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MADAGASCAR.



TANANARIVOO.

FEW countries would be more interesting to the explorer and naturalist than the "Great Britain of Africa," as the island of Madagascar has been termed. Its area somewhat exceeds that of the British Isles; but as yet so little of the interior has been visited by Europeans that we have but scant information regarding the geological and physical features of the country, or its remarkable treasures of natural history.

The luxuriance of its tropical vegetation is extraordinary; tree-ferns, palms, plantains and bamboos, in masses, overhanging the myriad rushing streams, everywhere, compose scenes to delight the artistic eye. Among the curiosities of plant-life are the lace-leaf plants, or water-yam, the pitcher-plants (*Nepenthes*), and the quantities of parasitical orchids with curious waxy blossoms of pink and white, clinging in exquisite clusters to fallen trees and decaying trunks.

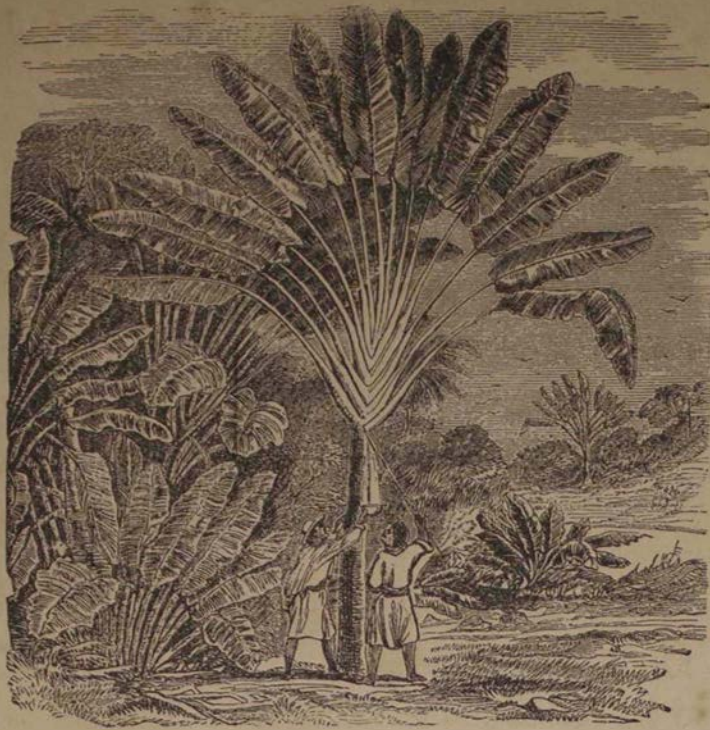
The "traveler's tree" (*Urania speciosa*) grows abundantly in Madagascar. This variety of the *Musacæ* is very stately and beautiful in appearance; its name is due to the fact of its affording, at all times, a supply of pure cool water, upon making an incision at the base of the leaf-stalk, which process is shown in the illustration. The graceful crown of leaves, numbering about thirty, and measuring from eight to ten feet in length, is spread out like an immense fan, above the trunk.

The low coasts of Madagascar are fertile, but overspread with marshes whose rank exhalations give rise to a malaria

which induces the Malagasy fever, in hot and rainy weather often proving fatal, and, like all malarial affections, difficult to eradicate wholly from the system; and this no doubt has discouraged many travelers. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who visited Madagascar in 1857, although she reached Europe again, died, shortly after her return, from the debilitating effects of the fever and the hardships of her terrible journey to the coast with other Europeans who became objects of the late queen's anger because of their knowledge of a plot to dethrone her in favor of her son. Madame Pfeiffer's visit to Madagascar proved thus to be the last of that remarkable woman's adventurous travels.

At some distance from the shore the surface of Madagascar rises into ranges of hills, increasing in height toward the interior until the backbone of mountains is reached which extends north and south the length of the island. In this elevated central region is located Tananarivoo, the principal city of Madagascar, commonly supposed to be its capital also; but it is in reality only the capital city of the kingdom of Imerina, in Ankova, the territory inhabited by the Hovas, the dominant tribe of the four which compose the population of the island. The remainder of Madagascar is divided into twenty-one provinces, subject to the sovereign of Imerina, but over which very little authority is exercised.

The Hovas are an olive-complexioned race possessing beautiful forms, not tall, with hazel eyes, and straight or curling black hair. The other tribes are the Petsimisara-



THE "TRAVELER'S TREE."

kas, also an olive race, and the Betsileos and Sakalavas; these latter tribes having black eyes, frizzly hair, and darker skins, from copper color to black. The Eastern slope of the island is occupied more exclusively by the Hovas, who are the most advanced in civilization, and at present compose about three-sevenths of the entire population, which is estimated at 3,500,000. The city of Tananarivo, the seat of government, contains 80,000 inhabitants.

Our view of the capital, taken from the East, gives a tolerably accurate idea of the situation of the chief points of interest. At the left, flanked by two towers, is seen the royal palace occupied by the present queen, Ranavalona Manjaka III. This lady recently married her prime minister Rainilairvony, whose former residence, also a tower-ornamented structure, is now used and set apart for public purposes. At the right is located the English quarter, with the schools and consulate, and at the left, in the foreground, is the encampment of the troops.

Nearly all the wealthy residents of Tananarivo have imposing houses of wood, joined without nails in a very skillful manner. The high slanting roofs are thatched with rushes, and the rank of the proprietor is designated by ornamental poles at the gables. Pink or yellow colored clay cabins, or huts of bamboo or rushes, compose the dwellings of the poorer classes, and chimneys are dispensed with in all cases.

The picturesqueness of Tananarivo is not owing to its edifices, but to its bold and commanding natural position. There is one noticeable peculiarity about its architecture, which is that no windows or doors are visible from the east; in Imerina the houses all stand north and south, with all the openings toward the west. This is to protect the inmates from the southeast trade-winds. The localities of the town are not defined by names of streets, but by those of neighborhoods; for the city consists of a series of terraces, on which the houses are crowded with but little space between them, forming small, clustered hamlets, from which the capital derives its name of Tananarivo, "the city of a thousand towns."

There are no shops, but a few small markets held in the open air, at various parts of the city; and there are large markets held on every Friday, or *Zomà*, and the name of the day is also used to designate the market held on that day,

which varies in different towns. The natives say they are going to *Alàtisinainy*, *Talàta*, etc. (Monday, Tuesday), meaning to markets held on those days.

The market is a great means of social intercourse among the people, and Tananarivo presents a very lively and animated appearance on Friday. All day the roads are thronged with people intent on making purchases or coming into the city with goods to sell. The vendors range themselves in groups, each commodity thus having a place by itself. Here are piles of straw hats, baskets, etc.; there, great heaps of the round, earthen *sinys*, or water jars, of red clay, and common blue willow-ware and English crockery. Mattresses and mats for the floor must be sought in another section.

The provision-stalls display an incredible amount of poultry, which is as cheap as it is plentiful. Beef is also sold out at a proportionately low price, and vegetables and fruits in abundance may be obtained almost all the year round, all the tropical fruits as well as those known to us, thriving well in Madagascar. Heaps of dried locusts are sold in the markets, but do not seem to us tempting; the silkworm chrysalides are also esteemed a delicacy by the natives.

Rice is the staff of life, and its cultivation and preparation give rise to many similes and expressions in the Malagasy language. The idea of intimate association or inseparability is compared to that of rice and water, for rice is sown in water, grows, is transplanted, and reaped, and at last cooked in water; and a common measure of time is that occupied in cooking a pan of rice—half an hour, more or less; thus, distances are specified as one or more *màsa-bàry*, or "rice-cookings."

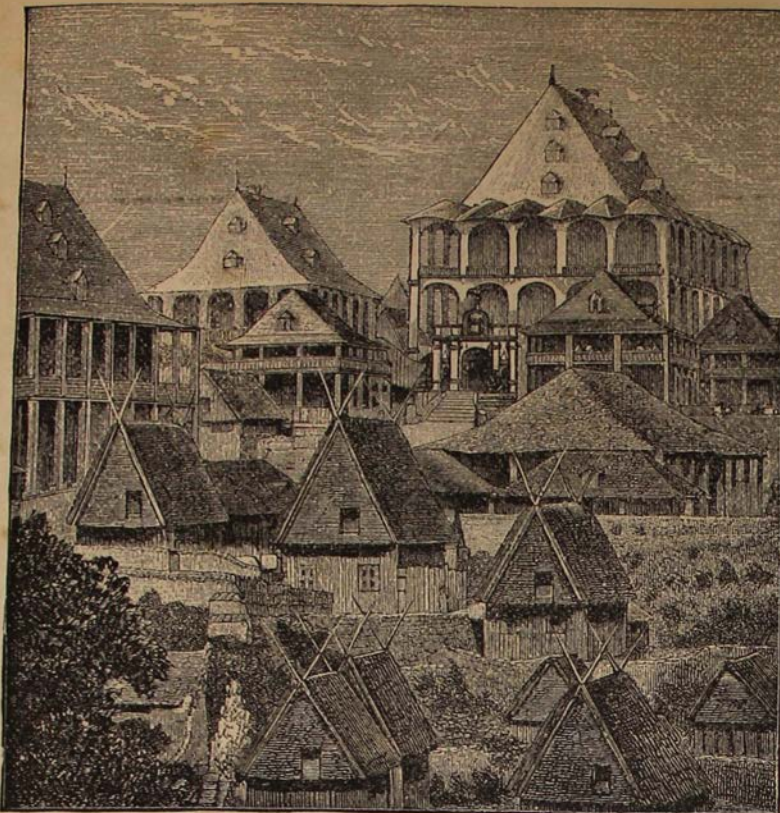
Temperance is a native virtue of the Madagascans, who drink water almost exclusively, and drunkenness is comparatively a novel feature, introduced mainly by the civilizing nations who visit the seaports. A distillation called *toaka* is sometimes used as a great luxury, but in the city of Tananarivo prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits is legally enforced.



BÈTSMISARAKAS.

HOVAS.

The position which woman holds in any country is of late years considered a test of its advance or retrogression in civilization; and while the women of Madagascar are not as much respected as those of Europe and America, yet they are not the slaves and drudges women are in semi-civilized lands. The fact that the sovereignty may be vested in a



PALACES AND HOUSES OF NOBLES.

woman is a proof that women are not regarded as necessarily inferior to men.

The marriage tie, however, is easily severed, at the husband's pleasure, which is the natural result of polygamy. This is still allowable among the Malagasy, but that it is not conducive to domestic felicity may be inferred from the name given it in the native language, *fampôra-fesana*, i.e., "the cause of strife." Divorce is mildly called "thanking a wife," implying a parting blessing upon her when her services are no longer desired.

The Malagasians have no family names, but they have a singular custom of taking the names of their eldest children with the prefix *raini*, "father of," or *rèni*, "mother of," so-and-so. This custom is doubtless owing to excessive parental pride, such as was expressed by the Roman matron Cornelia when she said, "Call me not Scipio's daughter; call me the mother of the Gracchi."

Slavery is abolished in Madagascar, but practically still exists. Many slaves are made by the royal or judicial sentence, and slavery is the most dreaded penalty the law imposes, for it is accompanied by the confiscation of property, and the wives and children of criminals are enslaved with them.

But, notwithstanding the heavy chains with which, as our illustration of two criminals shows, those condemned to slavery are loaded, the "way of the transgressor" is not so hard among the Malagasians as one might suppose. The prisoners are only confined at night, so that the jails are only dormitories; for the prisoners work at large in the open air during the day, on public works.

Besides the usual government revenues of property, taxations, confiscations, etc., the poorer classes are compelled to pay tribute of labor, in lieu of taxes. This compulsory labor, or *fanômpôana*, is exacted of all artisans and workmen employed by the sovereign, so that these might almost be called slaves, although they occupy an intermediate position between the slaves and freemen.

National amusements are cock-fighting, bull-baiting, hunting wild cattle, and fishing. A game resembling checkers

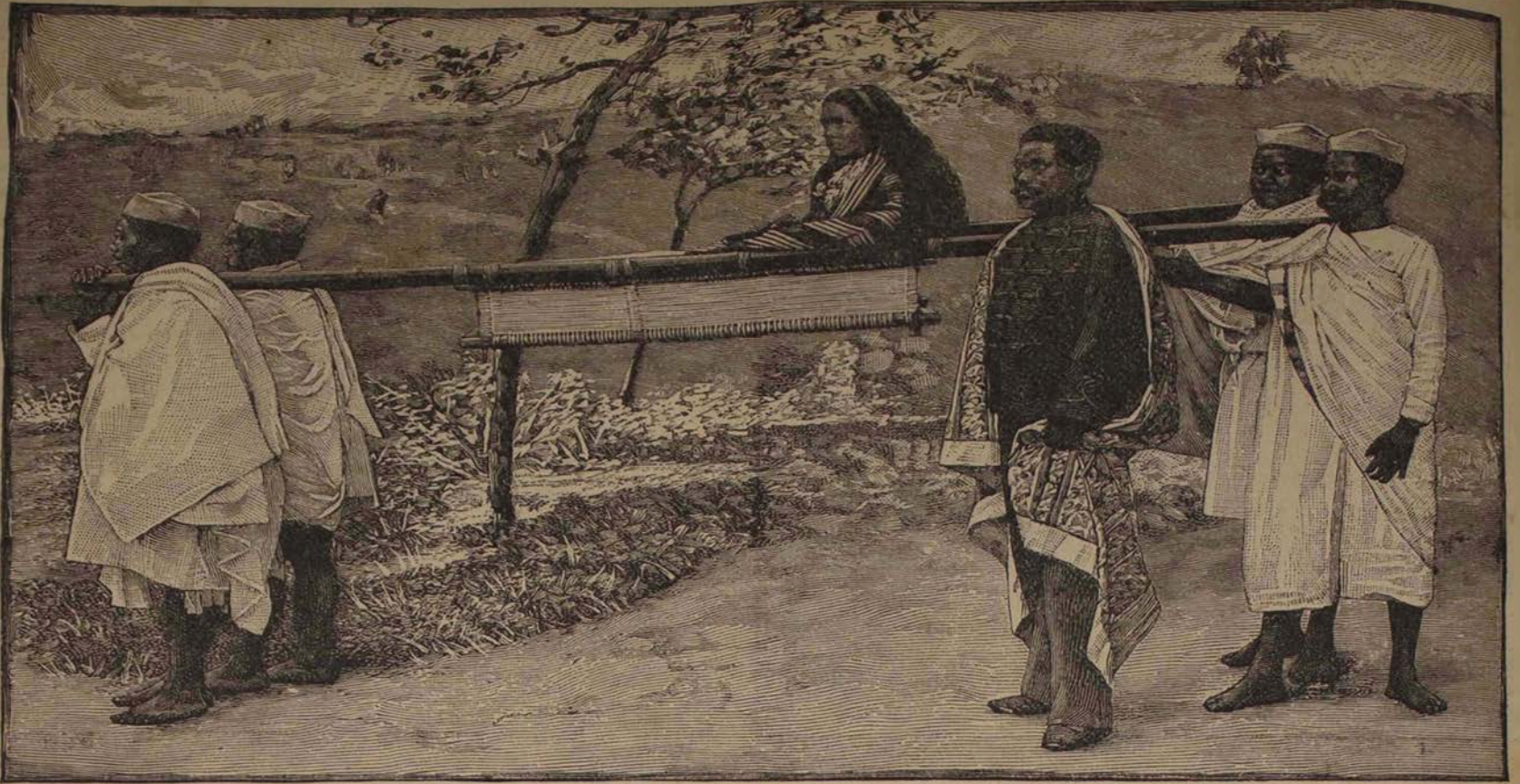
is played by the higher classes, and music and dancing are favorite evening pastimes. The women, as usual with Southern natives, have thrilling voices; and their vocal efforts, though unskilled and monotonous, are rather pleasing.

The costumes are very simple, consisting chiefly of cotton or hemp cloth, among the poorer people, and of native-woven silk or imported cassimeres and broadcloth for the better classes. The garments are primitive in design. The men wear a cloth tied about their waist and reaching to the knees, called the *salaka*; the women have a similar garment, but much longer, covering the person with the exception of the arms and shoulders. Those who can afford it wear also a print dress.

The native materials are spun and woven by hand, and the women are very apt in producing fine effects in the weaving and combining of colors; they will even ravel out imported calico to obtain yarn for weaving in their own way. The spindles are usually of bone or tree-fern bark, and it is to be remarked that the word "spinster" in our language has its prototype in Malagasy, *zaza ampêla*, or "child of the spindle," a name applied to girls, owing to this universal accomplishment of the women.



MALAGASIAN CRIMINALS.



WIDOW RETURNING TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

The *lamba* is the only characteristic garment of the Madagascans, and is worn by all classes and both sexes as an outer mantle. It somewhat resembles the toga of ancient Rome. Sometimes the *lamba* is made of black silk with narrow blue bands in elegant patterns, and with rich colored borders woven in. Five stripes all around the *lamba* denote a certain rank of nobility. The royal *lamba*, or mantle used on state occasions, is always scarlet, richly ornamented with gold, for scarlet is the color reserved exclusively for royal use; and a scarlet parasol is the distinctive privilege of the sovereign.

The Oriental love of dress finds expression in jewelry, and the women load themselves, on gala occasions, with earrings, bracelets, and necklaces.

Dark blue is the color used for mourning, but is not exclusively mourning, as crape is with us.

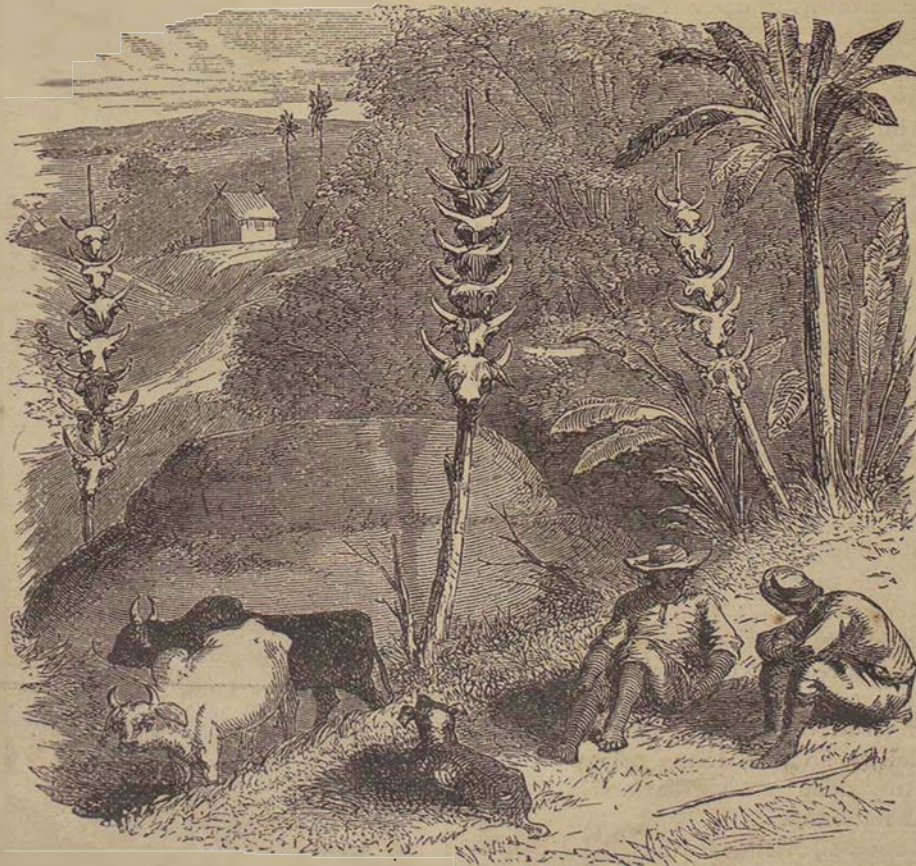
In our illustration of a widow borne in a *tacon*, or light palanquin, the national vehicle of travel, several peculiarities of the native costume will be observed. The four *Bezanos*, or carriers, are clothed in white *lambas*, and the lady of rank wears the elegant striped *lamba* of nobility and makes public her bereavement, not by

weeds and flowing crape, but by permitting her abundant black hair to form a natural mourning veil, falling loosely and unconfined on her shoulders. She is returning under military escort to her father's house, and does not appear very dissatisfied with her journey.

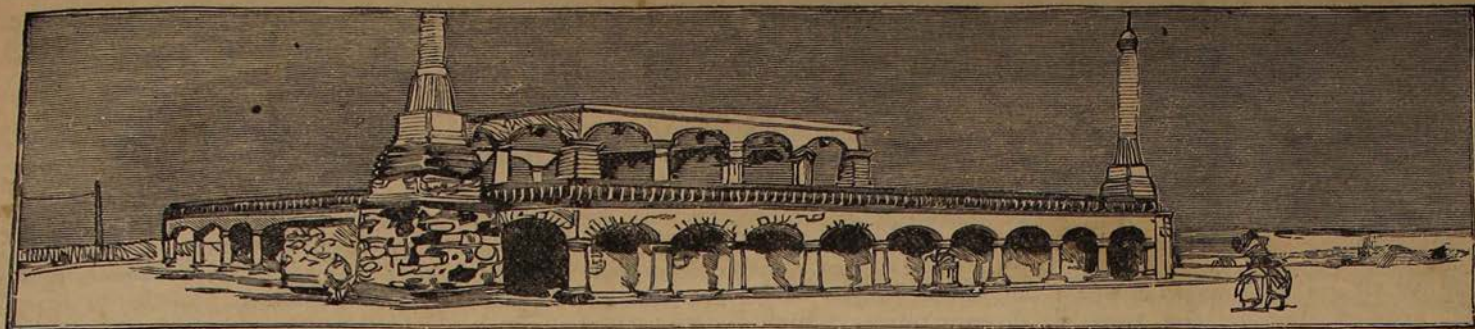
The funeral observances are very ceremonious, as might be expected in a country where the worship of ancestors has so long been a part of its religion, and the graves and vaults

are revered as sacred places. They are usually only shapeless mounds of earth or stone, near which are erected wooden stakes, eight or nine feet high, with skulls and horns of oxen fixed or impaled on the wood. These are objects of worship, or at least of special veneration, for they are the heads of bullocks sacrificed in honor of the dead at the time of burial.

It is usual to inter the dead near the dwelling-house; but only families of high rank build houses or raise any structure over their tombs. The finest tomb in the country is that of the Prime Minister, now Prince Consort. It is situated at Isotry, near the capital, and is very large, probably the best piece of native masonry in the island. It somewhat resembles the



MALAGASY TOMBS.



PRIME MINISTER'S TOMB.

monuments of Assyrian art, although of modern construction. Here are interred the sister and other relatives of the Prince Consort.

A son of Prince Rainilairvony, by his former marriage, holds the rank of brigadier-general in the Malagasian army, and appears to advantage in his showy uniform. There are two higher ranks above that of brigadier-general in the



PRINCE CONSORT'S SON.

army, which has fifteen grades of officers, from corporal to marshal, and is large, well-armed, and disciplined in the same manner as the armies of Europe. The officers are not only recruited from the higher ranks, but in themselves compose a powerful aristocracy, and the despotic government owes to the great military force, of which the sovereign has control, an authority upon which there is absolutely no check.

Succession to the crown is hereditary, but the reigning sovereign may select his or her successor, for women are not excluded from the throne.

The manners and customs of the Malagasy are known to us chiefly through the reports of Christian missionaries, who, by strenuous exertions, and often through cruel persecutions, have at last succeeded in establishing a nucleus of Christianity in the principal cities. The native religion is not very well known. Among the superstitions and rites, some of them cruel in operation, were infanticide; an ordeal by poison, called *tangena*, which was practiced until very recently; divination by counting or dividing small objects, such as grains of rice, beans, etc.

The god of the heathen Madagascans was an evil principle in which they had a vague belief, but did not worship, and whom they called *Andria-mavitra*, or "Prince of Heaven;" and while they looked upon this god as a creator, they reserved their worship for their idols and dead ancestors, having a vague belief in the spirit's immortality.

The Answer.

WE were drifting down the tide,
And the moon above us shone
Like a sweet-faced, blushing bride,
With a cloud about her blown.

Love looked up with wistful eyes.
Quoth she: "Tell me, truly tell,
Which is dearer—paradise,
Or a heart that loves one well?"

We were young; 'twas love's first dream.
Cupid his ambrosia sips,
And all nectars tasteless seem.
So I answered—with my lips!

Wiser grown, would I confess
Wrong to high conviction done?
Partly, no, and partly, yes:—
Love and paradise are one!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

A RED WIG.

BY MRS. E. L. HARDENBROOK.

CHAPTER I.

WAS not an actress either from choice or natural aptness, but by the force of circumstances which made it appear impossible that I could become anything else. I was born in the profession, and succeeded to it as to an inheritance.

My mother, descending from a theatrical family, was, at the time of my birth, "leading lady" in a not very leading company, which however did a fair business in its trips to the then far West, or in the smaller towns of our sea-board States. As a pretty young girl she had assumed light *soubrette* rôles in a city troupe: after her second season she married my father, who was the young and decidedly clever member of the same company, and he proved a valuable tutor to the industrious if not over enthusiastic or ambitious young actress. Under his guidance she rapidly rose to the position she held at my advent; he having taught her how to love, also the art of acting love.

She grew to be as fond of her profession as of her lover-husband; and I afterward learned she had never entirely forgiven me for interfering with one season's engagement by my own *début* upon the stage of life, when the second lady undertook her rôles, playing "opposite" my father.

Before I was out of swaddling-clothes, it was discovered that I was a most valuable bit of stage property; and I made a successful first appearance at the tender age of eight months,—conducting myself more wisely than any rag-baby known to the profession,—in some melodrama where the domestic and maternal element appealed to the tender sympathies of the responsive public. From that hour, if not previous to it, my career was a settled fact.

My dear father, simple and single-minded as are so many of the oft decried race of actors, indulged in many a day-dream of the coming "star" who should inherit the beauty and grace of her mother and be inspired by the poetic conceptions of her father, and be drilled by both into the routine and arts of the "boards," step by step. I was not audaciously to attempt "to clutch the dramatic diadem with a single bound," but educated and trained in every requisite for success, I would assimilate and develop by a natural sequence, and one day fame would deservedly follow and lay well-earned laurels at my feet.

In contemplation of my future triumphs, my gentle mother set aside her own personal thought of any signal eminence in her calling. She worked faithfully, but with a happy home-life her ambition for herself slept. When the heart is at rest, the mind is seldom unduly urged to action.

During the peaceful years of my childhood, I do not think there could have been found a happier family than we formed: each living for each other, I for them, and both for me. In all their journeyings I was their constant companion, they occupying every moment of leisure in my education, which was naturally restricted to those branches which were to be of practical benefit to me in my already appointed profession. I spoke, read, memorized, sang, walked, danced, rowed, fenced—all with one steadfast aim and purpose. Even my recreations were pervaded by a histrionic flavor: gossip and fireside chat were of the movements, changes, failures, "hits," of the present foot-lighted

world, and recollections of those fixed stars in the stage sky of the past whose lustre never pales in the reverent retrospection of the true lover of his art.

I was just entering my fourteenth year, when this circle was broken by the death of my beloved father, after a short illness following undue exposure in travel. The shock was a fearful one both to my stricken mother and myself; but with the meek courage of her character my mother cheered, soothed, and comforted me, who, with the selfishness of over-indulged youth, thought no sorrow like that which had overtaken me,—to be robbed of father, instructor, protector, when I most needed all. I have since admired and marveled at my delicate mother's tact and self-command at this period of her extremest trial. My father had been to her all he had been to me, to which was added a faithful lover's devotion that transfigured with romantic glamour both their lives, to the very end. It was the abiding knowledge of that love which upheld her with its sustaining power, and made it the guiding motive of her life to fulfill the mission of his, and supply a father's care to me.

She wore no widow's weeds, I remember. "It would seem too much like dressing for a new part," she said pathetically; "he knows—and it is not wise to overshadow with a pall my child's young life."

But she never wore a bright dress again, save on the stage, moving about in quiet shades and twilight tints that made her like an embodied reverie in which all her thoughts were chastened recollections of past joys. My mother's beauty had been too delicate and ethereal in its type for the stage, in her first youth, but of a sort that the added roundness of maturity increased. There were many who might have wished to console her during the early years of her widowhood, but Mrs. Warren was soon discovered to be inaccessible to wooers. She was a "widow indeed;"

"For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand,
And closer locked and barred her breast."

So much, too, did she shrink from portraying the tender emotions, that, despite her capability to "make up" for young and artless stage heroines, she speedily drifted into playing mature matrons and society mothers,—though in the dramas of to-day, matrons and maidens are not easy of distinction.

My own studies continued, and occasionally I appeared under stage names in minor rôles, to familiarize me with stage business. At eighteen I made a success in my first prominent rôle, and this event delighted my mother far more than it did me. I was simply a well-taught automaton not devoid of intelligence, a fine frame-work upon which to display stage finery, with the advantages of an expressive face, a good voice, and graceful carriage. Perhaps I alone could rightly weigh my right to the plaudits of those who saw me. I knew the *feu sacré* had never touched me; I was not inspired; I felt no thrills; I had a certain intellectual recognition of the demands of a character, and did my work faithfully: the public paid and applauded.

Except from gratified vanity,—which does not thrive long in the glare of the foot-lights and long "runs,"—no flush tinted my cheeks, and no emotion paled my lips or filled my voice with tears. I acted, but I was not an actress.

For two years, however, I played with increasing favor. My mother appeared at intervals, but it was our intention that she should soon retire, leaving the burden of labor upon my younger, stronger shoulders.

To pass our second summer vacation, we went to a quiet place among the hills for retirement and relaxation. We still preserved many of the tastes of simply domestic women, and delighted to have a chance for needle-work, reading, and small time-takers of ladies of leisure, and our holidays were like those of two gentlewomen who did not know how to use a hare's-foot, and who had been brought up in the light of wax candles rather than tin-shaded gas jets.

At this retreat we met Douglas Lawrence, a journalist, already sub-editor of a city paper, who was enjoying his summer rustication. It was here that love surprised us as an added guest, coming unbidden to the waving woodland, and tinging life with a glory surpassing the golden haze of the sunset behind the grassy slopes. Attracted toward each other upon our first meeting, further acquaintance developed so many mutual sympathies that our natures met and mingled.

Our course of true love had not one stormy ripple upon its ever deepening current. It may not have been the love portrayed in modern dramas, replete with sensations, passions, doubts, disquiet, emotions born of glare and fever, but it was an all-pervading atmosphere of satisfying content, akin to the culmination of the perfect summer-time.

"Tender and true," like his poetic namesake, was "my Douglas," with frank, honest eyes, and a smile that transfigured his quiet, thoughtful face with a radiance like noon-day.

Despite my public career I had been sheltered like any simple maiden from contact with society, and my profession had kept me so occupied I had not felt that any lack was in my life—until he came! When our eyes met, a new world sprang into existence; and in it we stood alone, and that new solitude was paradise!

There had been no rehearsals for this divine drama: the cues were all unlearned, and yet we were "letter perfect" in our unstudied rôles. How stilted and yet commonplace appeared all the printed blank verse to which I had listened when stage lovers wooed me, and in which I also had mouthed and torn love to tatters, compared to the wooing of this earnest lover, this man of business and cares, who still had kept a pure niche in his warm heart and busy brain, "all swept and garnished," waiting for the Lady of his Fate." And I gladly "entered in."

It was supposed that the latter part of that summer would be occupied in hard study. Study indeed! Nature and our happy hearts kept holiday; and if Douglas and I lingered over some of my old play-books together, it was only that I might realize how henceforth that one word "together" was to endow all familiar things with a new meaning, or create a familiar association for each new phase of feeling and expression. Old things could not pass away, but they became new, as if by the effect of some alchemy, entrancing as it was potent.

As a revelation, I became aware of what had been lacking in my experience, even as an actress. The Germans have a proverb that "one must sing with one's soul before one may sing with one's voice;" in my case I felt that I had needed to know certain emotions by personal experience, before I could hope to attain naturalness in their portrayal. Up to this time I had been acting like a machine; my attempts were educational veneering—all gloss, something applied from without, not emanating from within. Now, since I loved, I felt that a novel power had been added unto me.

Dearest mamma unselfishly smiled upon our betrothal, and rejoiced in my joy, understanding how she was even more

tenderly loved as this new gift developed increased capabilities of devotion, and

"The young heart,
Enlarged by sympathy with *one*,
Grows bountiful to all,"—

and lovingly received her rightful share of the overflow.

So far as money matters were concerned, Douglas was comfortably established in life, and as an only son had inherited a moderate fortune: on our side we were not paupers, and there was no worldly reason why our engagement should be a prolonged one. Douglas did not sneer at my profession, but I intended to take leave of the stage before our marriage. I had already signed a contract for the coming winter, which must be fulfilled. It was settled that the next June would set me free to sign another contract, and undertake a life-long rôle,—that of "The Wife," but not "A Tale of Mantua!"

CHAPTER II.

AMONG the plays in which I was to appear during that season, was "Fazio," a tragedy played fifty years ago by the famous Fanny Kemble upon her first appearance in America, and later by ambitious stars, but then seldom presented save by the few who clung desperately to the nearly obsolete "legitimate drama."

In the prevailing happy state of my mind, the study was not congenial. What had I, whose light heart danced and sang melodies to its blithest steps, in common with this wild, distraught, Italian tragedy, with its atmosphere of storm and lurid lightning and funeral dirges?

I sighed over it one bright day as we sat out-of-doors under the shade of a rustic arbor.

"I detest Bianca!" I said, closing the book petulantly.

"You might rather pity her," Douglas replied, smiling slightly as our eyes met.

"Why? Because I am to represent, or rather, it may prove, to mis-represent her?" I asked, my ill-temper ending in a laugh.

"I did not mean to imply exactly that," he said, and then added, more seriously, "but I do consider a jealous person, in the abstract, be it man or woman, in the world or in a book, as an object deserving commiseration—not pity, for that's 'akin to love,' so they say; but the commiseration we extend to hapless mortals who frequently make their own wretchedness. Bianca's misfortune was in loving a man utterly unworthy, because weak; and Rochefoucauld was right when he said, 'there is hope for every defect except weakness of character.' As to jealousy being an attendant upon true love, I deny it; no love *is* true where it abides. How can one love where one does not trust? And where faith reposes, how can jealousy enter? 'Perfect love casteth out fear' of anything that could taint it. Ah! my darling," he added softly, "how often when I picture our future, there arises to my lips the homely Bible words I heard my mother read when I was a boy: 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.'"

I reached out my hand to him, and he pressed it to his lips.

"They say actresses are jealous of one another," I remarked after a pause; "I do not think I know what jealousy is, except as they depict it on the stage, and then it generally seems out of all keeping with esteem and honor and confidence. I find real feelings differ greatly from acted ones: one seems to me to be the thing, and the other only the thing painted."

"And the tints none too true to nature, you mean?" Douglas added. "What you term jealousy among rival members of a profession, is really a sort of envy or undue emulation, rather than jealousy. I suppose Bianca's is a

case of bona-fide jealousy, since it is full of rage and inconsistencies, as she loves the man who outrages her confidence, when she should simply despise him. I hope you will do her in glaring colors, for she is no countrywoman of ours, thank heaven! Abuse her as you please. Seriously, I am sorry you are bothered with her, for she is not your style."

"Can you not fancy me as capable of jealousy under any circumstance?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "If I could, I should not love you with absolute entireness, as I do. I should believe there was a flaw in my pearl among women, and I should suspect you did not love me as my sweetheart should to justly allow me 'love for love.' To be jealous, one must be selfish, false, mean, and suspecting; capable of a degree of falsity in one's self, and therefore suspicious of it in others."

"But," I persisted, "if I should ever be jealous?"

"There's much virtue in an if," he quoted in reply.

"Still—if? What would you think?"

"Think? I should know you were mad!—'mad as a March hare,'" he said decidedly. And we laughed merrily together.

* * * * *

"Mamma," I asked abruptly, a few days later, "were you ever jealous?"

Mamma was placidly seated by the vine-curtained window of our sitting-room, exercising her pretty fingers on some dainty work intended as a head-gear for me.

"Why do you ask, my dear?" was her low response, and I caught evasion in her tone. "Are you thinking of Bianca?"

"Yes, and no;—perhaps more no than yes," I replied. "The study perplexes me. A new character has not heretofore affected me at all; but this summer I seem suddenly to have grown so strangely beyond the point of view from which I used to regard these visionary folks, I look at them personally, as if they had lived and must live again through me. I find myself wondering if I shall ever know what all these various people feel, as now I know how Juliet felt, how all the ——" I hesitated.

"Lovers, you mean," concluded mamma. "It is only that love, my child, has opened a sort of Pandora's box for you. Don't be too curious about the rest. You can play Bianca without needing to be a jealous sweetheart yourself, as a preparatory step."

"But I want to know what jealousy is like," I said reflectively; "Douglas says—" and I repeated in substance his talk to me.

"Mr. Lawrence speaks as an honest, pure, trusting man feels, and he is partly right," said mamma; "but the human heart has many vagaries and inconsistencies."

She was silent a few moments, and then spoke again:

"I think if ever mortal man merited implicit confidence, it was your father, Stella. And yet, *once*, I was jealous! Sit down here and I will tell you all about it. I have never spoken of it to anyone in my life before, and I only tell you now because my experience may serve in place of one for yourself."

I sat down on her footstool, and mamma continued:

"The winter before you were born, your father had continued acting of course, as usual, and my place was filled by a substitute. She was a fair actress, so far as ability was concerned, and a woman of very substantial charms of person,—a widow, free and frank in manner and tone, a favorite on and off the boards. I went to the theatre one night when you were very young, so great was my desire to see your father in a new piece in which I was soon to replace Mrs. B— as heroine.

"That was the evening of my torment. From their entrance as lovers, to the last act in which she died in his

arms, I was possessed of a devil, whose name was Jealousy. I had no power to reason. I had no control of memory, no sense of probability, no restraint of justice.—nothing but a blind, devouring fury, like one despoiled of her rights. Then, so partial is this fiend, I had no blame for him whom I had accused and condemned in a moment's space—all was centered upon the woman. I could have killed her by a look! Why, my dear, even after this lapse of years it makes my heart beat to recall my agitation and anguish! I suppose I was not very strong, or I could not have been so overcome; but the fury that possessed me made me so pale that our friends urged me to go home before the end. I could not. I sat it through, and when I met him at the stage-door and took his arm for our short walk home, I felt as if I could never know another peaceful hour on earth: I prayed to die.

"Herbert was pleasantly elated by the success of the evening, and did not notice my silence. I tried to hide my face from his eyes. Oh! the misery possible to be condensed in one evening! I flew to you to escape his scrutiny. If he loved her, I had resolved to die and leave him free. Never would I be a barrier to his happiness,—and mine was gone forever! I planned death, flight, everything—all in less than three hours."

"Poor little mamma," I said, kissing her hand as she paused.

"And now I will tell you the end of it," she resumed. "Herbert came into the room, leaned over my chair as I held you, and clasped us both in his arms. His touch dissolved the spell: I burst into a passion of tears. 'Why, sweetheart, this tiresome play has wearied you even more than it has me,' he said, as he kissed and soothed me. 'I shall have to drag Mrs. B—'s "too, too solid flesh" about some time longer, if you do not grow strong again. Such a weight as she is!—and her latest freak is to eat raw onions in order to renew her youth! How I longed for you to-night! No enthusiasm for my art can ever inspire me as does one look into those dearest, "sweetest eyes";' and more that I will not repeat to you. Just imagine, Stella, how I felt as he talked to me with truth and single-heartedness in every accent, and love in the brooding look of his dear eyes."

Mamma's voice broke, and her eyes filled. So did mine.

"Did you ever tell him?" I whispered presently.

"What an idea! Why, of course not!" said mamma, recovering her clear tones. "Do you suppose I would let him know you had such a foolish mother? But it was the only secret I ever held from him, and I had nearly forgotten it myself, until you awoke the memory. What I *did* do, after he and you were sound asleep, was to get down on my knees, and pray earnestly never to fall again into that temptation, and to be forgiven for the wrong I had done him; to be made faithful and full of faith. My prayer was answered, for we never doubted each other, and you know how happy we were."

"Still, mamma, was there never true love where jealousy entered to disturb it?"

"I do not know," responded wise mamma. "There is love, and love—the passion and the principle; sometimes one may not properly balance the other."

"Othello, for instance?" I suggested.

"Oh! he was a foreigner, like your Bianca," said mamma. "I only speak for my own nation and color. By the by, Othello is an example of Mr. Lawrence's assertion that a man often judges another by his own standard or capabilities. 'To the pure, all things are pure.' The Moor is not presented to us as a man of clean, unsullied life, but the contrary;—a life of the past, it may be urged, but its impress had been made, and a capacity for doubt engendered."

"Then I must cultivate my capacity for doubt, or I shall

never play Bianca to the life—and death !” I said flip-
pantly ; “ though her doubts were certain certainties. Now,
mamma, listen to this ;” and I began the soliloquy,

“ Not all the night, not all the long, long night,
Not come to me ! not send to me ! not think on me !”

And so our conference ended.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW weeks after this, I thoughtlessly exposed myself to
the rays of the sun, while boating. I returned with some
fever, and a headache followed, one of the severest of my
life, in which headaches were an occasional episode. The
pain and fever made me light-headed. Mamma and Doug-
las became alarmed, and at midnight a messenger was sent
for the nearest physician. This rustic practitioner, with
grave face declared my symptoms to be those of brain fever,
and administered strong narcotics, to which I responded
with Bianca’s wild speech :

“ Take heed ! we are passionate ; our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that’s bitter drinking !
The fondest are most phrenetic ; where the fire
Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale
Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly, restless nature ;
We whirl and whirl ; and where we settle, Fazio,
But He that ruleth the mad winds can know !”

After which histrionic exhibition I went to sleep. During
that slumber, from which I awoke quite restored, they had
cut off my long, abundant hair, of which I had been so
proud. It was really a stupid blunder and an unnecessary
sacrifice ; but as dear mamma had done it by medical direction
and deplored my loss more than I did, in her presence I con-
cealed my own sense of bereavement and made merry over
my cropped head. In my own room, I held the severed
tresses in my lap, in all their brown abundance, and if as I
caressed them I shed a few tears, who can blame me ?

* * * * *

When we returned to the city, one of our first visits was
to a noted artist in hair. Except upon rare occasions, my
own supply had been all-sufficient. Now, it was necessary
to invest much hard cash in hirsute adornment. As a matter
of theatrical “ make up” the loss of my hair was of no
material consequence, since the achievements of art were
quite as convenient and becoming as nature’s furnishing.

The season opened. I and my wigs were greeted with
plaudits ; we were successful together. The press declared
that I was making “ rapid strides in my art,” and hinted at
a probable new master. My only master had been love, and
the lessons had been pleasant. Later on, “ Fazio” was in
course of rehearsal. I sought out Mons. Perruque and con-
sulted him about a suitable wig for my part.

“ I want a wig that will inspire me,” I said to the queer
old Frenchman ; “ something to give me originality—to
make me look intense—capable of anything desperate.”

“ *Oui, mademoiselle,*” replied the somewhat sinister-look-
ing, yellow faced man ; “ but to do the desperate, the weeked
deeds well, one must not look too weeked. *On dit* Miladi
Macbeth was one lady with the blue eyes, and one time she
wear one blonde wig. You play ze *jalouse* Etalien lady who—
how you call him?—zenounce her *mari*. Dare is none so
jalouse as ze lady with ze red hair. Oh ! I know him well—
ze great artist Titian ; he paint ze Etalien lady and he give
her red hair. I have ze hair *exactement* like ze bronze on—
which ze sun has shined. I vill make of him one wig—
you shall see yourself in him. I will show ze hair to
mademoiselle.”

