filter, where the baser solution is drawn off and the chlorate of silver left to wash. Thoroughly cleansed, it is put into a leaden trough with a certain proportion of granulated zinc, which reduces the chloride. Oil of vitriol is then added, which takes up the chloride in a liquid state, and leaves the silver a soft, mealy, gray powder. This powdered silver is washed free from any trace of acid, put into a hydraulic press of one hundred and twenty tons pressure, pressed into flat cakes of metal, and baked in a furnace. Thus effectively dried, the cakes are taken to the Melting Room, where they are melted, properly alloyed, cast into bricks, assayed, and then turned over to the Melter and Refiner, until required for coinage.

All the work up to this point has been merely preliminary to that of the regular process of coinage. The Melter and Refiner reduces to standard gold and silver all bullion that comes into his hands, with the exception of a part of the gold, which is made into the fine commercial bar. In the Deposit Melting Room, from ten to twenty melts are averaged daily, while in the other departments, from eighteen to twenty-four melts are averaged during the month; the melt, in the latter case, usually consisting of 1,200 ounces of gold to 2,400 ounces of silver. Manufactured at this rate, the bars and bricks of standard bullion accumulate too fast to be immediately coined. The gold is stored in a vault opening off the Weigh Room, and forms, at the present time, a solid cube weighing twenty-seven tons, with a value of $16,000,000. The vaults of the Mint are inadequate to receive the output of standard bricks of silver, so these are piled up about the inner court, and protected by iron screens from all light-fingered gentry.

The production of coin is regulated solely by the demand created for any one denomination, with the exception of what is known as the "Bland dollar," legislation by Congress requiring that two million of this shall be coined each month in the U. S. Mints. The Philadelphia Mint during the past year produced the most of this issue, in addition to all the minor coin, and considerable gold; all together being more than eighty per cent. of the total number of pieces coined by the Government.

Up to this point there has always been a question of the *fineness* of the metal in hand; but now, all having come to the mill and been turned out as bricks of standard bullion, the value is fixed, and the practical work of coinage begins. The standard bricks are turned over to the Melter and Refiner, and melted down for the third time. The molten metal is cast into uniform ingots, twelve inches long, from one to two inches wide, and half an inch thick. The silver ingots have a value of about $60; while the gold ingots vary from $600 to $1,400. These ingots are all stamped with a number, weighed, and sent into the Rolling Room. This room is even more grimy than the others;

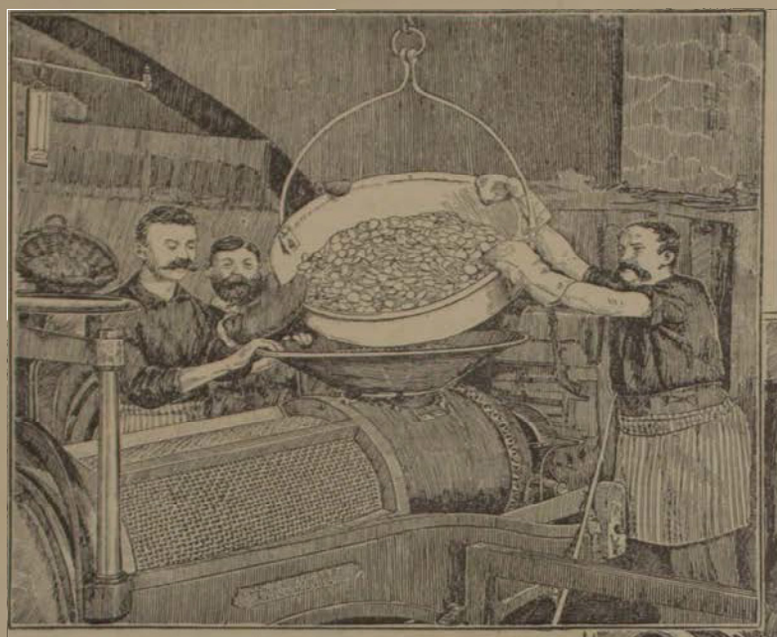


ADJUSTING ROOM.

and to its weird smokiness are added the lurid fires of its annealing furnaces, and the deafening clatter of its noisy machinery. The ingots received here are first run, seven drafts, through the machines known as the "break-down rolls," which process reduces them to long strips of very brittle metal. Before these strips can be further worked upon, they are placed in the annealing furnaces, heated to just the proper degree of cherry red, and after a plunge into cold water the fillets are ready for the finishing rolls. Three drafts through this machine bring them out still thinner strips about four feet long, and rendered brittle once more by the steel rollers. Each strip is now cut in two, placed again in the annealing furnace, and plunged into cold water as before. The fillets are now taken to the pointing machine, which points and roughens each tip; and finally, having been greased with first quality tallow, the strips are ready for the draw benches.

It is at this point that the most careful and exact work of the department comes in. The fillet, by the previous rolling, has been reduced to the approximate thickness of the coin to be manufactured: the draw benches must now render this density so exact that every disk cut from the strip will weigh within a grain or two of the weight required by law. The strips pass first through the revolving dies, and then through the stationary dies of the draw benches (which are kept exact by constant adjustment), and are then rolled across the room, on queer, zinc-lined trays mounted on wheels, to the cutting presses. Here a brawny work-

man, provided with clumsy-looking gloves, grasps a strip of metal, thrusts the pointed end underneath the press, and presto! a dozen disks, or "blanks," neatly cut, fall into the tray beneath. While the work has been comparatively exact, and every disk among the thousands sent from the Rolling Room will weigh within a half-dozen grains of the standard weight, still the law requires that every coin must come within one and a half grains of the legal rate. Thus, before fit for coinage, every blank must be weighed and adjusted. As they come from the Rolling Room they are



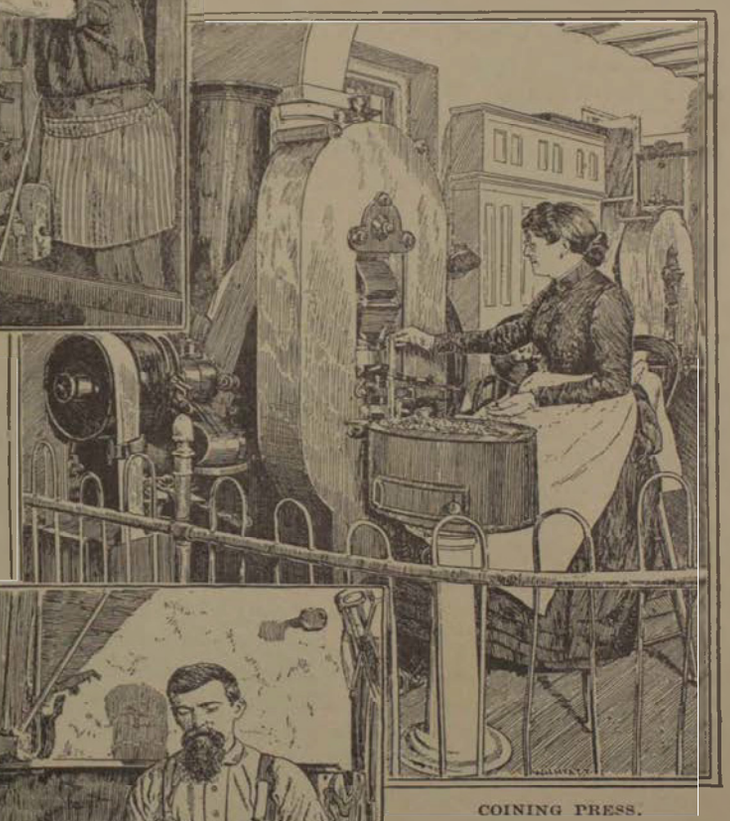
WHITENING PROCESS.

bits of dingy metal, still greasy and dirty, and together with the strips from which they have been cut are sent to the cellar to be washed with soap and water. Cleansed and dried, the blanks go to the Adjusting Room, while the clippings are turned over to the Melter and Refiner, to be remelted and again cast into ingots.

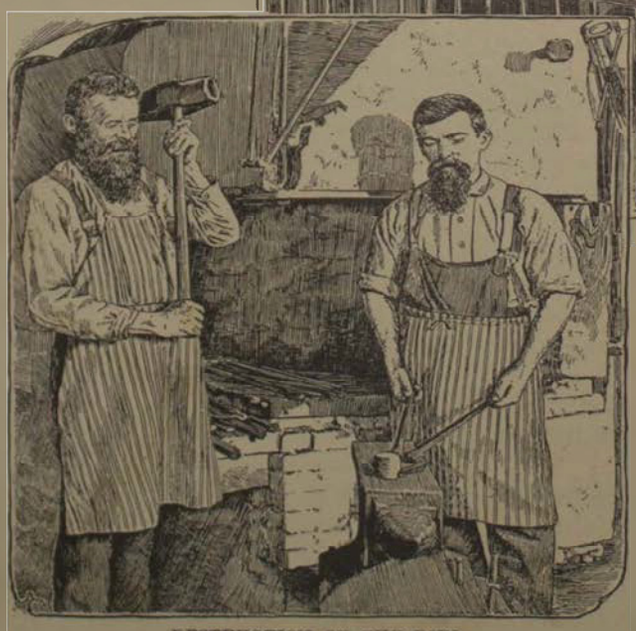
The Adjusting Room, furnished with a dozen long tables and innumerable tiny scales, is where women find employment in the Mint. Here the blanks come from their cleaning, and are turned over to the forewoman of the room. From her they go in lots to the women who sit at the long tables, each with a pair of delicate scales before her, a file within reach, and a series of quaintly shaped metal boxes ranged about. The standard weight of a silver dollar blank is 412½ grains, with a legal tolerance of one and a half grains, more or less. Therefore the work here is to select the blanks of proper weight, file down the "heavies" and sort out the "lights," for a second test by that most ingenious machine the "Automatic Adjuster." Each class of blanks has a series of the metal boxes, of a shape peculiar to itself, so that the shape of the box determines at once the character of the blanks it contains, and there is no danger of mixing them after the adjustment of the weight.

In the Adjusting Room the noise of the machine-shops has been left behind, and the work goes on quickly and effectively amid the subdued rattle of the blanks, the click of the neat balances, the rasping of the deftly handled files, and the hum of scores of feminine tongues. Seemingly, their fingers move by instinct; and to what purpose it will be understood when it is stated that the present force handles $80,000 daily, averaging 120,000 blanks, each blank being separately adjusted.

Having been "weighed in the balance," the blanks are sent down to the Coining Room. The Automatic Adjuster takes them up, and with mechanical impartiality weighs each one fed into the receiving tubes, but drops the "standards" directly down, and slips the "heavies" to one side, and the "lights" to the other. The "lights" thus found wanting are again melted down; while the "standards" and "heavies" are put through the process known as "milling." This consists of turning up the edge of the metal disk, and is a neat method, dating back many centuries, of preventing acquisitive people from clipping the edges of coins, and thus levying tribute on every one passing through their grasping fingers. The milling machines are rapid workers, and will operate on over five hundred half-dime planchets per minute, with an average of more than one hundred per minute of the larger silver coins.



COINING PRESS.



DESTRUCTION OF THE DIES.

Adjusted and milled, the blanks, which are now termed "planchets," are ready for the impress from the die; but they are still dingy bits of metal, and must therefore be whitened, or blanched. For this purpose they are sent to the Whitening Room, where the furniture consists of an annealing furnace, some big troughs of water, and a noisily revolving crib, or hopper. The planchets are put into the furnace, heated cherry-red, plunged into a bath of dilute sulphuric acid, rinsed, and dumped into the hopper with coarse sawdust, to dry. They come from this process a beautiful, gleaming white, and all that remains to make them money, is the stamp of the coining press.

The invention of a Frenchman, M. Thoumelier, the Steam Coining Press was introduced into the Mint in 1836, and, after undergoing many changes and improvements, stands, to-day, a model of perfection and ingenuity. The mechanism is simple, the obverse die being set in a brass plate, or triangle, set with a ball-and-socket joint upon the heavy metal arm which works through the massive iron arch

WEIGHING NEW MONEY.

COUNTING-BOARDS.

above. A turn of the crank forces this die down upon the reverse die, which is sunk in a steel cup, or "die-stake," and which is surrounded by a reeded steel collar. The planchets are fed into a tube directly in front of the triangle, and are successively grasped by a pair of deft steel fingers, and dropped in the collar, just as the die in the triangle descends with a pressure of from eighty to one hundred tons. As one pair of the steel fingers moves up with a fresh planchet to receive the impression, a second pair catches the newly stamped coin from between the dies, drops it into a box beneath, and behold! your money is made! This is the method of coining all denominations, from the double-eagle down to the cent.

The remaining work is that of counting the coined pieces, after which they are formally turned over to the Superintendent of the Mint. The gold coin and larger silver coin are stacked upon a long table in piles of ten pieces, and thus quickly counted; but a most ingenious device is used to count what is termed the "minor coin," i. e., dimes, half-dimes, three-cent pieces, and cents. A large board, mounted upon a central roller, is fitted with a lengthwise series of metal ridges. This works over a big wooden trough, and the minor coin are scooped out onto the ridged tray, spread over an exactly defined surface, and then slid off into an empty box. Each boxful is neatly bagged; and with no mental effort whatever, the coin is accurately counted and ready to be delivered to the Superintendent. He receives the larger coin by weight, and by law the deviation from the standard weight must not exceed three pennyweights in one thousand double-eagles. In order to meet this requirement, the "lights" and "heavies" are kept separate until turned over to the Chief Coiner, who mixes them in the needed proportions.

As has been said, minor coin is issued only from the Philadelphia Mint; but the planchets for the baser coin—bronze and copper cents, and nickel three and five cent pieces—are purchased by the pound from outside foundries. The Philadelphia Mint also monopolizes the manufacture of all medal and coinage dies, which forms a distinct and very necessary part of money making, and one of the most interesting departments of the Mint work. Several well-lighted rooms on the second floor are given over to the die-engravers, and here, before a table at a screened window, the privileged visitor finds them at work.

All designs for coins are first submitted to Congress; and after being approved and adopted by legislative action the design is sent to the Chief Engraver for reproduction in steel. The design is carefully and delicately cut in upon a die of soft steel, which is necessarily a long and difficult task; so, when completed, it is not immediately put in use for the purpose of coinage. The engraved and finished die is hardened, and becomes what is known as the "hub," or "parent die;" the succeeding processes being to make impressions from the original die, harden these in turn, and from them obtain all the dies requisite for the work of coinage. It will be understood how important is this precaution of using the reproduction instead of the original die, when it is stated that one pair of dies will strike only about 325,000 pieces, and that the average period of their usefulness is from a week to ten days. In the coinage of minor coin, particularly, the dies frequently break after an hour's use, owing to the tremendous pressure and the extreme hardness of the metal planchets.

The utmost care is taken of these dies, each being numbered, to prevent any unlawful use of them. The dies of one year's issue are never afterwards utilized, so, having produced all the dies used in the coinage of U. S. money, the Philadelphia Mint yearly becomes the scene of a solemn and formal ceremony; viz., the destruction of the dies. On the second day of each January, the Superintendent of the Mint, the Chief Coiner, and the Assayer descend to gloomy regions in the cellar, where the Mint blacksmith presides over forge and anvil. In their presence,—thus required by law,—each die used the previous year for coinage is called up in order by its number, placed upon the anvil, and with a mighty blow of the sledge is utterly defaced. Seven hundred and fifty-one dies of all denominations were thus destroyed on January 2, 1889, representing the

LUNCH-ROOM AND KITCHEN FOR WOMEN EMPLOYÉS.

number used at the various Mints during the previous year. An estimate of the work accomplished at the Philadelphia Mint can best be formed by the figures showing the number of pieces coined in 1888; viz., 73,374,993 coins, having a value of $26,673,765.23.

After watching so much gold and silver handled with a carelessness that seems almost reckless, one invariably wonders if the temptation to theft does not frequently prove too strong, and result in losses to the Government. In reality, this apparent carelessness covers the most elaborate system of precaution against loss in any department; and each grain of the precious metal is so accurately looked after that even the smallest theft would be immediately detected. The bullion passes through the various processes in accurately weighed lots, and each employé is held accountable for all he handles. Naturally, there is an unavoidable wastage in the manipulation of such quantities of gold and silver; but this is provided for by law, the Melter and Refiner and the Chief Coiner being allowed a certain number of ounces wastage in proportion to the total amount handled. The processes have become so exact that the actual wastage is always much less than the legal allowance, which is small. In this connection, it is but fair to say that attempts at theft are exceedingly infrequent, and the Mint officials and their employés are justly proud of their record of long and honorable service. Many of the most responsible positions have been held for periods of twenty, thirty, and even forty years, by the same officials; and, in several instances, the son has succeeded to the father in his own particular department.

The amount of wastage is considerably reduced by a sum obtained in a curious way. Down in the gloom and grime of the cellar, one big millstone moves around upon another, and grinds to fine powder all the "sweeps" from the rooms where gold and silver are worked. At the end of the fiscal year, all carpets on the floors and all wooden utensils are burned, the ashes ground with the rest of the "sweeps," and the resulting powder sold to outside parties, netting several thousand dollars each year.

To add to its historical interest, the Philadelphia Mint possesses a valuable collection of coin, where may be seen a veritable "widow's mite," a silver dollar of the coinage of 1804,—valued at $5,000,—besides various other equally rare coins.

The work of the Mint having outgrown the present edifice, Congress has appropriated the sum of $200,000 for the remodeling of the building; and the work will soon be begun that will materially change the appearance of the old-time structure, so long a landmark in the "City of Brotherly Love."

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

THAT JAPANESE SCREEN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was Christmas Eve; and Allen Bancroft was stretched out on his couch, trying to imagine what his feelings would be if he were to become a thief,—a successful thief.

Here he was, young, well-educated, in perfect health, but—poor; and Providence, chance, or fate, he knew not what to call it, had thrown into his hands a package of papers. By keeping them in his possession he would inherit a fortune: he could travel, study, gratify every taste, assist struggling friends, and the world would be ignorant of any stain on his character.

"ALLEN BANCROFT WAS STRETCHED OUT ON HIS COUCH."

He knew the rightful owner,—an old, close fisted millionaire, Commodore Grindell; and it seemed like pouring water into the ocean to add this new wealth to his already immense income.

After amusing himself some time by imagining he was the rightful owner of this fortune, he pulled himself together, and, dressing with unusual care, started for the magnificent residence of the old Commodore.

A dignified and patronizing footman condescended to take his card, and ushered him into a luxurious reception-room. After some delay the servant returned, saying that the Commodore requested to know the nature of his business. After a moment's hesitation, Bancroft replied that it was "strictly personal." Another delay, and a sharp-featured man with cold gray eyes came quickly in, saying, "The Commodore, being very busy, begs to be excused," and announced himself as the confidential secretary, who would "attend to anything that Mr.—Mr.—Bancroft has to say." Allen replied that his call was a matter of personal interest to the Commodore, and it would require only a very few moments to finish the business; but that he must, himself, see the gentleman. The secretary simply touched a bell: in an instant a footman was at the door. Then, turning to Mr. Bancroft, the secretary quietly remarked, "The Commodore's press of business makes it necessary for him to be excused," and walked from the room.

For one second Allen Bancroft realized what temptation was,—the temptation to keep the papers, to become the possessor of this fortune. As he stood there irresolute, he caught a glance of a beautiful young lady passing by one of the curtained doorways. Suddenly, without fully realizing what his intentions were, he rushed after her, and before she recovered from her surprise had told her the object of his visit. She then dismissed the footman, who was in close pursuit of the strange caller, and, standing there in the hall, she made him repeat his story in detail. He never forgot this first meeting with Gertrude Grindell, the old Commodore's grandchild, as she leaned on the tiled mantel by the glowing fireplace. Her beauty and charm of manner, her

artistic robe and the picturesque background, all combined to make a picture which never grew dim in his memory.

After making herself thoroughly acquainted with the whole affair, and expressing the deepest regret at the lack of courtesy Mr. Bancroft had suffered, she begged him to still have patience; and after a moment's absence he was conducted through several rooms, till finally she presented him to Commodore Grindell.

"SHE LEANED ON A TILED MANTEL."

To make a long story short, the old millionaire, who was just as eager for money as any penniless tramp, fairly gushed over Allen Bancroft, on realizing the unexpected wealth that was coming; and, as far as words went, Allen felt a friend for life. unbent so far as to man to dine. honor he was about some dignity, when, at the charming young lady, his resolution melted and the invitation was accepted with alacrity.

From this time he became a regular caller; but, alas! never after the first interview did the Commodore show his hospitable manner. The cordial gush, with which he was treated on delivering the papers, forever disappeared, and the old gentleman was simply coldly polite. But all this was neutralized by the sincere welcome he always received from Gertrude.

He had more patience with the Commodore after she had explained to him, as a great secret, that those valuable papers had disappeared like magic the very afternoon of their presentation. It was a notorious fact in the family, that, of late years, the Commodore had the faculty of mislaying things, and without his secretary he was quite helpless to arrange details and keep track of his papers; and in this case, as the secretary was not in the room, the Commodore had probably deposited the package in some safe place, but so safe that even he himself was unable to discover it. So, naturally, the mere sight of Allen rather irritated him.

"PRESENTED HIM TO COMMODORE GRINDELL."

And then again, if the Commodore imagined a comparatively penniless young man should dare to become interested in his favorite grandchild, there is no knowing to what extent his anger would take him. If he stopped to think on this last subject, he may have realized that his charming little girl inherited his own cast-iron will. He had seen it exhibited on not a few occasions; and it was well known in the house that she was the only human being that he had made The Commodore invite the young This unlooked-for to decline with happening to look

in the family who was utterly fearless of the crabbed old man's temper: so perhaps he thought it best to totally ignore her undisguised interest in Mr. Bancroft, and this also might explain his sudden orders for the whole family to go abroad.

After they sailed, Allen realized for the first time how deep was his attachment for Miss Grindell. Of course they corresponded, or attempted to, but the missives he received were few and far between; and though he wrote letters by the dozen, it was very seldom any of them reached her hands. According to all conventional rules, this irregularity in their correspondence should have crushed out their mutual interest. In all well-regulated stories, a coldness comes between the lovers in such cases; she engages herself to a titled nobleman out of pique, and he, of course, breaks down in health, neglects his business, or marries a widow with thirteen children: and it is only in the last chapter that the misunderstanding is explained, and they—finding both love each other madly, and all obstacles being suddenly removed—marry, and—regret it ever after, or something of that sort.

"MET THEM ON THE PIER."

But, somehow, Miss Grindell had one of your unromantic, determined dispositions, combined with plain common sense; and as soon as the date of their return to America was decided upon, her first act was to cable to Mr. Bancroft, and he met them on the pier,—to the Commodore's evident annoyance. Their new residence not being quite in readiness, apartments were taken at a hotel; and for the next few days Allen was a constant and evidently welcome visitor,—to all but the grandfather.

"ALLEN ALMOST WRECKED HIS BANK-ACCOUNT."

In their new house Gertrude was to have her own chamber furnished in Japanese style; and Allen almost wrecked his bank-account by purchasing the most elegant Japanese screen that the city afforded, for her Christmas present. After a long and thorough search he finally decided on a big fourfold affair with a hideous demon depicted on one side, but the other side was of the most beautiful description. He hated the embroidered demon,—a cross-eyed wretch, who seemed to threaten evil and misfortune to all,

"PEEK-A-BOO!"

—but the remainder of the screen was so superior that he bought it, demon and all. When it was being folded he almost relented. It seemed as if the golden demon cast on him a most threatening, malevolent glance, and the events of the next twenty-four hours proved his uneasiness well-founded.

Ordering it sent to the new house, No. 33 West —— Street, and paying extra for its prompt and safe delivery that night, he arrayed himself in spotless attire and wended his way, through the conventional Christmas snow-storm, toward the millionaire's abode.

It was away up town, on a street with which he was unfamiliar; but finding the number, he presented his card, inquired for Miss Grindell, and rather ushered himself in, as it were, to the reception-room. He noticed the servant hesitated, but his attention was arrested by the screen, demon and all, standing in one corner, and while he was examining it the lackey reluctantly withdrew. A moment later his eager ear caught the rustle of drapery and the sound of a light step. Yes, her dear step! He would recognize that anywhere.

Humming some words of the familiar song,—

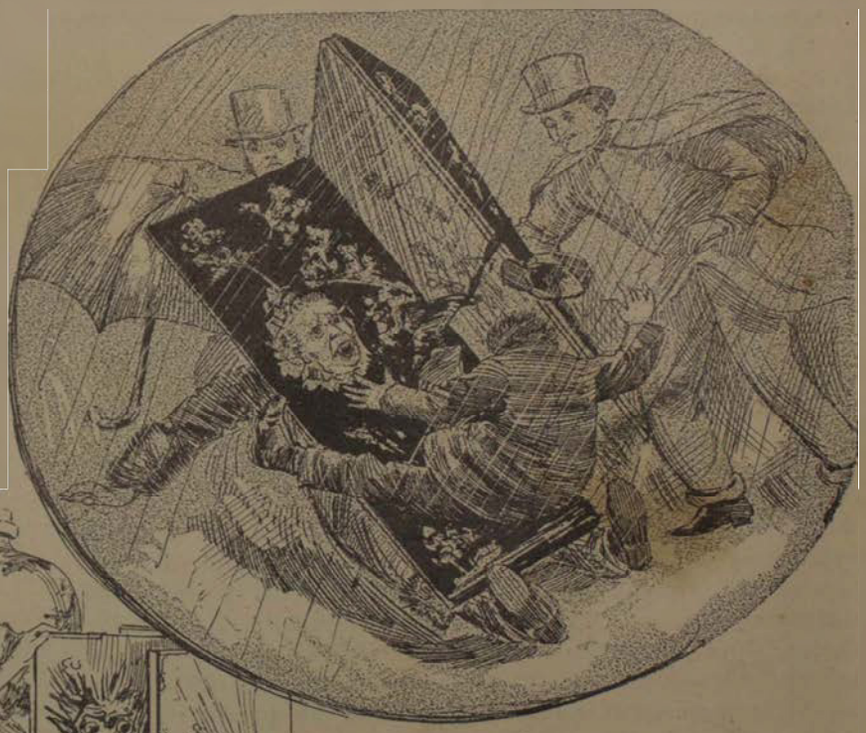
"She is coming,—my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,"—

he suddenly, in the spirit of mischief which seemed to be suggested by the embroidered demon, sprang behind the screen, and, peering cautiously over the top, prepared to say "Peek-a-boo!" in his most facetious manner; but instead of Miss Gertrude Grindell there stood facing him an utter stranger—a most amazed matron of some two hundred pounds!

It was awkward, very. The truth was he had simply mistaken the number; but Mr. Bancroft was thankful that the awkwardness was not all on his side. The fact that they had received a screen which did not belong to them, and set it up in their reception-room, made the whole affair a complication of embarrassments. It seems the address was partly erased when the package arrived, the name being completely obliterated, and only the number of the house readable; and it being Christmas Eve they had accepted the unexpected gift without question.

Bancroft had no intention of letting the evening pass without the present reaching his adored one; so a messenger-boy was sent for, the screen was tied up, and making himself sure of the correct destination, which was only a short distance, they started.

The gusts of wind, the fast falling snow, and the treacherous pavements made the big screen rather difficult to manage. Finally, the messenger-boy, with that careless grace so characteristic of the class, by a sudden skilful manœuvre managed, using a small piece of ice as an excuse, to fly into the air and come down in such a way as to land the screen in the face of an old gentleman, who immediately filled the neighborhood with his hands, feet, hat, cane, and strong language, and fell in a heap among the Japanese



"A SMALL PIECE OF ICE AS AN EXCUSE."

"SHE WAS ESTIMATING THE AMOUNT OF DAMAGE."

screen and the messenger-boy.

If it had been a paper screen, there would have been no difficulty in the gentleman's poking his head and arms and legs through every panel; but the embroidered silk resisted his efforts, so he only succeeded in forcing his pallid features through one fold. Even in the uncertain light of the street, it seemed to Allen as if the eye of the golden demon glittered with malicious joy. The fallen

"IT WENT SWIRLING DOWN."

man was speedily assisted by his companion, and it was only then that Bancroft recognized the irritable face of the old Commodore!

With a sigh of thankfulness that the old man's anger and confusion made him fail to recognize the owner of the diabolical screen, Allen hurried on his way with the wreck, and was soon telling his misfortunes to "the dearest girl in the world," while she was estimating the amount of damage to the Japanese treasure. He was still expatiating on the misadventures it had occasioned, and was expressing his conviction that the golden demon must be an evil spirit, when Gertrude, in turning round to smile at his superstition, caught the skirt of her train in the brass corners of the screen, and in a second, with a crash, it went swirling down, upsetting a magnificent rare old jar—a regular antique, said to be the only one of the kind in the country—with three compartments, the covers of which went rolling about over the floor, while an artistic mass of color represented the ruins of the jar.

For a moment they stood there in silence, looking at the débris. "The only piece of china the Commodore ever seemed to care for or notice," said Gertrude, in a despairing tone. "I just made him let me drag it from his private room, where I felt it was too beautiful for its surroundings."

"SUDDENLY SOMETHING ATTRACTED THEIR ATTENTION."

Suddenly something attracted their attention among the broken fragments; and Allen, reaching down, seized from the ruins a familiar-looking package,—the missing papers!

Gertrude smothered his exclamation of surprise with a cry of joy, and, standing there over the ruined screen and the shattered pottery, she hurriedly whispered a scheme, while pushing the valuable package into Bancroft's pocket.

On the Commodore's arrival, Gertrude demanded a private audience; and then Bancroft told of the screen, the breaking of the jar, and the finding of the papers, at the same time handing him the long-searched-for documents.

It was almost pitiful to see the old man's uncontrollable joy at the restoration of the papers. His eyes dimmed with tears, his voice trembling with joy, his whole frame shaking with excitement, he seized both of Allen's hands and poured out words of boundless gratitude. This was just the condition of things for which Gertrude had hoped; and right at this crisis

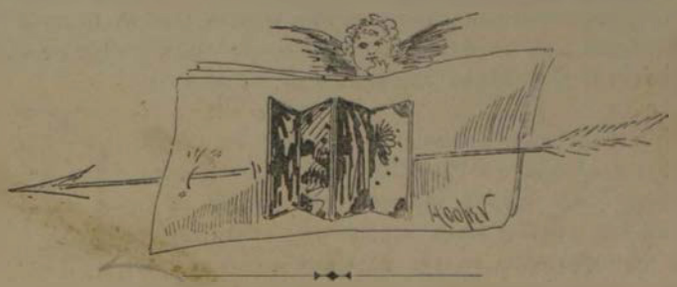
"SHE HURRIEDLY WHISPERED A SCHEME."

Mr. Bancroft asked for Miss Grindell's hand, which request was endorsed by the charming young lady herself in a way that even the old hard-hearted millionaire was unaccustomed to resist, and before he fully realized it all, his consent was given, they were engaged, and Allen had slipped a ring on Gertrude's third finger.

"HANDING HIM THE LONG-SEARCHED-FOR DOCUMENTS."

The screen, totally wrecked as it was, they had carefully repaired, for its last misfortune had brought such good luck they felt a genuine attachment for it, even for the golden demon himself; and to day his glittering eye looks over a happy family circle.

WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.



Not Without Care.

YOU may build you an elegant mansion
And fence it around with gold,
Set it all with diamonds and rubies;
You may keep out the wind and cold.
You may banish from it all intruders,
Have music and levity there;
You may shut out Discord and Envy,—
But you cannot shut out Care.

You may build you a lowly cottage,
You may paint it all in white,
Grow vines and shade trees about it,
Let in only sunshine and light;
You may keep out the envy and malice
That wrinkle the faces we wear,
You may keep Love inside, and Contentment,—
But you cannot keep out Care.

You may sing with the voice of an angel,
You may dance with a fairy's feet,
You may laugh till your laughter makes music
For every one that you meet;
You may dance till your feet seem twinkling,
Till the roses fade in your hair,
You may dance till the world dies of envy,—
But you cannot dance away Care.

You may smile in the faces of women
Who envy your very life,
As you hide from their eyes all the burdens
The weariness, heart-aches, and strife;
You may live so the poor will adore you,
Live a life that the world calls fair;
You may let Love be conquered by Dut
But you cannot live without Care.

ELI

Day Nurseries.

THE value of a child is estimated very differently by different people. There are those who, as Dr. Talmage says, think that "children are good for nothing but to wear out carpets and break things, and keep you awake nights with their crying." Doubtless those landlords who object to children are of this opinion. Then there are those who think very little about children,—or any one else but themselves, for that matter; and there are still others who realize the marvelous possibilities in a little child, and the actual value of the tiny unit of humanity.

It may be that there are some who overestimate, seeing that it is but a unit after all. Ask a bereaved mother what estimate she puts upon her lost child. If its life could be restored by purchase, what would she give? Her jewels? Yes! Her money? All of it! Yes, she would gladly give all the property she might possess or be able to acquire; and, if that were insufficient, she would pledge herself to a life of toil and hardship, content to live in a cellar or die in a garret if she might know her child was living.

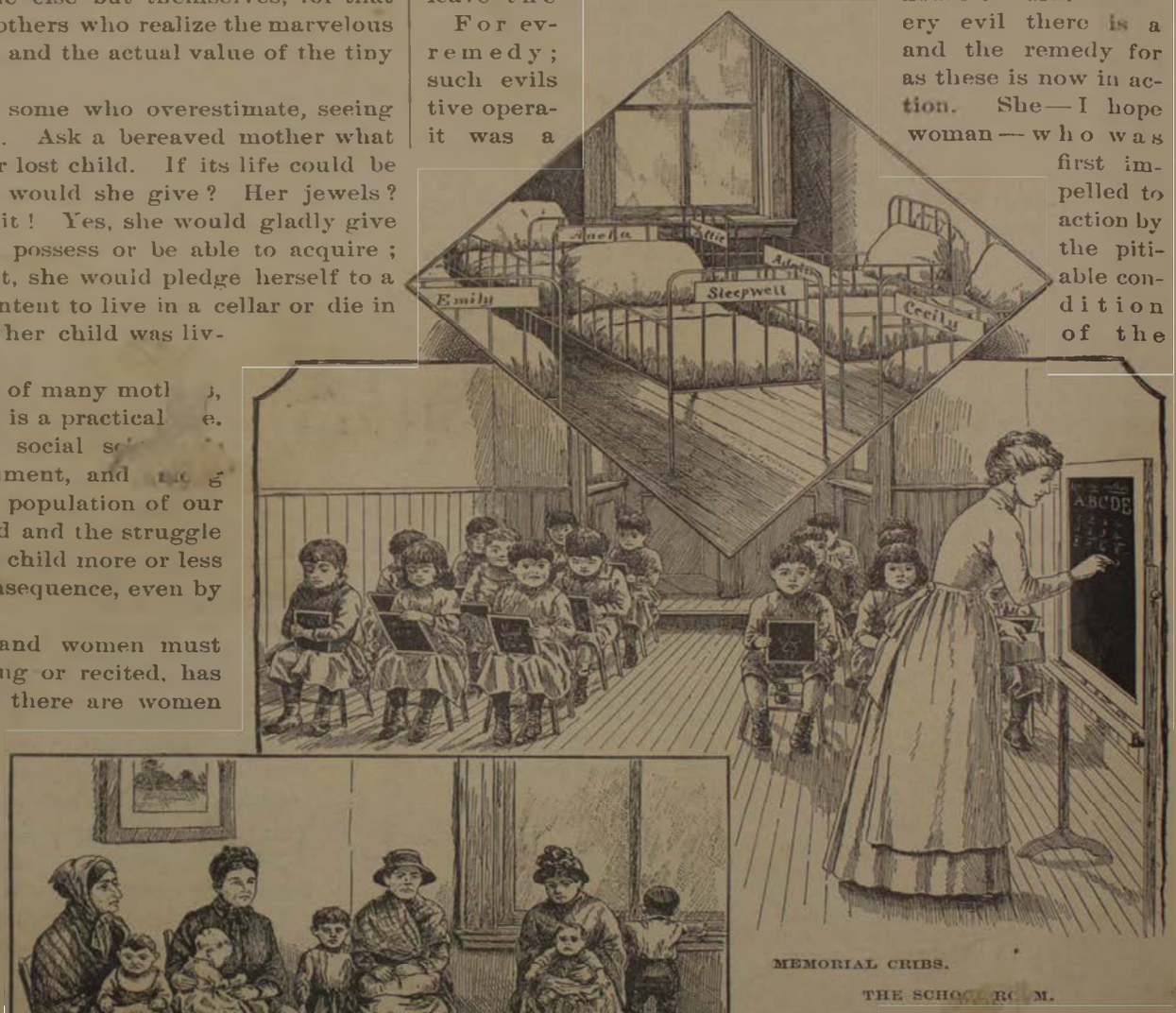
We know this to be true of many moth , but we also know that this is a practical e. Among the upper classes social s more considered than sentiment, and the overcrowded tenement population of our great cities, where the need and the struggle for bread is the strongest, a child more or less is often thought of little consequence, even by the mother who bore it.

"For men must work and women must weep" is a line which, sung or recited, has touched many hearts; but there are women who have no time to weep, —women bereft of husband, but burdened with children, or, perhaps, forsaken and neglected for the Lorelei which has lured many a hard-working man to destruction with the seductive glass mirroring the sparkle of liquor till sense and manhood are lost and sink into a whirlpool of oblivion. Such a woman cannot weep: she must take up the heavier burden of life herself, and forego her own maternal cares. She must put away the wist eager lips from her m, loose the little clinging hands from her skirts, turn ear to the lisping baby voice, and go forth to struggle she may in the place of the one who cannot or who continue to work for her and the children.

at then becomes of the little ones? Left to the ue of older children who are hardly able to look lves, neglect and discomfort are the least of the ay experience. Sometimes a neighbor, from rt or for a consideration, will take care of the re may be a grandmother or aunt to keep house: but if not, and the working-woman has only very young children and she cannot get work to do at home, her dilemma is indeed distressing

"Wasn't God good to take them away from me!" almost thankfully exclaimed a poor creature who had struggled vainly to earn enough to keep eight children and herself alive. One by one they died, from insufficient food and clothing, and from neglect. She found the last and eldest (a girl nine years old, but an idiot since the age of three years) lying dead in a corner of the cold room when she came home from work one night. There were fuel and food in the room, but the child, helpless as a baby, could not see to the fire or feed itself; and it died alone because the mother dared not be without the rent-money she had to leave the house to earn.

For every evil there is a remedy; and the remedy for such evils as these is now in active operation. She—I hope it was a woman—who was first impelled to action by the pitiable condition of the young children neglected and left to care for themselves in the poor rooms where their mothers had to leave them to earn bread wherewith to keep them alive, fully deserves the sweet commendation of Him to whom the children were brought on Judæa's mountain-side: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Certainly a more practical charity was never organized than the Day Nursery, which cares for the children of poor women while the mothers are at work; and it has given new hope to many a mother, and saved many a little life.



MEMORIAL CRIBS.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

WAITING TO BE RECEIVED.

A child's needs are, after all, very simple: a few cheap garments, a little milk and bread, a warm room in winter, a little watching. These were what the neglected little ones of the daughters of toil needed, and these were easily

supplied when once the charity was organized. A cheerful room in some locality convenient to the homes of the workers, a few cribs and cradles with suitable clothing, a little plain furniture, a daily supply of milk and cereal food, and three or four strong, competent women as nurses are about all the requisites for a day nursery.

Some of the day nurseries in New York City have been organized on a much more extensive scale than this, and comprise spacious separate nurseries, dormitories, school-room, play-room, bath-room, etc. The nursery at Grace House, on Fourth Avenue, is perfect in these equipments, and here are received upwards of seventy children of various ages each day, from infants in arms to children who to school and come there for their dinners and to rem after school until their mothers call for them. A cha five cents per day is made, if the mother is able to but if not, her poverty does not deprive her of the of the nursery.

This charge of five cents is an almost gene various nurseries of New York, about and of all capacities and grades. of certain church charitable soc dren of certain nationalities French, Italian, etc.; but most of them are not rian or national in th ity. There is, how apparent preponder the foreign elemen their little inmates.

The Virginia Day under the auspic New York City M ceives probably th number and vari dren each day, an building erecte for this beau Private donati tributed larg fort of its lit ty cribs a with names or "Fred set up in gifts from in memory o lings whose displayed, ev mother-heart though the devotion mus ceive what

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hands; but this is rare. Nearly all the women who seek the shelter of the nurseries for their little ones are as fondly devoted to them as more fortunate mothers are, and many little incidents show that the instinct of mother-love is innate with the most ignorant.

One of the most touching concerns a little Bohemian who brought a pretty black-eyed baby to be cared for while she worked in a factory near by. Every day she came at noon to nurse her baby, not yet old enough to wean entirely, and every day the shadows around her great black eyes deepened, and her little pale face grew paler, and every day the puny baby looked more puny, until finally the matron investigated the case and found out that the poor girl had no dinner herself, but spent her half-hour at noon in vainly trying to nourish her child. After that, every day she had her dinner given her at the nursery; and the baby began to thrive, and the girl-mother to lose the dark shadows under her eyes.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATH.

A CORNER IN THE BATH-ROOM.

It is a pretty sight to see the nursery children at dinner. At Grace House Nursery the older ones sit at two low tables, folding their little hands and bowing their heads while the nurse says grace. Then they all say "Amen," and begin to eat their bowls of soup and bread. For supper they have milk and oatmeal, or something similar. The smaller ones in the nursery have their dinner at the same time. "Come Lena, come Bertie," says the nurse, and all the little ones, as she calls their names, assemble and seat themselves on the floor in a certain place, in a semicircle around the nurse, who sits down on the floor also, and feeds them, the little ones opening their mouths in turn, for all the world like a nest of young robins. The nurse begins at one end and goes the round conscientiously, so that no one is left out.

In the early afternoon the smaller children are carried to the shaded dormitory and laid down to rest on clean, soft cots, where they sleep as long as they like. In nurseries where children under two years are cared for, the cradles are kept in an alcove of the nursery proper and not in a separate room, for most little babies sleep much of the time, yet need watching over then. Most of the nurses become attached to their little charges, and the affection usually is reciprocated. The matron is looked upon as a mother by the children, and they all respect and love her.

MAME'S YOUNG-UN.

Many day-nurseries are carried on in connection with other charitable and industrial institutions, and in many cases the nursery children "graduate" into a day-school in connection with the nursery, where the girls are taught housework and sewing in addition to the usual branches of education, and the boys instructed in various manual employments.

Some of the ladies who support these nurseries have also provided summer homes for their little guests, and send mothers and babies off for weeks at a time to the sea-shore, where the weary or delicate women recover failing health and gain strength for another season of toil.

Indiscriminate charity, as a rule, is not productive of good results; but the most inveterate of pessimists could not object to such charities as these, which enable those competent to work to do so, and care for those who are left unprotected and helpless in the meantime.

The *crèche*, or "crib," where mothers might leave their infants

AN ALCOVE OF THE NURSERY.

THE NURSERY CHILDREN AT DINNER.

while they went to work in shops, factories, or residences, has been a charity well organized in the cities and towns of France for some years; and the day nursery, as we call it, is not a Yankee invention, but an imported idea which as yet has not developed all its possibilities.

Only a few of the nurseries are equipped as perfectly as the two or three larger ones mentioned, which have every convenience both for nurses and children, including bath-rooms and lavatories. A nursery may, of course, be very useful without all this outlay; but sanitation as well as apparent comfort must be considered, for many children cannot be brought together daily without necessitating great care as to the cleanliness, not only of the children themselves but of their surroundings. The furniture is necessarily all of the simplest kind, such as will bear washing, and consists only of the required number of chairs, tables, desks, and cribs, and some toys. The children prize room to run about and play in, more than any elegance, and bare floors are the rule.

Some of the nurseries of the rich are not so well arranged with a view to the health and happiness of their tiny occupants as these day nurseries, where wealth generously bestowed has gone hand in hand with practical common sense, and selected and arranged wisely, considering the requirements of health and the possibilities of disease and danger to health.

That precursor to the day nursery, the "baby-farm," which still exists in some localities, has now no excuse for existence; and the nursery affords an opportunity for a more satisfactory life for those who once patronized the "baby-farm." It is thought by those who have given these subjects serious consideration, that a young woman is less liable to temptation if she can have her children with her part of the time; and the temptations which encompass the working-woman in great cities are not few. But when a woman knows that her child is well cared for while she is at work, and that she will find it rosy and smiling to greet her when she stops for it on her way home, and her work is not miserably ill-paid, life is sweet enough, and only the most depraved will refuse to lead sober and virtuous lives under such conditions.

In some cases it has been thought right to restrict the privileges of the day nursery to women whose husbands are dead or sick, or otherwise incapable of supporting them, on the supposition that to encourage a married woman to earn money is to encourage her husband to be idle. But in the case of large families and low wages, "Where there's little to earn and many to keep," as Kingsley's pathetic ballad has it, this restriction would seem to be absurd. A man naturally ambitious and energetic would only be inspired by his wife's earnest aid, and feel hopeful of the future, notwithstanding an increasing family and no increase in his own power to provide for them.

But this is dangerous ground. It is the babies and their nurseries we are considering, and not socialistic doctrines. To protect the helpless, and, so far as is practicable, to educate and train the helpless so that they will become self-sustaining, if not helpful to others, should be the aim and end of all true charity; and the day nursery is an excellent beginning, although one of the most modern of organized charities.

Even in small towns and villages a nursery established on such principles would be a most practical charity for the benevolent ladies of the place to support. It cannot, of necessity, be self-supporting; but the charity conferred is made less apparent by charging the mothers a small amount per diem for keeping their children, and in this way they are enabled to retain their self-respect, which is always desirable. When this is destroyed,—and indiscriminate alms-giving is apt to weaken it in the recipient,—there is little to be expected of the poor. It would not be a very difficult matter to organize such a charity on a small scale. Nearly everyone who is at all charitably inclined will contribute liberally when children are to be benefited, and, as previously mentioned, the equipments are simple. It is of the utmost importance to have a competent and trustworthy matron, and, she being secured, the lady directors have accomplished two-thirds of the work.

Even if one little life were saved for all that were cared for, might it not be worth while? Who knows what good that one child may accomplish when grown? But the nurseries need no apologist or champion: like the babies, they are here and claim our attention. The Christian and the free-thinker meet on common ground when it comes to the care of children. Distressed, suffering infancy appeals to all hearts alike, and every effort to add to the comfort of the poor children, crowded for breathing-space and play-room, even if they have sufficient food, in our tenement districts, is not only praiseworthy, but productive of the best results, morally and socially, to the giver and recipient alike.

A little advice may not come amiss to anyone contemplating the establishment of such a charity. First, be sure that a nursery is needed; that is, find out, by visiting the poor families in the proposed locality of the nursery, if there are widows or unsupported wives who need such a place of safety for their children: for, unfortunately, there will sometimes be found unprincipled women only too glad to get their children cared for at such a small expense while they spend in dissipation the money provided by working husbands. All organized charity must, to be effective, be begun by investigation into the real needs of those to be recipients. In this case, careful visiting from house to house is necessary, in order to discover their needs; and although this may seem more disagreeable than other work, the true-hearted worker will only welcome the wonderful opportunities for doing good that are offered among the dwellings of the poor.

CORNELIA SOUTHARD.