He brought it in a long box. I fairly held my breath at
sight of its beauty and glitter. I touched it, taking off my
glove to do so ; it was full of life, and seemed haughtily

resentful of contact. The mass fascinated me by its wealth
of color ; I wound it above my brows to note the effect ; it
was like a glory. My own regretted tresses paled and faded
before the splendor of this brilliant mass, and I longed to
possess it. I could not lay it aside.

“ How much ?” I inquired.

Mons. P. named a sum equal to the value of spun gold.
“ *Mademoiselle* will observe dat it is ze live hairs, not ze
trade hairs ; only cut one week ago, and all one growth, one
head.”

Mademoiselle observed ; it was live hair—instinct with
superb vitality and burnished by the oil of its own rich
bulbs. At last I laid it down reluctantly. “ I must consult
mamma,” I said. “ Promise me to reserve this until to-mor-
row at this hour.”

“ *Certainement, avec plaisir, mademoiselle ;*” said the
Frenchman obsequiously ; “ this hair should belong to none
other than *mademoiselle ; il vous va bien, vraiment !*”

I consulted mamma. She negated at once the capricious
audacity of a Bianca with a red wig, and pooh-poohed at
Mons. P——’s exorbitant demand. All stage traditions made
Bianca a merely fair woman, and the “ traditions of the
elders” should prevail with junior members of the profes-
sion. Then I took her with me early next day, and on our
way to rehearsal we call at Mons. P——’s rooms, and she
was shown the hair. I held it again, stroked its shining
waves, and wound it about my brow. Mamma looked at
me for several moments.

“ Put it away, my dear,” she said, “ it coils like a snake.”
Mamma was fanciful sometimes. “ Nevertheless it cer-
tainly is most becoming, though I never saw anything more
wickedly beautiful in my life. After rehearsal we will call
and decide.”

At rehearsal mamma watched me closely ; and as I loved
her approbation and relied upon her judgment, I played
better than usual, with more intensity of ardor and less
tendency to rant. For I had been guilty of occasional rant-
ing ; sometimes I indulged in it purposely to please audiences
to whom vivid contrasts and loud coloring were alone com-
prehensible, and therefore acceptable : but I now sought to
deserve the applause of a class capable of appreciating the
more refined interpretations of higher art.

When I rejoined mamma she remarked : “ If you con-
tinue to improve in this rôle as you have since you began its
study, I think, my dear, you could almost risk the red
wig.”

We stopped at Mons. P——’s, and by feigning seriously to
consider some ordinary and cheaper tints, awoke his fears ;
then we bullied him a little ; re-considered the hair I
coveted ; made him an offer at which he clasped his thin
hands in despair ; and finally our interview ended by our
deciding to order, at a price he declared beggared him (and
nearly did us), a wig of the wonderful red hair.

It was sent home in a few days, and the girl who brought
it was trying its fit and arranging its riotous locks, when
Mr. Lawrence was announced. Elated by contemplation of
my becoming coiffure as I saw my head reflected in the
dressing-glass, I did not remove it. Dismissing the maid
and adding a few touches to my dress, I went to the draw-
ing-room. Douglas had heard of the auburn hair, and after
a first greeting held my hands and stepped back to examine
me.

“ Upon my word, Stella, you are brilliant—dazzling !” he
said smiling. “ If I indulged in slang, I’d say ‘ stunning !’
You nearly take my breath away !” He drew me nearer,
touched the wavy locks, and lifted the clustering rings to
compare the color with my own. His fingers thrilled me ;
and as I put my head on his shoulder, our eyes met. This
thought flashed in my mind, “ I never knew before that

Douglas was so handsome; I wonder if other women think him so?"

Oddly enough I had never until then considered him in relation to any other woman than myself. A pang grasped my heart. His next words increased it.

"Did I ever tell you, Stella," he said, as we sat down, "that when I was a school-boy I used to be teased by other boys because I never had a sweetheart who had not red hair? I had half made up my mind that my fate would have a freckled face to match the favorite hair of my boyhood. I quite surprised myself by falling in love with you, who had neither; but now Titian's beauties might step from out their frames and loosen their radiant hair, and they would be powerless. The net that holds my heart is woven of modest brown, with scarcely a golden shadow in its meshes."

Usually I would have cooed some loving nonsense in reply to his fond speech; but a devil seemed to suggest to me, "There is something he would have liked changed—something different in you." I bit my lips.

"I hate red hair!" I said pettishly. "I do not believe it ever covers brains? Your girl-lovers were probably simpletons."

"Very likely," he said good-humoredly, "though it is not very complimentary to me or to you to admit it; and, by the by, one of them, that third or fourth cousin of mine, Madame Von Stanowitz,—Maud Pegram, you know,—who used to go to school with me, is coming home from Europe. She will be here in time to see your 'Bianca.' I have told her all about you, and we are going to have a stage-box the very first night, so she can see how little you use or require stage arts to enhance your beauty."

My heart stood still. I had often heard him mention his "Cousin Maudie."

"And she has 'red hair?'" I asked, for lack of other words.

"Yes—of the deepest, darkest dye," he answered; "that is, it was quite a blaze in her youth. I have not seen her for six years at least. Poor Maud has been wife, mother and widow in that time. I used to tell her she was like a cheap chromo in coloring, all her tints were so vivid, so uncompromising in their honesty."

I looked at Douglas as he spoke and wondered if they had ever cared for one another; if she had been more beautiful than I; if he had admired her; I wished she was not his cousin in any degree and so possessed of a claim of kinship upon him; how she would meet and what she would think of him now in the fullness of manhood's powers—in short a crowd of vague alarms and unquiet thoughts chased each other while he sketched her history to interest me. He told me of her belle-hood, her brightness, her accomplishments; how she had met her foreign husband while on a tour abroad, their romantic courtship and speedy marriage, their ideal home in the South, and of his tragic death occurring before her eyes.

Herr Von Stanowitz was a noted horseman; and one day returning from a ride, as he neared the house, he had dropped the reins and was waving his hat in greeting and kissing his hand to his wife, who stood upon an upper balcony, when his horse suddenly reared, Herr Von Stanowitz was thrown backward, his skull fractured, and death ensued almost instantly. That had been five years ago; his widow and little son were now returning from a visit to the home of his ancestors.

For some reason I felt no sympathy with the sad story;—I only pictured the woman, her attractions, her advantages, her red hair, feeling that she was coming to thrust herself between my Douglas and me! I had never been of a morbid nature, but I had a foreboding of something that filled me with—not sorrow, but apprehension and anger.

Mamma came in from a walk, and after a little general chat looked at me observingly and said:

"Stella, you seem feverish; and I don't think I like to see you at home in a stage rig—or wig," she added laughing. "Please go, darling, and take off Bianca's hair."

I did not wish to do so, but the habit of obedience prevailed. I left the room, bathed my flushed face, ran a comb through the boyish rings of my own hair, and re-appeared. Douglas had waited, and mamma leaving to lay aside her wraps, we sat together as usual in the twilight. My spirits returned, my ill mood vanished, I was ashamed of impulses so foreign to my natural self, and my heart overflowed with love, not unmingled with contrition for—I scarcely knew what.

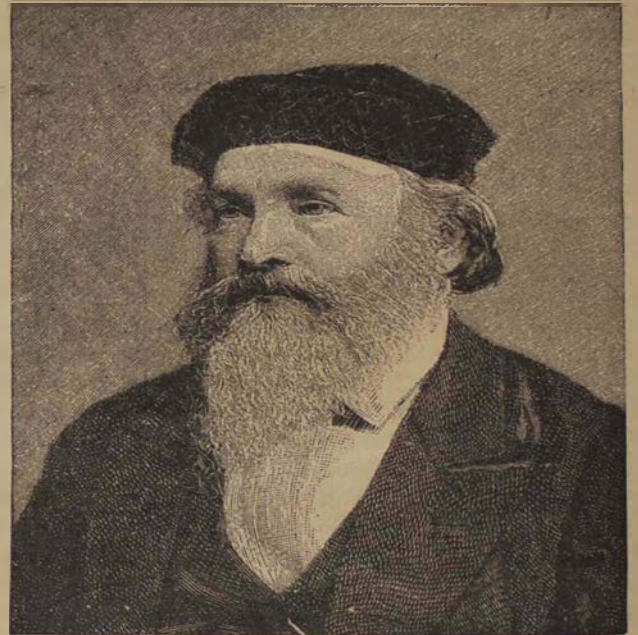
After the performance of the evening was over, and I sat reviewing the events of the day, thinking of Douglas and Cousin Maud, and my own odd *mauvais quart d'heure*, I asked myself, with severe self-accusation:

"Stella, could that have been a twinge of jealousy?"

(To be continued.)

The Easter Evangel.

WITH SKETCH OF THE ARTIST, DR. PFANN-SCHMIDT.



WHILE the birth, the life, the agonies and the crucifixion of Christ have been presented in countless ideals and by every school of art, each artist attempting some expression of his conception of the One who united in himself a sacred person and a human life, the splendors of the Resurrection have not found any adequate or approximate representation in art, if indeed such representation were possible.

No gleam of high conception caught by study, no artistic invention, has yet offered us a portrayal of the unrevealed mysteries of that first Easter. Only the women who went early to the tomb, to find their intended cares unnecessary, saw its reflected glory in the face of the angel who told them the wonderful prophecy was fulfilled.

Even she, who with breaking heart had watched the light of those loved eyes dim in mortal agony, was not vouchsafed any sight of their rapturous unclosing. Veiled in unaccustomed guise He appeared to her, and only by his

conscious action when He spoke her name did she recognize the reality of his foretold triumph. So it is not to be expected that any attempt to realize in art the Easter mysteries, as fully as those of Christmas are, would be satisfactory. We must pause at the tomb of the Saviour as at all others, with no conception of the glory to be revealed.

Those artists who have attempted any such realization, pause at the threshold and content themselves,—no, not content, what artist was ever content with his work?—let us say appease their ideal with the portrayal of the human emotions aroused by the knowledge of the Resurrection and its infinite suggestions.

Few of those who have thus approached the task have succeeded as has Dr. Pfannschmidt, and the measure of his success is not to be gauged alone by the artistic excellence of his pictures; their purely religious character commends them to the admiration of many to whom Art in most forms would appeal in vain.

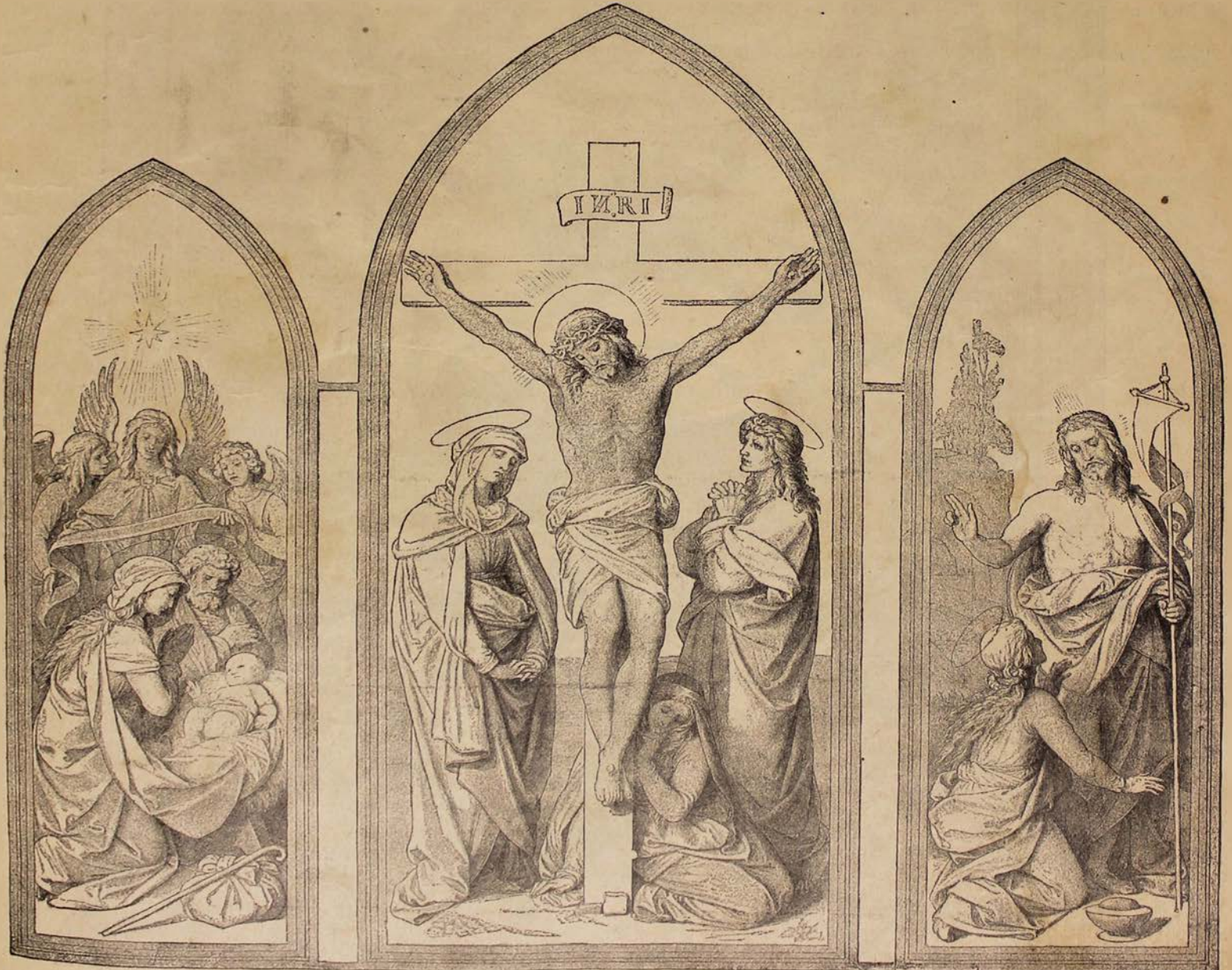
Karl Gottfried Pfannschmidt was born on the 15th of September, 1819, at Muhlhausen, in Thuringia, and grew up among his many sisters in a plain, respectable tradesman's family, healthy in body and in soul, joyous and enthusiastic in youthful amusements, but not without impatience submitting to the yoke of school discipline. He was a natural artist by the gift of God, and his early education had nothing whatever to do with the development of that genius. But what the Creator has thus implanted He

will bring to perfection in his own way and for his own purposes.

Pfannschmidt's talent was early remarked, and his drawing-teacher, Dettman, recommended him to become a painter; but it was not without misgivings that the boy's parents saw their fifteen-year-old son set off for Berlin to attempt his precarious undertaking. His only reliance was the priceless treasure of a childlike confidence in Providence, which impelled him to look joyously forward to the high goal of his ambitions; and he began this new life willing to endure all things, to wait, and to strive in ceaseless efforts to advance.

When he met Kaulbach, in Munich, the great artist, who was astonished at the drawings of the young student, and noticed the tenderness and beauty of his compositions, said, with that ironic satire which was characteristic of the man: "Study Cornelius diligently and—read your Bible." These words were prophetic. Pfannschmidt, when he returned to Berlin, sought out Cornelius, who received him with the words, "I know you already; you have been looking for me;" and a bond of sympathy was soon formed between master and student.

In the year 1858, Pfannschmidt became a member of the Academy of Art; in 1860, a professor; in 1865, a teacher of composition and design, a member of the Senate of Pictorial Art, and, later, an honorary member of the Academy of Dresden and Munich, and he was decorated with the great gold medal. He had also the honor of being instructor of the



THE ALTARPIECE AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AT SCHWERIN.



ALTARPIECE OF THE CHAPEL OF THE DEACONESSES' HOUSE IN BERLIN.

Crown Princess Victoria of Germany. In 1883 he was created Doctor of Theology by the theological faculty of Berlin. He married the daughter of the historical painter Herman, and he and his wife reared a blooming family. These are the notable events of his external life.

To have thoroughly understood Pfannschmidt, one must have seen him at his own home, seated among his pictures, the Raphael cap on his long, once blonde hair, and met the glance of his mild and beautiful blue eyes beaming with candor. Whoever heard his hearty and Homeric laughter, felt the clasp of his hand, or joined with him in the festivities of the holiday season, became fully impressed with the idea that he was a man over whose life God, and the angels he sends to aid man, watched. His peaceful death on the 6th of July, 1887, closed a restlessly industrious life.


As the cantatas and masses of his great countryman, Sebastian Bach, are only suitable for the church and not for the concert-room, so Pfannschmidt's oil paintings and cartoons belong to the church alone. He painted what he believed, and believed what he painted. Pfannschmidt did not illustrate the Scriptures: he gave a commentary on them. As in Scripture the divine and human element continually meet and mingle, so in his creations the divine element appeals strongly to human emotion.

For more than twenty years he wrought at his evangel of Art, and left behind him many valuable works scattered in various parts of Germany. His paintings adorn the court chapel at Berlin, the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, the cathedral at Schwerin, and one of the latest and noblest of his works, "The Adoration of the Magi," in the chapel of the cathedral at Berlin, elicited warm commendation from Emperor William, who expressed personally to the artist his appreciation of its beauty and deep feeling.

The altarpiece of St. Paul's church, at Schwerin, is a beautiful and deeply religious work. The accompanying engraving gives some idea of its effect. At the left the scene of the Nativity is portrayed with touching sweetness. The figures of the central panel, representing the Crucifixion, depict not only the agonized Saviour and His infinite sacrifice, but the three phases of desolated human love:—the divine resignation of maternal sorrow, the anguish of separation from the chosen friend, and the crushing despair of dependent love bereft of its one protector. The panel at the right shows us the glad surprise of Mary as she recognizes, by the familiar tones of His voice, the One she was seeking with eyes so blinded by her grieving tears that she did not know or notice whom she addressed. The attitude of each figure would speak, even if we were not familiar with the subjects.

This ideality of expression is equally strong in the altarpiece of the chapel of the Deaconesses' House, in Berlin. The thrilling scene of the preparation, by the weeping women, of Christ's body for burial, is supported by three lesser groups representing the good Samaritan, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, at the right and left, and in the middle the angel of the Resurrection appearing to the women at the sepulchre, with the wondrous words of that first Easter greeting: "He is not here! He is risen!"

A. Happy April Fool.

ONFOUND this first of April! I would like to punch some one's head."

Philip Keith looked up from his writing at the speaker, who had just entered the room. He saw an aristocratic young lawyer friend of his,—a "society favorite," in the fullest meaning of that laudatory term,—a young man who wrote his name "D. Harrington Lee," though his intimates called him "Dan."

"Well," said Philip, "do not punch my head because my sentiments differ from yours. Here I was writing these very words as you came in: 'This blessed first of April, anniversary of so many joys,' etc.," he read from the sheet he held in his hand, then threw it down on the table.

Dan laughed heartily, and settled himself in the comfortable chair by the table. The two men were in one of the writing-rooms of the Union League Club, and the hour was perhaps five, or a little after. The sunlight was still bright on Fifth Avenue, and the ceaseless roll of passing carriages was heard. It was just the glorious day and hour when Fashion was abroad, and something of D. Harrington Lee's feelings might be surmised as he drew from his pocket a ragged scarlet object and exhibited it to his friend, saying: "Would you love the first of April if you had walked up Fifth Avenue with that pinned to your coat tail?"

Philip shouted, as loudly as any member is ever allowed to shout in the reading room of the Club, his mirth doubtless modified by his sense of the surroundings, not from any lack of humor in the cause. There in his hand was a bit of flannel, from which dangled many long ends of the same material.

"A crab, I think," he said, after a moment's examination,—"one with the meat picked out. Where did you catch it?"

"Catch it? Somebody *will* catch it—there will be a lively racket if I ever find out who has played this joke on me. Jay and Leonard were in the office when I left, and they would of course have taken it off if any of the office boys had pinned it on."

"Unless they did it themselves," wickedly suggested Philip.

Dan's eyes blazed. "I never thought of that. You see, I took first a Broadway car to Brentano's, went in there for a few moments, and then walked up the Avenue. I remember, now, some people looked at me very curiously. Mrs. Belden spoke to the lady driving with her, and then bowed a second time; that sweet, pretty Miss Carrington, who is visiting the Grays, turned to bow to me as she drove up, and she smiled more genially than usual. A few moments after, an old gentleman overtook me and said, 'Young man, some one has made an "April Fool" of you;' and he handed me this —"

Philip laughed because he could not help it, and then said: "I do feel sorry for you, Dan, but I know no fellow who can stand a thing of that kind better than you can. It won't hurt you in Miss Carrington's eyes, I fancy, if reports are true. I only hope your April fooling will turn out as well for you as mine did for me."

Dan's face flushed a little at Phil's words, and he asked, "What about your April fool?"

"Well, I met my wife one first of April—never saw her again until the next—we were married on the third arrival of that date—and our baby girl was born the next anniversary. Do you wonder I have pleasant associations with it?"

"Well, rather not. But how did you always manage to strike that one day?"

"Wait until I finish this letter to my wife, and I will tell you," replied Philip. "That nuisance of a Leland suit coming on just this week, prevents my going on to Chicago to spend the day with her. She has to stay with her mother, who is quite ill."

An hour or two later the two men were dining together. The arguments upon Protection and Free Trade, some foot-

light gossip, a society scandal, all having been discussed, Dan insisted that Philip should tell his "love story."

"I am not a very great hand at talking of my own affairs," Phil said. "but this day being such a special anniversary, I believe I will bore you."

Dan settled himself to listen, and Phil began: "Just four years ago to-day I was in Chicago. I had been spending several months in Santa Barbara, and had promised Lewis Gordon, a friend of mine who had an olive plantation in the Santa Ynez Valley, that I would, when in Chicago, call upon his sister, who was visiting some Gordon relatives on the north side. I was only in town one day and night, but I found time to call. Miss Gordon was at home, and I sent up my card, on which Lewis had written, 'Welcome him for my sake. Lewis Gordon.'

"It was about five o'clock on as sunny a day as this, but the room was so dark that I could hardly distinguish the figure of a girl who came running up to me with the cordial welcome Lewis had bespoken. I could not tell whether she was pretty or not; she was dressed in some stylish street costume, and had her hat on, and I only knew her voice was the sweetest I had ever heard. As she held on to my hand and drew me toward the window, she was saying: 'You tease!—of course you could not fool me, even if it is the first of April. I am so glad to see you, and only wish Leila was here!' Leila was Lewis's sister.

"I was not half as much surprised at my greeting as the girl herself was when she saw that she had hold of the wrong man's hand. Lewis was a tremendous tease, it seems, and they had been expecting him East for some time, and thought he had at last arrived, and this was his joke in honor of the day.

"We had quite a laugh over the meeting, and a pleasant but short call together, for Miss Mary, Lewis's cousin,—who, by the way, proved to be very pretty and attractive,—was just about starting for Lake Forest, to visit some friends. I met her mother and sister, told them all I knew of Lewis, and, after helping Miss Mary into the carriage, and promising to call upon my next visit to Chicago,—which I inwardly vowed would be soon,—I bade them all good-by.

"Within four months I had business in St. Louis, and a stop in Chicago was made to call at Mrs. Gordon's. You can imagine my surprise and annoyance when I found their house was closed, and no one of the three or four persons whom I interviewed could give me any information as to their whereabouts. Some one suggested they had gone to Europe; and as my acquaintance did not warrant my making special inquiries, I disguised my disappointment, and went to work to forget pretty Mary Gordon as best I could.

"The next first of April was a beastly, rainy day, and I was glad my writing kept me busy in the office. About noon in walked Joe Streeter. You never saw him?" Dan shook his head. "He was a clever English fellow," continued Philip, "whom I met in Switzerland, and afterwards knew quite well while he was in New York for a year, on business for the Sun Insurance Co. He was growling at the weather, having a ride into Westchester before him that afternoon, and begged me to go with him. I shouted at the idea, and told him I was not going out until I went home to dinner.

"As he got up to leave he suddenly asked, 'Did you see the notice of Thomas Maxwell's injury a day or two ago? It was in the *Times*.'

"I replied, emphatically, 'I never read the *Times* now.' That was one of our topics for quarreling; but he did not catch me up as usual—only said: 'Pretty sad affair. Maxwell fell from the platform of a street-car, and broke his arm. He was taken to St. Luke's.'

"'To St. Luke's!' I exclaimed; 'where is his family? I thought they were all back from Europe.'

"'I don't know anything about them,' said Joe; 'I hardly ever see Maxwell now. Some one told me he mentioned your name and wished to see you.'

"'To see me? That is funny,' I said, 'most extraordinary. You know, Streeter, I was never intimate with Maxwell, although we camped out together in the Adirondacks; there is no reason why he should wish for me.'

"Joe shrugged his shoulders and said, 'If you won't drive with me, you had better go up to the hospital and see Maxwell.' With that he went out.

"I tried to go on with my writing, but I thought of that poor chap lying in the hospital. Suppose he wanted me to do some legal work for him, or to write to his friends? Then I coaxed myself into thinking it was perhaps not visiting-day at St. Luke's. I knew there was some red tape about people getting in to see the patients, but that was absurd,—rich Tom Maxwell was in a private room with half a dozen nurses at his call, and if he was well enough to see friends, a regiment could march in and no one would oppose.

"Well, to make a long story short, my work was all broken up, and I made up my mind to call on Tom. I sent for a cab, and in a short time was in the reception-room at the hospital. I had never been in such an establishment before, and I felt quite like a sick man as I sat waiting: I really was nervous. After a short delay, a pleasant-faced young fellow came in. He was the house-surgeon, though I pledge you my word I thought he was some young medical student. He bowed, introduced himself, and then said, 'You came to see Tom Maxwell, I believe.'

"His tone struck me as flippant, and it certainly was disrespectful to speak of a man like Thomas Maxwell in that way; so I answered stiffly: 'Yes, Mr. Maxwell and I, though not intimate friends, have been more or less together. I have just heard of his injury, and wished to inquire for him.'

"There was an air of amusement about the young doctor, as he asked, 'How long since you have seen Mr. Maxwell?'—he laid unnecessary emphasis on the Mr.

"I bridled immediately, and replied: 'I do not know to a fraction of time, when I last saw him; but may I beg, sir, to ask if it is always necessary to be cross-examined when visiting patients?'

"'Not at all, sir,' he answered very quickly. 'I beg pardon, but really there must be some mistake; would you mind telling me what position Maxwell filled when you last saw him?'

"I was thunderingly angry by that time, but controlled myself sufficiently to say, 'I decline to answer your question. You evidently do not know a gentleman when you see one. Mr. Maxwell is a gentleman, in every sense of the word.'

"Then, Dan, if you could have heard that fellow laugh—for a moment he could not speak; and I was just leaving the room, when he managed to gasp out: 'Mr. Keith, you have been the victim of a practical joke. It is a decided case of mistaken identity, I am sure; for this Tom Maxwell is a drunken, well-known bruiser of the west side. This is the second time he has come here suffering from injuries received in some street brawl.'

"It was my turn now to beg the young doctor's pardon, and we shook hands heartily in honor of the explanation. It was one of Streeter's jokes, and I was an 'April Fool,' and a mad one, I can tell you. Streeter's story was true, however, as far as names went; for when the fellow was picked up, not far from the hospital, he was yelling lustily for 'Phil, Phil,' a 'tough' who had knocked him down and had since been sent up for six months. I found the young doctor very clever and entertaining, and when he proposed I should take my first tour of hospital inspection I consented.

"If you have never been to St. Luke's, or any other hospital, just go, and you will agree with me that they are models of neatness and efficiency, as far as one could judge, in every department. I saw the whole business: went into the operating-room, examined the surgical instruments, and everything of interest. In the men's ward I had the pleasure of seeing my friend, Tom Maxwell, a rough, red-headed, coarse-featured fellow as ever you saw. The doctor stopped by his cot, wished him good afternoon, and asked how he felt.

"Oh, well enough, dochter, I'll be about agin soon, and won't I punch Phil for this thing! You're sure he's sent up?" he asked, with a vicious twinkle of his little eyes. We laughed and passed on; I had seen enough of the man I had been anxious to call upon.

"As we came out into the chapel gallery, we could look across and see the children playing in their ward. 'Come, Mr. Keith, you might as well see the little things. Their ward is the best of all.' The doctor was an enthusiast over children, and we were soon among them. It was a pitiful sight to see some of the little sufferers; others were playing about, and for all the doctor had some pleasant word.

"In a little side room was a poor child, perched in a high chair, and suffering from some skin disease. A nurse was with him, and I turned away without a second look, but the doctor stopped to speak to them both. I heard him say, 'Is Miss Lent still indisposed? I fear, Miss Gordon, you are overtaxing your strength.'

"Oh no, doctor, not a bit; you know I am strong,' was the reply.

"There was something very familiar in those sweet tones, and I turned to see my lost Mary Gordon in a nurse's dress—a ministering angel to that repulsive little object. To the doctor's amazement, we were grasping hands, and questions and answers followed in quick succession. She was a graduated trained nurse when I met her, and, by some strange and unusual good fortune, she had obtained a position at St. Luke's in the place of one of the sisterhood, who was ill.

"I suppose you see the drift of affairs after that, Dan. I blessed Streeter for making an 'April Fool' of me, and I set Maxwell up in business after he recovered from his injuries, for he was the original cause of my good fortune. I dined the young doctor, I endowed a bed in the hospital, I mended my ways in every respect, and ended all by gaining Mary Gordon's consent to give up trained nursing as a profession, and to marry me on the next first of April. There is a love-story in a nut-shell. What do you think of it?"

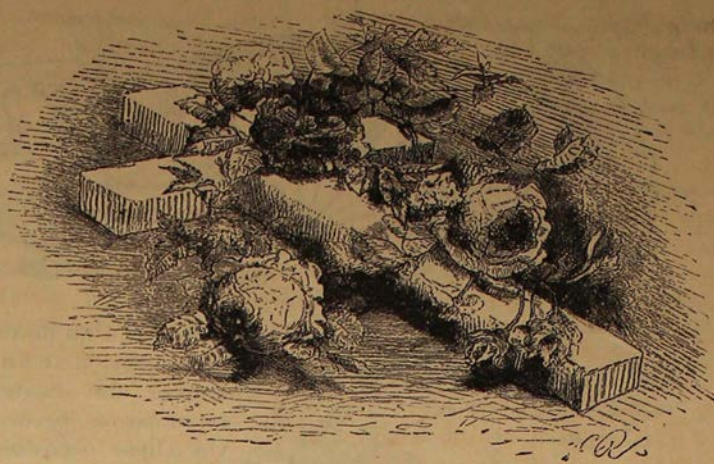
"Not a bad one at all," answered Dan. "I think I'll call on Miss Carrington and give her this little piece of red flannel."

He laughed as he rose, and Phil said, "I wish you good luck!" and then, as Dan walked away, he settled himself to dream a little of his sweet wife and baby daughter, who were far away on that first of April.

MARY SCOTT BOYD.

It is saying less than the truth, to affirm that an excellent book (and the remark holds almost equally good of a Raphael as of a Milton) is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit-tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite.—COLERIDGE.

EVERYBODY is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterward that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.



A Cross With Roses.

A CROSS with roses!
We cannot choose,
Nor yet refuse
The gift that life imposes;
The flower-wreathed burden all must bear—
A cross with roses.

Not only roses—
Not those alone,
But cross of stone
Our book of life encloses;
It brings us joy and woe, the smile and tear,
A cross with roses.

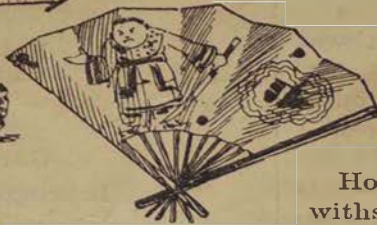
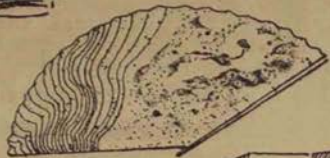
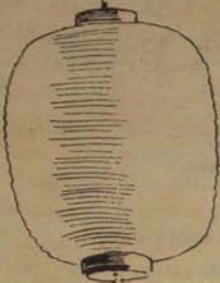
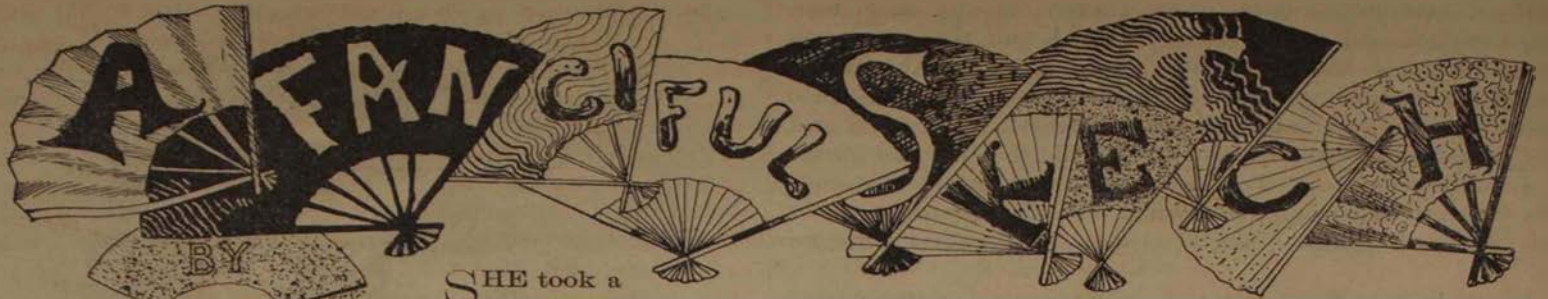
'Tis true the roses
Will fade and fall
When over all
Life's evening closes,
And we mourn o'er the lost and dear,—
Our fallen roses.

Yet of the roses
Some buds remain
To cheer our pain,
Some sweet and clinging roses;
Although we weep above the stone we rear,
A cross with roses.

Love's fragrant roses
Twine round thy cross
To hide each loss,
And bloom until life closes—
Till th' reward is given for which ye bear
A cross with roses.

Your cross with roses
Then lift with care
And patient prayer—
The burden life imposes.
But guard love's blossoms—joyfully bear
The cross with roses.

L. S. F.



SHE took a great fancy to me, and no doubt I was very useful whenever she wanted to raise a breeze. On these occasions I would spread myself and do my best to make her keep cool; and though she often shut me

up, still I was always ready to screen her faults.

But—I never liked him. He cast a slur on my bright reputation the first time we met, by saying I was a fraud—an impostor—that I had never seen Japan. On

revenge I was determined, even if I had to create a cyclone.

They were passing Vantin's window, when my colors caught her artistic eye; she immediately entered the store, determined to buy me. At first the clerk refused to remove me from my show-place; but, as she would be satisfied with nothing else, they finally handed me out, and then it was that He—her companion—began his unseemly jests in regard to my genuineness.

She took me home—and such a home! It was one of those palatial houses on the Avenue; and though I missed my Japanese surroundings, still it was a great relief to be free from the incongruous crowd with whom I had recently associated in the store.

An opportunity soon came for me to retaliate for his reflections on my character. I had been left on one of the sofas, one evening, when He called, and

not seeing me in the dim light of the modern drawing-room, he innocently attempted to sit down on me; but I was on my guard, and received him on the little wire rivet which is prominent in all our family.

I made my point, and he—with a familiar quotation—bounded from the seat in a real impetuous, unaffected, earnest manner, and was about to vent his anger on me, when She swept into the room, clothed in a soft blue, modernized Directoire costume, and a conventional smile. During this call I continued to vent my spite upon him by continually sliding out of her hand on to the floor, thus affording him much unwelcome exercise.



"I MADE MY POINT."

However, notwithstanding my prejudice, his calls at the house were frequent; and it was a relief when she tacked me to the wall in her own charming chamber—a room swarming with graceful and artistic ornaments, glowing colors, and Japanese bric-à-brac.

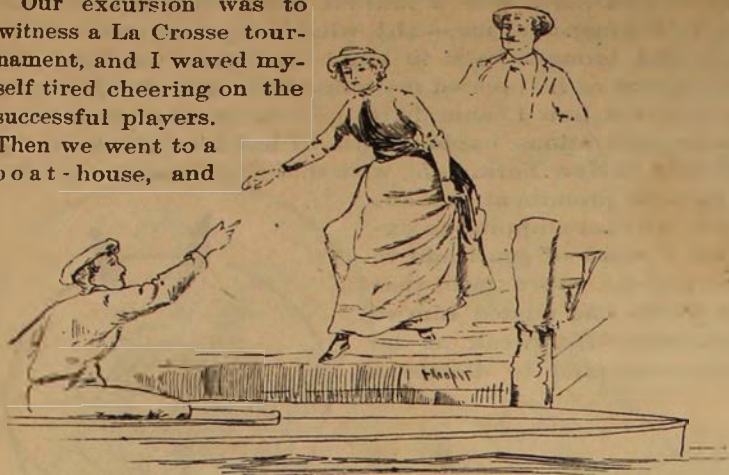
Months passed. Spring, with its flowers and sunshine, its house cleaning and millinery bills, was upon us. One morning She rushed into the room with a look of childish glee on her face, and a boating dress on her slender form, snatched me from the wall, and we were soon on our way to St. George, in his company. I renewed hostilities with him



"I WAVED MYSELF TIRED."

at once, by pretending to blow overboard. Of course he was obliged to chase me, and I made it *warm* for him.

Our excursion was to witness a La Crosse tournament, and I waved myself tired cheering on the successful players. Then we went to a boat-house, and



"A DOUBLE CANOE WAS LAUNCHED."

after the usual amount of hustling a double canoe was launched, and we three, with one or two well-developed screams, cautiously crept in.

I don't know that I was really nervous—but still—I felt that I would gladly have adopted any form of religion for the time being. In the excitement I was dropped. Spreading myself, however, I sailed lightly on the surface of the water. She saw me, and impulsively reached out.

Canoes are not constructed so as to tolerate any sudden emotion of this kind. Some shrill shrieks spread themselves over the water, and—the water spread itself over them both! I had a fine view of it all, though somewhat spattered.

She was rescued by the Captain of the Boat Club, who had been carefully watching us all the time; and to his credit be it said, I, too, was adroitly taken out by him, and carefully spread to dry,—much to the disgust of my old enemy, who laid the whole blame of the upset on me.

After her rescue by the alert and athletic Captain, I expected to see her fall on his neck in the conventional style described in novels, but I was disappointed: she simply gave him a look of intense wetness—and the next day wrote him a letter.

The Captain looked out for me, and when I was thoroughly dry, he took me in his pocket, and, availing himself of her invitation, he

called; and once more I was installed in her boudoir. But alas! my style was cramped: lines of care—and water—had made their indelible impression. I was no longer the bright, gay, sparkling thing as of yore; in fact, I was so warped that I could hardly be made to spread out on the wall which I had formerly so decorated.

One morning the maid brought two letters for her, and placed them on the little stand right under me. I saw one was from *Him*. My old feeling of antagonism arose strong within me, and, assisted by a strong draught, I wrenched myself from the wall, and fell so as to conceal *his* letter. The other missive, I noted with pleasure, was from the Cap-

tain. This she soon read with evident enjoyment, while for forty-eight hours I continued to conceal from her the other letter, which, it afterwards trans-

pired, contained an important request; and *He*, receiving no reply, quietly withdrew from the whirl of civilization, going suddenly West—so report said.

After this I rapidly fell into disfavor; and one day, when sending a box

of old-fashioned garments and new-fashioned novels to a relative in Dakota, I, too, was thrown in with the discarded mass.

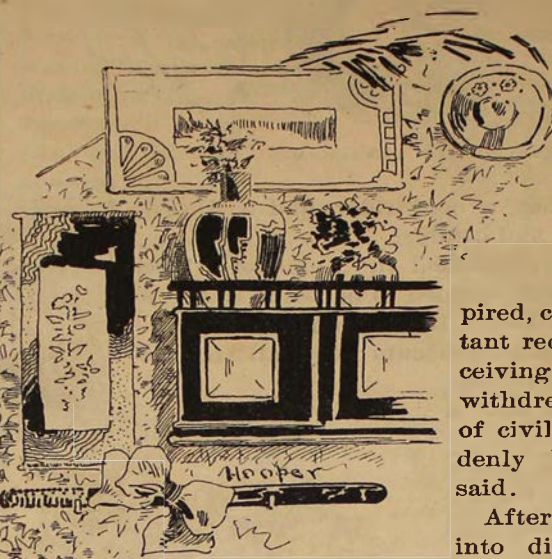
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After a series of adventures and delays by rail, boat, and mules, I was finally unpacked in a frontier home by a lovely girl, whose admiration for me, wreck as I was, seemed unbounded; and from that moment, during the hot months which followed, Vita and I were almost inseparable. I hung at her side on many a ride over the prairie among her Indian neighbors, and great was their interest in me—"the little piece of paper which folds," as they called me. I never could repress a creeping sensation in regard to these Home Missionary pets, particularly when I saw them dressed—or undressed—for their dances; but my artistic eye appreciated

their tpees, patched and smoke-stained, with their long poles sticking out of the black opening, up into the sky. And their poetical domestic life, it was charming to observe; the noble Hiawathas doing the work of

pipe-smoking, while the aged Minnehahas amused themselves toying with the hoe among the waving corn, or wrestling with the firewood.

Our rides were generally confined to the Indian Reservation, as this included the only attractive scenery, the land in the other direction being simply level, monotonous prairie; and Vita had no fear of the half-civilized Sioux.



"AND FELL SO AS TO CONCEAL *his* LETTER."



"A LOOK OF INTENSE WETNESS."





"I WAS FINALLY UNPACKED."

she being a good shot, a bold rider, and a liberal dispenser of tobacco and candy.

One day, as we approached the home of "The Seven Brothers," there seemed to be some unusual excitement. Squaw ladies, Indian gentlemen, artistically bare babies, dime-museum dogs, all seemed interested over something. We soon learned that a young traveler, a white man, while trying to ride a pony which he was trading for, had been thrown and kicked by the unbroken colt, and was lying in a state of unconsciousness. His arm was evidently broken, and from the condition of his clothing he had evidently been roughly handled by the pony's feet. Vita's warm sympathies were touched

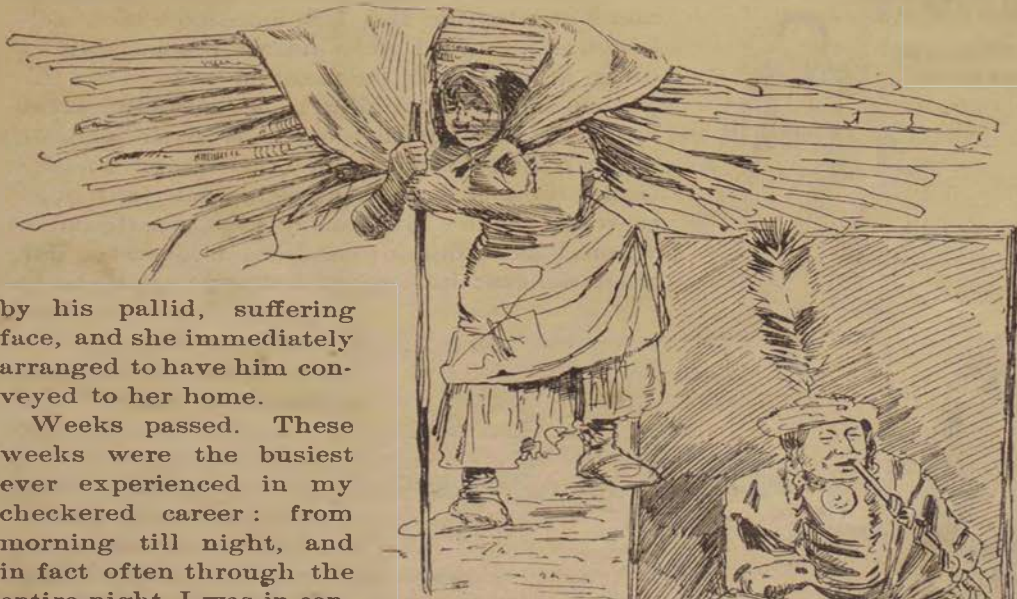


"AMONG HER INDIAN NEIGHBORS."

letter—and such a letter, fairly glowing with love and undying affection—to *Her*, my former owner; and poor Vita had to write it all while he was clasping me to his heart. Yes, me! whom formerly he had so despised. Well, I, too, relented. It is so delightful to meet an old acquaintance who has been as unfortunate as one's self!

By his dictation I learned that the note from him which I had concealed for forty-eight hours, was of such a tender character that *He*, receiving no reply, took silence for a dismissal, and suddenly, as we had learned, buried himself in the whirlpool of frontier excitement.

After this letter was mailed he began counting the days that must pass before he could hope for a reply; and as he grew stronger, he'd sit up in bed and talk for hours of *Her* to poor Vita. Finally, as his health returned, they took long rides together through the romantic paths on the Reservation; they attended Indian dances,



"THE NOBLE HIAWATHA AND THE AGED MINNEHAHA."

by his pallid, suffering face, and she immediately arranged to have him conveyed to her home.

Weeks passed. These weeks were the busiest ever experienced in my checkered career: from morning till night, and in fact often through the entire night, I was in constant motion. Some one had to watch the sick man continually, and I was generally required to fan his fevered brow, and usually I was in Vita's hand; but of all this he was totally unconscious, not having been in his right mind one moment since his accident.



"I WAS IN CONSTANT MOTION."

One morning he quietly opened his eyes, and it almost made me rattle to see the change it made in his face; and in that second there was a mutual recognition. Without a word *He* grasped at me,—ah! what a flood of tender recollections I brought back to him!—and great was Vita's astonishment as he pressed me to his lips; and his first words were to ask how I came there. Then she, in amazement at his demonstrations, explained that I had been sent to her by a cousin in New York. *He*, with that characteristic thoughtfulness so prominent in mankind, without stopping to express a word of gratitude to the patient, worn face that for weeks had tended him so faithfully—*He*, weak as he was, attempted to dictate a

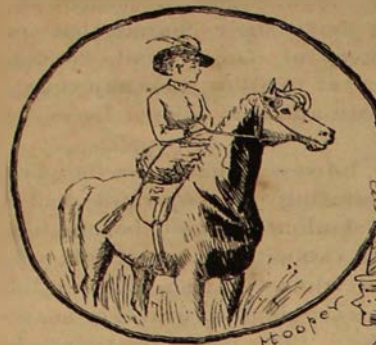
collected bead-work and carved pipes ; at other times whole days were passed on the lake, under the impression that they were fishing.

And thus, weeks flew by, and the letter never came. Yes, they still talked of it—it was impossible to drop the subject entirely, he had said so much the first few days ; but to me it was almost amusing to notice that whenever the expected letter was now mentioned, what a far-away

bling hands tear the envelope—a worn, re-directed, much post-marked envelope. Evidently it had followed him from place to place for weeks.

How unconsciously she crushed me in her hand as her frightened eyes watched the letter as it gradually appeared ! I think I read it first, or at least realized its full meaning before they did. It was simply the wedding-cards of my former owner. *She* had married her gallant rescuer, the Captain.

When I had recovered from my surprise sufficient-



sound their voices had, and then the silence would fall upon them with a great, heavy thud.

I soon saw, as time went on, that *He* dreaded mail day ; and what a look of relief would mount his features when the mail arrived without bringing the expected and now dreaded letter !

And Vita—well, it was evident she took care not to be present on the arrival of the stage.

No matter how animated a conversation they might be engaged in, just let any one casually refer to the post-office, and how the light

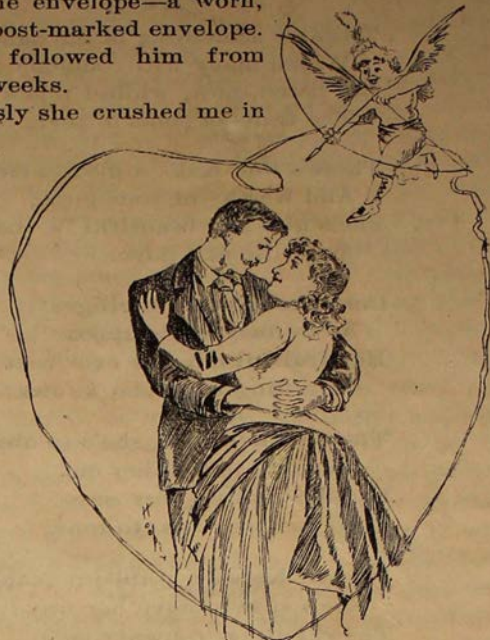
"HOME MISSIONARY PETS."



"THEY TOOK LONG RIDES TOGETHER."

seemed to fade—how dark and gloomy everything suddenly appeared ! Even I felt it.

It was sunset—such a sunset as you can see in Dakota only. They were seated on the ragged edge of a home-made hammock, their hands were rather mixed, and their eyes—well—their eyes were not on the sunset, nor on the road where a neighbor was rapidly approaching with a letter in his hand. The first notice they had of his presence was when the letter was tossed to *Him*. It was too late for Vita to escape this time ; she had to sit there and see his trem-



"THEY—WELL—"

ly to look at my companions, they—well—to an unprejudiced observer, it looked as if Vita's arms were around his neck, and to a well-trained ear it sounded as if *He* had kissed somebody.



OBEEDIENCE.—A butterfly is much more free than a bee, but you honor the bee more, says Mr. Ruskin, because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And, throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honorable. Restraint characterizes the higher creature ; and, from the ministering of an archangel to the labor of an insect, from the poisoning of a planet to the gravitation of a grain of dust, the power and glory of all creatures, and of all matter, consists in their obedience, not in their freedom.

Kate.

THERE'S something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn ;
But listen, now, while I relate
The traits of some of them :

There's Deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love ;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose ;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure
'Tis hard to find her out ;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way ;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's Alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute ;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's Dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point ;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo ;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's Vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's Rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes ;
She likes to trample through the grass,
And loves the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like Edu-Kate :
Because she elevates the mind
And aims at something great.

ERNEST ALLEN.

To

In the glory of Autumn we met one day,
And looked o'er the past with sad, dim eyes—
Around us the maple's foliage lay
In the crimson beauty that lovers prize.
Spring and summer had fed the leaf.
Now ripe and beautiful in its fall ;
So the soul can mellow in passing grief,
And luminous grow 'neath sorrow's pall.
Only true seekers can ever know
The aureole gleam from spirit fires
That lights with the opal's changeful glow
The spark divine, from our crushed desires.

HESTER S. DWINELE.

The Tricycle Question for American Women.

NOW shall our sisters, wives, and mothers secure the greatest benefit and enjoyment from out-of-door exercise without over-exertion?

Walking is most healthful, when not overdone, but frequently there is no incentive to walk. Lawn-tennis is a fascinating recreation, but for some too violent ; and for many its over-indulgence is a source of positive injury. Canoeing and boating have their charms, but are attended with a certain element of danger, and, besides, water-courses are not always near to allow their enjoyment ; and it is not every one who can afford to keep a horse and carriage.

There is a form of exercise, however, that is less fatiguing than walking, yet more exhilarating and enjoyable ; unlike lawn-tennis, it can be indulged alone, if need be, and with less exertion ; and, better than canoeing, it is perfectly safe, and admits of being practiced wherever there exists a fair system of highways, or even a single good gravel or macadamized road,—in a word, *cycling*. The use of the tricycle by woman has long since passed the experimental stage, although Dame Grundy has not altogether ceased frowning ; and now that the market is supplied with several styles of improved and highly perfected machines suitable for woman's use, a more or less general interest in the exercise is only a matter of time. Already there are centres where cycling has taken such hold that its indulgence by ladies has ceased to be a novelty, exciting little or no comment ; and there is hardly a town of any importance at the present time but boasts a few lady riders.

Who are the riders ? As a matter of fact, the majority are married women, many of them mothers of half-grown children, who find in the "wheel" a delightful change from the monotony of that "sphere" which the social economist tells us is the end and aim of feminine existence. I recall a charming trio—a father, mother, and daughter of twelve years or more—who think little of fifteen or twenty miles upon their cycles in an afternoon, and who are pictures of ruddy health. In this instance the father and daughter ride a "tandem," or double tricycle, of improved pattern, while the graceful mamma rides a "single," and in their tours is frequently in advance of the other members of the family party. The wife of the writer, weighing less than one hundred pounds, and hitherto unable to take much exercise, has journeyed nearly forty miles in a day with her husband upon the tandem, from Gloucester to Boston, and "lived to tell the tale." Nor did she suffer more than natural fatigue from the exertion, the day being one of rare enjoyment to her.

Nor is so long a ride an uncommon occurrence. The lady who edits the woman's department of a prominent cycling journal considers a ride of forty miles less tiresome than the ten mile jaunts she used to take before riding the tricycle. A New York girl gives it as her experience that it is very hard work at first, but when the knack of it has been once acquired, forty or fifty miles can be accomplished without feeling it. If this is not sufficient evidence, it may be mentioned that an English lady has ridden one hundred and fifty-three miles within the twenty-four hours. (The bicycle has been ridden three hundred and twenty-three miles in the same time by an athlete.)

We have all read Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's pleasant accounts of their journeyings over Europe (at least all should read them) ; and with the accounts of similar experiences by other charming writers who are riders, enough has been recorded to prove that the tricycle is a safe, practical, and healthful piece of mechanism for the use of either a gentleman or a lady.

Why is it healthful? Because it exercises all portions of the body, and not particular members—which would be a strain, and not exercise. Feet (even the toes), lower limbs, hips, back and abdominal muscles, arms, shoulders, and neck, all come in for a share of the work, which is now so gentle on the levels that a slight foot-pressure readily propels the wheels after starting; now harder on the grades; then a tug for a few seconds on the steeper ascents, only to be followed by a delightful coast down the other side of the hill, hands upon brake and guiding-bars, and feet at perfect rest, while the machine, under safe control, spins through the air like a thing of life. No wonder the cycling enthusiast returns home with sparkling eyes, cheeks aglow, muscles tense, and every nerve tingling with excitement! Then if pretty May takes a sponge-bath and a good "rub-down"—pardon the expression, for I mean it—and puts on a change of clothing, on the return, she will experience a new joy in life, and fairly astonish the family at supper with the honesty of her appetite.

But cycling, like any other form of physical exercise, can be overdone. A too violent beginning may lead to injury, and in any event is very apt to discourage the novice. Let her accomplish a couple of miles a day, on very level ground, at first, gradually increasing up to eight or ten. In a few weeks, fifteen miles can be ridden without fatigue; and, the muscles fairly hardened, an occasional ride of twenty or more miles may be accomplished without discomfort.

The weight of the body is fully supported, almost in a standing position, which gives utmost freedom to the lower limbs; and there is such a feeling of ease, and such perfect control of the various muscles, that the position is a restful one, and in proper limits the exercise can only prove a source of delight. The machines, too, are so nicely fitted in all their parts, and so beautifully adjusted and balanced, that there is only a minimum of friction, with no loss of power. The chief effort is in turning the pedals (properly speaking, pedals and cranks), and this, on level ground, is astonishingly small. Upon the grades, the arms are brought into play by pulling upon the handle-bar, giving greater leverage, and equalizing the exertion.

Then the work becomes easier with practice, as there is a knack in being able to perfectly utilize one's strength, which is only acquired after experience. Through this knack light grades, in time, are hardly more noticed than levels, and a hill at first insurmountable is overcome without much difficulty; though it is always well to dismount and walk up the steep hills.

Should invalids attempt to ride? The family physician should decide this question in every case. Many women in delicate health from various afflictions have made the experiment, and now find in the wheel not only healthful exercise, but that exhilaration and access to sunlight and fresh air which all physically weak persons most need.

Here is a bit of testimony: A New Jersey lady, who is fond of horses and is a horse owner, writes to a Boston cycling paper, recently, that she considers cycling the best form of exercise for women, and says that she now has little use for doctors or medicine. Her sister, "who has been an invalid for years and unable to walk any distance over a quarter of a mile, has within the past year taken to cycling, and experienced great benefit." Scores of such statements might be reproduced.

I am frequently asked if the action of running a tricycle is not similar to that of running a sewing-machine. Emphatically, *No!* or many semi-invalids who have found in the wheel a means of securing greatly needed outdoor exercise would never have been able to make a second trial of the affair. As I have stated, the weight of the body is fully supported, the peculiar shape of the saddle—as a rule the

same as used by gentlemen—permitting free action of the lower limbs. The impediment of heavy skirts, which often renders walking so hard for a woman, is not felt upon the wheel; and as a full use of the breathing apparatus forbids tight lacing, the rider's strength is used to the best advantage. This will explain, too, how lame people or fleshy people are enabled to use the tricycle, and how some ladies who find it impossible to do much running up and down stairs without injury, can exercise moderately upon the wheel.

But at the outset of the experiment the invalid in this class should use caution until she has learned the precise measure of her strength; and even then it is always best to have the physician's advice as to the number of miles which she can safely accomplish in a day. Beginning with a dozen rods or more at a time, upon a smooth level near home, the distance should be increased gradually; and after a few weeks' practice, should she find her limit to be but eight or ten miles in a day, by taking a sauntering pace of four or five miles an hour, with frequent pauses by the roadside for rest, pleasant conversation, or the gathering of wild-flowers, it is possible to crowd many happy, healthful hours into so short a limit. In such cases the benefit is derived in two ways: directly, from the pure air, and the occupation of the mind amidst delightful and constantly changing scenery, elevating the spirits and making one more hopeful and happy; indirectly, by toning up the system, the gentle exercise quickening the circulation, giving a better appetite and better assimilation, and in time an increase of strength, and generally improved health.

The American climate, stimulating to over-work and worry, superinduces nervous prostration and a long catalogue of nervous diseases which often make life a living death. For such ills the wheel is a better tonic for both mind and body than was ever offered in liquid form, with "full directions on the bottle" over the marble counter of the apothecary. It is my honest conviction that many of the so-called nervous diseases of women are largely due to their indoor life, and the constant breathing of air made unwholesome by latter-day "improvements," which means set-bowls in sleeping-rooms, and all the other evils of the modern "house beautiful." Looking at the tricycle question from this standpoint alone, as a means of making quick exit from the town and into the realm of pure air and the country, the wheel is the "nervous" woman's best friend.

Women of consumptive tendencies, of all people, need gentle exercise in the open air. With a more robust physical development, that slender girl in her teens may live to a good old age. And how better can she spend a pleasant afternoon, now and then, or a delightful hour each day, than upon a tandem tricycle with father, brother, or gentleman friend? What if she be not strong? Then the sturdy rear rider may supply the greater part of the effort, while she, sitting comfortably upon the front saddle, enjoys the exhilarating motion, the rush of the fresh air against her cheeks, and the visions of green fields and distant landscape, without undue effort. On the hills she may "push her pound;" and on the levels, when tired, she may, if she desires, place her feet upon the rests, and the rear-rider will hardly know the difference.

"Take it easy, now," I said to my wife, one day last fall, while gayly bowling along a delightfully level stretch near Salem.

"I've had my feet on the rests for half a mile," she answered; and I really had not noticed it.

The moral is plain: Invalids who find the single tricycle beyond their strength at times, should ride upon the tandem, or double machine, with muscular gentlemen friends; and there are few who may not ride in this go-as-you-please manner without effort or injury. Dyspeptics, and those

afflicted with bilious disorders, sufferers from neuralgia and sick headache, women worn with the incessant round of domestic employment or the care of children, and many others will find in the cycle a means of securing better health; while fleshy people may indulge the exercise with marked benefit. For girls entering their teens there is no better form of recreation. Dr. Geo. Blackham, says, "parents and guardians may set their hearts at rest and give their girls tricycles and send them out into the fresh air and sunshine without the slightest apprehension as to any evil effects on mind or body."

Is cycling ever injurious? By ignoring the usual *cautions*, it may sometimes prove a source of positive injury. Never exercise so violently as to become overheated or out of breath. Make haste slowly—remember the hare and the tortoise. Do not ride one whit faster than is perfectly natural or enjoyable, even though some thoughtless, or selfish, strong gentleman companion has made up his mind to reach a given point at a certain hour. Rest frequently, if it adds to one's comfort to do so; and do not ride a single wheel's turn farther when it is thought wise to stop. If too great exertion is required in climbing the steeper hills, or in getting over occasional stretches of sandy or uneven road, dismount and push the wheel, for the very change of exercise for a few minutes will prove restful; and, oh! how comfortable and homelike the saddle seems when again one slips into it!

Avoid riding immediately after eating, nor drink much water when on the road, if it can be avoided. In time the need of it will hardly be felt. If the day has been perspiringly warm—and perspiration can do no harm if one is not chilled when resting,—dry clothing should always be put on immediately upon returning home. In short, there is one safe rule for all. Exercise in moderation: use the cycle not to accomplish a certain number of miles in a given time, for the pleasure of astonishing some non-cycling friend with a statement of the distance ridden; not for the purpose of putting one's self through a form of muscle-developing gymnastics for a stated period, like a self-imposed penance; but to the end of securing the greatest measure of æsthetic enjoyment from physical exercise, and the recuperation, alike, of mental and physical powers.

Is it hard work? On fair macadamized roads or good gravel roads, in rolling country.—No. Upon sandy or poor roads, in hilly localities, or mountainous districts.—Yes. But as there is now hardly a place in the United States without one or more wheelmen (or bicyclers), one can readily become posted as to the locality she lives in by making a few inquiries. It cannot be very hard work, or so many long tours could not have been made as are recorded. Mr. and Mrs. L—, of Philadelphia, who spent the summer of 1887 in Europe, touring through portions of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Holland, made in all some two thousand miles (walking but fifteen miles during the entire trip), their longest single day's ride being sixty-three miles. As they traveled with twenty-seven pounds of baggage, it will be readily seen that in a locality where fairly good roads abound the exercise cannot be very hard.

I may mention, in passing, that a pleasing feature of this mode of travel through many portions of Europe is the perfect system instituted for the comfort of tourists by the Cycling Touring Club, an international organization admitting members at a small annual fee of \$2.50. This club issues a road-book to all its members, in which the routes and best hotels for cyclists are named, the latter often at reduced rates; repair shops are designated, where a disabled machine may be promptly and properly put in order, saving delays; and, to make the system more complete, every important town has its consul, a gentleman who is always ready to give all needed information regarding the locality.

So complete is the system, and so large the membership, that in England it has been the means of reopening some of the old wayside inns of staging times.

A similar organization exists in our own country, the League of American Wheelmen, its road-books being compiled for the different States or for a group of States, with the same arrangement regarding consuls, hotels and repair-shops, as in the foreign organization, its annual fee, after the first year, being but one dollar. The Ladies' Annual Tricycle Tour to Cape Ann, a Massachusetts institution, which always takes place in October, occupied four days last season (1887), and, as it was under League auspices, the hotel expenses, *en route*, for the thirty or forty participants, averaged only about \$2.25 per day for each person.

But what do they wear? Charming costumes that are pretty and becoming because they are so plain and so suitable for the purpose. Woolen goods that will stand rough usage, and not show dust, are preferable, the popular colors being brown, navy-blue, dark green or gray. The skirt is made just full enough to allow freedom in turning the pedals, long enough to fall below the ankles when the wheel is in motion, but devoid of flounces and drapery—and shorn of the bustle. The waist is plain, of course, with simple sleeves; and upon the head is worn a jockey cap or helmet of the same material as the dress, and as light as possible. Pretty summer costumes for a tandem couple are: Navy-blue skirt, and loose white flannel waist for the lady, and blue knee-breeches and stockings, with white flannel shirt for the gentleman, the costume for both being completed with blue neckties and white helmets. Either low shoes or boots can be worn. A short jacket is usually carried on the wheel to serve as an additional wrap, if required.

Is cycling difficult to learn? By no means; the only trouble being to accustom the feet to the rotary motion of the pedals; and this is so completely overcome after twenty minutes' practice, that it is a difficulty not worth considering.

Is it safe? Perfectly so, as soon as one has acquired the pedal motion, and has learned to use the brake with which the machine is held in control upon the down grades.


Are the machines complicated? On the contrary, they are so simple that any lady may learn the different parts in a very short time, and with a few tools (always at hand) keep the machine in order without trouble. As to the kind of tricycle to purchase, the riding locality and the individual requirements of the rider must determine. The safest course to follow is to consult another rider if possible, and learn the points of different wheels; for, having a knowledge of all, one can make a better selection. But after all, there is no great difference between standard makes, as first-class machines, generally, have been brought to a high standard of excellence as regards running qualities and durability.

Reader, if you have never experienced the delight of whirling amid charming rural scenery by your own efforts, and wish to indulge in an exercise which has everything to recommend it, and little or nothing to disparage it but absurd prejudice, before the close of another season try cycling; and my word for it, you will not regret the experiment.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

A FUSSY, nervous mother who is always trembling for the safety of her darlings, and will not let them do anything that their companions rejoice in, either makes her sons weak and deficient in self-reliance, or drives them to deceitful habits of doing on the sly what they would not wish her to find out, though very likely in itself the amusement is harmless enough.

A Contribution Party.

 H dear!" yawned Kitty Wood, standing at the long parlor window and looking out on to the dull, rainy curtain hanging between her and sunshine. "Oh dear! It's perfectly awful!"

"What?" asked Miss Grant, as she stopped practicing and walked over beside her cousin to see what occasioned the remark.

"Oh! Lent, and sackcloth and ashes, and rain, and everything sombre and dismal and disagreeable!"

"For shame! Kitty Wood, you are a wicked girl. I thought you saw something dreadful outside; and it's only the season of the year and the weather, you complain of. Why, Lent is a blessed rest, if no more, after the whirl of balls and receptions and fairs, and one has time, now, in which to burnish up one's accomplishments that have grown rusty by disuse during the 'gay season.' I am going back to my German and music, *continuo*." And Miss Grant returned to the piano and made a vigorous re-attack at "The Consecration of Tones."

"Aren't you going to service, girls?" asked Miss Derwent, stopping in the parlor on her way upstairs from the breakfast-room.

"Oh dear!" sighed Kitty again. "No; I've been every day for three weeks, and I feel as though three more of daily service would prostrate me. I don't see any use of shutting one's self in, and up, and out, of all kinds of enjoyment for forty days!"

"Why Kitty, what a little heretic you are!" exclaimed Miss Derwent. "I'm sure we don't need to consider ourselves martyrs, for simply doing our church duty——"

"Well, why can't we do something pleasant as well as dutiful? The whole house has a funereal air, it is so tiresome and dull," interrupted Kitty petulantly, drumming so loudly on the window-pane, in her vehemence, as to cause a young gentleman, who was passing, to lower his umbrella and stare in surprise at the pretty figure in red at the window. Kitty colored and drew back, repeating her complaint: "I wish we could get up something lively and pleasant, it's so horribly dull!"

"Well, perhaps we can, dear," answered Miss Derwent. "Here comes Miss Dalton, who is rich in ideas. Let's ask her to suggest some suitable Lenten amusement. Miss Dalton," she called, as that lady paused a moment in the doorway, "please come in and suggest something we may get up."

"Get up? To what altitude do you frisky kittens aspire, pray?" laughed Miss Dalton, walking in and seating herself on the sofa, where all three girls immediately surrounded her.

"Kitty Wood declares," began Miss Grant——

"Katherine Derwent says," continued Miss Wood——

"And what does Kate Grant affirm?" interrupted Miss Dalton. "I must have in the complete evidence of 'The Three Kitty-Kats' Club' before I commit myself to any opinion whatever; and by the way, I have been offered no retaining fee!"

Three pairs of blooming lips were tendered in response to this appeal, and then three eloquent tongues chimed in a trio of explanation, inquiry, and entreaty, until, through all the intricacies of variation, Miss Dalton finally discovered the theme and learned the true state of affairs.

"So you want me to suggest some suitable Lenten amusement, do you?" she said, after hearing the case; "something, I suppose, that will entertain us all, gentlemen as well as ladies, eh, Kitty? Well it has been rather dull here for the last couple of weeks; I don't think there would be any harm done in a little innocent amusement during Lent,—we

needn't neglect church in consequence. Let me think a moment;" then after a pause, during which the girls waited impatiently, she said:

"How would a Contribution Party do?"

"A 'contribution party'?" echoed Kitty in a little disappointed tone,—it sounded like more church service.

"Yes," continued Miss Dalton, "I mean, to ask every lady in the house to join in a *contributive* evening; make it incumbent upon each one to contribute some sort of amusement, no matter how trifling or ridiculous. One person might recite, another read, a third play or sing or perform some sleight-of-hand trick,—*anything*, to contribute, you see, toward an entertaining evening. Each person might be allowed to invite one or two bright friends, making them promise, as well, to pay tribute in some individual performance; in that way the programme will be varied, and the interest universal."

"How delightfully unique!" cried Miss Derwent. "Why, Miss Dalton, you're a genius! I think it will be jolly, girls, don't you?"

"Yes," drawled Kitty, still a little ruefully, "for the 'bright' ones; but I'm sure poor stupid I could never 'contribute' a thing,—one can't dance in Lent!"

"You can *look* pretty, at any rate, Kitty, when you smooth away all those crooked, distressing little lines you are puckering up now, and let out the dimples," said Miss Dalton. "And see here," continued she, "I'll whisper something to you after a while; for you must understand, girls, no one is to know what the other contributes, until the performance takes place."

"There must be a manager, then, of course," said Miss Derwent; "and you will be the manager, won't you? That's a dear."

"Oh yes, please, please, Miss Dalton," coaxed the other two girls, "you'll be manager, won't you? You'll make a perfectly lovely one!"

"Well, I suppose I had better assume that rôle, as my reputation will be at stake; and having originated the idea, I would like it to prove a success—as well as an amusement."

"What are you going to whisper to me?" asked Kitty. "Is there anything you imagine I am 'bright' enough to be capable of contributing?"

"Yes, come over here, the girls will excuse us;" and she drew Kitty over to a corner.

Whatever the communication was, it appeared to have a "brightening" effect, at least upon Kitty, for her eyes sparkled and she clapped her hands, crying out, "Oh, it will be superb! too lovely for anything!"

"What? Who? May I ask, Miss Kitty?" queried Captain Merritt, one of the young gentlemen boarders at Mrs. Dalton's, who, catching Miss Wood's exclamation, looked in from the hall where he was putting on his ulster.

"Oh *you*, Captain Merritt? If you will promise to do whatever I ask you," replied Kitty, with such a bright arch smile—the crooked little lines all vanished now, and the dimples beaming—that the gentleman hung up his ulster on the rack again.

"That is a temptation not to be resisted," he said, entering the parlor. "Here I am, yours to command."

Kitty looked toward Miss Dalton in distress. "But—I can't tell you—before the girls—it's a secret," she hesitated.

"Oh, something *sub rosa*! Well, if there is anything I perfectly adore, Miss Kitty, it is a secret—with a young lady to share it!"

"Miss Dalton, please explain," begged Kitty, blushing radiantly, and frowning at the girls, who were convulsed over her discomfiture; Kitty was such an *ingénue*, she was forever doing or saying something ridiculous.

Miss Dalton, with more dignity and lucidity, then presented the matter under consideration to Captain Merritt, and without going into detail as to exactly what would be expected of him, obtained his promise to "contribute" as he should be further instructed and directed by Miss Wood.

"*Sub rosa*, Miss Kitty," he insisted, "but which do you prefer? 'Jacqueminot' or 'Maréchal Niel'? Ah, I see it is 'La France' you wear," he added, as the pink mantled her cheeks. And he said "Good morning" and left them.

"I'm sure it will be a success, Miss Dalton," said Miss Derwent, when, after a longer consultation over the matter, they finally dispersed to talk the subject over with the other members of the household.

"Yes, and so mysterious and delightful!" cried Kitty, humming the "Conspirators' Chorus" as she ran upstairs to arrange her part of the programme.

Everybody appeared to be not only very happy, but willing and eager to accept their invitations, and their part in the affair; and after a few days' preparation, with Miss Dalton as manager and director, the eventful evening arrived.

Old Mrs. Crane, who occupied the back parlor, not being able to take any active part in the festivities, donated her room as her "contribution"; and the folding doors being thrown open, the two large parlors presented a very brilliant appearance.

The whole household, numbering some twenty odd in all, with a few invited outside guests, comprised the Contribution Party. Miss Dalton presided, and as no one but herself knew exactly of just what the programme consisted, the consequent curiosity was a piquant accompaniment to the unique affair.

The audience, or rather participants, in this case, assembled at an early hour, and Miss Dalton opened the "Order of Exercises" by announcing that "Dr. Bird, the largest and oldest member of the Association," would deliver an inaugural address.

The gentleman in question somewhat slowly raised his six feet two of length, and two hundred avoirdupois of weight, pulled a little nervously at his gray beard, and proceeded to deliver a humorous and original impromptu speech for which he had been in no way pre-prepared. Miss Dalton, knowing her man, had felt he would do his very best in just this very manner; and he came up to her expectations, fully enjoying the joke at his expense, and making a brief, witty, charming inaugural address, which was received with hearty applause.

"I must confess to you, friends and fellow victims," he concluded, "that Miss Dalton 'sprung,' so to speak, this address on me, as I understood I was only to 'pass round the hat' as my part of the contribution; but I wish you all to witness that I warn her. I will be even with her before the entertainment closes!"

The next announcement was a musical-dramatic bit, in the way of a quartette and chorus, entitled "The Sweet of the Year." The girls had come across it in an old magazine, and found it delightfully appropriate for a parlor entertainment. It furnished parts for eight or ten, and was well received.

Young Doctor Wade followed next. His donation was a short but extremely interesting lecture, or talk, upon conchology, having for his illustration the shell of a nautilus, and closing his address with Holmes' beautiful poem, "The Nautilus."

Miss Grant and a gentleman guest then played a duo for piano and violin, with great delicacy and expression.

An amusing "Bab Ballad," recited by one of the young ladies, was followed by a zither solo, played by a young German artist, who threw his soul into Schubert's Serenade—and looked at Kitty.

Miss Derwent declaimed the Marseillaise Hymn in French, to a low piano accompaniment.

Miss Perry, a pupil of Marchesi, just returned from abroad, sang Carmen's gypsy aria, with faultless grace.

Mrs. Roth read "The Lady of Shalott" with great tenderness; and her son, a graduate of Yale, sang a Spanish student-song to mandolin accompaniment.

Then quaint little old Miss Harlow consented to sing a song of her day, and gave "The Mistletoe Bough" with all the old-time quavers and turns. Her voice was worn and thin, but it had the perfume still of its old-time sweetness, and the pathos of the tragedy was exquisitely rendered.

"After all," whispered Dr. Bird to his neighbor,—"after all, I like old-fashioned singing best;" and he rose up and presented Miss Harlow with his button-hole bouquet.

"When, pray, is Kitty to perform her mysterious part, Miss Dalton?" asked Miss Derwent, coming over toward the manager, after looking in vain for Kitty and Captain Merritt, who had suddenly disappeared.

"Now," replied Miss Dalton, reading from her programme; "The Minuet, 1660."

One of the gentlemen seated himself at the piano and struck up Mozart's majestic melody in Don Giovanni, as in walked four couples in the costume of the period. It was a group worthy of the brush of Watteau. Kitty, three of her school-girl friends, and Captain Merritt and three of his guests, all in the dress of the gay day of Louis Quatorze. They really looked as though they had stepped off some exquisite old fan of the seventeenth century.

And Kitty! She beamed radiantly in an old pink and silver brocade, and hoops and high heels, and patches and powder, and her black eyes sparkled, and the roses bloomed, and the dimples played, but she went through the graceful and grand figures as quietly as the stately quadrille demands. Rapturous applause followed this last little surprising bit of "contribution," and the donators were warmly congratulated upon their charming appearance, as well as the performance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Dr. Bird, when quiet once more reigned, "I beg to correct Miss Dalton's little mistake that the minuet would be the last piece on the programme."

Miss Dalton looked up from her paper, dropped her eye-glasses, and seemed astonished.

"I have the honor and pleasure," he went on, "to announce to you that in conclusion there will be an original poem read by Mrs. Roth, the author of which you all know and admire and esteem in the person of our kind manager and friend, Miss Edith Dalton."

Miss Dalton turned red, then pale, and began, half-laughing, half frowning.

"Why Doctor, I protest—"

"Without your permission then, my dear," said Mrs. Roth, producing a MS.; "but I am quite sure to your credit, and the pleasure of the entire company, I present to them, 'Little Madge';" and she proceeded, in her sweet, softly modulated voice, to read the poem:

LITTLE MADGE.

A SUMMER IDYL.

Under the trees she lies, with half-closed, dreamy eyes,
Bare feet, and tangled curls—fairest of village girls.
In the blue distance dim, thro' the sky swallows skim,
And the white clouds go by, sailing so lazily.
On the soft summer air, comes the sweet scent and rare
Of fragrant falling hay, perfuming all the day.

Near by, the mowers sing as they their bright scythes fling,
Keeping a sort of time to their rude voices' chime.
Little Madge lies quite still, dreaming dreams, as girls will,
Of some prince, brave and true, coming her heart to woo.
Thro' the low nodding trees, she airy castles sees,
And glowing pictures weaves out of such thoughts as these:

"In a great ship shall he sail unto me,
 Far from his kingdom way over the sea,
 And he shall bring me a jewel most rare,
 To gleam in the curls of my yellow hair.
 Kneeling then loyally down at my feet,
 Tender he'll plead in a voice low and sweet—
 Ask me to crown him the king of my heart,
 Smile down upon him e'er he shall depart.
 Yet I will carelessly look far away,
 With my neckkerchief but seeming to play,
 While thro' my lashes I'll still furtive look,
 Watching how much his man's pride will thus brook.
 When I shall see he is all heartsick grown,
 Proud will I speak to him, as on a throne,
 Saying: "Oh, Sir Knight, what means this rare gift?
 Of all your fair words I'd fain know the drift.
 Gems are for ladies, and I'm but a maid,
 Whose jewel is honor, sir, ne'er yet betrayed.
 I bid you, then, tell me, uprightly and free,
 What would you ask of a maiden like me?"
 Then, in a true voice with purest love rife,
 Boldly he'll ask me to be his dear wife,—
 Throwing aside all his rank and his pride,
 Choose a poor village girl to be his bride!
 And in the ship we will sail far away.
 While the people will all clap their hands and say:
 'Our little Madge, she's the last lass, we ween,
 Who'd marry a prince, and be a great queen!'"

Thro' the grass buoyantly
 Comes a step, firm and free,
 And o'er the old stone wall
 Leaps a form, lithe and tall.
 Quick the young mower's eyes
 Fall with pleased surprise
 On the fair form he sees
 Lying beneath the trees—
 White arms, all warm and bare,
 Gleaming thro' tangled hair,
 Flushed face, red lips apart,
 Soft breathing. Then his heart
 Sends the quick tell-tale blood
 Into his face, a flood,
 As he beholds the maid
 Who here to dream has strayed.
 Deeper the shadows fall
 As he stoops down to call
 "Madge!" Opening drowsy eyes,
 She, frightened in nowise,
 Sees the dark flash of eye,
 And thinks her prince is nigh.
 Then, in a half-dream still,
 She, of her own free will,
 Puts up her rosy mouth,
 Warm as the fragrant South,
 And with an eager joy—
 Kisses her mower boy!

Ah, little Madge, you dream only what all girls deem
 Their misty future hides,—princes and blushing brides.
 Under youth's summer skies we all idealize,
 And all our lovers are princes, seen thus afar.
 Happiest then is she who, *waking*, still can be
 Content, without alloy,—to—kiss her mower boy.

The applause that followed this really surprising "contribution," was long and continued; and the fair authoress was obliged to bow her recognition of their praises many times before they ceased.

"I warned you I would be 'even' with you before the night was over," laughed Dr. Bird, at last triumphing over Miss Dalton.

"I cry 'quits,' Doctor; but how *did* you ever know anything of it, pray?"

"Oh, a little bird told me, or, rather, a large one. Mrs. Roth read it to my wife last week; of course she told me about it,—all dutiful wives tell their husbands everything, you know,—and I determined 'Little Madge' should appear at an 'Authors' Matinée' before being presented to the public at large. I think she'll be 'a go,'" he whispered, in conclusion.

"And now, my dear, that you are 'billed' for the very last act on the programme, pray proceed," cried Mrs. Bird, handing over a hat to her husband. He took it, prefacing his tour of the room by announcing that the proceeds of the "Contribution Party" would be donated as an Easter offering to the Children's Hospital.

Everybody being in a good and pleasant humor by this time, the sum collected proved a generous one; and Mrs. Bird, being a warm and active member of the association, made a grateful little speech of thanks for the same.

"O! wasn't it all perfectly lovely!" cried Kitty Wood, later, as she was brushing the powder off her glossy black hair, before the mirror in the girls' room.

"Yes, indeed! and you looked ravishing, Kitty, in that Pompadour pink,—and as you had your dance, of course you enjoyed the evening! But isn't Miss Dalton a jewel? I really think she deserves an illuminated vote of thanks for her brilliant idea."

"Wasn't her poem too perfectly sweet!" continued Kitty, carefully putting in water the great bunch of 'La France' roses the Captain had sent her, and quoting, in a half-sleepy tone:

"Happiest then is she who, waking, still can be
 Content, without alloy,—to—kiss her mower boy."

"Oh! it's the 'mower boy' you are thinking of, is it, Kitty? I thought it might be the gay cavalier with the sword!" said Kate Grant, slyly.

"Oh dear! how you do like to tease," pouted Kitty, blushing. "I think the whole evening was perfectly splendid, and Miss Dalton is the loveliest creature in the world, to have suggested and arranged such a delightful Lenten entertainment."

"Yes; and the best of it is, the idea is inexhaustible. We can repeat the evening with continued changes of programme, and so indefinitely continue our 'Contribution Party.'"

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

Buds.

MOTHER NATURE'S SPRING PARCELS.

THE few sunny days which March vouchsafes us, at once a foretaste and a pledge of the many which are to come, already begin to quicken the bare boughs, which all winter have looked so lifeless. The golden-green willow twigs and rose-purple blackberry branches show by their brightening tints that they have not been dead, but sleeping, and buds have grown large enough to appear clearly silhouetted against the soft grays of spring clouds.

The most ultra-expensive French maid never packed her mistress's finery with half the skill which Mother Nature has shown in the folding of baby blossom and tender leaf. The Arabian Nights wonder of a gigantic genius rising out of a little jar, is equaled, if not excelled, by the budding hedge-rows every spring. Some of these lilac-buds, no larger than the tip of a woman's little finger, contain a snugly foiled branch with all its leaves, and from others, no larger, will soon burst forth the twin spires of purple bloom. These sticky buds which tip the boughs of the horse-chestnut, will open to let out into the sun several spreading compound leaves surrounding a pyramid of flowers.

Sometimes Mother Nature does up leaves and blossoms in the same parcel, sometimes separately. Flowers will issue from some buds, leaves from others, and from yet others both leaves and flowers. The stems on which these buds

rest are stored with rich nourishment which was laid away last summer, in the wood and bark. These lilacs, for instance, put forth their blossoms last May, and by August their clusters of seeds were completely formed, fully grown, and only needing for their perfection what sun and frost could accomplish. The prudent plants then turned their attention toward providing for the wants of the future. The leaves drank in the late summer sunshine, the eager roots soaked up the late summer rain, and the nourishment thus gathered, no longer needed to support a showy and expensive family of blossoms, could be stored away beneath the bark, for next year's buds.

Under the surface of the soil, or on it, and covered with fallen leaves, we find the strong buds of the peony, the daffodil, and various lilies. These will also do their growing at the expense of a store of nourishment laid by last year and packed away under-ground, in thick roots, tubers, or root-stocks.

The crocus, after it had flowered and set its seed, last year, began to pack away, under-ground, a store of rich starchy food on which it will rely for support while it forms its dainty cup this spring. By the time the flower fades, the stock of food will be exhausted; but the grass-like leaves will have unfolded, the roots will have taken hold of the soil, and leaves and roots can together gather enough nourishment not only to meet present needs, but to lay by a capital, so to speak, with which to commence business next spring.

It is owing to this forehanded way of hoarding nourishment that plants are able to shoot forth so vigorously at the first warm breath of spring. The food which now nourishes these swelling buds, expanding leaves, and suddenly awakened flowers, was collected and stored last summer. Everything was prepared, and even formed, beforehand. The short joints of the stem have only to lengthen and separate the leaves from each other, the leaves have only to unfold and grow.

Not only is provision made for the time when the awakened bud will need food to sustain its growth. In its winter sleep it is carefully protected from sudden chills and from rotting damp. When the buds are quite small, they are often sunk in the bark, as are those of the sumach; or as in the honey-locust, partly buried in the wood till they begin to grow. So long as Jack Frost was abroad, the locust branches "played dead," and did not allow a bud to appear. They were kept safely hidden away in those humps or knobs of wood and bark, from which the thorns appear to spring.

The young hickory and lilac leaves were protected by a water-proof and down-lined covering, formed of many overlapping scales, or, to speak strictly, imperfect leaves. These scales are often coated on the outside with a sort of varnish which keeps out wet. The buds of the horse-chestnut are so thickly varnished over as to be quite sticky to the touch, and they shed water like—a rubber overcoat. Indeed, we may say that the baby horse-chestnut leaves wear a fur-lined water-proof, for the bud-scales are thickly clothed inside with down or wool. This will not really keep out the cold of winter, which will of course penetrate the bud, in time; but it protects the tender leaves within from sudden changes from cold to warmth, or from mildness to frost.

Scaly buds are borne on trees and shrubs native to northern climates. Buds of tropical plants, which need no protection from frost, are naked.

The boughs before my window are now studded with countless buds—one for each of the many leaves which fell last autumn. If every one of these were to live up to its possibilities, and expand into a cluster of leaves or blossoms this spring, the trees, sturdy veterans though they are,

would have much ado to bear up under the weight of their adornment. But many of the buds will not grow. They will not necessarily die, but will remain for some time, perhaps for years, in a dormant state.

When foliage has been stripped off by insects, or shriveled up by forest fire, a growth of tender leaves will presently appear, partially covering the poor denuded boughs. Mother Nature seems to have stretched a point and given a green robe at midsummer, though the ladies of the wood generally receive new dresses in spring and are expected to "make them do" all summer. A short time ago, the tree, like Cinderella or Miss McFlimsey, had nothing to wear. Now she stands in glistening green robes, and dances with her beautiful companions to the music of the breeze. Buds, formed perhaps several seasons ago, and till now kept in abeyance by the lustiness of their fellows, have at last got a long-awaited-for chance to grow.