DON'T TEASE THE CHILDREN.—There are two kinds of children who are not susceptible to the kind of torture foolish people call "teasing." One is of a naturally amiable disposition and will stand a great deal of teasing without resentment: the other would as soon be tormented as praised, because it does not care. But such children are not so promising as the more sensitive child whose quick responsiveness causes the amusement of its tormentors. If a sensitive child have a little weakness, its parents sometimes make that a subject of irritation; and the sight of its passionate, impotent anger seems to them laughable. Should the child resent this treatment, they think it is naughty and ought to be punished. In either case, a tendency to petulancy and irascibility is created, and the child's anger, whether suppressed or displayed, is excited against a supposed injustice.

FIEND OR FOOL?

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

(*Continued from Page* 16.)

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I, II, AND III.

Professor Baodylle, after residing forty years in India, has just arrived on a visit to his niece, Mrs. Channock, who is a confirmed invalid. Ruth Daressan, her niece, and her adopted son, Herbert Waring, reside in the old family mansion with her, and are soon to be married. The Professor is a firm believer in the occult sciences, and an adept in practicing them; and in India his power was regarded as wonderful. The intention of his visit is to obtain from his niece three volumes on Black Magic left to her by her father with the strict injunction to at all hazards keep them from the Professor, and to destroy them in a particular manner. She still has them in her possession, as she admitted to her uncle when he implored her to let him see them; and upon her firm refusal he became enraged and vowed he would have them at any cost. In furtherance of his plan, that evening, when a number of young people had met informally at the Baodylle mansion, he gradually led the conversation to hypnotism and kindred topics. After some simple experiments in mesmerism, Miss Daressan became a "subject;" and while in a hypnotized condition, and just before he awakened her, he impressed upon her mind that at a certain time she was to go to her aunt's room and put poison in the night-drink prepared for Mrs. Channock. Exactly at the moment he had willed, Ruth became a little dazed, left the company, did as he had directed her, and returned to the parlor without being conscious that she had been absent from it.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CHANNOCK had not been asleep during Ruth's strange visit to her room. She was thinking very deeply over the ever-present problem of safely doing away with those dangerous manuscripts, and, not wishing to be disturbed by conversation, had simulated sleep when she heard someone at her door; but, though she kept her eyes closed, she knew exactly what the girl was doing. Her hearing was preternaturally keen, and she knew the individual tone of every article on her table, however light a sound was made in moving it.

"But—I must have been dreaming!" she murmured, her eyes flying very wide open with surprise when Ruth left the room. Raising herself on one elbow she reached and took up the vial with the poison-label. It was empty. Lifting the glass of lemonade to her nose she sniffed at it cautiously, then dipped a spoon in it and touched the tip of her tongue to the dampened surface of the metal.

"No: it was not a dream," she exclaimed positively, setting down the glass and sinking back upon her pillows. "Good God! What has Ruth been doing?"

Trying to poison her, evidently: there could be no question about that. But why? How could it be possible that she would do such a horrible thing? Mrs. Channock was too courageous and wise a woman to judge by appearances or to act upon impulse. She always took time to reason, as she did now; and an intuition, strong as a conviction, arose in her mind that Ruth had not acted from her own purpose and by her own volition, but under some mysterious influence that if properly understood would clear her from all blame.

Half an hour later the visitors took their departure; and the Professor retired to his room, happy in his confidence that he would be awakened on the morrow by the startling intelligence of the sudden and mysterious death of his niece during the night. Ruth busied herself with closing the parlor for the night, a duty that she never confided to the servants. The furniture was to be placed in at least a temporary approximation to order, the fire to be covered with "slack," the window fastenings secured, and, finally, the lights extinguished. While she occupied herself with these duties, Herbert went, in conformity with his invariable custom when at home, to pay a "good-night" visit to Mrs. Channock.

"Come here, quickly!" she said to him the instant he entered the room. "I want you to do something for me before anybody else enters. Open a window and throw that lemonade out on the snow."

He obeyed her without a question.

"Now break that glass with the poker and throw the pieces under the grate."

He did as he was told, though he did look a little surprised.

"Now tell me what was going on in the parlor this evening."

"Professor Baodylle was giving us some astonishing exhibitions of mesmerism."

"Aha! Indeed! And was Ruth a subject?"

"Yes, the best of all: his control of her was something wonderful!"

"I do not doubt it."

She understood it all now. During the years of weary confinement to her room she had read much, especially of works relating to the world's progress in mental and psychic science, an interest that she had inherited from her father. She knew what possibilities were involved in that which the young people had thought merely an innocent amusement, and comprehended fully that most alarming and dangerous feature of it,—the projection into normal consciousness of the mental impressions produced during the abnormal hypnotized condition of the subject. It was clearly apparent to her that her would-be poisoner was not Ruth, but her uncle. Well, she knew now of what he would be capable, and would simply have to be upon her guard, that was all,—so far as she was personally concerned. But she must protect Ruth from being again used as his tool.

After a few minutes of silence, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, she said:

"Do not mention to anyone, not even to Ruth, what you have done for me; and let me warn you, most seriously, never again, under any circumstances, permit my uncle to mesmerize Ruth. Warn her against it, and protect her against him. Do not ask me why. You will know, if you think. And now, get me a glass of clear water,—it will be all that I shall require to-night,—and don't make me talk any more, for I am tired."

He procured the water from the dining-room.

"Good-night, my son," she said.

"Good-night, mother," he responded, kissing her; and then retired, carrying with him sufficient seed for disquieting reflections.

When Ruth went to bid her aunt good night, her frank, untroubled eyes and innocent affection would in themselves have been sufficient evidence, had any been required, of her entire unconsciousness of the part she had played in the old man's diabolical scheme of murder. Her room was in the eastern wing of the house, and attainable from the parlor floor in two ways: either by the main staircase from the front hall and the second-floor corridor, or by passing through the dining-room and ascending a flight of stairs in the rear. The latter route was the one she customarily took, as she prudently saw nightly to the fastenings of the dining-room windows, as well as those of the parlor. While she was

busy with that duty this evening, after leaving Mrs. Channock's room, Herbert entered, and putting his arm around her waist said gravely :

"Ruth, I have been thinking about the occurrences of to-night, and they have taken a very different complexion from that which they bore at the time. That mesmeric trick of your uncle's does not strike me as the innocent amusement it seemed when it was being performed. I've a very strong impression that it isn't all right, and I don't want you to have any more of it."

"Why, certainly not, if you object, Herbert. But what harm do you suppose it can do? It is just making one go to sleep and talk."

"No : it is very much more than that. It is making your mind the passive reflector of his ; putting into it the thoughts he chooses to think ; controlling it to prompt the actions he sees fit to dictate. Why ! it's like the possession or obsession, or whatever it was, that we read about, in which magicians or their familiar spirits drove out the souls of living persons and used their bodies for all unholy purposes."

"O Herbert ! How you frighten me ! I shall never dare to let him do such a thing again."

"I am glad to hear you say so. It was to that end that I spoke to you about it ; and if you will speak to your aunt about it I am sure that she will say I am right."

"I do not need to speak to her, Herbert. It is enough for me that you do not approve of it. I could not love you sufficiently to be your wife if I did not believe that your thoughts of me are for my good ; and, so believing, I would be very ungrateful and unjust to you to parley with the question whether you are right or wrong in your judgment. But, apart from that, you are right,—I feel that you are ; and neither Professor Baodylle nor any other man shall ever have such control over me again."

"Dear noble little darling ! You will make me insufferably proud of having won the love of the best woman in the world."

"I could not love you so if I did not know you worthy of it."

The old Professor would have been very much annoyed if he had been cognizant of Ruth's resolution : for, at the very moment of its utterance, he, seated before his fire, was cogitating :

"When the old woman is underground I shall develop and utilize that girl's clairvoyant ability, and she will lead me directly to the hiding-place of the books. Ah ! she is a lucky find ! The very day after the funeral my object will have been attained, and I shall flee from this accursed land of ice and snow."

CHAPTER V.

PROF. BAODYLLE was awake very early the next morning. The crime that he believed himself to have perpetrated the night before had not at all interfered with his enjoyment of a good night's rest, for his bed had been warm, and his mind at ease about getting the manuscript volumes. But he awoke early, simply because he was impatient to hear that Mrs. Channock was dead. After a time there were sounds of life and movement about the house, but no indication of commotion or excitement. It was very strange, he thought. At his first interview with his niece, immediately after his arrival, when she told him all about her malady and its treatment, he had gained the information that he had turned to such good account for reaching her life, and he did not see how it was possible for any mistake to have occurred in the working-out of his plan. His anxiety at length became unbearable, and he rang for a servant to make up his fire, and, possibly, he hoped, bring him some news. But one glance at the black boy who answered his summons assured him that nothing had stirred the placidity of that simple soul. If his mistress was dead, Sam certainly did not know it.

Still the old man did not give up hoping. Perhaps, he thought, Mrs. Channock, like many invalids, slept badly at night, and did not allow herself to be disturbed at any early hour. She might be dead and nobody yet know it. He must find out for himself : this suspense had become intolerable.

As soon as he could venture to do so, when his room had been brought up nearly to the oven-like temperature he required for comfort, he dressed himself and descended to breakfast with Ruth and Herbert. They were at the table when he entered the dining-room, and greeted him with equal surprise and cordiality. In a casual off-hand way he asked if they knew how Mrs. Channock was.

"Oh yes," replied Ruth, "she is rather better than usual. She had me open her windows for fresh air, an hour ago."

He literally fell back in his chair, with a look of such pain and rage upon his face that Herbert exclaimed in astonished sympathy :

"Why ! What is the matter, Professor ?"

"Merely a twinge of rheumatism, for which I have to thank this abominable climate. Nothing more. I am used to it. It is only a twinge—but it hurts while it lasts."

The crafty old man had instantly regained command over himself, and during the rest of the meal was pleasant, even jocose ; but his heart was full of "gall and bitterness," and it seemed to him as if he must be swelling with bottled-up curses. In his sudden exasperation it had been upon the tip of his tongue to ask, "Did she not drink her lemonade?"—and he shuddered to think what a blunder he came so near making. But how could he learn the cause of the failure of his ingenious device? It would be useless to ask Ruth, in her normal condition, anything about it ; but if he could only get a chance to again plunge her into a mesmeric trance, the consciousness of her acts while previously in that condition, or impelled from it, would return to her, and she would tell him all.

His opportunity seemed to come immediately after breakfast, when Herbert went out to order the cutter hitched up for another sleigh-ride. As soon as he could do so without interrupting something that Ruth was telling him, and seeming to force the subject upon her abruptly, he said :

"You developed remarkable clairvoyant abilities last evening, Miss Daressan."

"Yes," she replied smilingly, "enough to frighten me if I allow myself to believe all that I am told of what I did."

"Oh ! I heard all that your friends told you, and I assure you every word was true. But there was nothing to cause you to be frightened. I have seen many clairvoyants, but none more impressionable and lucid than you were. It is a great gift, and it would be much pleasure to me, as a matter of scientific interest, to test farther, and perhaps develop, your wonderful talent."

"I should be afraid to ever again enter that condition."

"Nonsense ! my child. What harm could it possibly do to you? None whatever, I assure you, or I would be the last one in the world to propose it. Come ! Let me see if you are as good a subject by day as by night. Look into my eyes."

"No. I am sorry to disappoint you, Professor, but I cannot consent to it any more," protested Ruth, resolutely fixing her gaze upon the tablecloth.

"Cannot? But I tell you you must !" exclaimed the old man, champing his lean jaws in fury at this unexpected opposition.

"Must? That is a word we are not accustomed to use to

ladies in this country, Professor," interposed Herbert, who had unobservedly entered the room just in time to hear the old man's words.

"Ah! You do not? The shades of meaning in English words, as you employ them, are perhaps strange to me," blandly replied Professor Baodylle, turning to Herbert with ready assumption of his smiling mask, "since I have for so many years done most of my talking in another tongue. But I think I understand you. You comprehend the word 'must' only in the sense of compulsion, and perhaps it is open to that construction; but does it not also imply simply an urgent presentation of a consideration of duty, as a sort of accentuated 'should'? You say for instance, 'I must go to church.' Why? There is no compulsion upon you to go to church, other than your feeling that it would be right that you should do so, that it is a moral duty which, by your recognition of it, becomes your choice. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," answered the guileless young man, whose frown had already melted away while the Professor was speaking with that charming air of good-natured frankness which he knew so well how to assume,—"perfectly; though I never before thought of applying it in that way."

"English is such a constricted speech, so meager in its facilities for such delicate shades of expression as are within the scope of the Eastern languages, that it is difficult to handle with precision and adequacy when one is out of the habit of it."

"But what were you telling Ruth she must do?"

"I was endeavoring to persuade her, in the interest of science, to permit the development of her rare clairvoyant capabilities."

"Ah! There I fear that I shall have to agree with Ruth if she declines to submit to it." His voice had again become grave, and his look was serious.

"You doubtless have some good reason for objecting to it," suggested the old man, with just a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"I imagine so, at least. I do not approve of her cultivating such entire passivity of mind under such unnatural conditions."

"And by what authority do you interfere?" asked the Professor, hardly able to restrain his anger.

"That which a man naturally assumes with respect to the woman who is shortly to become his wife," answered Herbert firmly.

By a supreme effort of will the old man controlled himself, and even called up a ghastly smile, as with forced amiability he replied:

"It is quite sufficient. Let me congratulate you upon what you tell me, or, more justly, I should offer my congratulations to you both upon your coming happiness. Of mesmerism there is nothing more to be said."

And he never reverted to the subject again. But his purposes of mischief only became more intense and comprehensive.

When he returned to his room and sat himself down to think the situation over and lay new plans, nothing was clearer to his mind than that Ruth and Herbert both were dangerous, and must be got out of the way before he could safely and surely strike at Mrs. Channock. An uneasy feeling had arisen in his mind, that the girl looked upon him with suspicion, which her lover would, of course, be certain to share. If so, she would be on her guard to protect her aunt, instead of becoming the tool he had hoped to make of her; and her intrusive and authoritative young man would second her. There was no other course open for him than to remove them both, by such seemingly natural means as would bring no suspicion upon him, of course. Those would have to be devised.

But the failure of last night's good plan continued to worry him. Had Ruth missed the proper vial and poured something harmless into the glass? Had Mrs. Channock failed to drink during the night? Or was it possible that the hypnotic impression was less strong than he had believed it, and that she had done nothing? Or, worse still, had she betrayed to her aunt what she was impressed to do? The agitation of his thoughts was such that he forgot to suffer from the cold. Only one way was open to him to gain any basis for even a hypothesis: he would have to make a morning call upon Mrs. Channock and trust to his keen observation and whatever inferences he might draw from her manner or words. He did so.

She received him graciously, smilingly, and talked for half an hour upon indifferent matters. He had learned nothing, and arose to go, feeling baffled. Just as his hand was upon the door and he was bowing himself out, she said to him, with a meaning smile:

"You have lost the first trick in the game."

The shot staggered him for an instant. He recognized that she knew all, though how she had acquired the knowledge he could not even conjecture. Well, he would neither admit nor deny anything. In a tone of mockery that ill-concealed his chagrin and rage, he retorted:

"You mistake. I have not yet commenced to play."

CHAPTER VI.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the day, Professor Baodylle busied himself in his room with almost interminable astrological calculations. He was dealing with difficult problems in that most deceptive and unsatisfactory branch of the art known as horary astrology, and before his labors were ended, the floor about his chair was littered with fragments of the numerous figures that he had erected. At length, pushing his chair back from the table with an air of discouragement and dejection, he muttered wearily:

"All confused—contradictory—scant of promise and full of threat. Partial success—great peril—disappointment—death. But—death is in the wrong house. It is absurd that it should be in the first,—I am not going to die. I must have made some error. My head is not clear enough for work to-day: this thrice-accursed cold numbs my brain. Oh, if I but dared to summon those who could aid me! But the bound is reached: I may not venture it, even once more, without the added power that those books would give me. And to think that they are kept from me by the whim of a dead man and the obstinacy of a half-dead woman! Oh, it is maddening! maddening!"

For some time he paced to and fro, like a wild beast in a cage. Then he gathered up and burned carefully every scrap of the papers upon which he had been at work. This done, he slowly descended again to Mrs Channock's room, with the purpose of making another appeal to her and endeavoring by argument, persuasion, or any means possible, to induce her to reconsider her decision in the matter of the coveted manuscripts.

He found her reading tranquilly, and alone. Ordinarily, at this hour in the afternoon Ruth would have been with her; but the girl had gone out again after luncheon for another sleigh-ride, at the insistence of her aunt, who wished her to have as much as possible of the healthful pleasure while the weather continued favorable and the sleighing good. The Professor looked upon her absence as a good omen, and at once entered upon the subject of his engrossing interest. Warmly, and even eloquently, he re-arranged, strengthened, and presented anew his arguments of the preceding day, but without effecting the change of a line in Mrs. Channock's determinedly negative expression of countenance. Then he pleaded:

"See, Martha," he said appealingly, "you have me at your mercy, and you are cruel. You see for yourself that I am a poor broken-down old man, with but a few miserable years yet before me in the ordinary course of nature; and you can, if you will, prolong my span of life. As it is in your power to do so, you will be practically my murderer if you do not. All that I ask of you is that you will permit me to read those books, here, in your presence. I will not take them away; and when I have read them you will be at liberty to destroy them, if your sense of duty still impels you to do so. I will even aid you in doing it, if you wish. And I will take from them not even a memory of the evil conjurations and spells that they may contain,—I do not seek those; but somewhere in those volumes are the secrets of prolonging life almost indefinitely, and of regaining youth. Those two things are all that I want. I wish to live—I am not fit to die. You do not know how unfit I am to die, or you would save me from the doom that I can see swiftly approaching—already overshadowing me. You have a good heart, I am sure, Martha: be merciful to me, as you hope some time to receive mercy for yourself."

"Neither you nor I will receive, here or hereafter, any mercy that we have not merited, or suffer any punishment that we have not deserved," she replied. "It is true that you have lived a bad life, uncle, and you are probably very unfit to die; but can you honestly say to yourself that you are any more fit to live? The regained youth and prolonged life that you crave would, if they could be attained, only increase and extend indefinitely the evil you would do, and make more terrible the weight of Karma that must eventually fall upon and crush you."

He gave a cry of terror, his face turned white, and his hands trembled at hearing from her lips that reminder of the awful and inevitable law of retribution—"Karma."

"And you err," she went on, "in supposing that you will find that knowledge in those books: that I know from what my father has told me. They contain dreadful spells for invocation of the powers of evil, but not what you profess to want."

"Let me see for myself. Let me at least look through them."

"Never! I know my duty."

With a groan the old man arose and moved slowly to the door. He looked as if he had grown years older in the hour spent in that vain appeal, and seemed too dispirited and broken for indulgence in one of his customary fits of rage when thwarted. Simply, and even sadly, he said, turning at the threshold:

"The consequences of your refusal be upon your own head."

Then he went out and up to his own room. In that seclusion, having made fast his door, he seated himself in a fixed position, with his face turned toward a blank wall, and there remained silent and motionless for a full hour. He was practicing what is known, to "white" and "black" magicians alike, as "concentration,"—the method, objects, and results of which it is neither necessary nor well to speak of more precisely in this place. When the hour was ended he seemed to have regained his strength and confidence: determination was expressed in his countenance, and a settled purpose demonstrated in his actions.

From his large iron-bound traveling-trunk he brought forth a circular, flat-bottomed, covered basket, about fourteen inches in diameter, five inches high at the center, and an inch lower on the sides,—the counterpart of one that habitually stood upon his writing-table. It was of bamboo splints, the low cover fastened on one side by a broad brazen hinge, and on the other by a brass hasp and staple secured by a small padlock. The one upon the desk was just like it in every external particular, except that its padlock was missing. In that commonly exposed one was a heterogeneous mass of trinkets, seals, keys, uncut gems, bits of sealing-wax, opals, bloodstones, and miscellaneous odds and ends.

If the one taken from the trunk had had similar contents, he would hardly have been so cautious as he was about getting a view of its interior. Carefully turning the top part of the cover,—which seemed to be fastened by a reversed screw-thread artfully concealed from sight in the apparently continuous basket-material,—he took off a saucer-like disk about five inches wide, exposing, beneath, a second cover of large-meshed silver-wire netting.

Dusk was by this time deepening, and he lighted a match to enable him to see more clearly what was beneath that netting. Peering down he saw a brown mass that seemed to have a slow, sinuous motion in itself when he lightly agitated the basket. He smiled, replaced the bamboo disk, and put the basket down a little way from the fire, where it would be well warmed. When he lifted it again, a half hour later, and held it near his ear, he could hear a faint continuous sound within, like the soft rubbing together of pieces of silk.

He removed the trinket-holding basket from the table and put it on the floor, in the shadow of a fire screen, where it would not be readily observed. In the place ordinarily occupied by it, he laid the second basket, from which came the sound as of moving silk, and removed its little padlock, which he put in his pocket. Then he went down to dinner, carefully locking his door behind him.

At dinner with Ruth and Herbert he seemed in excellent spirits, and afterward, in the invalid's room, where the family usually spent their evenings when there were no visitors, he appeared to have so thoroughly recovered from the depression of the afternoon, and to be so cheerful, that Mrs. Channock looked at him with some surprise, and perhaps a little suspicion.

Ruth and Herbert, too, were very merry. They seemed inspirited by the exhilaration of the pure wintry air inhaled during their two long drives that day, and the girl's arch narration of their various small adventures, and her humorous description of their principal one,—an upset in a snow-bank,—made her aunt, and even the Professor, laugh.

By easy gradations—it would have been hard for anyone but himself or such another master in the art of conversation to tell how, or even to detect his agency in it—Professor Baodylle managed to eventually divert their talk to the subject of curious seals and amulets, of which he carried loosely in his pockets several very curious and valuable ones, engraved in gems.

"But the strangest of all in my possession," he said, "is one that is solemnly averred to have fallen from the heavens at the feet of an old recluse in the Rajpûtana. The stone is one that no expert in gems has ever been able to name, and thousands have examined it. They, indeed, affirm that nothing like it is found on this planet; and the characters engraved upon it, microscopical in their minuteness and executed with the most wonderful delicacy and perfection, have never been deciphered. They are in a language never known upon this earth. If my old legs were not so stiff I would go up to my room and get it to show to you. Would you mind doing so for me, my dear?" he asked Ruth.

"I would take pleasure in doing anything I could for you, Professor. Besides, I have a selfish interest, for you have awakened my liveliest curiosity about that cloud-born seal."

"I don't know whether it is meant for a seal or not, though I have used it for that," he answered, fumbling in his pockets for the key of his room. "The old recluse who

found it, or to whom it was presented,—to take his view of it.—was of the opinion that it was an amulet or charm ; but of course he did not know what were its powers, and was too prudent to try any rash experiments for finding out. It is a safe rule when you don't know exactly the properties of an amulet, a real amulet, I mean,—not to excite them. Ah ! Here is the key. You will find the seal in a round bamboo basket, half-filled with odds and ends, standing on my table, —but you cannot make any mistake about it. It has for handle a ball of bloodstone an inch and a half in diameter, that I had put on it. There is nothing else in the basket at all like it, and it is always lying on all the other things, as if it climbed upon them by itself."

Ruth took the key and tripped away. In the hall, just outside the door, she began singing, a habit of hers in moving about the house. Melody rippled from her lips as from the throat of a song-bird,—the seemingly unconscious bubbling-up in music of the happiness of a pure and joyous heart. Seldom, except when called upon to do so, did she sing words or even the music of any song : little runs, *roulades*, trills, and bird-like notes, low, but clear and inexpressibly sweet, spontaneous melodies, as if her thoughts, resolved into tones, were the music with which she, seemingly unconscious of so doing, waked the pleased echoes of the old mansion. So she sang as she ascended the great stairway, and continued singing as she unlocked the Professor's door and entered his room.

And she sang on, though lower and perhaps sweeter, as she stood for a few moments in the center of the room, looking about her and realizing, with surprise and amusement, the strangely Oriental tone that the Professor had managed to give to his surroundings, even in the three days that he had occupied the apartment. A heavy odor of sandal-wood filled the air ; soft Cashmere shawls and bright-colored stuffs were carelessly flung about upon the furniture ; curious conveniences and ornaments, the uses and even the names of which were unknown to her, were scattered about.

On the table she saw, by the firelight, the round bamboo basket. She went to it, loosened its brazen hasp and raised its lid, still singing her low, extemporized, lullaby-like song. The instant that she threw back the lid, something like a rope shot up straight before her from the interior of the basket, and, wavering to and fro, fixed upon her a pair of venomous, bead-like eyes, almost at the height of her own. It was the "hooded death" of India, the deadly *cobra di capello*, that confronted her !

One moment she stood as if paralyzed, unable to move beyond reach of the reptile's fangs ; then, with a shriek of horror, fell backward upon the floor, unconscious.

That shriek reached the room below and made the hearts of Mrs. Channock and of Herbert stand still with apprehension ; but the old Professor heard it with a thrill of joy, and thought :

"Her death-cry ! One of the three is out of my way !"

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE FIR-TREES.

(*For the Children.*)

ENVELOPED in a silvery veil which covered him from head to foot and made him invisible to mortal eyes, an angel flew from heaven to earth. A mischievous wind came traveling through the air, and, meeting the angel, it spitefully snatched at his floating veil and bore it swiftly away over mountain and valley. The angel gave a cry of alarm, and, spreading his wings for a faster flight, sped after it.

But the wind roared and stormed around him, pushing him first to the right and then to the left of his course, and pursued him, mocking and tormenting him, until the poor bewildered angel had really lost his way. Then he flew slowly back and forth through the air, seeking sadly for his lost veil, without which he could not perform his mission on earth nor return to heaven among his companions.

Weary and hopeless, he at last rested on the peak of a high mountain and wept hot tears. But at last he could weep no more ; and as he raised his eyes, lo ! far in the blue distance appeared a silvery gleam. Full of new hope the angel sought the shining object, and winging his rapid flight through space he really found the lost veil on a far mountain-side. Then the spiteful wind, which was lurking near, again pounced upon the precious fabric and was about to carry it off, but three young fir-trees, two tall and one quite small, caught and held it with their branches and needle-like leaves.

Trembling with joy the angel cried : "How shall I thank you ? You three have relieved me of my grief and anxiety."

"We two," the two larger trees interrupted him.

"Therefore I will fulfill a desire for each one of you. Consider well, and speak."

Then the largest of the three trees replied : "I desire greatness and majesty and to be seen of men. I would be a power and have a domain beneath me in which I should be the greatest. I would go like a commander, from land to land, and bring home the treasures of the world. Power and wealth make happiness !"

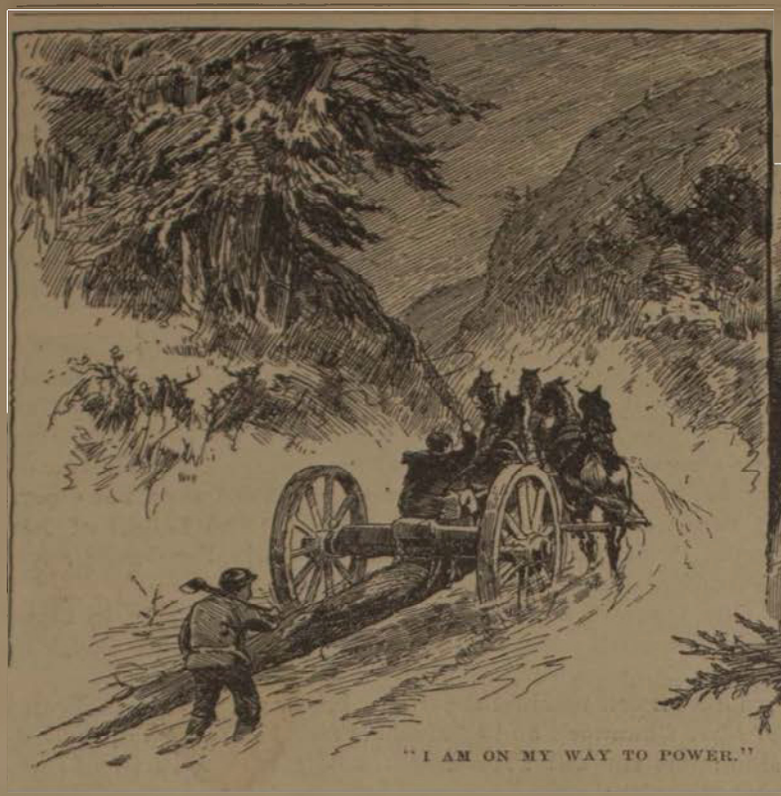
"Be it so !" said the angel. "And you ?"

"I have chosen better than that," cried the second tree. "Wisdom rules the world : power and wealth only come by her. I would have a part in the wisdom of mankind, I would know their secrets. I would know and understand what it is that moves the world with pleasure and with pain. For wisdom is happiness !"

"Be it so !" said the angel, with a low laugh ; and bending over the smallest of the trees, stroking its deformed boughs with his hand, he inquired kindly, "And you, my little one, what do you most wish for ?"

"I have done nothing worthy of such a reward," murmured the little fir-tree.

"You have done what you could, so speak. What do you desire ?"



"I AM ON MY WAY TO POWER."

"Well, then, I would know what love is, of which men speak and sing—the purest and the best of all that God has implanted in the human heart, that love of which it is said, 'it is stronger than death.'"

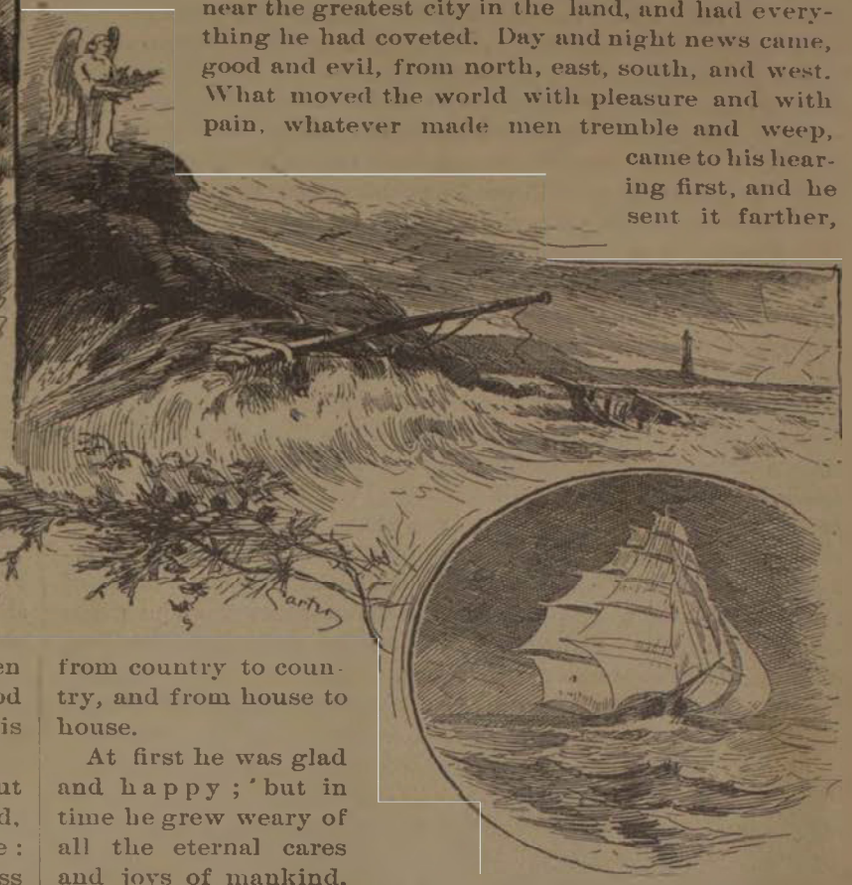
"Be it so!" said the angel again. Then he spread out his veil so that it surrounded him like a thick silver cloud, and passed up the wide valley, calling out: "Good-bye: be ready to go out into the world and seek the happiness you desire."

As the cloud vanished, the angel was gone; but a miracle had been wrought. The two large trees had suddenly become as high as cathedral spires, towering over all the fir-trees on the mountain; but the little tree remained the same, and its tall companions mocked at it: "Now see what you have chosen, stupid! Love is of no account in this life. The world belongs only to the powerful and great."

But their mocking was soon at an end; for one day some men came and felled the largest tree, and four horses could hardly draw it away through the forest. As they started down the mountain, it lay unbending and filled with pride, and called back to those remaining behind: "See how I travel, like a king, with my four horses! I am on my way to power and the treasures of the earth, for the world belongs to the great."

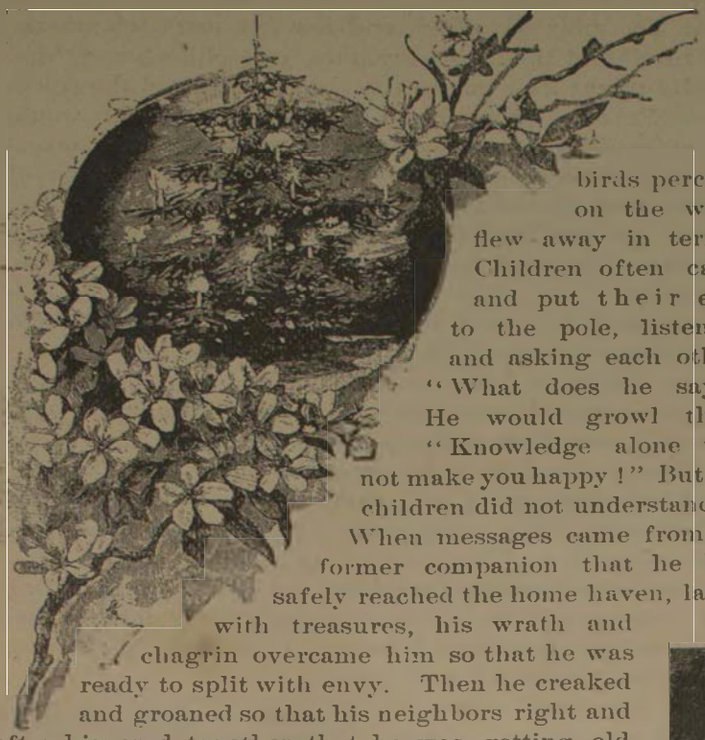
And they bore the proud tree away through the whole country to a great city down by the sea; and there they set it up as a mast in a large merchant-ship that went back and forth across the ocean. Like a king, the tree stood over the deck, with the sailors going about at his feet; and when the wind swelled the sails and the gay ensign fluttered at his peak, he often said to himself as he looked across the endless sea: "As far as I can look or see, there is none so great as I am!" And he congratulated himself on his wisdom, and felt a sort of pity for his companion who had chosen the paltry knowledge of men.

The other great tree had also attained the height of his desire. As a tall telegraph-pole he stood by the railway track near the greatest city in the land, and had everything he had coveted. Day and night news came, good and evil, from north, east, south, and west. What moved the world with pleasure and with pain, whatever made men tremble and weep, came to his hearing first, and he sent it farther, from country to country, and from house to house.



At first he was glad and happy; but in time he grew weary of all the eternal cares and joys of mankind, that were daily and hourly dinned into his wires and left him neither rest nor peace. Often his head was confused and bewildered with the myriad tales he heard; and a time soon came when he thought how much wiser it would have been to have staid at home in the forest, adorned with his evergreen needles, than to grow old and gray here, before his time. So he became morose and discontented. Many a time he grumbled to himself so that the

"CHILDREN OFTEN CAME AND PUT THEIR EARS TO THE POLE."



birds perched on the wires flew away in terror. Children often came and put their ears to the pole, listening and asking each other. "What does he say?" He would growl then, "Knowledge alone will not make you happy!" But the children did not understand.

When messages came from his former companion that he had safely reached the home haven, laden with treasures, his wrath and chagrin overcame him so that he was ready to split with envy. Then he creaked and groaned so that his neighbors right and left whispered together that he was getting old and rickety. For they did not know that envy of his greater companion, whom he thought was happier and more contented than he, was gnawing at his heart.

But the proud mast was also weary of the joys and pains of life. When driven by storm and tempest over the furious waves, with straining cordage and rending sails, death and destruction at his feet, then he longed for the peaceful times of his youth, when he was safely rooted on the mountain-side. "Who knows," he often said to himself, "whether the little one that we laughed at was not the wisest, after all! The angel must surely have forgotten him, for he is still there on the sunny hill-side where the flowers bloom and the birds sing their sweetest songs."

Yes, the little tree was still there. The summer, with its splendor of bloom and melody of bird-song, had passed; the autumn had strewn its golden leaves far and near, and the winter had imbedded them under a heavy counterpane of snow: and the little tree looked smaller and more insignificant than ever. But although he thought, also, that the angel had forgotten about him, he was happy and content through all the long golden summer days, and even now, when the dark winter threatened to bury him under the snow.

It drew near Christmas-time. One day a sledge loaded with Christmas-trees, big and little, came through the forest. An old man was with it, and the forester walked alongside.

"Well," said the latter to the old man, "if you have not too great a load already, take the little one there; perhaps you would like to have a tree yourself. You are welcome to it, for I could get nothing for it. If it does not glitter as a Christmas-tree in the city, it may shine on your hearth, to keep you warm."

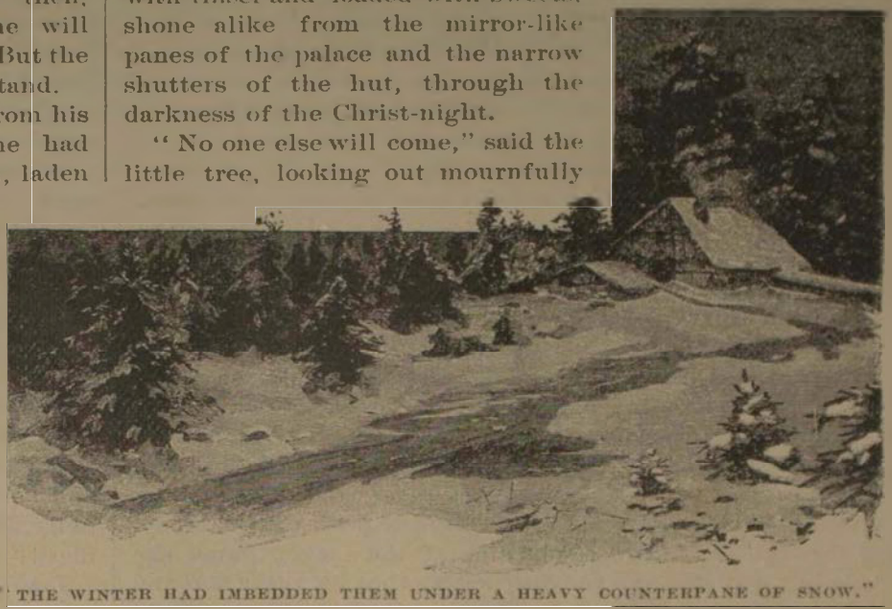
"Better that than nothing," replied the old man, laughing; and he cut it down and flung it upon the sledge, the last one.

* * * * * * *

It was its fate to be always the last. It was the last on the sledge, and the last in the market on Christmas Eve.

All the other trees had been sold long ago, and, sparkling with tinsel and loaded with sweets, shone alike from the mirror-like panes of the palace and the narrow shutters of the hut, through the darkness of the Christ-night.

"No one else will come," said the little tree, looking out mournfully over scattered needles and broken twigs into the empty street. "No one has asked for me, not one! The angel has surely forgotten me: perhaps my prayer was foolish and presumptuous. The old man will make a fire of me to boil his coffee over, and all will be at an end with me."



"THE WINTER HAD IMBEDDED THEM UNDER A HEAVY COUNTERPANE OF SNOW."

"No one else will come," said the old man, and he began to make ready to leave the place.

A gentle voice sounded in his ears: "Will you please give me two or three of these twigs that are lying around here? I am poor, and I would like to make my child glad because it is Christmas."

A pale woman stood there in the lamplight and raised her sad eyes appealingly to the old man. But he only muttered, "We have nothing to give away! There are a good many other poor people who would like to have a tree for their children."

"I have bought this candle with the last money I had," replied the woman, and her voice trembled. "You see, she was my only child,—so sweet and good!—and now she is a little angel. She lies out there in the churchyard, but her soul is in heaven. All those long weeks when she was so sick, I told her about the Christmas-time that was coming, and of

"THEN SHE FASTENED THE CANDLE TO IT AND LIT IT."

"HE PLANTED IT AMONG GOLD AND SILVER TREES."

the tree that I would dress for her. Then her dim eyes would shine as if they were lit with the Christmas-tree lights, and I thought if I could get a green fir-twig to plant on her grave and light this candle on it, perhaps the dear God would be good enough to let the little one look out of the door of heaven for a moment, and it would make her still happier to know that I had kept my promise."

"A promise like that must be kept," said the old man, turning away suddenly, and his voice lost its rough tone. "I must give you a real tree. Here, take it! This is the last, and I have no better one. But those in heaven will see the least of them. You need not stop to thank me,—you have a good way to go yet."

And before the poor woman could thank him, the old man and his sledge had disappeared around the nearest street-corner. But she clasped the little tree to her bosom as if it were a costly treasure, and hastened through the deserted streets, past houses whence came the gleam of lights and the happy voices of children.

At the churchyard without the city she paused, and, creeping through the hedge at one side of the locked gates, she made her way through the deep snow, that lay there soft and white and undisturbed by the foot of man. She went to a little hillock which she knew,—ah, how well!—knelt beside it in the snow, and set the little tree in the earth above it; then she fastened the candle to it and lit it, and with her hands she shielded the flickering light from the wind which blew coldly from the East.

Then she prayed to God, and her hot tears fell on the green needles of the little Christmas-tree. She prayed that her child might look out in that hour, and amid the splendors of Paradise enjoy her Christmas-tree as she would have enjoyed it on earth; and as the poor mother raised her eyes, the gray snow-clouds separated and a portion of the deep blue sky of night was visible. It seemed to her as if she saw her little child up in heaven stretching down its hands to her, and her heart was full of the joy of consolation.

Then the little candle burned itself out, and the mother went home to her silent, lonely room.

* * * * * * *

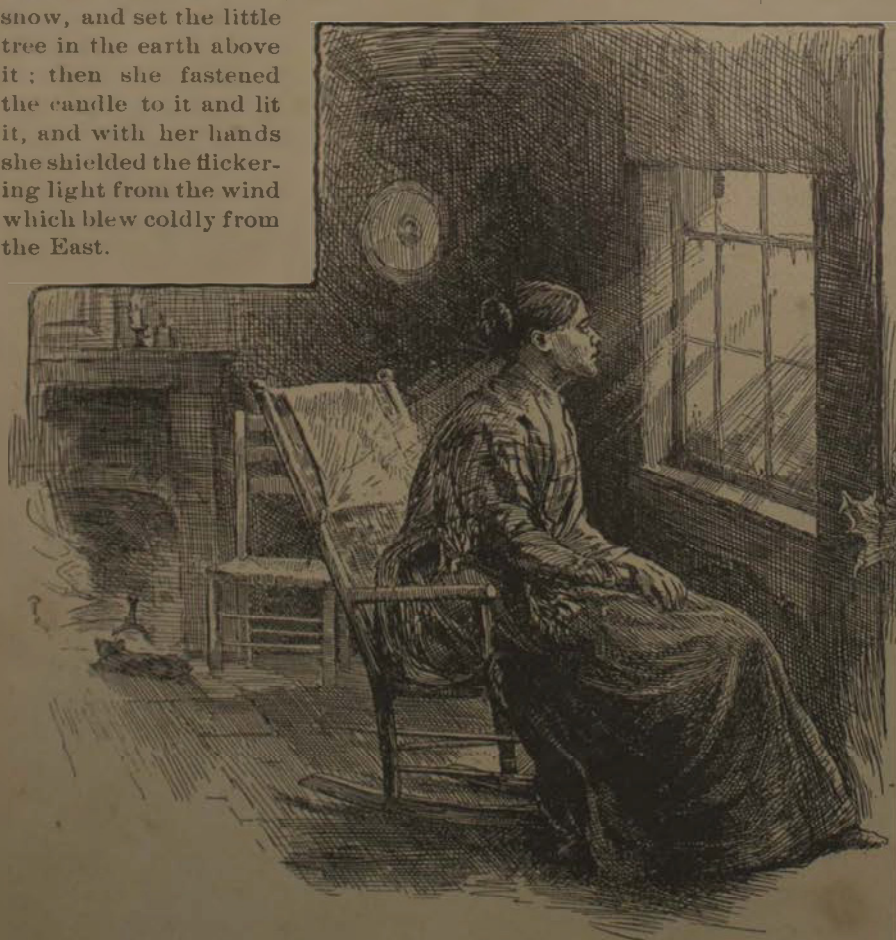
At the same time, a little child was standing in the fields of heaven looking joyfully down at the earth. Her gleeful laughter rang through the blue sky-arches. The Lord, beloved of all, came by, and bending over the little one, He inquired the cause of her excessive happiness.

"Only look!" cried the child, pointing with her tiny hand; "there below in the churchyard my mother has lighted a Christmas-tree for me. See how brightly it shines through the night!"

Then the angel appeared who had granted their wishes to the three trees, and said, "Lord, it is that little fir-tree which once desired to know of the purest human love."

Then the Lord made a sign and said, "It shall live eternally, like Love, which never dies!"

And the angel descended into the silent churchyard and asked the little Christmas-tree, "Are you content? Has your wish been fulfilled and are you glad because of it?"



"THAT IS MY DARLING'S STAR."

Then the little fir-tree spoke, and a tear of precious balm stole down its stem: "Yes: I have known the purest love which glows in the human heart. Now I will gladly die."

"You shall live!" cried the angel; and he lifted the little Christmas-tree and bore it to heaven.

On his way he pointed to the earth, saying: "See: there below are your two proud companions, who in this self-same hour have reached the end of what they desired!"

And far on the rocky coast of a strange land,

driven by the waves which so long had patiently borne him, lay the proud mast, splintered and shattered. All his pride was gone: the people who had so long depended on him had fled from him to save their lives, and the treasures he thought to bring home lay ingulfed at the bottom of the sea.

The same storm that had splintered the tall mast from its ship had leveled the great telegraph-pole, also. All his splendid knowledge was past: he was nothing more than a piece of dead wood that to-morrow would be cast into the fire.

But the angel bore the despised little fir-tree into the brightness of Paradise, and there, where lovely flowers eternally blossom, and storm-clouds cannot gather, he planted it amid gold and silver trees which bear upon their branches the everlasting stars. And the little child danced with her playmates around the green tree her mother had given her, and they were delighted with it, although it was the least of all the innumerable trees of Paradise.

Then the Lord placed his sacred hand on it, and it grew under his blessing, higher and higher, until its head, like the others, was high in the radiant air; and then he gave but one glance at the spot where the little candle had burned out its feeble light, which the poor widow on earth had lighted for her child, and lo! in the scorched, black spot shone out a bright, golden star, casting its gleaming rays far across the realms of the blest, and even down to the earth and into the lonely chamber of the widow. She saw the new star shining directly over the grave of her child, like a greeting from above; and every evening, when, after her hard day's work, she sat down to rest, she felt consolation and peace stream into her heart as its rays did through her narrow window, and as often as she looked upon its light, glittering, perhaps, through tears, she said:

"That is my darling's star!"

But the angels above in the garden of Paradise bow their heads low before the evergreen tree, for from its branches gleams the brightest star that has ever illumined the darkness of earth,—the star of a mother's love.

CHARLES L. STEELE.

A NEW CHRISTMAS.