The spring landscape recalls a beautiful meaning which the German philosopher, Max Müller, has found in the fairy story of the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." The earth in winter, lying still and apparently lifeless under her covering of snow, is the sleeping princess. The prince is the sun, strong and joyous; and the first warmspring sunshine,—which makes the bud swell and the blossom blow, and arouses all Nature to life and gladness,—this is the prince's kiss.

E. M. HARDINGE.

Ajax.

A FABLE AFTER ÆSOP.

BALDWIN'S Great Polymorphous Aggregation was like every other circus that spreads its sunburnt canopies and patched flags over a sawdust arena. Nobody knew why Trevylan Blaylock had taken such a fancy to it. After a winter of Italian opera, symphony concerts and superb orchestral music, it was odd that he should be content to sit night after night, and day after day, with the blaring of a circus band always in his ears; for he attended all of the performances.

"Some seraph in spangles," Clyde Elmer observed when the matter came under discussion at Mrs. Van Dusen's tea. "It is all nonsense, you know, to put it on the animals. Very few folks go to the circus to see the menagerie."

"Why, that is what I always go for," said Miss Killy-kettle, setting down her Dresden cup with an air of well-bred dissent.

"That is what you say you go for," returned Elmer pointedly. "Come now! Own up! You are fond of the circus once in a while."

"Once in a while," Mrs. Van Dusen interjected. "That may be; but how can a man like Trevylan Blaylock go all the time and never get tired. I think even Booth or Irving would bore me, if I had to hear them twelve times a week."

"You are not smitten, you see," Elmer interposed.

"I don't think it is that at all," interposed Miss Trainor, who was playing with deviled salmon on a Sèvres china plate. "I am sure it is the animals. They say Mr. Blaylock has a perfect passion for lions."

Elmer stroked his moustache and gave a passing thought to the speculation whether Miss Trainor really was "gone" over Trevylan Blaylock, as people said.

"Oh, he is fond of animals. I know," said Elmer, who had an elegant antipathy to arguments and always extricated himself deftly from them. "Tyler was telling me about him the other night at the Club. Tyler was with him in

Africa, you know. He says Blaylock doesn't know what fear is; but he has no end of notions about hunting, and used to exasperate the fellahs awfully. He wouldn't shoot a beast in the back, you know, and all that sort of thing. Ever hear the story of Blaylock's lion?"

"No! Do tell us!" the ladies cried in a chorus. "How delicious to have a story after Rider Haggard."

"Well, this is enough to make a *vider haggard*," said Elmer, with an execrable smirk.

"O, come now, Mr. Elmer!" cried Miss Killykettle, giving him a little rap with her fan to call him to order. "What about the lion?"

"Blaylock was out hunting one day with Tyler, who had never been out for lions before. It is awfully dangerous sport, you know."

"I should think so," shuddered Mrs. Van Dusen. "Won't you have another cup of chocolate, Miss Trainor? Let me insist. Annabel, my dear——"

"The sport was very poor that day," Elmer continued. "It was late in the afternoon and they hadn't seen a single lion, till suddenly in the depth of the jungle they came upon one, gaunt and savage with hunger, but of splendid build, with a mane of unusual length and thickness. He was crouching down and uttering low growls which put the natives on guard at once. They looked for a spring even before they could point their guns; but Blaylock called to them not to fire. 'The poor creature is hurt,' he said advancing toward it. 'See! that tree has fallen on its back. It cannot move.'

"Tyler says that is just what had happened. The lion was lying with the weight of a tremendous trunk right across his body. 'What are you going to do?' Tyler screamed, as he saw Blaylock lay hands upon the log. 'I am going to set him free presently,' Blaylock said coolly. It was his expedition, you see, and all had to do as he said. He ordered the fellahs to bring ropes and chains such as they had with them, and with these he secured the lion by the neck and legs to an adjoining tree. Then all hands had to fall to and lift the log, while a native stood off ready to shoot if the ropes should happen to break. But fortunately they didn't. The log was rolled off and the lion set free. And then what do you suppose Blaylock did?"

"Killed him," suggested Miss Killykettle.

"He gave him something to eat!" said Elmer triumphantly, as though this folly would bear no comment. "They had shot a giraffe on the way out. Blaylock had him skinned on the spot and gave the carcass to the lion, who fell upon it and gorged himself, mingling his growls of pain with similar expressions of satisfaction. The natives stood by in perfect bewilderment. They didn't know what Blaylock would be up to next, and no wonder! When the lion had satisfied his hunger he crouched down on the ground, for the injury to his back prevented his moving to any great extent. Blaylock found this out, and announced his intention of doctoring him."

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Van Dusen. "How could he?"

"Nobody knows; but he did it. You know Blaylock studied medicine a little, so he knew just what to do, and he did it. The next day he had a cage brought for the beast, and had him brought out of the jungle. Tyler says he kept the beast in camp for four weeks, and used to feed and tend him as though he had been a child. He called him Ajax; and Tyler says the lion grew tame and attached to him.

"Then everybody thought Blaylock would make a good thing out of his protégé, after all. A live lion sells for several thousands of dollars you know. But Blaylock wouldn't hear to such a thing. As soon as the beast got well, he took him out into the jungle and let him go.

Tyler told him he was a fool. 'Do you think so?' he said, smiling. 'Well, maybe I am; but I should think it was a sin to sell such a grand creature as that into bondage!'"

"What an eccentric!" said Mrs. Van Dusen, who felt glad that the ices were coming in just at the right time. "Mr. Elmer, try some of these frozen apricots. You must need some refreshment. What a remarkable tale that is, to be sure! Well, after that, one might almost expect anything of Mr. Blaylock."

But in spite of this statement, there was not one of that ultra-fashionable party who would not have stared to see Trevelyan Blaylock that afternoon in Baldwin's Circus. He was standing in the menagerie tent, by the side of a large cage over which hung a vast, parti-colored sign capped by golden balls.

"Mark Antony," the inscription read, "the largest lion ever captured. Mademoiselle Zuleika, the wonderful lion-tamer, enters this cage daily and feeds Mark Antony RAW MEAT WITH HER HANDS."

The lion certainly was a splendid animal, with a superb tawny coat and the tread of a monarch. Blaylock stood by it, like one fascinated. He had come there day after day just to look at it, till the keeper grew suspicious and kept a sharp eye on him.

"I can't make out what that chap's a-hanging around for," he said confidentially to his wife, who was also a "lion-tamer," but of less renown than the wonderful Zuleika. In fact, Zuleika had almost crowded Mrs. Dobbins—otherwise known as Madame Victorine (see posters)—out of Baldwin's Great Polymorphous.

"Humph!" said she, spitefully. "Got a mash on Zuleika, I reckon. She always has one eye on the men when she's performing. If she don't look out that lion'll chaw her up some day."

"Then you'll have your old job back again," said the keeper, with a wink of his off-eye. "Lor', Betty, how you do hate the little Arab, anyhow!"

Madame Victorine's black eyes snapped, and her thin lips closed tightly.

"I don't know as it's any of your business what I think of her," she retorted. "But you are like all the rest of the men—you're dead gone over that black-faced little hussy, I believe."

Dobbins made a virtuous demur, but his wife laughed at him, and wanted to know what he took her for, anyhow.

"For better and for worse," he grumbled, "and I'll be blamed if I don't get the worst of it every time."

He got up and went into an outside tent, where the carcass of a dead horse was being carved up for the animals. Mark Antony's portion had been set aside early in the morning. It lay there on a large tray, dripping blood, in which Mademoiselle was accustomed to dip her little hands before she gave her really wonderful performance.

"She's a genu-wine lion-tamer, she is," Dobbins reflected. "There ain't no snide business about her. She is a regular Arab, and she does it fair every time. I've watched her, and she ain't up to no tricks like the other 'uns. She jams the meat fair in the lion's jaw every time; and Lor'! how she loves the beast!"

The band was playing some brazen thing, with a clash of cymbals whenever the Sullivan Brothers turned one of their double wheels on the trapeze. Mademoiselle Zuleika was coming on soon, and Dobbins went into the menagerie to see that the lion's cage was taken into the arena in time. Blaylock was standing inside of the rope that held back the people to within four feet of the animals.

"Look out there!" Dobbins said, sharply. "We don't allow nobody inside of the rope. It'd serve you right if he'd give you a dig with them claws o' his'n."

Blaylock was leaning close up against the bars of the cage,

and the lion, who had been walking restlessly back and forth, crouched down close to where he stood.

"He won't hurt me—will you, old boy?" Blaylock said, putting out his hand and patting the lion's outstretched paw. The animal contracted his toes and emitted a low, guttural sound, for all the world like a contented kitten.

"Well, I never——" gasped the keeper. "You're used to the like o' him, I guess. I say, what show do you travel with, anyhow?"

Blaylock smiled.

"I am not a performer," he said, pleasantly, "but I've taken a fancy to this beast, and he has to me, too, it appears. Where did he come from?"

"I dunno. Baldwin bought him somewhere in Africky—paid five thousand dollars for him, I heard 'em say."

"Do you think he would sell him?" Blaylock asked, soberly.

"Like as not," said the keeper, eying him attentively. "He might sell him to a z'logical garden or something like that, but not if you was going to set up another show. What was you goin' to do with him?"

"I should like to send him back to Africa, if I could afford it," Blaylock said, half-musingly. "But I am not a rich man, and I am afraid I will have to give up that idea."

The keeper stared, but the conversation stopped suddenly at the appearance of a young girl clad in a modest costume of blue serge that loosely enveloped her slight, graceful figure, leaving visible only her little sandaled feet, and her arms below the elbow. She wore no circus trappings, much to the keeper's regret. She never could be induced to don the spangles, but appeared always in some quaint and simple costume that did not half become her dark, Oriental face, with its frame-work of lustrous hair and its luminous eyes.

Blaylock moved away from the cage, but a smile and nod of recognition passed between him and the girl as she took up a small iron spear used to control the animals, and passed on towards the arena.

"Are you ready?" she asked Dobbins, in a voice that vibrated with a pleasant foreign accent.

"All ready, ma'am," the keeper said, respectfully.

Horses were hitched to the lion's cage, and hauled it into the arena, while Zuleika and Blaylock followed. He had never spoken to her, but he had watched her often; and the strange pallor under the dark skin did not escape him that day. The keeper was a little ahead of time. Signor Giovanni was not through his bareback riding, and Mademoiselle Zuleika had to wait. She stood inside of the menagerie where a fly had been dropped between it and the circus tent. She was feeling very tired, and there was nothing to lean against. Her slight figure swayed suddenly forward.

"You are ill!" cried Blaylock, springing forward. "Lean on me. What can I get you?"

"Some water, please," she said faintly. "Thanks, sir, I am all right."

She sank down in the sawdust, with pale lips, and Blaylock rushed off in quest of water. He came back quickly.

"Drink this," he said, holding it to her lips. "Where can I take you? You must not attempt to perform this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, I must," she said. "They expect me, you know. I am the most important part of the show."

She smiled faintly as she said this, and raised her eyes with a shy look, to Blaylock's face.

"Yes; I know," he said, hurriedly. "But I am in a perfect terror always till you get through safely, and to-day you are not fit to enter the cage at all. Don't attempt it, I beg of you!"

The trumpets sounded a flourish just then, and the ring-master, in his sing-song voice, announced that Mademoiselle

Zuleika, the daughter of an Arab sheik of high standing, would now perform her wonderful feat of feeding a savage African lion with raw meat from her naked hands.

"I must go," said Zuleika, forcing herself to rise. "Don't worry about me."

The tent-fly swayed forward a moment, the band played a brazen salute, and she passed into the arena where a burst of applause greeted her.

Blaylock followed her. The keeper was waiting inside with the meat with which Mademoiselle Zuleika was to feed the lion. The ring-master, in the meanwhile, was entertaining the audience as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Allow me to present to you the wonderful lion-tamer, Mademoiselle Zuleika. This young lady is a full-blooded Arab, the daughter of a powerful sheik, who commands one of the tribes in lower Abyssinia. In her childhood she was accustomed to play with the cubs of the lionesses captured from time to time by her people, and at an early age she acquired a wonderful power over these animals, many of which have become absolutely subject to her control. The savage beast known as Mark Antony, which is now before you, has become entirely subject to the power of this remarkable young lady, as you will presently see. The presence of Mademoiselle Zuleika in Baldwin's Great Polymorphous Aggregation, is the climax of a most romantic history. This charming young lady, being by birth an Arab, was naturally expected to embrace the Moslem religion; but, some years ago, she came under the influence of a missionary from this country, and became a convert to Christianity. With this change of religion came a change in the habits of her life. She learned the English language, which she now speaks fluently, and when her father sought to marry her, after the Arab custom, to a powerful sheik of another friendly tribe, she rebelled against his authority and left her people. By the aid of the missionary, she made her way under great perils and hardships to Alexandria, where she accepted Mr. Baldwin's munificent offer to travel with this circus in company with the lion Mark Antony."

Nobody believed this tale, which was told in the usual bombastic manner. Blaylock had heard it so often that he could tell it in the ring-master's own words, but he did not pay much attention to it.

Mademoiselle Zuleika was in the cage by this time, and the keeper was handing in the great pieces of flesh on an iron pike. She took two pieces, one in each hand; she advanced smiling towards the lion, holding the meat aloft. One snap of his great jaws and he had seized one of the pieces, into which his teeth sank for a moment, and then, with a savage growl, he dropped it.

A quick change came over Zuleika's face. The smile died away, and she turned deadly pale.

"Come, Antony!" she said, coaxingly, and held out the other piece of meat; but Blaylock saw her grasp her iron prod nervously, and he made a quick movement forward. At the same time there was a wild cry of horror from the audience. The lion had crouched down in one corner of the cage, and was glaring savagely at Zuleika, and uttering low growls. She threw the other piece of meat to him, but this only seemed to enrage him further. With a sudden spring he was upon her, and before she could raise her arm, he had borne down her slight figure with his tremendous body.

The crowd screamed; but one man among them darted forward, gained the center of the ring, and was inside of the cage before any one could see how he got there. It was Blaylock.

"Ajax!" he said in a tone of stern command. "Down, down, sir!"

He had no weapon in his hand. People thought he was crazy, but, to the wonder of all, the lion raised himself and

loosened his claws from the frail little body in which they had fastened themselves.

"Lie down, Ajax!" Blaylock commanded, pointing to one corner; and the beast, with one look at his stern, fearless face, obeyed him.

"Lift her out quickly," Blaylock said, pointing to the still form of poor Zuleika, whose blue robe was torn and soaked with growing blood-stains. "I will see to the lion."

The keeper, terror-stricken, managed to get the girl out. Blaylock with one foot kicked out of the half-open door the pieces of meat which had somehow offended the lion's taste. Meanwhile, he kept his eye on the lion.

"Poor Ajax!" he said, soothingly. "They trapped you another time—did they? Sahib is sorry for that—poor fellow!"

The lion ceased to lash his tail so savagely upon the floor. He looked up at Blaylock, and half raised himself. The keeper, who had confided Zuleika to the ring-master, saw the movement, and quick as a flash thrust his iron prod through the bars. The lion resented this outside interference. Blaylock was retreating from the cage. The door was closed with a snap. Ajax did not wish to be left behind. He gave forth a growl of dissent and sprang up. The keeper's prod was in the way, and, being pushed violently forward, was thrush into the poor beast's side.

"What did you do that for?" Blaylock cried, savagely; for the lion with a roar of rage and pain fell over, bleeding profusely. A quiver of his splendid body, a straightening of his limbs, and the wild beast was still forever. The iron had pierced his savage heart.

"Lor', sir!" gasped the terrified keeper, "I didn't mean to do it."

The cage was hustled out of the arena, the tent-fly fell, and the band struck up a new tune. Some of the spectators left the circus; but the majority stayed to see the rest of the show, and the performance went on as usual.

Poor Zuleika was carried out and taken to a hotel. Blaylock saw to it all. She was not dead, but the poor little form was crushed frightfully, and the surgeon who was called in, shook his head over her. When she came out of the awful swoon, that held her like death, a fever had set in, and she was talking wildly, now in English, now in Arabic, and then in various strange dialects which she seemed to have at command.

"Where is Mark Antony?—dear old lion!" she cried. "I want to touch him. Let me put my hands on his mane. It wasn't his fault. Poor fellow! He didn't mean to hurt me. Don't punish him. Tell the strange gentleman to bring him here—Mark is not afraid of him. Why don't you bring him?"

So she went on, day after day, begging to be allowed to touch the lion's coat just for a moment—only to see him, her dear pet, once more. Dobbins, the keeper, heard her pleading thus, and one day Blaylock was amazed to see him come in with a huge bundle.

"The circus is going away to-day," he explained; "we're off to Minneapolis. But you'll take good care o' her—won't you? Poor girl! She ain't got nobody as cares for her, and—and—" Dobbins's voice sank to a whisper—"I'll tell you what, Mr. Lylock, that meat for the lion was salted—salted to a pickle! 'Tain't no wonder the poor beast spit it out and turned on her; but Baldwin won't have nothing said about it, and he says he'll bounce anybody as blabs. I knowed something was wrong, and I jest tasted the meat. Lor', Mr. Lylock! You never tasted nothing like it."

"Then some one tried to murder her!" Blaylock cried, excitedly. "And this man Baldwin won't have an investigation? We'll see if he won't!"

"Don't make a row," Dobbins pleaded. "Baldwin says he'll take Ma'mselle Zuleika back agin when she gits well."

"Not if I can help it," said Blaylock, fervently. "Besides, the girl is probably crippled for life—if she gets well at all."

"You don't say?" said Dobbins, in a hushed tone. "That's a darned shame! But I thought maybe she'd like this—or maybe you would."

He threw his bundle down on the floor and opened it. It was a superb rug made of a lion's skin, having the legs, head and tail still intact—in fact, it was all that was left of Mark Antony.

"I kep' his teeth," Dobbins said, with a kind of a quiver in his voice. "Them's artificial. I was fond of the beast, and—I didn't mean to kill him, but when I thought of her, I—I struck too hard."

A tear squeezed its way out on his cheek and rolled down. Blaylock took his hand and pressed it warmly.

"It is a sad business all the way through, Dobbins," he said, "but it was kind of you to bring the rug. I am sure it is very valuable. How much—"

"Nothing," said the keeper, quickly. "I give it to her; and, if it don't make no difference, I wish you'd kind of spread it over her while she's sick."

"Certainly," Blaylock said, kindly. "It may be she would like it."

"Well, good-bye," said the keeper, rising to go. "I hope she'll get well. If I wasn't a married man—," he sighed.

Blaylock was silent.

"But there is one thing I want to ask you before I go," Dobbins continued. "How did you manage that lion the way you did? I swan I never seen nothing like it!"

"The lion knew me," Blaylock answered, briefly. "I caught him once, half-tamed him and let him go. You know they say that lions will never forget a friend. I knew him the moment I saw him. I suppose he was captured by some one who knew he had been in captivity, and was afterwards sold into slavery."

"Well, you don't say!" was Dobbins's only adequate reply. "Baldwin wanted to stuff him and put him up on a globe to ride in parades, but we hooted that idea out of him. There's enough shams now, I say!"

When the keeper was gone, Blaylock took the lion's skin and flung over Zuleika's couch. Even in the midst of delirium she seemed to recognize it. A smile dawned on her lips, and her little lithe brown fingers nestled in the shaggy yellow mane in perfect content. From that hour she ceased to call for her dead favorite, and she began to grow better.

Gradually strength came back to her, and life became not wholly without promise; for her injuries had, after all, only left some ugly scars on her side and a slight lameness.

"To-morrow you can get up, the doctor says," Blaylock said one morning when the nurse brought him in to see Zuleika.

She smiled.

"I owe you my life," she said, "and so much besides!"

"We will talk about that some other time," he answered, briskly. "I want to know what you wish me to do about that Dobbins woman. It is settled now, beyond a doubt, that it was she who salted poor Ajax's meat. If you will allow me to prosecute her, she may spend the rest of her days in the penitentiary."

"I don't know as that would make me very happy," Zuleika answered, quietly. "Please, Mr. Blaylock, just let her alone."

"But, Zuleika—"

"I bear her no grudge," she interrupted. "Why should you?"

There was a certain answer on his lips, but he did not utter it. How he wished afterwards that he had been less slow to

speak! The next day when he came, not only Zuleika's bed, but her room was empty,—and the lion's skin was missing. The nurse was brooding distractedly over a brief line, which read simply, "I have run away."

For Blaylock there was a note:—"I cannot stay any longer. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel all that you have done for me, for in these past weeks I have learned not only gratitude, but love. I am not ashamed to tell you this, for we may never meet again; and, whatever happens, I am sure you are worthy of any woman's love. I am going away because I love you. Good-bye—God bless you!"

ZULEIKA.

"I forgot to tell you that the story Mr. Baldwin told about me in the circus was true. I am the daughter of Sheik Abdallah al Rhazim."

Blaylock put this letter away, but he would not accept such an acquittal of his claims. He began to search for her, and it was months before he gave her up—then only because he had absolutely no more clues to follow.

"What is the matter with Trevylan Blaylock?" Mrs. Van Dusen queried. "He looks like a ghost."

"Why, he has never gotten over that circus affair," Clyde Elmer replied. "You know he was in love with that girl who was killed by the lion. You remember about it, Miss Killykettle?"

"I didn't know she was killed," Miss Killykettle replied.

"Oh, yes! I guess so—died afterwards, I think."

This is what people said, but Blaylock kept aloof, silent and self-centered.

A year dragged away, and a great exhibition of pictures took place in one of the down-town galleries. Every day some masterpiece was hung in the show-window as a bait for passers-by. One day it happened to be Gerome's splendid picture of the lions in the desert. Blaylock, coming down the street, crossed over to look at it. A young girl in black was standing before it in rapt contemplation. As he came up some one pushed him accidentally against her. She turned quickly as he murmured his apology. It was Zuleika!

Blaylock gave a glad cry and seized her hands.

"I have found you!" he cried. "Zuleika, come with me! I have been seeking you everywhere."

"But, Mr. Blaylock—" she faltered.

"Hush!" he whispered, drawing one hand through his arm. "You are mine—I love you. I am not an Arab sheik that you should try to escape me. Will you not be my wife, Zuleika?"

"You ought not to ask me," she cried, trembling so that she clung to his arm for support. "I am too weak to refuse, and yet I know that among your countrymen even the daughter of a sheik is nothing if she acts in a circus. You ought to seek another sort of wife."

"I will have no other," Blaylock said, earnestly, and his words were verified. Zuleika married him. But to the surprise of many, society took a whimsical fancy to her. Her romantic history was construed into a kind of martyrdom. Mrs. Van Dusen said that a sheik's daughter was just the same as a princess, and Mrs. Trevylan Blaylock suddenly became the fashion. Everybody raves about her.

ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

MONSIEUR AND THE LENGVIDGE.—In a little manual for travelers recently published in Paris, "madame" is instructed to ask at a milliner's for a Leghorn hat, and then to say, "Can you trim it with a nosegay of wild-flowers, blue bottles, corn-poppies?" It is probably some recollection of this astonishing headgear which has caused the author to suggest as an answer to "How do you do?" the remarkable compliment, "You look so bloomy out that there is no matter to inform about it."

The Shepherd of Jerusalem.

(See First Page Engraving.)

THE scene of a tragedy often remains a place of living interest, long after the actors in the event have departed, and there only remains some half-destroyed relics or carefully preserved mementoes to satisfy curiosity or research.

"Where they crucified Him" is a spot so fraught with thrilling interest that the merest outline of the empty cross sketched hastily on a scrap of paper, has often power to evoke such a crowd of hurrying thoughts that the imagination becomes bewildered between the Christian significance of the symbol and the merely human interest attached to the story of the Crucifixion.

The mystic virtues and sweetness of the cross have so long been lauded in sacred song and devotional writings, that many Christians, seeing in it only the instrument of the sinner's redemption, often lose sight of its primitive, ordinary significance.

The simple Judæan shepherd pausing on the hill-top of Calvary, sees only a cruel instrument of torture, whose blood-stained bar and loose-swinging ropes testify to a recent execution; and as he reads the mocking legend *I. N. R. I.*, he starts back in astonishment, for he is a Jew, and it is as yet unknown to him that there *was* a "King of the Jews." Or, perhaps he had been one of those who listened to the gentle words of that now silent voice, and recognizes the epithet on the insulting scroll which blazons forth the hatred of those who feared and hated that perfection of character which their spiritual blindness hindered them from recognizing at its true value.

At the right are the peaceful lambs, and at the left the quarrelsome goats of the shepherd's flock are sunning themselves in the noon-day; while far down the slopes lie the glittering domes and blooming house-tops of Jerusalem. "like the city of a dream." Above the cruel cross the circling doves hover as if in prophecy of the gentler meditations which shall yet visit the hearts of those who in all the years to come may muse over its simple outlines.

The Empty Saddle.

(See Second Page Engraving.)

WHO can successfully depict all the horrors of grim-visaged war? From flaming fortress and thundering cannon, death's chosen messengers speed more swiftly than winged thought; and in the hurry and confusion of battle, action defies thought to follow its erratic course. The painter who attempts to illustrate the stirring scenes of battle must have a quickness of perception equal to that of the experienced campaigner.

The artist of this picture has not attempted any ghastly realism, but gives us, instead, a suggestive sketch of one of the cruel incidents which are apt to befall the gallant host who brave all that soldiers dare, and women weep over.

In the background, at the right, the flames of the desolated town tell their own story; while, slowly advancing, the cavalry charge meet the fire of the adversary, and flying toward us a terrified and riderless horse, escaping toward the enemy's lines, is the prominent figure. His rider has fallen in the earliest fire of the action. What bright young head lies unconscious on the frozen snow, its fair hair stained with unstanched blood? Or is it some stately old warrior, whose voice, hoarse with the oft-reiterated tone of command, was

suddenly silenced by the bullet burying its death-message in his breast?—where, be sure, his valiant heart received it without a tremor.

The empty saddle tells a terrible tale—of vain courage and vain hopes, of death agony and heart agony; but it is an oft-told tale and one that will never deter the would-be soldier from an attempt to realize his ambitious dreams of hard-

won honor and glory. There is another page of the story, too often read with tears: this tells of the long expectation becoming suspense; suspense, agony; and agony, despair; until the home-watching heart whose chords thrilled with the whole gamut of human emotions, breaks, at last, or refuses its office, and life becomes a monotony of existence—empty of all that guided its purpose.

Our Girls.

One Hour a Day, and What Came of It.

BY BEULAH R. STEVENS.

CHAPTER I.

GIRLS, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Going to bed!"

"Going to put your eyes out staring into that fire!"

The question came from Allie Raymond, and the answers from her twin cousins, Ada and Amy Whitney. It was the evening of New Year's day, and Judge Whitney's family were gathered in the pleasant sitting-room, around the open grate. Mrs. Whitney, at whose feet Allie sat, stroked the golden curls that fairly swept the floor.

"And what is our fairy going to do?" she asked, smiling down into the blue eyes very tenderly; for this orphan child of her only sister was very dear to her.

"Why, I am going to begin to-morrow and practice—practice—practice every day, so that by the time I graduate I will be able to play as well as Miss Emma Jackson did last night!"

"O, ho!" laughed fourteen-year-old Nan from her corner. "I wouldn't give a snap of my finger to play like she does! I thought she never *would* get through that last piece!"

"I think a great many people agreed with you," said Amy. "I saw ever so many stop listening, and I believe those who did look interested, did it only for politeness. Now motherdy, you didn't *really* and *truly* enjoy it as much as you *looked*, did you?"

"Well, you know I sat where I could see her hands, and I understand music well enough to admire such rapid and accurate execution."

"But what's the use of being such an able performer if people don't care to hear you play?" said Ada, who always wanted a good reason for everything.

"Well!" said Allie, with a long breath, "I feel very much 'sat down on,' if you will excuse a slang phrase. (I haven't used one before this week, but I really think this occasion justifies it.) Uncle Ned, do you side against me too? What have you to say about it?"

The Judge poked the fire into a brighter blaze as he answered.

"Only this. I know a little girl who can give me more pleasure playing 'Annie Laurie,' than Miss Jackson can with all her wonderful execution."

Allie sprang up, her eyes very large and bright.

"O Uncle Ned, do you really mean that?"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile at her excitement, "but you must not get conceited over a compliment from me, for I am only an old fogy, you know."

"You're a darling!" and Allie seated herself on the arm

of his chair, with one arm around his neck and her cheek against his.

* * * * *

Twelve years before, when Allie was left to them by Mrs. Whitney's widowed sister, the wife had said to her husband: "If anything could make me love or esteem you more, my dear, the way you welcomed this poor little girl would have done so." For they were then a young couple in only moderate circumstances, with already three babies of their own. The twins and Allie were within a few weeks of the same age, while Nan was but little more than a year younger.

But Mr. Whitney never hinted at regretting the necessity of the added expense; and from the time the little fairy-like creature, scarcely as tall as Nan, was brought to their home, both parents gave her the same care and attention, and, as nearly as possible, the same love that they gave their own little ones. So that Allie never felt her terrible loss.

* * * * *

"And so you don't think it would pay me to spend so much time on music?" Allie asked, after a moment.

"Oh, I didn't say music," her uncle replied, "I said the piano. I really believe there is as much money wasted on piano lessons as on tobacco; for a girl generally drops her music after she stops her lessons."

"Yes—that's so," Allie admitted; "and then I do have so much trouble with octaves. I don't see why I couldn't be tall like the other girls, and then my hands would have been larger;" and she glanced from her own slight but graceful little figure, to the twins, who were tall, strongly built girls, and then to Nan, who bade fair to be what is generally termed an "elegant woman"—tall, slender and graceful.

"In another year you will be wearing gloves a size too small for you, instead of wishing for larger hands; and as for your height, you are a reproduction of your mother in that as in every other respect, and she was as much beloved and admired as a woman could be."

"Oh! am I like mamma? I'm so glad! I'll never wish to be different again. It is strange that with all the questions I've asked about her, I never thought to ask how large she was. I have always pictured her to myself as tall and stately like auntie."

"No, I never saw two sisters more unlike; and I don't think I ever saw a stronger resemblance than you bear to her. Even this little hand is a fac-simile of hers." He took it in his great warm palm, where it seemed completely lost.

"Allie," he went on, "if you want my judgment on the music question, I have thought for some time that there is an instrument for which these little fingers were especially made."

"Oh, what is it?" she cried eagerly.

"Well, I hope you won't be disappointed when I tell you. I meant—the violin."

"Disappointed? It's the very thing!" she cried, spring-

ing to her feet and forgetting the dignity of her fifteen years long enough to clap her hands. "May I really take lessons? And when may I begin?" And she resumed her seat with an ecstatic hug that threatened to choke her uncle.

"While your uncle is recovering his breath, I'll propose an idea that has just struck me," said Mrs. Whitney. "I have often thought of the great amount of money wasted on music, and not only money, but time. Now, girls, you will all graduate in three years. Suppose during that time, you resolve to give one hour a day to learning some particular thing."

"Do you mean like painting or embroidery or music?" asked Ada, who cared but little for "accomplishments."

"No, not necessarily," her mother replied. "I mean *any* occupation, useful or ornamental. If Allie prefers the violin after a week's consideration, she shall begin that. It is now bed-time; but a week from to-night we will meet in solemn conclave, and in the mean time you must think what you would like best, and determine to 'stick to it.'"

"O auntie!—slang!" cried Allie, gleefully. "But we'll forgive you that, for it *is* forcible."

Mrs. Whitney saw that Nan was looking a little dubious over her proposition; so answering Allie's nonsense with a smile, she said, as she kissed them good night, "Of course I don't mean that you *must* do this, but I would just like to see what could be done by giving other things the same careful practice that so many give to the piano."

CHAPTER II.

THE next Monday was the first day of the new term at school, but even the excitement of this could not detract from the interest with which the girls looked forward to the evening. But when they were finally seated again around the fire, they seemed to be a little apprehensive: all but Allie, who settled herself in a rocker and folded her hands in her lap.

"Well auntie, let's begin," she said.

"You look so satisfied I presume you are still adhering to your first choice, Allie; and I see by your faces, girls, that you have all decided on something. Am I right, Allie?"

"Yes, auntie, I have thought it over carefully, but I cannot think of anything I would rather know. I mean to be thorough and go slowly, and I believe I shall succeed. People always like to hear the violin, especially if it is well played. I must thank Uncle Ned for my happy choice."

Her uncle nodded and smiled his acknowledgments, while her aunt turned to the twins.

"Well, Amy, you claim the seniority by a trifle, it is your turn next."

Amy flushed a little as she said, rather hesitatingly, "I don't know whether you will approve, mother. I thought and thought, and I couldn't see that I had any special talent; and I was afraid I would have to come to you without having decided. But to-day the drawing-teacher found a sketch of Nan's head in one of my books, and he quite overwhelmed me by his warm praise of it. He said I ought to take lessons in crayoning heads; that I would be successful beyond a doubt. So if you don't object, I will take portrait drawing for mine. I love it dearly enough to be successful if I have half the talent Professor Felkel says I have."

"No, indeed, I don't object! I consider a talent in that direction no small gift, and I am glad you have such good authority for its existence, as the Professor. Now, Ada, what have you decided on?"

"I am going to study stenography, and add type-writing after I get well started—during the last year perhaps." Ada spoke with quiet decision.

"An excellent choice, my daughter," said the Judge. "You will find it tedious at first, no doubt; but I would choose you, of all my girls, to undertake just such a task."

Ada flushed with pleasure as she thanked him. She was very quiet and self-contained for one of her years, but her father understood the strength of character that underlay this reserve. There seemed to be a peculiar sympathy between them, so that praise from him was doubly dear to her.

"Well, Nan?"

"Now I know you will all want to laugh, so please do so, for you won't hurt my feelings one bit; but I am going to learn to sew! I engage your graduation dresses, this minute!"

They all did laugh,—not at her, but with her, for she broke into a merry peal as she ended.

"It would seem strange to see my romping boy sitting quietly down with a needle and thimble," said her father.

"Oh, but I'm in earnest! I mean to know how to make everything before I stop. I'll only be seventeen when I graduate, and I won't be ready to be a young lady for another year, although I've kept up with 'the three A's' in everything else; so I can 'finish' afterwards, if necessary."

It was Nan who had thus nicknamed the three older girls, and she often declared she could be an "A" herself, only she liked her own little name too well to change it to stiff, prim "Anna."

"You may all laugh at Nan, but I used to notice that her dolls' clothes always had a certain style and air about them, that even I could not give them, though I must say the stitches would not bear inspection. But when she learns to combine neatness and nicety with this knack of hers, she will surprise you all."

"O mother!" and impetuous Nan jumped up to give her a hug and a kiss: "I am so glad you believe in me, and you'll teach me, won't you? But the last year I want lessons from some one who understands the small nice points about dresses. I've just a host of ideas about it already, but I mean to be patient and 'go slow' like the rest, and learn it all thoroughly."

Ah! this was the charm by which this most wise and loving father and mother held captive the hearts of their girls! They believed in them!

No one spoke for a moment. It seemed so strange to hear hoydenish Nan talking so gravely and earnestly. Then Mrs. Whitney broke the silence:

"My girls, I cannot tell you how very much pleased I am that you have taken up my suggestion with such earnestness. I had thought of several other things, among them French, German and book-keeping; but I am delighted that you were all prepared, and I think the choice you each have made is very suitable and profitable. You have talked so sensibly about it, that it is scarcely necessary for me to say, 'Go slowly, learn a little *thoroughly* every day; don't expect too much at first, and don't be discouraged by occasional failures.' If I find this extra labor taxes you too much when added to your school work, you can easily drop it. I will make arrangements for all of you to begin next week, for it will be better to wait until you are fairly settled in school."

"O mother, that reminds me," cried Amy, "I quite forgot to tell you, but we were all surprised to see Mamie Elliot walk in this morning and take a seat in our room. When I spoke to her, her eyes filled with tears. You know she studied last summer and skipped a grade, as we three A's wanted to do; but it seems she failed to keep up last term, and she has had to come back. She seemed to feel it so much."

"Yes," said Nan, ruefully, "I was so surprised when I went in and saw her sitting there that I made a goose of myself, as usual, and said I was glad to see her back; and then I thought that wouldn't do, so I said no, I was sorry; and that sounded so bad I just stopped and said 'Good morning.' She laughed with her eyes full of tears."

"And no wonder!" said her father, laughing too. "O Nan, Nan, will you ever possess that most desirable of all small virtues—tact?"

"Never fear for Nan," said her mother, smoothing the short brown curls that Nan had rumbled-up in despair at the remembrance of her blunder. "Tact is nothing more nor less than tenderness of heart put into word and deed: and where the desire to avoid wounding another is as strong as it is in this impulsive little girl, it will soon guide her unconsciously to do and say the right thing. Although I do not know Mamie very well, I think I may safely say that she was not wounded by Nan's words."

"No, indeed," cried the child eagerly; "she thanked me—and kissed me! I never saw her kiss one of the girls before. Poor girl! If I can help her, I shall be so glad to do it, for she says she doesn't remember a thing she learned last summer."

"When I spoke to her, she told me how badly she felt over it all," said Ada, "but I told her what you said about our brains having to grow and expand naturally, and how you wouldn't allow us to study that summer because you thought stuffing our heads full of a year's work in two months, would not benefit us at all, but that we would find the next year's study very mixed up and hard for us, because we hadn't learned thoroughly what went before. It seemed to comfort her so much, and she said you were right,

and she would have been so thankful if only some one had talked to her about it that way."

"Well," said Allie, who had been listening with her eyes on the fire, "I am very glad auntie didn't allow us to do such a foolish thing (I can see the folly of it now, but I thought, then, that it would be smart); but if we had, I would have kept up if I had to study all night."

"I know my girls have both brains and determination, but I am sure you would have found it almost impossible," said her aunt. "You all play moderately well: now suppose when you began, I had given you the names of the notes and keys and let you go over them once or twice, then set before you a piece of even simple music and expected you to play it off without any of the necessary *practice* in reading and fingering."

"It would have taken a good deal of all-night study, wouldn't it, Allie?" laughed Amy.

"My! I don't think I should have had the courage to even try," said Allie.

"And then we should have been out of school a year sooner, and I wouldn't have liked that a bit," said Ada.

"And I should have been left behind, and I wouldn't have liked *that* a bit!" cried Nan.

"So we are all happy together," said the Judge. "Now let's have a song, and then to bed."

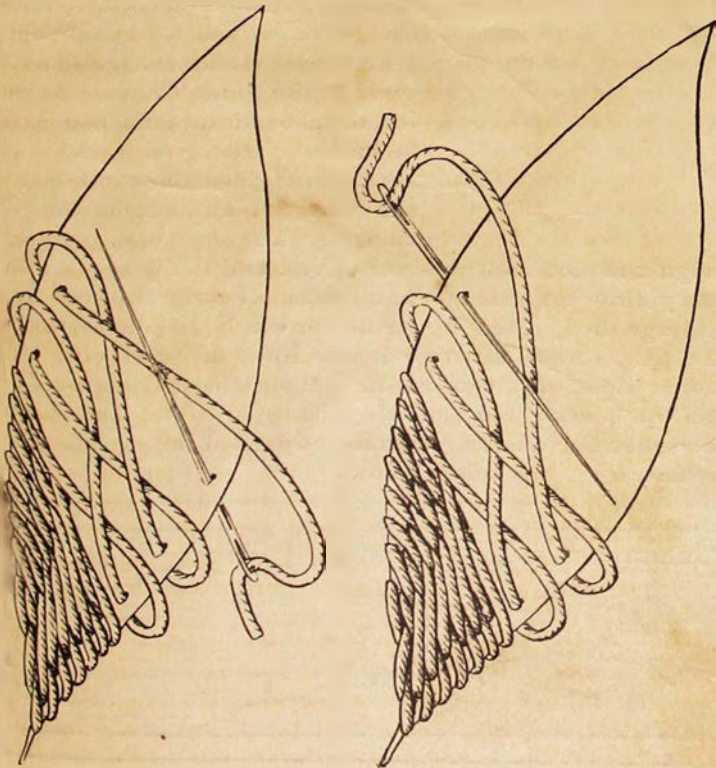
(To be continued.)

Home Art and Home Comfort.

New-England Stitch.

THE stitch used by our great-grandmothers in old embroideries, for bed-hangings, curtains, brides' gowns and petticoats, we call the New-England stitch. It is really a herring-bone stitch, and probably came first from

the East. Rare old Persian embroideries are found worked in this stitch in all the museums. They are often embroidered rather open, with coarse silk on soft India silks. This gives a brilliant effect without too much work. Our grandmothers in this country worked generally on a coarse, gray, homespun linen, not much finer in quality than that found to-day, hand-woven, embroidered, and used as head-coverings in the black tents of the Arabs.



FIRST STITCH.

SECOND STITCH.

VOL. XXIV.—APRIL, 1888.—27.



This New-England stitch is rapid and economical, as the silk is chiefly on the outside. Very little silk is used on the wrong side. The work by our grandmothers was done chiefly in crewels, and very often in shades of blue. The handsomest bed-hanging I ever saw in this work, was embroidered in seven shades of blue. There are certain conventional flower shapes used in this old work, and it seems often as if the design were drawn free-hand on the



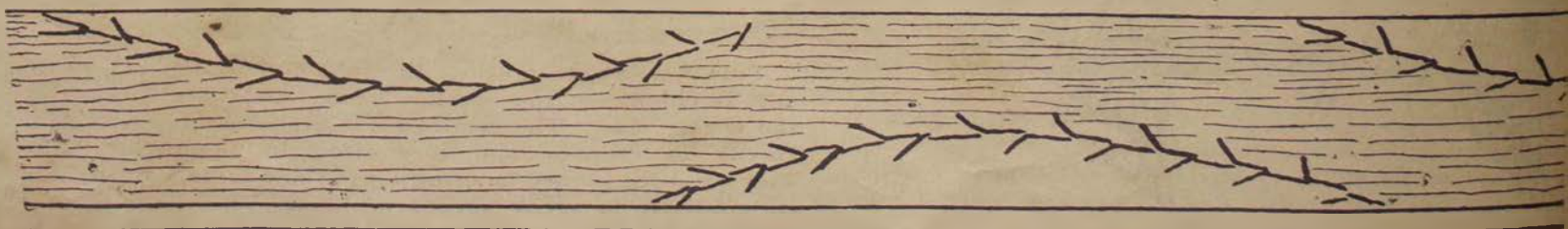
The design given in this number is an old Persian design, but should be embroidered in this New-England stitch. The design is stiff and conventional, being simply a vase holding the two formal flowers, so often found in Eastern embroideries. But this very formality, when the design is repeated for a border, makes it attractive. This design has just been embroidered on pongee for a table-scarf. The scarf is a yard and three-quarters long. An inch on each end is allowed for the fringe. An inch above that, two lines are marked for the border, one inch apart. Pull a thread enough to mark the position of these border lines. An eighth of an inch above and below these lines, mark two others. One inch above the upper border line, the large design is placed. The design is put twice on each end of the scarf, with the small design between the two larger ones. Then the smaller flower is repeated twice above the larger border below. This small design can be powdered, if you wish, all over the middle of the cloth.