THE pastor was in his study, his brow was furrowed with thought,
And wisdom to guide him rightly for many a day he'd sought.
And there was not a single volume on the shelves above or below
That could throw any light on the problem that puzzled and vexed him so.
For the harvest season was over, and Christmas was close at hand,
And the glow of the rising splendor already illumed the land;
And there on the desk before him, in orderly neatness, lay
The sermon he meant to deliver to his people on Christmas day.
So 'twas not this that disturbed him, nor was he a moment vexed
By any doubt or delusion in regard to his chosen text;
For he preached but a simple gospel, in language as terse and plain
As the smooth, round pebbles that David took when the mighty giant was slain.
The pastor thought of his little flock, the children great and small,
And great was the loving-kindness with which he regarded all:
And yet a wave of trouble ran over his heart, because
They thought much less of Jesus Christ than they did of Santa Claus.
For one and another whispered,—their words had an eager ring,—
"What shall I get on Christmas? What will Santa Claus bring?"
And as everywhere and ever the thirst for gain increased,
The charm of a kingly presence was missed from the royal feast.
The pastor sat in his study, when his good wife opened the door,
And together they held communion and talked the trouble o'er;
And she, being quick of fancy, in a moment or two had planned
A better way for keeping the day that was now so close at hand.

The pastor gave the notice from the pulpit, next Sabbath morn,
And to brain and heart, like a swift-winged dart, was the startling message borne,
For he spoke in words of fire the truth they must all believe:
"The Master has said, 'It is far more blessed to give than to receive;'
And if at the Christmas season you'd be richly and truly blest,
Bring hither your votive offering,—and let it be of your best,—
And give to the poor around you with generous heart and hand,
That peace and good-will to men may fill the length and breadth of the land."

'Twas early in bleak December the barrels came rolling in,
The farmers sending their choicest from well-stored barn and bin:
There were apples and pears in plenty, and pumpkins, yellow as gold,
And nuts and potatoes, together enough for a vessel's hold,
And bags on bags of flour and of coffee, and chests of tea,
And strings of onions and peppers,—oh! 'twas a goodly sight to see.
And the work of nimble fingers to such an amount was there,
It seemed as if the collection outrivaled the County Fair:
There were dolls of assorted sizes, and some that had been much used,
For the little folks had nought else to give and not a gift was refused;

For the pastor would teach the lesson to children of tender years.
That the gift that secures a blessing must be consecrated with tears.

Oh, crisp and clear Christmas dawned that year: the church was with holly drest,
And the bells rang out a merry chime that echoed from east to west;
And around the altar and down the aisles were baskets and barrels stowed,
While up on the pulpit and into the pews the gifts had overflowed.
Oh, happy were pastor and people as they gathered from near and far,
Their hearts revived and illumined by the light of Bethlehem's star;
And happy the poor and needy to whom were the good things given
That carried a blessing with them and lifted their souls to heaven:
For out of this rich abundance the hungry were sweetly fed,
The naked were clothed, and the sick and sorrowful cheered and comforted;
And so great was the joy of giving, that pastor and people felt
As if with the wise men of the East at the Saviour's feet they knelt.

Oh, never a brighter Christmas had dawned on the dull old town,
Never had richer blessings been scattered so freely down;
And taught by the Holy Spirit their selfish greed to subdue,
All hearts rejoiced,—and on Christmas day was the Christ-child born anew.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Christmas Morning.

(*See Oil Picture.*)

THIS beautiful young mother watching her darling's surprise and dawning joy at her first sight of the wonderful Christmas-tree, which love has caused to grow for her while she slept, experiences a pleasure even more intense than that of the happy little one. Visions of the beautiful tree have filled the little girl's dreams all night, and as she gazes at the reality, which surpasses all her childish powers of imagination, she has hardly yet awakened to the fact that it is really her own.

Angel Visitants to the Christ-Child.

(*See First Page Engraving.*)

FROM the beginning, the Nativity has been the favorite theme of Christian art; and our modern artists still recur to the ever-beautiful subject of the Christ-child and mother-maid.

Our beautiful engraving from the picture "La Vierge aux Anges," by the great French artist W. A. Bouguereau, shows us one of the most exquisite ideals of modern art. The youthful Mary holds her sleeping infant with the calm satisfaction of maternal possession, yet the suggestion of alert watchfulness may be read in the vigorous though delicate lines of her figure, as the shadow of thoughtful presentiment may be in the simple and touching expression of her face. The attendant angels, attuning their notes to divinest melodies to lull the Holy Babe, complete the captivating harmony of the scene.

It is a picture which every one will contemplate with delight; and while the charming coloring of the original is not here, the accurate and graceful drawing of the master makes us forget that we are looking at a scene in black-and-white. Let us steal away softly from before it, for the airy grace of the divine minstrels reminds us that they are heavenly visitants, and in a moment may wing their flight upward.

Christmas of the Crusaders in Bethlehem.

(*See Second Page Engraving.*)

IT is Christmas Day of the year 1099. The holy city which is the birthplace of the Redeemer has been taken by storm and assault, only a few months before, by the valiant crusaders. The sacred place where the Son of man was cradled has been snatched from the hands of infidels and become the precious possession of Christendom.

The pious warriors desire to celebrate in Bethlehem their first Christmas feast in the Holy Land. With palm-branches waving in honor of the place and the moment, the crusaders, led by Peter the Hermit, approach the grotto, in which, in fulfillment of prophecy, the Saviour was born. The building dates from the time of the Empress Helena, and was enlarged by Justinian; and there to-day stands the magnificent Church of the Nativity. At the time when the crusaders sought the birthplace of Christ, it was still in its original form, yet no less inspiring than with its later elaborate splendor.

The devotion of the faithful knights, as mirrored in their countenances, has been portrayed with a master hand by our artist: even the Saracenic inhabitants of Bethlehem look with respectful wonder on the profound conviction of their faith in the Man who hung on the cross.

Closely pressing after the enthusiast Peter is the impetuous Godfrey de Bouillon, and at his side kneels Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and his beautiful young wife Elvira, daughter of King Alfonso the Great, who, for love of her lord and his divine Master, has left the splendors of her father's court in Spain to share the dangers of the march and battle.

It seems strange to see a court lady amid these armed and mailed knights, but it was not so unusual in those times. The romances of the crusades are full of accounts of lovely girls who cut off their ringlets or hid them under a cap of mail and went as page to husband or lover, rather than bear the heart-rending separation; and the historian Michaud says: "Women whose weakness was left without support accompanied their sons or their husbands to the nearest city, and there, not being able to separate themselves from the object of their affections, determined to follow them to Jerusalem. Families, whole villages, set out for Palestine, and drew into their ranks all they met with on their passage." So great was the enthusiasm and ardor in the earlier crusades.

This place where the greatest ideal of humanity was made flesh, exercises a powerful influence on the excited Christians who have gladly braved hardships and death to honor the Saviour who entered the world here, and they do homage on this Christmas morning with their inspired hymn,

"Christ is born!"

ROFESSOR DRIER herewith sends
A Christmas greeting to his friends
King Baba, the queen, and their royal heir
Whose godfather he was last year,
And these few gifts also presents,
With all the season's compliments."

So Jack declares and sails away,
For his time is short and he cannot stay.

The king and queen with joy receive
The box of gifts, you may believe ;
And as it quickly is undone,
Eagerly curious, each one
Comes crowding, every dusky dame.

The donor's face in gilded frame
Is first unpacked—This gift—his own,
King Baba appropriates for a crown.
He gives a most delighted laugh,
And, tearing out the photograph,
He sticks the frame on his woolly hair :
" Such a beautiful crown for Sunday wear ! "

The queen's quick search rewards her haste,
And she finds a gift to her royal taste :
She was never so pleased before nor since.
'Tis a drum, that was sent to the youngest prince,
But she puts it upon her queenly head,
And a charming coiffure it makes instead.
In the height of fashion she now appears,
With the drum-sticks thrust through her pretty ears.

The kite was passed from hand to hand,
But the Princess Bubu fastened its band
Around her delicate, dusky waist,
And as a tournure her form it graced.
She wears it, indeed, with infinite "chic,"
And gives its tail the " court-train kick."

A net to catch specimen butterflies,
King Baba considers a royal prize ;
And appoints a slave the net to bear
Over his head as he takes the air.
The lace-like cap on its slender pole
He takes for his ensign, and every soul
Must bow him low to the royal crest
Thus borne aloft at the king's behest.

Prince Bobo is happy : only look !
He has seized on a wonderful picture-book,

And his scanty costume it completes
With its rather wide accordion-plaits.
But soon he spoils his gorgeous skirt
With a plastering that looks like dirt;
For he finds a package of chocolate creams,—
Which is very much to his taste it seems.
The absorbing interest it creates,
His pictured petticoat illustrates.

With his usual fine and kindly tact,
Professor Drier has carefully packed
Some cracker *bonbons* in the box;
But the king adorns his woolly locks
With the fringed-out ends, and the insides eats,
As if the Bengal lights were sweets.
Four dozen gilt and colored balls
For the Christmas-tree, it now befalls,
Are quite enough to, for once, content
The family taste for ornament.

With the last gift their joy increased:
'Twas a life-sized doll, "though last, not least."
It has the most lovely golden hair,—
The Professor's wife is not more fair.
The delighted king into raptures goes,
Whereat the queen turns up her nose.
The king with ardor clasps the child,
The queen with jealous rage is wild.

She grabs the doll, he holds it fast,
They pull and tug, until, at last,
By chance she pulls a string, and—ah!
The unlucky baby cries "Ba-ba!"

Now, horror-struck, King Baba stands,
Stares at the queen, who, with twitching hands
And gleaming teeth, shrieks out: 'Aha!
'Ba-ba!' I thought so!—Ha ha!—'Ba-ba!'"

Furious with wrath, for blood athirst,
She grasps poor baby to do her worst:
Its little arm by her teeth is crushed,
And she fills her mouth with—fine sawdust!

At this terrible sight King Baba turns,
But the gunpowder now in his stomach burns.
He roars with pain, the queen roars, too,
The little princes weep, "Boo-hoo!"
The court is in a hullabaloo,
And Christmas winds up with a general row.
Thus, sometimes, merely not knowing how
To appreciate blessings—though much admired—
Leaves much,—very much,—to be desired.

Our Girls.

Millie's Fig-Leaves.

"OF course I can't go," said Millie pensively. But as she said it she looked at her mother with an expression which might imply a tacit hope of contradiction.

Julia was sitting at the other end of the long parlor, by a window which gave her a good light for her work. This work was, at the moment, the decoration of a dainty satin favor with lace-like fronds of a lovely, rare fern, an exquisite spray of which stood before her in a tall vase of Venice glass. She raised her eyes, her brush poised in the air, and asked concisely, "How much, mamma?"

Ways and means was the too common topic of discussion between Julia Bannister and her mother. The oracular question was no enigma, for "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" was the perplexing question that rose persistently in these women's minds as a tantalizing response to every unusual solicitation. Mrs. Bannister hesitated, looking at her graceful younger daughter, who was turning over the cards in her lap, with a sweet wistful look in her soft eyes.

This was an extraordinary gayety under consideration—seldom was anything so ambitious attempted in the little inland city; and though, on that very account, the toilet demanded was not in keeping with their means, it was hard to confess that Millie must stay at home for want of a gown. Millie's taste for social pleasures came to her honestly through her mother. The matron in a widow's cap felt at her heart the very same impulses that were tugging at poor Millie's, though one was a slender creature, creamy roses in her cheeks, and fair, loosely waving hair about her young face, while the other was growing stout, and wore the strictly economical uniform of conventional black.

Mrs. Bannister was herself that delicately pathetic figure, a refined woman bravely holding her own in a sharp struggle with adversity. She had that quick eye for details which makes an expert domestic manager. Left a widow with three children and very little provision for their maintenance, she had still contrived to keep the pretty home which her husband had built just before his death; but to meet the indispensable requirements of a household comprising her two daughters and a boy still in school, there had been severe pressure. Some of the best rooms had been given up to lodgers, and it was plain from her face that stringent care had dwelt with the little family.

Julia had always been a serious girl. Her quiet and self-contained manner served to conceal the real strength of her nature, which, in secret, was passionately vehement and aspiring. She had found a genuine refuge in the pursuit of the ideal, giving herself ardently to a work in which her chief daily interest and happiness centered, with only one selfish object in view, the attainment of a real power of artistic expression. She painted diligently, assiduously, because she found in painting her true life.

This occupation had begun to assume importance as a practical resource. She had already sold many of her studies at fair prices, taking also as many orders as she could secure for those pretty "hand-painted" trifles in popular demand. Now that there were two young ladies to dress, it is more than doubtful if, without Julia's help, they could have maintained that scrupulous regard for the social proprieties by virtue of which the Bannisters were still counted among the ornaments of the best society of Oldtown.

Perplexed and anxious though she might be, there was always something sweet and placid about Mrs. Bannister; looking at her one could hardly have guessed all the perturbed thoughts that passed through her mind before she made any response to Julia's query. It was now February. Already the spring wardrobe was a matter of struggle in her maternal calculations. An evening toilet, however delightful,—and Mrs. Bannister was not insensible to its claims,—could not be classed among the rigid necessities. No: it could be foregone, and this she compelled herself to own. Only then did she turn her face toward Julia. Meeting her questioning eyes, she gave a slight, but most significant and decisive shake of the head.

Now Miss Julia was an extremely determined young person. She could be silent when it suited her, but her silences were commonly due to cogent reasons of her own. She still looked gravely across the room, her level glance taking in Millie's pliant figure, as well as her mother's worn and loving face, and continued dispassionately: "Millicent ought to go. I shouldn't care at all for it, but Millie would. Aunt Julia would take her: can't we manage it? If twenty-five dollars would answer, I'm quite sure we might."

Millie started up, alert and radiant. "Oh! I'm sure that would answer!"

"Poor child! it would be little enough," said her mother; "and how are we to spare even as much as that?"

"I shall get something for these,—and I'm not going to have a new jacket," said Julia. True, up to that moment, she had been going to supply that modest need when the batch of favors was paid for; but a woman may always change her mind, may she not?

Julia Bannister was only twenty-two, but she had already a confirmed habit of carrying her point. She was sometimes inclined to scoff at social requisites as matters of no serious concern; but now every exigency of the case seemed worthy of the gravest attention. Each point was considered, each objection fairly mastered. At last, after much discussion, the family council formally agreed that there should be a gown, that twenty-five dollars should be set aside for that purpose, gloves, also, to be extorted from the purchase-money, if possible.

It was after that that the real struggle began. Mrs. Bannister possessed the genuine feminine gift for clothes. She was an accomplished needlewoman, but that was the least of her talents. She did not heartily care for pictures,—or, at most, she cared chiefly through her sympathetic fiber,—but when it came to dress, she had as keen and true an eye for form and color as Julia herself. If she did not possess real originality, she had a wonderfully comprehensive power of observation and a rare skill in selection and combination. It was she who designed and made Millie's dresses, always so much admired for their grace and becomingness. And this was a special opportunity. Since Millie was to go, she must do herself justice; and with a fond mother that raises a high standard. To be sure, twenty-five dollars was not very much; but then, they wanted only the material. There was a tacit understanding that only something very choice would serve.

The best part of two days was consumed in shopping—or rather that exhaustive process known to close buyers as "looking." At the end of that time, having passed in review an innumerable variety of costumes and materials, Millie's respect for the purchasing capacity of twenty-five dollars had cruelly dwindled.

"There will be nothing for trimming if you get anything decent!" she protested, throwing herself down in a great chair in an attitude of extreme dejection.

So far Julia had offered no opinion, though she had listened patiently to the pros and cons of the various stuffs available. Now her moment had come

"Get a plain white silk," she said at last, "make a per-

fectly plain dress, and let me trim it with spring wild-flowers"

"Oh! *would* you paint it?" Millie exclaimed. "That would be just perfect! But then—it would be such a piece of work."

"Yes: that would be very nice," Mrs. Bannister echoed, with a little sigh, "but you wouldn't have time."

"I shall have plenty of time," was the matter-of-fact reply; "but you must decide quickly if I am really to do it"

So early the following morning the next step in the evolution of a gown was taken. The silk was bought and sent home.

With Mrs. Bannister, as with many amateur dressmakers, time was an unconsidered element in the problem. Needle-work was leisure work with her. No modiste would give that exquisite finish; she was finical concerning linings and facings, bands and loops, and when she had actually finished a fine gown, it was deserving of a place in a cabinet as a specimen: but all this was not done quickly. Millie's gown, therefore, demanded close application. She set herself at the task with her utmost energy. She went weary to bed at night, and awoke with a dim sense of unwonted responsibility, which took shape, when her eyes were fairly open, as Millie's gown. It seemed to pervade and overhang all the other preoccupations of the day. Everything else was something to "get through."

Julia had declared, with her usual air of calm finality, that the dress should be entirely made before the painting was begun. None of her mother's expostulations or representations of the awkwardness of handling a complete dress had the least effect.

"If painting gowns were my regular trade," she remarked, "I should have learned, probably, to do the work piecemeal; but as I am only a flower-painter, I must have the dress to begin with. I must see the effect as I work; so get it made, mother dear, as fast as you can." And Mrs. Bannister worked with a will.

She was sewing steadily one afternoon, when the little maid came up to say that Dr. Collins was in the parlor. Millie was with her: she spent a good deal of her time helping, as she fancied,—looking on admiringly, as I am more inclined to suppose. Their eyes met. "Oh, I can't stop now!" Mrs. Bannister whispered with tragic emphasis.

"Let him come up here," Millie boldly proposed. "I'm sure he won't mind a bit, and you can tell him why it is."

It was an innovation, for it was their custom to treat him with a certain formality; and, besides, there was an almost prudish delicacy in all their habits. But, after all, he was her brother, and for once it might answer. Hardly waiting for permission, Millie ran down, and returned, laughing, followed by her uncle.

"Mamma is living in her bedroom in strict seclusion," she explained, "making me a very gorgeous gown." And then she called upon him to admire the shimmering white heap where it lay upon the bed.

Dr. Collins was a stout, florid, well-dressed man of about fifty-five, with that air of intimate acquaintance with the more occult sources of personal comfort, which is, perhaps, slightly oppressive to others less favored. In his relations with his sister and her children he had that ominous distinction which pertains to a man who does many really substantial kindnesses, and who also says many biting things that rankle in the remembrance. He scrutinized the great object of general interest with some critical attention, and even gave the fabric a depreciatory pinch between his thumb and forefinger. Then he looked about for the most comfortable seat the room afforded, and exchanged a few dignified commonplaces with his sister. It was a brief call; but before he rose to go he took from his pocket a thick roll of bank-notes, and, turning it over slowly in his hand, cast a quick, incisive glance at Millie.

"I intended," he began slowly, "to give you a little help on your spring outfit. I thought Millicent would need a church suit, and perhaps you, too; but, as you are going into these unusual expenditures no doubt all that is provided for." And then, with extreme deliberation, he neatly re-adjusted the solid roll of potential generosity, and returned it to his vest pocket.

When he was out of the house, Millie came flying upstairs and threw her arms around her mother. "Oh, mamma, it is so cruel! I feel that I have robbed you!" and for five minutes she almost believed herself a young profligate who had squandered the family resources. But her mother smiled as she kissed her, and assured her that she was not in the least to blame. Indeed, the chances were that if Dr. Collins had been told that Millie was not to go to the ball for want of a gown, he would have expressed indignation, and perhaps provided a gown himself; but Millie did not stop to think of that.

"When he does a thing at all, he does it handsomely: I dare say you would have got a hundred dollars," she ruefully suggested. But Mrs. Bannister wisely declined to indulge in speculations. "It's of no use to think about it, dear: we must do our best without it now."

But Julia, when she came in, professed to feel actually relieved that there had been no offer of money.

"Uncle Collins ought either to behave as if he loves us, or else to give up making us presents," she declared dogmatically. "I'm tired of seeing him look at us as if we were inmates of some institution for the relief of distressed gentlewomen. Never mind, Millie, you shall have as pretty a gown as anybody, and a spring suit, too, and no thanks to him."

As the dress was now practically finished, Julia concentrated her fine energy upon the task of creating its final loveliness. But Millie was soft-hearted, and full of solicitude for her overtaxed mother. She could not forget that Uncle Collins's lost present was a heavy item in the cost of her party-gown.

Delicate anemones, just touched with rosy pink, frail hepaticas in cloudy blues of varying depth, each set in its own exquisite leaves,—these seemed to spring by handfuls from the soft creamy white of the dress. At once delicate and extremely effective, it was certainly a most artistic garniture. Julia's face was pale and her eyes bright with conscious success and pleasure—for that was her fashion of showing emotion—when her mother and Millie hung over it in murmured raptures.

But this delightful labor of love was a labor of time, too. The great event was to take place on Thursday. Two days had been pronounced indispensable for the final drying, so that Monday, with a little retouching on Tuesday, was the utmost limit of the painter's opportunity. It was late on this Monday afternoon when Julia, her vigorous expression accentuated by a few daubs of blue paint, was holding up her work at arm's length for her own and Millie's contemplation.

"But Jule!" Millie suddenly cried, with a look of consternation, "this is the 24th: it was to-day that you were to go to that exhibition!"

"Oh yes, I know," was the cool reply.

So Millie had quite forgotten! There was small chance of Julia's forgetting; for it was a special private exhibition, and she had considered the invitation as a recognition of her work, "a matter of some professional importance."

"But why didn't you go?" Millie persisted.

Julia met her eyes boldly, but she changed color a little. "Well, the truth is," she laughed, "I was busy."

With a sore heart Millie set another item to the account of the coveted pleasure.

But the gown was a success, superbly finished, and in excellent time. Julia even produced at the last a pair of slippers profusely adorned *en suite*, and pretty enough for Cinderella; though the artist held them off in a deprecating way and declared, "Daylight is best: they were done in the evening."

In fact, they were begun when Millie was asleep; and a fan, too, showed the same delicate yet lavish beauty of flowers that had grown for her in the night.

Millie in her gown was certainly a picture.

"It is very true that you don't know how pretty a girl is until you see her in evening dress," Mrs. Bannister observed to her daughter Julia; "and it suits Millie—she looks as if she never wore anything else!"

Mrs. Bannister was not troubled by any doubts or regrets as she looked at the slim girl whose delicate curves and quick-changing color were set off so charmingly by her graceful dress; but Julia, in her secret heart, wondered a little if a woman's gown might not be too costly. As for Millie herself, she could not be expected to philosophize: it was her part to wear it and to look lovely, and to have "a lovely time."

She could dance as gracefully as a wood-nymph. But the delight of dancing depends more than a little upon one's partners, and Millie had one warning before she left home. Ordinarily somewhat stately and severe in her small ways, Julia had not disdained to play waiting-woman at this toilet. "Don't dance too often with Ned Wainwright," she whispered, as she wrapped her young sister in a voluminous white cloak.

She had, at least, variety. It seemed a little strange, but the evening was actually half over and he had not had a single dance! He was a little late about asking,—her card was already half-filled: later, as she saw him looking on at a little distance while she went through the German with Hamilton Grey, it struck her that there was something unusual in his looks.

Hamilton Grey was a thoroughly good dancer, and he had an abundance of bright, amusing small-talk. She was fully entertained and a little triumphant; for what is nicer than to be young, light of foot, one's self a bright spot in a sea of brightness, with ravishing music in one's ears, and in the eyes opposite yours the plainly written conviction that you are adorably pretty and most charmingly attired? What a delightful world it is, after all!

It was not very long after, that Millie happened to be left, for a brief breathing-space, disengaged. She was standing, in a vague, dreamy happiness, in a little loop of the palms and tall potted plants that made an irregular screen across the end of the great dancing-floor. Suddenly a voice quite near, but coming from an unseen speaker hidden in the recess beyond, spoke her own name.

"Well, what then? There isn't a prettier girl here!" This voice, replying, was one that had often been near her ear. She instantly recognized it as the voice of Hamilton Grey. But the tone now struck her most unpleasantly: it had lost all its deferential, melting softness, and seemed cold, selfish, and almost insolent. Something else was said which she failed to catch. Then the familiar voice again replied, "Perhaps—shekels, eh?"

The other partner in the colloquy seemed to express doubt, for Grey answered with a slightly disconcerted accent: "Oh, I guess it's all right! They live in their own house—and that gown looks like it."

Hot, indignant, disillusioned, Millie hurried away. The first face that she recognized was Ned Wainwright's. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Are you tired?" he asked, seeing some excitement in her face, and instantly offering his arm. There are always quiet corners to be found, and he had already made sure of one; so there was quickly a little escape from the crush of the palpitating crowd.

Young Wainwright had both tact and self control, and he gave Millie a fair chance to recover herself. But whether it was because she had always known him, because she was young and dependent upon the sympathy to which she was accustomed, or what was the reason, I cannot say: the fact was that in a few minutes she had told him the whole story of the charming wild-flower gown.

"He thought that I was a rich girl! It was for *that* that he followed me!" This was to Millie the climax of her mortifications. "It isn't so much that I have been silly and extravagant," she went on hotly,—"mamma and Julia needn't have encouraged it; but it's the futility of the whole thing that vexes me. It's the way we women make a great effort and strain every nerve to accomplish something that's not in the least worth while. Even Julia, who isn't like other girls, has frittered away her time and missed the opportunity she prized, for a mere evening dress!" And Millie looked down on the exquisite front of her skirt with much virtuous scorn. Why, even Ned Wainwright had not approved of it! True, he only looked her over early in the evening, with a privileged glance that affected to express an abject amazement and admiration; but to Millie, strained as her feelings were now, it was as if he had said, "What a waste of gifts!"

"Women's lives seem so petty!" she continued, carried away by a kind of reaction against all social conventionalities. "We are like children: we have to make believe very hard in order to deceive ourselves, and the poor little satisfactions that we get would certainly never pay for what they cost us, if we took them at their real value. Men are really doing something all day,—they have some serious work in the world and are of some use. If they go out in society in the evening, it is just a little pleasure or a small duty, as the case may be, thrown in. They don't spend any time or thought planning or preparing for it. There is no waste of vitality. But mamma and Julia have worked for two weeks, besides making real sacrifices, just to let me come here and give the false impression that we've got money!"

Poor Millie! She was not sure in her own mind whether she had discovered some revolutionary truths, or whether this outburst was itself a piece of base ingratitude. Her loyal heart gave her a little twinge, remembering the fond delight in her mother's eyes.

As for Ned Wainwright, he, an ambitious young member of the bar, was bound to know that every question has two sides. Millie had certainly set him to thinking, but quite as much, it may be, of personal as of social obligation. Had his frankness been equal to hers, he might have followed up her confession with one of his own: he might have acknowledged the startling rapidity of change which his sentiments had undergone during the past hour.

It had been something like this: "How very lovely she is!" (at her first appearance). "A pretty, extravagant, thoughtless creature! Much too fond of pleasure for the wife of a hard-worked young lawyer!" (while she was dancing the German with Grey). "She's refused him!" (with a great start of senseless joy, when he met her coming from the screen of palms). "A true-hearted, impulsive girl!" (as she began her innocent revelations). "Worth slaving for! Worth everything! The ideal woman!" (as she finally turned toward him and looked shyly up to meet his verdict of condemnation or acquittal).

But it was not until long after that he told her anything about it. He had much to accomplish first ; but it was at that very moment that he became perfectly sure of his own mind.

"Save up the little painted gown," said Julia, the next day, looking at it rather wistfully, "I'm quite silly about it myself. Perhaps you can wear it again. At all events, we'll get mamma to lay it away in lavender. It deserves keeping."

D. H. R. GOODALE.

Aids to Beauty.

VI.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

AMONG all the aids to beauty, there is none more thoroughly appreciated than a fine head of hair. In youth nearly all women have this ; but as "age comes creeping slowly on" these lovely hairs disappear, one by one, and partial or entire baldness is the result. What is the cause of this? Usually, want of care : washing and brushing are neglected, and the hair is braided or twisted for twenty-four hours at a time, with no chance for ventilation, consequently an undue amount of heat is generated, and heat with perspiration creates disease.

At present there is a reaction in favor of a fine head of hair, and every mother's daughter is asking what she shall do to save what hair she has, and what can she use to make more grow.

In the first place, it should be brushed and separated by a wide-toothed comb, morning and evening. It should frequently be ventilated by allowing it to hang down untrammeled by combs, pins, or strings, and above all should it be allowed its freedom at night. If inclined to knot and snarl when left unconfined, it may be plaited loosely in one large braid. Metal hair-pins should be used as little as possible : rubber or gutta-percha pins are far preferable. Some ladies object to these on account of their clumsiness ; but they had better bear this ill than fly to those that will follow the use of metal pins.

Opinions differ regarding the benefit of frequent washing of the hair : some say it should be washed three times a week, others that once in three weeks is quite sufficient. This depends altogether upon the quality of the hair to be washed : if very oily and given to secreting a bad odor, it should be washed often enough to prevent this ; if naturally dry, with a clean scalp, once a month will suffice.

For perfectly healthy hair, warm water and borax or pure soap will answer every purpose. If the hair be inclined to fall out, it should be washed with the yolk of an egg and warm water every day, taking pains to rinse thoroughly and dry carefully. After the washing, a teaspoonful of the following mixture may be applied : three drachms of pure glycerine and four ounces of lime-water ; rub into the roots of the hair with a tooth-brush.

There would be less trouble with the hair if every one understood that each hair grows from a bulb contained in a follicle, or sac, in the skin. If not injured, the limit of growth is reached at a certain time ; it then loses its vitality and drops out. This period of life in robust persons is estimated by some to be from two to four years. While the follicle remains healthy, it furnishes the hair-bulb with material necessary to its growth, and new hairs continue to replace the old. The hair is simply a plant with a bulbous root, placed in a soil favorable to its growth. At certain intervals the stalk ceases growing, withers, and is broken off. From the same follicle another shoot is sent forth to grow, mature, and, in turn, wither and disappear.

The fine comb is the greatest enemy the hair and scalp can have : it breaks the hair and irritates the scalp, often producing scabs and sores which are very harmful. A soft brush, used judiciously, gives vigor to the scalp and keeps it in a healthy condition. As a general rule, the scalp cannot be too much brushed : the more the hair is brushed, the more healthy will be the skin and its functions—that of production and maintenance of the hair. Avoid hard or metallic brushes : they tear the hair out and irritate the scalp.

First brush one-half the hair, then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. Begin with about fifty strokes on each side, and gradually increase the treatment until not less than two hundred strokes are given every night and morning. It will soon become a habit which will be very much missed if neglected; and if persevered in for a few months, the hair will cease falling out and will assume that peculiar gloss so much admired.

A hair-groomer is a person who fills a long-felt want for such ladies as are not able to keep a maid, and desire some one to look after their capillary adornments. One of these grooms explains her work as follows : "I go from house to house, rubbing the head and brushing the hair, and shampooing if a lady desires it ; but I prefer to brush the dandruff out instead of washing it out. I do not dress the hair, but rub it, first with a soft brush, then with a stiff one. Then the hair is trimmed carefully, each hair being cut separately to make it even with the others. When the hair is gathered up in the hand and cut square across, in a lump, as it were, with the scissors, the straggling hairs are not reached. The result is only to make the hair shorter and leave it as uneven as before. Gray hairs that have arrived prematurely, I pull out very carefully so as not to irritate the scalp. I take them one by one, and pull in the direction in which they lie on the scalp, just as you would draw a splinter of wood from your hand in the direction in which it entered. No one may do it for herself, as it is impossible for her to see that she is pulling the hairs out on the proper slant."

To trim the hair properly, it should be plaited rather tightly in one or more braids, then the hand should be closed around the braid and rubbed upward, and the ends of the hair which protrude can then be clipped off.

The hair may be kept from falling out by frequent applications of sage-tea or a quinine lotion, which any druggist will prepare. A few drops of olive-tar in a little water, rubbed into the scalp twice a week, is a good tonic ; in fact, anything that requires to be well rubbed in is more or less of a tonic, for the rubbing does more than half the good.

Before applying any lotion, the scalp should be cleaned and well rubbed with flannel till the skin is pink and stimulated to absorbent action. Then the hair should be separated and wet thoroughly in the various partings with the lotion. The application should be made nightly, about an hour before going to bed.

Ladies who do housework should always wear a muslin cap, or a towel folded to cover the hair to the roots : house dust is deadly poison to the hair.

Too much care can scarcely be given to the hair : it takes very kindly to continuous treatment, and repays that care most graciously. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good head of hair, as of every other attribute of beauty.

LAURA B. STARR.

Sanitarian.

Diseases Incident to the Season.

TYPHOID FEVER, ITS TREATMENT, ETC.

DECEMBER is the time of year when one enjoys a blazing fire, and windows and doors are shut. Everything is arranged with a view to keeping the warm air in and the cold air out. Even the little crevices, about the casements and elsewhere, are carefully looked after; and it has been hinted that elderly ladies sometimes stuff paper into the key-holes, lest a breath of cold air should come stealthily through them.

Well, the winter is an excellent time in which to lay the foundation for divers ailments, not to say fatal maladies. People house up, breathe the same air over and over again, night as well as day, until it is absolutely poisonous; for this confined air is not only deprived of most of its oxygen, and therefore unfit to support animal life, but every particle of it is permeated with human excretion,—dead matter that is thrown off from the skin at every pore, and gases that are exhaled from the lungs at every breath. Yes, this is the vile compound that we take into our lungs; and if there are also disease-germs thrown off from the skin, or *bacilli* from consumptive lungs (to say nothing of tobacco fumes, etc.), these, too, are added to the in-door atmosphere.

I sometimes think that if the impurities in the air around us could only be indicated by some color or hue, as red, blue, or green, we should often run for our lives, as from a deadly enemy (holding our breath as we went), and rush out into the pure, clear atmosphere. Shall we never learn that fresh, pure air—outside air—is not an enemy to be banished, but our best friend, absolutely indispensable to good health? Let us warm it, if need be; but let us have it pure and sweet at all seasons of the year. Nature supplies it in abundance; and it is our own fault, our bad management, if we do not get it.

How obtuse we are, not to understand that breathing foul air is, of all things, the most uncleanly! We would scorn to bathe in the same tub of water in which another had laved his person, or to drink from the same cup that had touched the lips of a score or more of dirty looking urchins; and yet these are "trifles light as air" compared with the act of taking into our lungs the filthy excretions that, say in a close room or street-car, are thrown off from a multitude of persons, some of them reeking with tobacco or whisky, others more or less diseased, and perhaps every one of them positively filthy. We instinctively avoid coming into very close contact with the great mass of the "unwashed," we prefer not even to touch them; but we do not hesitate to take into our lungs the putrescent exhalations which these people are constantly throwing off into the surrounding atmosphere. If we must take the one or the other, give us, in preference, the external contact.

Nor is it merely the common herd of mankind that impregnates the atmosphere with impurities. This is done by every individual, even the most healthy; the strong and vigorous, as well as the sickly or diseased. Neither must we judge wholly by external appearance: it is not always the most cleanly-looking person that does the least detriment. A delicate, feeble individual, say with weak lungs or broken-down kidneys, no matter how tidy he may appear, will often poison the air more effectually than the slovenliest workman in the street. The one gives off normal excretions from healthy organs, the other emits disease-germs from broken-down tissue.

We shall see, then, that it is in winter, in the close railway and street cars, in our churches and schoolrooms, and even at our own firesides, that the foundation is too often laid for sickness and death. Confined air (impure air) is the parent of many ills. Why is it that ninety-five per cent. of the nuns (more or less) die of consumption? Confined air does it. Why do the teachers in our public schools, and, I might say, the clerks in our stores, break down so early? It is owing to the bad air which they inhale. Our close schoolrooms—often with defective plumbing—and our unventilated churches have much to answer for. So have the crowded and badly ventilated street-cars; nor is the present plan of heating them (with stoves) an improvement. In this, the finest climate in the world, with its "oceans" of fresh air and sunshine, its clear waters and its mountain breezes, consumption ought to be practically unknown. It would be (corsets and all) were we half as careful to secure pure air as we are to have it heated. We forget that the heating (every degree above 70° Fahrenheit) only makes it the worse. Impure air is bad; but hot impure air is horrible! No wonder we have consumption and chronic throat troubles.

But the lungs and throat are not the only organs that suffer in this annual housing-up, this withdrawing from the outside world of fresh air and clear sunshine. The impurities so inhaled are received into the blood, and the entire system is poisoned. Should the lungs chance to be the weakest part, they will, in all probability, break down; but if they are not, the individual will suffer in another way. Where there is a fair amount of vitality, the system usually throws off its accumulated impurities in the form of a fever: it may be malarial, typhoid, or some other kind. The particular nature of the disease will vary, according to the kind of poison or impurity that is taken into the system; and the condition of the organs themselves, at the time the disease is contracted, will generally determine the severity of the remedial action. For example, two children are similarly exposed to either small-pox or scarlet-fever, and take it. One of them will be very sick, and perhaps die. The other will scarcely be ill at all, not sick enough to go to bed. I have known such cases in the same household. Why is this? Because the one was in a gross, foul state of body at the time he received this contagious poison, while the system of the other was in a relatively good condition.

In winter, when people shut themselves up closely, keeping the fresh air out and the bad air in,—to say nothing of the gross foods that are eaten,—contagious diseases or putrid fevers will prevail. We look for them every year, regularly, particularly in our large cities. We have measles, scarlet-fever, small-pox—some form of eruptive disease; or there is diphtheria, putrid sore-throat, or typhoid fever. These are all filth diseases, every one of them, arising from some poison that has been taken into the system, either directly or from another person. I am very sure that if we were as particular about the quality of the air that we breathe (both during our waking and sleeping hours) as we are about our linen, the doctors would have less to do. As matters now stand, however, we pay more attention to what we put on the body, than to what we take into it. We seem not to appreciate the importance of the latter, hence the prevalence of the diseases just named, particularly in winter.

Taking it for granted, then, that the typhoid cases are in our midst, how shall we treat them? That will depend. One thing we shall not do: we shall not give any drug poisons. The first thing in order will be to diagnose the case correctly, and to watch it closely as the leading characteristics are developed; for not all cases of typhoid fever are the same: there are different degrees of severity in different cases, and there is also a multiplicity of complications that may or may not be present. In a light form of the fever,

the symptoms are mostly of a mild character, and the treatment must be regulated accordingly. The tongue is coated a light brown, the pulse is less rapid, and the temperature not very high; the patient is not severely prostrated, and there is but little mental disturbance; the bowels are not very tender on pressure, and there is no diarrhœa: it is a mild case, and, with good nursing and judicious treatment, the crisis will be reached in a few days, and the patient will begin to convalesce.

But suppose we have the fever in its worst form: all the symptoms will be more marked in character, some of them from the very first; and it may require the best skill of the physician, and also the most careful nursing, to bring the patient through. There is a quick pulse, a high temperature, and the cheeks are flushed with crimson; the tongue, at first a light brown, is now nearly black, and sometimes it is cracked and bleeding in the middle; the teeth are covered with *sordes;* the breath, and the excretions generally, are fetid; the countenance is troubled, or anxious and haggard; the mind is greatly disturbed, and the patient extremely restless; sometimes he is picking at the bed-clothes, at other times he is wildly delirious, or he may lie, for days, in a half stupor; the bowels are sore to the touch, tympanitic, and there may be diarrhœa, or even hemorrhage; often the hearing is imperfect, and the base of the brain is more or less congested, often so much so that in case of recovery the patient will not be able to remember all that has transpired.

The above is a good description of a case which the writer saw, and had principal charge of, many years ago. The patient had been with friends at a distance who were sick and dying with typhoid fever, and on her way home she, too, was prostrated. Not believing in the efficacy of drugs, she sent for the writer (not then a graduated physician), and was put under hydropathic treatment. At the present time (that was thirty years ago) it would be termed "hygienic" treatment, or the "Natural Cure" process, as it is now called in Germany. The wet-sheet pack was given every other day,—every day would have been better,—to reduce the fever; and after removing the sheets the body was sponged off and very thorough hand-rubbing was applied, the hand following the course of the nerves, from the head to the feet. We noticed, each day, that the patient invariably came out of her comatose state during the hand-rubbing process. Local compresses (generally tepid) were applied over the bowels, which were more or less painful; and tepid enemas were administered from time to time. The patient passed the crisis about the end of the second week, and made a slow but complete recovery. No medicine was given. A sicker typhoid patient I have never seen get well. The coma was so intense—and so complete—during the height of the fever, that those two weeks were a total blank in the mind of the patient, ever afterward.

I will state in general terms, that the treatment in this fever, as in all others, consists in balancing, as far as possible, the various remedial actions. We must aid each of the depurating organs in their work of elimination. No single organ must be overworked: to permit this is to invite local complications which may prove fatal. In the management of fevers, some one has said, "Put out the fire." If the temperature of the body can be kept within bounds, your patient is safe; and of all the means that have been resorted to for this purpose, there is none that equals the judicious application of water. In most cases, the wet-sheet pack, administered when the fever is at its height, is best; though there may be conditions in which other and less heroic treatment should be employed. Where the vifality is naturally feeble, or where (owing to some severe local complication) there is an excessive unbalance of vital action, the treatment must be mild in character. With these conditions, the tepid sponge-bath, local compresses, etc., will generally be better than the wet-sheet pack.

From the very first, we must try to guard against any severe local complications, prevent them if we can, and reduce them if they arise. Usually there is a great deal of heat in and around the liver and spleen, owing to the intense congestion in these organs, and cool compresses will be required, not merely to mitigate the local discomfort, but as a means of reducing the fever. There is always great heat within, and bits of ice may be given whenever the patient inclines to take them. By the use of the fever-thermometer, the physician will see how the temperature ranges; and the strength and frequency of the pulse will also indicate the condition of things. When the bowels are inflamed or ulcerated, and therefore painful, you will have to foment them now and then; and if there be diarrhœa or hemorrhage, cool enemas must also be administered. When there is much congestion at the base of the brain, hot fomentations, of short duration, will generally give relief. If there be continued restlessness or nervousness, gentle rubbings over the limbs and down the spine will tend to soothe and quiet the patient.

In this, as in all fevers, the greatest attention must be paid to ventilating the sick-room. The linen on the bed should be frequently changed, and all the blankets, etc., thoroughly well aired, every morning. Still another matter must be carefully looked after. All evacuations from the bowels, especially where the latter are ulcerated, must either be destroyed by chemicals or carried away by a perfect system of sewerage. The latter is not practicable in country-houses where there is little or no sewerage, or where the water-supply in the closets is limited. In these cases, thorough disinfectants must be used. Often the air is contaminated with fever-germs derived from the stools that have been carried out of the sick-chamber and carelessly thrown out upon the premises. It has frequently happened, also, that these matters have percolated through the soil and found their way into shallow wells, and the water from these wells has communicated the fever-germs to others, and thus been the means of spreading the disease.

During the height of the fever,—that is, before and during the crisis,—not much food of any kind must be given, often none, or next to none, for days together. Something bland and cooling is generally best; and drinks are needed more than food. Lemon-ice (not very sweet) or other fruit-ices will often be relished, or the simple juice of sub-acid fruits. If food can be taken, any of the grains (including rice) steamed or cooked in a good deal of water till quite soft, are good, provided the patient relishes them. Where the bowels are ulcerated, milk is often given, but some patients cannot tolerate it; and if very much be taken, it will generally increase the fever. A little toast-water or barley-water is sometimes acceptable, so is the water off oatmeal.

By all means, keep away every form of stimulant, even to beef-tea, or meat extracts. Many a patient (as physicians now admit) has been literally starved to death on beef-tea, and thousands have been killed by stimulants, such as wine, brandy, etc., given with the view of "strengthening" the patient. There is no time during the sickness that stimulants will be of service: in fact, they are always highly dangerous. Before or during the crisis, the administration of stimulants will invariably increase the fever; and after this period is reached, Nature must have a rest,—not the whip. If after the crisis there are slight flashes of fever occasionally, do not return to heavy treatment: let the patient be sponged off a little, or have a cool compress applied; and be sure the diet is neither too strong nor too abundant.

After the patient is fairly convalescent, particularly if he is quite weak, feed him very much as you would a baby at weaning-time: the food at first should be mostly of a fluid or semi-fluid character and not too much of it. Give it rather frequently,—the patient will call for it,—and a small quantity at a time: say a little plain mutton-broth, or chicken-broth; or some kind of mush, with perhaps half a cupful of milk; a few spoonfuls of soft-boiled rice, with (or without) a bit of dry toast; a thin slice of good bread with some fruit juice, or the juice alone. These are the kinds of food that are best at this time; not jellies, wines, or meat juices. As the strength improves, more solid food will be called for and relished. A soft-boiled egg with dry toast may then be allowed, provided the patient cares for it: the appetite will be rather ravenous, and friends are apt to feed too liberally. Nature rallies very quickly where drug poisons have not been given, and where the system has not been "lashed" with alcoholic stimulants. Nature is, indeed, powerful, if we only give her a chance, and it is high time that we had learned to trust her more,—to aid her efforts, instead of suppressing them. The real healing power, if we could but understand it, resides in the living organism; and all that we have to do is wisely to direct Nature's remedial efforts in the throwing out of impurities. When the work of "house-cleaning" is over, "things will be put to rights" in due time.

Often I hear people say, "I have never been well since I had an attack of typhoid fever, some years ago," imagining, of course, that it was the "fever" which had done all the mischief. How singular that patients who are cured in the natural way never have any such after-experiences! No drug poisons having been taken, there is not any organ or part that has been permanently injured. Under the ordinary treatment, the patient not unfrequently comes out of a typhoid fever partially paralyzed. A little girl that I once knew had all of her teeth drop out; another individual had a mercurial abscess that troubled him for years. Nature never fails to resent it when her laws are infringed; she visits her penalties upon us whenever her benign purposes are thwarted or set at defiance. Her language is everywhere forcible; and a pity it is that we do not give better and more intelligent heed to it.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M. D.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

A Christmas Pie.

THERE are many ways of making Christmas merry, and sometimes there is need for some other means of distributing the gifts than the tree. Perhaps there is to be a Christmas tree at grandmamma's, and it is almost too much like rivalry to have another at home. In such a case, or indeed in any case, a Christmas pie, more full of plums than Jack Horner's, is sure to delight the young folks.

To concoct this dainty, which no multitude of cooks can spoil, take the largest tub available, have it clean and dry, and on the bottom of it lay a thick paper. It is well to begin the manufacture of this pie about a week before Christmas. Keep the tub in some convenient place where little mischievous fingers cannot find their way, and let all the Christmas gifts, carefully wrapped and plainly marked, be deposited in the tub by the various givers. Of course it will be a point of honor with each one who goes to deposit his or her treasures not to look curiously at the shape or labels of other packages. Parcels coming by mail should be put in unopened.

Plums for every member of the family—even the tiny baby—may go in this wonderful pie; and on Christmas eve, mamma, or whoever is chief cook, fills up the pie with clean dry sawdust so that every package will be covered, and puts on an artistic crust of brown paper, notched and cut as all properly made pie-crusts are.

On Christmas morning the pie may be served, either before or after breakfast; and "When the pie is opened"—it requires very little imagination to understand how much it will be enjoyed.

Holiday Notes,

FROM PREVIOUS NUMBERS OF DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

ONE of the questions most frequently asked, at this time of the year is "What shall I give So-and-so?" and the Christmas maker varies it by asking herself "What shall I make?" But the fortunate possessor of the numbers of Demorest's Magazine for 1889 will not need to look far for a satisfactory answer. The department of "Home Art and Home Comfort" in each month's Magazine has some articles or styles of fancy-work, and similar decorative devices, illustrated and described, and it will well repay the searcher for novelty to look over her numbers of Demorest's.

It is not always the gift upon which the most money has been spent that is the most acceptable: the patient hands and loving eyes spending more or less hours of labor upon a dainty trifle of home or personal adornment give it a value not to be expressed in numerals of legal tender.