The three large upper flowers in the large design are embroidered in two shades of copper. The darker color is put below, near the calyx, and the lighter shade above. The rose-shaped flowers are embroidered in gray blues, with yellow centers. The right-hand flower is darker in color, with a darker center than the other. The leaves are in olive browns. The three lowest are dark olive, while the upper leaves and stems change to a gold olive at the top. The vase is a duller, deeper blue than the flowers, and is outlined with gold thread. The small oval, just above the base of the vase, is put in solid with gold thread. The leaves of the small

cloth, as it was embroidered, a flower, spray or a leaf being thrown in here or there, to cover the cloth. Then again the design is quite elaborate and careful; but it is always formal. This old work is said to represent a good period in embroidery. Late English books on embroidery give careful directions for transferring this precious work onto a stronger background, in order to preserve it, when falling to pieces from old age.

design are done with clover olives, and the flowers are blue with yellow centers. When the small spray is placed above the large design, the upper flower can be in pale copper.

In the border, the two inside lines are dark olive; the outside lines, light olive, in stem-stitch. The curves are done in herring-bone stitch with gold silk. The space in the border between these curves is darned in gray blue silks, the darker shades being below.



BORDER.

This coloring is right if the background has a yellow shade; but if the background be green or blue, some of the flowers must be embroidered in gold-color. Fringe out the scarf one inch deep on each end, then loop in, one quarter of an inch apart, loops of filosele of the colors used in the embroidery, shading from dark olive to gold, then shades of blue and copper. These loops of filosele give weight and color to the fringe.

In all good Eastern work the three colors, red, yellow, and blue, are united in some way. If the yellow is not in the background, then it must come in the flowers.

A border can be made for a mantel lambrequin by repeating the large and small design alternately. This can be done on gold-colored satin sheeting or India silk. The large design could be put in the four corners of a square for a small table-cover, and the small design could be used in the middle of the sides. Then make heavy tassels for the corners of the cloth.

When embroidering flowers with the New-England stitch, make the stitches all run toward the calyx or middle of the flower. Let the stitches run slanting across all leaves, as shown in the drawing of the New-England stitch. The method of working is shown in the illustrations of the first and second stitches. The stitches can either be worked very closely together, to cover the foundation completely, or more or less open, as shown in the illustrations. This New-England stitch is very effective worked with coarse silks in any large flowered tapestry design upon satine or duck.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Varieties of Needlework.

THE greatest refinement of needlework is shown in the beautiful embroidery called in the Italian *punto tirato*, and by us, drawn-work. It is applicable alike to the coarsest or most delicate materials,—always, of course, using fabrics of sufficient evenness of texture to admit of drawing the threads out without disturbing those adjacent.

Linen and linen-lawn are the usual materials selected. It is best to learn on the coarsest linen; but when the needleworker is expert the work can be done on the very finest, and will then be as exquisitely delicate as lace. The simplest form of drawn-work is to hem-stitch the threads into groups at each side, after the lengthwise threads are pulled out according to the width of the insertion to be made; any

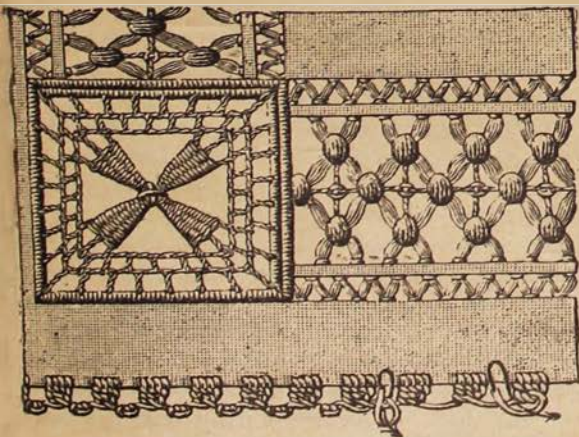


FIG. 1.

kind of lace-stitches may be introduced, making the work as elaborate as one chooses. Linen thread is the best to use, and its fineness must be determined by the quality of the material.

The accompanying designs show some of the uses to which

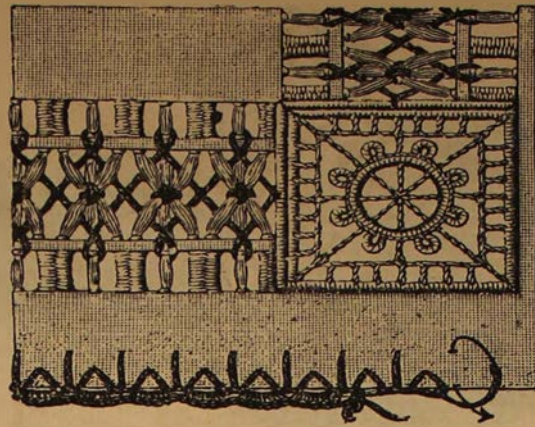


FIG. 2.

this favorite fancy-work can be applied, and the manner of working.

Fig. 1.—Corner of linen doily worked in white drawn-work, with button-holing and hem-stitching. The square in the corner is cut out, and then filled in with a double row of looped stitches and a Maltese cross

in guipure. The edge of the doily is finished with a triple row of button-holing. The illustration shows very clearly the manner of working this.

Fig. 2.—This shows the corner of a doily, worked with white and colored cottons. The corner squares are cut out, and worked in white with wheels of picot embroidery. The edge is finished with blanket-stitch and a scalloping of button-hole stitch, as shown in the illustration.

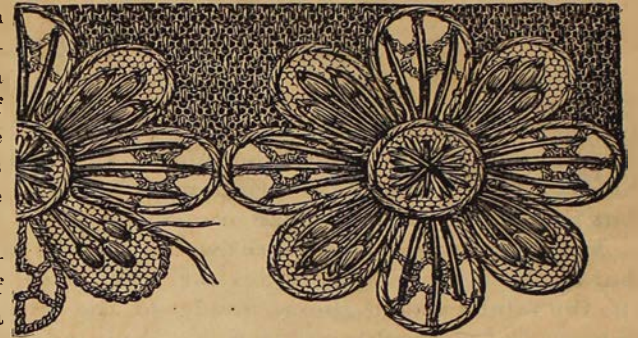


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3.—Detail of work for a cushion-cover of net.

The alternate leaves of the flower are cut out as shown in the illustration, and coarse gold thread sewed on with fine silk. The rosettes thus outlined are decorated with yellow and white saddler's silk, and the groundwork between the rosettes filled in with red and blue filosele in alternate rows.

Fig. 4.—The ornamental square at the extreme left is a piece of fine bolting-cloth with Oriental embroidery in colored silks (for stitches see March number), and edged



FIG. 4.

with a fringe of colored silk. The square is intended for a pincushion cover. The second square is the completed doily for which Fig. 2 gives the detail. The third square is

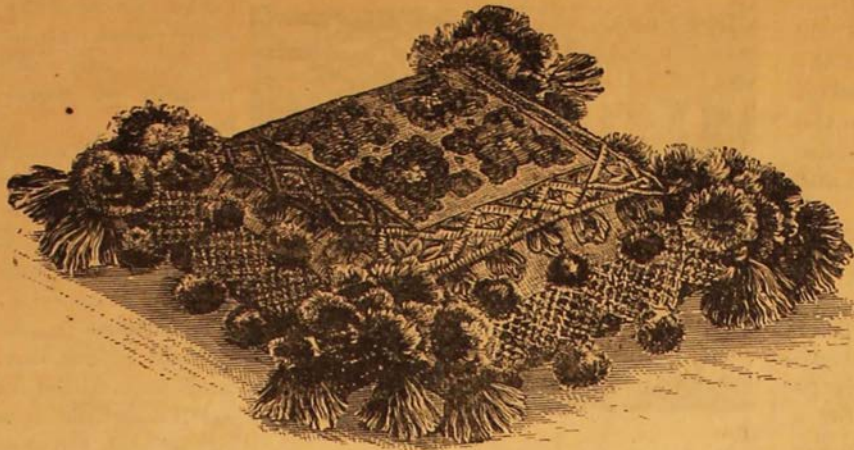


FIG. 5.

a white doily, ornamented with drawn-work of which Fig. 1 gives a section. The center is a combination of squares like the corner square in the detail of working. In very fine linen, such a doily is suitable for a chalice-cover. The rosetted square at the right, is the completed pin cushion cover of which Fig. 3 shows the actual size of detail.

Fig. 5.—Pincushion of strawberry-colored satin. This is about six inches square, and edged with a puff of satin over which is arranged a fall of lace. The center is covered with a square of bolting-cloth ornamented with Turkish embroidery like that illustrated on Fig. 4. The cushion is further ornamented with tiny parti-colored silk pompons, and three silk tassels at each corner.

Sanitarian.

Sins Against the Stomach.

I.

WHEN Mr. Caxton was presented with his first-born, he at once defined the infant as "a male stomach," and he was fairly right; for what is the stomach but the citadel of the human economy?

Valiantly indeed does it resist the attacks made upon it; but in the last analysis, no matter what disease a man dies of, the fatal cause is the surrender of the citadel—the final conquest of stomachic endurance. Well indeed do I remember the verdict of an eminent physician, given years ago: "Your disease is bad, madame, but be thankful that it is not of the stomach; for when *that* goes, all goes."

Now knowing this to be a fact, how terrible it seems that from infancy to old age we pay so little attention to the hints and lessons, the *protests*, so to say, of our stomachs. If we did, if we cared ever so little about those premonitory warnings with which life's experience is plentifully besprinkled, we should certainly escape a very large proportion of those ills which it is the fashion to say "flesh is heir to."

The fact is, that as regards his body, man is a very limited heir; he has so much in his own hands, that were he but educated up to his own powers and privileges he would very soon find out that those manifold distresses and complaints which seem to him perfectly natural and in the order of things, are really the contrary.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact that the wealthier a man becomes, the more complaints he has! We often talk of mortality among the poorer classes; and it is of course a fact, that when disease does take hold of a person whose nourishment or health conditions in other respects are bad, that it is difficult to bring remedies to bear: but even if the poor *paid*, doctors would never make a living out of these diseases. There are whole classes of fashionable complaints never heard of in poorer districts; and in country places where doctors are scarce, and the whole population is in a condition of comparative poverty, sickness is the exception, not the rule. Nerves and dyspepsia are alike rare; and even in the recognized sufferings of maternity it is no unusual thing for a woman to bear a family of children, not only without recourse to a doctor, but actually without the assistance of a nurse—dependent entirely upon the kindly offices of a neighbor.

There is unquestionably something radically wrong about our health system, or rather our sick system. The expectation of illness is in itself a wrong thing. There is not the least reason for it; and if people were only properly educated in regard to matters of health, it would soon be considered, as it ought to be, a sin to be sick, and a still greater sin to bear sickly children.

Nature does not bungle in her work if she is let alone. Animals in the wild state are free from disease, but suffer a perfect catalogue of miseries when they have been tamed or forced into domesticity. The babies of savage tribes are uniformly healthy, and disease is looked upon, by most barbarians, as despicable and wholly unworthy of sympathy. Civilized people, enervated and regardless of nature's teaching, actually take a certain pride in delicacy; and much of modern invalidism is a sort of fashionable vice, due to excess and self-indulgence. Popular doctors know this well; and very many are aware that it would be no real kindness to a certain class of patients to cure them; if they did, their occupation would be gone.

There are certain diseases, too, which in their very nature protest against their own existence. They are really nature's indignant outcries against human perversity; they are absolutely preventable, and just on that account difficult to cure, because the preventable cause is always happening again. To this class belong diseases of the stomach, with scarcely an exception. Dyspepsia alone is the bane of thousands. It is fair to say that of the adult population not one person in ten is free from it, and yet dyspepsia is an entirely preventable disease, one for which there is absolutely no excuse, for it arises in almost every case from self-indulgence or ignorance; and even where there is an inherited tendency to stomach trouble, care and attention to diet can almost invariably relieve it, and in time effect a permanent cure.

The misfortune is not only that people will not exercise sufficient self-denial to prevent the appearance of disease in the first instance, but that, unhappily, they will not learn by experience, and so prevent its recurrence; and thus, in too many instances, they are doubly sinners.

Sins against the stomach might be almost summed up in one word—*intemperance*; for it is in the want of temperance and consideration of its claims that all such ailments begin. But we may perhaps more easily arrive at satisfactory conclusions by classifying sins against the stomach as physical,

mental, or spiritual sins, and considering each in its turn. In our next paper, therefore, we shall take up the question of physical sins against the stomach, their prevention and cure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I RECOVERED MY HEALTH."

The Family Physician.

"A good physician all our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

THE family physician bears an intimate relation to the homes of the world. Into those homes he comes in times of health to give counsel and friendship; in days of pain and languishing, to bring hope, relieve suffering, and hasten the return of health; in the hour of death, to watch the departing spirit take its flight, and bear half the burdens of the stricken ones beside him; and in seasons of mourning, to give sympathy and comfort to the bereaved.

The good family physician is the highest type of a medical man. His relations to his patients are confidential and sacred: his office is a high and holy one. He is required to be not only a man of skill, but much more than that—"a successful practitioner, an ever-wise counselor, a genial friend, a father-confessor, and comforter of many a home in trouble, and a trusty guardian of unnumbered family secrets." It is his privilege to "know the constitution" of his patients,—knowledge essential to his highest success, but which is denied to the casual medical attendant or the specialist.

It is the housekeepers and the home-makers of the world, who have the deepest interest in the family physician. It is they who most often seek his advice or claim his services, for themselves or their little ones; and if he is faithful, they are his most steadfast friends. Whenever any family finds itself deprived of its regular medical attendant, from whatever cause, how to supply his place, becomes an important question.

To begin with, it is always advisable to select a physician before the hour of actual need has come. It is not wise to wait until sickness comes suddenly upon some member of the family, and then run in haste for the nearest doctor who is not busy. If the choice is left until then, it will be only by accident that a good man is secured; and be he never so good, since he is but a stranger to you and yours, he cannot be as good as your own family physician.

In making your choice, regard should be had to both professional and personal qualifications. Professionally, he should be a man of education, judgment and skill. It is not necessary nor especially advisable that he should be the most popular physician in town, for popularity is not always a gauge of merit; but it is a good sign for a doctor when his brother physicians speak well of him. Professional jealousies aside, the judgment of one medical man concerning the ability and the skill of another, is much more reliable than that of any non-professional man. This test, however, must not be applied without great reserve, in case of direct competitors in business. Yet even here, if you can get the physician's real opinion, it will be of the utmost value.

"Doctor," said a prominent scientist to an equally prominent physician, "when you are sick, who attends you?"

"Why do you ask?" replied the doctor.

"Oh," was the response, "I want to find out whom the doctors select to attend them; *that man shall be my physician.*"

But shun the man who habitually speaks ill of his professional brethren: he is not a generous man, probably not

a just one. Shun also the man who has a sure cure for every ill, and is always ready to promise that he can help you; who boasts of his wonderful cures, and never owns a failure; who is always talking about his cures, and telling what a heavy business he does. His stock in trade is bluff and brag. And shun the positive man, who has a ready answer for every question, who can tell exactly what the matter is, how it was caused, and what the result will be. He knows too much—to be honest. Medicine is not a positive science, and where there are so many elements of uncertainty, it is not in human nature to know the end from the beginning.

Personally, he whom you select to enter into this intimate relation to your family ought to be a man of pure mind and clean lips, temperate in all things, and able to wear

"without reproach,
The grand old name of gentleman."

He should be a man to be trusted implicitly, and one who does not talk too much about his patients. It is the first duty of a physician to know how to keep his own counsel. He should possess something of the same sterling stuff which Colman the younger has depicted in his character of the "Duke of Limbo:"

"Pour but a secret in him, and 'twould glue him
Like rosin 'round a well-corked bottle's snout;
Had forty devils come with corkscrews to him,
They could not *pull* the secret out."

When you choose a doctor, it is well to give him to understand that you are depending upon him, and that you consider him already in a certain sense responsible for the physical well-being of yourself and your family. The late Dr. Alpheus Benning Crosby well said that his idea of a wise patient was "one who, having selected an intelligent physician, holds him personally responsible for his life."

Having selected your physician, then make him in reality the medical adviser of every member of your family. Take him into your home and give him the opportunity to become acquainted with the personal and family history and physical condition of every member thereof, so that he may be able to trace their hereditary tendencies, recognize their predispositions, understand their peculiarities, and anticipate their weaknesses—in short, *to know their constitution*. Having this knowledge, he will be able to give them the wisest advice in health, and the most successful treatment in sickness.

It is desirable that you should have full faith in your physician. Such is the nature of the service he renders you, that the slightest suspicion of lack of confidence on your part destroys, in great measure, his power to serve you to the best advantage. Therefore, in so far as you have reason to believe him worthy, trust him implicitly. Do not, however, expect too much of him. Remember that all must die, and that the doctor is only the servant of nature, not her master.

"Yes, sharp the trials, stern the daily tasks
That suffering nature from her servant asks;
His the kind office dainty menials scorn,
His path how hard!—at every step a thorn."

You have a right to require of him a whole-hearted service. He must do his very best for you in every case. Lack of skill can better be pardoned than lack of care and pains. If, however, you have good reason to doubt either his skill or his devotion to your interests, it is better to dispense with his services altogether than half-heartedly to retain one in whom you have lost faith as a medical man.

Finally, it is well to remember that the faithful physician has earned not only money, but something better than money. No class of men do more disagreeable work, are more ready to deny themselves of sleep, care and comfort, in order that they may bring the same to others, give more in charity to

the poor, or expose themselves more freely to dangers seen and unseen, for duty's sake, than the physicians of our land. Says Dr. Holmes, in words which need but little change to suit our purpose :

" In life's uneven way
Their willing hands have eased their brother's load ;
One forehead smoothed, one pang of torture less,
One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to bless ;
The smile brought back to fever's parching lips ;
The light restored to reason in eclipse ;
Life's treasures rescued, like a burning brand
Snatched from the dread destroyer's wasteful hand,—
Such are their simple records day by day ;
For gains like these they wear their lives away."

J. M. FRENCH, M.D.

Baby's Diseases.

THE THRUSH.

WHAT a terribly depressing thing the contemplation of infant mortality is ! Was it ever intended by a beneficent providence that more than one-half of the babies born into the world should die ? Think for one moment what this means of suffering, of anguish, of sorrow, of disappointed hopes, of tears, of hidden grief !

Was it ever in Nature's plan that little ones should be born only to languish and die, or that so many baby lives should be simple epitomes of pain ? Surely not. People, mothers and nurses especially, have such curious ideas on this subject : many of them really seem to think it perfectly proper that children should suffer, and that what are called "childish diseases" *must* be gone through by every infant in its turn. What a ridiculous notion this is !

I have known anxious mothers actually send their children into houses where measles were being endured, on the ground that as they must take them some time or other, it was a favorable opportunity—spring, or summer season, for instance. Whereas, the truth is, that most diseases are altogether preventable, and if mothers would take half as much trouble to keep their children in naturally healthy conditions from the time of birth to that of puberty that they do to care for them when they fall victims to disease, all forms of illness would die out ; and, above all, we should get rid of that blot upon us, as a people, infant mortality.

Every child conceived under proper conditions and born into this world, ought to live in physical comfort, and grow up to be a healthy, useful member of society ; whereas, as a rule, no sooner does an unfortunate infant enter the world than its troubles begin, if, indeed, they are not antecedent to it.

My heart really aches for babies—they are subjected to so much misery, especially those unhappy little beings, first babies ! Young mothers naturally feel great confidence in the nurse whose prejudices and limitations they are too inexperienced to fathom, and they listen with anxious ears to those well-meant assurances that "every baby has the colic, and every healthy baby has the thrush, and the harder they have it the better," as being a sign of a healthy constitution.

Now what nonsense all this is ! What is the colic ? Nothing in the world but Nature's protest against improper feeding. What is the thrush, that supposed inevitable disease for every infant, to be got over during the month, if possible ? Well, in plain terms, it is the result of ignorance and neglect—in fact of want, among other incidental causes, of absolute cleanliness ; and the unfortunate baby who justifies his constitution by "having it thoroughly," is simply the baby who, by vigorous protest, repudiates the conditions forced upon it : for thrush is really a fungoid growth, made up of infinitesimal germs resulting from unhealthy conditions either in the stomach itself, from fer-

mentation, or in the mouth, from the same cause, owing to the clinging of particles of food to the thorax or to the palate, where disease germs are propagated.

Old and prejudiced nurses will assure the mother that it is perfectly proper for baby to suffer in this way, and that it is a healthful sign if the milky secretions spread over the entire tongue, lips and throat, and finally the stomach, while its passing off shall be evidenced by heat and eruption in the passage after loose stools.

This is altogether wrong. First of all, thrush ought not to be suffered at all : it is, in itself, evidence of a disordered stomach, which could in nine cases out of ten be avoided by the exercise of a little common (?) sense ; and secondly, when its first symptoms appear, it could almost invariably be checked instead of promoted, if attention were instantly given to two things—the careful washing out of the mouth, and regulation of food. The infant's diet should be at once reduced ; the stomach left free to recover tone, and to rid itself of the fermenting particles which are the efficient cause of thrush.

To assist this, warm water might be freely given by the teaspoonful. There is an immense virtue in *hot* water, as adults are now finding out, and mothers would find it invaluable in the prevention of stomach and bowel troubles for babies. It has one inestimable value—its absolute harmlessness. No baby was ever the worse for a few spoonfuls of warm water, as *hot* as its ordinary food ; and I venture to assert that a little more of it, and a little less milk or food, would do many fretful infants untold good.

Try it, young mothers, upon the first appearance in baby's mouth of that "inevitable" thrush. Wash the tongue and palate thoroughly ; reduce the food ; instead of the daily bath, be content with mere gentle sponging, quickly over ; and if the mucous lining of the mouth shows increase of the milky-looking growth, get some powdered borax, mix with a little glycerine, dilute with water, and use that as a wash. Bear in mind that thrush in itself is evidence, not of health, but of a disturbed digestion or want of perfect action of the skin or bowels. By strict attention to healthful conditions it can be avoided altogether.

JANET E. RUNTZ-REES.

A Prize of \$50

is offered by the Publisher of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for the best and most comprehensive list of subjects for twelve magazine articles that will be of interest to women, and generally interesting in the home circle as well. Probably there is not one among our subscribers or readers but would like to know more fully about many different subjects that from time to time have come up for discussion in the family or social circle,—about domestic or political economy, social, philosophical, scientific, literary or artistic matters ; matters concerning persons, nations, places, and even quite simple things, about family or household affairs, for example,—that would very likely be equally interesting to others ; and it is for the best list of these topics, and the special points of interest about each, that the \$50 prize is offered. We should like all of our readers to try for the prize, and not hesitate about competing because they are unaccustomed to writing. Lack of knowledge on certain points does not necessarily indicate a corresponding lack of appreciation of what those points are ; and it is not improbable that the person least accustomed to express ideas on paper may be the very one to win the prize. It is desirable that the twelve topics should include some appropriate for the different seasons of the year, though this is not necessary, provided the subjects would be of interest at any time. The lists, with accompanying suggestions, must be in before June 1, 1888.

Chat.

ENGLAND is once more indebted to an American for a memorial to one of her distinguished sons. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose munificence enriched Stratford-on-Avon with the Shakespeare memorial fountain, and Westminster Abbey with the memorial window to Herbert and Cowper, has furnished another evidence of his generosity and artistic taste in the magnificent Milton memorial window recently presented to St. Margaret's church, in London, the church of the House of Commons, where Milton's name is recorded in the marriage register, and where lies buried his beloved second wife, "My late espoused saint." Milton himself is buried at St. Giles's Church, Cripple-gate.

As Archdeacon Farrar in his dedicatory sermon says: "There is something specially appropriate in the Milton window being the gift of an American, for the United States represent much that Milton most deeply loved,—the commonwealth, which, failing in England, in America gloriously succeeded; the Puritanism which, crushed in England, inspired vigor and nobleness in our kin beyond the sea. 'Paradise Lost' was the one English poem which the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers loved, and which, until Longfellow inspired New England with a fresh sense of the sacredness of art and song, alone tempered the stern Hebrew ideal bequeathed to their descendants by those who sailed in the Mayflower."

The window is in the style of the fifteenth century, and is divided into four lights by stone-work with tracery openings. The design of the stained glass is planned in three horizontal lines of panels, four of them devoted to scenes in the life of the poet—Milton at St. Paul's Church with his fellow-pupils; his visit to Galileo; and two of the larger panels are combined to represent the poet dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters. Eight other panels are illustrative of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained": Satan's summons to his legions; Adam and Eve at prayer in Paradise, Satan looking on; the Temptation; and the Expulsion, of the former, and of the latter, the Annunciation; the Nativity of our Lord; the Baptism of our Lord; and the defeat of Satan in his temptations of our Lord. At the base of the window is the inscription:

This window is dedicated to the
Glory of God in memory of John
Milton by George W. Childs.

Also, the verse written specially for the purpose by John G. Whittier:

The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song immortal as its theme shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

The window is highly praised for its richness of color, and the superior execution of its artistic design.

* * * * *

By a resolution recently passed by the Trustees of Columbia College, another department has been added to the collegiate course for women, which corresponds to the post-graduate department of the college, in the School of Arts. By this new course, women who have taken the degree of Master of Arts or Doctor of Arts, may pursue a higher course of study, for two years, to obtain the degree of Doctor of Letters or Doctor of Philosophy. This course will not be restricted to the graduates of Columbia, but women graduates from other colleges will be permitted to compete for the higher degrees, provided they can give evidence of proficiency in the courses pursued by their sister-graduates of Columbia.

It is now nearly twelve years since Sorosis presented a memorial to the Trustees of Columbia College, asking that young women should be admitted to the classes, which, after discussion, was tabled by a unanimous vote. The matter was brought before the Board in another guise, three years later, but with no better result. After further agitation, in 1882 and 1883, a plan was finally adopted prescribing a special four years' course of study for women, no girl under seventeen years of age to be admitted. Immediately thereafter, Miss Winifred H. Edger-

ton, a graduate of Wellesley College, was admitted to the Columbia Observatory to study astronomical mathematics, and in 1886 she was made a Doctor of Philosophy *cum laude*.

Miss Mary P. Hankey, recently deceased, was the first graduate in the collegiate course for women, and her sister expects to graduate next June. Miss Hankey, at the time of her death, was a teacher in Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school, in New York, where Miss Rose Cleveland is an instructor. Truly the world moves, and the nineteenth century is, indeed, woman's century.

* * * * *

THE memory of William Wilson Corcoran, the Peabody of Washington, as he has been called, will probably be more deeply cherished in that city than that of any other man who has ever lived there. Born in Georgetown, now a part of Washington, in 1798, his whole life was identified with his native place, and his numerous services and benefactions, both private and public, brought their reward in the high esteem universally accorded him by the community. His fortune was acquired before he was fifty, and after his final retirement from business, in 1854, his time was devoted to the society of his friends, and in devising plans to relieve the sufferings and lighten the burdens of others.

His benefactions were not limited to race or place; and it is estimated that during his lifetime he devoted at least \$5,000,000 to charitable purposes. His private charities were large and unceasing, and so delicately and quietly conferred that no possible estimate can be made of their extent. His public charities were mainly directed to the advancement of education, science and art, and the colleges of Virginia were especially benefited by his generosity. The extensive and valuable grounds of the Washington Orphan Asylum were his gift, and the beautiful cemetery of Oak Hill, on the heights of Georgetown, was endowed by him.

To visitors at Washington, and the public at large, he is probably best known through the Art Gallery which bears his name, and the Louise Home. The Art Gallery is undoubtedly the most splendid gift ever made to art by any private citizen in the world. The ground and building alone cost \$250,000, and the original collection was valued at \$100,000. The gallery contains over two hundred pictures, numerous statues, including Powers's "Greek Slave," and a fine collection of bronzes. The institution is maintained by an endowment fund of \$900,000, the annual income of which is devoted to its further increase and maintenance.

The Louise Home, a memorial to his wife and daughter, is a unique institution, designed for the comfort and benefit of reduced gentlewomen, who are here provided with a comfortable home and refined surroundings, and have every need supplied excepting clothing. Only ladies of fifty years of age are received, and the present number of inmates is about forty. To each of these recipients of his bounty, his loss is a personal sorrow. He appreciated their feelings, and ministered to their needs and pleasures so delicately that the feeling of dependence was entirely dispelled. For years he visited the Home on regular days, and seemed to enjoy nothing more heartily than the homelike chats with the inmates, to each of whom he was a personal friend. This Home cost him \$200,000 and it is endowed with \$250,000.

His last conspicuous public act was the transfer of the body of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," from a neglected grave at Tunis, where he was American consul, to Oak Hill Cemetery, where it now reposes beneath a beautiful monument, a shaft of white marble, surmounted by a bust of the poet, one-half larger than life-size, the whole supported on a base of solid gray granite.

* * * * *

A COLLEGE of carpentry, for women, has recently been established in the old university town of Cambridge, England, for the training of teachers who are already technically qualified for the work of teaching. No student is admitted who has not graduated in some university or passed some equivalent examination. The object of this college is the development of manual dexterity, rather than to teach a trade. Although the scientific tools used by modern carpenters are ignored, in every article made, no matter how simple, there is no guess-work; every stage of a piece of work is rigidly tested by rule and square, and perfection absolutely demanded. This in itself is discipline of the highest class—training of the faculties as well as the fingers.

What Women are Doing.

Iowa has 18,748 women teachers in her schools.

The wife of General Lew Wallace has written a book entitled "The Land of the Pueblas."

Miss Phœbe Couzins has announced herself as an independent Prohibition candidate for Governor in Missouri.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is writing a life of St. Augustine. She expects to have a volume of poems ready for publication this spring.

"Pearl Rivers" is the pseudonym of Mrs. George Nicholson, a poet of rare talent, and the present editor and chief proprietor of the *New Orleans Picayune*.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge, at a personal expense of \$50,000 a year.

Several women delegates, elected by Western conferences, will apply for admission to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held in New York, in May.

Miss Mary W. Whitney will take Maria Mitchell's place at Vassar for the present. She was Prof. Mitchell's assistant for some time, and has lately been studying at the Harvard Observatory.

Miss Marie A. Brown, the well-known translator of many Swedish sagas and stories, who has spent many years in Stockholm, recently lectured before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society on "The Early Discoverers of America."

Mrs. Catherine Gladstone, wife of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., has attained her seventy-sixth birthday, having been born on Jan. 6, 1812, being thus a little more than two years her husband's junior. Their marriage took place on July 25, 1839.

Josephine S. Mason, a young girl who studied four years at the Art League in New York City, and last year in Julian's school in Paris, has gone to Helena, Montana, and opened a studio of her own, and is teaching from objects and from life.

Mrs. Hall, the wife of Prof. Asaph Hall of the Naval Observatory of Washington, teaches her boys Greek and Latin, keeps pace with her husband's wanderings among the stars, is an expert housekeeper, a fine historical scholar, and is said to write delightful poetry.

The Japanese Government is about to establish a college for native ladies at Tokio. The college will for six years be under the management of a staff of Englishwomen. At the end of that period it will be taken over and managed by the Japanese.

Mrs. Cleveland is making a strong personal effort to establish a ward for contagious diseases in connection with the Child's Hospital in Washington. There is no place in that city where a child suffering from diphtheria, scarlet fever, or any other contagious disease, can be taken.

A new insurance company has been formed in Denmark. Only young girls are admitted as members. Each member pays a small sum yearly, beginning at the age of thirteen. If the member marries, she forfeits all her rights; if she remains single, she receives a pension at the age of forty.

Mrs. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has added to the Presbyterian Hospital a spacious ward for children. She said, in a letter which accompanied the keys: "I make the gift of this building as a memorial of my mother, Harriet Eminger Brown;" and she asks simply that the tablet which records this fact may always be preserved.

Miss J. Prindell, of Baltimore, lectures in a fashionable school in Washington, on the current news of the day—the tariff, the surplus, the Irish question, the Panama canal, and kindred topics, not disdaining, however, lighter subjects, thus giving the pupils a comprehensive idea of modern events that cannot be gained from books.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, writes from Stuttgart that she is writing a novel, keeping house, educating a family of nieces and nephews, nursing several cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever, supervising the translation of one of her books into German, Italian, and French, improving her memory according to a system, and learning to use a type-writer.

Burmese women, though not so well educated as the men, are nevertheless wonderful managers. A farmer's wife will carry

out the sale of the whole rice crop to the agent of an English rice firm, and generally strikes a better bargain than the farmer would himself. If the village constable is away, the wife will get the policemen together, stop a fight, arrest the offenders and send them off to the lockup on her own responsibility.

In one respect the employment of females in the London Post-Office is acting in a way not quite foreseen by the department, namely, in the promotion of marriages. Especially has the "Central Hall" suffered in this respect, four of its most valued lady clerks having lately resigned in order to enter the state matrimonial. But if the Government is thereby inconvenienced, all the girls in the department are pleased; for if they do not win the prize of matrimony, they profit in the way of promotion by the retirement of their fortunate sisters.

Miss Kitty C. Wilkins, who is called "the cattle queen of Idaho," is tall and blonde, and is not more than twenty-three years of age. She is a fine horsewoman and a good shot, and thinks that life in Idaho is the most delightful in the world. She owns a great many cattle, but horses are her specialty, and she considers them much easier to take care of than cattle. Besides, they bring better prices.

Erminie Smith, who is to be commemorated by a scholarship at Vassar, was, perhaps, the foremost authority in this country in regard to the aborigines. She lived for years among the Indians, was adopted into an Indian tribe, and became a thorough Indianologist. She received a government pension for services rendered in her investigations and researches. The money for the memorial scholarship has been raised partly by a woman's club founded by Erminie Smith in Jersey City, and partly by Sorosis.

Lady Tennyson's dairy, the management of which is principally in the hands of Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, is known for the excellence of the butter, cream, and milk it sends to market. Through the length and breadth of the Isle of Wight there is an increasing demand for the produce of the poet laureate's dairy—a demand that is not the outcome of admiration for the genius of the landlord, but is based upon practical appreciation of the goodness of the articles supplied by his farm.

Mrs. Ayrton, who is lecturing in London on "The Domestic Uses of Electricity," is thought by many of George Eliot's friends to have been the original of Mirah, in "Daniel Deronda." Mrs. Ayrton, then Miss Marks, was a beautiful Jewish girl, with a remarkably sweet voice in song, and George Eliot was brought much in contact with her while writing that book. Those who have heard her sing old Hebrew melodies will never forget it. Mrs. Ayrton is a Girton graduate, and the wife of Prof. Ayrton.

Mrs. Edna Hill Gray Dow, of Dover, New Hampshire, president of the Dover horse-car railroad, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman ever elected to fill such a position. She owns the controlling stock of the road, which she bought up when she found that a syndicate of Boston men was trying to buy. Mrs. Dow is only forty years of age, and is said to be an unusually clever business woman. She is a graduate of the Boston High School, and was at one time teacher of French and German in a Western seminary.

Mrs. A. L. Reynolds, President of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church, Mount Vernon, conceived a novel method of creating a Sunday-school Fund. She procured one hundred new pennies and gave one to each of the Sunday-school scholars, with the suggestion that they should be invested in a manner that would produce a gain, and that on next Christmas the returns should be made. The suggestion has already begun to show its results in the selling of the new pennies for a premium, making candy, knitting, fine needle-work, painting in oil and water colors, and writing items for newspapers by the children.

Miss Wilkinson, an English lady who has attained reputation as a landscape gardener, and her assistant, Miss Sievking, who promises to take high rank as a designer of woodland inclosures, have been commissioned by Lord Brabazon to lay out fifteen acres of ground lately purchased by the Public Gardens Association for the people of London. The Lord Mayor has assigned \$100,000 out of the Mansion House Fund to the Association to pay out in wages to laborers engaged from the mass of the unemployed. A large portion of this sum is to be placed at the disposal of the two landscape gardeners.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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 Political Outlook.

The political cauldron has commenced to boil. Speculation is rife among the politicians of the two great political parties, as to who the nominees for President will be. The candidates who have the presidential bee in their bonnets are almost too numerous to mention, and they and their friends are laying wires to procure the requisite number of votes that will secure the nomination. The coming presidential campaign will be a memorable one. The struggle will be one of the greatest ever recorded in American history, for the reason that politicians of both the Democratic and Republican parties are unable to estimate their strength. Since the election of President Cleveland the laboring men of the country have become organized, and if their party should place a presidential candidate in the field, they will become an important factor in the campaign. At the present writing, it is almost certain that one wing of the Labor party, at least, will nominate a candidate. This will draw a large number of votes from both tickets. The Prohibitionists will also put up a candidate. Judging from the number of votes that the Prohibitionists have polled during the State campaigns of the past year, their vote for President will be much larger than any previous year. They will play sad havoc with the old parties. Their principles are becoming more fully understood, and theirs is the only party that offers protection to home interests. Although the Democrats are in power and have all the machinery of the government at their back, they are not sure of electing their ticket. There is dissension in their ranks, and many of their leaders have not been pleased with the policy of President Cleveland. Then, too, there are numerous well-known men who are struggling for the first and second place on the ticket. New York will be the pivotal State in the campaign. Here the party is divided, and unless a union can be effected, the State is likely to go to the Republicans. Perhaps there is no other State in the Union that has as many aspirants for the Presidency. Governor David B. Hill is working hard for the nomination. Mayor Abram S. Hewitt also has his eye on the office; and if he can't get the first place on the ticket, he will take the nomination for Governor. He has strenuously avowed that he does not want either nomination, and he has said openly that he would sooner be Mayor of New York City, than either Governor of the State or President of the United States. Yet all these surmises may be changed if the leaders can be united, and President Cleveland, in that event, will get what he is struggling for, a renomination. The Republicans, notwithstanding that Blaine has declared that he is not in the race, say that they will not accept the declination, and they will place his name at the head of their ticket. In the Republican fold there are numerous other leaders who would like the prize. Senator Sherman, Chauncey M. Depew, Robert T. Lincoln, George F. Edmunds, William M. Evarts, and even Roscoe Conkling, are spoken of as likely nominees in the event of Blaine refusing positively to run. It will be seen by this that it is impossible to forecast what the result will be. The issues of the campaign will be the Temperance and Tariff questions.

To Change Inauguration Day.

The Senate has passed a resolution extending the Presidential term and the term of Congress from March 4 to April 30. The reason given for the change is that the short session of Congress is closed so hurriedly that at times bad legislation is the result. This will make the short session eight weeks long. The resolution, when it is presented to Congress, may receive a check, as some of the representatives may hesitate about making any change in the Constitution, which the earlier legislators of the Republic considered well drawn up. The session of Congress is not long enough for the work to be performed, and the lengthening of the time would be a good thing. Considerable time is wasted during the holiday season, and if the extension resolution is passed, then the lost-time can be made up.

Trusts Must Go.

Congress and the Legislature of the State of New York have taken up the question of trusts, and are trying to find out by what right capitalists have formed combinations to advance the prices of the necessaries of life and compel the poor to pay three

times the value of an article. Committees have investigated several of the so-called trusts or combinations, and important legislation may be expected. Capitalists have rights that should be respected, and they should be given fair play; but when they combine as they have been doing for the last three or four months, they should be brought up with a sharp turn and be given to understand that they cannot have everything their own way. The straw that broke the camel's back, as it were, was the most gigantic of all trusts ever formed, and that was the combination called the Sugar Trust. When this article of food was threatened, then the press and the people began to demand that the trusts be put down. Let us hope that there will be such legislation as will end the forming of trusts in the future.

Counterfeiting Postal Notes.

The postal note has fallen a prey to the counterfeiter. It was supposed, when this note was designed, that it could not be readily imitated. A young man in the Auditor's Office in Washington was the first to perpetrate a fraud with the notes. He changed several of those that had been canceled, and had them cashed. He was discovered and punished. Since this there have been several counterfeits placed in circulation, and the manufacturers of them have not been discovered by the Secret Service officers. The government is not responsible for the loss or destruction of the postal note; and if any are lost, like postage stamps, there is hardly any means of tracing them. The postal note is quite a popular mode of transmitting money through the mails, and there should be more safeguards to prevent it from being counterfeited.

Pauper Italians.

The leading Italian merchants in this country have come to the conclusion that there are already too many of their poor countrymen coming here, and more than they can find employment for. To discourage and prevent the influx of paupers to our shores, a society has been formed, and is called the "Italo-Americano Carbonari." In New York City alone there are sixty thousand Italian laborers and their families, nearly all of whom are suffering from the padrone system. The intention of the society is not only to discourage immigration, but also to break up the business of the padrone. Agents go through the Italian villages and spread glowing accounts of the easy work and big pay which can be had in America, and the poor deluded people flock to the steamship offices and spend all their small savings to get here. The companies get from \$19 to \$22 a head for the passengers, and the agents get a good commission out of this. When they arrive in New York they fall into the hands of the padrones, and they are fully as bad if not worse off than they were at home. The object of the Carbonari is to put a stop to this, and to establish a system by which every immigrant must have a passport from the Mayor of his town, showing that he is able to support himself for at least six months after he gets here. The society is connected with the Italian Carbonari, which has a membership of over 700,000 in Italy. The efforts of the members should be supported by all who want to see pauper immigration stopped.

Washington's Diary.

Washington's diary for 1798 has just been published, and it presents some valuable historical facts that have never before been made public. It is a picture of his daily life, after he had retired from the Presidency. The names of his visitors at Mount Vernon are given, and an account is written of Washington's visit to Philadelphia during the term of President John Adams. The year 1798 was a year of sickness, desolation and death, in several of the large cities and more especially in Philadelphia. During the reign of the pest, the government departments in the Quaker City were closed, and the President and his Cabinet moved to Trenton, N. J. They returned in November of that year, and from November 14 to December 2, Washington was entertained by all the leading people in the city. As meager as are the details in this diary, the facts disclosed show that Washington's life, after he retired, forms interesting reading; and a history of that life yet remains to be written.

A Year's Strikes.

The strike of the coal miners of Pennsylvania, which was settled a short time ago, proved disastrous to the men who commenced it and tried to compel the Reading Railroad and President Austin Corbin to come to their terms. All such strikes will prove disastrous to the workmen of the country. If they have grievances, let them submit them to arbitration. If the corporations will not agree to arbitrate, laws should be passed to compel them to treat their men as human beings and not as slaves. Nearly all the strikes undertaken in all the branches of trade last year were of very little benefit to those who undertook them. There were in all 873 strikes, and 340,854 men out. The actual total of persons affected by the strikes would probably reach over one million. Not twenty per cent. of these were successful. Most of the strikes occurred in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. If workmen would consider these figures and count the money that they have lost through the strikes, they would see that a "half-loaf is better than none," and that it has not paid them.

The Utah Question.

The impression, now very prevalent, that the Mormon problem is near its solution, and that, as represented by the Mormon attorneys, the young Mormons repudiate polygamy, is as danger-

ous as it is erroneous. For the fourth time the Mormons come before Congress to ask the admission of Utah as a State, and this time they profess to abolish polygamy in their proposed constitution. But although more than one-fourth of the people of Utah are non-Mormons and loyal, yet the late laws of Congress have accomplished comparatively little. The fact is, that there are 12,000 actual polygamists in the Territory; yet since the passage of the Edmunds law of 1882, up to October, 1887, only fourteen persons had been convicted of polygamy. A prominent Mormon said that at this rate "the brethren will be able to hold out longer than the Government will be willing to proceed." The Mormons complain of persecution; but if the United States are persecuting these "innocents," they are certainly taking their own time in doing so. The non-Mormon citizens of Utah, numbering some 55,000, ask, and the Utah Commission advise, the creation of a legislative commission to be appointed by the President and to be confirmed by the Senate. Two hundred and thirty of these residents of Utah are the cultured missionaries and teachers of the several religious denominations, and such citizens ought to be granted satisfactory legislation. That Congress ought to enact such laws as are advised by the Utah Commission and these non-Mormon citizens, is evident to all patriotic Americans. Under Statehood, polygamy would be entrenched. If all the civil offices were held by Mormons, who would then indict polygamists? As to any supposed change of mind among the Mormons, the report of the Utah Commission (October, 1887,) says: "The (Mormon) people are very tenacious of what they claim to be their rights, and have never yielded a point. They stand to-day where they stood when they first entered the Territory." The shocking license of Mormon teaching, and the many other crimes which are the offspring of the parent evil, are familiarly known, if not to their fullest extent realized, by all citizens of the United States. In view of these facts, let us hope that the action of Congress will tend to hinder the progress if not to crush this Mormon monster, and wash out this blot upon our country's purity in the fair waters of legislative reform.