The handsome party-bag, illustrated and described in the January magazine, is a charming gift for the bride or débutante, and the veriest amateur in fancy-work can make one; while the deft embroideress will like to try her skill on the embroidered sofa-back (illustrated in the same number), covering a pretty piece of plush or velvet with gay-winged butterflies,—brilliant witnesses to her talent. The same designs will serve for penwiper cases, or stamping patterns for d'oylies.

Another delightful fancy-work by which many articles may be decorated will be found in the February number; and the lace sachet, chair-back, and other articles which may be ornamented with the pretty and effective Sorrento embroidery or Paris tinting, are not too difficult for any one to attempt who can use a needle at all.

A pretty set, or even one embroidered serving-cloth for the table, is an acceptable gift to any lady who keeps house; and if other embroidery is too difficult, or the worker is not sufficiently skilled to produce good effects, the designs for tapestry embroidery, in the March Magazine, will supply her with a variety of beautiful patterns to decorate any material for any purpose.

Sachets, for perfuming the dainty garments and ornaments of refined persons, are always liked for Christmas gifts, and the pretty sachet made of crocheted rings, illustrated and described in the May number, is quite a novelty.

For skaters and 'cyclers, the gift of a pretty crocheted

cap, like the tennis cap, for which directions were given in the June magazine, is sure to be useful.

Pretty household ornaments are the Japanese screen, illustrated in the July number, and the matting screen, in the August magazine, both of which can be made by clever home-decorators; and the flower-holders and draped vase in the latter number suggest a way to make so simple an offering as that of a bouquet of cut-flowers, or a potted plant, possess a lasting element of decoration.

Any one puzzled about what to give a new baby, or its proud young mother, will find their perplexity relieved by a glance at the article "For the Babies" in the September magazine, which suggests many articles to purchase or make for the—usually—most interesting members of the family.

Gifts selected with reference to the personal comfort of the recipient speak yet more eloquently of the affection of the giver than those simply for ornament or display; and from this point of view the young lady who wishes to make her betrothed an appropriate gift will fill a pretty silken pillow with some fragrant herb or perfumed down, and decorate it, as suggested in the article on "Cushions and Pillows" in the October magazine.

For grandma or grandpa, the crocheted rug or the foot-muff in Smyrna embroidery, illustrated in the November number, will be just the thing to keep draughts and chills from annoying them; and any invalid or delicate person is sure to appreciate the comfort to be found in a warm woolen rug.

Christmas Novelties.

No. 1.—Pompadour bag made of a red and orange-colored striped Persian fez. The inside of the cap is pulled down and finished with a cluster of parti-colored silk tassels, and the edge, which comes then about the middle of the bag, is trimmed with fringe. The center of the upper part of the cap is to be cut out, and the edge gathered over a ribbon band to draw up the bag. To keep it in the shape shown in the illustration, a hoop of wire or reed should be inserted at the edge of the cap.

No. 2.—Pansy scent-sachet. A charming little gift, which can be made of a bit of gold-colored or pale rose-colored silk three inches square. Cut out the leaves separately, a little larger than the outlines of those in the illustration, and line each one with pink satin, lightly wadding the space between the lining and outside with perfumed cotton. The lines on the petals may be made with a pen and violet ink. Arrange the petals so that they fall easily over each other as in the illustration, and sew a scrap of yellow silk bunched-up in the center, and next to this some irregular clippings of brown or purple velvet.

No. 3.—Marquise sachet of white silk. This is simply a square of white silk embroidered in the corners with a tiny spray of white-and-gold daisies, and folded diagonally in half over a tuft of scented cotton. An edging of white Marquise lace is then sewed on the double edges of the silk half-square, and the three corners are tacked together with a bow of gold-colored ribbon, as shown in the illustration.

No. 4.—Napkin-basket. This convenient little receptacle for clean, folded napkins is a low pasteboard box about twelve inches square, covered neatly with blue cambric or silesia, and then with an embroidered linen cover edged with Smyrna lace. This cover can be made separate so that it may be taken off and washed. Designs for the cross-stitch embroidery in red and blue flax thread, will be found in the Magazine for March.

No. 5.—A convenient and pretty case in which to carry fancy-work or a small piece of sewing. It is simply made of a square of black, dark blue, or dark brown silk or velvet, lined with pale green or rose-colored satin painted in a delicate floral design with embroidered leaves and stems. The edge of the case is finished with a heavy silk cord, and the case is fastened with double-faced satin ribbons, dark on one side and light on the other, and attached to one corner.

No. 6.—Plush footstool with fancy nail ornaments. This pretty footstool may be made of a strong wooden box. Pad the top with hair or cotton wadding, and tack over it a cover of coarse cotton-cloth. Cover the top smoothly with a piece of dark red furniture-plush, tacking it down at the sides; then cover the sides with a strip of plush, making the joining under one of the side-ornaments. Fancy brass-headed nails of different sizes may then be tacked on in the designs shown, and the upper and lower edges of the foot-stool finished with a strip of light-colored plush, astrakhan or any fur. The little standards at each corner are small squares of stained wood, nailed to the box.

No. 7.—Catch-all of plush and satin. The original shape of this pretty trifle is obtained by cutting narrow triangular pieces off the upper edges of the sides of a deep square paste-board box. The box is then covered with light blue satin embroidered with forget-me-nots, as illustrated. The lower part of the catch-all is faced up with an irregular side-plaiting of dark blue plush, and finished with a heavy blue silk cord. The feet are four glass beads, and bows of blue faille ribbon trim the four corners.

No. 8.—Coffee-pot cosy of golden brown plush embroidered with brown silk. The dimensions of the cosy will depend upon the size of the coffee-pot to be kept warm in its soft folds. Four pieces of plush, about fifteen inches long and eight wide at the lower straight edge, are to be cut to the shape shown in the illustration, rounding abruptly to a point at the top. Any pretty design may be worked on these plush pieces, which are then to be wadded and lined with brown satin or farmers' satin, and joined together to make the bell-like cosy illustrated. A cluster of loops of brown braid or ribbon is sewed on at the top.

No. 9.—Scissor-case of fancy leather. This useful trifle may be made of leather or cloth-covered pasteboard. Dark green or red morocco can be used, cut in the shape shown in the illustration, the size being dependent upon the length of the scissors, and the outer piece should be a trifle wider than the under. Bind the two together neatly with a strong fancy ribbon, and stitch with machine. The monogram is an appliqué of silk gummed on and chain-stitched on the edges: any other ornament may be substituted, or the leather left plain. If the case be made of cloth, any style of embroidery can be used.

No. 10.—Party-bag or work-bag of striped Bengaline or silk. The ends are richly embroidered in chain-stitching, which can be done on the sewing-machine, and then turned up to form the square pockets; and the silk is edged all around with a heavy silk cord. A silk cord fastens the pockets by drawing it in chain-loops through eyelet-holes worked through the pocket and under side. The cord is secured at each end, and the last loop is held by being slipped over a button at one side. A large wooden or metal ring serves as handle for the bag.

Nos. 11, 12, and 13.—This attractive set of doll's furniture can be made by a clever boy or girl as a gift for one of the little ones. The material is only the slender twigs of any smooth-barked tree,—willow, beech, or oak,—and the ornamentation is acorn-cups, which Master Chipmunk has generously scattered on the ground after making his meal of the sweet nuts contained in them. The amateur cabinet-

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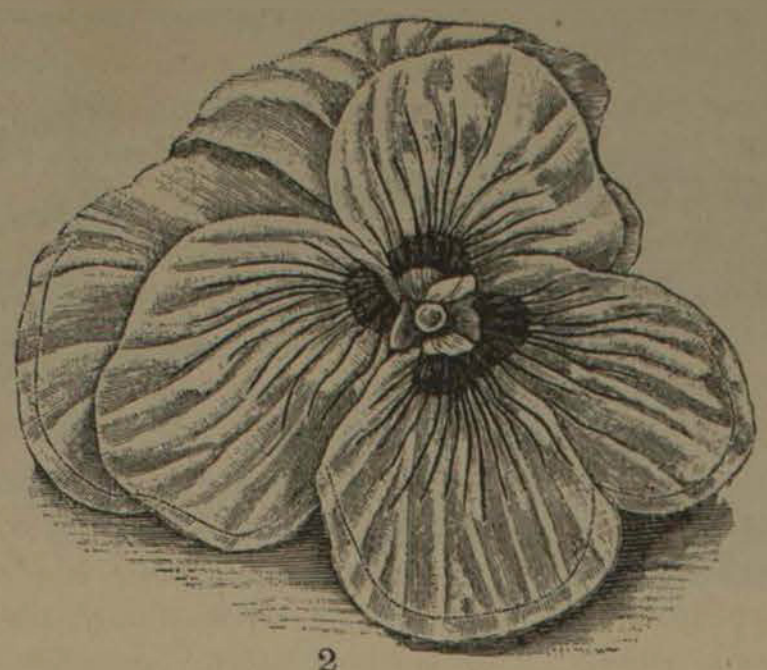

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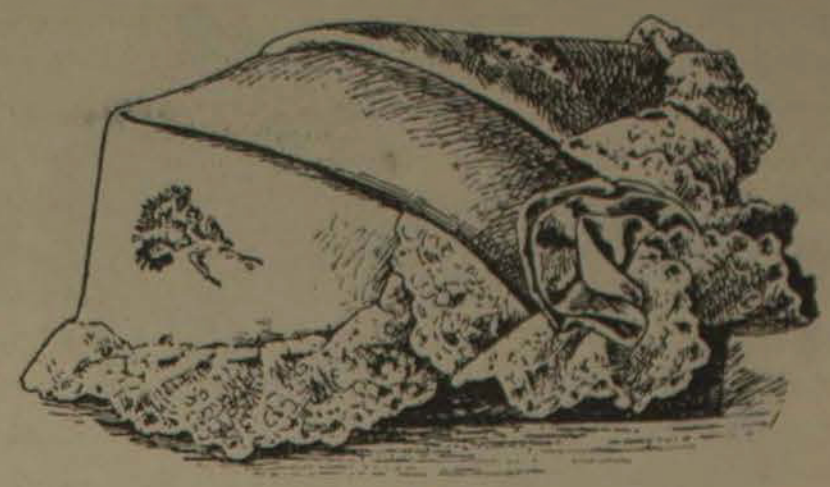

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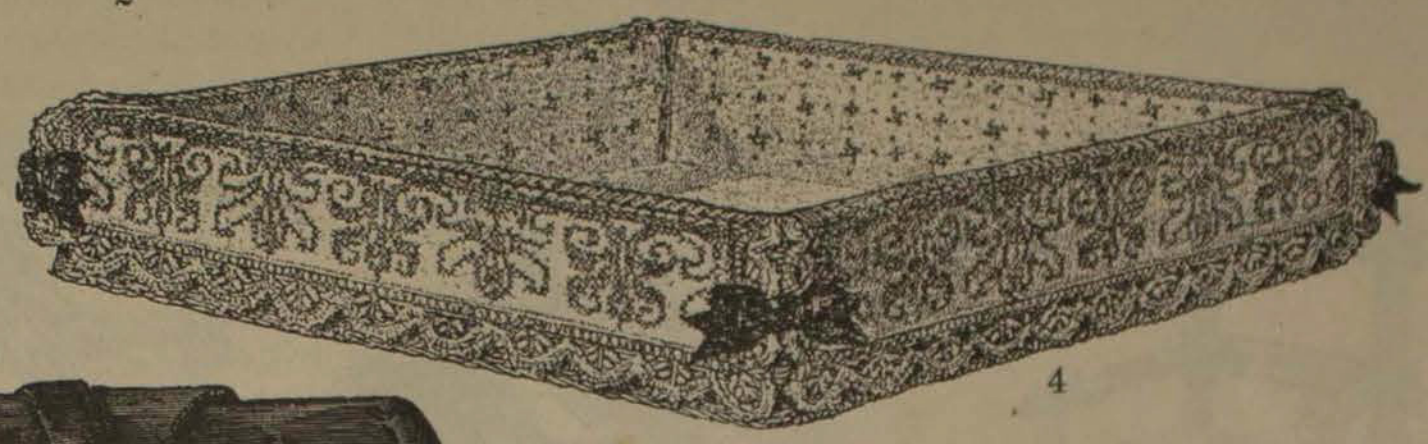

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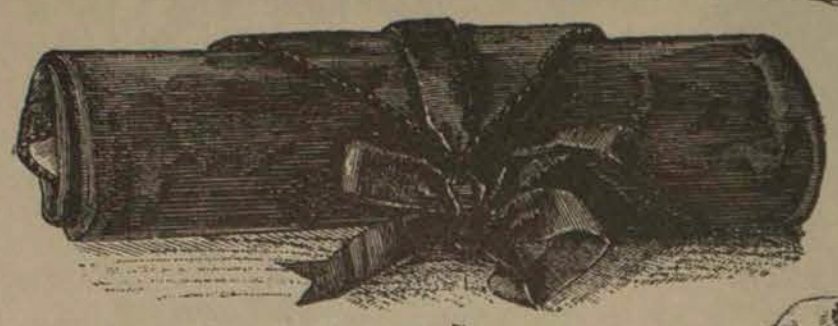

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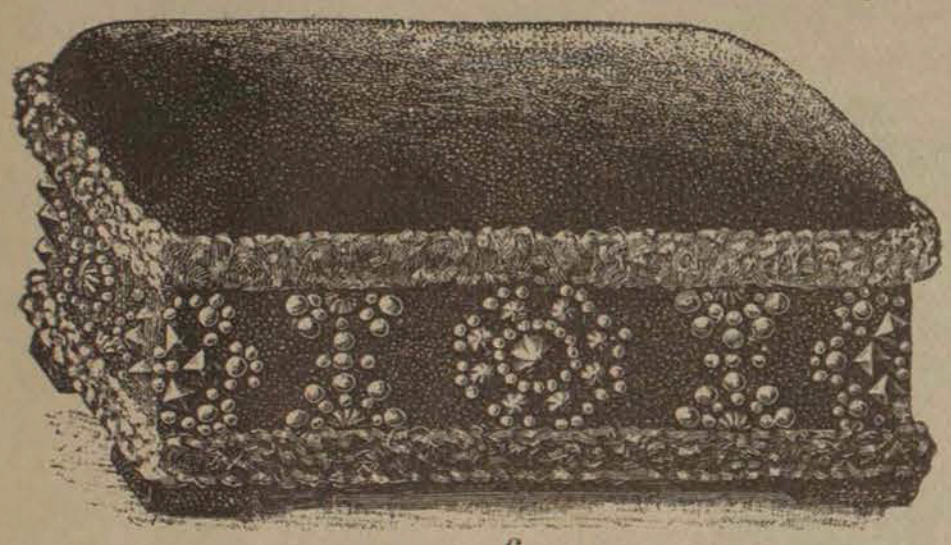

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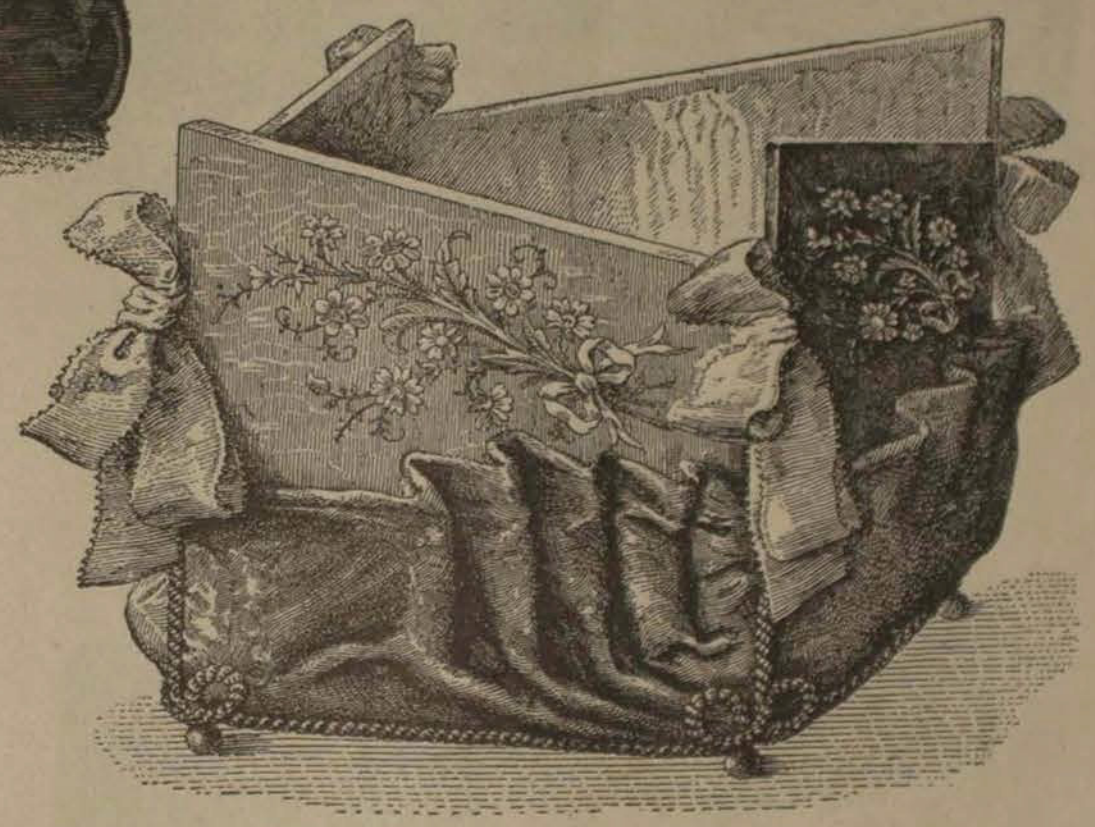

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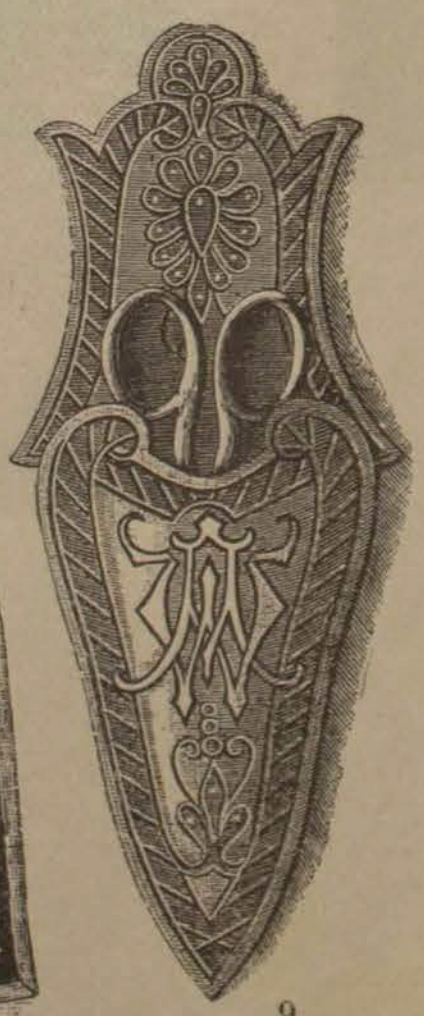

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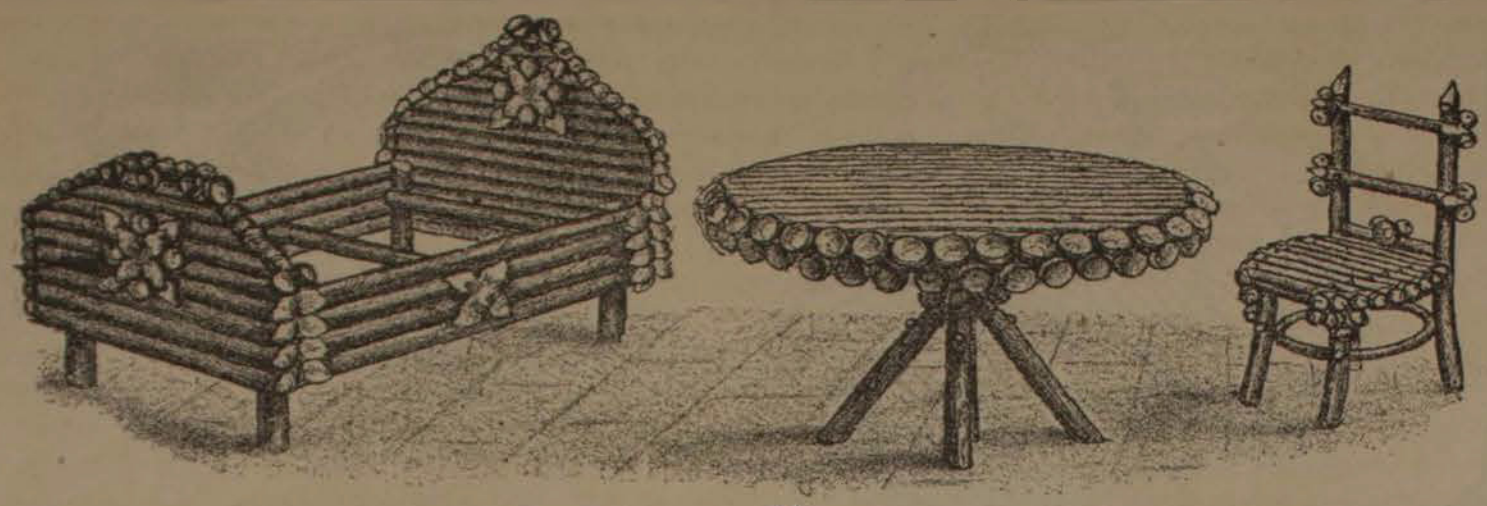
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.



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CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

maker will need a sharp knife, hammer, and some small brass or gilt furniture-nails,—not tacks.

The twigs for the back of the doll's arm-chair measure five inches in length, and are joined together with four cross-pieces measuring two and a half inches. The seat is made of eight small twigs nailed to a cross-piece two and a half inches long; the twigs are cut in graded lengths to give the chair its shape, so that the front is slightly wider than the back. The arms and front posts of the chair measure two and a half inches each. The dimensions of the sofa or garden-seat are six inches in length for the seat and back, and four and a half inches for the back supports, which slant slightly. The four feet are two and a half inches high.

The sides of the doll's bed are made of four sticks, six inches long, joined together with four-inch-long cross-pieces; the corner-posts are two inches high, and the foot and head boards are made of sticks graduated in length so that the upper ones are only half an inch long. The doll's table is really elegant, and is six inches in diameter with four "lists," or supports, underneath, to nail the twigs on. The chair is made like the first, only a little smaller, with a round seat, and without arms. The circle on the lower part is made with a supple end of a twig bent around and nailed fast to the chair legs. No. 13 shows a back view of the same chair, with Miss Lily, a doll belonging to a certain young friend who kindly allowed her photograph to be taken to show the full effect of the pretty furniture. Another picture of the same amiable doll is shown in No. 12. The three pieces of furniture last described are ornamented with acorn-cups gummed on, and varnished or gilded, as preferred. In making this furniture it is not necessary to follow the exact dimensions given, provided the same proportions be observed.

No. 14.—Embroidered umbrella-cover. This is made of black or dark brown silk embroidered in a fancy pattern. The two sides of the case are left open about three inches from the ends, and only the ornamented side gathered at the lower end with a little silk cord and tassels, and a small chain and steel ring at the top. When the umbrella is in the case it may then be hung on the châtelaine.

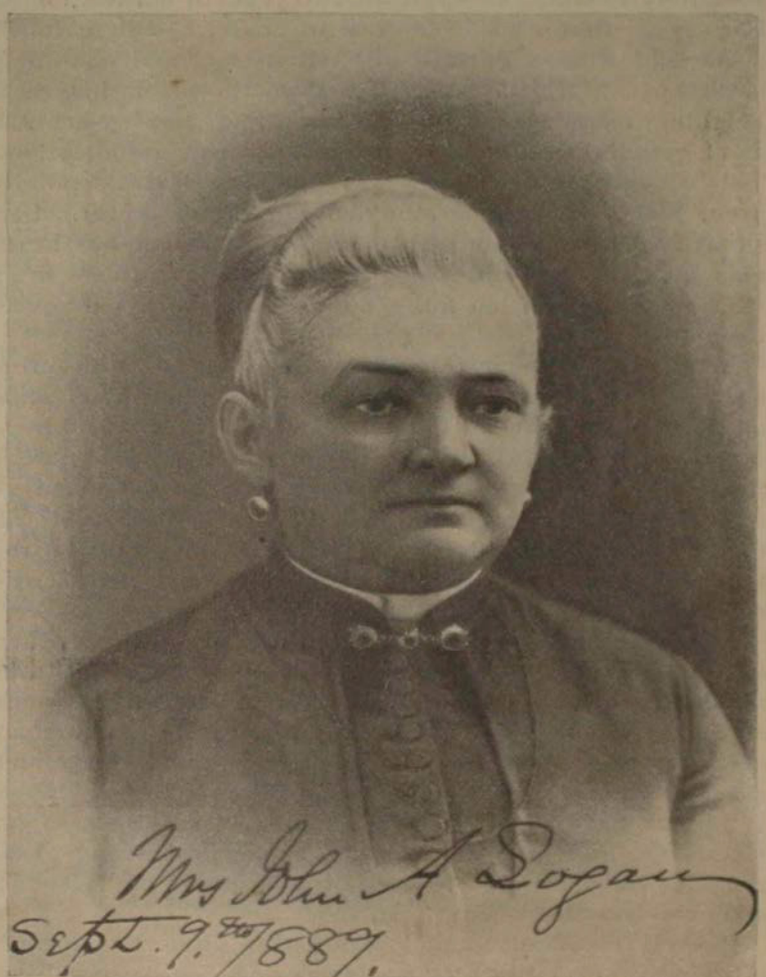
No. 15.—Music-carrier of dark green silk embroidered with gold. This case, which is a great improvement on the music-roll, as it does not hold the sheets so closely rolled, is made of silk-covered pasteboard cut an inch larger each way than an ordinary music-sheet, and covered with silk. Extra pieces of silk, half the size of the case, are to be joined to each side-edge of the case and folded over the music-sheets when they are laid in. Handles, and a strap buttoning over on the outside, finish this convenient and pretty article. A monogram may be embroidered on one side.

Nos. 16 and 18.—To make this dainty opera-glass bag, first cut out a piece of cardboard of the exact size and shape of the largest end of the opera-glasses, and cover it with pale rose-colored silk; then sew it securely to the center of a slightly elongated circle of rose-colored silk, which should measure sixteen inches on its longest diameter and fourteen on the shorter. This is for the lining (see No. 18, which shows the inside of the bag laid flat, and the little loops of silk cord around the edge for the ribbon to run through); the outside is of dark green silk embroidered with a vine in gold thread. The edge of the bag is trimmed with a narrow gold lace, and dark green picot-edge ribbon is used for the strings, which are to be run double through the loops on the inside and fastened with a bow, forming two straps to hang over the wrist or châtelaine.

No. 17.—This handsome slumber-ball is made of embroidered silk and plush. To make it, six squares of embroidered silk will be required, and eight equilateral triangles with the base formed upon the side of the square (which may be any convenient size: six inches would be a good size). Fill the ball with perfumed cotton, dried rose-leaves, hops, or any preferred filling, and sew a loop at one of the seam-corners, to lift it by or to hang it up by when not in use.

No. 19.—Bonbon-man for the Christmas-tree or for a surprise gift. For this interesting personage will be required a doll about twelve inches long, with china or bisque head and white kid body. First cover the legs and arms by twisting strips of gilt paper around them, and tie three cracker bonbons around each limb. The body is to be covered with alternate rows of gilt paper cut in pointed tabs, and notched ruffles of red and blue silk or cambric. A conical cap of gilt paper is secured on the doll's head, and from a strap of blue ribbon a leaden trumpet and a box like a drum are suspended.

Our Portrait Gallery.



"CALUMET PLACE," in Washington, the home of Mrs. Logan, stands on a beautiful knoll shaded by stately trees, with handsome grounds sloping to the east, west, and south. The old mansion with its red brick walls, the manor-house of an old estate, was built in 1840. From the generous, wide veranda, under the shadow of big pines and hemlocks, one may look over the wonderful landscape of hill and valley under the dome of our Capitol and the spires of a busy city, toward the silver thread of river on its way to the sea.

I hesitate as though it were sacrilege to write of my good friend in her home-life,—the sad-faced woman crowned with snowy hair, whose beautiful life found under this roof its ideal joy, and to whom the Angel of Death came in its

fulfillment and completion to say, "Give me its strength and glory." The sunshine, summer and winter, falls tenderly over the sacred home: through the wide-open, hospitable doors, and across its threshold, strangers and friends alike walk tearfully, with loving reverence, as pilgrims to a shrine. The many tangled threads of her husband's life as a soldier-leader and victorious General are woven into memories on the walls of his beloved home,—where he yet lives, after all the years of toil and care.

I venture no criticism of Mrs. Logan's popularity as a social leader in our fashionable world, nor attempt to speak of her many gifts; but shall simply try to paint a little picture of the woman whose consistent work for "the people" has been so marked. They have loved her well, and they love her yet: the sacredness of her great loss, the bitterness of her great sorrow, they have made their own.

Out of the comradeship of her soldier-husband has grown courage to dig from dreariness and desolation this impulse to do good work for the people who so honored and loved him in life, and so tenderly and reverently laid him to rest. Friends rejoice to see gleams of the old sunshine resolutely breaking through the two years of darkest night. She says, "God is good: the rest we shall know hereafter."

Our old Illinois friends still tell us odd and charming stories of a little brown-eyed maid with black hair and laughing, merry face, a peculiar mixture of her big-hearted Irish grandfather and her vivacious French grandmother. This wide-awake little Mary was the eldest of thirteen children, and early became the willing burden-bearer. Her sunny social disposition, sweet temper, and generous heart made her the light and strength of her tired mother's life; while to the day of her father's death she was his companion and help.

After a careful education at a convent, she took the entire charge of her father's books and correspondence in his land-office, until she married Lieutenant Logan. An ideal happiness marked their lives. His plans and purposes were hers: his rugged love full of extreme gentleness and reverence. Mary Clemmer once said, "The companionship of General Logan and his devoted wife has for me the romance of poetry, the strength of chivalry, and the sacredness of religion."

A few years after their marriage, the death of her mother left to their care five young brothers and sisters. With the public life of her husband to sustain, and her own little ones in the new home-nest, she was mother to all; and no man ever gave of his love, his time, his money, more freely and cheerfully to his own, than did John Logan to these helpless children. Says an old lady in Illinois, "Many's the night when John and Mary sat up in to the gray morning planning for the education of the little brothers and sisters; and everybody loved 'em for it, too!"

General Grant once said, "Mrs. Logan's inheritance must have been the qualities for a soldier's wife." She was born with heroism, courage, and a moral enthusiasm coloring all her energetic work in the support of her husband when their position was one of extreme peril and difficulty. Their neighbors and constituents were largely secessionists. Mr. Logan declared his determination to fight for the Union and was in the heat of battle at Bull Run, which so enraged his district that they left their farm-work, closed places of business, and, crowding into Marion, awaited his return. They threatened mob violence at Mrs. Logan's very door. The day he was expected, she drove twenty miles to the railway station, only to find he had missed connections. She turned homeward, reaching there after dark. Neither the clerk of the court nor her father could pacify the people. The sheriff climbed to the seat beside her, begging the rabble to be patient,—Logan would be there by another day. Mrs. Logan whispered to her father, "Take care of the children," then was off in the darkness alone, and met the midnight train from Washington. Without waiting for food or rest, they hired a fresh horse and by daylight drove into the crowded streets of their town.

Every newspaper told the story of that magnetic speech on that memorable day. When, from a wagon in the public square, John A. Logan painted a picture of dishonor and treason, closing with a sacred vow "to enlist and fight under the old flag as a private," men shouted wildly, "Let's go with Logan!" From that hour began Illinois' victory, and the young wife's sacrifices. In ten days, through difficulties and heart-breaks, midnight journeyings and self-denials, the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers were *en route* for Cairo. Mrs. Logan carried messages day and night: gave, ungrudgingly, her husband and herself. She begged bedding, food, from the country people, and drove in a farm-wagon alone, many miles, gathering them together for the comfortless sick boys who were lying on bare floors with only knapsacks for pillows.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, where General Logan received a severe wound, Mrs. Logan left home to nurse him and the dying men in his command. Hurrying to the boat, she saw it just leaving the shore. The rebel captain gave orders to "push out." Mrs. Logan gathered her skirts in her hand, ran, and jumped across the space, while the soldiers cheered and caught her safely. An old man says, "I tell ye that young woman warn't afeard of nuthin',—rebels nur the Mississippi River!"

The bitterness of her Southern neighbors was extreme. After months of out-door work and in-door care, without servants or friends, she picked up an old refugee, who proved to be some help, but his life was threatened daily. One dreary night word was brought her that a mob was "about to take Peter." She loaded her pistol, took a lantern and walked a mile to the leader's house, quite surprising him by saying: "If you dare to touch one hair of old Peter's head, I will have you arrested to-night! I am not afraid for John Logan's wife nor John Logan's children; but a poor old negro I will defend and see you brought to justice." She was never disturbed again.

Chicago friends urged her to leave Carbondale; but she only said, "No: we are weak, but God is on our side. We will wait until my husband comes home." And she did. Through defeats and discouragements, she tenderly watched and strengthened him to the end.

One day a raging rebel said to Mrs. Logan, as he sat in his wagon behind a handsome pair of mules of which he was very fond, "I'll bet you that John won't vote for Lincoln."

"But I know he will!" answered Mrs. Logan. "I haven't seen him,—but he will!"

"Little you women know! I'll bet these mules he don't," persisted the man.

"Very well, I'll take the bet," replied Mrs. Logan.

In a week the news came that John Logan had voted for Abraham Lincoln, and, to the discomfiture of Mr. B., the mules were driven through the public streets by John Logan's handsome wife, and proudly used as the family team.

While nursing the General at Antietam, after a severe illness, Mrs. Logan saw a young boy tied up by the thumbs for a trifling offense. She took out her pocket-knife and cut him down. When the gruff old Dutchman came to see his disciplined boy and found him gone, he shook his fists, swore, and raged: "There is no discipline here! Let me catch the rascal who cut him down, and he will be shot!"

Mrs. Logan quietly said, "And what will you do, sir, when I tell you that I did it?"

The Dutchman remarked that night, "The devil!—he is better to meet than a woman."

Long after the close of the war, a young man stepped to her carriage in Chicago and said : "Mrs. Logan, you don't know me, but I want to shake your hand for a loving deed you once did. You have forgotten me?"

She looked into his blue eyes a moment, and with a hearty shake of his hands replied, "Yes—I cut you down at Antietam!"

There are those who have criticised what they term Mrs. Logan's "love of popularity" and "political enthusiasms." She found her happiness in her husband's life-work. His aims and successes were intensely her own. All the resources of her executive ability were held in quick readiness to serve his work. Strongly practical, fearless, and industrious, she was a wonderful comrade, confidante, and companion to the hard-working soldier and public man. The fascination of her kindly manner, the honest ring of her true, sympathetic voice, the earnest hand-clasp, made her life successful. She won praise from diplomats and statesmen, and unbounded love from the people—her husband's people, "whom he delighted to honor."

The briefest mention of a name, the look of a face, fixed itself upon her memory forever. Just at the height of her popularity, when the G. A. R. met in California, and she was "receiving" for the soldiers in their crowded hall, a little lady in deep mourning, with homesick eyes, looked longingly toward her, not venturing to speak. Standing in the parted lines of glittering uniforms, guests dazzling in color, lights, jewels, and beauty, herself queenly and magnetic, sweet and gracious, Mrs. Logan said, in a quick, bright way, "Why, Mrs. S——! I am glad to see you. I met your sister the day I left Washington; now I can tell her about you!" A very little thing; but, to the far-away, lonely heart among strangers, beyond price.

As the hundreds of carriages rolled through the streets of San Francisco, bands playing, banners waving, and triumph sweeping over the multitudes, Mrs. Logan sat with friends in her carriage, bowing to the right and left, when an old man on crutches hobbled to the road-side and called out :

"I want to speak to my General's wife. I've never seen her before."

The driver halted. Mrs. Logan leaned over the wheel, took his old hand in both her own, and said heartily, "Thank you, sir! You could never do me greater honor than to call *my* General *yours*."

"God bless the woman General Logan loves best!" he exclaimed; and the old man carried away with him the memory of a smile and a true "God bless you!" and "Good-bye."

For years the Logans' home was a boarding-house on Thirteenth Street, Washington. Parlor, reception-room, office, and waiting-room were all in one, the sunny windows filled with blooming plants and singing birds. A large desk piled high with business papers and letters, a low, willow sewing-chair, sewing aprons with well-filled pockets of darning cotton and gay-colored silks, work-baskets of mending and pretty designs for lace and trimmings, crowded waste-baskets, all told the story of a busy wife and mother, housekeeper, and "public servant;" for daily, from this same sunny room, went piles of neatly arranged business papers to their various destinations, of which my husband used to say : "I do wish there were more women like Mrs. Logan! Her short notes of directness, of individuality, and clearness, are a joy to my bureau."

Mrs. Logan found time for everything. When her head and heart were overburdened with public duties, she was never unable to attend to her son and daughter, in college and convent, superintending the detail of books, clothing, and their continued good.

One hesitates to give to the public personal incidents in the life of a friend, however rich in interest; but this friend seems so to stand among us as American women, a strong nature, wide, varied, and beautiful, that it is but fitting praise from the world of Christian women who love her, and who are struggling for success. She is never too busy to write letters, respond to calls for help; never forgetful of the sorrowful and discouraged. Somebody wrote of Mr. Stedman, the poet : "I have seen him take of his precious time to write four pages to a stranger,—simply because his heart was *human*, and warm to everything else human." That is the very secret of our friend's life.

I would love to tell of the widows and orphans made happy by her kind promptness and love, and give some few of the little "office stories" which I have known; but space will not permit. Loving hearts followed her "over the seas" with prayers that to her bereaved heart might come God's peace; and we rejoice to welcome her home, seeing the quiet strength and added courage in her face.

Above the beautiful large drawing-room in "Calumet Place" is Mrs. Logan's work-room : it was her husband's private office. She receives from sixty to seventy letters a day, is the literary editor of a magazine, and divides her time so systematically that work is marvelously done. Her only daughter, Mrs. Major Tucker, shares her literary work, and makes the beloved father's home her own. The two grandchildren, Logan Tucker and little Mary Logan, are their grandmother's "jewels."

Mrs. Logan grieves to see the refined women who come to her for work, for influence, thinking, as she says, "that I still have the power which the General wielded. They cannot realize that many things have changed since one life went out."

Somebody asks, "How did the General come to buy that great house?" Let me, in brief, give Mrs. Logan's own words to Mr. Croffut :

"We had boarded for twenty-five years. After the election of 1885, when my husband was re-elected for the last time, we came back just worn out. We said, 'Let us buy a house.' We meant a quiet home. I was delighted with this big, old-fashioned place, but the General vetoed my ambition : 'It is too big! hard to pay for and furnish. Its eight largest rooms measure twenty by twenty-five feet.' But we had rugs, desks, and chairs enough for two rooms, and I said, 'Darling, see here! you give me $1,800, and I will furnish the house.' I knew it couldn't be modern, for twice that. I resolved on mahogany! I succeeded! It is set in solid wood, from basement to roof. It took economy—and a heap of thinking."

Such is "Calumet Place" to-day,—a dear home of elegance, comfort, and gracious hospitality, sacred to the memory of her beloved dead, whose work she faithfully carries out as his companion and his ideal wife.

MARGERET SPENCER.

Mrs. Logan's Reception to the Knights Templar of the United States.

THREE years ago Sir Knight John A. Logan, while attending the conclave of the Knights Templar, in St. Louis, urged them to make the national capital the place of their next triennial gathering, inviting them to his own home, and proposing a grand reception in their honor. His wife, whose daily thought is the fulfillment of his wishes, and who seems never apart from him,—even with the wide distance from earth to heaven between them,—threw open her doors, and with the ladies of the city and wives of distinguished Knights gave to twenty thousand

people a brilliant entertainment, a fitting conclusion to the conclave of the Templars in Washington.

From seven in the evening until long after midnight the streets were filled with lines of arriving and departing guests. The grounds about the old mansion, with fairy lamps and lanterns twinkling from shrub, tree, vine, or pillar, looked like an illumined city. Thousands of lights, in prismatic colors, flashed over the shields and armorial designs, as they hung from the great branches of pine trees. Our beautiful stars and stripes fell in silken folds and floated from the roof of the great soldier's beloved home, over the heads of the thousand men and women who reverently enjoyed this visit to his devoted family.

The entire suite of rooms on the first floor, including the beautiful room in the east wing, so suitably named "Logan Memorial Hall," where the historic records of General Logan's life, won with great honor, are collected, was open to guests. A large portrait of General Logan was hung on the western wall of the house and thrown into grand relief by calcium lights opposite. Marquees, or tents, were placed on the lawns, for supper and dressing rooms, and never has there been given in Washington an entertainment so perfectly ordered as this, never a more beautiful sight than "Calumet Place" thronged with plumed knights decked with glittering swords and flashing regalia, accompanied by their ladies,—beautiful women and stately men who represented the wealth, distinction, and success of our great country.

Our own scarlet-coated Marine Band filled the summer air with delicious music as they sat on a platform just at the front entrance to the grounds. The brilliant rockets and flashing colored lights lit up the hill over the city, and for miles the people watched the illumination.

Mrs. Logan stood at the head of a long line of ladies who were receiving with her. She was stately and handsome, in a robe of heavy mourning silk relieved at the neck by wide white lace, at her throat a very handsome medallion of her husband, suspended by a white ribbon, and black ostrich-tips drooping over her white hair. Long-stemmed white roses fell from her belt,—not whiter nor more beautiful than the snowy crown of hair rolled back from her clear, strong face. Mrs. Tucker ably assisted her mother, looking very bright and pretty in black lace and diamonds. Space will not permit descriptions of the handsome toilets of the other ladies of the receiving party. Mrs. M. M. Parker, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Orcutt, and many more, in full evening dress, assisted Mrs. Logan in the very cordial hand shaking and greeting of eminent commanderies. General Charles Roome, the Grand Master of Templars, introduced his renowned brethren at the main entrance.

The Sir Knights of Chevalier Bayard Commandery of Chicago, of which General Logan was a member, went with Mrs. Logan to the tomb of her husband, which they decorated with choice flowers, and they assisted in the evening reception. The banner of the commandery hangs in Memorial Hall, and was draped with smilax and roses. Over the beautiful marble bust of General Logan hung curtains of crimson plush and wreaths of smilax, and close beside it were hundreds of deep red roses—gifts from the General's commandery to Mrs. Logan. From the walls of the large rooms hung soft green vines, palms waved, and the odor of flowers made the air sweet as a summer garden.

From every lip fell praises of the woman whose strong brave heart held so dear her husband's friends, and who spared no pains to give them greatest honor. The committee spared no expense, and made the whole entertainment an elegant success.

M. S.

A Grand Number for January.

AS a New Year greeting to our readers, the January number will be running over with good things, and furnish a foretaste of the feast we have planned for them for the coming year.

First, there will be a beautiful oil-picture, designed expressly for our January number, and handsomely executed, representing a New Year visit to a Parisian florist's. There will also be two exceptionally handsome gravures, one from the fine painting by Edwin Long, R.A., "Diana or Christ?" which created such a sensation when it was first exhibited in London, only a few months ago; and the other, "The Last Prayer," from the noted painting, representing early Christians in the arena.

The illustrated articles, for which our Magazine is justly celebrated, will include the second paper about "Uncle Sam's Money," quite as interesting as the previous paper about "Coin"; an illustrated story, "Tay Su, the Crusader's Bride," a Franco-Japanese romance of chivalry, an intensely amusing story, abounding in ludicrous situations; and "The Infant Monarchs of Europe," with portrait.

The absorbing story "Fiend or Fool?" grows in interest; "Maniac Bells" is an exciting New Year story, and there will be others, grave and gay; and a charming comedietta in one act, "Until One O'clock," requiring only three performers, is especially well adapted for parlor representation, and will furnish an easily arranged entertainment for the holiday season.

"Home Art and Home Comfort," always profusely illustrated, will contain illustrations and full directions for making various crocheted articles of dress, including a graceful shoulder-cape and two styles of caps for children; and an article on "Leather Work" will furnish designs and directions for making various useful and decorative articles, which can be made by the boys and girls, as well as by the older members of the family.

Susanna W. Dodds, M.D., will contribute another of her characteristic and helpful articles to "Sanitarian"; and "Our Girls" will have a charming story supplemented by an article in the series "Aids to Beauty."

In "Household" we shall commence "A History of the Table," which will treat of edibles and the service of the table from the earliest ages up to the present day; and, what will interest the little folks, there will be some excellent receipts for making wholesome home-made candies.

The other Departments will be equally complete and attractive; and, as heretofore, our readers may depend upon us to do even better than we promise.

"Mme. Demorest" a "Trade Name."

PLEASE remember that neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any connection whatever with any other publication than DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Madame Demorest and W. Jennings Demorest retired from the pattern business several years ago, and sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to a stock company. They therefore have no interest whatever in any Fashion sheet or publication bearing the name "Mme. Demorest," that name being used as a "trade name" only, by the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co., in which neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any interest.

We make this announcement, as we are aware, from letters that we are constantly receiving, that our friends imagine we are connected with other publications bearing the name "Mme. Demorest."

We do not sell patterns. The patterns *given* with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE are new designs, gotten up expressly and only for this Magazine, each month, and are therefore newer than any stock patterns can possibly be.

Chat.

THE striking and artistic decorations for the handsome "Logan Memorial Hall" in Mrs. Logan's home in Washington, which have been so much admired, were planned by Mrs. Logan and her daughter. The Hall is twenty-five by fifty feet in size, and is about fifteen feet high in the center, and lighted by a skylight forming the apex of a dome-shaped ceiling. The tinted glass is two feet wide, and below it is an ornate frieze of deepest colors. Large black eagles are represented, with outstretched wings, holding in their talons streamers of blue ribbons festooned through laurel branches, reaching from one eagle to another, around the room. Written on the streamers are the names and dates of the battles in which the General was engaged. Mrs. Logan says, "We chose the eagle, for you know my husband was called the 'black eagle,'—and in his claws are the dreadful battles."

Just below the frieze are placed the little straight sword carried by young "Adjutant" Logan of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Mexican War; an Enfield rifle which he carried at Bull Run, while a member of Congress, and the sabers of Atlanta and Vicksburg. A small picture hangs near, of a boyish face, written under which, by his mother, are the words: "Aged twenty years, four months, and seventeen days;" close by is a picture of his birthplace. General Logan's fine dark face is framed in the stained-glass memorial windows, by his corps badges, sword, the curious antique arms of the "Logan Clan," the heart of Bruce with the three passion nails in it, and the gorgeous badge of Past Commander of the G. A. R.

Tables are loaded with loving tributes and handsome memorials from every part of the country, sent to Mrs. Logan since her husband's death, and book-cases are filled with scrap-books containing magazine and newspaper notices of the General, carefully indexed by Mrs. Logan. There are also ten volumes of personal letters urging his nomination for President. One especially beautiful banner, wonderfully embroidered in gold bullion, was sent to Mrs. Logan by the ladies of Los Angeles. The flags and trophies on every side tell vividly the story of General Logan's soldier life; but the collection and arrangement of these mementoes are the expression of the loyal love and devotion of the wife who thus keeps green the memory of her brave Sir Knight.

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AT a recent fashionable dance, a novel figure was introduced in the german, called "The Lady or the Tiger?" A large screen was so arranged as to form an inclosure entered by two doors, side by side, and back of this the ladies were stationed, hidden, of course, from the view of the gentlemen. To secure his partner, each gentleman was required to knock at one of the doors; and as the other gentlemen could not see beyond the door when it was opened, much surprise was created when several turned away without partners, each wearing a disgusted or quizzical expression on his face, but refusing to make any explanation. The mystery was explained when one, more courageous than the rest, accepted his fate in the shape of a huge rag-doll, with which he danced about the room with inimitable gravity. For another figure, each lady was presented with a mechanical toy representing some animal,—a rabbit, dog, horse, sheep, elephant, etc.,—which was wound up, and which she restrained from collision with the others by a ribbon tied around the neck. The gentleman before whom the toy stopped was claimed as a partner by the fair holder of the ribbon. The decidedly erratic movements of some of the toys were productive of much merriment, and the scene was reminiscent of childhood's sports, and suggestive of a stampede of Lilliputian animals from a "Noah's Ark" of happy memory.

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ACTIVE brains and busy and artistic hands are planning and working for the Christmas bazaars and entertainments for the benefit of the various charities that appeal so forcibly and successfully at the holiday season. One arranged for the benefit of a free kindergarten is called "An Every-day Affair," and the souvenir card will be embellished with the mottoes, "There's a day for all things," and "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year," in illuminated letters.

Each day of the week is to be represented by a booth, in which articles appropriate for the household work usually allotted to it will be for sale. Monday's booth will be known as "The Home Laundry," and attended by pretty girls with rolled-up sleeves and tucked-up skirts, ready to do the family washing, who will sell soap, starch, bluing, clothes-pin, etc., in small quantities, or take orders for large quantities to be delivered C. O. D. The booth for Tuesday, ironing day, will bear the motto, "We can smooth all wrinkles, even from the brow of Care," and young ladies, wearing stiffly starched calico dresses and immaculate white aprons and caps, will take turns at ironing and disposing of the implements required for it. In the booth for Wednesday, mending day, needles, sewing-silk, darning and spool cotton, thread, sewing-aprons, etc., will be for sale, and the attendants will exemplify their motto, "A stitch in time saves nine," by repairing the gloves of any unfortunate swain who may need their services,—for a generous consideration, of course. Thursday, reception day, will have a larger space than the others, devoted to light refreshments, served without tables, and confectionery. "Sweets to the sweet" will be the modest reminder to escorts that dainties are always acceptable. Friday's booth, with the motto, "Ye new broome sweepeth cleane," will contain brooms and kindred implements, coquettish dusting caps and aprons, feather and fabric dusters, and all kinds of brushes suitable for the house or toilet. In Saturday's booth will be dispensed cakes and pies, preserves of all kinds, pickles, and other condiments, all home-made, if possible. The booths will be effectively decorated, and a very liberal interpretation permitted of what other articles can be appropriately combined with those characteristic of the day.

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MANY unique ideas have been developed at recent weddings, not alone in the dressing but in the arrangement of the cortege as well. At one, the service was fully choral, the surpliced choir preceding the bridal party, and the bridesmaids were exceedingly picturesque in Directoire costumes, and carried long walking-sticks from which were suspended garlands of white roses. At another, the bride wore a gown copied from an old portrait painted in the early part of the seventeenth century, the corsage cut low with elbow sleeves, and the skirt entirely covered with old Duchesse lace; and across her arm she carried a garland of roses. Another bride wore her grandmother's wedding-gown, and was attended by four little bridesmaids, her young sisters, dressed in quaint Récamier gowns of primrose-yellow surah, with long, full skirts down to their feet, and half-low waists with puffed sleeves. They wore Leghorn hats with broad, flapping brims, trimmed with nodding yellow ostrich-tips, and carried baskets of yellow roses which they strewed before the bride. Yellow is just now a fashionable color for bridesmaids' dresses, used by itself, or in combination with white or lilac; and yellow flowers are admissible in the bride's bouquet. This is now made up of as many separate small bouquets as there are bridesmaids, and when the wedding is over each bridesmaid selects the one she prefers, and happy is she who is fortunate enough to secure the one containing the ring which is hidden among the blossoms. Though the method of divination differs, the signification of the omen remains the same: she will be the next bride of the coterie.

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IN nothing is the sybaritic tastes of the modern society belle more plainly evident than in the fondness for perfumes; but they must be delicate and refined, or she will have none of them. Dainty ladies select a distinctive perfume, which permeates all their belongings, and becomes, indeed, a part of their personality. One fashionable lady has a passion for the delicious odor of old-fashioned lavender, and has sachets filled with the fragrant herb, which are laid among her clothing and hung in her wardrobes; and her daily bath is perfumed with lavender essence made after a favorite receipt, the secret of which she jealously guards. Another affects the spicy odor of carnations; one blonde beauty always brings with her the faint, delicate perfume of violets; and a débutante of last season is particularly fond of Eastern perfumes, and her garments are saturated with the odor of a special kind of Chinese incense, which she burns in her rooms, and in the closed wardrobes where hang her dainty toilets, thus emulating the example of the ancient Greeks, who had perfuming-pans to send forth fragrance, even while they feasted.

What Women are Doing.

Tennis teaching is now opening a new branch of employment for women.

A Woman's Co-operative Sewing Association is soon to be started in Pasadena, California.

Lady visitors have been appointed for twenty-six prisons in England and Wales.

Mme. Mutsu, wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is said to be translating a Japanese novel into English.

Miss Bruce, of New York city, has given $50,000 to the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard, to be devoted to the purchase of a telescope for celestial photography.

Ladies' Cricket Clubs are popular in England. At a recent wedding, the bride and her bridesmaids wore the colors of her cricket club.

In Russia, a married woman, no matter how young and inexperienced, is perfectly independent of her husband in her property rights.

Of the twenty-one young women now at the Brussels University, ten study pharmacy; seven, physical sciences; three, general medicine; and one, philosophy.

Two women station-agents hold positions at Rockford, Illinois, and, by their courtesy and pleasant ways, are winning many friends, both in a business and a personal way.

A clever Buffalo woman has been to England, traveled all around London, and seen everything worth seeing, in a two months' trip, at a cost of $200.

Keziah Randall, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, has celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday. She attributes her longevity to outdoor activity. "When I am gone," she says, "they cannot say I rusted out."

The New Hampshire W. C. T. U. have raised a fund of $6,000 for a State home for fallen women, and, in addition, there is a legislative appropriation of $5,000.

The "Fragment Society," of Boston, recently held its seventy-seventh annual meeting. The object of this pioneer association of women is to assist in clothing the destitute, especially children.

Fifteen girls in St. Petersburg, who have passed through the course of Russian high schools, have applied to several chemists with the request to be accepted as pupils and apprentices to the trade.

A cairn, surmounted by a small American flag, has been erected on Pike's Peak in memory of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. It was suggested and begun by Miss Field, a Topeka school-teacher.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who will spend part of the winter with her parents in Philadelphia, received an Honorable Mention at the Paris Exposition, the highest reward paid to a woman for oil painting.

The Queen Regent of Spain has caused advertisements to be published in all the leading newspapers of her dominions, offering two prizes, $5,790 and $2,895, for the two best essays on the life of Christopher Columbus.

Mrs. Mackay is the fortunate possessor of a flawless sapphire nearly half an inch in diameter, which is said to have cost $185,000; and a pair of diamond solitaires valued at $400,000.

Miss Emma Eames, of Boston, who has been so remarkably successful at the Grand Opera, Paris, received most of her musical instruction in America. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's musical education was entirely American.

An Ohio lady found, written in a cramped hand, on the back of the tag on her husband's new vest, the words: "Remember this vest was made for twenty-five cents." This text is its own pathetic sermon.

Miss Willard has decided to give her share of the profits resulting from the sale of "Glimpses of Fifty Years" to the W. C. T. U. This is a munificent gift, for the royalty will amount to between $20,000 and $30,000.

Mlle. Popelin, the accomplished young Belgian lawyer who was refused admission to the bar of Brussels because of her sex, is organizing a Woman's Club in that city, with the co-operation of her sister, who is a successful pharmacist.

Queen Louise of Denmark recently celebrated her seventy-second birthday, surrounded by her six children and most of her numerous grandchildren. She is the mother of the Crown Prince of Denmark, the present Czarina of Russia, the reigning King of Greece, and the future Queen of England.

Miss Motibai R. Kapadia, who passed the Certificated Practitioners' Examination at the Grand Medical College in Bombay in 1887, and who afterwards studied at the Cama Hospital for one year, has been appointed to take charge of the Victoria Jubilee Dispensary for Women and Children in Ahmedabad, India.

A drinking-fountain has been presented to the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in memory of Miss Ellen Acquroff, a blind lady known by the name of Sister Cathedral, who took a deep interest in the temperance cause. The fountain is about four feet high, and consists of a basin of Aberdeen granite on a pedestal of Peterhead granite.

A young woman holds the position of conductor on one of the railroads in Colorado, and gives entire satisfaction. She collects fares and punches tickets like a man; but when it comes to putting some fellow off because of his failure to comply with the requirements of the railroad company, it is her custom to call on a man to do the work, and brakemen and passengers are equally willing to assist her.

Carrie Meyers, of St. Louis, who is only fifteen years old, has, unaided, designed and executed the frescoing for a large number of the finest rooms in the Southern Hotel, and is regarded by her employers as an able and accomplished fresco-artist. She is very pretty and graceful, also exceedingly shy. She is also an accomplished musician, and plays several instruments with taste.

A Frenchwoman, who had been for years making a scanty living by selling newspapers, saw a chance during the Paris cab-strike to make money by hiring a laundress's wagon, fitting it up with movable benches, and carrying passengers between Montmartre and the Exhibition. She sold newspapers from seven to nine in the morning, and at ten she was out on the Boulevard Montmartre in her wagon, which she drove herself.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, will succeed Mr. Horace E. Scudder on the Massachusetts State Board of Education. It was only after mature deliberation that Mrs. Palmer accepted the position, which had been twice offered to her. Few women have achieved so splendid a record in educational matters; and, although the youngest member of the board, and probably the youngest person who has ever held such a position, her knowledge is more practical than that of any other member.

The First Annual Convention of the Women's Council of America will be held in Washington in April next, at which time preparations are to be begun for a women's celebration in 1893. It is proposed to ask the women of the country to subscribe funds to erect a monument in honor of Queen Isabella of Spain, to whom Columbus was indebted for means to start on his exploring expedition. The monument is to be an institution of a character somewhat resembling Cooper Institute, where women may have educational advantages free.

Russian lady doctors are being compelled, in consequence, it is alleged, of their advanced opinions, to submit to some very stringent regulations. Firstly, no medical degree is to be conferred in Russia on a girl who has made her studies abroad. This will do away with the Russian lady-students who now study at Berne and Zurich. Secondly, no Russian lady is to be admitted to a medical degree entitling her to practice publicly, until she is forty years old. Until that age she may only practice as a nurse in hospitals and charitable institutions.

Miss Kate Pier, daughter of C. K. Pier of Milwaukee, is the first woman lawyer to appear before the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Miss Pier graduated from the law department of the State University two years ago. She is a handsome brunette, not oblivious to the charms of neat attire; and proved by her direct, straightforward argument and citation of authorities that she has not mistaken her vocation. She is associated with her mother, who is also a lawyer, and her two younger sisters are taking the law course at the Wisconsin State University. The husband and father is also a lawyer.

The World's Progress.

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

The World's Fair of 1892.

The Finance Committee of the World's Fair has begun its practical work, and there seems to be every prospect that New York City will soon be actively engaged, so far as its commercial and financial interests are concerned, in preparing for the proper celebration of the Columbian Quadri-Centennial. The site, as illustrated and described in the November number of this Magazine, is already agreed upon, and only awaits the action of legislature to make it a certainty. Everybody in New York wants the Fair; and whatever may be said in favor of the rival claims of other cities, may be said with double force of New York, in addition to the superior advantages which none share with her. Let the Empire City bestir itself to give a fitting celebration to the memory of the noble Genoese and the quadri-centennial of that discovery which has made it possible for New York to rival the great commercial centers of the Old World.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle Destroyed.

The contemplated visit of Dr. Talmage to the Holy Land was suddenly postponed by the destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle by fire. For the second time in seventeen years, this church, made famous throughout the country by its gifted pastor, has been burned to the ground. The cause was probably the result of a lightning-flash which struck the switch-box connecting with a defective wire of those used in lighting the building with incandescent electric-lamps. The congregation were intending to build a new church, but the sudden calamity left them without a place of worship. At present Dr. Talmage is preaching in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and has issued eloquent appeals to the public to help rebuild the Tabernacle, which the insurance money is inadequate to do. One hundred thousand dollars is the amount asked for, and Dr. Talmage promises to acknowledge with his own hand the receipt of all contributions.

The Confession of Faith.

Christians of all denominations have been deeply interested to know that the conservators of the Presbyterian form of faith have seriously given themselves to the contemplation of a revision of the Confession of Faith. So venerable an authority as the Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton has openly expressed himself as favoring a revision, and a modification, at least, of the doctrine of the predestination and of that part of the Confession which speaks of the Roman Church as idolatrous in its practices. Calvinism and Presbyterianism have so long been regarded as identical forms of belief, that it will be difficult for many believers to conceive of Presbyterianism without the well-known doctrines of the great reformer. Controversy has run high in theological circles concerning the proposed revision, and the question of "Elect" or "Non-Elect." The ultimate decision is anxiously looked for by all earnest Christians, of whatever denomination; for the fact that any change in the Westminster Catechism may be anticipated is startling news, not only to the many who are firm believers in the infallibility of its teachings, but also to those of different forms of faith founded primarily on the simple truths taught by the Son of the maid of Judea.

Death in the Wires.

The public were horrified a few weeks since by the terrible spectacle of a lineman of the Western Union Telegraph Company caught by the fiend of fire amid the net-work of telegraph and electric wires above Chambers Street, near the City Hall, New York. Thousands of people watched the death-struggles of the unfortunate man, to whom they were unable to afford any relief. Popular indignation rose so high in consequence of this tragic occurrence that the electric wires, already convicted of many deaths, were ordered down by the Mayor of the city, and the brilliantly lighted New York was merged in comparative darkness. Regarding sub-ways for the dangerous wires, Mr. Edison declares that these are no less dangerous, and that accidents by coming in contact with the deadly current will be just as likely to occur. In the meantime, New York goes about her evening festivities somewhat dully, like beauty robbed of her wonted parure of brilliants. The parks are dark lurking-places, and the streets are only lit by occasional gas-lamps and the store lights. The increasing morality of New York City has furnished a theme for the statistical writer of late, and it may be questioned, after all, whether the great advance in this respect made in the city during the last ten years has not been chiefly assisted by the brilliant illumination of most of her streets and thoroughfares during the evening. Crime loves darkness; and even though the electric lights have claimed more than one victim, why may not the good they have done in the service of morality be considered as in some degree balancing the grim record scored against them?

Progress of the United States.

A glance over recently published statistics shows us that the progressive advance of the United States during the past century has been almost fabulous; and unless some immediate means be found of increasing the population and wealth of Europe as rapidly as those of the United States do, the American nation will in no distant period become foremost in importance and political influence among the governments of the globe. The United States of America, which separated from England in 1776, and elected their first President in 1789, now consist of forty-two States, six Territories, and one Federal District. The area of the Union, including Alaska, is about 3,605,000 square miles. In fifty years Great Britain's population has increased ten millions: France's, five millions; Germany's, sixteen millions; and that of the United States, thirty-seven millions. Since 1790 the population of North America has doubled about every twenty-six years. In 1790 the population of the Union was not four millions: now it exceeds sixty-two million inhabitants. If a corresponding increase continues, in seventy years more the United States will be as populous as Europe. Four-fifths of the present population consist of Americans of English origin, and the other fifth consists chiefly of Germans. The French, Italians, and Spanish who have emigrated here are so comparatively few that they are swallowed up in the immense mass of Anglo-Germans. As for the financial condition of our country, it is, with its fortune of $55,000,000,000, as estimated in 1884, the richest country in the world. At that time the fortune of Great Britain was estimated at $45,000,000,000; of France, about $40,000,000,000; and of Germany, $25,000,000,000. The United States are also, notwithstanding the immense sacrifices made during the War of the Rebellion, in the most prosperous financial situation of any country in the world. The commercial imports and exports of America, about $1,500,000,000 per annum, do not come up to those of England,—$3,000,000,000,—but they nearly equal those of France and Germany. The merchant marine of the republic ranks next to that of England. The United States possess the most extensive telegraph system in the world, and the American postal-service exceeds all others in its development. There are 57,376 post-offices in the United States, and over 240,000 miles of postal routes; while the nearest approach to this are the 18,583 post-offices of Germany, which has 51,000 miles of postal routes. Last year more than 3,576,000,000 letters and printed documents of all kinds were sent by American post-offices, costing fifty-six million dollars for the postal operations. Such prosperity may be easily explained by the fact of the great areas of the country, which are so fitted to receive a dense population; and by the consideration that so many of the American colonists are recruited from the most enterprising and courageous of Europeans. Another factor is the lesser military budget which the United States is required to support, and the fewer men kept from the pursuits of peace in the maximum of their strength. The severe military systems of the Old World, which force innumerable immigrants to leave, are not necessary here, for we have not, like European nations, had race struggles to establish ourselves in new territories. Peace has brought us prosperity, and let us hope that our continued prosperity will continue to bring us peace.

Libraries for New Ships of the Navy.

The purchase of libraries for ten new ships of the Navy has been ordered for the use of the enlisted men on board. About three hundred volumes in all will be placed on each ship. About eight years ago the usual naval ship's library consisted of a Bible, a prayer-book, an almanac, a dictionary, and one or two works on navigation,—not more than half a dozen. But since Acting Rear-Admiral Walker has been at the head of the Bureau of Navigation, he has taken pains to have suitable additions made to these, until now a ship's library contains from one thousand to fifteen hundred valuable volumes. The new libraries are for the most part composed of the best grade of novels,—Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and others,—and various miscellaneous works, and are intended for the entertainment of the men in the forecastle when off duty.

The Circulating Medium.

Several decided changes in the amount and character of the circulating medium are noticeable since this time last year. The increase in circulation is $20,677,720. The principal change in the character of the money is in silver certificates. The circulation of these is now $276,619,715, or $58,058,114 greater than a year ago. This increase is probably more owing to the withdrawal from circulation of National Bank notes than to any other cause, although the increasing business demands of the country materially affected the result also. The reduction in circulation of National Bank notes last year is $37,799,225. There has also been a decrease in the circulation of gold certificates. Excepting silver certificates, United States notes have increased in circulation more than any other form of money. There are now $325,510,758 in United States notes in circulation, $19,458,705 more than were in the hands of the people a year ago. The circulation of gold coin is now $375,947,715. The amount of silver dollars in circulation is $57,554,100, and the amount of subsidiary silver in circulation is $52,931,352, about half a million less silver dollars and nearly a million dollars more of subsidiary silver than at the same time last year.

Governors of the New States.

Elections were held in South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territories, on the 1st of October, for the purpose of ratifying their new constitutions, preliminary to admission into the Union as States, and for the choice of State officers, representatives in Congress, and members of the Legislatures. The Governor of South Dakota is Arthur C. Mellette, who was appointed Territorial Governor of Dakota last spring. He is a lawyer by profession, and a native of Henry County, Indiana, and served in the War in the Ninth Indiana Infantry, taking part in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland. The Republicans elected John Miller, familiarly known as "Farmer" Miller, Governor of North Dakota. He was born in Dryden, New York, about forty years ago, and was educated in the common schools of his native town. He went to Dakota in 1880 in the employment of the Dwight Farm and Land Company, but it was not until 1888 that he had anything to do with politics. The Governor of Montana is Joseph K. Toole, the Democratic candidate. He is a native of Savannah, Missouri, where he was born in May, 1851. Elisha P. Ferry, of Seattle, is the Governor-elect of Washington. He is a native of Illinois, and was at one time Mayor of Waukegan, in that State. He has been in Washington Territory about twenty years, and held the office of Governor of the Territory for eight years.

The Failure of Crops in Dakota.

Owing to the extreme drought in Ramsey County, North Dakota, there have been three successive failures of the crops; and it is reported that, in consequence, over one hundred families are without any means of subsistence during the coming winter. Not only are the farmers living in the drought belt of Ramsey County suffering for food and on the verge of starvation, but without sufficient clothing to protect them from the weather. Dozens of men, women, and children, are without shoes or stockings, and a gunny sack with holes for head and arms is all the garment some of the little ones have to wear. For weeks these families have been living on roots and herbs, and now their supplies are wholly exhausted; and, unless relief is sent them, many must die of starvation. Two ladies of the Ramsey County Relief Committee have gone to St. Paul to solicit relief for the sufferers, and the matter is now in the hands of a special committee.

Our Indian Population.

The idea so frequently ventilated by novelists and other writers, that "the red man is vanishing before the encroachments of the white man, as leaves before the gales of autumn, etc., etc.," is somewhat threadbare, and, from the present state of affairs, erroneous. Our Indian population is not "dying off" and "vanishing from the face of the earth," or otherwise slowly decreasing, any more than the Caucasian race is. Any statement now to this effect is not in accord with the truth. The Indians are increasing rather than decreasing, and have, for the most part, adopted semi-civilized habits and live quiet lives. In the reservation of Dakota, the communities of the Indian Territory, and in the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona are peaceful encampments of Indians, whose children are being educated, and who are fairly prosperous, or would be if the Indian agent and the contractor were not trying to starve them; and they are raising families, and by no means decreasing in the land.

The Halpine Torpedo-Boat.

The rapid advance made by electricity in warfare is evidenced by a novel torpedo-boat recently given a public trial in the waters of New York Bay. The Halpine torpedo-boat is of copper, cigar-like in form, having a total length of twenty-three feet, with a diameter of twenty-four inches, and carries a shell four feet long, ten inches in diameter, and capable of holding one hundred pounds of explosives. This torpedo-boat is the first one of the kind which carries within itself its own power, the electric force being derived from a storage battery within the boat. The torpedo-boat also carries its own shell, which can be made to leave the apparatus at the will of the operator on the shore, or it is discharged automatically when an impediment is encountered, or the netting now used by war-vessels to guard against the approach of torpedoes. A short spar with a javelin head protrudes from the bow of the torpedo-boat, and when this becomes entangled in the netting of a man-of-war, two pieces of steel, like those of a lilly-iron on a harpoon, open, and help to hold the entangled spar and draw it out, which gives a dip to the torpedo-boat and fires the charge which drives out the loaded shell. The torpedo-shell then takes a downward direction, and, having its own motion, is a unit, and is destroyed when exploded; while the boat is independent of its projectile, and, being controlled by a wire from the shore, returns to its point of departure. The problem of constructing an independent boat "having its own motor power, and carrying a shell to be fired from it, which can be backed automatically to a position of safety prior to the discharge of the explosive, whereby the boat proper remains uninjured, the boat being capable of constant usage," has apparently been solved by Lieutenant Nicholas J. Halpine, of the United States navy, the details of the electrical work and construction having been carried out by Mr. Arthur W. Savage. The supposed security against torpedo attacks furnished by rope or wire netting will be dispelled by the Halpine torpedo-boat, although the full series of experiments with it has yet to be made.

Vegetable Fibers for Textile Fabrics.

The new vegetable fibers used in the textile industries are *ma* (China grass), *pina*, *abaca*, or Manilla hemp, *agave*, jute, and the fibers of the palm-tree. These require to be gathered with as much care as cotton, so that unripe or unseasoned fibers shall not be used, as the fabrics will not take dyes satisfactorily when made of them. The *ma*, or China grass, is obtained from the *Boehmeria nivea*, as also from the less-known *Boehmeria puya*. The fibers of this stalk have, when prepared and bleached, the brilliancy of silk and a snowy whiteness. The great advantage in the China grass fabric is that the tissues produced are much more easily washed than silk, and lose none of their beauty or their quality in the operation. By a certain special process, this China grass can also be transformed into a material greatly resembling an extremely fine quality of wool. The *abaca* is produced from the fibrous parts of the bark of the wild banana-tree, found in the Philippines. This fiber is not spun or wrung, but is jointed end to end. The threads are wound and then beaten to soften them, and finally bleached in lime-water, and dried in the sun. The *pina*, a fiber obtained from the leaf of the anana-tree (*Bromelias ananas*), is prepared in the same way as the *abaca*. The stalks of the water-palm (*Chamærops humilis*) furnish the Arabs with a fibrous flock which they mix with camels'-hair in manufacturing the stuff for their tents. Jute is a fiber which bleaches beautifully and can be divided into the finest parallel fibers. It is similar in nature to the *Corchorus capsularis*, an Oriental species, known in India as *hatta jute* and *gheenatlapaat*. It can be carded easily, and, when properly bleached, is as beautiful as silk. It can be worked in with silk, cotton, and linen, and a great quantity of flannel and other goods is now manufactured and imitated with the different mixtures containing jute. Other materials sold under the name of jute tissues are *suun*, the fiber of a cane (*Crotalaria juncea*), and the *paat*, the thread of a species of spiral (*Corchorus olitarius*). The *agave Americana* is a coarse fiber used in France for the manufacture of Gobelin carpets and ropes. It has been found difficult to bleach it in a satisfactory manner, and it is only recently that an appropriate bleaching process has been discovered.

The Fuel of the Future.

The question whether our supplies of coal will hold out for the next hundred thousand years has been frequently discussed by geological authorities, yet even with the prospect of coal becoming extinct, the world, as scientists tell us, is still well-stored with combustible material, sufficient for untold ages. The existence of great underground reservoirs of gas and oil is probably no new fact, but it is only within the last few years that geologists have been able to tell us anything definite concerning these stores of natural fuel. Artificial gas is even now considerably used as a fuel for heating and cooking purposes, and the chemist in his recommendation of rock gas, or natural gas, as a convenient and economical fuel, is only reiterating the laudations of other economists, of the ordinary coal-gas as a fuel. Regarding the chemistry of rock gas, it is usually light carbureted hydrogen gas, closely related chemically to petroleum, coal, jet, graphite, and even the diamond; all, even the latter, familiar carbon compounds. This rock gas is very similar to the marsh gas or "will-o'-the-wisp" which rises from swamps and morasses. Marsh gas consists of the two elements, carbon and hydrogen, whose united chemical proportions are expressed by the symbol $C H_4$. Natural gas is to-day being manufactured by nature on a large scale, and the geologist assures us that there seems to be no limit to the formation of the fuel of the future.

The "Canny" Scots.

According to statistics recently published, it appears that last year fifty-five persons presented themselves, of their own accord, at the Scotch lunatic asylums, and asked for treatment. There would seem to be some method in such madness. The Scots are, as they call themselves, "canny," or knowing enough, and probably no one but a Scotchman could be expected to know when he is crazy. The story of a traveler in Scotland will bear repeating in this connection. The wanderer amid "lochs" and "bens" stopped at a farm-house and asked for a drink of milk. The girl who came to the door to see what he wanted, stared stupidly at the stranger, and when he repeated his request said: "Gang awa', mon; there's nane at hame but me, and I'm daft." "Daft" is Scotch for foolish or crazy.

The Spectre of the Brocken.

This phenomenon, most frequently observed from the Brocken, one of the Hartz Mountains, in Germany, has been seen in all its phases on the summit of Mount Washington in the White Mountains. In the early morning or just before sunset, when the fog is not too dense to hide the sun, the spectral shadow will start up suddenly before the observer, often in colossal size if the fog envelops the person. There have been various explanations of this phenomenon, and many remarkable theories, some of which have been advanced by persons who have never seen it. It generally appears as a slightly diminished shadow of the person, and it may sometimes be seen by a second person looking across it, provided the sunlight is not dimmed by the fog. One of the probable explanations is that the shadow of the person is thrown upon the fog; that is, the object shuts off the light of the sun, and one sees the surface of his own solid shadow. The fog forms a sort of "ground" upon which the shadow is cast. The familiar appearance of the "sun drawing water" may help to explain: the air, in this case, is full of haze or fog, and a small cloud casts a shadow thousands of times as long as itself. The surface of this is what we see.

Household.

Christmas Cheer.

THE ceaseless round of seasons brings again the time of "peace on earth, good-will to men," and the housewife sets herself to prepare or supervise the preparation of tempting dishes and favorite delicacies for her dear ones and those whom the happy household invite to share with them the joy of Christmas time.

Christmas feasting has long been a custom with Englishmen and their descendants everywhere. The Christmas fare in olden times is celebrated in song and story, and we Americans cannot do better than to perpetuate the old English custom and keep the day with feasting and song whose memories shall kindle a glow in the hearts of our children, that will shine beyond the early days of happy home associations. It is not necessary to fill the larders as full as those Christmas feasters of old did, for we have no such household retinues as when

> "There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
> Plum porridge stood and Christmas pye.
> Nor failed old Scotland to produce
> At such high tide her savory goose."

but almost all may have plum-pudding or pie, and the modern substitute for the peacock,—a turkey.

The celebrated English plum-pudding, the pride of an English Christmas, has a peculiar history. It was at first, as Sir Walter Scott calls it, "plum porridge," made from mutton boiled in broth and thickened with brown bread mixed with half-boiled raisins, currants, prunes, ginger, mace and cloves. The whole was well boiled, and served with the meats. From this delectable mess has been evolved the English plum-pudding.

An ancient and equally popular Christmas dish is the well-known mince-pie, called in Queen Elizabeth's time "minced pye." This "pye" was formerly made of neats' tongues and chickens, chopped with egg, sugar, currants, lemon and orange peel, with various spices. It was made in an oblong crust in the shape of a coffin, in imitation of the manger where the Christ-child was laid. The ingredients were supposed to refer to the offerings of the wise men. In the early history of our country neither the Puritans nor the Quakers would eat mince-pie; but during the last hundred years it has come to be a popular national dish.

Those who think mince-pies cannot be made palatable without the addition of wine or spirits in some form are altogether mistaken: any fruit-syrup may be used with much better results, and if the housekeeper has not put up any fruit-juices for winter use, orange juice may be used and will give a well-sweetened pie a delicious flavor. Try the following receipts:

MINCE-PIE.—Boil five or six pounds of lean beef until tender, let it cool, and chop very fine with three pounds of beef suet; seed and cut four pounds of raisins, slice thin a pound of citron, chop fine four quarts of tart pie-apples, add four pounds of dried currants; put all together, and add two ounces of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of ginger, four grated nutmegs, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, and two pounds of sugar. Put in a porcelain or agate iron kettle one quart of vinegar and water in equal proportions, one quart of molasses, a good lump of butter, and a quart of any fruit-juice, let it come to boiling point, and pour over the ingredients, having mixed them thoroughly. Pack in jars and put in a cool place, and when cold pour molasses over the top to a depth of about one-eighth of an inch, and cover tightly. This will keep good two months. When wanted for pies, add a little water, some of the syrup from preserved peaches, and strew raisins over each pie.

ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—One pound of raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three quarters of a pound of stale bread-crumbs, one quarter of a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter of a pound of flour, one pound of currants, one-half of a nutmeg, grated, five eggs, one-half pint of orange juice, one-half pound of minced candied orange-peel. Clean, wash, and dry the currants. Stone the raisins. Mix all the dry ingredients well together. Beat the eggs, add to them the orange juice, then pour them over the dry ingredients, and mix thoroughly. This will make about six pounds. Pack into small greased kettles or molds, and boil for six hours at the time of making, and six hours when wanted for use.

CHRISTMAS DOUGHNUTS.—One cupful of white sugar, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of new milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of saleratus, a pinch of grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to roll. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs and beat well, stir in the milk, and mix with the flour in which the soda and cream of tartar have been sifted. Cut in rings and fry in hot lard.

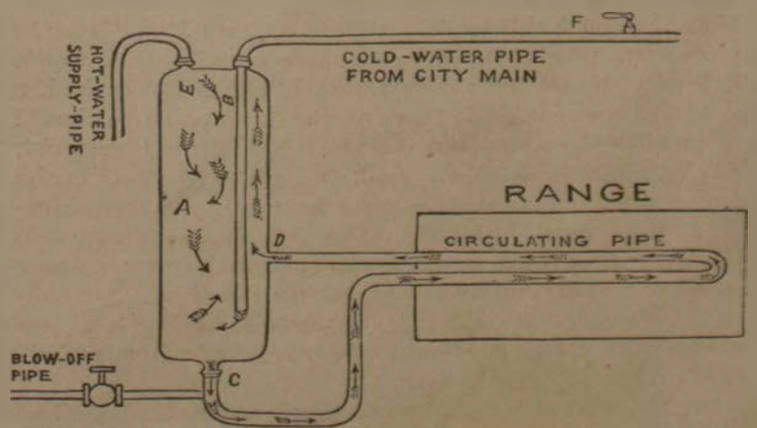
CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Split ten lady-fingers and arrange them in a mold. Dissolve one-third of a box of gelatine in a pint of rich milk. Whip three pints of cream to a froth, beat the yolks of six eggs, and mix in half a pound of sugar; then beat the whites and add them, strain the gelatine over these, stir quickly, pour in the cream, flavor with vanilla, and pour into the mold. Set on ice for a time, and ornament the top with whipped cream, or ice with fancy-colored icing.

WHITE FRUIT-CAKE.—One pound each of flour, sugar, and butter, one pound of blanched almonds, three pounds of citron, one grated cocoanut, the whites of sixteen eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix carefully, put in a greased mold and bake slowly for three hours.

How to Manage Range-Boilers.

THE danger of range-boilers bursting is chiefly due to ignorance in their management. The illustration we give will make the following directions perfectly clear for managing a range-boiler. In this diagram, A represents the body of the boiler; B, the cold-water pipe from the street main, connecting with the pipe inside the boiler, and delivering cold water at the bottom of the boiler; C, D, is the circulating pipe, which the cold water enters at C, passes through the water-back, becomes heated, and enters the boiler hot, at D, and being lighter than the cold water, it rises to the top; and E is the hot-water supply-pipe, which delivers water to the kitchen and other parts of the house. As the water is drawn from any of the hot-water faucets, cold water refills the boiler through the pipe B, thus keeping sufficient pressure in the boiler to cause distribution of the water.

Before lighting a fire in the range, always open the hot-water faucet and see if the water flows as usual: if it does, all right; but if the water does not flow, either connection with the street main is cut off, or the supply-pipe is probably frozen, if the weather be very cold, and the fire must



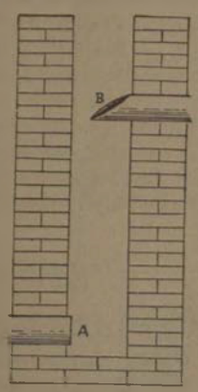
not be lighted until water will run from the hot-water faucet.

The reason of this is because when the hot-water faucet is turned on, cold water instantly begins to flow into the boiler at B, owing to the pressure from the street main, and forces the hot water out of the boiler at E. When water will not flow from any of the hot-water faucets, pressure from the supply-pipe is cut off, and there is danger of the water-back of the range bursting.

If, through neglect of these precautions, the water-back of the range should burst, dump the fire at once, close off the stop-cock F, and open the blow-off pipe. This will prevent the cold water from entering the boiler-pipes, and will empty the boiler and pipes of the hot water, and thus obviate flooding the house.

To Make a Stove in the Second Story Draw.

IT sometimes happens that a stove located in the second story of a building will not draw, while at other times there is no difficulty with it. This fact seems puzzling; but experiment will show that if a fire be started in the second-story stove first, it will burn all right, and will not interfere with the draft of the stove below. The accompanying illustration illustrates the situation and the remedy. A is the lower pipe in the chimney, and, when the fire is lighted below first, the current of air passes the pipe at B so rapidly as to cut off the draft. To obviate this, have a piece of stove-pipe trimmed like the half of an elbow, and put in the chimney as shown at B. This will prevent the current of air from destroying the draft, and will not spoil the draft at A. This simple contrivance will be found effective, and the only precaution to be taken is to see that the pipe is trimmed so as not to obstruct the flue if the latter is very narrow.



About the Care of Fires.

"KEEP a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it,"

poor Enoch Arden said to his Annie before he went away to sea; and his idea of comfort differs very little from that of most modern home-staying husbands.

"What shall we buy first?" I asked a young wife about to set out on her first house-furnishing expedition. "A looking glass and a cook-stove," was the unexpected reply; "for I want to be sure that I shall always look neat to my husband, and I must keep him warmed and well-fed," she explained. Little doubt that she retained her husband's early admiration and affection.

With a good range or cooking-stove, "a clear fire" is easy to keep. Good kindling is a requisite; and if one lives in the country, where the neat bundles of kiln-dried wood, which will almost light with a match, are not to be had, a box within convenient distance of the kitchen stove should be kept filled, by some provident member of the household, with dry sticks of wood cut small enough to fit easily in the stove or range. Eschew the kerosene can if you would live long and see good days; for "Fire is a good servant but a bad master." Where wood is the only fuel, kerosene may be used with comparative safety, taking care never to add it to a burning or smouldering fire, and only using it to wet the wood first; but it should never be used when anthracite or other coal is to be added.

Shavings are desirable, but if these are not to be had papers will do. If there is a place where such things may be kept in a box or bin, in some shed or cellar-way where there is no danger of attracting vermin, it is a good plan when gathering the greasy plates to wash after each meal, to wipe them with pieces of paper, and save the greasy papers for fire-kindling. When using newspapers to start a fire, do not stuff a folded paper in the fire-box or grate, for the chances are that it will not burn freely, layers of paper excluding air so effectually, that in many cases of fire books have been taken from the ruins with only their edges burned, when everything else was consumed by the devouring element.

When about to light a fire with paper and split wood for kindlings, unfold and tear the paper, and twist it lightly into coils or ropes, like clothes wrung out by hand. Put on the bottom of the grate four or five such coils, about as long as the fire-box, and then stack the kindling-wood around the coils, leaving air-spaces between the sticks, and lay several larger pieces of wood across the top. A sprinkling of coal may be added, but unless the stove has an exceptionally good draft, disappointment will be obviated by letting the wood get well ablaze before adding coal. Always attend to the dampers and drafts before setting a match to the kindling. If the draft be too strong, and the match goes out as soon as it is applied, close the oven damper until the lighter kindlings have caught. It will save some delay to light a good-sized twist of paper and put it under the grate, and another on top of the fuel, and start the fire in that way.

Never fill the stove or range with coal above the level of the fire-box. It is not only extravagant and wasteful of fuel to do so, but it is ruinous to the top plates, which will be superheated unnecessarily. No good cooking can be done over a furious fire or on a red-hot stove. To fill the fire-box so that the covers must be crowded down, is not the way to treat a stove.

To start a fire of anthracite coal in an open grate, first put some large pieces of coal in the corners and across the bottom bars of the grate, and then proceed as above directed.

An open wood-fire is often liked when there is a hearth for the purpose, and this requires less skill to manage than stove-fires, which, to the amateur fire-maker, often seem very refractory. The back-log is the main thing, unless the careful housewife prefers to make a light fire and clean up the whole hearth every time a fire goes out. In this case it is usual to have andirons and lay the sticks of wood across these, lighting the fire with kindlings placed underneath. If there are no andirons,—or "fire-dogs," as they used to be called in some localities,—select one good-sized hard-wood log for the back log, and have it rolled pretty well back on the hearth; use a smaller log of about the same length, of ordinary fire-wood, for the fore-stick, and lay this in front; across the two logs lay two short, heavy, hard-wood logs, and across these lay two or three sticks of easily ignited wood; put the kindlings on the hearth beneath, and set a match to them. Heavier fire-wood may be added when the first logs have ignited. Without a fender such a fire needs watching lest sparks and burning splinters fly out into the room and burn holes into rugs or carpets.

A handful of fir, pine, or hemlock cones thrown on an open fire will give a sudden brilliant blaze, and a sweet resinous odor to the apartment. Cones are splendid for kindling, too. If you have any cone-bearing trees in the neighborhood, get the children to gather basketfuls of the cones in the fall.—it will be good amusing exercise for them,—and store the cones for winter use. Peach-stones and plum-pits, also, emit a pleasing odor when burned on an open grate; and, if you have saved a few of these, a handful thrown on the fire will perfume the whole room very agreeably.

Where a whole house has to be warmed by stoves in the winter-time, somebody has a good deal of work to do. Fortunately, the base-burner stoves do not need, usually, to be filled up more than twice a day. Keep a piece of oil-cloth to lay down before the parlor or bedroom stoves when taking out the ashes. Some use paper to save the carpet or floor-covering, but there is always some danger of its catching fire. It is not always safe, either, to cover with paper a pan of ashes to keep them from blowing through the room as they are carried out. Keep an old dishpan for the purpose, or a sheet of tin, because it is always easier to prevent than to put out a fire.

Whenever possible, keep an open vessel of water on all stoves used for heating purposes. The slow evaporation of the water will restore to the air of the room some of the ozone destroyed by the heated iron surfaces. Some of the parlor stoves are fitted with small porcelain cups; but where these are not provided keep some kind of a vessel with water on the stove, if it be only a tin cup. If at the same time it be ornamental, so much the better.

Book Reviews.

The most notable literary success of many years is, undoubtedly, Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The sale of this remarkable book has been phenomenal, already exceeding 100,000, averaging 1,000 copies a day. But in this case the enormous sale is not the only criterion by which its success can be judged. Published at a time when the public mind was keenly interested in socialistic questions, its practical putting of the possibilities of good that might arise from the nationalization of the industries of the country was eagerly accepted by social reformers, as offering the first practical answer to the vexed questions that had for years been agitated; and even the general reading public, taking it up for the amusement of the passing hour, struck with the feasibility of the ideas and the forceful and direct style of expressing them, took the book seriously, and, instead of tossing it aside, saved it for reference and discussed it with gravity and earnestness, and with discussion the interest increased until it merged into enthusiasm.

The author has related how he came to write the book: how at first it was a mere literary fantasy, a tale of social felicity, a romance of an ideal world, instead of, as finally, a nation; how, after many changes, the story became "the vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial reorganization," the scheme having worked itself out in the author's mind while he was fashioning his fairy romance. Yet it is not a picture of merely material prosperity: to the thoughtful reader it reveals vistas of a higher light, and encourages noble thoughts and aspirations. It has been said that "the American of to-day can no more afford not to read 'Looking Backward' than he can afford to be ignorant of his country's history;" and to quote the author's words, "All thoughtful men agree that the present aspect of society is portentous of great changes. The only question is, whether they will be for the better or the worse. Those who believe in man's essential nobleness lean to the former view: those who believe in his essential baseness, to the latter." Published in Ticknor's Paper Series, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The third series of "Poems and Ballads" by Algernon Charles Swinburne evinces the same taste in selection that was evident in the previous series, and includes some of the most admired verses of this fascinating writer, which are fine examples of the wealth of imagery and the wonderful command of the resources of our language that are characteristic of his style. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

The Riverside Paper Series (a continuation of the Ticknor Paper Series) started auspiciously with Mrs. Margaret Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and the later issues include Aldrich's "The Queen of Sheba," Mrs. Phelps-Ward's "The Story of Avis," "The Guardian Angel," by O. W. Holmes, and Edgar Fawcett's "An Ambitious Woman," and other excellent standard novels; and in this cheap and attractive form, the higher class of novels is placed within the reach of all. The price is the same as for the Ticknor Series. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

One of the late numbers published in Worthington's International Library is "Lora, the Major's Daughter," by W. Heimburg, the favorite German author, which has been charmingly translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and is embellished by numerous handsome photogravure illustrations. It is a tale of German home life, in which several love-stories are interwoven, and is told in the author's easy style, with which the translator has been thoroughly *en rapport*. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

Still another of the charming novels of W. Heimburg, "Two Daughters of One Race," translated with taste and delicacy by Mrs. D. M. Lowrey, beautifully illustrated with numerous fine photogravures, and handsomely bound, is a welcome addition to the previous works of this favorite writer, who in Germany is considered the worthy successor of the lamented E. Marlitt. It is a romantic tale of love, passion, and marriage in German high life, and is told in the writer's happiest vein. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

One of the first to appear of the usually numerous family of calendars is "The Little People's Calendar," which is composed of twelve leaflets, each embellished with a colored lithograph representing a scene appropriate to the month, accompanied by a suitable verse. It comes inclosed in a case on which the recipient's name may be inscribed, thus marking it as the "very own" of the little lad or maiden who may be favored with one. Published by White & Allen, New York.

A birthday book, on a plan entirely different from any with which the reading public is familiar, is presented in "Every-day Biography," by Amelia J. Calver, who, as a teacher and student, has had opportunities for realizing the necessity for so convenient a hand-book, as well as for collecting the material that has been so admirably compiled. It is a collection of brief biographies arranged for every day of the year,—nearly fourteen hundred,—chief attention being given to the distinguished of modern times; and while making no pretensions to be classed as a cyclopædia, it is an excellent book of reference for teachers, students, and for the home circle. It has a very full index, an analytical as well as an alphabetical division, which adds greatly to its value. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

A new claimant for popular favor is known as the "Banner Library," which includes novels by popular English, French, and American authors, printed in clear type and in a convenient form. Among the numbers already issued are "My Good Friend," by Adolphe Belot, translated by Edward Wakefield; Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre;" Mrs. Mulock-Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "Adam Bede;" and Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." Published by Worthington Co., New York.

Under the title "Ready for Business, or, Choosing an Occupation," written by George J. Manson, are collected twelve practical articles for young men and boys, which will prove interesting and instructive reading for those to whom it is especially dedicated, and be of great assistance to parents and guardians in deciding upon the future career of those under their charge. The writer does not attempt to indicate what is the best line to follow, but gives an "inside view" of various trades and businesses that are usually attractive to youth, and thus furnishes material assistance in the matter of making a decision. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

FOR 1890.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has been published continuously for over a quarter of a century: it has always ranked FIRST as a MODEL FAMILY MAGAZINE, and FIRST it proposes to remain. Its character and uniform excellence are so well known, and have been so steadily maintained, that we have only to refer to last year's record as evidence of successful achievement, and promise that the record for next year shall surpass it.

It is our intention to make DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for 1890 far superior to any in its history; and while it is not possible to enumerate specifically the many good things already selected and in course of preparation, we feel that we have special reason to felicitate ourselves and our readers on the outlook. To all our subscribers we send, with our promise, friendly congratulations and most hearty holiday greetings, and thanks for their frequent expressions of appreciation, which have always incited us to renewed efforts for their pleasure.

OUR LITERARY MENU for 1890 has been prepared with especial care, and will be always fresh, timely, entertaining, wholesome, and varied. Our SERIAL STORIES have been selected, not alone for their literary merit, but for their force and originality, and are the work of well-known writers. In an early issue we shall publish a pathetic tale by the QUEEN OF ROUMANIA,—"Carmen Sylva,"—whose stories and poems are always charming; and we have in reserve an abundant supply of brilliant and absorbing stories and graceful poems, many of which will be handsomely illustrated.

Besides these there will be an unusually varied selection of articles on topics of timely and popular interest; notably, a series of papers about WOMAN'S WORK, relating to the industries in which women are employed, that will be profusely and handsomely illustrated; several more of the popular papers on astronomy, presenting some of the latest discoveries in that science, with authentic illustrations; descriptive articles from Europe, Africa, and the far East, the illustrations for some of the latter being the work of native artists, consequently unique and especially interesting; a set of papers of especial interest to mothers, about KINDERGARTEN methods as adapted to the home nursery; and OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY, which will contain portraits and biographical sketches of people who are talked about or eminent in any particular line. Indeed, every topic that intelligent men and women may have occasion to speak or think about, will, at some time during the year, be treated of in the columns of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, thus furnishing more general reading than could be enjoyed without free access to a well-stocked library.