The Great Steel Gun.

The casting of the mammoth Bessemer steel gun at Pittsburgh is an event of much importance. It is the largest instrument of war, of its kind, ever made from direct steel casting, and should the piece prove a success, it will put the question of supremacy between cast and built-up guns to a practical trial. The casting has been pronounced perfect, and the boring confirms the first judgment; namely, that it is perfect steel. The progress of the new piece has been watched with much interest, and foreign engineers, representatives of foreign gun-makers, and even special agents of European governments, have visited the works to examine the gun and its construction. Its total weight, when finished, will be five and one-half tons, the steel bored out deducting from the original weight of the casting. When it is completed, it will be subjected to severe tests at Annapolis, Md. Should it then be shown that satisfactory cannon can be produced by casting, the United States may claim credit for inaugurating a new departure in heavy ordnance. The saving in expense of guns thus cast is very great, and this new piece will cost only a fraction of what is expended upon built-up guns of like caliber. The new 150-ton Krupp gun, which is built up, not cast, will carry a shell of about the same size, but the difference in the cost of making and employing these two varieties of guns, capable of an equal amount of projectile force, is something enormous.

The Proposed Tariff Reform.

The divergence of opinion on this subject is wider and more varied than on any similar question of public policy ever presented to the people of the United States. From the high protectionist to the thorough free-trader, there are many gradations; a tariff for revenue only is the middle ground. Many shades of opinion are held on intermediate articles of commerce, undoubtedly influenced by the condition in life and peculiar circumstances of the individual. No one questions the necessity of taxation for the support of the government; but now comes one of the most difficult of problems for the disinterested statesman to solve. Shall the necessary funds be supplied by internal revenue? And in what ratio? Wholly, or in part? Or shall they be mostly or altogether obtained by levying a duty on merchandise imported from other countries by means of a "tariff" or duty? This word "tariff" is said to be derived from Tarifa, a town at the entrance of Gibraltar Straits, where taxes or duties were, in olden times, levied and collected on merchandise passing that port in vessels. The term in these days means a table of rates collectible under certain laws at ports of entry. This tariff is to-day a bone of contention. The great political parties have for several presidential terms trifled a little with this item of the political menu, but at this period the public seem to evince an interest in the subject which appears likely to force itself conspicuously on the party platforms. There is no doubt that the subject will form an issue this coming autumn. But the question does not rest solely with the politicians. Manufacturers, operatives, and concomitant interests which are with them involved, will not favor a reduction on their wares if by that means they are liable to be competed with by Europeans, while they may be in favor of removing the duty on any raw goods they are using of foreign production. Producers of iron and coal will not consent willingly to be totally or partially ruined by metals or coals mined in Scotland, Wales or Nova Scotia.

Farmers will not care to compete on equal terms with the wool-growers of South America or Australia. The cane-planters of Louisiana are not self-sacrificing enough to yield willingly to a removal of duty which would reduce the price of Cuban sugar three cents per pound to consumers. The widow living on a pension, the laborer working on the construction of railways, the capitalist removed from business pursuits, and deriving his income from his four per cents, the real estate owners in our great seaports and commercial towns, are all in favor of some more or less radical reduction in the tariff. But while those interested have advanced many theoretically unselfish arguments and proposals, their attitude suggests most forcibly, to an unbiased observer, that of the late lamented Artemus Ward, when in a burst of characteristic generosity he declared that he was ready to sacrifice himself for his country in any way, even to the extent of letting all his wife's male relatives risk their lives in the civil war. It is to be hoped that a spirit of mutual forbearance and mutual fairness will actuate the framers of the platform to be presented to the people at the next general election, so that the greatest good to the greatest number will grow out of the final adjustment of this vexed and important question.

Europe Arms for Peace.

The concentration of their military forces by European nations, and the alliance of the triple Powers do not apparently point so much toward war as to peace. While the other countries of Europe have been deeply stirred by the past months of obvious Russian preparation, there seems at present every prospect that peace will reign for some time yet. Bismarck's speech before the Reichstag is considered to point emphatically toward peace, although he said: "We place our reliance on the strength of our army. If we have no cause to use it, all the better; but we must make our arrangements with the idea that we shall use it."

The position which England takes in relation to Germany, Austria, and Italy may be defined as an understanding rather than an engagement. By this understanding, Italy looks to be protected by Great Britain in case of war. The papers of the continental capitals reiterate this as Lord Salisbury's assurance to Bismarck and Count Crispien, and one of the Vienna journals adds that the English obligation extends to the defense of the Austrian coast also. France is known to be negotiating actively for a defensive treaty with Russia, but while the Germans seem to consider M. Flourens' speeches warlike, he says that France's desires can only be realized by peace.

Manual Training in Public Schools.

The Board of Education in New York City has put a novel system of manual training into operation, on an experimental scale, in several of the primary and grammar schools. While the new system is not that of industrial work, yet it will by practical illustrations give the pupils a great amount of useful knowledge, which will not only be of use to them in later life, but by adding the training of the hands and eyes to that of the brain, will infuse fresh interest into the teaching of the old studies. The girls will be taught dress-making in an amateur way, cutting out garments by paper patterns; measuring, fitting and sewing; and two hours per week will be devoted to the art of cooking and instructions in the nutritive and wholesome qualities of various kinds of food, the proper care of kitchen utensils, necessary precautions against verdigris, principles of economy in purchasing food, and the names of all kinds of poultry and the various cuts of meat. The boys will be taught the practical use of mechanical tools, but will not, however, be expected to learn any complete trade. The new method will also be used to illustrate certain other studies, such as geography, in connection with which the children will be taught to make mountains of flour paste with rivers of real water between them; and mathematics, in which theorems, etc., will be proved by forming curves, triangles and cubes of actual blocks of wood or plastic clay. Teachers and scholars anticipate much satisfaction in the new system, necessary supplies of materials have been amply provided, and, no doubt, the children thus instructed will acquire knowledge much more rapidly with these aids and illustrations than under the former system, confined to the use of books and maps and blackboard.

Cremation of Paupers and Criminals.

Medical and sanitary experts in New York City favor the adoption of cremation as a means of disposing of the bodies of those who now are buried on the islands in the East River. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction are even now considering the question of their right to cremate the unclaimed dead. The cremation of executed criminals is also suggested, and the opinion of a good many who have expressed themselves on the subject is, that if a criminal were executed by electricity and then cremated, much of the false sentimentality which now is engendered by a public execution and funeral would be done away with. However, many object to cremation on religious grounds. The cremation society in Saxony very recently offered a petition to the Government to encourage and authorize the adoption of cremation. But the court preacher and other prominent ecclesiastics. Protestant and Catholic, opposed the measure, and maintained that cremation was contrary to the Christian faith, besides lacking in hygienic value; and the petition was rejected. Yet the arguments against inhumation are equally strong. It seems a little strange that those who believe in the actual resurrection of martyrs burned at the stake, should consider the ultimate disposal of the body after death a matter of any moment, except as affecting the living.

Household.

A Conquered Enemy.

YEARS ago, in a shut in little hill-town of northern New England, I sat one afternoon in the midst of the chief housekeepers, not only of the village itself, but of the surrounding country; for unlike most New England villages, but one church showed its white steeple on the common, the band of Seventh Day Baptists who met at the cross-road school-house, being too few in numbers and too narrow in purse to erect a rival. That their ranks, too, held notable housewives, was not to be doubted; for had I not been told in the beginning by Mrs. Deacon Anderson, in whose spotless house my lines were temporarily cast, that it "seemed as if all Lowgate jest went crazy Monday morning, seeing who'd get the first boiler full on to the line?"

"Taint reasonable," continued the Deacon's largest half, after a pause in which she ripped energetically at a pair of trousers, once the Deacon's but destined for Ernest Algernon, five years of age and still unconscious of the responsibility of such a title. "'Tain't reasonable in folks to go on the way they do, but it's always been so, far back as I can remember. My grandmother broke her leg, falling off the fence that she climbed to get the last piece on before Mrs. Abel Smith, that lived opposite, had opened her door or knew she was ahead of her; an' I declare for't, often an' often I've felt as if I must ask the minister to preach against ambition an' some of the ways it works with women folks. 'Tain't men that's eaten up with it nigh so much, though folks think it is. It's women. Every woman's on the lookout to see what every other woman's doing, an' to get ahead of it if she can; an' so she breaks down, or somethin' happens, an' yet not one seems to learn better. It's the way they're made, most likely; an' folks will live up to that, no matter what other folks say."

Thus Mrs. Anderson; whose turn of mind, eminently philosophical as it appeared to be, did not, nevertheless, prevent her from much the same course of action, and whose sense of what was due to the spirit of good housewifery impelled her, the moment she had invited company to tea, to scrub the back stairs and clean the back kitchen. Not that any possible circumstance was likely to take her neighbors in either direction, but it was well to disarm fate and be inwardly certain that criticism could find no room here.

And this spirit apparently pervaded the township, and accounted for the anxious faces, and overworked, nervous look of most of the women who, on this particular afternoon, attacked the contents of the "society basket," with an energy in full keeping with their reputation. If not a holiday, at least it was a change from the daily routine; and an unbleached cotton night-gown for a home missionary in Dakota, gave some scope for imagination, and broadened the mental horizon, if only by the needle's width.

It was Mrs. Deacon Anderson who led here, as everywhere, not so much from any personal determination in the matter, as from the general consent and tacit subjection of all the rest. She did not abuse her power. On the contrary, she appeared to ignore it, and discussed every point as to the most saving methods of cutting, with the roomful at large, till the operation had ended and she sat down to baste.

A discussion had begun on sweeping, and debate ran high. Whether with tea-leaves or meal or a damp broom; once a week or twice; and all the points concerning brooms, brushes, and dust-pans.

"Taint the sweeping I mind," said a small, thin voice from the corner, "I'd just as soon sweep if it'd *stay* swept; but there! get all done an' go away an' lock the room tight, an' come back in an hour an' there's fluff under something, sure as you're born."

"Fluff! Oh well, I did'nt suppose anybody ever calkilate to be rid of fluff!" sounded a chorus at once.

"I calkilate to, an' what's more, I *do*," said Mrs. Anderson calmly. "I ciphered that out a long spell ago, and I thought I'd told some of you."

"I don't know as I'll believe it even if you say so," said the first

speaker. "I tell you I really think there's the witches in it; for it just rolls up under everything, an' flies round, even sort of sassy, as if it knew it had the best of you."

"It can't get the best of *me*," said Mrs. Anderson, "though I will say, I don't know as I ever should have got at it just right without Almiry, my cousin down to the Port, who beats all for notions, an' seems as if she schemed from mornin' till night how to get ahead of dirt. She laughed one day when I was down there an' went into her spare room, an' just sort of natural like looked round under things.

"'You're looking for fluff,' says she. 'I know you, Partheny. Look away!—you won't find any. I've got even with fluff at last, an' I'll tell you how; though I ain't certain you deserve it. Sweep all you like, but when you're through an' the dust's all settled, an' you've dry-dusted tables an' chairs an' such, take half a pail of warm water an' a big cloth, wring the cloth pretty dry,—for wet's as bad as none at all,—and then just go over the whole carpet.'"

"'Take the color out,' says I.

"'No it won't,' says she, 'an' I know, for I've tried it; but if you're skeered about that, all you've to do is to put a spoonful of ammonia in the water. It brightens up the colors, an' it's death on moths, an' it sort of sweetens up everything.'

"I didn't say much then, but I went home an' tried it; an' it's about the best thing I know for circumventing the unaccountablest thing I know about, an' that's — Fluff."

There was a general murmur of assent as Mrs. Anderson nodded emphatically and took up her basting again; and later on in the season, at another meeting, general testimony was given in as to the full efficacy of the method. Out of many hints gathered that summer, hardly one of a household nature has ever proved so valuable. It has reduced the dreaded sweeping to a minimum, for a carpet treated in this manner requires not more than half the usual amount. All wood-work in baseboards, etc., should be also wiped at the same time, the chief point to remember being that the cloth must be wrung as dry as possible. With the untrained servant there may be difficulty here; but it is quite possible to secure the right result, even with such material. In any case, the method is, in the end, labor-saving, and commends itself to the experimental housekeeper, who will find in it one more means of securing a little more of the time for which all housekeepers yearn.

Rugs, of course, can be shaken; but even for them the same treatment is applicable, and will be found not only cleansing but disinfecting. The last result, indeed both, will be equally secured by using a spoonful of carbolic acid in the water; but either accomplish the desired end, and thus one more means of simplification shows itself as possible.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

Comparative Housekeeping.

I.

THE SCIENCE OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THERE is no subject upon which people have such vague opinions as that of housekeeping. Every one is supposed to know what it means, and at the same time definite conceptions of it are rare.

The fact of the matter is, that it is extremely vague; differing not only in degree in different countries, or sections of countries, and societies, but actually in kind. It is for this reason that articles and books written upon the subject are so seldom universally satisfactory. It is in the nature of things that if they meet the needs of one class, they fail to touch those of another; if they realize the necessities of city housekeepers, they wholly ignore the perplexities of the country-bred mother of a family, who finds it just as difficult to meet her perplexities as her city cousin.

In the same way, most treatises on the absolute expense of housekeeping fail to give satisfaction for the like reason,—prices and necessities differ so widely, even in different parts of the same *county* in this country, that estimates suited perfectly to incomes in one section, are valueless in another.

The very science of housekeeping means different things to different people. To one anxious dispenser of a husband's earn-

ings, it means the mere provision of daily meals; to another, the actual making of butter and bread, the raising of chickens and hogs, the active superintendence of garden and farm. Obviously the question of expense in such cases differs radically. The sum of weekly income which to the country wife is all-sufficient, is to the city housekeeper a mere trifle, unequal even to minor demands.

It is for this and similar reasons that it is always unsatisfactory to read the many publications commencing "How I kept house on such and such a sum:" they are at once too definite in title, and too indefinite in fact.

To be absolutely exact,—no two persons, certainly no two families, ever did or ever will keep house in precisely the same manner. Expectations, desires, responsibilities, differ in each one. Families are like beleaguered cities: each draws in a degree upon its own limited resources; and while in essentials all beleaguered cities have the same necessities, in detail, the experience of each differs from all others.

If this truth could once be fully understood, it would help women in a great many ways. It would relieve them once for all from the painful necessity they seem to be under of each striving for the same thing. It would simplify matters for them very much if they could rid themselves of *all tradition* in housekeeping, and of all ambition to do exactly as other housekeepers do, and set out with a fixed purpose to make a certain sum cover all their housekeeping expenses, at the cost of fashion or precedent. For the fact is, housekeeping for a family is possible upon almost any sum,—from ten cents a day, upwards, per person.

There is also something absolutely laughable, painful as it is, in hearing discussions as to possible incomes upon which to marry. Of course one can marry upon any income, if one has only the courage to keep within it, and not the ambition to appear to have as much as the next neighbor. It is not the income which is the serious part, but the expectations of those who possess the income.

This thought has been very deeply impressed upon my mind recently, by my own experience and observation. I have a friend who, from comparative wealth and carelessness about money, was reduced by her husband's illness to consider economy and retrenchment. A few months later she said to me, exultingly, "Don't you think I deserve a medal? I have brought down my housekeeping to 12½ cents per meal for each person!"

Well, it did seem rather remarkable to me at the moment. I summed it up: three meals a day at 12½ cents would be 37½ cents, and this multiplied by seven gave as weekly expenditure for one person, \$2.62½ for food alone. Upon thinking this over, I came to the natural conclusion that for a man with a large family and small income, say of \$700 a year, such a sum per head would be an extravagant expenditure.

My friend's family, reckoning servants, numbered eight persons, and when the sum per head had been multiplied by the figure eight, it no longer seemed a small, or, indeed, even moderate sum; for it amounted for a week to more than many a well-to-do person's entire income, viz., \$21, and as this amount did not include rent, taxes, fire, lights, or servants' wages, it naturally seemed to me rather alarming.

In response to further inquiries, my friend furnished me the items of her weekly expenditure, the sum total she allows for food being, including fractions, \$20.77—as nearly as possible \$3 a day in plain figures, allowing the 23 cents margin as unaccounted for.

Now—\$20 or \$21 a week for mere food, even for a family of eight adult persons (the youngest member being thirteen), is a large sum comparatively, and would suggest an income of at least \$2,500; and even so, great economy would be necessary.

Having in the course of my life kept house under various circumstances, both in this country and in Europe, and having managed several homes and establishments for others, I am, perhaps, qualified in some measure to give an opinion upon relative expense in household matters.

Rent is a very "movable" item in the general question. It varies so greatly, even in cities and towns closely connected, it is impossible for a person in a cheap neighborhood to form a correct idea of the expenses of a friend living elsewhere, without some definite notion of the rent of the house and expense of warming it. For example, a ten-roomed house in New York or Boston

may cost anywhere from \$600 to \$6,000 a year; may be heated by steam, coal, or open wood-fires, at an enormous expense, coal costing from \$6 to \$10 a ton, and wood from \$10 to \$15 a cord. Whereas within an hour's ride of either city, rents may be a third less, and coal and wood less than half; or again, as I have learned by recent experience, in a locality two hours by rail from New York, while rentals are excessively high, wood-fires being almost universal, and wood costing only three dollars a cord, heating is comparatively cheap.

So in regard to food expenditure. Much, very much, depends upon location; more still upon habit and expectation; and a great deal upon management and experience. It seems to me quite possible to live, and live well, upon a sum at which my friends hold up their hands in astonishment; while at the same time I know how to spend three or four times the sum, if desirable, for a given result in food.

For this reason I feel that the result of my experience and observation may have a value; and I propose in my next paper to begin upon a low scale, and consider the possibility of providing food for a family of four or five persons at a cost of 20 cents a day each. This is a low estimate, amounting to \$1.40 a week each, and necessarily can only be accomplished by the exercise of considerable care and thought, and upon the understanding that *luxuries* are not attainable,—nay, even that the inevitable steak and chop of the ordinary household will be scarce visitors: yet I can faithfully promise that the food provided for that sum shall be not only toothsome and healthful, but appetizing, and so agreeable in result that I may fairly lay claim to the eulogy my best friends give me, of being a first-rate housekeeper.

I lay it down as the first principle of a good caterer, to study variety, and to give a different bill of fare every day in the week; but I do not consider it a *sine qua non* to provide meat three times, or even twice a day, nor can it be done on the stipulated sum of 20 cents a person per diem.

JANET E. RUNTZ-REES.

Spring House-Cleaning.

If there is one time more than another in the average housekeeper's life when she longs for a sight of those burnished golden pavements whose eternal brilliancy needs no application of brush or labor, it is when she faces the dreaded task of house-cleaning.

If she has a large family who permeate every available corner of the house, then is the problem yet more complicated; for one cannot clean an occupied room without first dislodging the occupant. There is but one way,—unless the family are turned out-of-doors,—which is to take one or two rooms at a time, and so proceed until all are cleaned.

The Hebrew matron selects the fortnight before the Passover for her house-cleaning and renovating, and all her family have double cause for rejoicing as they commemorate the feast of their freedom. The time for all other house-matrons to begin cleaning, must, however, vary in different localities, according to the advance of the spring. It is always more satisfactory to wait until the furnace heat and coal fires and all their attendant dust and gas can be dispensed with, before beginning the work of renovation and cleaning.

Begin with one room at a time, without turning all the household into a state of chaos and then slowly evolving order from the confusion. Even if it be necessary for the men of the family to beat the carpets and calcimine the walls themselves, and they would like to get their part of the work done at one time, try and persuade them to divide their labors, and the result will be more satisfactory to all parties.

Begin at the top of the house, and clean one room or two small rooms at a time. In the first place, empty the closet, if there be one, and after brushing what clothes need such attention, have them aired while the cleaning is progressing. Then dust all the furniture and remove as much as possible to another room. Then take down the curtains and other draperies, and have them dusted and folded carefully, and laid aside or sent to be renovated at a professional cleaner's. Before taking up the carpet, have it swept well, and the dust will not be carried to

other parts of the house in removing it. Then let the floor be swept, and all the wood-work, walls and ceiling dusted before beginning to calcimine or clean with soap and water.

In cleaning painted wood-work, be careful not to have the cloths too wet, so as to run down and leave streaky places. It is a good way to begin at the lowest part of a door or window panel and clean up instead of down. Unless the paint is very much soiled, use very little soap, and rinse well with clear water, drying with a soft cloth as the work progresses. Hard-finished wood-work or varnished grainings may be gone over with a cloth wet with turpentine or a mixture of turpentine and shellac.

When the room is ready for the floor-covering to be relaid, and the furniture returned to its place, have every piece thoroughly gone over, brushed, oiled or polished, before bringing it in the room again. The windows need to be gone over again the last thing, and then if the curtains are to be hung up again, their adjustment is the finishing touch which will leave the room in its pristine order, except for the arrangement of the dainty knick-knacks, which is only a matter of taste.

In putting away rugs, draperies, and other articles which are the favorite prey of moth and the Buffalo bug, the powder *pyrethrum roseum*, or small pieces of camphor gum may be scattered in the folds of the goods, which should be wrapped in newspapers. Moths have an aversion to printers' ink, and if the newspapers be folded over twice at the ends, making three thicknesses of paper, and pinned, the moth will never succeed in making an entrance. To prevent flies from spoiling gilt frames and fittings, brush them with a camels' hair brush wet in water in which onions have been boiled. The flies have aristocratic tastes, and will not go where they come in contact with anything savoring of onions.

Try the one room at a time method, if you are not already practically acquainted with it, and you will find that the work of house-cleaning will progress much more smoothly and rapidly than by the old way of "turning the house out of the windows."

From Cellar to Garret.

I.

PRELIMINARY WORK.

SUSANNA HUBBARD,
FURNISHING AGENT.

STOPPED in surprise as I read it. Here was something new; and as I was on the lookout for new things that day, I pulled the bell of the house above the door of which hung the sign that had attracted my attention.

A diminutive girl answered the summons, and in response to my inquiry about the Furnishing Agent, led me to a small room at the end of the hall. Here, seated at a tiny desk, was a little old lady, busily engaged in making notes in a small ledger.

After I had waited a moment for her to finish the entries, she hurried to me and said pleasantly, "Well sir, what can I do for you?"

I told her I wanted to know her terms and methods; whereupon she gave me a card on which I read:

SUSANNA HUBBARD,
FURNISHING AGENT.

Estimates prepared on the cost of fitting up houses and apartments. All classes of orders attended to. Suggestions made, goods purchased to order, and samples of goods furnished.

CHARGES MODERATE. CONSULTATION FEE, FIFTY CENTS.

We were just making plans about going to housekeeping; and thinking that we might get some ideas from this source,

I paid the preliminary or consultation fee, and sat down for a little chat.

The cottage which we were to occupy contained five rooms and a bath-room. There was water and gas, but the plumbing was to all appearance in very bad condition, and would undoubtedly need renewing.

There was a parlor, or sitting-room as we were to call it,—for we had resolved to keep no "best-room" enwrapped in darkness and brown Holland; a cheery, bright dining-room; a large, well-lighted and well-ventilated kitchen; two roomy and convenient chambers above stairs, with ample clothes-presses and cupboards; and a bath-room, which was also large enough for a dressing-room, and had wide shelves, and a deep recess in the wall for a mirror and toilet-table.

This house, which was situated in a suburban town only a few minutes' ride from the city, had been substantially built, but was very old and much in need of repairs. The frame was strong, the wood-work massive and in very good condition, although old-fashioned, and the floors, with the exception of that of the kitchen, in an excellent state of preservation.

On the subject of repairs, Miss Hubbard declined to advise me, as she had never looked into that branch of the business. For that, however, I cared very little, as I knew that Ada had her own ideas on such subjects, gleaned from a somewhat extended experience in pioneer life, including a period of years, when, as she used to boast, she was amateur carpenter, plumber, gardener, housekeeper, and generally useful person, in a family living remote from all things save the barest necessities of life.

Ada, as far as I was concerned, was the only woman in the world; and the future was so bright to me that even talking about it with Miss Hubbard was a unspeakable pleasure. It had been my desire to have the house repaired and furnished before our marriage; but Ada would not entertain the idea for a moment, and insisted so earnestly upon putting the little place in order herself, that I was obliged to yield the point, contenting myself with putting a large stove in the cellar and having a fire kept there for three weeks to dry the place out, as it had been unoccupied all winter, and I had no mind to expose my new treasure (for she had been mine just one week) to dampness and malaria. We expected to take possession of our new home the next day, and begin the pleasant although laborious task of putting it in order.

After a long talk with Miss Hubbard, I concluded to tell Ada about her and her plans, and if the dear girl wanted advice, to let her go there by herself; for women are very fond of having their own ideas about their own homes, which is no more than right and proper, as they are to be indoors most of the time. Besides, I had great confidence in Ada's judgment, as she had more than once brought me down, with her good solid sense, from some of my flights of financial pyrotechnics, which added not a little to my regard for her.

When we arrived in the town the next morning, I left Ada at the hotel and went over to open the house. We had been up there three days before, and arranged a little sanitary campaign that proved more successful than I could have believed. Ada had sent up some old blankets and bits of carpet, and with these she stopped every crack around the outside doors and windows, and after opening all of the inside doors she called me to come with her into the cellar to hold the candle, for the place was in total darkness. The stove stood in the middle of the cellar, on the earth; and after adding to the fire which was then burning briskly, she laid a paper parcel, about four or five inches square, upon the top of the stove, and then begged me to hasten with her out of the house.

Before the front door closed I could smell the burning paper, and then a cloud of blue smoke came up from the cellar and floated through the house as the package broke apart and deposited three pounds of powdered sulphur upon the hot stove. I could not imagine what good this could do; but Ada assured me that every living thing, from mice to microbes, would be destroyed by the fumes of the sulphur, and that the mustiness and blue mold, with which, in spite of the fire, the place was filled, would disappear, and the air would be pure, fresh and wholesome after the fumigation.

And so, when I opened the door, I was prepared for an absence of the damp and disagreeable odor that we had previously noticed when we entered, but not for such a clear, purified atmosphere as that which greeted me. I threw open all of the doors and windows, to allow the keen air of the early spring morning to rush in and sweep out the little remaining trace of the burned sulphur.

By this time the van with our goods was in sight, and Ada came soon after. We had our few belongings disposed about in the most convenient fashion, and set to work making our temporary arrangements. We fitted up one corner of the sitting-room as a sleeping-apartment, as I could not think of having Ada taxed by running up and down stairs, until everything was done. We agreed that it would be best to begin with the kitchen, store-closets and cellar, and take the other rooms later, leaving the sitting-room, which was accessible from a back porch as well as from the hall, until the last.

I hired a stout boy to tear off what little mortar remained on the kitchen walls, and engaged a man to put on a couple of coats of plaster. There was no range in the kitchen, but the enormous fire-place was very wide, and high enough for a man to stand against the wall at the back. The chimney opening was very large, and must be closed in some way in order to regulate the draft. Ada suggested that a large pipe or flue be attached to the range, and carried up the entire length and out at the top of the chimney. This would have several advantages. It would prevent any accumulation of soot, and would give a stronger draft when required, as there would be no possibility of currents of air coming in through other directions than the range, which state of things is the cause, more than any other, of bad drafts and complaints about the failure of ranges to do good work.

There was another thing in connection with the range, on which she insisted. This was a flue similar to the one just described, but with two openings, one above the range in the under side of the arch which had been built to close the throat of the chimney, the other one large and square, and set with a movable grating like a register, just where the face of the chimney and the ceiling meet. The opening underneath is an outlet for all of the steam and odors of the cooking, and the other will, when required, draw all of the hot air out of the kitchen in a few moments. The two flues are placed close together, the heat from the smoke-flue so warming the other as to create a much stronger upward current of air than could otherwise be obtained.

The entire plumbing was overlooked and remodeled in the most thorough fashion. Warned by experience, we placed no confidence in the many "gas-proof" traps and similar contrivances,—that are, as far as practical prevention goes, utterly worthless,—but put in the plain S trap, of a much larger size than those in general use, but supplied with removable stoppers underneath in case of any accidental obstruction. Every trap is attached to a ventilating pipe which runs over the ceiling of the upper story, and connects with the large flue in the kitchen chimney. This being always hot, never allows any back draft or stagnant air, as is often the case when the ventilating pipe projects above the roof into a lower temperature than that within the walls.

The additional cost of this was moderate, as it was done before the walls were repaired; and to it, I think, we owe much of the perfect health with which we have been favored ever since we took possession of our new home.

Another item of importance was the renovation of the cellar. Ada says, and I agree with her, that the condition of almost all of the cellars we have ever been in, even in the homes of well-to-do families, is something dreadful. There are boxes with a few decaying vegetables, piles of rubbish, damp and unwholesome, and spots in the wall where the water has penetrated and left sodden and mouldy places which are breeding-grounds for fevers and malaria. If there is ventilation, it is from the ground level; and as all bad air settles into corners and area-ways, the cellar fills up with an atmosphere laden with disease germs, and whole families are swept away because they cannot be made to realize that an enemy may be none the less dangerous because it is invisible, and that it is often to the condition of the cellar, rather than to any contagion, that we owe the worst forms of our most dangerous diseases.

I do not, as a rule, believe in "luck"; but it happened that a large building was going up in the vicinity, and just when we were beginning the repairs to the cellar, the entire force of workmen and machinery were busy in putting down asphalt flooring and laying walks about the place. So taking advantage of this circumstance, I had the entire cellar bottom covered with asphalt, and the walls coated, and the spaces between the top of the foundation wall and the first floor filled in with plaster and cement. There were openings for two good-sized windows in the back wall, and a place for outside steps leading to the back yard. As the house stands on a rather abrupt slope, I had this entrance cut down until there was an incline from the cellar door outward, thus preventing any standing water after heavy rains or melting snow.

But for the fortunate accident of the men and asphalt machinery being at hand, we had planned to take out eight or ten inches of the dusty earth from the cellar bottom, and fill it in with stones, quite large ones at first, and several smaller sizes to fill up the chinks, then to put on a very thick coat of cement and fill all of the corners, where rats had burrowed, with a thinner cement mixed with a little plaster of Paris and broken glass.

There was a drain-pipe from the bottom of the cellar to the sewer, and over this was placed a cap, to which was attached a pipe leading to the ventilating flue in the kitchen chimney. As we wanted fresh air for the cellar as well as all other parts of the house, a four-inch pipe of galvanized iron was attached to the outside wall of the house, one end passing through between the foundation wall and the timbers and extending down to within four inches of the cellar floor, and the other, covered with a cap at the top, reached the level of the second-story floor. With the cellar doors and windows tightly closed, the atmosphere within was clean and pure as that outside, while the current of air through the tube over the sewer-pipe, was strong enough to whisk a feather out of sight in an instant.

Ada wanted the ceiling of the cellar whitened, so she brought out her book of recipes, wherein I read this inscription: *POLITICAL WHITEWASH. Made with lime.*

When I laughed at the entry, Ada told me that one of her relatives had been in the government service for many years, and being connected with the Lighthouse Board of the Treasury Department, learned of this preparation, which is there known as "White House Whitewash," it having been said that the north portico and pillars of the Executive Mansion were always coated with it. It is used on all lighthouse work and many government buildings, and is made after the following formula:

Slake one-half bushel of unslaked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt, dissolved in hot water; three pounds of rice flour, put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting; and one pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and let them stand for several days. The wash should be made in a large kettle, and used as hot as possible. It is applied with a whitewash brush.

I may say that this wash is extremely durable, answering all purposes almost as well as oil paint, and serving equally well on wood, brick, or stone. It may be applied by the most inexperienced person, and costs but the merest trifle as compared with paint; and for our cellar it was much better.

When we had progressed thus far with our work, a letter came from Miss Hubbard asking if Ada was ready to keep a conditional appointment made for a couple of days later. In the same letter were three lists of kitchen utensils, and all articles belonging to a dining-room, cellar, laundry and store-closets. There were scores of things that I never heard of, and one list was as long, Ada said, as she was; and when she unfolded it, I could only laugh and agree with her. It was about five feet long, and was made out on paper that had been wound on the roll with ribbon, and was covered with the quaintest little characters, quite as odd and diminutive as Miss Hubbard herself.

After we had finished our supper, or "tea," as she called it,—for our living was little more than lunching, and we used the gas stove, in the dining-room, as the kitchen was still a carpenter's shop,—I drew a table up under the light, Ada brought pads and pencils, and we sat down, tired but happy, to select from these seemingly endless lists, the articles we would require.

Miss Hubbard's plan had one feature that specially commended it to me. She first made out a list of every available article in the furnishing market. If her client had but limited means, she made one list of indispensable things, those articles that are as necessary as a fire-shovel or a broom. Another list contained the same with the addition of conveniences,—things that make work easier, and save time because one need not cleanse a vessel before cooking some other dish. The third list included things that would be classed as luxuries, or, possibly, ornamental-useful accessories. As we were inexperienced, we asked for all three of the lists. We wanted kitchen furnishings first, so these came first; and although Ada's trip for purchases must be postponed, we could meanwhile use our leisure to plan, and select to the best advantage, while the work was progressing.

"Now take your pencil and write," said Ada. "I am going first to put down the actual necessities, and how many of them," she continued, "and we will add to them afterwards. So, Sir Scribe, please begin."

EDWARD WILLIS BLAKELEY.

Various Methods of Cooking Eggs.

ALTHOUGH in a certain sense entirely original, an egg as an item in the bill of fare is very far from originality; and it is solely in its preparation that we must look for this delightful quality. All through the spring and summer, eggs are plentiful; but one may tire of them very soon unless they be served in a variety of ways.

From the gorgeously colored eggs which delight the children at Easter-tide, to the delicious custards and velvet creams which are served with summer fruits and ices, there are so many ways in which eggs may be cooked, that there is little excuse for serving them always boiled "hard or soft."

Even in so simple a process as boiling, some judgment is necessary. In the first place, to be digestible, eggs—so authorities in hygienic matters say—should never be *boiled* at all. The white of an egg is pure albumen, and by the common process of boiling an egg three or four minutes, the albumen is hardened and consequently becomes indigestible.

A healthful mode of preparation is to cover the eggs with cold water, and heat this to the boiling point without allowing it to boil; or pour boiling water over the eggs and keep the water hot, but not boiling, for ten minutes. In either case, the result will be the same: the eggs will be tender and digestible, the white thickened, yet yielding, like thick cream. If they be desired better done, leave them in the hot water ten or twenty minutes longer. Serve folded in a napkin. Always eat a boiled egg from the shell; it is said to be the Scotch way and the best way. Any other method detracts from the rich flavor of this nutritious food.

French cooks are never at a loss to prepare any quantity of dainty dishes with simple materials, and the endless variety of sauces they concoct lends zest to plainest fare. For instance, the following receipts will give some idea of the savory combinations possible with eggs for their basis.

Fried Eggs with Tomato Sauce.—Put four table-spoonfuls of Lucca oil in a frying-pan, and heat until it smokes; tip the pan so that all the oil is at one side. Break a fresh egg in a small plate, season with a little salt and pepper; slide it gently into the boiling oil, and with a spoon turn the white over upon the yolk; roll it carefully in the oil until the white is set, then remove. Repeat the operation until as many eggs as are desired have been thus prepared. Arrange on a dish in a circle or oval, and pour the tomato sauce in the center. Note that the yolk should remain liquid, or only slightly cooked.

Tomato Sauce.—Take twelve fresh tomatoes, or a can of tomatoes, and stew them in a sauce-pan, with a little water, and a small carrot and an onion cut in slices. Let them simmer for one hour, then strain through a coarse sieve; melt a tea-spoonful of butter with one of flour, add the *purée* of tomatoes and a little sugar, cook for fifteen minutes, and season to taste. A few spoonfuls of *bouillon* will add to the flavor. This sauce can be made and reserved for use some hours, or even the day before it is needed, and warmed up at any time.

Eggs à la Poulette.—Boil six eggs for seven minutes, take them out of the hot water and put them into cold water until they are chilled through. Remove the shells, cut the eggs in quarters, and make a sauce as follows: Put two table-spoonfuls of butter in a sauce-pan with the same quantity of flour and a pinch of salt; work it up with a wooden spoon into a soft paste; put it over the fire with a little less than a tea-cupful of cold water, and stir until it has boiled for two minutes. Then add two table-spoonfuls of butter, stirring in a part at a time without allowing it to boil. Put the eggs in this sauce, warm them thoroughly, but do not boil, and serve with a spoonful of chopped parsley and a drop or two of vinegar.

Baked Eggs.—These are also called shirred eggs, and eggs *sur le plat*. Dishes are made expressly for cooking eggs in this way, in sizes from that containing a single egg to those in which a dozen may be cooked. Melt in the dish half a tea-spoonful of butter for each egg, and break the eggs carefully into the dish so as to keep the yolks whole. Place in a very moderately heated oven until the whites are set. Serve in the same dish. A great variety of flavors can be given to baked eggs. Two drops of onion juice and a pinch of chopped parsley will change the flavor of an egg. A tea-spoonful of chopped ham or grated cheese may be sprinkled over the eggs before the dish is set in the oven.

Omelette aux Confitures.—Prepare an omelet as directed in the receipt for a "Reliable Omelet" in the "Seasonable Bills of Fare" for February. Before folding the omelet, spread a layer of apricot marmalade over it, then fold, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Any other kind of marmalade or jam can be used as well as apricot.

Omelette Soufflée.—Put the yolks of three eggs in a small stew-pan with two tea-spoonfuls of sugar and a little grated lemon

rind, and stir over the fire for two or three minutes; beat the whites of six eggs stiff, and then pour them over the yolks without breaking the mass of beaten whites. Slide out of the pan upon an oval dish. Make a crease across the top, and set in the oven for twelve minutes to brown delicately.

Stuffed Eggs.—Boil ten or twelve eggs hard. Cut them in half, oblongly, take out the yolks and mash them with the back of a spoon with half a tea-cupful of sharp vinegar, a tea-spoonful of mustard, and salt and pepper to the taste. Chop up several of the whites, leaving as many to be filled as is desired, and mix with the yolks. Fill the halves of the hard boiled whites with the seasoned yolks, smooth over the tops, and pepper with black pepper. Place on a salad-dish and garnish the edge of the dish with pickled cucumber cut in thin round slices.

A Maryland Woman's Apiary.

BEE-KEEPING has been to me the source of much pleasure and some profit, and hoping that the subject may prove of interest to some of the readers of Demorest, I send a short account of my experience in Apiculture.

We had been keeping bees since we first began house-keeping, but for want of proper attention we derived but little benefit from them, some seasons securing not more than fifteen or twenty pounds of honey, and other seasons none at all; for we never killed the bees, in the old-fashioned way, but depended upon surplus honey, stored in boxes set on top of the hives and covered with caps.

About five years ago, I took charge of the bees myself, hoping that by good management I might earn a little pin-money, and yet have an abundant supply of honey for the table, and some to give my friends.

I had read "Notes on Bees" with much interest, but had not put the instructions to any practical test. I now re-read the notes, and provided myself with smoker and bee-veil, or hat and veil combined, which I made by sewing a piece of Brussels net, half a yard in length and of full width, around the front of the brim of a white sailor hat, and finishing the back with cambric muslin. The lower edge of the veil can be neatly tucked inside the neck of the dress, thus affording absolute protection to face and neck.

I then transferred the bees that were in boxes, into hives containing movable frames, which I successfully accomplished without a sting. Now I had twelve strong colonies of bees in movable frame hives, and a surplus of hives awaiting swarms. My husband modeled the hives after a Langstroth that came into our possession years ago.

Upon examining my bees, in a few weeks I found them strong in brood, and beginning to whiten the comb along the top of the frames. I then concluded it was time to place the supers on the hives, which I at once proceeded to do. In a few days, one hive cast its first swarm; and in six days more, all the hives had swarmed except three, which did not swarm at all, but filled two supers, of thirty-two one-pound sections each, with beautiful white-clover honey.

Each of the other hives cast second swarms, and eight of them filled one super each with nice white honey. Thus my stock of bees had increased to twenty-nine colonies, and had made four hundred and forty-eight pounds of honey, which I sold readily in the town and among the farmers, at twenty cents per pound.

At the close of the first season my account stood:

400 pounds of honey, sold at 20c. per pound. . . .	\$80.00
5 colonies of bees, sold at \$4.00 per colony. . . .	20.00
	<hr/>
	\$100.00

I estimated my expenses for hives, supers, and honey sections, at twenty dollars, which my sales of bees covered, leaving me eighty dollars for my work, which had not required very much of my time.

The next season I wished to Italianize my bees, as the Italian bees are said to be much better than the native or black bees. I succeeded in introducing ten Italian queens; but while my honey yield was fair in quantity it was of inferior quality, being dark in color and of a strong flavor, owing, I suppose, to the great scarcity of white clover that season, and I sold it only at reduced prices. It netted me about seventy-five dollars, and I sold bees sufficient to cover expenses, except the queens, which I paid for out of my sales of honey.

Last year, I secured nearly one thousand pounds of white-clover honey of best quality, Italianized nearly the whole of my apiary, and reared ten Italian queens in nuclei hives, as an experiment. Owing to long-continued cold last winter, many of my bees died. This spring I have received a few orders for Italian queens, which I shall supply about the 30th of June.

My hives are placed in rows six feet apart, and three feet apart in the row, in the orchard part of our garden, which is situated on the suburb of the town, and the space occupied is about fifty by sixty feet. Upon this lot are growing, and bearing, eight large apple-trees, and three large, standard Bartlett pear-trees, which furnish us with more nice fruit than we can use, either in the fresh state, or for canning and preserving.

In addition to the above, my apiary has been the run for my dozen hens, and I am supplied every day with nice fresh eggs.

When I am working with my bees, I wear old kid gloves, not as a protection against stings, but because gloves of some kind are needed to protect the hands from the sun, and the smooth finish of the kid is less irritating to the bees, when they alight on the hands, than gloves of cotton or wool.

Many times a veil is not required, particularly when working with Italian bees, which are much more quiet than the black bees. I have also found them to be more industrious, working earlier and later than their less ambitious neighbors.

Our first source of honey in the spring is the maple bloom, which, in mild seasons, begins about the first of March and continues until fruit bloom, after which there is a short intermission in honey-gathering until the locust, poplar and white clover come into bloom. These last are our main dependence for surplus honey, allowing the bees the autumn wild-flowers and the buckwheat, if there is any, to build up their winter stores.

My apiary is rapidly assuming greater proportions than can be accommodated on our town lot, and in a short time I shall have to locate one farther in the country, where there is more room for expansion. While apiculture is not a new occupation for women, there are comparatively few engaged in it; the expense of beginning an apiary is small, compared with that required to start many other occupations, and one can begin in a small way, and grow into a business. I know a young girl who is wearing inexpensive dresses, and doing without the dainty trifles so dear to the hearts of maidens, that she may build up her apiary. There is but little labor required in the apiary that is beyond the strength of a woman in fair health, but if one prefers, a strong, careful boy can be employed to do the lifting of honey supers, or to carry hives. Another advantage is the outdoor work, which is conducive to health, strength, and a good complexion.