As heretofore, the ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS will continue to be a prominent and characteristic feature. During last year we published in our magazine over 1500 illustrations, in addition to the handsome full-page engravings, photogravures, phototints, etchings, oil pictures, and water-colors; and for the coming year they will be more abundant and elaborate than ever, and of superior excellence.

In DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE the numerous Departments have always been a specialty, making it in fact, as well as in name, a FAMILY MAGAZINE, in which every member of the household is sure to find, every month, something of individual interest. None of these Departments will be discontinued, but each will be made so attractive and valuable that it would be sadly missed if it were omitted.

"THE WORLD'S PROGRESS" will contain a faithful and comprehensive record of important current events, scientific developments, etc., and at the end of the year will constitute an encyclopædia, that will be invaluable for reference.

"SANITARIAN" will have for a regular contributor Susanna W. Dodds, M.D., Dean of the St. Louis Hygienic College of Physicians and Surgeons, whose excellent articles have been so helpful; and these will be supplemented by others from equally reliable sources.

"WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING" will be an epitome of the doings of women all over the world; and "CHAT" will treat of social, artistic, and other matters of seasonable interest.

"HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT" will, as heretofore, present all the novelties in fancy-work of every description, to which profuse and handsome illustrations will contribute additional interest.

"OUR GIRLS" will continue its mission of entertainment and helpfulness to those to whom it is especially devoted, and all of the favorite contributors to this Department will be represented in it during the coming year. The little ones, both boys and girls, will also have their special papers, instructive as well as amusing.

"HOUSEHOLD" can always be depended upon as a trustworthy guide in domestic matters, and the student, as well as the housekeeper, will be interested in "A History of the Table," which will comprise several papers.

"CORRESPONDENCE CLUB" furnishes a means of communication between subscribers and Magazine open to all. Don't be afraid to ask for information on any subject about which you are in doubt.

The "PROHIBITION DEPARTMENT" will still stanchly advocate the vital principle which is so essential to the well-being of our country and the happiness and prosperity of every family; and our gallery of portraits of the State Presidents of the W. C. T. U. will be continued.

The "FASHION DEPARTMENT" can always be relied upon for freshness, accuracy, and fullness of detail, as well as for those practical suggestions which are of such material assistance to home dressmakers; and in this connection a two-page or four-page SUPPLEMENT will be furnished each month, which will be invaluable for either professional or amateur dressmakers. OUR PATTERNS we give FREE each month, a PATTERN ORDER in each Magazine entitling the holder to a selection from the patterns given with the number containing it, or from any number of the Magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the Pattern Order. These patterns are designed and modeled expressly for us by the same capable and accomplished artiste who has always prepared all the patterns ever furnished through this Magazine, and therefore require no further recommendation. They could not be purchased anywhere for less than $3; and as the subscription price is only $2, one virtually gets the BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD for nothing.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE stands without a rival in its special sphere, and furnishes more for the money than any other periodical published. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE is ONLY $2 A YEAR, and subscriptions can commence at any time, with any number. Now is a time to get up a CLUB, and thus obtain a Magazine for yourself at a still lower price. See low CLUBBING RATES, without Premiums, on page 134; or send for list of CLUB PREMIUMS.

As neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any connection whatever with any other publication than DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE (see page 106), all communications intended for this Magazine must be addressed to

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
OR DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,
15 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 145.

THE choice and arrangement of the colors in a costume are pretty sure tests of the artistic taste of the wearer—or the designer. The nice perception of an artist is requisite to blend colors tastefully ; and, judged according to the modern æsthetic ideas, a costume is not worthy of notice if not artistic. Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, who is said to have been the first to introduce the combination of pale blue and green, says the forget-me-not suggested the idea to her, and that flowers have furnished the theme of color for many of her charming toilets, the lovely combination of creamy white satin with golden yellow having been copied from the golden-hearted jonquil.

The secret of success is not alone in the selection of the colors or shades, but in their use in judicious proportions. Broad effects and striking contrasts in color are often pleasing for certain purposes, but the association of shades or colors so that each may enhance the beauty of the other, the introduction of a fold or a panel or a facing or a fluffy plaiting just where it will be most effective, distinguishes the toilet as the handiwork of a true artist.

The use of several colors in the same dress is one of the distinctive features of dressy toilets this season. Many of the combinations are unique—apple-green bengaline, apple-blossom silk, yellow satin, and cream-and-silver passementerie ; yellow satin, old-pink armure, and pale linden-green *crêpe de Chine ;* pale blue faille, maize-colored satin, and maize colored *crêpe de Chine*, with silver passementerie, the difference in texture of the satin and *crêpe* causing a slight difference in tint, which is very effective ; dark green velvet, reddish-purple satin, and gold-colored *mousseline de soie*, suggesting a pansy ; old-blue velvet, old-gold satin, pale pink *crêpe de Chine*, and pale green surah, with gold passementerie.

These parti-colored toilets, in which brocades in similar colors are frequently introduced, are the choice of matrons ; while for young ladies, two colors, at most, or most frequently only one, are preferred. Pale green with pink, buttercup-yellow, blue, or cream, pearl-color with pink, mignonette-green, or pink, are favorite combinations ; and pink, yellow, and white are chosen for solid-colored toilets. An especially lovely dancing-dress for a young lady is made of cross-barred gauze of a pale rose-color, the foundation skirt of pink surah with two very full gauze skirts over it finished with plain hems, and the half-low corsage of gauze draped in surplice style, back and front, has very short puffed sleeves. Very long, tan-colored gloves, and Suède slippers and silk hose to match, complete the toilet.

Demi-trained dresses of white serge or camels'-hair, or pale gray cashmere, embroidered with silks of rich or delicate tints and gold or silver threads, are the dainty toilets chosen for home evening wear, the skirt often made of straight breadths sewed in gathers to a round waist, the embroidery forming a broad band at the foot, or arranged in deep Vandykes, and the corsage draped in irregular style, and having full sleeves. A broad sash of surah of one of the colors in the embroidery, usually completes the toilet. Plain princesse dresses made of brocaded or solid-colored materials, with perhaps a front of contrasting color, are very popular for house wear ; and black and colored velvet are made in this style for evening wear.

A noticeable feature of the majority of the newest winter cloaks, including jackets and short wraps, is the high Medici collar, which is frequently lined with fur, and is a decidedly comfortable accessory for a cold, windy day. Many red-ingotes and jackets have double fronts, the inner ones tight-fitting, and the outer ones loose and lined with either fur, plush, or velvet. These outer fronts are worn closed or open, according to the weather.

One of the jauntiest styles in head-wear, suitable only for young ladies and misses, is the *béret*, or student's cap, made of cloth to match the costume, with the deep, turban brim, which fits the head closely, covered with fur or feather trimming. The flat, slightly oval crown is made of two layers of the cloth with an interlining of stiff net, and the edge is wired and bent irregularly. On top is a pompon or a rosette of ribbon. One has a black velvet crown with a narrow piping at the edge of peacock breast-feathers, and the brim is covered with handsomely marked peacock tail-feathers. Another, to be worn at the wedding of a near relative, is made of white velvet and white ostrich-feather trimming, the edge of the crown finished with a silver cord, and an ostrich-feather pompon on top.

Winter Costumes.

DIRECTOIRE BASQUE. PLAIN DRAPERY. LISELLE BASQUE. PANEL DRAPERY. DORIS BASQUE. FULL SKIRT.

Scarf veils of plain or dotted net, three yards in length and from three-eighths to half a yard wide, sometimes edged with trimming lace, are worn with hats with projecting brims, crossed in the back and brought forward and tied in a huge bow under the chin.

FOR information received regarding toilets and costumes, thanks are due to B. Altman& Co. ; for children's dresses, etc., to Best & Co., ; and for jewelry, to Tiffany & Co.

Winter Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Costume of beige-colored serge, trimmed with emerald-green silk braid. For the basque, the pattern of the "Directoire" basque, given in the September number, can be used, and the revers placed low on the front instead of high, as shown in the illustration published in September. For the skirt, no pattern is required except the gored foundation skirt. The drapery is made of five straight breadths of medium-width goods, left open in front, mounted quite plain in front and on the hips by shallow gores to make it fit smoothly, and gathered full in the back. Variations can be made in the trimming and in the arrangement of the basque, for which suggestions were given in the September number. If velvet or any contrasting material were used to simulate a vest, the same goods could be effectively used for the front of the foundation skirt. This furnishes an excellent model for simple costumes, and can be made quite dressy by the trimming and the arrangement of the accessories.

FIG. 2.—Costume of black cashmere trimmed with narrow black-velvet ribbon. The hat is a close capote of green cloth pinked on the edges, and trimmed with a fancy feather pompon.

For this costume the "Liselle" basque is used, and with the basque pattern is included the pattern for the draped panel for the skirt. The basque is in pointed shape back and front, and the jacket pieces extend only as far back as the front side-gore seams. The basque can be made much simpler by the omission of the jacket-fronts and the belt. The front of the gored foundation skirt is trimmed across with velvet ribbon, and a panel is placed on each side, slightly overlapping the back, which is made of three straight breadths of medium-width goods gathered at the top. If desired, the draped portion of the panel could be made of another material. Full particulars about the patterns are given on page 125.

FIG. 3.—Miss's costume of tan-colored camels'-hair combined with striped *broché* woolen goods having a tan-colored ground striped with green and brown. The skirt is made of straight breadths of goods, mounted quite plain in front and at the sides, but gathered full in the back. The amount of fullness for the skirt is altogether a matter of taste. A kilt or box plaited skirt, or one with drapery, could be substituted for the style illustrated.

The "Doris" basque is made of the *broché* woolen, with collar, cuffs, and vest of brown surah, the vest fringed out on the bottom, and confined by a broad belt of the *broché*. The basque pattern is fully described on page 125.

Fanchette Morning-Dress.
(BACK.)

Fanchette Morning-Dress.

COMFORT and gracefulness are happily combined in this model, which is fitted in the back and loose in front, and is suitable for all materials employed for such dresses, and for all seasons of the year. The illustrations show it made in emerald-green French flannel trimmed with fancy plaid ribbon, and pink cashmere for the full front. The becoming cap is of cream-colored silk mull, trimmed with silk-embroidered edging and bows of pink and green ribbon. The pattern is fully described on page 125.

Portia Cloak.

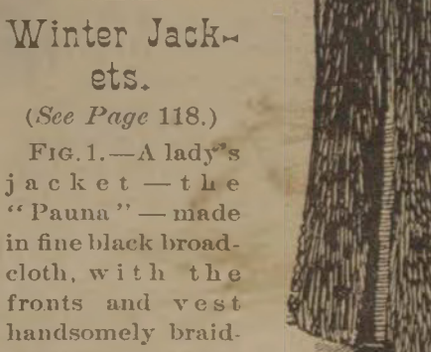
AN especially popular style of winter garment, a single-breasted, tight-fitting redingote, with graceful fullness contributed to the back by plaits let in the seams, and having long, sash-like sleeves over the close-fitting ones. It is shown made in *broché* cloth in shades of tan and brown, the ends of the sleeves trimmed with "whip-lash" fringe in which the colors are combined, and the neck, fronts, and coat-sleeves trimmed with lynx fur. The muff is of the same fur, and the small bonnet is of tan-colored kid embroidered with brown and black, and has in front a large bow of brown velvet fastened with a jet ornament.

The model is adapted to all kinds and qualities of cloth, and the outer sleeves can be omitted, if preferred. See page 125 for particulars about the pattern.

Fanchette Morning-Dress.—(FRONT.)

Winter Cloak.

DARK blue cloth of fine quality, braided with black, is the material used for this stylish and comfortable cloak. It is a tight-fitting redingote, for which the pattern of the "Militza" (illustrated in the November number) can be used, omitting the revers on the front and the long outer sleeves, and adding large pockets at the sides. With this is worn the "Tantia" cape, which is entirely independent of the redingote, and can be used with any other style of redingote or jacket, or to complete a street costume in the same or a different material. It is also a good model to be made in other materials than cloth, with appropriate trimming. The back view of the cape is shown below, and a full description of the pattern will be found on page 125.



Tantia Cape.
(*See Page* 118.)

Winter Jackets.

(*See Page* 118.)

FIG. 1.—A lady's jacket—the "Pauna"—made in fine black broadcloth, with the fronts and vest handsomely braided with black soutache, the broad collar of black astrakhan, and bands of the same fur on the sleeves. The turban is of red felt, the brim faced with red silk and black velvet, and a cluster of black and red ostrich-feather pompons at the side.

The back is tight-fitting, with a lap at the middle seam, and is much shorter than the fronts; and the loose, pointed fronts fall over a tight-fitting vest. This can appropriately be made in any material suitable for outdoor garments, and is a good model for a street garment to complete a costume made in the same goods. For directions about the pattern, see page 125.

FIG. 2.—A miss's jacket—the "Mabel"—made in dark brown "faced" cloth, with the turned-back fronts

Portia Cloak.

lined with tan-colored corded silk, and the vest of the silk. The hat is a beige-colored felt, the brim faced with brown velvet, and the outside trimmed with loops of doubled ribbon, beige and brown.

The jacket is tight-fitting, a little shorter in the back than in front, with a lap at the middle seam. The outer fronts are arranged so that they may be buttoned up closely, as shown on the other illustration of the "Mabel" jacket on page 120. In the garment shown in the second illustration, the loose outer fronts are lined with fur, and the collar is of the same fur. This illustrates a very fashionable feature of the season's fashions, which is described in the "Review," on page 115. The garment, if always to be worn closed, is complete without the vest, which can therefore be omitted, if preferable. For directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc., see page 125.

Céleste House-Jacket.

THIS charming model can be used for a dressy morning-jacket, or for house wear at any time of the day, in combination with any style of skirt. The illustration represents the jacket portions made in pearl-gray cashmere, trimmed with pearl sequins, and embroidered galloon in which pink, pale blue, light green, and silver are combined; and the blouse, ruffle across the back, puffs for the sleeves, and the collar, of pink surah. The girdle, and the knotted cord at the neck are of the colors in the galloon. Combinations of light and dark colors, plain and fancy materials, and black with any color, will be found very effective made up after this design. See page 125 for full directions about the pattern, etc.

Winter Jackets.

PAUNA JACKET. MABEL JACKET (OPEN).

(*See Pages* 117 *and* 120.)

Winter Cloak.—(*See Page* 117.)

MILITZA REDINGOTE. TANTIA CAPE.

COMBINATIONS of wool and silk are the rage in costumes for all purposes.

ROYAL purple, heliotrope, mauve, and similar colors are exceedingly fashionable for dressy wear and evening dress.

TURBANS are small enough to look like real Turkish turbans, and are trimmed with Persian gold embroidery, aigrettes, and pompons.

SEQUIN net is the latest novelty for evening wear. The bone or gilt imitations of the Eastern sequins are strung upon net to form the garniture or dress material, which is made up over silk.

Winter Millinery.

No. 1.—Round hat of light brown felt, with rolling brim and soft crown. The garniture is dark brown velvet-ribbon drawn over the front of the brim and fastened in a bow on the crown, with several light brown ostrich-tips and one long feather, and a white aigrette.

No. 2.—Evening bonnet of embroidered tulle with bead garniture. The tulle-covered capote is black, edged with a triple row of jet and gold beads strung on wires to form a fringe headed by a latticed band of finer beads. The front of the capote is ornamented with a but-

Céleste House-Jacket.

Winter Millinery.

terfly bow of the tulle fastened with bronzed metal pins representing clover-leaves. Black velvet-ribbon strings.

Nos. 3 and 4.—Velvet toque with feather ornaments. This pretty head-covering is specially designed for a low coiffure. The toque, of which No. 4 shows the back view, is of peacock-blue velvet, trimmed with bows of black velvet-ribbon and a band of pheasant feathers. A pompon of iridescent feathers is fastened directly in front with a black velvet bow.

Nos. 5 and 6.—Back and front views of a black velvet hat with a wide brim bent in a picturesque shape, and a low crown. The trimming consists of two long black ostrich-plumes, and two black wings set in clustered loops of old-rose satin ribbon.

No. 7.—This graceful hat is of black velvet with a medium high, sloping crown, and a drooping brim richly trimmed with jet. A large cluster of black ostrich-feathers completely covers the crown.

Winter Millinery.

Dinner and Reception Dresses.

HEAVY materials are much liked, even for the dressiest wear, and some of the most elegant toilets have richly embroidered panels of heavy cloth finished "raw," as tailors say, falling over satin, silk, and even lace or net draped skirts. Combinations of color with black are still much liked, yet the fancy for heliotrope, lilac, and similar shades, is constantly on the increase, and the favorite combination of green with old-rose is varied by using a pale shade of roseate lilac instead of old-rose. A beautiful dress of heavy sicilienne shows this combination, with the front of the skirt and basque made of the lilac, and the rest of the costume of dark green, with green velvet cuffs, revers, and pointed half-belt.

Satin brocades are much liked for rich dinner-dresses, and one very handsome toilet is of old-rose satin brocaded with a wide black stripe on which are old-rose carnations. The dress is made up to give the effect of sashes to the black stripes; and the waist is cut low back and front, with the full shoulder-draperies of rose satin crossing surplice-like to the waist, at the front and back.

An elegant trained dress is cut high, with close collar and medieval sleeves of dark red velvet. The dress material is dark garnet faille, and the trimming is black silk passementerie appliqués set on across the front, all the way from the throat to the foot of the dress, with a military effect.

Still more magnificent is a reception-robe fit for a princess, —or an American matron,—which has a square court-train and low bodice of mouse-ear gray velvet, with a petticoat of gilt-embroidered white satin edged with two rows of Alaska sable.

Embroidered satin and "jeweled" fronts, as the richly beaded tabliers are called, are often the only novelty the exquisite toilet of velvet, satin or silk, requires to give it its characteristic note of elegance. Lace nets combine well with the heavier fabrics, such as velvet, in dresses for young ladies, and one of the prettiest is a drapery of fine black Chantilly net over lentille-green silk, with black velvet laced bodice, and trimming-bows of black and green velvet ribbons.

Fashionable Jewelry.

IT is a little difficult to tell whether pearls or rubies are the most sought after. Jewelers say that they find difficulty in supplying as many colored stones as are called for.

Never was a profusion of jewelry more popular: bangles of silver and gold wire, and all varieties of bracelets are eagerly sought for by our modern Tarpeias, and rings of all kinds are worn until their weight might easily be oppressive. The favorite finger-ring is set with three different stones in a diagonal row across the slender circlet of gold upon which they are mounted. Single-stone rings are liked when fine, but even in diamonds the preference is for variety, and three different-hued diamonds, one straw-color, one blue, and one a pure brilliant white, are seen in a very handsome Marquise setting. It is rumored that the price of diamonds is increasing, and this will probably make them more fashionable than ever with exclusive people.

At present the favorite necklace is a string of pearls, and next to these strings of small round gold or silver beads are most desirable. Young girls and children, especially, wear these pretty and becoming bead necklaces on all occasions.

Brooches have thoroughly routed the now forgotten lace-pin. Close settings of stones or pearls are most liked, and even when diamonds are intermingled they are given no more prominence.

Ear-rings are usually solitaires or the large Creole hoops of chased or enameled gold. Small hoops set with fine diamonds look like loops of light in the wearer's ears.

The newest idea in wedding-rings is out of sight. The ring is apparently a plain gold hoop, but has a little scratch across one side. The point of a knife or needle inserted in this scratch will loosen a spring so that the solid ring swings apart into two circlets with inner flat surfaces upon which are engraved many more words than can be inscribed on the inner surface of an ordinary ring, and the motto or sentence need never be seen except by the two whom the golden symbol unites.

Stylish Hair-dressing.

THE tendency in coiffures is to run to extremes: either the hair is piled high in puffs or conical coils on the crown, or it droops low in caressing loops or braids upon the neck; and the catogan coiffure combines the two styles. This coiffure, which derives its name from the catogan, or club-shaped, appearance of the turned-under braid, which is looped at the back of the neck, is almost invariably becoming, and has but one quality which prevents it becoming almost universal,—it is too youthful for all but the young ladies and younger matrons to adopt.

The single braid, coming either from the crown or the neck, when looped is tied with a bow of velvet-ribbon at the nape, or *nuque*, as the French *coiffeuse* calls it, or fastened with a handsome metal clasp or jeweled hair-pin. It may be tied or pinned again at the crown, if turned up from the neck, or all the hair may be smoothly combed to the neck, if it is looped under, which style gives an air of distinction to a small, well-shaped head.

When the hair is worn high it is often *crêpéd*, or waved, in the neck, to give a full effect to the back of the head, for the French twist is not much used except when the hair is too thin to be taken straight up with a good effect. The hair is then arranged in fluffy-looking puffs, or coiled around in a light pyramid, and ornaments of jeweled or gilt pins, combs, or, for dressy occasions, flowers or feathers, are added. The front hair is cut short on the temples, and either forms a light pointed bang or is curled in light Récamier curls falling to the center of the forehead.

The "Defregger" coiffure, or coiffure *à la Grecque*, is a revival of the antique, and its name is suggested by the pictures of the artist named. The delicate beauty of youthful and classic features is well set off by such a coiffure. Where the hair is curled it may hang in long ringlets, all the hair except the bangs being combed smoothly to the nape of the neck, and one or two fillets of ribbon or metal drawn across the top of the head and confining the hair at the neck. If the hair does not curl, long-looped braids may be substituted.

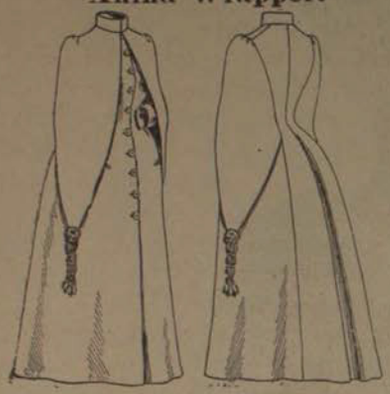
For ordinary wear, the coiffure is a loose twist of hair or a coil of braids with the toques or round hats, yet for the open-crowned theatre-bonnets a higher arrangement is needed.

Mabel Jacket (CLOSED).

(*See Page* 118.)

Anina Wrapper.

Alicia Sleeve. Attalia Pelisse. Beata Sleeve.



Armenia Redingote.

Eulola House-Jacket.

Iza Coat.

Olivera Basque.

Katia Coat.

Elveda Redingote.

Toy Elephant.

Martia Dress.

Oscar Overcoat.

Toy Rabbit.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of the above Patterns will be found on Page 126.

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

Fashionable Furs.

THE ephemeral fancies of fashion lose some of their caprices when it is a question of the selection of fur garments and trimmings. Rich and elegant furs are always fashionable for those who can afford them; and the number of these is increasing, not alone because of the increasing wealth and prosperity of our country, but also because of the possibility of obtaining costly furs at a more moderate price than formerly.

Sealskin has no rival in fur garments. This distinction is not unmerited, for the beauty and becoming effects of sealskin are well known; and if a genuine Alaska sealskin is selected, its wearing qualities make it as desirable as its appearance. While garments made of China, Japan, or Victoria sealskin may be purchased at half the price of genuine Alaska, they will not give the same satisfaction in wear or service: although they look handsome when new, they soon turn red, and wear off at the edges. The London dressed and dyed Alaska sealskin will re-dye after it has been worn ten or twelve years.

The sealskin and other furs and fur garments imported and

(Copyright, C. C. Shayne.)

Alaska Sealskin Jacket, Persian Lamb Trimming.

manufactured by C. C. Shayne are recognized as the standard for style and quality, and are sold at prices which are telling inducements to the purchaser.

Elegant sealskin Newmarkets, setting off a fine figure to perfection, and lending the less favored an inimitable air of distinction and grace, are seen in several styles and prices An Alaska seal Newmarket, fifty-three inches long, with either cuffs or bell sleeves, and square rolling or shawl collar, may be had in the finest grade for $325, and in the second quality, which will wear as well, but is not so fine, for $285. The price increases with the length, up to $400 for a Newmarket fifty-nine inches long. These prices are for the regular sizes, from thirty-four to forty inches bust measure, and extra sizes are a trifle in excess of this price. A sealskin Newmarket trimmed with Russian collar and cuffs of Alaska sable or black lynx, as shown in our illustration, will cost $25 in addition to the prices given, for the same length; trimmed with Hudson Bay sable, such a Newmarket will cost from $100 to $150 extra, according to quality; in sea otter, $100 extra; and trimmings of crown Russian sable will cost from $300 to $600 extra.

Sealskin paletots, covering the costume the same as a Newmarket, but with the looser visite-like sleeves, are the same prices for the same lengths, and are graceful and stylish garments for stout ladies or those who do not care for the close fit of the Newmarkets.

(Copyright, C. C. Shayne.)

Alaska Sealskin Newmarket, Alaska Sable Trimming.

(Copyright, C. C. Shayne.)

Alaska Sealskin "Opera," Black Lynx Trimming.

Shorter sacques and walking-coats, fitted and finished in the same perfect manner, with rich and elegant linings, come in the same sizes, and in lengths from twenty-seven to forty-five inches, varying in price, according to quality and length, from $125 to $275. Some variety in the finish is made to suit individual taste, such as a rolling collar and cuffs on one, military collar and no cuffs, on another.

The latest extreme styles in jackets are the short, tight-fitting jackets with vest and Queen Anne collar of contrasting fur, such as Persian lambskin, natural otter, or sealskin. The Queen Anne collar may be turned up as shown in the illustration of the Alaska sealskin jacket trimmed with Persian lamb, or laid perfectly flat like the Russian collar. This jacket, either in the style shown or with bell sleeves, will cost $165 in the first quality of sealskin, and $140 in the second. It is twenty-five inches long.

Other jackets and short wraps, untrimmed, from twenty-two to twenty-six inches in length, cost from $110 upward; and "Opera" wraps, such as the one illustrated, if untrimmed, run from $140 to $200. Trimmed either with black lynx or Alaska sable, they cost from $185 to $225.

Sealskin, otter, Persian lamb, and other fur shoulder-capes are specially favored by young ladies and misses, and those ladies whose graceful figure acquires increased elegance from their natty coquetry. They are made either with military or rolling collar, or the V-shaped Queen Anne collar rounding or square at the back, and with raised shoulders, as illustrated in the Persian lamb shoulder-cape, or with plain shoulders, and are from fourteen to sixteen inches deep. From $50 to $75 is the price, according to material and garniture. A very stylish shoulder-cape of other fur, such as Alaska sable, black lynx, black monkey, or natural beaver, may be had as low as $25 or $35.

(Copyright, C. C. Shayne.)

Alaska Sable "Princess."

Boas are still worn to a certain extent, but the favorite small fur for neckwear this season is the "Princess" of Alaska sable with round collar, and long, boa-like tails measuring thirty-two inches from the collar. These are sometimes loosely tied like the ends of a boa. The illustration gives an excellent idea of the appearance of this dressy and convenient garment, which may be worn with cloth, fur, plush, or other cloaks, or, on moderate days, with the street costume alone. $25 is the price of this Alaska sable "Princess," and a muff to match costs $10.

Muffs are round balls of fur, of greater or less size, according to the length of the hair of the fur composing them. They are made of all kinds of fancy furs as well as of sealskin and sable. Blue, gray, red, and silver fox, ermine, black bear, cinnamon bear, which is of a color corresponding to its name, natural lynx, astrakhan, mink, and chinchilla are the fashionable furs for small articles such as stoles, boas, Russian collars, which are very stylish, muffs, and trimming-furs. A blue fox muff and Russian collar will cost $50 per set, and the cheaper furs from $10 for a muff or boa, upward. An astrakhan collar or muff costs only $5, so it may be seen that there is a wide range of price, as well as choice, in the selection of appropriate and becoming furs. At the holiday season, especially, are these elegant accessories most appreciated as offerings of affection.

(Copyright, C. C. Shayne.)

Persian Lamb Shoulder-Cape.

Sealskin overcoats and mink-lined coats with Persian lamb or otter collars are elegant driving-coats for gentlemen. The collars can be turned up close around the neck when required. Mink-lined overcoats with natural otter collars cost from $140 to $250; Alaska seal coats with Persian lamb, natural otter, or sea otter, from $350 to $500. Separate collars, skating-caps, and all lesser articles for gentlemen's wear or use are always desirable in point of fashion, and acceptable as gifts.

The prices quoted above are those at which C. C. Shayne, the fashionable furrier of 124 West 42d Street, and 103 Prince Street, New York City, furnishes the articles described, and he will be pleased to give our readers any further information regarding prices and styles. His new illustrated catalogue is now ready, and on application to him will be mailed to any address, free of charge.

Children's Party-Dresses.

WHEN it is not advisable to put white or filmy fabrics upon delicate little ones accustomed to warm winter-dress, the prudent mother has recourse to gay or brilliant colors in more substantial materials, such as the ever-satisfactory surah, or Henrietta cloth, fine cashmere, or even veiling, draped over silk.

Pink is the favorite color for girls who are not decided blondes, and these wear blue and green, which is always most becoming. In all-white, any of the above materials, fashioned with simple full skirt, and puffed waist and sleeves, may be made exceedingly dressy by adding bows of white moire or any bright-colored ribbon, as shoulder-knots and waist and neck ribbons.

Smocked and tucked guimpes of white silk are made to wear with slips of pale blue, green, or rose-colored veiling, and such dresses are worn by girls of from five years old upward. Dresses of colored cashmeres and Henriettas, in one piece throughout, are trimmed in various fanciful ways with ribbon, and moderately with lace and embroidery.

Pretty little dresses of silk surah, in white and evening colors, are made in blouse style, with smockings and brier-stitchings, for youngest girls, and trimmed with scarfs and draperies of fancy nets and tulles with ribbon sashes, for older girls. The Empire style is most becoming for girls of twelve or fourteen, and although it may not be advisable to wear a low-necked short-sleeved waist, the full waist and falling plaiting at the throat, showing the necklet of gold or silver beads, will give just the same quaint effect.

Black stockings may be worn with any dress; but colored hosiery and slippers to match the dress are quite the fashion for very dressy occasions. Girls' dancing-shoes are black or Suède kid low ties. Pale Suède gloves, a fan, and a corsage-bouquet of choice roses are as much a part of the baby-belle's party-toilet as of those of older beauties.

For boys, the "Fauntleroy" suit of velvet, or the Spanish cavalier's dress with gay-colored sash, is considered the most dressy.

Francis Overcoat.

(*See Page* 124.)

DARK brown cloth is the material used for this stylish coat with Directoire capes. In front it is plain and double-breasted, and at the back the skirt is in broad box-plaits joined to a waist, the joining concealed by a broad belt made of the same material as the coat. This is a very desirable model for small boys, and is very fashionable this season. The capes can be omitted, if preferred. See page 125 for particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

Francis Overcoat.
(See Page 123.)

Trixie Coat.

A CHARMING little red-ingote, in Directoire style, capes and all, which will be found very becoming for little girls under eight years of age. It is not quite tight-fitting, has laps at the back seams, and the revers and capes make it especially stylish: the latter, however, can be omitted, if preferred.

The illustration shows it made in light gray Melton cloth, the edges of the capes, collar, and turned-back cuffs, left "raw." The hat is of gray felt, the brim faced with dark blue velvet, and the crown almost concealed by blue and gray pompons made of ostrich-feathers. For directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc., see page 125.

Girls' Dresses.

FIG. 1.—A charmingly simple little dress made of white cashmere trimmed with ruby velvet-ribbon. For this the pattern of the "Coralie" dress (shown in miniature in the September number) is used, the waist simply gathered at the neck, and the velvet ribbon put on in pointed shape back and front; and the shirring at the bottom of the sleeve in the "Coralie" will form a ruffle. This is an excellent and very fashionable model for dressy as well as practical uses.

Trixie Coat.

FIG. 2.—The "Lola" dress, made in red-and-blue plaid woolen combined with red cashmere and blue velvet. The cashmere is used for the front of the dress and the under-sleeves, and the remainder is of the plaid material. The design is a round waist with a full vest effect, to which the skirt is attached in box-plaits in the back and at the sides, and gathered in front. The general effect is of a solid-colored dress under a plaid overdress; but the model is very easily arranged. It embodies some of the newest ideas in children's dresses, but can be modified to suit practical uses, in various ways, which will readily suggest themselves. See page 125 for directions about the pattern, etc.

Girls' Dresses.

CORALIE DRESS. LOLA DRESS.

Toy Monkey.

(See Page 125.)

FOR the little ones a monkey dancing suspended from a strong elastic cord is productive of much pleasure, and clever fingers can easily make the droll plaything after the pattern given. The body is made of dark brown or dark gray plush, fine felt, or Canton flannel. After all the seams are sewed up, except about three inches of the back seam, stuff the body, arms, and legs into shape with cotton wadding or bits of rags, putting some iron filings or small shot in the lower part of the body, to give the necessary weight and spring to the seat.

Some care is needed to finish the face. For the lips, sew on two narrow folds of red cloth, fasten a bit of red cloth between them, cut in the shape of a tongue, and sew on two rows of white beads for the teeth. The chin and nose must be well filled out with the stuffing. For the nostrils, make two stitches of red silk; and for the eyes, sew on two circles of white muslin, with a black bead or button in the center of each. Use pieces of gray or brown fur or dogskin for the hair and beard. The joining of the head and body

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 125.)

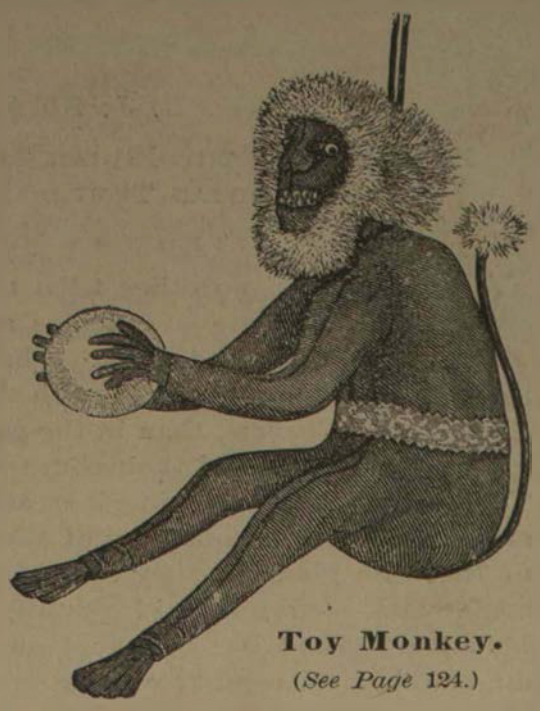
WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 125.)

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

can be concealed by a strip of red cloth, also the joinings of the hands and feet to the body; and another strip of red can be used for the belt. The tail may be made by covering a piece of wire or stiff twine with the material used for the body, and putting a bit of fur at the end. A red worsted ball should be fastened between the hands. Directions for the pattern are given on page 126.



Toy Monkey.

(*See Page* 124.)

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 furnish, 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 and 7.—Walking-jacket of tan-colored cloth, trimmed with black silk braid and Queen Anne collar faced with astrakhan. No. 1 shows the collar turned back, giving the effect of a vest; and No. 7, closed, with the garniture concealing the joining.

2, 3, 4, and 5.—Dressy coiffures.

6.—Slide of cut jet and burnished steel, for Directoire girdle, drapery, or hat.

8.—Evening-toilet of heliotrope cashmere with embroidered kid garnitures and Chantilly lace flounce.

9.—Dancing-dress of emerald-green Henrietta, with dark green-and-gold striped moire waist and garnitures.

10.—Costume of argent-gray serge with black braiding.

11.—Evening-toilet of rose-pink faille Française and embroidered *crêpe de Chine*. White plaiting and dark crimson ribbon garniture.

12.—Débutante's dress of figured tulle over white satin. Lentille green faille ribbons.

13.—Reception-dress of black satin-striped moire, with jet embroidered garniture.

14.—Carriage-costume of embroidered brown satin Régence with vest of white faille. Brown velvet hat with wings.

15.—Black-and-white striped silk costume for home wear.

16.—Black velvet hat with green ribbon bows and black ostrich tips.

17.—Dark crimson velvet hat with white wings.

18.—Directoire redingote of dark green repped silk and pale green revers. Duchesse lace tie.

19.—Pink *crêpe de Chine* collar and Directoire front, with jet trimmings.

20.—Brown sicilienne Empire cloak with crystal bead passementeries. Velvet hat with old-gold feathers.

21.—Promenade costume of dark blue silk and velvet.

22.—Little boy's black velvet suit, scarlet silk sash, and lace set.

23.—House-dress of rose-and-white striped French flannel.

24.—Tea-gown of Pompadour brocade, blue faille, and white surah silk.

25.—Theater-waist of dark green broadcloth with old-rose silk vest.

26.—Black velvet hat with ostrich-feathers.

27.—Gilt dress or hat ornament, with an emerald and pearls in the center.

28.—Morning-cap made of a folded handkerchief.

29.—Waist of dark crimson cashmere with cream surah front.

30.—Black velvet jacket-basque, with pale blue silk vest and puffs.

31.—Empire evening-dress of lentille-green India silk, with gold-colored sash.

32.—Blue-and-white striped silk house-waist with plain blue sash, cuffs, and revers, and white full front.

33.—Embroidered Suède kid bonnet.

34.—Girl's blouse-dress of rose-pink cashmere with black braiding.

35.—Reception-toilet of white-and-black figured silk with black lace and velvet garnitures.

36.—Child's dress of red cashmere and black velvet.

37.—Little girl's costume of Suède brown silk and French cashmere, with dark brown velvet sash and trimmings.

38.—Girl's dress of Empire-green Henrietta cloth.

39.—Embroidered cambric collar and tie.

40.—Beige-colored cashmere dress with dark red velvet trimmings.

41.—Black velvet collar and revers with lace edging.

42.—Gold-and-white striped silk visiting or opera costume with black silk bodice and lace bonnet.

43.—Dressy waist of blue India silk with pink ribbons.

44.—Child's evening-dress of embroidered cambric, with Scotch plaid silk sash.

45.—Dark mahogany serge ulster with hanging sleeves and black soutache braiding.

46.—French plaid camels'-hair costume with light blue cashmere vest and dark blue velvet ornaments.

47.—Morning coiffure.

48.—White silk evening-dress with lace net bertha and sleeves. Chrysanthemum corsage-bouquet and coiffure spray.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

LISELLE BASQUE.—With this pattern the panel for the skirt is included. The pattern includes 11 pieces: Vest, belt, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve of the basque; and panel for the skirt. The top of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The panel is to be folded in a line with the notches top and bottom. The holes at the top denote two plaits to be turned toward the front on the outside. A medium size of the basque will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Two and a half yards will be required for the panels. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CÉLESTE HOUSE-JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Blouse-front, outer front, side gore, back, ruffle for back, collar, cuff, and three pieces of the sleeve. The ruffle for the back is to be gathered and finished with a narrow belt which is to be tacked inside the back at the waist line. The outer piece of the sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the notches, and at the bottom. It is also to be gathered across in a line with the row of holes, and when placed on the lining, this gathering is to be over the row of holes in it. A medium size will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the plain jacket and sleeves, and one yard and a quarter of contrasting goods for the blouse-fronts, ruffle for back, puffs for sleeves, and collar; and three and a quarter yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

FANCHETTE MORNING-DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: plain front, side gore and side form all in one piece, pocket, full front, back, skirt for back, collar, cuff, and sleeve. The full front is to be placed under the plain one so that the holes will match, and is to be gathered at the neck. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The holes in the pocket match with those in the plain front. A medium size will require seven and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and three-quarters additional for the full front; and six and a half yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

PORTIA CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar, outer sleeve, and two pieces of the coat-sleeve. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The extra width at the back seam is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. The outer sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and placed to the row of holes in the back, over the shoulder, and in front. It is to be fastened as low as the waist line in the back, and as far down as the lowest hole in the upper part of the front, and below this it is to hang loosely. A medium size will require six yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

PAUNA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two and a quarter yards of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

TANTIA CAPE.—Half of the pattern is given in two pieces: Yoke and cape. Gather the cape between the holes, and join it to the yoke according to the notches. It will require half a yard of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LOLA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, full piece for vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, full piece for sleeve, cuff, oversleeve, front breadth for skirt, and plaited part of skirt. The full piece for the front is to be gathered top and bottom, and placed on the vest lining between the holes. Above and below this the vest is to be faced to simulate a yoke and belt. The plaited part of the skirt is to be laid in double box-plaits; the front breadth is to be lapped under the side of the skirt so that the holes will match, and is to be gathered at the top. The full part of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The oversleeve is to be placed over the full sleeve so that the notches at the top will match, and held a little full. The size for eight years will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard and a half additional for the front, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet. Sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

DORIS BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is to be given in 11 pieces: Vest lining, full vest, belt, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The full vest is to be gathered at the neck, forward of the hole. The back, side form, and front side-gore seams are to be closed only as far down as the lowest notch at each. The full piece for the sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom and sewed on the coat-sleeve in a line with the row of holes. It is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The size for fourteen years will require two yards and a quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard additional for the vest, collar, and lower parts of the sleeves. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

MABEL JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and two sides of the sleeve. The size for twelve years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and a half of forty-eight inches wide. Sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

TRIXIE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side form, back, three capes, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front indicate the middle. The row of holes shows where the front is to be turned back to form the revers. The *left* front is to be cut like the pattern given, and the *right* front is to be cut off in a line with the notches which designate the middle. The extensions at the back and side-form seams are to be lapped on the outside. About two inches of the lower part of the sleeve is to be turned up on the outside, and the outer seam is to be left open for that distance. The size for six years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. 4, 6, and 8 years.

FRANCIS OVERCOAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, back, skirt for back, two capes, collar, belt, and two pieces of the sleeve. The opposite notches in the top and bottom of the front designate the middle. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The skirt for the back is to be laid in one plait turned toward the

front, and two toward the back, on the outside. The size for six years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

TOY MONKEY.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Side of body, front of body, head, and a piece which will serve for the hands and feet. Sew up the small darts in the head, and join all the other seams according to the notches. Fold the pattern for the hands and feet in a line with the row of holes, then join the side edges, and make four lengthwise double rows of stitching from the folded edge to about two-thirds its depth, and cut up between the stitchings to form the thumbs and fingers. Lay the notched side in small plaits, and join to the ends of the arms and legs. Three-eighths of a yard of material twenty-four inches wide will be required. Pattern in one size, ten inches long.

OLIVERA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, two belt-pieces, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes down the front shows where the vest piece can either be set on or set under the outside material; it can either be buttoned down the middle, or the lining can be closed in the usual way down the middle, and the vest-piece cut whole and sewed on one side and buttoned on the other. The clusters of holes in the revers match with those in the front. The clusters of holes in the belt-pieces match with those in the lower part of the side-form and front. The back seam is to be closed only as far down as the notch. The collar is to be faced forward of the hole in it. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting material. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

EULOLA HOUSE-JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, full vest, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The vest-piece is to be gathered at the top and placed to the neck so that the holes will match, and the back edge is to be laid to the row of holes down the front. The trimming is to be lapped a little over the edge of the vest. The row of holes across the bottom indicates the depth of the ruffle, which is to be made about one-third fuller than the bottom of the jacket below the holes. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside; the extension on the back edge is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside, and is to be closed down the middle. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top and bottom between the holes. The collar and cuff may be faced with plaits or trimming, forward of the hole in each. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and three-quarters of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ANINA WRAPPER.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar, hood and two pieces of the sleeve. Lay the front its entire length in three side-plaits, turned toward the middle. Lay the extension at the side-form seam in a plait turned toward the front on the inside; and the extension at the back seam in a box-plait on the inside. Turn the lower edge of the hood up on the outside in a line with the holes. A medium size will require twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ATTALIA PELISSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side gore, back, skirt, sleeve, and collar. Lay the skirt in plaits at the top, as indicated, or gather, as preferred; and leave it open up the middle. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require nine yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards of trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ARMENIA REDINGOTE.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, shoulder-piece, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The extension on the back is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside, and is to be closed down the middle. The shoulder-piece is to be joined in the shoulder seam, held a little full over the shoulder, and carried down the back so that the clusters of holes will match. The holes in the front indicate where the pocket is to be inserted. A medium size will require six yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or three yards of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

BEATA SLEEVE.—The pattern is given in 3 pieces: Two pieces of the plain sleeve, and full outer piece. Gather the full piece at the sides above the hole near each edge; gather in the middle as far down as the hole, and match this hole with the one in the plain piece; gather the top between the holes and draw it in to fit the plain piece. Face the under part of the sleeve to match the outer side. Pattern a medium size.

ALICIA SLEEVE.—The pattern consists of 3 pieces: Two sides of the plain sleeve, and full outer part. The full piece is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and laid in six plaits of equal width between the two holes at the bottom, and also between the two holes near the middle, and placed on the under piece according to the notches at top and bottom, respectively, and so that the middle plaits will fit between the two holes in the plain piece. Pattern a medium size.

MARTIA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front and back of waist, collar, four pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. Lay two plaits turned toward the front in the front and toward the back in the back, according to the holes. Shir the top of the skirt with two rows of gathers, and put more fullness in the back than in front. The size for six years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

ELVEDA REDINGOTE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Plain vest-piece, plaited front, front, side form, back, collar, cape, revers, and two sides of the sleeve. The plaited front is to be laid in three plaits, and it and the plain vest-piece are to be lapped under the outer part so that the holes will match. The extension on the back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside, and is to be closed down the middle. The size for ten years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard of silk for the plaiting. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

IZA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, back, collar, cape, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half the skirt. Lay the back of the skirt in a box-plait on the outside, as indicated by the holes; the front is to be gathered. The size for eight years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

KATIA COAT.—The pattern consists of 8 pieces: Front, side form, back, the entire cape, collar, skirt, and two pieces of the sleeve. Cut the *right* front like the pattern given; the *left* front is to be cut off straight in a line with the notch in the bottom and the front edge at the neck. The skirt is to be joined to the waist according to the notches, and the other half is to be cut off at the notch that indicates the middle. The size for six years will require four and one-half yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and four yards of embroidery or one yard of plush (cut in strips three inches wide) to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

OSCAR OVERCOAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, pocket-lap, collar, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve. The notch at the top of the front indicates the middle and shows how far the fronts are to be lapped. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The size for six years will require two and three-eighth yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

ELEPHANT.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Two pieces for the body, and one ear. Sew the darts in the smaller piece for the body. Insert the tusk at the place marked by the lowest single hole, and place the eye at the upper single hole. Lay a tiny plait in the ear and place it so that the holes will match with the two in the head. Make the tail of a piece four inches long and one inch wide, joined, and fringed at the lower end, and attach it at the place marked by a single notch on the back. It will require about three-eighths of a yard of goods one yard wide. Pattern in one size, eight inches high.

RABBIT.—The pattern is given in 3 pieces: One side, entire underpart, and one ear. Close the dart in the under piece. Fold the ear lengthwise, and attach it at the place marked by the two holes. Place the eye at the single hole below. Make the tail of a wisp of cotton batting, and fasten it at the back. Make the whiskers of waxed thread or half a dozen flues of a white feather. This will require a little over one-quarter of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide. Pattern in one size, eight inches long.

A Cherokee Lady.

MRS. L. J. STAPLER.

PRESIDENT OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

PROBABLY no other tribe of Indians has made for itself a name so gracious as the Cherokee. Nor is the reason far to seek. Christianity has for a longer time had freer course to run with the fire of the Holy Spirit through their hearts, than in the case of any other tribe.

I have thrice visited their country, and once their capital, Tahlequah, being each time increasingly impressed with the simple and sterling qualities of their character and conduct of life. So glad are they to be Cherokees, that one handsome dark-eyed girl said proudly, when I asked if she belonged to the tribe, "Yes: I am happy to tell you that I am one thirty-second part Cherokee."

Every circle of humanity has its central figures; and for over half a century our White Ribbon President of Indian Territory has been by antecedents, no less than by nature and nurture, the chief feminine figure in that broad domain. She is the granddaughter of the famous Chief Charles Hicks, and daughter of that George Washington among the Cherokees, Chief Elijah Hicks, who was their stay and counsellor in the great tribulation of 1836, when the tribe was forcibly removed from Georgia because gold had been discovered there and white men wanted free and undisputed access to the same. That record cannot be gone into here: suffice it that its blackness forms a part of the nation's "Century of Dishonor."

Jane Hicks (Stapler) was born August 20, 1825, at New Echota, Georgia, and attended the Presbyterian Mission School conducted by that Christian pioneer of blessed memory, the Rev. Samuel Worcester. At eight years of age she received a Bible for memorizing the Ten Commandments, and still preserves that sacred volume. She was one-half Cherokee.

When the great removal occurred, she came, at the age of eleven years, in a division of one thousand persons, of which her father was placed in command. There were twenty thousand Cherokees in all, who were "removed" by teams and wagons furnished by the United States. Of the first thousand, with which Jane Hicks emigrated, two hundred died on the way. They rode twenty to a wagon, and arrived in a snowstorm. Their journey began near Athens, Georgia, in August, 1836, and lasted until January. On reaching that uninhabited country they lived in tents until cabins could be built.

As soon as possible, the missionaries, whose heroic devotion to the Cherokees in all these grievous times no language can properly describe, established a school known as the Dwight Mission, and here the bright, sweet-spirited young girl went through the course of study. She was afterward sent to school in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where she remained as a student eighteen months, and was considered one of the brightest and loveliest girls in school. She then returned to her home in Tahlequah (the capital of the Cherokees, in Indian Territory), where for some years she enjoyed the freedom of her Cherokee life. But her parents wished her to see more of the world; so she went with her uncle, Chief John Ross, to Washington and New York, returning *via* New Orleans.

On this trip she visited Wilmington, Delaware, where she met Mr. John W. Stapler, her future husband, who was the brother of Chief Ross's wife, a lady of Quaker descent. Mr. Stapler was one of the noblest types of Christian character that even the Friends' Society has nurtured. "The

inward voice" was evermore his guide, and his whole life impressed all who knew him with the brotherly love of Christ's gospel. His beautiful spirit, joined to another as unselfish as his own, had no small influence on the susceptible hearts of the Cherokees. He quietly attended to his business as a merchant, having come to their country about seven years before our Civil War.

Hard as they tried to keep outside its circle of destruction, the Cherokees suffered not a little; and, for peace's sake, many left their homes, among them Mr. and Mrs. Stapler with their children. At dawn of day they were escorted by Chief John Ross and a military force to Fort Scott, Arkansas, whence they returned to the old Stapler home in Wilmington. Here Mrs. Stapler joined the Presbyterian Church, in which denomination she had been reared, and in it had her little ones—two bright boys and two lovely girls—baptized.

Mrs. LaFrene Stapler

When the cruel war was over they returned to the country they had learned to love the best, but were obliged to begin life over again, the ravages of the war having left them much reduced financially. Mr. Stapler resumed his business, Mrs. Stapler her home cares; and here for thirty years she has toiled among her well-beloved people. She has never once missed attending Sunday-school save when away traveling with an invalid daughter, and for twenty-four years has been superintendent. Every form of religious and philanthropic effort shared her fostering care.

She literally keeps "open house," as Miss Gordon and I can testify, having been her guests at the W. C. T. U. Convention in May last. Her roomy and most comfortable house, and the grounds with their grape-arbor and choice flowers, form the most attractive picture in Tahlequah. Her two sons, noble-looking and accomplished young men, are married to lovely white women, and all live at home, the sons conducting the mercantile business inherited from their father, who died two years ago. Mrs. Stapler makes it a part of her religion to take care of the young men clerks, and so they form a part of the large family; and when we were there a bright young dressmaker and milliner, from Kansas City, who had a department of the store, was also here made at home. The annual Missionary Meetings, Teachers' Institutes and Temperance Conventions also have their headquarters under this hospitable roof.

That the much-maligned relationship of mother-in-law is so magnified by Mrs. Stapler as to make it take on its true proportions, the following extract from a letter sent me by one of her daughters-in-law, sufficiently proves:

"It is not possible to build too much on her Christian patience and loving charity,—in fact, she is *one mass of charity*. Poor mamma is so good that I can't bear to see her failing health. We can't get her to let us wait upon her, and I *know* she will never stop work until some day she will just drop,—and then what shall we do! Never a day passes but that her means are used to relieve the sick, the lazy, and the destitute; for her kindness of heart prompts her to believe every tale of woe. Her life has been very sad. She lost her two daughters when they were just entering upon a beautiful womanhood full of sweetness, affection, and accomplishment; her saintly husband died two years ago; and her youngest son, John, lost his sight at eighteen years of age. He is my husband, and the noblest man on earth, in my opinion. God has given him great judgment, and he attends to his duties in the store with remarkable skill and judiciousness. With all these sorrows, mamma's heart has never wavered in its trust in God. Now she is growing old and her step is feeble; but her love is just as fresh as morning sunshine. Remember, you cannot speak too kindly of her!"

Another letter throws a beautiful side-light upon this character: "Of course Mrs. Stapler has been surrounded with home comforts and lived in an atmosphere of intelligence all her days, and her children have reaped the advantage, causing many to make envious remarks that would be galling to some; but she is only the more kind to such offenders, and will never hear of the world's retaliation. Behold! the first thing anybody knows, these unjust ones come over on the other side and are her friends, putting her at the front in all their enterprises. Thus she puts to shame all meanness by exerting herself to 'overcome evil with good.'"

As is well known, the Indian Territory has long been under Prohibition, and total abstinence is taught in all the schools. To see the Stapler Brothers' store with all the modern improvements—including a telephone, which an old

Indian declared, the day after it was put up, "had learned already to talk Cherokee"—was an object lesson of these modern days: to see their blessed old mother presiding over a W. C. T. U. Convention was a fore-gleam of the millennium.

The Votes of Delinquent Church-Members the most Effective Bulwark of the Liquor-Traffic.

"Sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

To sanction the liquor-traffic is moral treason to our homes and country. It is a shame and disgrace on our civilization to have this hideous liquor-traffic, this incubus on our country, upheld and fortified by so many church-members.

Some people say the liquor-traffic is enthroned in the legislature or the Capitol at Washington; but the truth is, the liquor power has its enthronement, its endorsement and security, in the votes of many prominent church-members, who, for the blood-money, help to make it respectable by a legal sanction called a license. Their endorsement of these infamous liquor-bars includes an insidious delusion that is used to cheat the people with the idea that a tax or license is a real restriction; whereas the monopoly does not, in any sense, restrict the amount of liquor sold, but only acts as a snare to entrap the people into perpetuating and dignifying the traffic with respectability, while bringing timid and apathetic church-people into an abject subserviency to this heinous business of selling a fascinating liquid poison to debauch the community with crime, and pauperize its victims by law.

But the most lamentable feature of this whole matter consists in the fact that many good and conscientious citizens outside of the church are led astray and deluded by this license craze, through the endorsement that this wicked sanction of a license party or license candidates gets from a large number of otherwise respectable Christian ministers, who give a toleration to the liquor interests in their congregations, and in this way surround this awful business with the garb of sanctity; and this sanction of a license to the traffic also makes these ministers and church-members responsible for the horrors that this piratical business produces.

A Christian civilization or a political party that takes this method of a license to give its endorsement to such wholesale wickedness as the liquor-traffic, is a libel on Christianity and a disgrace to any country. It will not do to say, "I am not my brother's keeper." We are responsible. The ground cries out with blood, and no amount of duplicity or old party obligations will relieve us from the duty to meet this question of Prohibition of the liquor-traffic at the polls, where only we can make our conscience the umpire on this question; and certainly conscience should be made to dominate in our politics, and our vote is the only standard of our morals in all political questions.

This license or legal sanction of the liquor-traffic is the millstone at the present time around the throat of our country, and threatens to drown our whole civilization and Christianity in a vortex of destruction if not averted by the honest indignation of the people expressing a prompt condemnation of the subserviency of delinquent Christians and ministers to this incubus on the conscience of the voter. God hasten the day when the whole church shall see her privilege, influence, and duty, and, combining for the entire Prohibition of this destructive, pauperizing, crime-producing and death-dealing traffic, vote it out of existence, as the only effective method for reaching this monster evil!

Christian patriots, it is both your duty and privilege to help vote it out. Will you do it?

Prohibition Politics Indispensable for the Safety of the Nation.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

CONSCIENTIOUS, intelligent, and patriotic men in the community should be awakened from their present apathetic attitude, to see how effectively the liquor-dealers have fortified their position in both the political parties, through the delinquency of good and Christian men in the community.

These piratical enemies of our homes, the liquor-dealers, have so effectively intrenched themselves in the political machinery of the country, that nothing short of a moral uprising of the people through political action will rescue the country from the perils of this crime-producing, pauperizing, death-dealing business, or, as Lord Randolph Churchill characterizes it, "the destructive, devilish liquor-traffic."

These unscrupulous and dangerous enemies of our country, the liquor-dealers, must be met with the only weapon that can be of any avail, a political party combination, and this political action must be free from compromises of any kind. All past and present party affiliations must be ignored. A new and distinct Prohibition party organization is the only alternative, and a platform must be presented that will clearly define and embody entire Prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and importation of alcoholic beverages, as a fundamental principle around which the people can rally, and by their vote give expression to their enthusiastic cooperation.

The terrible results of indulgence in this alcoholic poison, shown in the crime and misery in the community, and the demoralizing effects on the political relations of the nation are truly deplorable; but the demands of an exasperated, determined people, clamoring for relief, will soon make themselves heard through the ballot-box, from Maine to California, and this moral revolution is not to be stayed, until, by the vote of a determined people, National Prohibition has become a permanent fixed fact, and the whole country redeemed from the blighting, blasting influence of this fascinating liquid poison of alcohol, which has so long deluged our country with vice and misery, and is threatening the destruction of every good influence and material advantage of our present civilization.

License a Snare to Entrap Temperance People.

THE Republican party as a party have declared their position on the question of High License, and demand that no backward step shall be taken.

Warner Miller, as the standard-bearer of this party, says: "I took the nomination to keep down the Prohibition vote. I started in with that object in view." All of the other candidates acquiesced in this statement, and have recently reiterated this in every allusion to the liquor-traffic. This attitude of the Republican party is more dangerous because the remedy they propose is delusive and insidious; and this pretense of restriction does more to fortify and perpetuate this infamous traffic than could possibly be done by a more open sanction of the business.

It is this legal sanction of the traffic, brought about by the parties in power, that fastens this horrible incubus on the country; and as long as these liquor-dealers, by means of a bribe called a license, can procure immunity, they will exult over their success and laugh at the credulity of temperance people in the Republican party in giving them "all the protection they want."

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

CHRISTMAS!

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO. PURE SILK

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A Pure Dye Black Dress Silk, woven in five different styles. That means there is no more body or weight in the black dye than is needful to secure a good and permanent color. The cheap black silks, both *American and foreign*, usually owe a *quarter*, a *third*, or a *half* of their weight to *dye stuffs and gum*, and you pay for them at the price of silk. Remember PURE DYE, like the famous and very costly "ANTWERP Silks."

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Because silk is better than dye stuff and gum

HOW IS IT?

It is always 25 inches wide. *Cuts to better advantage than narrow.*

It has no colored selvedge, but is black from edge to edge. *To save waste.*

It is in dress patterns, 16, 17, 18, and 20 yards. 16 *yards is equal to* 20 *of ordinary width.*

It is sold at one uniform price—$2.20 per yard.

Because raw silk is so low.

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Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, the honest thing to do is—*send it back.*

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(*See page 130.*)

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California Sea Mosses for the Holidays. Beautiful tints for Albums. The finest on the Pacific Coast, 50c per doz. Mrs. J. SCHUYLER, Half Moon Bay, Cal.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

A Christmas Gift!

C. & K.
"DAYLIGHT LAMP"

Gives the nearest artificial approach to DAYLIGHT possible.

Notwithstanding the abundance of gas and electric light, every one in town and country uses a kerosene lamp of some description for reading and writing.

The steadiest, strongest safest, most easily managed and most economical of all modern lamps, is the

"DAYLIGHT."

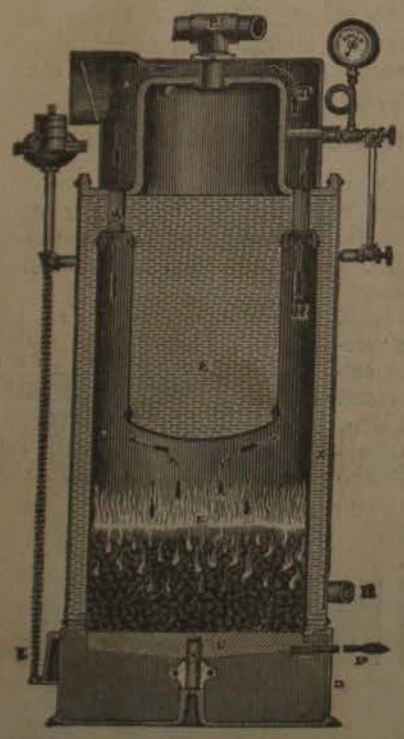
When ready for New Lamp, inquire for "DAYLIGHT." Agents wanted in every town and city in the United States. Write direct to

DAYLIGHT LAMP CO.,
39 PARK PLACE, - - - - NEW YORK.
OR TO
CRAIGHEAD & KINTZ CO.,
38 BARCLAY STREET, - - - NEW YORK.

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

Simplest and Best.

Automatic, Economical and Durable.



No Engineer OR Skilled Labor is required.

Burns either Hard or Soft Coal.

Agents in the trade wanted everywhere.

Manufactured under Fiske's Patents.

Illustrated Catalogue, References and Estimates furnished free.

Duplex Steam Heater Co.,
23 BETHUNE ST., NEW YORK.

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

DICK'S Seamless Foot-Warmer Shoes Every Winter.

Woven by hand; wool lined. Warm, soft, strong. Where dealers have none (*canvassers wanted*) we mail postpaid, Ladies' sizes, $1.35. Gents', $1.60.
W. H. DICK, Manufacturer,
[Write plainly.] Dansville, N.Y.

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

Correspondence Club.

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

"IDAHO."—You can use your black striped silk-velvet skirt in combination with any material you like: faille Française silk would be good. If only the sleeves of the serge basque are too tight, substitute plain black-velvet sleeves, either leg o'mutton or coat shape, and wear it as it is. Use jet garnitures if you make a silk polonaise. The short steels used instead of bustles are set in the foundation skirt, the first one about eight inches below the belt. Usually only one is used; but there may be two or three, and the length is determined by the figure. A stout person will require larger steels than a slender one. The object is to give the skirt an easy flow from the belt downward, and not to make a hump just below the waist. From eight to twelve inches are the lengths usually selected.—Your words of praise are most gratifying.

"DEVOTEE."—Hyppolite is pronounced hip-o-leet; and Gobelin,—gob-e-lin, as spelled.—You cannot be sure that salespeople are correct in their pronunciation of the names given to goods or colors; they may be, but accurate pronunciation of comparatively new names cannot always be ascertained.—The revers, collars, etc., of your black satin Rhadames basque made after the pattern of the "Louise" basque (illustrated in the October Magazine), would be more stylish made of the satin and covered with fine jet, than of the velvet. Finish the sides of the skirt having lace front, in Directoire style with plain silk panels, and use the lace five inches deep as a garniture laid flatly on the front edges of these.—A kilt-skirt cloak with shoulder-cape is the style of cloak worn by boys of three years. Beaver fur and imitation beaver, also Persian lamb, are the trimming-furs most used for children's garments. There is no need to dress your boy as a girl because he is so fair and pretty. A broad-brimmed felt hat with full crown of silk, and wide ribbons tied under the chin, would be the most stylish hat for him.

"I have taken Demorest's Magazine ever since it was started,—or rather my mother has,—and I don't know how we could get along without it now.—MISS ANNIE E. M., Hollywood, N. Y."

"I am so pleased with your Magazine. I have been a subscriber for years, and think it is continually improving. I have all my Demorest's Magazines for several years back.—WILD ROSE, Lewisburg, W. Va."

(*Continued on page* 131.)

EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS FACE,

and it needs only a few lines to cause it to be recognized. Just so with "Sirocco Tea." The lines upon which it is becoming known are: flavor, purity, strength and economy; and, too, coming direct from our tea gardens in Cachar, Assam, Darjiling, India and Ceylon, and each packet being sealed and impressed with our trade mark, the consumer gets it at first hands and is certain of its quality. Are not these good lines, which make a pleasant picture? The reality is just as good. Call on us or ask your grocer for it.

DAVIDSON & CO. Sole Growers and Importers of SIROCCO TEA,
RETAIL AND WHOLESALE DEPOT,
1436 Broadway, N. Y. bet. 40th and 41st Sts.

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

On trial in your own home before you buy it. Warranted For 6 Years.
Circular free to all. Be sure to write me.
1889 Re-elected Mayor April 9. Always buy the best.
Stool, Book, $45.00
(*Mention this paper.*)
I SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES.
It is only necessary to send references as to your responsibility from any banker, postmaster, merchant or express agent and the Organ will be shipped promptly on ten days' test trial.
H. W. ALLEGER,
Save money. Washington, N. J.

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

KABO

NO MORE BONES TO BREAK AND HURT THE WEARER.
KABO is Warranted To Neither BREAK nor ROLL UP with 1 y'rs WEAR.
TRADE MARK.

CORSET

BALL'S CORSETS are Boned With KABO

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
CHICAGO CORSET CO.
CHICAGO and NEW YORK.

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

PROHIBITION LOGIC FOR THE MILLION

Pithy! Pungent!! Startling!!! Practical!!!! Arguments on the Moral, Statistical, and Educational Phases of Prohibition Politics, by the best writers and speakers in small tracts. Price, 25 cents per 1000, or 5000 for $1.00. Address

NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE,
32 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

100 *sent by mail, as specimens, for* 5 *cents.*

THE EMPIRE WRINGS DRYER, WEARS LONGER and is the only wringer which does not have the crank attached to either roll, *it is constructed in this way to save labor. It is warranted against defects, requires no oil and never rusts.*

THE EMPIRE WRINGER.

It is the only purchase gear Wringer made.

THE EMPIRE

Does not Grease the Clothes. *Solid White Rubber Rolls, Warranted.* Sample Wringers sent at wholesale price from factory. Hardware Dealers sell it. Agents wanted.
Empire Wringer Co., Auburn, N.Y.

Purchase Gear.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(*Continued from page* 130.)

"LOLLA LANK."—Dark brown, maroon-color, dark blue, and rose-color will be becoming colors to a young lady with dark brown hair and eyes, and fair skin. A tall, slender person will find the Directoire styles becoming, or any style not accentuating the slimness of the figure. Wear full skirts, and waists with belts and sashes. Avoid stripes and striking contrasts of color, and lengthwise trimmings of any kind, even folds or plaits.

"ANGELA."—No portion of the expenses of a church wedding is to be borne by the bridegroom. Everything should be paid for by the bride's parents or guardians. It is not absolutely necessary for a bride to seclude herself after the cards are out, but many ladies do so from preference. It would be quite allowable for you to attend the public concert given by the vocal society to which you belong, one week before the wedding. The proper dress for the gentleman at a day wedding when the bride wears a traveling-dress, is a frock coat and light trousers. At a noon wedding, the ushers should dress similarly. Of course the bridegroom is in attendance upon his bride throughout the reception from four to ten, and should wear evening dress. The lady also should wear an evening dress, not a tea-gown; and refreshments of a light character should be provided: salads, sandwiches, cakes, and coffee are sufficient.

"ELLIE T."—The fairy tale of "Bluebeard" has a foundation in fact. The original and real "Bluebeard," Giles de Lavel, Lord of Retz and other baronies and lordships in Brittany, lived in the time of Charles VII He was known as the richest and wickedest man of his day. On December 23, 1440, he was burned alive for having murdered several wives and no less than one hundred children. He boasted of his horrible crimes as he was being taken to the stake, and finally said he had committed enough of them to condemn to death ten thousand men.

"I am in need of advice, and so, naturally, come to Demorest's Magazine as to an old and true friend. We are building us a home, and it is for suggestions on interior painting and staining that I come to you. If you will kindly help me to a decision, I shall feel yet a deeper obligation to our ever-helpful 'Correspondence Club.' I have had Demorest's for so long I can't remember when I first had it, which speaks for its merits more than anything I might say.—MRS. G. A. D., Wakefield, Mass."

(*Continued on page* 132.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1889.

Messrs. BEHR BROS. & CO.,
15 EAST 14TH ST., N. Y.

We have had one of your pianos for two years, and are delighted with it. It sustains its tone wonderfully. The patent muffler, too, is a great advantage, which we fully appreciate.

Very sincerely,
MME. DEMOREST.

Velvets are in great demand this season, few costumes being made without the use of more or less of these goods. In this connection, Velutina is being very generally used as a substitute, the price being less than one-fourth the cost of Silk Velvet, while in appearance and for satisfaction to the wearer, Velutina is almost if not quite the equal of the Silk fabric.

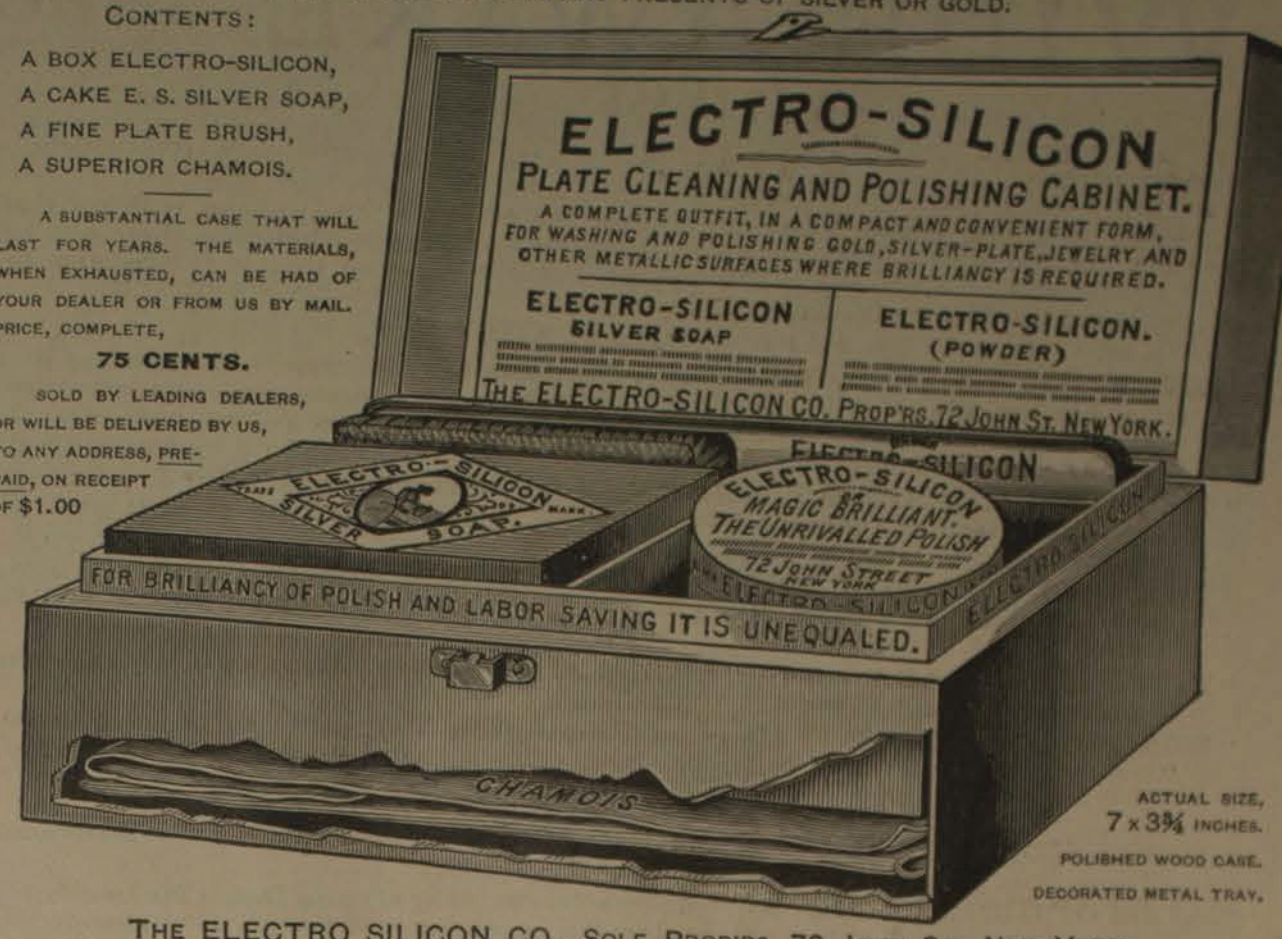
THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR. 100 STYLES BABY COACHES
COMBINING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE IN ONE
INVALID SUPPLIES AND WHEEL CHAIRS
50 CHANGES
We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices, and ship goods to be paid for on delivery. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired.
Automatic Brake on all Coaches FREE WHEEL CHAIRS TO HIRE. SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY.
LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

A NEW CONVENIENCE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS
THAT SHOULD ACCOMPANY PRESENTS OF SILVER OR GOLD.

CONTENTS:
A BOX ELECTRO-SILICON,
A CAKE E. S. SILVER SOAP,
A FINE PLATE BRUSH,
A SUPERIOR CHAMOIS.

A SUBSTANTIAL CASE THAT WILL LAST FOR YEARS. THE MATERIALS, WHEN EXHAUSTED, CAN BE HAD OF YOUR DEALER OR FROM US BY MAIL. PRICE, COMPLETE,
75 CENTS.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS, OR WILL BE DELIVERED BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF $1.00



ACTUAL SIZE, 7 x 3¾ INCHES.
POLISHED WOOD CASE.
DECORATED METAL TRAY.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., SOLE PROP'RS, 72 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

VICK'S SEEDS.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1890,

the Pioneer Seed Catalogue of America, contains complete list of Vegetables, Flowers, Bulbs, Potatoes, and Small Fruits, with descriptions and prices. Same shape and style as proved so satisfactory last year. Many new and elegant illustrations, handsome colored plate 8x10½ inches, and frontispiece. Every person who owns a foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from first order.
ABRIDGED CATALOGUE FREE.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

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

THE NEW BRAIDED WIRE DRESS CUSHIONS

as these cuts show are made to give the necessary fullness to Ladies' Skirts as they will be worn the coming winter and spring. These Braided Wire Cushions are light and cleanly, and are sure to give the desired effect. They

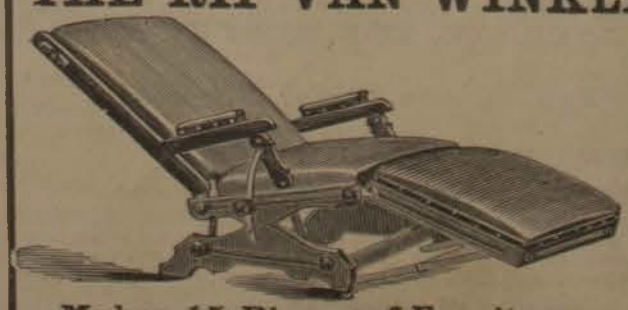
Empire B. 25 cents. Empire H. 25 cents. Juliet. 25 cents. Three Row. 45 cents

do away with stuffing of hair, wool, and other heating and unhealthy substances. They will hold out the heaviest wraps. If you do not find them at stores we will send samples by mail, po-tpaid, on receipt of price. Milliners, dressmakers, and dealers, by enclosing their business card, will be sent samples for 15 cents each, with Price List of all our goods.
WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO., 1117 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Elastic Braided Wire Bust Forms, 50c.; Braided Wire Hair Rolls (any color), 15c; sent by mail, postpaid.

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

THE MOST WONDERFUL CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE RECLINING ROCKER.



You can sit in the Chair with your feet on the foot-rest and rock yourself, and it is impossible for a beholder to tell what makes the Chair rock.

As an **Invalid's Chair**, a person can recline the back by quarter-inches, until he lies straight or horizontally, and without taking his weight from the back of the Chair in the least, and

Can Rock as well Lying Down as Sitting Up.

Upholstered in Plush, Leather, or Wilton Rugs. It has 200 changes of position, and sells for $20.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue (showing principal positions and changes) and Price-List. The Catalogue contains the LEGEND OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

Makes 15 Pieces of Furniture.
Makes an elegant Wedding or Holiday Present.

Manufactured by P. C. LEWIS, Catskill, N. Y.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

WIDE AWAKE, A Good Year. 1890. A Merry Year.

"The brightest of the children's magazines."—*Springfield Republican*, June, '89.

"Adjectives give out when we take up the *Wide Awake*. Each successive number is a pleasant surprise, in spite of our familiarity with its unfailing attractions."—*Congregationalist*, Sept. 12, '89.

1890 will be a **Good Year** for the readers of WIDE AWAKE, and with all that is wise and practical and helpful, for broad education and character-building, there will be so large an element of sport and mirth-making and gay surprise that it is sure also to be memorable as the **Merry Year.**

FIVE GREAT SERIALS.

"THAT BOY GID." By **William O. Stoddard.** The rugged, reticent boy of the farm, his charming sister, the village characters—the humor and common-sense of country life. Young and old will follow Gideon's adventures and his sister's on their father's acres with laughter and breathless interest. (Serial.)

"THE NEW SENIOR AT ANDOVER." By **Herbert D. Ward.** A serial of school-life in famous Andover—a life as unique in its way as school-life at Rugby. The boys, the professors, the lodgings, the fun.

"THE SONS OF THE VIKINGS." By **Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.** A right down jolly serial of modern Norse boys—an open-air tale of dauntless lads and their doughty deeds.

"BONY AND BAN." One of the best of the **Mary Hartwell Catherwood** Western serials.

"SEALED ORDERS," by **Charles Remington Talbot,** is an amusing serial of "wet sheets and a flowing sea," jolly young officers, the most astounding adventures.

SERIES OF ARTICLES AND STORIES.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. By **Alexander Black.** Six practical and amusing articles.

TALES OF OLD ACADIE. A dozen powerful stories by **Grace Dean McLeod,** a Canadian author, from old Canadian records and remembrances of French and Indian families.

LUCY PERVEAR. First of a series of graphic North Carolina character sketches by **Margaret Sidney.**

THE WILL AND THE WAY STORIES. By **Jessie Benton Fremont.** About men and women who did great things in the face of seeming impossibilities. Strong, ringing, true tales—the first about General Frémont's old friend, romantic Kit Carson, the famous guide.

THE PUK-WUDJIES. By **L. J. Bridgman.** The funny Indian fairy folk.

BUSINESS OPENINGS FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. A dozen really helpful papers by **Mrs. Sallie Joy White,** of the *Boston Herald*.

THE DAISY-PATTY LETTERS, by **Mrs. ex-Governor Claflin,** will be continued. Teachers, school-girls, and parents alike pause to read these etiquette letters.

TWELVE SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND TALES. The first will be **"Lambkin: Was He a Hero or a Prig?"** By **Howard Pyle,** the artist.

☞ *Postal-card Votes and Cash Prizes.* ☜

SHORT STORIES sifted from thousands.

Santa Claus on a Vegetable Cart. Charlotte M. Vail.
Rijane. William Preston Otis.
How Tom Jumped a Mine. Mrs. H. F. Stickney.
The Run of Snow-shoe Thompson. Lieut. F. P. Frémont.
Polly at the Book-kitchen. Delia W. Lyman.
Trailing Arbutus. Hezekiah Butterworth.
Golden Margaret. James C. Purdy.
Peggy's Bullet. Kate Upson Clark.
How Simeon and Sancho Panza Helped the Revolution. Miss Risley Seward.
The Difficulties of a Darling. L. B. Walford.
"One Good Turn." Harriet Prescott Spofford.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

NOVELTIES.

Dolls of Noted Women. Miss Risley Seward.
How to Build a Military Snow-Fort. An Old West Pointer.
How the Cossacks Play Polo. Madame de Meissner.
All Around a Frontier Fort. Lieut. F. P. Frémont.
Home of Ramona. Charles F. Lummis.
A Rabbit Round-Up. Joaquin Miller.
Japanese Fighting Kites. J. B. Bernadon, U.S.N.
Indian Base-Ball Players. F. L. Sloane, of "The Hampton Indian Nine."
A Party in a Chinese Palace. E. R. Scidmore.

The Poems, Pictures, and Departments will be more interesting than ever.

☞ **THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,** enlarged 16 pages to admit a great serial of adventure, by **Grant Allen,** entitled: **WEDNESDAY, THE TENTH: A Tale of the South Pacific.**

Wide Awake is $2.40 a Year. New Volume begins December.

FOR THE YOUNGER YOUNG FOLKS.

The Pansy.
Edited by "Pansy."
An illustrated 32-page monthly devoted to young folks. For Sunday and week-day reading. $1.00 a year.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.
A magazine for youngest readers. Seventy-five full-page pictures (besides no end of smaller ones) during the year. $1.00 a year.

Babyland.
The one magazine for babies. Dainty stories, poems, jingles, many pictures, in each number. Large type, heavy paper. 50 cts. a year.

Specimen Copy, any one, 5 cents; of the four, 15 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.

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

LIDA CLARKSON'S
COLORED STUDIES

A SEA BREEZE. Size, 7 x 12 inches.

WE will send you this beautiful Study of "A Sea Breeze," IN COLORS, a list of Lida Clarkson's COLORED STUDIES, and a *three months' trial subscription* to INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE (a finely illustrated $1.00 monthly) all for fifteen 2-cent stamps (30c.) Address **J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass.**

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

(*Continued from page* 131.)

"J. G."—A wrap for church wear in the country could be made of black faille Française trimmed more or less richly with jet and passementerie. Black would be the best color for church wear. There are many pretty designs illustrated in the Fashion Department, both for patterns, and on the Fashion Supplement for suggestions. Stern Brothers, or B. Altman & Co., of New York City, furnish such garments in all the fashionable styles.—The bridle reins are usually held in the left hand by the lady equestrian. This leaves the right hand free to use in case of necessity.—We are pleased to know you enjoy the Magazine.

"M. M. M."—Gloves spotted from dampness cannot be restored. The only remedy is to dye them another color.

"EMELINE."—Equal parts of white shellac and alcohol make a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. It should be sprayed on evenly with an atomizer.

"MARGARET."—There can be no such thing as a "formal" acknowledgment of wedding gifts. It is the bride's duty to write and thank every donor, in her most amiable manner, for the tokens of affection or regard bestowed upon her. There can be one or more bridesmaids at a church wedding. Where there is but one she is usually called a "maid of honor," and precedes the bride up the aisle, standing at her left during the ceremony. Satin Régence is the newest material for wedding-gowns.

"I have been taking Demorest's Magazine for eighteen months, and I must tell you how much I enjoy reading it. My copies are getting worn, I have read and re-read them so often, and every time it seems to me I find some idea that helps me so, especially in 'What Women Are Doing,' 'World's Progress,' 'Chat,' and the many other interesting pieces. I enjoy reading about Prohibition, and also about your visits to the West and to Europe. I have always had a desire to go to Europe, especially since I have read so much in the column 'What Women are Doing,' about women doing great wonders. I am only an Arkansas girl of nineteen years, and I am studying art, and am trying to make a living for myself. My father died when I was only fourteen years of age. I am ever so much obliged to you for answering my question in the 'Correspondence Club.' I cannot do without your Magazine. I am going to try to study like Lida A. Churchill says in your Magazine, in 'Our Girls.' I am going to try to have my name in the column 'What Women are Doing,' in your Magazine, some day, I hope, that is, if I deserve having it put there; and I expect to accomplish wonders with your help.—Miss B. S., Malvern, Ark."

(*Continued on page* 138.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(*Continued from page* 134.)

"MRS. S. F. R."—A good laundry-polish for shirts, collars, and cuffs, may be made as follows: Melt together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti with a large tablespoonful of salt. Dissolve these over a slow fire, and pour into a wet cup to cool. Make boiled starch as usual, cooking slowly for twenty minutes, and for every tablespoonful of dry starch put in a lump of the preparation, about as large as a cherry. Use no cold starch, and do not sprinkle. When the starched pieces are dried, lay them in a wet towel for two hours, and bring out the gloss with a rough polishing-iron.

"VIVIAN."—The duties of a lady traveling-companion are modified by circumstances. If the employer is wealthy enough to command the services of a maid as well, the companion's duties are less arduous. They would then include such services as buying tickets, choosing berths, rooms, apartments, seats, and other accommodations, paying the bills, looking after baggage and express packages, shopping, and other services such as a courier usually renders. A knowledge of French and German is desirable in a traveling-companion, and also an immunity from sea-sickness and other complaints which distress travelers. A man and wife might find employment as traveling-companions for an invalid or a family going abroad, the man performing the services described above, and the wife those of a maid or children's governess. In such a capacity she would be required to assist her charge to dress and undress, pack and unpack, and take care of her wardrobe, see to baths and other toilet matters, and amuse her employer with reading or conversation at other times. As to the compensation, that is hardly possible to give accurately. Sixteen or twenty dollars a month might be a fair remuneration in some cases; but ladies have been known to give their services for the opportunity of traveling, and an accomplished traveling-attendant might ask and obtain much more.

"WM. H. P."—The materials for the article to which you refer, "Earliest Americans," in "World's Progress" of the October Magazine, were derived from a book about to be published, which will give much extended information about the people who came to this continent 2,000 years ago, and also in regard to the earthen tablets found in Peru, Central America, and Mexico. Works which will interest a student of the subject are E. G. Squier's "Peru" and his other works on the countries of Spanish America; J. W. Foster's "Prehistoric Races of the United States;" and Madame Alice Le Plongeon's writings. These books may be obtained of Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, New York City. You can write there and they will give you prices, etc., and the books can be sent by mail.

"AN OLD SUBSCIBER."—Depilatories of any kind are seldom safe to use, and we cannot recommend any preparation to remove superfluous hair.

(*Continued on page* 136.)

AN ASTONISHING OFFER

This beautiful miniature **UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SET** of three pieces (for the next 60 days) will be sent to any address on receipt of 95 cents to pay expenses, boxing, packing, advertising, etc. This is done as an advertisement and we shall expect every one getting a set to tell their friends who see it where they got it and to recommend our house to them. This beautiful set consists of one sofa and two chairs. They are made of fine, lustrous metal frames, beautifully finished and decorated, and upholstered in the finest manner with beautiful plush (which we furnish in any color desired). To advertise our house, for 60 days, we propose to furnish these sets on receipt of 95 cents. Postage stamps taken. No additional charge for boxing or shipping; order immediately. No attention paid to letters unless they contain 95cts. R. W. SEARS, & CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

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

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"THE WHOLESOME EDUCATOR OF MILLIONS."

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

If you are not convenient to a news stand, send two dollars to the address below and the Ledger will be sent to you FREE till the first of January, 1890, and then continued for a whole year from that date.

THE LEADING WRITERS — CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

$2 A YEAR

SIXTEEN PAGES EVERY WEEK

Special Features.

Herbert Ward, Stanley's Companion.

Herbert Ward, the companion of Stanley in his explorations in Africa, is the only white man connected with Stanley's African explorations who has ever returned alive from the "Dark Continent." Mr. Ward's articles, running through eight numbers of the "Ledger," are of the most intensely interesting description, and cover five years of his adventures in Africa, and they will be illustrated by sketches made by Mr. Ward, and by the reproduction of photographs taken in Africa. These pictures will throw much light upon the manners and customs of the hitherto unknown cannibal tribes of Africa.

The Story of a Forsaken Inn. (A SERIAL STORY) *By Anna Katharine Green.*

Life in British America. *By Rev. E. R. Young.*

Being the adventures and experiences of Rev. E. R. Young, the celebrated missionary, and his wife during their residence in the Polar region, twelve hundred miles north of St. Paul, in which Dr. Young narrates how he tamed and taught the native wild Indians of the Northwest; how he equipped himself for and how he made his perilous sledging and hazardous canoe trips when visiting all the Indian settlements within five hundred miles of his home.

Hon. Henry W. Grady

Contributes a series of six articles on the "Wonderful Development of the Industrial Pursuits of the New South." These sketches were written especially for the "Ledger" and are being published now.

American Cookery. (A SERIES OF ARTICLES) *By Miss Parloa.*

Giving the reasons why it is imperfect, and some ways by which it may be improved.

Nihilism in Russia. *By Leo Hartman, Nihilist.*

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(*Continued from page* 135.)

"MARY LEE."—Plaid surah silk in gay colors will combine well with your black satin skirt, using the surah for alternate breadths or panels in the skirt, and for a vest and sleeve-trimmings. Trim your golden-brown velvet turban with loops of dark brown velvet-ribbon and black wings with scarlet tips, or dark red wings. A black hat would be the best for church, street, and theatre wear, and to wear with different colored dresses. Get a black velvet hat with medium brim edged with cut-jet heads, trim it lavishly with black ostrich-tips, and a bow of soft silk. For theatre wear, a bow of any colored ribbon—pale pink, blue, white, or gold—can be substituted for the occasion.

"B."—Tight lacing or tight sleeves will cause an unpleasant redness of the nose; but if in your case it is occasioned only by nervous excitement, try and avoid exciting causes as much as possible. Do not wash your face too frequently with cold water, and use a little powdered cornstarch.—Combine some striped or figured silk with your brown camels'-hair cloth: moiré silk to match the color would not look as well as a contrast.

"EUPHEMIA."—It is proper for a lady about to be married to call on or leave cards on all her friends, a short time before her marriage. This may not be done everywhere, but it is the custom in polite society. The fact that the wedding is private, and only announcement cards sent afterward, does not make the calling unnecessary. It is not necessary for a bride to wear a veil even if she wear white to be married in; but it is much more appropriate for her to do so. She should wear gloves, of course.

"RAY."—To cure blackheads is not so easy as to prevent them. To remove them, press out with a watch-key, and rub white vaseline or cold cream on the irritated spot. If the blackhead does not immediately come out, do not repeat the attempt for several days. Steam the face thoroughly at night over a bowl of hot water, or, if more convenient, wash in as hot water as can be borne, rub the face briskly with a coarse Turkish towel, and anoint with cold cream or white vaseline. This process must be repeated nightly and not omitted even when the blackheads are gone, for they are caused by the clogging of the pores of the skin.—A dark red camels'-hair costume, trimmed with black, will be becoming for winter wear, to a lady with light brown hair and black eyes.

"We have taken Demorest's Magazine for over ten years, and we consider it the very best magazine published. I have several volumes bound and appreciate them highly.—MRS. L. M. H., Germantown, Penn."

"I have taken Demorest's Magazine ever since my marriage,—now three years,—and could not keep house without it. Find the 'Correspondence Club' splendid. Accept best wishes for both Magazine and patient editor.—MRS. A. B., Omaha, Neb."

(*Continued on page* 137.)

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY BOOKS.

MELODIES FROM NATURE. By Wordsworth. Illustrated with photogravures from scenes around the home of the poet, and from original designs by Hiram Barnes. Quarto, cloth, $5.00; full morocco, $8.00.

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Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(*Continued from page* 136.)

"MRS. M. G. V., SISTOVA, BULGARIA."—To make a discarded high hat into a scrap-basket, line it with silk, satin, or cambric of any color liked, and trim it with ribbon. The lining should also cover the edge or brim of the hat.—Spermaceti is the best-known material to make starch glossy. Save all the candle-ends to melt in the starch, for they are mostly spermaceti.—Cream-color with black is certainly not too striking nor too great a contrast. Linen collars are worn to some extent. *Crêpe lisse* ruching best combines richness and simplicity, for it is suitable to wear in any dress. Velvet loops are sometimes used and are very pretty in finishing at the collar. A cut-away coat is the most becoming style for a man rather long-waisted.—Crocheted mittens cannot be made to look as well as those which are knitted; but if crocheted of fine silk they will not look clumsy. Make a chain large enough to go around the wrist, and crochet single-crochet in rows round and round. For the first rows measure by a pair of gloves the length required, and crochet without decreasing to the end of the little finger, then decrease one in every four or five stitches until they are only twelve left, and cast off. A space for the thumb must be left as in knitting, by crocheting back and forth some rows, and then round and round again. The thumb then is crocheted in. A row of shells should finish the wrist.—The Temperance Union which tendered the reception to Mr. and Mrs. Demorest when they were in England is not allied to any special political party; but the Temperance question, especially in regard to Prohibition, is considerably agitated by English political leaders at present.

"MRS. W. H."—Make one of your tea-gowns of plain white silk-and-wool Henrietta-cloth with black-and-white striped surah front and garnitures; and another one of pale lavender cashmere with white silk vest and lavender velvet revers and cuffs. For designs, see "Mirror of Fashions." Of two handsome half-mourning costumes for visiting, one can be of heavy faille Française trimmed with crocheted cord passementerie, and the other a combination of black silk-and-wool Henrietta and armure silk. The "Maureen" basque and drapery for one, and the "Louise" basque for the other (all illustrated in the October number) are appropriate designs.—Do not buy much for your little girls until you get to England. Blue flannel blouse-suits for all of them will be best for steamer wear, with plenty of warm underclothing and heavy cloth cloaks for a winter trip. If late in the spring, blue flannel or cloth reefing-jackets, with Tam O'Shanter caps, will be suitable outer garments.

"Demorest's Magazine is the queen of magazines, I think, and long may it live.—MAY I., Shell Lake, Wis."

"We appreciate very highly your excellent Magazine, and consider the 'Correspondence Club' quite indispensable.—MRS. H. B. M., Lake Kerr, Fla."

(*Continued on page* 138.)

To introduce them, one in every County or Town, furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. **Borden Music Box Co., 7 Murray St., N. Y.**

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Our card and booklet packets have become a necessity in **thousands of families at Christmas-time. Millions of the best cards** made have thus been distributed. They sell themselves wherever shown. Any person can make money by showing these packets to **friends** and **neighbors.** For this purpose we will send a complete set of the **first six packages for $3.50,** and of the complete set of **ten packages for $5.00, and 50 cts.** for postage and registering; or, to any one ordering **$5.00 worth** at one time, a **$1.00 packet** will be **sent free.**

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No. 4.—For $1.00 and 8 cts. for postage, a selection of 10 of our largest and finest Cards, including a four-folding Calendar, containing above cut by L. Prang.

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COMMONWEALTH LINEN, a Medium-priced but Fine Grade.
U. S. TREASURY BOND. Toughest Paper made. Is very fashionable.
CARTER'S TYPE-WRITING PAPERS. "Best and Cheapest in the market."

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ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS. **For $1.75** we send a copper plate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for wedding and Class-day Invitations, Street Dies, Crests, and Stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction.

Handsome boxes, for Christmas gifts, of fine stationery, plain or illuminated, for 35 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00 to $2.00 each, sure to give satisfaction.