M. W.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—APRIL.

COUPON ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 411.

THE costumes designed for the Lenten sojourn at fashionable Southern resorts, usually foreshadow many of the ideas that will gain popularity later in the season. The fine woollens that are the first choice for these costumes lend themselves to graceful draperies, and appear to advantage in the straight, flowing lines that have to a great extent replaced the bunched-up bouffant effects. Not that the latter are entirely abandoned, but the bordered goods, which are already firmly established in popular favor, require designs specially adapted to their use, and the draperies with straight lower edge, that can be looped to suit the wearer's figure, and full skirts made of straight breadths, sometimes but not always plaited, but with the bordering at the foot, appear on the majority of the new costumes.

For the support of these full skirts and draperies, the foundation skirt is essentially necessary, and this is still provided with cross-steels, which, however, are neither so long nor so much tied back as heretofore; while the hair cushion is worn at discretion, but is much smaller and flatter.

Draperies are irregular in effect, as a rule, both sides seldom being arranged in the same manner. Panel effects are occasionally employed, but this arrangement is seen principally on dressy costumes, where a contrasting material or trimming is applied to the foundation skirt and appears through a narrow opening at one side of the long drapery.

The greatest diversity is observable in basques. Some of them are hardly longer than a waist, with a small point back and front; others describe a round waist in front, with a half-girdle proceeding from the sides, and a short, full position at the back; and there are others with rather long backs cut in leaf-shaped or sharp points: but the rule is short fronts and sides. In the garniture of waists, one can hardly go amiss in arranging any style that may be becoming to the wearer. Vests, real and simulated, plastrons, and full effects of all kinds are equally fashionable. The bordered fabrics have even affected the style of the waist, being employed for surplice pieces, the border on the front edges;

and sometimes the border is placed straight down the fronts on each side of the buttons, and the material, instead of



Imogene Basque. (FRONT.)

(See Pages 383 and 385.)



DENISE COAT.

Spring Wraps.

DALMENIE COAT.

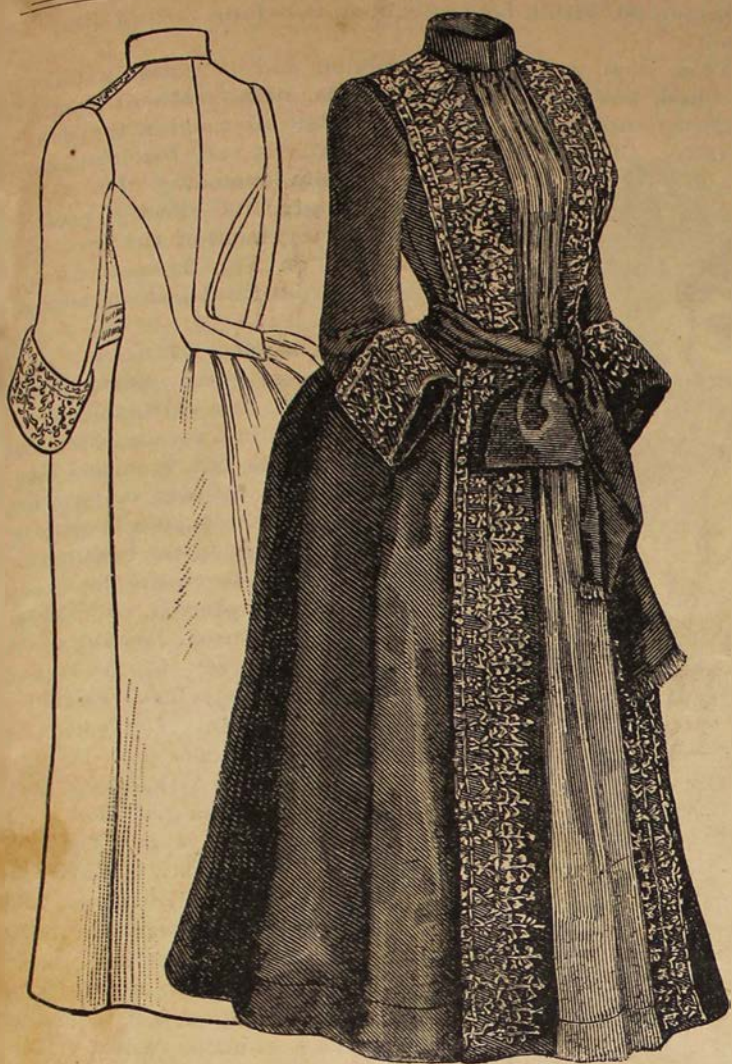
(See Page 384.)

DALMENIE COAT.

being taken in at the darts, is left separate, and gathered at the bottom. This is very becoming for slender or undeveloped figures, and is usually accompanied by a half-girdle.

In new silks, the *ombré*-striped *glacé* and taffetas silks are very effective. These *ombré* stripes show to great advantage upon plain *peau de soie* and changeable *glacé* silks, and are much admired; and there are also quite a number of *moiré*

Française and small satin stripes upon changeable grounds. The multi-colored *ombré* stripes are very decided in contrast, yet the effect is not too strong; and in single combinations of color, such as serpent and gold-color, Gobelin blue and *cérise*, green and gold-color, green and strawberry,—the latter an especially favorite contrast,—the *ombré* stripes are quaint yet harmonious.



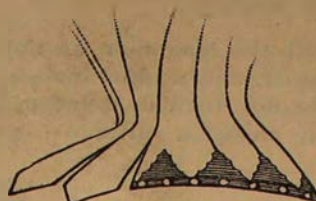
Adrienne Morning-Dress.
(See Page 385.)

Striped *glacé* silks with changeable effect produced by the almost imperceptible hair-lines of contrasting color, take three separate pieces of goods to compose the combination: the plain, striped material; a second piece with bordering on each edge of five narrow satin stripes about the width of a straw, of contrasting color, such as straw-color or pale rose upon green; and the third is the same changeable silk with satin stripes like those in the bordering, and about two inches apart.

Favorite silks for combination with woolengoods, cashmere, veiling, etc., are the gay many-colored plaid and striped American surahs; and in plain silks, the soft *peau de soie*, durable *faille Française*, and *moiré* in all classes and qualities.



Dorine Basque. (FRONT.)
(See Page 385.)



Dorine Basque. (BACK.)

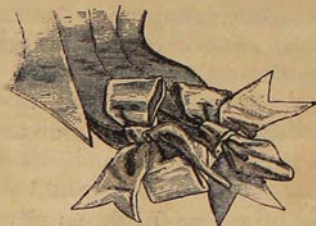
Ombre effects are also noticeable in the new trimmings, and are particularly effective in the galloons in which metallic threads are interwoven, gold, silver, and steel, the two latter producing various gray shades, and the gold blending most charmingly with brown shades in silk. Embroidered galloons are also shown in great variety, many of them in rich Cashmere colors; and in these also, tinsel effects are very prominent. The *filet* galloons, with narrow braids connected by lace-like stitches, retain their vogue, but this season the patterns are very close imitations of guipure lace. Galloons of all kinds will be used for borders at the foot of skirts and draperies, and for perpendicular stripes and panel effects:

The special feature of the new trimmings is the prevalence of open-work designs which allow the dress material to show through. The majority of jet trimmings are in this style, which seems particularly appropriate for the warm season; yet there are elegant garnitures that are solid masses of cut-jet beads, some of the patterns raised, which give them a still heavier appearance. In the finer qualities, the beads are very small and finely cut, large beads being used only for the tips of pendants, or to give effect to elaborate large designs.

Gold, silver, steel, and garnet beads are combined with jet in some of the passementeries, but this combination will hardly be more than a passing fancy. Steel trimmings are particularly fashionable. White crystal beads lined with black, silver, or gold, are new and very effective, and are used by themselves and in combination with jet.

FOR information regarding dress materials, thanks are due to James McCreery & Co.; for trimmings, to Minge & Brewster; for costumes, to B. Altman & Co.; for jackets and wraps, to Stern Bros.; and for millinery, to Aitken, Son & Co.

THE enameled flowers which have been so popular for lace-pins, etc., are reproduced in miniature, and a number of them—violets, forget-me-nots, or pansies—form a pretty necklace.



Imogene Basque. (BACK.)
(See Pages 381 and 385.)



Commencement Dress.
(See Page 384.)

Commencement Dress.

THE "Surplice" waist, given with the Magazine for September, 1887, a gored foundation skirt, and a skirt made of straight breadths (for which we do not furnish a pattern), are the models used for this simple costume suitable for a graduating dress. The illustration represents it made of cream-white India silk, with plain drapey-net of the same tint for the overskirt and garniture on the waist and sleeves, and completed by a sash of cream moiré ribbon.

The foundation skirt is made of the silk and finished with a narrow plaiting set in the edge. The overskirt is composed of five breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide (or an equivalent width in other material), the front breadth cut about twelve inches longer at the top than the others, and plaited into the seams for about six inches. Rows of ribbon are sewed on this skirt, and may be confined to three or five at the bottom, or continued as high as illustrated. The waist may be made high or low in the neck (the pattern is high), and the pattern of the surplice piece for the front can be used for the back, and either plaited or gathered. The sleeves can be made any desired length, and trimmed to correspond with the waist.

This design is suitable for any of the fabrics usually selected for graduating dresses, and can be made as dressy or simple as circumstances may demand. The back view is shown on page 383.

Spring Wraps.

(See Page 382.)

FIG. 1.—The "Denise" coat, made in terra-cotta serge, for a girl of six years. This is an extremely practical model, consisting of a partially fitted waist cut with side forms and side gores, and reaching about an inch and a half below the waist line, to which a full skirt is attached, and the joining concealed by a heavy cord girdle. The design can be made in heavy or light quality materials, and can be lined or not, according to goods used for it and the season for which it is intended. The broad-brimmed hat is of dark blue English straw, trimmed with changeable blue and terra-cotta ribbon. The sizes furnished of the pattern, quantity of goods required, etc., are stated on page 395.

FIG. 2.—The "Dalmenie" coat, made in light-weight cloth, chocolate and black, for a lady. The hat is a gray chip, trimmed with gray and brown changeable ribbon, the inside of the poke brim faced with brown velvet and

ornamented with a bow of ribbon matching that on the outside.

This is a very popular model, and is made in plain, checked, plaided, and mixed goods, with no other trimming than the ornaments that secure the collar and belt, and the buttons. The fullness in the waist is very becoming, and the plaits extending the entire length, give the effect of a vest. The arrangement of the back can be seen on Fig. 3, as the same model is furnished in misses sizes.

When sewing the skirt to the back pieces, gather heavy crinoline in with the skirt, and sew it to the back in a reversed manner, so it will set out well, and then dispose the fullness in bunches, and tack between the bunches to the lower edge of the back pieces. The flowing sleeves are very graceful, but, if preferred, coat sleeves can be substituted. See the article entitled "Street Garments for Spring," on page 390. Full information regarding the pattern is given on page 395.

FIG. 3.—The "Dalmenie" coat, made in Russian gray cloth, for a miss of sixteen years. The hat is of gray English straw, faced with gray velvet, and trimmed with gray and sage-green changeable ribbon and red aigrettes.

This coat is the same design as the one on Fig. 2, but the sleeves are in coat shape instead of flowing. See page 395 for particulars about the pattern.

Lady's Tea-Gown.

(See Page 385.)

THIS stylish gown is made after the model of the "Adrienne" morning-dress or tea-gown, illustrated on page 383, the only change being in the omission of the revers on the fronts, which are arranged to fall more widely apart, and the substitution of a Molière vest, which can easily be made by cutting the vest a little longer and fuller than the pattern. The style of the sleeves is altogether a matter of taste. The underskirt can be draped with lace or trimmed in any fancied style. Silk, satin, velvet, plush, lace, ribbons and embroidery are employed for tea-gowns, the

favorite materials at present being plain and figured India silks and lace.

PINS, or rather little combs, of tortoise-shell, celluloid, or some composition imitating shell, and set with Rhine-stones, steel, jet, or garnets, are favorite ornaments for the coiffure.



Commencement Dress.

(See Page 383.)

Dorine Basque.

(See Page 383.)

THERE is no material for costumes, light, medium or heavy, that cannot be made up after this model, which is susceptible of various modifications. The full vest is made on a plain, tight-fitting lining, so it can easily be omitted, also the pointed plastron; and if a still simpler model be desired, the outer fronts and full vest can be dispensed with, and the result will be a perfectly plain front, and a design suitable for the cheapest materials.

A contrast for the vest is most desirable for summer wear, but it can be made of the same color, if preferred. For heavy goods, a plain vest is preferable, and it may be of velvet or any other material, or braided. The design represents Gobelin blue summer serge, trimmed with fine gilt braid, and the vest of cream-white surah. Particulars regarding the pattern are given on page 395.

Imogene Basque.

(See Pages 381 and 383.)

THE dressy effect of this design renders it especially desirable for light-weight fabrics, but with slight modifications it will be equally suitable for heavy goods. The full vest is mounted on a plain lining, and the outer fronts and vest can be omitted, leaving a plain, pointed front. The middle pieces of the back describe rounded tabs, and the side forms are pointed in shape; and if the bows be omitted, and the change made that is suggested above, the design can be appropriately chosen for the most practical uses.

The short, draped apron is included in the pattern, and the back drapery can be made of four breadths of silk-width goods, gathered at the top into the width of the back pieces and side forms of the basque, and falling to the bottom of the underskirt. A gored foundation skirt, that can be draped with lace or embroidered flouncing, or a valance of goods like the basque, or left plain, will complete a very stylish costume.

The illustration represents it made in India silk with a cream-white ground and a design of wild-flowers in natural tints,—which forms the basque and back drapery,—cream-white *crêpe de Chine* for the vest and front drapery, cream-white satin ribbon for the bows on the drapery and back, and blue velvet for the revers and cuffs. The underskirt is

of cream-white India silk entirely covered by a flouncing of Fedora lace.

This furnishes an excellent model for a graduating dress, to be made in all-white or in colors. Full particulars regarding the pattern, material required, etc., will be found on page 395.



Lady's Tea-Gown.

(See Page 384.)

of cream-white India silk entirely covered by a flouncing of Fedora lace.

ONE of the prettiest of the bordered fabrics is an illuminated veiling in gray and gold, with a border about two inches wide of solid color with *à jour* or drawn-work heading, worked with silk where the border meets the foundation fabric.

Adrienne Morning-Dress.

(See Page 383.)

ACCORDING to the richness of the material and trimmings used in its construction, this model can be used either for a morning-dress or a tea-gown. For the latter purpose, soft plain and figured silks, the finest woolens and silk-and-wool fabrics, with accessories of lace and embroidery and rich ribbons, are appropriate, and the design can be made still more dressy in effect by making slight changes as suggested in the illustration and description of the "Lady's Tea-Gown" on this page.

Any of the materials usually selected for morning or house wear can be made after this design; or with slight modifications it can be adapted to the simplest fabrics and the most practical purposes. The fronts open over a short vest, and fall apart below displaying an underskirt. This underskirt is not given with the pattern, but is to be made like an ordinary foundation skirt; the front can be trimmed in any desired style, and steels are put in the back, the same as in any foundation skirt.

To simplify the model, the full vest can be omitted, also the sash; and as the revers are cut on the fronts, they can be turned out and fitted to the neck, thus making a perfectly plain front, and the vest and underskirt can in such case be omitted. Coat sleeves might also be substituted for the open ones; and with these modifications, the design is simple enough for calico or gingham. For a further description of the pattern, and other particulars, see page 395.

COLORED silk gowns of one material throughout are desirable upon many occasions, and the *scintillante glacé* silks in two col-

Abergeldie Jacket.

A PERFECTLY tight-fitting jacket, with trimming arranged to give the effect of a vest, and the back perfectly plain with a narrow lap at the middle seam. Any of the materials suitable for independent garments can be made up after this model, or it can be made in the same goods as the suit with which it is to be worn. The use of velvet is a matter of taste, and the turned over collar can be omitted, if preferred.

The illustration represents dark terracotta "faced" cloth, trimmed with black braid and black velvet. Full information regarding the pattern is given on page 395.

Dressy Basques.

No special pattern is given this month for either of these basques. For No. 1, the "Albertine" basque, given with the Magazine for July, 1887, can be used, the outer fronts and vest made either plain or full, as individual taste may dictate. The half-girdle is best made of two pieces of ribbon, slightly lapped and laid in plaits, sewed in or over the side gore seams, and then tied in a long-looped bow at the extreme point of the basque. Any of the fashionable materials suitable for dressy uses can be made in this manner. The illustration shows silk with *ombré* and *moiré* stripes alternating, combined with *moiré* silk matching the color of the *moiré* stripe, and



Abergeldie Jacket.

sents the combination of three materials, but the vest and yoke can as well be of the same goods.

Yolande Drapery.

(See Page 387.)

THIS design will be very effective made in any material that will drape gracefully, silk, woolen, or cotton, and is easily arranged and very generally becoming. It is to be arranged over a foundation skirt, which can be covered with kilt or box plaiting, lace or embroidered flouncing, a valance of the same goods, or left entirely plain; and it will combine nicely with either of the basques given this month, or with any style not too long. It can be made without garniture on the edges, or can have a border as described in "Notes on Costumes," on page 393. Particulars about the pattern are given on page 395.

Fashionable Coiffures.

(See Page 387.)

THESE graceful and becoming coiffures can be easily copied, the hair, in both instances, being combed to the top of the head and arranged in loose twists and finger-puffs, with a handsome comb placed back of them, to which is added, in Fig. 1, a bunch of roses. The figures also furnish suggestions for trimming of "dressing up" a plain basque.

Some Easter Bonnets.

THE earliest spring bonnets had a reminiscence of autumn in their garniture, including occasionally the dark tarnished leaves of late fall foliage, or a crushed chestnut burr; but the Easter bonnets are for the most part all blooming with spring flowers.

One of the freshest and most spring-like of these is a low-crowned, wide-brimmed, sage-green Dunstable braid of exquisitely fine quality, the bending brim faced with black chip, and slanting off abruptly at the back, where a bow of green faille ribbon with white watered stripes near each



No. 1.—Dressy Basque.

ribbon of the same tint. The half-girdle, as illustrated, can be added to almost any style of basque, and is a dressy addition for a summer toilet.

For No. 2, the "Romelda," given with the Magazine for September, 1887, can be used, the upper part of the waist made plain instead of plaited, and a vest effect carried the whole length of the waist. The design thus modified is suitable for quite simple materials, and is very becoming for youthful figures. The illustration repre-



No. 2.—Dressy Basque.



Fashionable Coiffures.

(See Page 386.)

the crown at the left, and a length of the same ribbon is draped around the crown and fastened with tiny gilt pins. A large cluster of velvet tulips in gorgeous colors falls forward and backward from a thick cluster of green leaves fastened on top of the crown.

More conventional in design and material, is a little close bonnet with coronet brim of black velvet, and separate crown of transparent black net. The coronet is pinched together in front and projects forward, and has a small bow of gold-colored ribbon underneath, next the hair. Tinsel wheat-ears are set on the front in appliqué. The crown is lightly covered with black lace net, and a bow of gold-colored ribbon is held on with a jeweled gilt butterfly; a finger-deep ruffle of black Chantilly lace is gathered around the top of the coronet brim, and the edges fall over and are tacked to the crown. Long strings of black velvet ribbon.

In the more practical styles, a black straw in

edge, is placed. The same ribbon encircles the crown, and on the top of the crown is a spray of white lilac, and an exquisitely natural *monture* of Marchéchal Niel roses and leaves droops across the crown, with some buds falling forward over the brim, and backward over the hair.

A similar shape is a strawberry-colored braid, the brim faced with écreu straw. The brim of this hat is wide all around, but turned up at the back against the crown. The garniture is a full looped bow of shot strawberry ribbon set up against

close cottage-shape, with a plaited ruffle of the straw forming a sort of ruche around the front, is trimmed with gold lace and black lace set on in full ruffles, and has strings and a made bow of black lace. A cluster of green leaves and unopened pink buds, grouped with skeleton rose-buds in gold tinsel, is set on at the left. Another still simpler bonnet is a close turban of dark blue velvet, with puffed crown rising at either side like a Mercury cap, and trimmed with a wide insertion of écreu and twine-colored straw woven



Yolande Drapery.

(See Page 386.)



Yolande Drapery.

(See Page 386.)



No. 1.—Straw and Lace Bonnet.



No. 2.—Crownless Bonnet.

in a guipure lace effect. This straw lace encircles the turban, divides the crown, and is arranged in a stiff, upright, double-looped bow in front.

Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1.—Bonnet of black English Dunstable, with high crown, and a poke front veiled with black Chantilly net, shirred on the edge. An open-work of jetted lace heads this lace shirring, and a full fan of the lace, mixed with dark garnet ribbon and black pompons, is set on the left side. The strings are of garnet ribbon.

No. 2.—Crownless coronet bonnet of lace embroidered with metallic threads, gold and steel, and trimmed with tea-roses. The lace is set on in two rows, slightly full, and inside the upper edge, next the hair, is a horse-shoe shaped wreath of tea-roses. A cluster of roses and leaves is fastened directly in front.



No. 3.—Ombre Straw Hat.

Strings of golden-brown moiré ribbon complete the garniture.

No. 3.—Hat of brown-and-gold *ombré* straw, trimmed with dark green ostrich feathers, and a long-looped, tied bow of sage-green faille ribbon. The brim is bound and faced with silk to match the ribbon, and caught up at the back under the garniture. Strings of sage-green ribbon are tied in a large bow at the left, but can be left to hang loosely in the back, if preferred.

No. 4.—A charming hat, with a crown of black Chantilly lace draped over a transparent frame, and falling in graceful folds on the brim, which is covered inside and outside with black velvet. The lace also forms a crest with two gold-colored ostrich feathers at the right, and a narrow scarf of gold-colored silk is drawn across the crown.

Millinery Materials.

THE various trifles which compose that wondrous combination of taste and materials known as the spring bonnet, become more numerous and afford more variety of selection every season. Upon the comparatively slight foundation of net or straw, it is astonishing how many apparently incongruous materials may be assembled. In fact, almost every known fabric may be used, and few ornaments are inadmissible.

As was noted in last month's Magazine, the shapes this season are merely modifications of those familiar to us, and the small bonnets with upward projecting point in front, and the wide-brimmed hats in Directoire shapes, promise to be extremely popular. A new idea is the facing of the brim of straw hats with straw of a contrasting color. This naturally is only seen in light-weight Dunstable straw, and in the French chips which appear in very limited quantity.

Dark green, navy and Gobel blue, red, terra-cotta, russet, dark brown, and black are the colors seen in fine English straws and Dunstables in all shapes and sizes; and usually the ribbon with which they are trimmed matches the straw. The vivid contrasts of color are more frequently seen in hats and bonnets that are mixtures of materials, such as net and velvet, or silk and lace. This matching of color applies to ribbon only. Feathers, flowers, and nets used as garniture, are selected with a view to a pleasing contrast, rather than as a match.

High effects in trimming remain popular; and while the hat or bonnet may not be high, the trimming in such case is usually arranged to make it appear so. The trimming is frequently massed on the crown on the wide-brimmed hats; and a large cluster of spring blossoms, apparently tied on top of the crown with a bow of ribbon,—the flowers falling backward and forward on the brim,—is a favorite style of garniture. Not less pleasing is the arrangement which has a bow directly at the back with looped ends turned upward on the crown, and a band of ribbon around the crown, while the floral decoration is a large cluster of spring flowers lying forward on the wide brim, the ends secured at one side.

Net is a favorite material for small bonnets, and red net with jet trimming remains popular. White and black puffed nets are enlivened with gilt fringes and beads, or tinsel ornaments. Straw and fibrous grasses are woven in lace-like bands and edgings and whole crowns, and are very effective in combination with velvet or silk in rich colors.

Some especially novel garnitures in this style are large square and round crowns, almost large enough to entirely cover a wide-brimmed hat. These are woven of fine rushes and grassy fibers, in open-work patterns, and will be pinched and looped and plaited to make them fit over the crowns of broad-brimmed hats for summer wear. A hat trimmed with such lace, or covered with a crown of it tacked on lightly, may be trimmed with any of the natural-looking flowers or fruits, or a spray of both.

The prettiest fruit clusters are those of strawberries (some of which are large enough to take the prize at an agricultural fair) grouped naturally with unripe specimens and the flowers and leaves of the vine. Lilacs, pink and white, lilies-of-the-valley, exquisite roses, orchids, and all spring flowers are reproduced most naturally, and are seen in profusion.

Ribbon is used moderately or immoderately, for garniture, according to taste. Strings are of medium width, and may be left to hang down the back, or they can be tied or caught together loosely in front with tiny jeweled pins. Moiré ribbon is not so much employed as faille with satin-cord edge, either in solid color or changeable effects.

Jeweled ornaments of all descriptions adorn and confine lace and ribbon in any way to the hat, and butterflies, grasshoppers, and similar insects incrustated with brilliants, are poised and glitter amid flowers and laces. Upon bonnets more conventional in idea, crescents, horse-shoes, arrow-heads and gilt arrows are seen. A unique ornament is a gilt arrow which forms the center or rib of a short ostrich-feather band, imitating a complete feather.

Feathers are used sparingly, and where they compose most of the garniture, an aigrette is also introduced. These aigrettes, in all colors, are used both with and without ostrich-feather tips.



No. 4.—Chantilly Lace Hat.

BONNET strings are fastened together with tiny gold pins. The prettiest of these have heads like ordinary pins, with tiny jeweled drops swinging from them.

EVENING silks in all light colors are of *peau de soie* and faille Française, and the revival of white brocaded satin in gold and silver tinsel is noteworthy. The combination for this lovely fabric may be white satin Duchesse, faille, or moiré. Stripes are also seen in this class of goods, and a beautiful evening dress is of white satin with alternating equal width stripes of silver or gold brocaded tinsel, and moiré, made up with moiré antique and Valenciennes lace garniture.

Street Garments for Spring.

THE long garments, which completely conceal the costume, are elegant enough in material and style to fully replace the beauties of dress which are left unconcealed by the shorter wraps. Terra-cotta, strawberry, electric and Gobelin blue, and mignonette green "faced" cloth, richly braided with black, are perhaps more popular than the more sombre colors, though there are a great many of the latter in chevrons, serges, and all suiting cloths.

The favorite model has full or loose fronts, and fitted back with gathered or plaited skirt set on just below the waist, although the fitted fronts are preferred by some ladies with fine figures; and the circular raglans, with long vest effect and concealed sling sleeves, are very satisfactory to wear over costumes which are likely to be crushed by the too close fit of an added garment.

Striped cloths make up beautifully in garments of this class, and the rough-surfaced cloths, which require no lining, but are simply bound with silk at the seams, may have a little velvet employed sparingly as garniture; as, for instance, on a raglan of cream-and-brown striped cloth with bands of brown velvet about three inches wide carried down each side on the edge of the skirt breadth of the back, and also down the middle of the front, where they are crossed by tabs of the cloth which are cut on the edge of the front. The back of the skirt of this raglan is gathered onto the back pieces in three clusters, and upon each cluster of gathers and each tab, is a passementerie ornament of brown silk.

Some of the more dressy of these raglans and ulsters are lavishly trimmed with braiding of the same or a contrasting color, in rows down the front and around the sleeves, on the collar, etc., and frequently the whole waist and outer parts of the sleeves are covered with braiding.

The principal variation of these designs appears in the sleeves: the sling-sleeve, the bell-sleeve, flaring widely at the wrist, the Juive sleeve, falling in a full wing over the plain coat-sleeve underneath, and the long straight sleeves reaching nearly, and often quite, to the bottom of the garment. Satin or farmers' satin is used for sleeve facings and for lining the lighter weights of cloth. The buttons are of medium size, but generally inconspicuous, and of stamped bone or metal. The silk *cordelière* knotted at the throat, is the finishing touch to many garments, elegant and simple alike.

Shorter wraps are made up in a repetition of the same materials and with slight variations from the styles with which we are familiar. Gray, strawberry and fire red, the various shades of terra-cotta, brown, Gobelin and electric blue, and black cloths are about equally popular, but the ultra-fashionables prefer the brighter and more showy colors.

Jackets are either very dressy or very simple, according to the material of which they are made—not at all according to the style, which is only a rather deep, round, single-breasted basque with a very little fullness shaped and pressed in the cloth, to admit of a moderate tournure at the back without the necessity of adding to the fullness of the jacket below the waist by plaits. Fawn, gray, strawberry, and biscuit-colored cloths are braided all over with worsted or silk braid, or fine twisted silk cord, which is certainly as effective as it is novel. Some of the prettiest dressy jackets are braided in a very close pattern with this cord, in vest effect in front, and to simulate a yoke at the back. The richest of these jackets have the braiding in self-color, but black on colors is too pleasing to lose its hold on popular taste as yet.

Some handsome jackets of blue "faced" cloth are made with rolling fronts, open over a white vest braided with

gilt braid, or trimmed with inch-wide bands of gilt braid; but these are more for occasional use than in any sense utility garments. The little, simple, tailor-made black tricot or feather-serge jacket is the ever useful garment which nearly every lady needs, and there is considerable variety of choice even in these, the difference resting mainly in the manner of braiding, binding and finishing, and the quality of the cloth. Buttons are not very conspicuous, and those employed are small, excepting the very handsome buttons which are used for a waist fastening, instead of a clasp, on jackets with a vest.

Dressy wraps for carriage or street wear are the little jet-beaded and lace-trimmed apologies for outer garments, with basque backs, and short dolman or cap sleeves. These skeleton-like wraps are merely pretty additions to the toilet, and hardly wraps in any sense.

For those who do not care to carry about so lavish a quantity of glittering or *mat* jet network, beadings and fringes, there are the silk embroidered wraps, which if less showy are quite as dressy for any one of conservative tastes. The embroidery used on these is in insertions and bands used in combination with plain silk and lace in alternate rows, as if it were the jet bands and ornaments it is used to replace.

Easter Costumes.

TERRA-COTTA is a color that has taken fast hold, for the time, of the fleeting affections of Fashion, and some of the most attractive costumes display terra-cotta in vivid contrast with black or sage-green. A full drapery of fine French cashmere in the medium shade of terra-cotta (also called *terre d'Alsace*), arranged over a plain skirt of black moiré with *soufflet* plaits at one side where the drapery falls apart, and a basque of cashmere with collar and vest of moiré, compose a distinctively stylish costume.

Another combination is "currency" green cashmere with white faille silk. To add to the effect of this costume, rows of narrow gilt braid are sewed on the silk wherever it is visible, as at the side of the skirt where the voluminous draperies fall away displaying the gilt-striped underskirt like a panel; and on the basque in vest, cuffs, and high, standing collar.

Gobelin blue cashmere composes another charming gown, and its soft tones combine beautifully with the satin-striped moiré antique figured with Gobelin blue designs, which is used for the underskirt and the basque garniture. No trimming at all is used on this dress, which depends solely on the graceful arrangement of the draperies, which are very full in front, and on the artistic combination of colors, for its pleasing effect.

A unique dress is made of Gobelin blue *peau de soie* in combination with striped brocade. The latter fabric, which is Gobelin blue striped with black and figured with tiny dots in self-color, composes the underskirt and body of the basque, and the full draperies and over-sleeves are of the plain blue. These sleeves only reach to the elbows, and are lapped over the close under-sleeves of striped silk. Around the hand they are cut out in turrets, and a fold of white crape is added as a garniture. A drapery of white crape is brought down one side of the front of the basque, which is laid in folds to represent a vest.

Handsome costumes are made of bordered fabrics, which are used most effectively in combination with silks, or all in wool; as, for instance, a pale electric blue with white bordering, or a shot gold-and-brown camels'-hair serge with gilt bordering. These costumes are made in simple styles,

but the draperies are quite full at the back, and often cover the greater part of the skirt.

Black faille Française, made without combination of other material, but trimmed with handsome open-work of jet or jet-and-gold passementerie, composes many new costumes suitable for church, visiting, and street wear. Indeed, the utility of dresses made of this goods is not limited to any occasion, provided they are not too heavily trimmed with jet. One specially handsome costume of black faille Française is trimmed with a rich garniture, about four and a half inches wide, of gold and crystal beads heavily outlined with jet. This trimming is put on like a band or edging around the bottom of the plain underskirt, and up each side of the drapery, which opens to the waist at the left side. At the right, a bayadere sash, made of a breadth of the silk joined lengthwise, is tied loosely about half-way down the skirt, and each end is finished with a bell-like ornament of beads like the rest of the trimming. The basque has a vest effect outlined with the jet-and-gold passementerie, and the collar and cuffs are finished to correspond. This manner of using the wide beaded passementeries is a favorite innovation, and is seen on many of the handsome Easter toilets. The bayadere sash has replaced ribbon bows and sashes to some extent, but the latter are by no means abandoned, and a large bow of moiré sash ribbon placed at the foot of the skirt, a little toward the left, may be added with good effect to almost any costume with long full draperies.

Commencement Dresses.

THE mere absence of color is in itself so strong an element of simplicity that the most elaborate of costumes, if entirely white, which is the rule, generally, for the commencement dress of the girl graduate, is considered simplicity itself. Yet a certain plainness and severity in making up is to be recommended as well, for youth, especially if accompanied by beauty, ought not to have attention distracted from itself by the elegance of its costume.

The lighter qualities of cashmere, veiling, bunting, mohair, and all grades of the pretty Oriental silks, called variously India, China, Canton, and Shanghai silks, are materials selected to be draped and made up with garniture of white or cream Fedora lace, in greater or less quantity, according to taste and the degree of expenditure allowed.

An exquisite costume can be made of white China silk draped over a skirt trimmed with flounces of alternate rows of lace insertion and white moiré ribbon in narrow widths; while a dress no less becoming to the wearer can be made of the soft and pretty veiling, which seems to have been made expressly for young girls' wear, trimmed with a row or two rows of white satin ribbon all around the draperies and the bottom of the skirt. This bordering of ribbon is a favorite mode of garniture, and borderings of gilt and silver tinsel braid are employed in the same way.

Some very pretty white woolen goods in light summer qualities are bordered with a braiding pattern in white or colored worsted braid set on edge, and these are pretty not only in all-white, but are a welcome variety to any one who would prefer the slight effect of color thus introduced.

The figured Æolian silks, described quite fully in the article "Printed Silks" in the March number, are made up with very full draperies over a skirt trimmed with cream lace flounces plaited on around the bottom and set on in panels of deep, overlapping rows up each side where the draperies divide. They are often caught together at one side with a long-looped bow of ribbon. The graceful manner in which these soft silks may be arranged insures their popularity, and not every one will confine herself to plain

white when such pretty costumes may be made of the flower-figured silks and muslins.

Embroidered robes of white lawn, with sashes and bows of ribbon, are so fresh and summery-looking that in many cases the softer draping fabrics will be passed by for the washable goods; but these dresses, although always pretty, have not the fleeting but delightful charm of novelty.

White laces and drapery-nets are much more dressy, but, although they make most charming toilets, are only advisable for commencement dresses when it is likely that they will be put to some immediate future use; while the simple veiling or cashmere may be worn on many occasions of less importance than that of its original appearance. Moiré silk is used in combination with wool, or entirely alone; and the alligator and mosaic moirés in white, make underskirts, either plain or lace-trimmed, upon which to mount the draperies of lighter material, such as veiling, vigogne, drapery-net or lace.

Ribbons are used in many ways besides the usual sash or clustered loopings. Narrow moiré ribbons are made up with insertions of lace—ribbon and lace of equal widths—and the pretty combination thus formed is used in flouncings and draperies. Satin ribbons are put on plainly, like braid, all around the draperies and skirt, in imitation of the bordered fabrics. A pretty effect is often obtained by the use of two inch-wide ribbons of contrasting color, thus employed. A fold of silk is often used in this manner also, but in this case the upper edge of the fold is lapped under the folded edge of the skirt and draperies, leaving about one inch of the fold of contrasting color visible.

The gloves worn with such costumes are either of pale tan or strawberry-colored Suède or dressed kid, or lace or silk mittens may be substituted, especially with short or half-long sleeves. Flowers of any sort may be worn in the hair and corsage, at discretion.

With white dresses, russet or tan-colored Suède shoes with patent-leather tips are the most stylish, yet all-black shoes or white are as often worn. There is hardly any style more becoming to a small foot than the pretty Puritan slipper of russet leather, with an immense square buckle of polished steel on the instep.

Garnitures for Waists.

(See Page 392.)

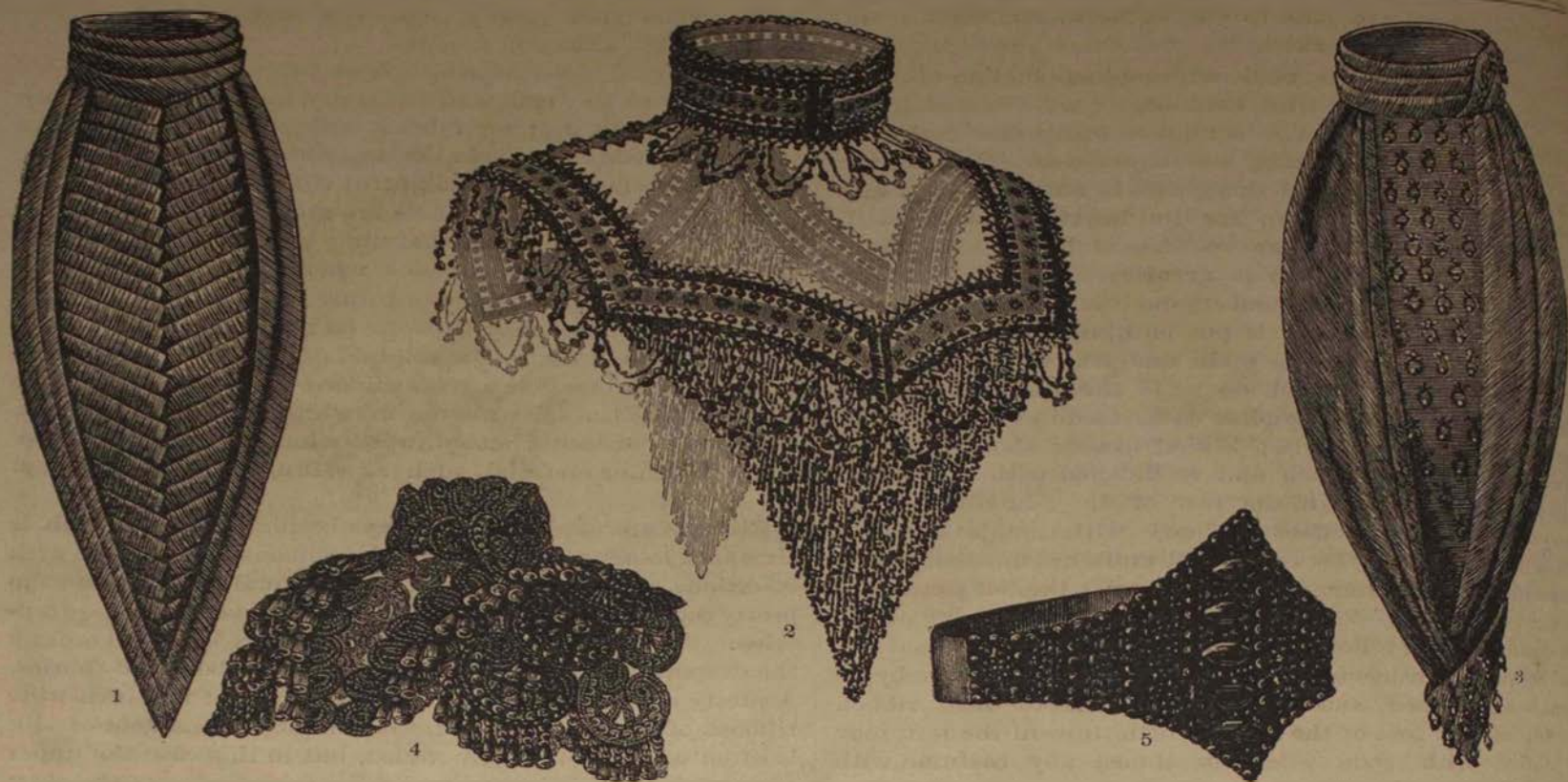
No. 1.—Vest made of black English crape, for mourning uses, that can be worn over any plain waist. The method of arranging the folds can be easily copied, and the vest can be made to reach to the bottom of the basque or only to the waist line.

No. 2.—A handsome removable garniture for a corsage, that can be made of jet passementerie and fringe, and worn with various dresses. The fringe that gives the pointed effect back and front can be omitted, and the effect will still be good; but it can easily be made, as it is composed of small jet beads, strung in strands of different lengths.

No. 3.—Vest made of lustreless black silk and black English crape, for mourning wear. This can be used in the same way as No. 1, and of the same dimensions. The plain vest and the loop at the bottom are of the silk, and ornamented with small pendants of dull jet.

No. 4.—A cape made entirely of *motifs* of jetted passementerie, trimmed with fringe of acorn-shaped pendants made of silk cord. The arrangement is the same back and front, and it reaches only to the tops of the sleeves, on the shoulders. This can be suitably added to a dressy wrap, or worn over a plain dress-waist.

No. 5.—A dressy addition to a round waist, a girdle made



Garnitures for Waists.

(See Page 391.)

of silk and covered in front with jet beads set closely together. The back, also, can be covered with the beads, if preferred.

Fashionable Hair-Dressing.

It has been greatly regretted by ladies once the owners of luxuriant and silken tresses, that in a moment of impetuosity they permitted themselves to be carried away by the senseless fashion of the hour, and had their heads "shingled" a close cut. Nothing connected with woman can find so little sympathy in man as the desire to be like him in any way—an affectation of masculinity. Be a woman never so beautiful, short hair detracts wofully from her charms. The regret comes immediately after the "rape of the lock," but then it is unavailing. The womanly woman, with a glorious head of hair well dressed, will secure the attention of the lover from her short-haired rival, every time. The "convict cut" is not an augury of obedience, submission or humility, by any means. Modest mothers and grandmothers wore long hair—the more the better—realizing that beautiful hair is one of woman's chief charms and her glory.

Very much to everybody's delight, Fashion has once more decreed that a more or less elaborate *coiffure* shall be worn, and this will compel enlarging the fancy little cocoanut bonnets so ridiculous on stately women. The new style of hair-

dressing introduces the pretty central coil well up on the crown, around which will pass, loosely twisted, a "rope" made of long, wavy hair. If the wearer is deficient in hair, the central strand can be used for the coil, and the ends curled to lie on the neck; while the ends of the twist can also be curled and mingled with the fluffy rings of the front piece.

Exquisitely light bangs can now be obtained, and if artistically managed they are less trouble and more effective than natural hair, and the *coiffure* can be more quickly arranged. Lift the sides of the bang, thus pointing it in the centre on the forehead, and this will raise it over the coil, and give a graceful shape to a beautiful and graceful style of *coiffure*, the long and narrow. The only desirable additional hair is the fine "convent" hair, which is delightfully fine and wavy.

A charming bonnet is of white lace net in ruffles edged with a narrow fringe of gold beads. The crown is puffed, and an aigrette is set directly on top.