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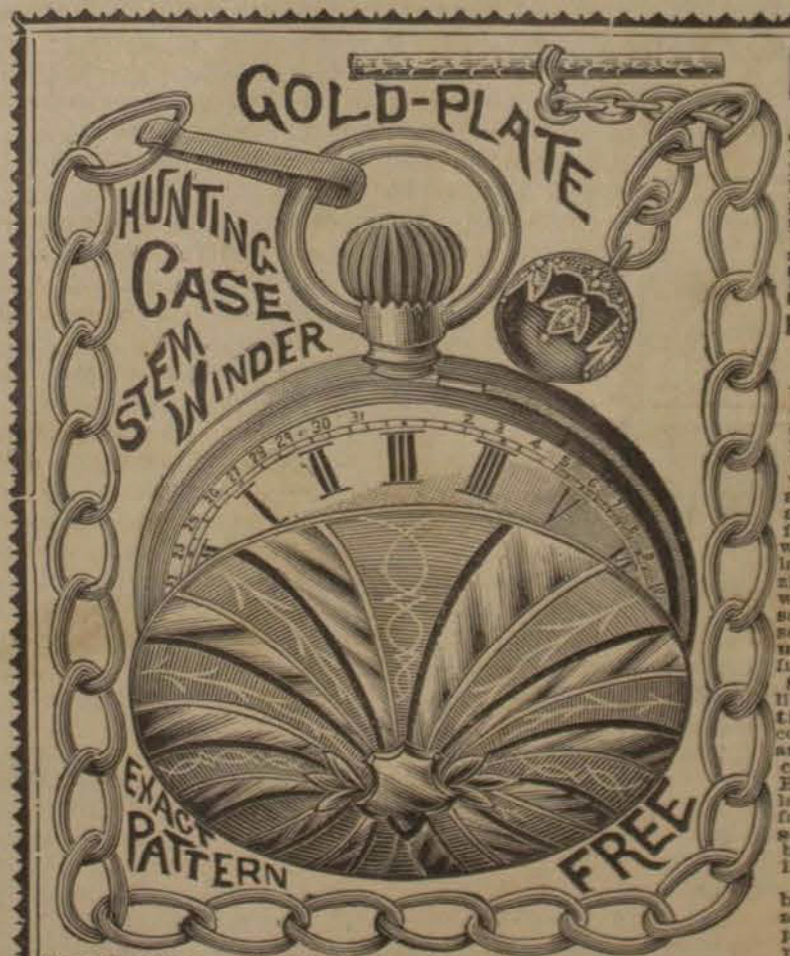

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This offer holds good for **60 days.** Subscribe at once and secure a **grand premium.** Send all money by Registered Letter, Post-Office Money Order, Express Order, Postal Note, Bank Draft, Bank Bills or Postage Stamps. When you write be sure and mention this paper. Address your letter plainly.

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PURE DYE,
FAST COLORS,
BRILLIANT LUSTRE.

EUREKA KNITTING SILK Is the best for all kinds of Knitting, Crochet Work, etc. Our celebrated **Eureka Wash Silks**, for Art Embroidery, **Rope Silk, Zephyr** and **Etching Silks**, are **unexcelled.** TRY THEM.

EUREKA SPOOL SILK 50 and 100 yard spools. Buttonhole Twist, 10 and 16 yard spools. These goods have stood the test of years and have constantly grown in popularity, for the reason that they are ALWAYS RELIABLE both in length, strength, and quality. For sale by leading jobbers and retailers throughout the United States.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK, Assorted Colors, **40 cents** per oz. **Waste Sewing Silk,** black or assorted colors, **15 cents** per oz. Illustrated Pamphlet with rules for Knitting, Embroidery, etc., **10 cents,** mailed to any address by the

EUREKA SILK MFG. CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

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MANUFACTURER

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New Illustrated Fashion Book mailed free.

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LADIES, WHAT TO WEAR.

Illustrated Catalogue of 1000 styles for **5c Stamp.** Address **MAHLER BROS.,** 501-502 6th Ave., N. Y.

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ESTABLISHED 1801

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful.

Price, 50 Cents. **All Druggists.**

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FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER Pure, Hygienic, Free from Poison. Impalpably fine, Invisible. Don't rub off. In short is Perfect, Chaste & Refined. At all Druggists, 25 & 50c. box, or mailed, postage paid. Freeman Perfumer, 322 E. 125th st., N. Y., branch, Cin., O.

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

(*Continued from page* 137.)

"MRS. A. C. G."—A widow who can only afford one nice dress should have it made of good all-wool Henrietta-cloth trimmed with plain bands or folds, and wear with it a small, plain crape bonnet with long veil. The widow's cap is a ruching of white net worn inside the bonnet next the hair.

"MARIE LOUISE."—Trim your white silk with lace flounces, or cover the skirt with fish-net draperies for a party-dress, and trim the bodice with lace or illusion. Make up your red cashmere with plain waist and close sleeves, using white surah for elbow puffs and a chemisette, and the skirt with a long drapery caught up at one side with a soft silk sash or a heavy black or red silk cord and tassels. This will make a very handsome evening-dress. A neat, plain penmanship is the best for office-work.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The word guimpe is pronounced gamp: Directoire, direct-woar; capote, çap-oat; and moire, mwoar.—The restoration of chromos to their original beauty is a question of how much they have faded. Clean them first with a soft cloth or sponge wet with warm water, and then brush over the surface lightly with linseed oil.—Any dry-goods house to which we refer in the Fashion department will send you samples of the goods you require. Velutina is almost too heavy to combine with Henrietta cloth. Silk fringes are used for trimming.

"A. E. R."—Write to Brentano, publisher, Union Square, New York City, for list and prices of musical publications.—A corset-waist upon which the underskirts may be fastened is the best skirt-supporter.—Broiled chickens, coffee, and sandwiches, would be suitable for a nine o'clock wedding-breakfast. But is not the hour very early? Fruit, cakes, and ices may also be served, if desired, and any cold meats are always in order for breakfast.—It is not fair to designate any School of Music as the "best in the United States." The Conservatories of Music in Boston and New York are excellent schools for the study of music.

"ANITA."—To make wood look like Japanned ware, first paint it black, and then, when dry, varnish with lacquer, made in the proportion of one pound of shellac to half a gallon of alcohol; or a saturated solution of ivory black in alcohol may be made and added to the shellac.—For the directions which you require, see advertisement on page 65 of the November Magazine.—Your pennies of 1776 and 1831 might be worth from five to ten cents each. The cents of 1858 and 1863 are valued at five cents each, and the eagle cent of 1852, about the same. You might dispose of them to some coin collector.—Thanks for your commendations of the Magazine.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—The pamphlets sold with paper-flower outfits give patterns and directions for making paper flowers. The manufacture of flowers for sale is a regular trade and must be learned as other trades are. An amateur flower-maker with taste could, however, produce very good work. The colors, gums and wires, rubber tubing, etc., can be purchased at any shop where art materials are kept.

"MRS. C. G."—Rub your black-walnut furniture with a cloth wet with turpentine, to remove the superfluous oil. Do not put much turpentine on the cloth.

"Enclosed I send stamps and two Pattern Orders. I am very much pleased with the patterns I have received, and wonder how I ever did without the Magazine.—MRS. M. W., Manchester, Va."

"This is the first year I have taken Demorest's Magazine, and I like it very much indeed. It is so complete there is something to interest each member of the family, and it covers such a variety of subjects so fully and well.—MRS. M. R., Congress, O."

(*Continued on page* 139.)

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND.

SELECT SPICES & MUSTARD.

SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

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

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN

While you amuse them!

WITH THE

"ANCHOR" STONE BUILDING BLOCKS.

The Best Toy Out!

REAL BUILDING STONES

in three natural colors, assorted, accompanied by books of beautiful designs in color-print. A never-ending source of AMUSEMENT and INSTRUCTION.

Dr. A. H. TUTTLE, Pastor First M. E. Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes:—Your Anchor Stone Building Blocks are indeed the Toy the child likes best, and as instructive as entertaining.

Write to-day for the Illustrated Catalogue to

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, N. Y.

Genuine only with Trade-Mark "Anchor."

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

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

MY STORY OF THE WAR

By Mary A. Livermore

Her own Narrative of "FOUR YEARS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS NURSE" in Hospitals, Camps, and on the Battle-field. No other book has drawn so many tears. Bright, Pure, and Good, of matchless interest and profound pathos, *it sells at sight to all.* The "booming" book to make money on now and for the holidays. ☞ *No competition.* 700 pages, splendid **Steel Plates,** and old **Battle-Flags** in *twenty colors.* **61st** *thousand.* ☞ **5,000** more *Agents Wanted*—Men and Women. **Distance no hindrance,** for we *Pay Freights* and give *Extra Terms.* Write for circulars to

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES CATALOGUE FREE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS

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

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. **Situations procured** all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods adveed in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(*Continued from page* 138.)

"MRS. J. J. S."—We do not *sell* patterns all. The patterns illustrated and described inthe Magazine are given to holders of the Pern Order published in each number of Demest's Family Magazine. See directions on the "Pern Order" on page 00.—The scarf and fringefor the "Gwennola" mantle may be purchas at E. A. Morrison's, Broadway and 18th St.,ew York City. The fringe would probably cost out seventy-five cents per yard, and the scarfrom three dollars upward.

"M."—The word *pot-pourri*, is pronoced po-poor-ee.—The leaves for rose-jars are ther dried and then put in the jar with a mixte of sweet-smelling spices and perfumes, and a ttle salt, or they may be laid in the jar while sh, with a sprinkling of salt between each lay of leaves.—Pompeii is pronounced pom-paye.—The author of "Dora Thorne" is Bertha M. lay.

"THREE MAIDS."—Three hundred dolla is not a very large sum to cover the expens of three women for a year, and unless you ave excellent health and are prepared to encouter many hardships, it is taking considerable ris to go to the Black Hills of South Dakota wih so slender a sum to fall back upon. Perhaps you mean three hundred dollars apiece; if so, hat might be sufficient. We have given a summary of the homestead laws several times in "Correspondence Club;" but for more extended and explicit information, write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., addressing your letter as above.

"M. K. J."—A young lady with rather ound face can wear her hair brushed straight bac with a few light rings curling on the forehead, ad the rest of the hair can be arranged in light puffs or coils on the crown. A lady with longer features and an abundance of long, even hair can wear it in a coil or twist at the back of the head, or in the catogan looped braids, which are now so fshionable. It is said that the latter style will make a girl in her twenties look no more than eighteen.

"Demorest's Magazine is a pleasure, and also helpful owing to its practicability.—MRS. M. G. V., Sistova, Bulgaria.

"The patterns have always arrived in de time after being ordered, and have given muc satisfaction. I regard Demorest's Magazin as a prize.—MRS. M. F. E., Bethel, Ohio."

(*Continued on page* 140.)

ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Third and Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

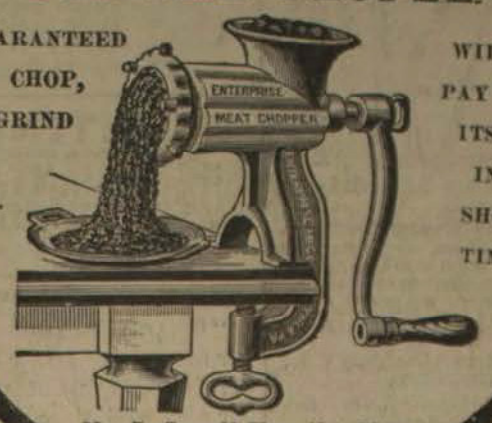
READ THIS

FOR CHOPPING SAUSAGE MEAT, MINCE-MEAT, HASH, SUET, HAMBURG STEAK FOR DYSPEPTICS, BEEF TEA FOR INVALIDS, SCRAPPLE, TRIPE, CLAMS CHICKEN CROQUETTES AND SALAD, SCRAP MEAT FOR POULTRY, HOG'S HEAD CHEESE, CORN FOR FRITTERS, &c., &c.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

THE MEAT CHOPPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

GUARANTEED TO CHOP, NOT GRIND THE MEAT.



WILL PAY FOR ITSELF IN A SHORT TIME.

NO STRINGS OR SINEWS CAN PASS THROUGH UNCUT.

No. 5, Small Family Size, $2.00

CAPACITY
No. 5. Chops 1 lb. per minute. $2.00.
No. 10. Chops 2 lb. per minute, $3.00.
No. 12. Chops 2 lb. per minute, $2.50.
No. 22. Chops 3 lbs. per minute, $4.00.
No. 32. Chops 4 lbs. per minute, $6.00.

SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

TESTED AND ENDORSED BY 100 AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS.

Farm and Fireside says:
"It is the only Meat Chopper we ever saw that we would give house room. It has proven such a very useful machine that we want our readers to enjoy its benefits with us."

American Agriculturist says:
"We have given this Meat Chopper a thorough trial with most satisfactory results. They excel anything of the kind made in either hemisphere."

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

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles,
Sold throughout the World.

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

When calling, please ask to see Mr. Grant.

CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY BOOKS
AT A DISCOUNT.

Should you wish to save money when buying books, call on or write to F. E. Grant, bookseller, 7 W. 42d St., New York. Special offer slips sent for five-cent samp. A collection of catalogues sent for ten-cent stamp. Anyone buying books to the amount of **Four dollars** will be given a copy of "All Around the Year" calendar for 1880, printed in Sepia tints on Ivory cardboard, with ring, chain, and tassel, silver or gold edge, in a box. A call is solicited.

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

AMERICAN ARCHITECT.
THE OLDEST AND BEST

Architectural publication in America. Profusely illustrated. Issued weekly. Of interest to all. Send for specimen copy to the publishers,

TICKNOR & CO., 211 Tremont St., Boston.

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

PURE JUICE of the Grape, unfermented. Received International Medal. "To churches it gives universal satisfaction—Invalids prefer it to any other"—Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. Miss Anna Dickinson wrote: "I mend apace: send another case at once." From President Harrison: "Accept thanks for your courtesy."
Send for Circular. T. H. JOHNSON, Newburgh, N.Y.

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

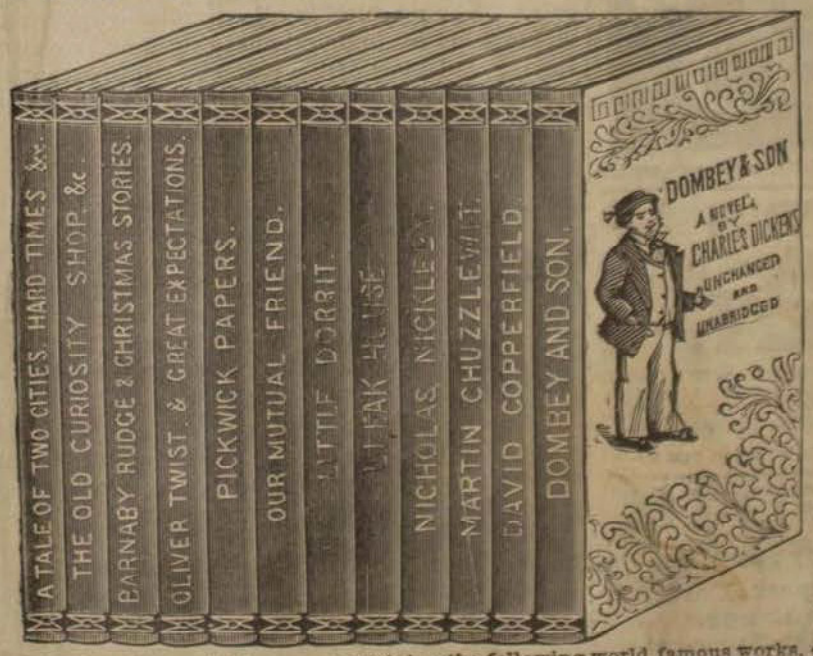
MOTHERS' PORTFOLIO.

Music, Games, **Stories,** Delightful **Amusement,** and Sound **Instruction** wisely combined. Postpaid, $2.25. Best Terms to Agents.
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., Chicago.

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

A GREAT OFFER BY AN OLD-ESTABLISHED AND RELIABLE HOUSE!

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,



In Twelve Volumes,
AND THE
PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL ONE YEAR,
ALL FOR
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column *illustrated* literary and family paper, each issue containing Serial and Short Stories by the most famous authors both of America and Europe, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Household, Fancy Work, Juvenile and Humorous Departments, etc., etc. It is universally conceded to be one of the best and most attractive family papers published. Wishing to introduce our paper at once into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we now make the following *extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only* **One Dollar** *we will send* **The People's Home Journal** *for* **One Year,** *and to each subscriber we will also send, postage prepaid, a Set of the* **Works of Charles Dickens,** *in* **Twelve Large and Handsome Volumes,** containing the following world famous works, each one of which is published *complete, unchanged* and *absolutely unabridged:* **David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit, Nicholas Nickleby, Dombey and Son, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, Our Mutual Friend, Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, Christmas Stories, Oliver Twist, Great Expectations, The Old Curiosity Shop, The Uncommercial Traveler, A Tale of Two Cities, Hard Times** and **The Mystery of Edwin Drood.** Bear in mind that we offer, not a single volume, but *the entire set of twelve volumes,* as above, with a year's subscription to THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL, for only One Dollar. This great offer eclipses any ever heretofore made. Charles Dickens was the greatest novelist who ever lived. No author before or since his time has won the fame that he achieved, and his works are even more popular to-day than during his lifetime. They abound in wit, humor, pathos, masterly delineation of character, vivid descriptions of places and incidents, thrilling and skillfully wrought plots. Each book is intensely interesting. No home should be without a set of these great and remarkable works. Not to have read them is to be far behind the age in which we live. The set of Dickens' works which we offer as a premium to subscribers is handsomely printed from entirely new plates, with new type. Up to this time the price of a set of Dickens' works has usually been $10.00 or more. The use of modern improved printing, folding and stitching machinery, the present extremely low price of white paper, and the great competition in the book trade, are the factors which make this wonderful offer possible. All may now afford the luxury of owning a handsome set of Dickens' works. *We guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money.* As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper published in New York, also to the Commercial Agencies, as we are well known. Address:
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, No. 63 Murray Street, New York.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

The Greatest Success of the Day.

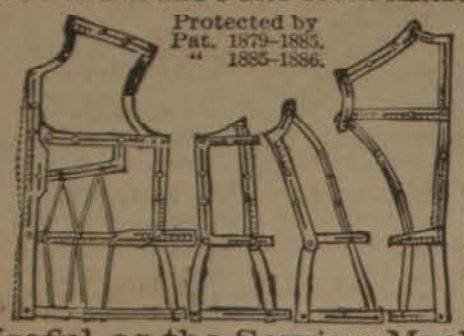
Actual Measure or Square Drafting Simplified.

Any lady can now learn to cut perfect-fitting dresses.

FREE FOR 30 DAYS, TO TEST AT YOUR OWN HOME.

Beware of Tin and Paste-board Imitations.

The Only Improvement on the Tailor's Square Ever Invented.



Madam, Show this to your Dressmaker; it is just what she has always wanted.

As Useful as the Sewing Machine.

Easy to Learn. Rapid to Use.
Fits Every Form. Follows Every Fashion.

No matter how many Squares, Charts, or Imitations you may learn, you cannot compete with this Machine in cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect-Fitting Garments.

ITS SUCCESS HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.

Send NOW for VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR and LIBERAL OFFER, FREE.

The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine Co.,
6 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

We know the advertisers to be thoroughly reliable, and that their machine is a really wonderful invention.—Editor.

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

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS & SCISSORS.

Will stay SHARP and cut the easiest of any made. INSIST on your Storekeeper procuring them for you.

REMEMBER THE NAME SEYMOUR'S

FOR LIST OF PRICES SHEARS SENT BY MAIL

ADDRESS HENRY SEYMOUR CUTLERY CO. HOLYOKE MASS.

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

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics an; Children. *Buy of your dealer, or send* **10** *stamps for trial can.* **H. O. WILBUR & SONS. Philadelphia**

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

DRESS REFORM.

Price, free by mail, $1.00.

Breast Support, Form, Shoulder Brace, and Skirt Supporter.

By its use the weight of the breasts is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shaped bust, free and easy movement of the body. Worn with or without corset. All deficiency of development supplied. Fleshy ladies find them a great comfort. When ordering send bust measure.

Mrs. C. D. NEWELL,
75 Madison St., Chicago,
Opposite McVicker's Theatre.

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

FACIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck to make them plump and rosy, fully illustrated, for 50 cents. Also rules for Dumbbells to develop every muscle of the limbs and body for 50 cents additional, fully illustrated. Prof. D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical, and Vocal Culture. (Address School No. 3), 9 East 14th Street, New York.

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

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our books and ink by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the United States. Salary and expenses paid. For terms and particulars address Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

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

PRINTING PRESS with Type, Ink, *Reglets*, Cards, *Roller*, and Case, *complete*, for **$1.50.**

GIANT Self-inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, **$5**
Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c.
W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

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

(*Continued from page* 139.)

"GRACE."—Your letter was received too late for an answer to be useful to you, which we sincerely regret; but when information is required for a special time, the letter asking for it should be well ahead of that time. Remember that the Magazine is a monthly periodical, and is published on the fifteenth of the month previous to the month it is dated.

"MRS. M. R. P."—Plushes are like velvet in one respect: it is important that in cutting the nap should all run one way in the different pieces of the garment, usually down. In making up velveteen have the nap run up, and it will be almost impossible to tell the goods from real silk velvet.

"RITA."—Pretty bootees for an infant can easily be crocheted as follows: Make a chain of 5, take up 4 loops in what is known as afghan stitch, or crochet tricoté, work off, repeat for 6 rows; then around the piece thus formed crochet two rows in single-crochet; for the third row, crochet around three sides of the work, leaving one of the shorter sides open, work 20 chain, join to the corner opposite where the chain starts from, and work five or six rows, or more, according to the size required; break off the wool and sew up the sole. Take up stitches all around the upper part, and crochet in single-crochet round and round for the leg, finishing with a row of shells at the top; run a crochet cord or "baby" ribbons in and out around the ankle to fasten the bootees.

The uniquely original lines you quote,—

"Life and death in mystic lot
Gave you to the feathered band:
Death, from thine unerring shot;
Life, from thine immortal hand,"

are quite new to us. If any of our correspondents can tell us whether they are correctly quoted and where they may be found, they will confer a favor not only upon "Rita," but on the editor of the "Correspondence Club" also.

"LITTLE LEISURE."—The following formula will be the best you can use, if you wish to devote the second Tuesday and fourth Thursday of each month to be at home to your friends:

MISS BLANK,
Second Tuesday, 109 West Elm St.
Fourth Thursday.

The words "afternoon and evening" are unnecessary, for the callers will understand that those are the proper times to call, as a morning reception is always specially announced.

"I like Demorest's Magazine very much, and shall do all I can to increase your number of subscribers,—the effort will certainly be worthy of the cause. I hope your Magazine will receive its just reward by becoming a welcome guest in every household.—MISS B. J., Erie, Pa."

"My mother has taken your Magazine for years, and we grow to think more and more of it every year.—MISS J. F. H., Greenville, Pa."

(*Continued on page* 141.)

An Unequaled Triumph.

An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand **photograph** album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonder-struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over **$90.**" This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from **$5** to **$25** and upwards every day of your life. Talk unnecessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest successever known and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in fine silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Insides charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular **$10** album, but it is sold to the people for only **$2.** How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted. Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in Amca, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed **free.** Write at once and see for yourself. Address HALLETT & CO., BOX **553,** PORTLAND, MAINE.

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

THE "ELITE" HAIR CURLER.

CURLS, CRIMPS AND FRIZZES.
Sample, by mail, 15c.; two for 25c.; dozen, $1.00.
Stamps taken. Agents Wanted.
WAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

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

Barnes' Foot Power Machinery.

WORKERS OF WOOD OR METAL,

without steam power, using outfits of these Machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by another means for doing their work. Also for

Industrial Schools or Home Training.

With them boys can acquire journeyman's trades before they "go for themselves." Price-List Free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,
No. **89** Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.

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PLAYS! **PLAYS!** **PLAYS!**

DEWITT'S AMATEUR AND STANDARD PLAYS. DICK'S LONDON ACTING EDITION OF ENGLISH PLAYS. Complete Descriptive Catalogue of over 2000 Plays; Speakers; Dialogues; Readings and Recitations; Charades; Tableaux; Pantomimes; Books of Games, Sports and Amusements, Athletics, Gymnastics, etc., etc., sent free on application to the **DeWitt Publishing House, 33 Rose Street, New York.**

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

THE DEAF HEAR

WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &C.
BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE

SOUND DISC

which is the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes, and may be worn months without removal.
Sold only by
H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

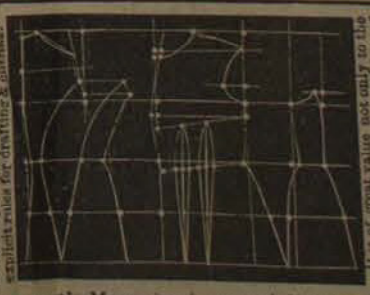
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Ideal Hair Curler.

Does not burn or soil the hair or hands.
SOLD BY ALL DRUG AND TOILET GOODS DEALERS.
SAMPLE, POSTPAID, 50 CENTS.
G. L. THOMPSON, Mfr., 130 Clinton St., CHICAGO.

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

HANOVER'S TAILOR SYSTEM, including all the latest improvements in garment cutting and making, used in dressmaking, drafts direct without verbal teaching, drafts directly upon the cloth with a tailor square and cuts without waste, all the latest improvements in sleeves with explicit rules for drafting & putting in.



It is of great value not only to the Dressmakers, but to those ladies of no experience, because of its simplicity and giving greater satisfaction if applied to all forms. Life size drafts by mail on receipt of $5. Agents wanted. JOHN C. HANOVER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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

BEST IN THE WORLD — SOLD EVERYWHERE — ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS.

WORCESTER CORSET CO.
WORCESTER, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

"DR. E. R. L."—For a long time it has been held that the New World was called "America" after the traveler and explorer Amerigo Vespucci, and that the originator of this name was a German of St. Dié in Lorraine. He was called Waldseemuller, or Waltzeemüller, and in the year 1507 published in German an account of the travels of the renowned Florentine, under the title "Four Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci." In the Latin preface to the work Waldseemüller writes: "This part of the earth has well been named Amerigland, or America, because it has been discovered by Amerigo." This little book of Waldseemüller's, like many better writings on the new discovery, was circulated, and the name "America" was first adopted in Germany, and then elsewhere. In latter times learned men discovered that Waldseemüller did not deserve his questionable fame, and sought for another origin of the word. A mountain between Lake Nicaraugua and the Mosquito coast is called "Amerrique," that is to say, "The Land of Winds;" and a Frenchman found that the name of America was derived from the name of this mountain before Waldseemüller's book appeared. The discussions pro and con, though rather dull, have a special interest at present. Amerigo is no proper name, there are no saints of that name in any calendar, and it certainly never was given to any man in baptism; so that it was argued that Vespucci called himself Amerigo after the name America. But the controversy has been brought to an end by the Italian scholar Govi. There has lately been discovered a letter of Vespucci's dated December 30, 1492, sometime before the year 1507, which is signed:

"SER. AMERIGHO VESPUCCI.
merchante fiorentino in Sybilia"

But how came Vespucci by this peculiar first name, Amerigo? Govi explains this also. The Florentines were accustomed to alter their baptismal names; for instance, the well-known alterations of Dante for Durante, Stagio for Anastasio, Goro for Gregorio, Beco for Domenico. In this way Amerigo is seen to be only an alteration for the name Emmerico or Emery,——for short, probably, or because he thought it looked or sounded better, as young ladies of the present day sometimes prefer to write the time-honored name of Susan, Susie, etc. So it stands as of old: the New World is called "America" after the Florentine, Amerigo, or Emmerico, Vespucci.

"EDNA W."—Anniversary weddings, or, more properly speaking, anniversary celebrations, take place as follows: At the end of the first year of marriage, the cotton wedding; second year, paper; third year, leather; fifth year, wooden; seventh year, woolen; tenth year, tin; twelfth year, silk and fine linen; fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, china; twenty-fifth year, silver; thirtieth year, pearl; fortieth year, ruby; fiftieth year, golden; and seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

"AN ADMIRER."—Kid gloves may be cleaned with naphtha or benzine. Put the gloves on and wash the hands in the fluid; then remove the gloves and dry them in the open air. Another way is to rub a flannel cloth, slightly dampened, on a piece of white soap, and then on the gloves, and clean with a dry piece of flannel.

"Please allow me to add my mite in praise of your wonderful Magazine. Although living almost out of the world, I still have a world in books, among which Demorest's Magazine ranks as the favorite. Through its pages I catch glimpses of the fashionable world which is utterly unknown among the 'ranchers' wives' way out in the canons, forty miles from town. We seldom go to the city more than once a year, but we like to appear civilized when we do go.—Easy Bake Oven, Oregon."

(*Continued on page* 142.)

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.

DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

The most delightful, refreshing, agreeable, and beneficial dentifrice ever placed before the public.

Absolutely Free from All Injurious Substances.

LARGE BOTTLES, PRICE 25 CENTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

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

GREAT OFFER!

PIANOS! ⊹ $35. ⊹ ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address

THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs
BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

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

Millions are Wasted Every Year in Plaster Ceilings by People who are under the impression that Plaster is Cheap.

A. NORTHROP & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN McCALLUM, Agent for New York City and Vicinity, cor. Washington and Vestry Streets, New York.
HINMAN & SON, Agents for Chicago and Vicinity, 4252 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago.

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

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES.

By avoiding Agents you save their enormous expenses and profits which double the costs on every first-class Piano they sell.

We send for trial in your own home before you buy, and guarantee every instrument for six years.

The excellence and durability of our Instruments was established years ago.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

ORGANS
$35.00 to $500.

Local Agents and Dealers must sell you an inferior Instrument or charge you double what we ask.

BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE OUTFIT SENT WITH EACH INSTRUMENT

ESTAB. 1859. CATALOGUES FREE. INCOR. 1877.

PIANOS
$150 to $1500.

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235 East 21st Street, New York.

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Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a sample box of the best Candy in America, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

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SHORTHAND.—Private instruction by practical verbatim reporter. 16 years' experience. No failures. Situations guaranteed. Book and Circulars Free. **Frank Harrison**, Stenographer, 721 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

T & D
TRADE MARK

O. & O. TEA

The Choicest Tea Ever Offered.

PERFECTLY PURE.

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE. TRY IT.

You will never use any other. Quality never varies.

It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter. The cans bear the trade mark of the Co., and are hermetically sealed and warranted full weight. It is more economical in use than the lower grades.

Oriental & Occidental Tea Co., L't'd.,
Head Office, 31, 33 and 35 Burling Slip,
New York.

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This cut represents one of our circular Plaques, suitable for Wall Decorations, etc. Made of Papier Maché. Will mail one pair with Brass Easels for 25 cents, or 5 pair for $1.00. The same, blank, for hand-painting, at same price.

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART.

Full directions and complete outfit of materials contains Varnish Brushes, Rollers, and an assortment of Pictures, mailed for $1.00. Price list and sample picture for 10 cents.

PAPER OWLS.

A correct imitation of stuffed birds, easily made, very inexpensive outfit, containing materials and directions for making, also Sample Owl, mailed on receipt of 25 cents. 25 sheets best imported Tissue Paper for 50 cents. Address

MADISON ART CO.,
Madison, Conn.

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TRADE
FAIR AND SQUARE
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This Label is on the Best Ribbon Made.

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PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.

To lady sufferers—**No Breaking in.** Fine, soft, undressed **Kid Seamless Shoes.** Fit like a glove. **Buttons, $3.00; Lace, $2.50; Spring Sides, $2.00.** Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns, or invalided feet *at Sight.*

F. PERRIN, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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LADY AGENTS clear $150 monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment for ladies. Proof free.
Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago.

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

(*Continued from page* 141.)

"GREEK STUDENT."—The wedding to which you refer took place in Athens, Greece, on October 27. The bridegroom, the Crown Prince Constantine, is known in Greece as the Duke of Sparta, and was born July 21, 1868. His father is the second son of the present King of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales and of the Czarina of Russia, was elected King of Greece, accepted the crown under the protection of France, England, and Russia, in 1863, and is known as George I. The Duke of Sparta's mother is a member of the Russian Imperial family, being a daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. The bride, the Princess Sophie, is a sister of the present Emperor of Germany, and was born June 14, 1870. Through her mother, who was the wife of the unfortunate Emperor Frederick III., she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

"F. L. Y."—The book on etiquette entitled "Social Customs" may be obtained of Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, New York.—The most stylish way for young ladies to dress the hair is in the single looped braid, called the catogan coiffure.

"NELLIE M. B. B."—It would be quite proper for a bride to wear her traveling-dress at a church wedding, and for the bridal party to drive immediately to the train after the ceremony. You could use your twenty-five yards of Japanese silk, which is very narrow, to drape the front of a faille Française silk wedding-dress, but why not use it for a négligé gown with lace trimmings? It would be lovely for that, and if there were not quite enough silk you could have a front of any pale or light-colored surah silk preferred. Such a gown is most desirable in a bridal *trousseau*. At a full-dress morning-wedding, the bridegroom and his best man and ushers, if officers of the army, should wear full uniform.

"EUGENE F."—Dams have frequently been built for the express purpose of withstanding great freshets. The famous dam across the river Furens in France, to protect the town of Etienne against freshets, is one in point. This dam is only one-third as long as the Johnstown dam was, but twice its height.

"W. K. L."—Thomas Campbell wrote "The Last Man," in 1823. Some years before he wrote it he had the idea, and having confided his views to his friend Lord Byron, the latter made use of them before Campbell did. Campbell hesitated about publishing these facts before he was accused of plagiarism from Byron. Perhaps this is the controversy you mean, which was occasioned by "The Last Man."

"L. S. V."—Make the engagement-ring you offer the young lady "costly as thy purse can buy." If you can only afford a plain gold ring, it will be perfectly proper to give that. A ruby, an emerald, a cat's-eye, or a pearl will do as well as a diamond. The single-stone setting is preferred for engagement-rings. The latest thing in a gentleman's watch-chain is a series of metal tubes strung upon an almost invisible linked chain, in such a manner as to be easily adjusted into a penholder. One of the end tubes contains a pen, which appears upon pressure.

"A READER."—Marguerite is the poetical name for the field daisy, and therefore daisies and marguerites are the same, except the English garden-daisy.

"I used to make my dolls' suits from the patterns sent with Demorest's Magazine, and now I enjoy the Magazine just as much. Let me also express my pleasure at the firm position Mr. Demorest takes on the Temperance question. I have been connected with 'Y' work in Pennsylvania ever since it was started, and can bear witness to the great advance made in temperance sentiment both in the church and out of it. —MISS D. E. H., Philadelphia, Pa."

(*Continued on page* 143.)

See back numbers of this publication for Voices from all parts.

PORTRAIT OF KLINE.
From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Pennsylvania. "I have never known anything to sell like your albums. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over **$25.** William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for **$2** each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms **free**, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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FREE

by return mail full descriptive circulars of **MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING.** Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address **MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.**

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Bickford Family Knitter

Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.

A. M. LAWSON,
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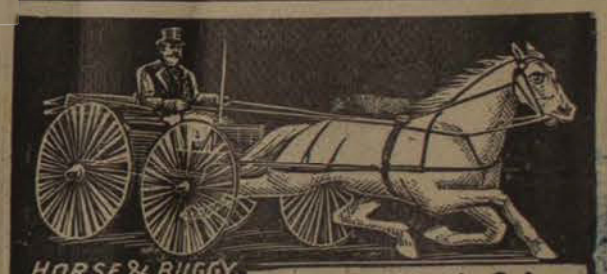

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and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish *Team Free.* Full particulars and sample case *Free.* We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once,
Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

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find the **Fairy Tricycle** the only *practical* machine made. Also best for girls and lad'es. **Cheap** and easy. *Satisfaction guaranteed after 5 days' trial.* Address
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UNITARIANISM WHAT IS IT?

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER is its representative newspaper. Subscribe for it. $3.00 a year. Sample copies free, or a *trial subscription for three months for 25 cents.*
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated **Teas, Coffees** and **Baking Powder,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

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THE GREAT OUTDOOR MAGAZINE FOR ALL WHO WORK AND PLAY WITH NATURE.

The American Garden.

Established as The Horticulturist, in 1846.

Special features for 1890.

Increase in Size. More Pages. More Matter. More Illustrations. Change to Magazine Form.

Co-operative War on useless Fences, Weeds, Insects, and Plant Diseases.
Marketing Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables: means and methods.
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Floral Decorations. Perfumes. Uses of Flowers.
A Little Place in the Country: Gardening for Amateurs.
Commercial Fertilizers in Gardening.
Exposure of Humbug "Novelties": the best guide in buying seeds and plants.
Propagation of Plants. Seed Growing.
Horticulture as a Business for Women.
Practical Floriculture, Fruit Growing, and Market Gardening.

Price, $2.00 a year; 20 cts. a copy. FOUR MONTHS ON TRIAL, 50 CTS.

In club with any $4.00 periodical, $5.00; any at $3.00, for $4.00; any at $2.00, for $3.50; any at $1.00, for $2.75.

GARDEN PUBLISHING COMPANY (Ltd.), 10 Spruce Street, New York.

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

(*Continued from page* 142.)

"W. G. S."—The "Lantern Prize" party is the entertainment to which you refer. A number of Chinese lanterns are distributed around a room in the house, and the young people select their partners and walk around the room to the tune of a march, which is suddenly stopped. They all are then quickly seated, and the young gentleman arises, and, bowing to his partner, reaches his hand in the lantern just above his head. If it contains a piece of paper, on it is announced the prize she has drawn. If there be thirty-six lanterns there will be nine prizes. When the prizes have been secured, the young lady who has the costliest prize is expected to accept the company the gentleman who has secured it for her, for future parties. Very often the names of the successful couples are afterwards engraved on the prizes by the hostess, and sometimes the prizes are very costly.

"ELSIE GRAY."—Your old-fashioned miniature need be laid away no longer. Bring it out and wear it. Miniature paintings on ivory, of queens and court scenes of past generations, set in gold and gems, are very stylish ornaments. The favorite setting for miniatures is a circlet of small diamonds or pearls, but your plain gold rim will not make the one you have less valuable.

"I have taken Demorest's Magazine six years, and like it better every year. The Prohibition feature is highly interesting and instructive, and the portraits are fine, we think.—MRS. S. A. McG., Minneapolis, Minn."

"I have several years' numbers of your Magazine, and like it above all others I have ever taken. We do so appreciate the temperance sentiment, and the bold, undaunted way in which you are pushing Prohibition. May God lead you on to victory is the prayer of a sister worker.—L. North Yakima, Wash."

(*Continued on page* 144.)

THE
Alfred Dolge FELT SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

Noiseless, Warm, Durable.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION.
The Wife (eagerly). Cousin Belle's early Christmas present gives me an idea. What could be better than to send Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes or Slippers to all on our Christmas list. Nothing could give more comfort and pleasure.

PERFECT EASE AND COMFORT.

Made in all Styles for Men, Women and Children.

PREVENT RHEUMATISM AND COLD FEET.
Send for Illustrated Price-List. Mention Demorest's Magazine.

DANIEL GREEN & CO., 122 East 13th Street, NEW YORK.

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

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

BARGAINS
AT
LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,
B'way & 14th St., N.Y.

Genuine **French Broadcloths,** staple and novelty shades, $1.50 quality, **69c**

500 **Braided Robes**, full dress patterns, worth $15.00 each, all colors and black **$8.90**

100 pieces double chain **Black Faille Francaise,** worth $1.00 per yard, **80c**

150 pieces colored **Satin Luxors** and **Armure Royal,** worth $1.25, choice street shades. **80c**

60 fancy shades of **Satin Duchess,** 75c quality..... **50c**

11/4 **California Blankets,** worth $7.00 per pair..... ..... **5.95**

Fancy **French Flannels,** 65c quality, **39c**

200 doz. Ladies' **New Suède Gloves,** all shades and black, embroidered backs, worth $1.35..... **98c**

All mail matter should bear our street address,

Broadway and 14th St., New York.

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FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST,

The Recitation Book containing the Purposes and Policy of Prohibition, with Conditions for Contests.

Price, 10 cents. Sent anywhere, post free, on receipt of price. Address,

DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU,
10 East 14th St., New York.

10 cts. buys our latest and best book on Art Needlework. 100 pages. For the names and address of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework we will send one book free. Address with Postal Note or Stamp,

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.,
Mention this Paper. **621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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GOLD, SILVER, & NICKEL WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

In order to obtain new subscribers to our well-known paper, the LADIES' HOME VISITOR, we make the following offer: Send us 20 cents, stamps or silver, and we will send you our paper regularly for 4 months, and in addition we will give to first person sending 20c. for Paper and telling us where the word RAIN is first found in the Bible (name book, chapter and verse) an elegant solid gold Hunting-Case Watch, Elgin Movement. To the next one giving correct answer, a handsome Silver Watch. To the next 50 who tell us correctly, a handsome Plated [illegible]. To next 100, if there are as many, we give a hand[illegible] Ring. Should 100 more answer correctly, receive a handsome pair of Bracelets, of Pearl shell. [illegible] more correct answers, each one will receive a Necklace. Everybody who answers this advertisement will receive our paper for 4 months, but so that from a selection of over 300 different de[illegible] with each point. This is a great offer, a valuable present if you write now. This [illegible] January 1st, as we give a list of lucky ones [illegible] goes to press at that date. Address

Mention Demorest's [illegible] **Co., Box 5320, Boston, Mass.**

LADY AGENTS [illegible] Rubber Unde[illegible] in your letter when you write.

Mention Demorest's Maga[illegible]

(*Continued from page* 143.)

"MRS. M. R."—At a home wedding, the parents of the bride do not greet their guests in the front hall: they should wait till the ceremony is at an end, and the guests should then greet and congratulate them, not they the guests. The bridegroom should wear gloves, of course, and so should the ushers. Your friend who told you the contrary must have been misinformed.

"MRS. H. F. L."—You may have strong artistic impulses and tastes, but why should you consider them wasted in your home life? Upon whom would you wish to lavish the treasures of your education and refinement, if not upon your children? If you could find someone to whom you could safely confide the care of your home and children while you pursued your artistic career, do you not think the price would be too high? The creating and superintendence of a home is the best gift the world has to offer to women, and is not incompatible, if properly systematized, with good artistic or intellectual work. Perhaps you are more dissatisfied with the duties of a housewife, than yearning for an artistic career; yet if you, with the incentives of love and pride, rebel at the daily cares which compass the comfort of your home, how can you expect one whose only interest is the wages you will pay her, to give them any better attention? Any woman who accepts the gift of a home is bound to devote her choicest service to it and the giver. The neglect of the duty nearest at hand will never lead to true work in other directions. Hear the words of a true poet and noble woman:

> "Passioned to exalt
> The artist's instinct in me at the cost
> Of putting down the woman's, I forgot
> No perfect artist is developed here
> From any imperfect woman."

"INQUIRER."—A capital receipt for home-made furniture-polish is as follows: First cut up half an ounce of alkanet root into small pieces; then add one pint of linseed oil. After this has stood for a week, add half an ounce of gum-arabic and one ounce of shellac varnish. Let these ingredients stand for a week in a bottle, near, but not close to a fire. Then strain, and when using the polish rub it well in. This is good for old mahogany furniture and all finished woodwork.

"H. P. W."—The first bank ever established was in Venice, about 1150, and was known as "The Chamber of Loans."

"F. T. R."—The fiercest wind-storm ever known was a simoon which raged for three days in the Libyan Desert and buried an army of fifty-thousand men sent by Cambyses, King of Persia, to plunder the temple of Jupiter Ammon, 525 B. C.

"I generally read the columns of the 'Correspondence Club' first of all, and find in them many useful suggestions. Perhaps some others may be interested, as well as myself, in the answers to my questions.—MISS N. F. P., Fall River, Mass."

INVISIBLE CUFF HOLDER.

For **Ladies** and **Gents.** Just out. Lightest, simplest most practical and cheapest. Impossible to get out of order. Superior to all. Sample pair 10 cents; three pair, 20 cents; two dozen pair, $1.00 by mail. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.

AUSTIN & CO., Providence, R. I.

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NAME on **25 Silk Fringe Floral Cards, 1 Ring, 1 Diary 1890, 1 Pocket Pencil & Pen, 50 Pictures, Book of 150 Cards &c, 10c.** KING CARD CO., North Haven, Conn.

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10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "AGENT'S DIRECTORY," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free and will be **WELL PLEASED** with the small investment. ☞ List containing name sent to each person answering.

T. D. CAMPBELL, B 14, Boyleston, Ind.

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

HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES ARE THE BEST.

They are made with **care** from **best** selected skins and **warranted.** Those wanting serviceable gloves and to learn how to get them and save money, send stamp to the manufacturer for the book **About Gloves;** it will interest you. Established 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N.Y.

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

THE BELGIAN LAMP.

This lamp, now being offered to the American public, exceeds all others in **Brilliancy, Steadiness, Cleanliness, and Economy.**

Unsolicited Testimonial.

"I wish to thank you for persuading me to buy your lamps. They are all you claim for them, and more."

(Signed) F. E. ELWELL, Sculptor,
114 W. 18th St., New York.

AMERICAN BELGIAN LAMP CO., Send for circulars.
31 Barclay Street, New York.

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

BRIGG'S STAMPING PATTERNS

Three books, showing hundreds of designs, and 12 designs ready for stamp, sent for 25 cents.

1-4 oz. Waste Silk and 25 skeins Etching Silk for 25 cts.

CLINTON STAMPING CO., Irvington, N.J.

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

MUSIC SELF TAUGHT.

PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM. All can learn music without the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct. Established 12 years. Notes, chords, accompaniments, thorough bass laws, etc. Stamp for Music Journal. Circulars free. **G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State St., Chicago.**

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

WANTED—DRIVER

for an Advertising Wagon **in your County,** two to three years work to reliable men. Goods to be advertised in all parts of the United States. We want reliable hands at once to work for us in their own locality and attract public attention to our new and wonderful household inventions in their own county and vicinity by means of an Advertising Wagon. **No peddling,** no experience required. Advertising matter to be nailed up around all principal Cross Roads. **$2.75 per day** and hotel expenses paid to the right parties; everything furnished, money allowed for horse hire and other expenses. Four to six days' work each week. Address with stamp **GLOBE MANUFACTURING CO 237 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Don't send postals, you can afford to seal your correspondence.

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

Grand Premium Offer

A HUNT FOR W|E|A|L|T|H

We are the publishers of a very popular 16 page, 64 column, illustrated home paper. In order to introduce it into new homes we make this **GRAND OFFER.** The person telling us the place in the **Bible** where the word **WEALTH** is first found (book, chapter and verse) before Jan. 15th, will receive a **Solid 14kt. GOLD WATCH** ladies' or gent's size, stem winding, valued at **$100.00.** Should there be more than one correct answer each of the next **50** persons will receive a handsome **PARLOR ROCKER,** same as we illustrate. The next fifty persons will each receive a beautiful **56 piece Tea Set.** The next five persons will each receive a splendid family **Sewing Machine** valued at **$65** each. The next ten persons will each receive a set of fine quality single **Buggy Harness.** The next ten persons will each receive a handsome 14 karat gold plated, **Shell Pattern Watch,** stem wind and set ladies' or gent's size. The next ten persons will each receive a fine double barreled, imported, **Breech-Loading Shot Gun.** The next one hundred persons will each receive a handsome decorated **Parlor Lamp,** valued at **$5** each. The next three persons will each receive a fine solid gold filled **American Watch** ladies' or gent's size, stem wind and set, valued at **$50** each. With your answer enclose **25 cents** (silver if you can or stamps) for which we will send you our charming paper each month for **five months.** We make this **grand offer** simply to advertise our paper and secure new subscribers. That's the reason why we give away these grand premiums, because we want new subscribers to our paper. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. A list of persons receiving these presents will be published in our February number of our paper. When you write mention this paper, and don't fail to enclose **25 cents** for our paper **five months.** Address,

Kirtland Bros. & Co., P.O. Box 3340 N.Y.

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