A wide-brimmed hat of russet-brown straw, has a *rouleau* of brown velvet set on to lie next the hair, under the unfaced brim. An immense cluster of white and pink lilacs, and a knot of lilac silk gauze are set well toward the front. A scarf ten inches wide, of the gauze, depends from the back, and is to be wound around the throat.

THE fashionable jewel is the crescent of diamonds, which may be worn in the hair or on the corsage.



Coiffure with Central Coil.



FIGS. 1 AND 3,
ELISA DRESS.

FIG. 2,
MIGNON DRESS.

Dresses for Girls.—(See Page 396.)

Notes on Costumes.

CAMELS'-hair serges, vigognes, Tosca cloth,—which is a very fine serge, much finer than cashmere in appearance but with more body,—French cheviots in ordinary weaves or with diamond-shaped figurings in light stripes like a braiding pattern, cashmere, silk and satin striped camels'-hair serge, veilings, plain and illuminated; and in silk goods, *peau de soie*, faille Française and moiré are some of the materials from which the selection is made for ordinary spring costumes.

While the designs in making up show very little change, some variety of effect is obtained in the use of bordered fabrics, which have a plain stripe or finish in a narrow band of contrasting color on the extreme edge of the goods, which serves as a hem and greatly lessens the work in making. The draperies are usually arranged so that the bordering outlines

the underskirt and front draperies, while it is not unusual to see the edges of the back draperies fringed out to the depth of about half an inch wherever the edge of the drapery is cut across the goods, and the plain selvedge left unhemmed where the edge of the drapery is lengthwise. Borderings of ribbon or braid are used on woolen costumes to simulate the bordered woolens, and folds of contrasting material, such as cream, or red-and-white stripes on blue, are put on in the same way.


Combinations of woolen and silk remain as popular as ever, and costumes of this class are possibly a trifle more dressy than the all-wool or all-silk dresses, which are naturally more quiet in effect. Polonaise effects are noticeable, and many of the street and yachting costumes intended to be worn without a wrap, have a polonaise front and basque back, with the drapery made so that it can be attached with hooks and loops to the basque, completing the effect.

Plaids are generally used in combination with self-colors, but the usual fashion of taking one of the colors of the plaid into consideration is not followed in using the beautiful multi-colored plaids, which are most artistic if properly arranged. The immense checks of solid color, such as Gobelin blue and white, or black and gold, are also exempt from necessarily employing one of their colors in combination; blue-and-white check may be used with gray or black, and black-and-gold with gray or Gobelin blue.

Many costumes, especially those of striped camels'-hair, are made up in one material throughout, and the stripes often play an important part in their effectiveness. The basque seams can be so arranged by the cutting and fitting of the striped goods that a much greater effect of slenderness can be given to the figure. The same effect is sometimes produced by the use of folds of material or braid put on to simulate stripes.

Small ornamental hooks-and-eyes, covered silk buttons with loops of silk folds, or lacings of cord run through worked eyelet-holes in the edges of the goods, are used to hold opposite edges of the drapery together at the side, for about half the distance down the skirt; where something of this sort is not used, a cluster of ribbon loops is frequently placed at one side.

Hints About Dressing Boys.

EW mothers understand how to make boys look picturesque and at the same time dress them with ease and comfort. Perhaps a hint or two from one whose soul has been racked with the sight of buttonless trousers, wrinkled stockings, and gaping shirt-waists, may prove of benefit.

Being fond of painting and artistic pursuits, longing for time to devote to congenial occupations, I chafed for months over the precious moments wasted in vain striving to induce buttons to remain in their rightful positions. I would leave my boys dressed for the afternoon,—clean starched shirt-waists, immaculate stockings, sewed and buttoned all tight and trim. My soul would contentedly soar to higher things, when my peace would be shattered by the sight of distressed little faces, and shirt-flaps exposed.

"I only leaned over a little, and all the buttons popped off." was usually the explanation given.

I endured this through two summers; then arose in desperation and reduced the matter of boys' clothing down to a fine art. In the first place, oh, weary mothers, take off those unpicturesque, uncomfortable short-waisted shirts. Do not blame your Tommie if he comes in at the end of each day with a buttonless waistband. It is impossible to hold up the little trousers tightly, and at the same time have comfort in movement. *Something* must give way, and naturally the buttons fly.

Dress your boys aright, and summer garments, once put in order, will give the mother no more trouble till the time comes for those for the autumn to be looked to. In place of the short-waisted shirts, make, or have made, loose blouses,* or sailor-waists, either of the same material or of thin flannel. When the weather is cool or damp, I have white or navy blue flannel; when very warm, percale or cambric. They should be made large, to allow for shrinkage, and, unless your boy grows like a morning-glory, they ought to last through two summers nicely. The collars and cuffs can be made of Turkey red or navy blue, to match the color of the

figure in the cambric. These plain colors will keep clean much longer and look more dressy than light collars.

Now comes the point of vantage. The short-sleeved gauze flannel, and the stockings—with black elastics above the knees—are first donned; and I have, either on trousers or kilts, strong buttons sewed for *suspenders*. These, being elastic, will give whenever movement demands it, and the buttons remain in place.

A weary little mother, tired with much sewing, and still anxious to keep her boys neatly dressed, looked shocked when I told her to put suspenders on her baby boy in kilts; but on trying my plan she found it worked wonderfully well, and her thanks were many for the rest thus gained.

The waist must of course go *over* the suspenders. In order to do this, it should be made larger at the bottom than under the arms, and a gathering tape drawn in a hem at the lower edge, thus forming a blouse. Have this tape the size of the waist, and instead of tying, secure it at each end, and with a stout button and button-hole, your troubles, so far as sewing on buttons is concerned, are at an end. These shirts must be cut quite long-waisted, and are very easily ironed, and exceedingly cool and comfortable for the wearer, besides having a picturesque look, which the old-fashioned waists certainly lack.

The necktie should harmonize in color with the waist, and be tied sailor fashion, with flowing ends. So you will see, with the exception of enough buttons to hold the waist together in front, the dress is reduced to simplicity itself; and my boy of six years dresses himself with as much ease as the boy of ten, and always looks in good order.

The six-year-old boy, with a navy blue suit made in this way, can have a surah silk sash of red or blue around his waist, tied in loops on one hip; this I have named, for the benefit of my boy, who objected to the sash, "The Cowboy Suit," and the sash and name fill the souls of his little mates with envy. With wide-brimmed blue hat on the back of his head, his hair cut square in front and rather long in the back, and a pretty necktie with flowing ends, a boy dressed in this manner looks like a picture, and still there is nothing to call for the aid of nurse or mamma.

The little shoes should always be the tied ones. They keep their shape better, and instead of an expenditure of time and temper in sewing on shoe-buttons, there will be needed but the penny for a new shoe-string. For dress, have pretty silk stockings, and low shoes with buckles.

With their own little blacking-kit in the corner of the bath-room, their own little hooks for clothes, and a drawer apiece for shirt-waists and stockings, and a little patient training from mamma in the matter of hanging up and putting away, there is no reason why much, if any care, as far as clothing is concerned, should fall on her already overburdened shoulders.

MINNIE GILBERT SPRAGUE.

Comparative Housekeeping.

"ECONOMY is wealth" is a trite saying, but it seems especially apropos when the subject of housekeeping is under discussion. Economy is such an elastic word in its signification; what might be considered economical under certain circumstances, would be extravagant under others. We would call the special attention of those who are striving to solve the vexed question of economy in household expenses to the series of articles on "Comparative Housekeeping," by Mrs. Janet E. Runtz-Rees, the first number of which, given in this Magazine, fully explains the scope of the series. The writer has had wide and varied experience in these matters, and her suggestions, therefore, are worthy of special attention.

* See the "Ernest Suit" in the Magazine for June, 1887.

Descriptions of the Coupon Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT ONLY ONE PATTERN IS ALLOWED FOR EACH COUPON.

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your Coupon 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.

DORINE BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, outer front, full vest, pointed piece, side gore, side form, back, two pieces of the collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The vest is to be gathered at the top and waist line, and placed on the inner front so that the holes will match, the lower edge to be left loose. The larger piece of the collar is to be sewed to the basque, and the smaller piece to the pointed piece and to the vest, which is to be sewed on one side and buttoned on the other under the outer front. The back and side form seams are to be closed only as far down as the notches. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, three-quarters of a yard for the full vest, and three and one-half yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

IMOGENE BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Inner front, full vest, outer front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve of the basque; and one-half of the draped apron. The vest is to be gathered at the top and waist line, and placed on the inner front so that the holes will match, the lower edge to be left loose. The outer fronts are to be secured to the inner fronts by large buttons back of the revers. The back edge of the draped apron is to be laid in three upward-turned plaits that are to be tacked to the skirt. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, two yards for the drapery and vest, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, and five yards additional for the back drapery. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ABERGELDIE JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes down the front indicates the outline of the trimming to simulate the vest. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide; and one-half yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

DALMENIE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, and sleeve. The rows of holes down the front indicate a deep plait to be turned toward the front on the outside. The front is to be gathered at the neck, forward of the cluster of holes, and drawn in to fit the collar. The belt should be about three inches wide, and joined in the side gore seams. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The skirt piece is to have a piece of stiff crinoline gathered in with it, and then sewed to the back in a reversed manner, in a line with the lower row of holes, and so that it will set out nicely. A medium size will require five and one-half yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large.

ADRIENNE MORNING-DRESS, OR TEA-GOWN.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Inner front, full vest, outer front, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The full vest is to be gathered top and bottom and sewed to the inner front so that the notches will match. The row of holes down the outer front shows where the revers is to be turned back. The skirt piece is to be gathered and sewed to the bottom of the back piece. A medium size will require eight and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard for the vest, and three and one-half yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

YOLANDE DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Half of the front, and half of the back. The upper part of the front is laid in four plaits turned toward the middle of the front. The back edge of the same piece is to be laid in four plaits turned upward. The top of the back drapery, back of the extension, is to be laid in four plaits turned toward the middle of the back. The upper edge of the extension is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the back on the outside, and then all the plaits are to be joined to the belt, the back edge of the extension on each side forming a burnous plait falling over the plaits in the middle of the back. The front edge of the back drapery is to be laid in two plaits turned upward, and then lapped over the front drapery so that the clusters of holes will match. The drapery will require seven and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Pattern a medium size.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

HENRIETTE COSTUME.—The pattern for the skirt was given with the January number. Half of the pattern of the overdress is given, consisting of 12 pieces: Inner front, full vest, belt, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve of the polonaise; and one-half of the draped apron. The back edge of the draped apron is to be laid in three plaits turned upward on the outside and secured to the underskirt where they naturally come. The top is to be gathered and drawn in to fit the figure. The full vest is to be gathered top and bottom, and placed on the inner front so that the notches will match. The cluster of holes in the belt is to match with the cluster in the inner front. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the

front on the inside. This skirt piece is to be closed down the middle. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be turned over on the outside to form the revers. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and drawn in to fit the armhole and cuff, respectively. The notch at the top is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The size for fourteen years will require eleven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the polonaise and draped apron, one-half yard for the vest, and five and one-half yards of braid. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

ELSA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Two pieces of the yoke, one-half of the skirt, and one piece of the sleeve. Gather the skirt and sew it to the yoke according to the notches. Gather the sleeve top and bottom between the holes, sew the bottom to a band that will slip easily over the hand, and place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. The size for six years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make of one material; one yard and one-half extra for the sash, and five-eighths of a yard of embroidery for the yoke. Sizes for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

MIGNON DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Back and front of under waist, back and front of outer waist, one-half of the skirt, and one piece of the sleeve. The back and front of the outer waist are to be turned over on the outside to form the revers. The same pieces are to be gathered at the shoulders and joined in the seams with the under waist, according to the notches. The bottom of the outer waist is to be gathered and joined to the bottom of the under waist with the skirt. The skirt is to be gathered and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, the lower part sewed to a band that will slip easily over the hand, and the upper part drawn in to fit the armhole, the notch to be placed to the shoulder seam. The size for four years will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make all of one material; or two yards of embroidery for the skirt, and one yard and a half of goods for the waist. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

DALMENIE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given, consisting of 8 pieces: Front, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. This is the same as the pattern for ladies, described above, and the same directions apply to this. The size for twelve years will require six and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or three and one-eighth of forty-eight inches wide. Sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

DENISE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The skirt is to be gathered at the top and sewed to the waist with more fullness in the back than in front. The size for six years will require three and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and five-eighths of forty-eight inches wide. Sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

BOY'S SHIRT WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. Turn the front edge of the front over on the outside in a line with the notches, and stitch it to look like a box-lait. Lay three narrow plaits back of this, as indicated, and run them in like tucks. Lay the back in three box-plaits, one down the middle. Gather the sleeve top and bottom between the holes, and place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. The size for eight years will require two and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide, or one yard and three-quarters of one yard wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

CALINA HOUSE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, lining for front, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The notches at the top and bottom of the front piece designate the middle. Two plaits are to be laid in the upper part of the front, on each side of the middle and turned toward it. The extension on the front of the back piece is to be laid in two plaits 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. Two plaits are to be laid on the inner seam of the sleeve, as indicated. The front for the right side is to be cut like the pattern given, and after the plaits are laid in this front, the notches that designate the middle will show where the left front is to be cut off. A medium size will require eight and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five and one-half yards of lace. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LAURINA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The extension on the front 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 a plait turned toward the front on the inside. A medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

EMILIA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, full pieces for back and front, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and three pieces of the corslet. Lay the full pieces in plaits, as indicated, turned toward the middle of the front and back, respectively, and place on the waist to the rows of holes. Gather the top of the sleeve between the holes, and place the notch to the shoulder seam. Gather the bottom of the sleeve. A medium size will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of velvet for the cuffs, collar and bodice. Sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

GRANVILLE VISITE. Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, side gore, back, sleeve, and collar. Gather or plait the lower end of the front, or leave it plain. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ALICE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Two pieces of the yoke, two full pieces of the waist, belt, shoulder-puff, sleeve, cuff, and one-half the skirt. The full pieces of the waist can either be joined in a seam to the bottom of the yoke, or they can be gathered about a quarter of an inch from the upper edge and sewed to the outside of the yoke so as to leave a frill. The belt extends across the front to the side seams; at the back, the skirt and waist are to be joined and arranged with drawing-strings commencing at the back ends of the belt. The size for two years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods thirty inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

NANETTE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, cuff, two pieces of the sleeve, and the entire hood. Lay a box-plait down the front, as indicated. Gather the top of the skirt piece. The size for six years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.



Henriette Costume.

THIS stylish costume consists of a polonaise with basque front, an apron drapery, and a kilt-plaited skirt. The patterns of the polonaise and drapery are given with this Magazine; the pattern for the kilt skirt was given with the January number. This is particularly desirable for the spring and summer woollens, to be trimmed with braid or bordering, or ribbon; and it can also be utilized for washable fabrics, pongee and other summer silks. A contrast is desirable for the vest, but not absolutely necessary, and the vest can be made full or plain, as preferred. Neither is it obligatory that the skirt should be kilt-plaited; a box-plaited skirt, or a full skirt made of straight breadths would be equally appropriate. See page 395, for a further description of the pattern, the sizes furnished, etc.

Dresses for Girls.

(See Page 393.)

FIGS. 1 and 3.—The simplicity of this model, the "Elsa," recommends it especially for the washable fabrics chosen for little girls' summer dresses, and it is also suitable for soft silk and the lighter qualities of woollens. It consists simply of a deep yoke extending under the arms (or it might be called a very short waist), to which a full skirt is attached in gathers, and held in to the figure by a broad sash, although it might be left to hang loosely, if preferred. No. 1. represents it made in white nainsook with embroidered yoke, and an insertion of embroidery in the skirt, and a broad sash of the same goods. No. 3. shows it made in ruby cashmere, with full collar and sleeve-frills of Oriental lace, and the sash of ruby faille ribbon. The broad-brimmed hat is of red English straw, trimmed with white feathers.

The design is equally suitable for gingham, Chambéry, satine, or calico; and it can also be used for a cloak, in that case to be buttoned in front, of course. See page 395, for particulars regarding the pattern, sizes, etc.

FIG. 2.—This dress, the "Mignon," has much the same general effect as the "Elsa," but has a long blouse waist to

which the skirt is attached. The waist is made up over a lining, and is ornamented with revers back and front. The illustration represents it made in fine white mull with very fine embroidery, and sash and shoulder-bows of dark blue velvet. The embroidery is carried up the front and back, forming the revers and faced in between them. If a simpler style be desired, the revers and embroidery on the waist can be dispensed with, and the model is then appropriate for the cheapest goods. The pattern is fully described and the sizes are stated on page 395.

Boy's Shirt Waist.

THIS practical design can be made up in printed linen or cotton, plain linen or flannel, and worn with trousers or a kilt skirt, and with or without a jacket, as circumstances



Boy's Shirt Waist.

may render necessary. The main point is to line the belt with a material sufficiently strong to give a firm foundation for the buttons. The pattern is described on page 395.



Calina House-Dress.



Granville Visite.



Laurina Jacket.



Alice Dress.



Nanette Coat.



Emilia Waist.

Standard Patterns.

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 Coupon is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number, 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 coupon. Particulars relating to the patterns will be found on page 395.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF CORSETS.

THE origin of the corset is lost in remote antiquity. The figures of the early Egyptian women show clearly an artificial shape of the waist produced by some style of corset. A similar style of dress must also have prevailed among the ancient Jewish maidens, for Isaiah, in calling upon the women to put away their personal adornments, says: "Instead of a girdle there should be a rent, and instead of a stomacher (corset) a girdle of sackcloth." Homer also tells us of the cestus or girdle of Venus, which was borrowed by the haughty Juno with a view to increasing her personal attractions that Jupiter might be a more tractable and orderly husband. Terentius, a Roman dramatist, who was born 560 years before Christ, makes one of his characters say: "This pretty creature isn't at all like our



EGYPTIAN LADY.

town ladies, whose mothers saddle their backs and straight-lace their waists to make them well shaped."

Coming down to later times, we find the corset was used in France and England as early as the 12th century. A manuscript now in the British Museum, prepared in the time of Edward the Confessor, contains a curious figure laced in a corset evidently intended as a satire upon the prevailing fashion of the times. The literature of the 14th century contains frequent allusions to the small waists of ladies, showing that a small waist was regarded as essential to a beautiful figure.

The most extensive and extreme use of the corset occurred in the 16th century, during the reign of Catherine de Medici of France and Queen Elizabeth of England. With Catherine de Medici a thirteen-inch waist measurement

was considered the standard of fashion, while a thick waist was an abomination. No lady could consider her figure of proper shape unless she could span her waist with her two hands. To produce this result, a strong, rigid corset was worn night and day until the waist was laced down to the required size. Then over this corset was placed the steel apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration. This corset-cover reached from the hips to the throat, and produced a rigid figure over which the dress would fit with perfect smoothness.



THE FASHION FIEND.

(From an Ancient Manuscript.)

The habit of tight lacing at this time was not confined to the ladies, as will be seen from the picture of Henry III., the son of Catherine de Medici. We find, in fact, frequent allusions to this practice among men, some of these as far back as the 13th century.



LADY OF THE COURT OF QUEEN CATHERINE DE MEDICI

During the 18th century, corsets were extensively made from a species of leather known as "Bend," which was not unlike that used for shoe-soles, and measured nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. One of the most popular



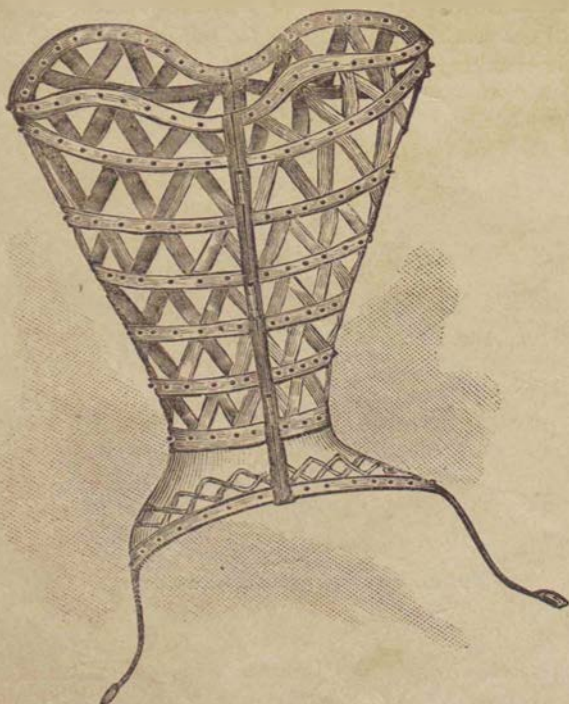
LADY OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

corsets of the time was the corset and stomacher shown in the accompanying illustration.

About the time of the French Revolution a reaction set in against tight lacing, and for a time there was a return to the early classical Greek costume. This style of dress prevailed, with various modifications, until about 1810, when corsets and tight lacing again returned with threefold fury. Buchan, a prominent writer of this period, says that it was by no means uncommon to see "a mother lay her daughter down upon the carpet, and, placing her foot upon her back, break half-a-dozen laces in tightening her stays."

It is reserved to our own time to demonstrate that corsets and tight lacing do not necessarily go hand in hand. Distortion and feebleness are not beauty. A proper proportion should exist between the size of the waist and the breadth of the shoulders and hips, and if the waist is diminished below this proportion, it suggests disproportion and invalidism, rather than grace and beauty.

The perfect corset is one which possesses just that degree of rigidity which will prevent it from wrinkling, but will



CORSET-COVER OF STEEL WORN IN THE TIME OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI.



HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

at the same time allow freedom in the bending and twisting of the body. Corsets, boned with whalebone, horn or steel, are necessarily stiff, rigid and uncomfortable. After a few days' wear, the bones or steels become bent and set in position, or, as more frequently happens, they break and cause injury or discomfort to the wearer.

About seven years ago an article was discovered for the stiffening of corsets, which has revolutionized the corset industry of the world. This article is manufactured from the natural fibers of the Mexican Ixtle plant, and is known as "Coraline." It consists of straight, stiff fibers like bristles,

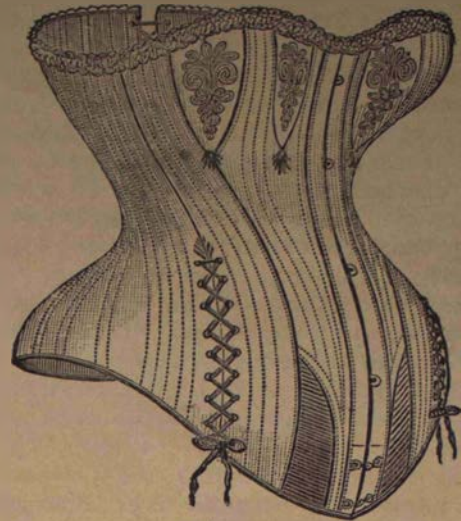


CORSET AND STOMACHER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



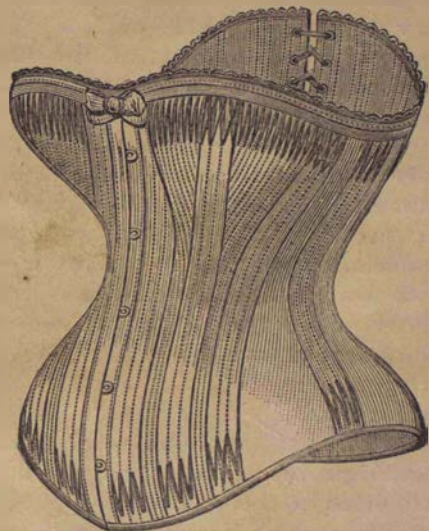
CLASSICAL GREEK COSTUME, EARLY PART OF PRESENT CENTURY.

The merit and popularity of these corsets is attested by the fact that over two millions were sold last year in this country alone, and the sales are increasing rapidly year by year.



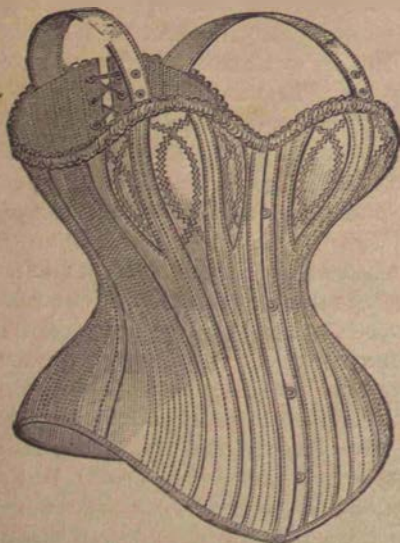
DR. WARNER'S ABDOMINAL CORSET.

Like every great success, the Coraline corset has been largely imitated. These imitations are stiffened with common twine filled with starch, and they lose all their stiffness after a few days' wear.

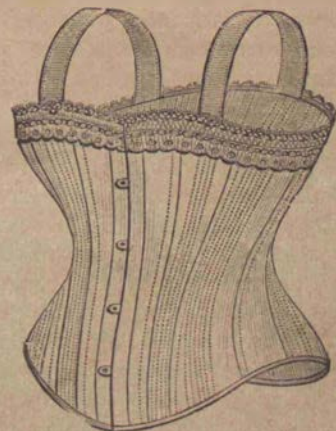


DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSET.

The genuine Coraline gives better value and better service for the money than any imitation. They can always be recognized, for they have the trade-mark name, "Dr. Warner's Coraline," printed on the inside of the steel-cover.



DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET.



DR. WARNER'S MISSES' CORSET.

bound together into a cord by being wound with two strands of thread passing in opposite directions. This produces an elastic fiber, intermediate in stiffness between twine and whalebone. It cannot break, but it possesses all the stiffness and flexibility necessary to hold the corset in shape and prevent its wrinkling.

We herewith present some forms of corsets stiffened with this material, and illustrating the graceful and easy curves of the corsets now made, as compared with those of former times. We congratulate the ladies of to-day upon the advantages they enjoy over their sisters of two centuries ago.

A Public Nuisance to be Abated by Common Law.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE United States Supreme Court decision denying compensation and justifying the condemnation of the liquor traffic as a public nuisance, is in accordance with the conscience and common sense of the people. It therefore remains for the people to demand the immediate enforcement of Prohibition of the atrocious liquor traffic by common law as a common nuisance.

Liquor-selling can be proved to be a monster public vice, fully justifying united effort to crush it out as a curse to the whole community, or, as expressed so clearly in the following words in a late decision of the Supreme Court: "No Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

Prohibition is the promised life and hope of the home, and of all that is good in our modern civilization. A sanction by license is a justification of the liquor traffic, and an insult to all that is good, true, or beautiful in this world and the world to come. The great question, therefore, now before the country is: How much and how long shall we, as a people, have our peace, lives, and property jeopardized by this traffic before we demand its prohibition? It ought to be recognized as an axiomatic principle that the necessity for a prohibitory law depends entirely on the injury the liquor traffic is to the peace and happiness of the people, and not on the question whether all the people will immediately indorse it. All law is coercion, and will necessarily have opposition from those whose passions or interests are involved. If, therefore, the liquor traffic is a curse to our civilization, what more debauching, demoralizing injury can we bring on ourselves than to legalize and enthrone it in law by the sanction of a license designed to make it respectable? If we wait until the saloon is exterminated by moral suasion only, as is intimated by some, on the same principle how soon would or could we exterminate anarchy or rebellion by the same method?

It may be a sugar-coating process to appeal to the prejudices and passions of the people to stifle their conscience, but such an appeal ignores their intelligence and responsibility for the atrocities of the traffic.

If the nation justifies a wrong by connivance or legal sanction, what right have they to expect protection from the consequences of the wrong?

If it is a logical conclusion that the accessory to a crime is as bad as the criminal, the voter who by his ballot favors a license of the liquor traffic, is morally and legally responsible for all the crime and poverty that the traffic produces. Who can deny this? Have we not the personal liberty so to use our vote as to protect our boys from the numerous and attractive allurements of the saloon? What is the difference in degree between the crime of Judas Iscariot or of Benedict Arnold, and the sanctioning by a vote of acceptance of a bribe of \$100 or \$1,000 (payable in advance) to legalize a monstrous evil? The contrast between vice and virtue, beauty and deformity, health and disease, order and anarchy, life and death, are all vividly illustrated by the blessings of Prohibition and the accumulated crime, misery and lawlessness that are caused by the liquor traffic.

What then must God or should good men think of the callous conscience of the professed Christian, whose intelligence makes him aware of the diabolism of the liquor traffic, and who yet does not express his condemnation of it where his conscience ought to be most active—at the ballot-box?

Why cannot we see the inconsistency of establishing churches in which to learn how to worship God to save our own souls while by our votes we establish saloons to curse the souls of other men? Besides, this very license is a means of raising a revenue by a method which costs ten times the amount collected to pay the damages that accrue. On the same principle of short-sighted expediency, the people tax a large proportion of their earnings to secure protection, and then vote to open and perpetuate a sluice-way to deluge themselves with crime, anarchy and pauperism.

What can it profit a people if they gain a large revenue and lose all in life that is worth living for; or what shall a people give in exchange for their virtue or honor? How much profit, even in a pecuniary sense, is there in a few thousands of revenue at the expense of a mountain of crime and debauchery, costing the people many millions in treasure and many thousands of lives, besides untold misery and wretchedness?

Many who find a sentiment of sympathy in their minds for the victims of alcoholic poison, often use this sympathy as a cloak to cover up the enormity of the evil that they have instigated by their toleration and sanction of this great wrong; but their guilty connivance and responsibility are there, all the same.

In the light of these facts, we see the incongruity of building colleges, schools and churches to save our boys from vice and irreligion, and by our votes opening and sanctioning numerous dens of temptation in the most desirable locations, to send both their bodies and souls to perdition.

While we are asking God to save us from temptation by our votes, we are authorizing an avalanche of temptation. Under a mere pretense of restriction, we offer to sell the privilege of poisoning the people, and then we imprison the people who are poisoned.

We license schools of vice and crime, and then imprison the pupils for learning the lessons.

What consistency is there in building extensive and costly hospitals, lunatic and other asylums, to show our philanthropic charity, and then authorizing men with a license to fill them with victims? What right have we to claim to be patriots or even law-abiding citizens, much less Christians, when we engender such horrible perversions of law by a wholesale legal sanction of disease and death, thus ruining through the sale of a slow, exhilarating poison, some of the best men in the community, for a money consideration?

Yet this is the attitude of both the old political parties, which are combined with the liquor traffic in its raid on the lives, property, and moral sense of the people. These allied forces are entrenched in arrogance, avarice, prejudice and appetite, all of which converge and are crystallized in the term selfish expediency. And this is the stronghold to be encountered in our war on the monster evil; and it must be overcome by the aroused intelligence, patriotic zeal, moral courage, generous enthusiasm, and the common purpose of the people, through an appeal to *common law*. The coming doom of the liquor traffic is written in characters of blood on the hearts and homes of the people, and they will soon be declaring, through their sovereign will at the ballot-box, that this curse of all curses, the saloon, must go, or (what seems to promise a more certain and effective relief) this monster evil is soon to be annihilated as a public nuisance by the exercise of the common sense of the people through common law, which method is now fully confirmed by the decision of the highest tribunal in our land, the Supreme Court of the United States. But in either case the fiat of the people will soon be heard like the blast of an angry whirlwind sweeping over the country and through the halls of Congress, commanding in thunder tones that will not be misunderstood: *The saloon must go!*

Mrs. Henrietta L. Monroe,

PRESIDENT OF THE OHIO STATE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, the movement known as the "Woman's Crusade" began at Hillsboro', in southwestern Ohio. It spread rapidly through the surrounding towns till it reached Xenia. For a time the whole city seemed to be under the spell which the prayers and the songs of the "Bands" threw over it. No one who witnessed the processions of refined and cultivated Christian women as they marched through the streets or prayed before the saloons, can ever forget it. Business was almost entirely suspended, and men stood in quiet groups, often with tears rolling down their faces, as they listened to the prayers of wives, mothers and sisters kneeling before the saloons. The faces of the women during those days were serious, grave, and almost smileless, and the spirit which animated them spread throughout the city. It is no exaggeration to say, as a spectator remarked, that "the feeling was like the day of judgment."

Mrs. Monroe was one of the leaders of these Bands. She had been active in good works and reform movements prior to that time, and, indeed, her antecedents had peculiarly fitted her for leadership in such work. Her great-grandfather was a Revolutionary captain in Virginia, another of his descendants being Stonewall Jackson; her grandmother manumitted her inherited slaves more than fifty years ago; while another ancestor, the Rev. Mr. Fairfield, of Puritan stock, was one of the first patrons of Oberlin College, when such patronage required firmness and courage.

Mrs. Monroe was born in Troy, Ohio, in 1827. Her father, Zachariah Riley, was a lawyer and a gentleman of the old school; and when Henrietta was eleven years old, she stood by his side as they together professed faith in Christ and united with the Presbyterian Church. Her mother (*née* Juliet Neal) was a lady of high culture and pleasing manners, of strong religious convictions, and a leader in every good work. The daughter Henrietta inherited the good

qualities of both her honored parents. Rev. Dr. McMundy, one of her first teachers, says of her: "She was a Christian lady with sentiments of divine charity ever in lively exercise. The high and honored position she holds now, was foreshadowed in her school-days by her literary and religious attainments."

In 1848, she was married to Mr. James L. Monroe, a prominent and rising young business man in Xenia, Ohio, where she has resided ever since, and made a model Christian home. They are both members of what is now known as the United Presbyterian Church.

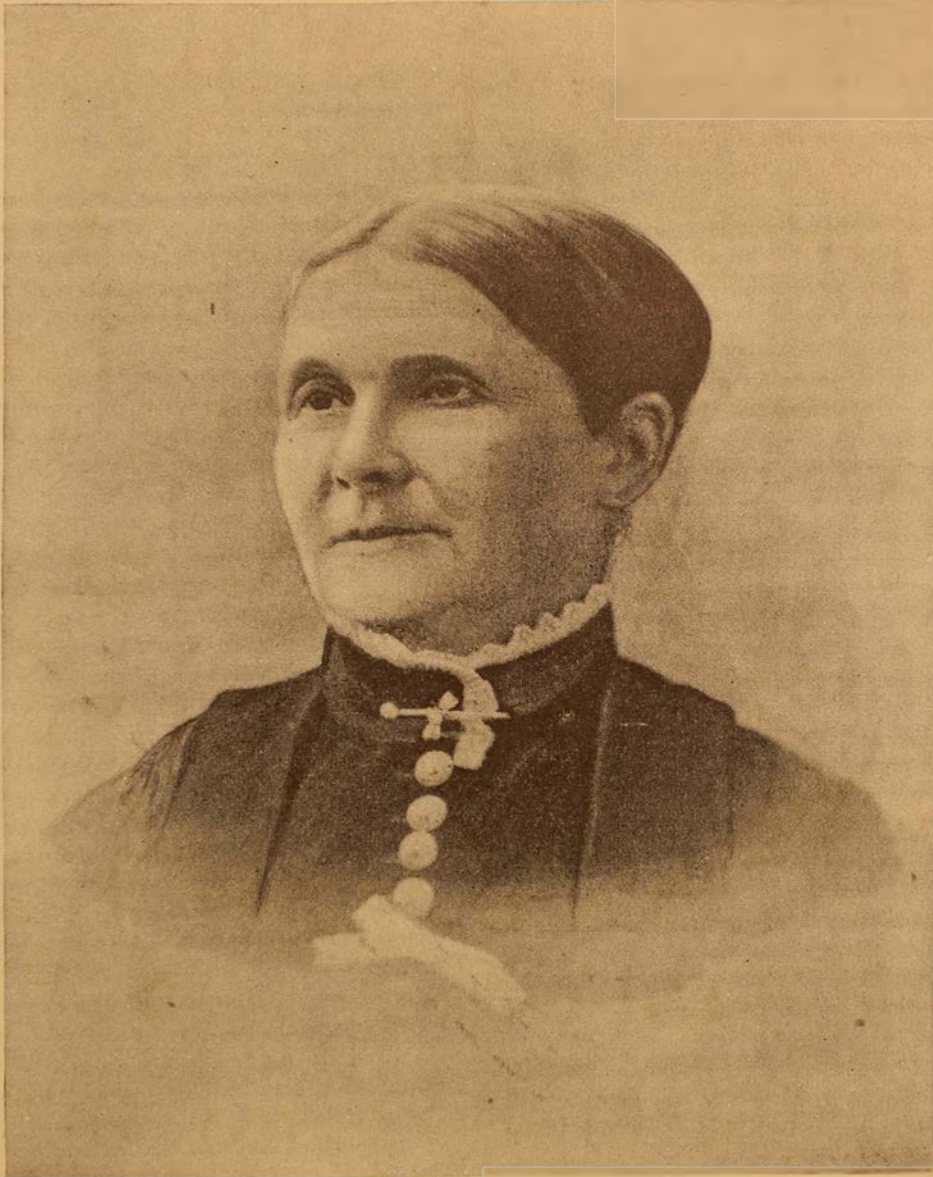
Here she takes the lead in philanthropic enterprises. When the Home for Soldiers' Orphans was started in

Xenia, she, with Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, and Mrs. Judge White, of Springfield, as specially active in the work. In a very cordial communication, Ex-President Hayes says: "Mrs. Monroe's devotion to the laborious duties devolving upon the local member of the Board in the difficult days when the 'Home' had no aid from the State, won the hearts of all its well-wishers. Mrs. Monroe is richly entitled to be classed among the founders of one of the most interesting and useful of the benevolent institutions of Ohio, and worthy to be remembered with gratitude by all who appreciate the good work in which she bore so conspicuous a part."

It is no wonder, then, that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio, at their State Convention in Canton, 1886, elected her to be their president. It was a dark hour in the history of the Union. There were divisions of sentiment on important questions of policy. A heavy debt hung over the organization, and many

of the local Unions were in doubt whether this financial embarrassment could ever be removed. Mrs. Monroe cheerfully and courageously entered upon the Herculean task, with firm faith in God and in the justice of her cause. Without a penny's aid from the State treasury, she visited local Unions wherever called, receiving only the bare expenses of travel. As a result of her wise and economical administration, the State Union has been entirely relieved from debt, and many new Unions added to the roll.

As a speaker, Mrs. Monroe is earnest and persuasive, giving the impression that only the call of God could ever



Henrietta L. Monroe

have induced her to exchange the quiet and congenial duties of domestic life for the more conspicuous work in which she is now engaged. She fills the chair of presiding officer with rare grace and tact, pushing business with the dispatch of a skilled parliamentarian, and all with such kindliness and gentleness of manner that her plans rarely encounter serious opposition. All her hopes and motives, and the source of all her activity and energy in reformatory work, are grounded in deep religious convictions and an unwavering faith in the Scriptures of truth.

These facts have been communicated by personal friends.

JULIA COLMAN.

Gone To His Rest.

MR. GATCHELL—HIS CONNECTION WITH TWO GREAT MOVEMENTS: THE ANTI-NUISANCE LEAGUE AND THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU—FIGHTING THE SALOON AS A NUISANCE UNDER THE LAW, AND FIGHTING TO MAKE IT AN OUTLAW—DEATH IN THE FORE-FRONT OF BATTLE—MR. GATCHELL'S SUCCESSORS, THOMAS AND SMITH.

WM. MCK. GATCHELL, well known to Prohibitionists as Secretary of the National Prohibition Bureau, died suddenly in Philadelphia, Monday, February 21, whither he had gone from Washington to consult the leaders of the National Law and Order League, there in session, on the subject and work of the National Anti-Nuisance League, whose agent Mr. Gatchell then was. A coroner's inquest pronounced death to be due to heart disease. Unsealed letters found in his room to General Clinton B. Fisk and to Carter, Hughes & Cravath of this city, the law firm employed by the Anti-Nuisance League, and dated February 20, show that up to the very hour of his death his persistent work for the annihilation of the saloon curse did not falter.

The National Anti-Nuisance League, whose agent Mr. Gatchell was at the time of his death, has for its object, the test, by suits in the courts, of the constitutionality of laws licensing the liquor traffic, the League believing that the saloons, notwithstanding the *prima facie* legal standing, can be enjoined as nuisances under the common law, the Legislatures of the States having no constitutional right to legalize that which is inimical to the public good.

It proposes to work through local committees established in the various States. These committees will arrange the preliminaries of suits to be brought simultaneously in a number of localities, enjoining the authorities from granting licenses; and it was to arrange for such a committee in the city of Washington that Mr. Gatchell had visited that place.

The Anti-Nuisance League relies upon the already pronounced dicta of the U. S. Supreme Court, and upon the fact that, whenever appealed to, it has decided for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, for its belief that the saloon may be enjoined as a common nuisance, and it attaches to its letter-heads and envelopes this extract from the Court opinion in the famous Louisiana Lottery cases, *Stone vs. Mississippi*, 101 U. S. 816:

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

Under this opinion, the League holds all license laws to be unconstitutional.

The headquarters of the League will remain at No. 10 East 14th street, and Mr. Frank C. Smith, President of the

New Jersey Young Men's Prohibition League, will take Mr. Gatchell's place as agent. Mr. Smith, who is a lawyer of some ten years' practice, is well equipped for this work, having for a number of years been prominent in Law-and-Order prosecutions.

Mr. Gatchell was one of the organizers of the Prohibition party in this city, and a very active worker. He was at the time of his death Corresponding Secretary of the Manhattan Temperance Association, through whose agency the saloons of this city were closed three Sundays in succession last spring, by order of Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Gatchell was at one time on the staff of *The Voice*, and was editor and proprietor of the *American Reformer* of this city when it was merged in *The Voice*. His funeral, largely attended by local Prohibitionists, was held Feb. 24, in the Park Avenue M. E. Church, and conducted by Rev. Jas. M. King of this city. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, W. Jennings Demorest, and General Clinton B. Fisk.

The death of Mr. Gatchell also calls attention to the work of

THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU.

of which he was one of the organizers in 1885, and Secretary up to its last annual meeting in January, 1888, when Mr. John Lloyd Thomas was elected to that position, and Mr. Gatchell took up the work of the National Anti-Nuisance League.

The Bureau was organized Nov. 9, 1885, in this city, and was the outgrowth of a movement on the part of several prominent New York Prohibitionists, who immediately after the St. John campaign sent Mr. St. John, Prof. A. A. Hopkins, Rev. C. H. Meade, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, and others, into the South as missionaries for the Prohibition party. Since its organization the work of the Bureau has extended to every State and to most of the territories, but it has by no means given up its work in the fruitful Southern field. During the winter of 1885 and 1886, Field-Manager Hopkins, Mrs. Lathrap, Miss Willard, Mr. Meade, Dr. John A. Brooks, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, Horace Waters, Mrs. M. L. Wells, Hon. Wm. Daniel, Hon. T. R. Carskadon, and a host of others, were stirring up Prohibition sentiment in "Dixie," and as a result the new party was organized in North Carolina, Alabama, Florida and Tennessee, and party lines strengthened everywhere. John Lloyd Thomas, the present Secretary, who was then District-Manager for the middle Southern States, also swung "Old Virginny" into the Prohibition party column. The same gentleman has only just returned from effective efforts in Delaware, which bring the Temperance Alliance and the Temperance Reform party in harmony with our national party organization. The Bureau is now in active correspondence with Prohibitionists in South Carolina and Georgia, who are loudly clamoring for a Prohibition party organization.

More than 10,000 Prohibition party speeches have been delivered under the auspices of the National Prohibition Bureau, and last year Secretary Gatchell received over 12,000 letters in its work and sent out over 10,000,000 pages of Prohibition literature. In December, 1886, the *Prohibition Record*, a weekly bulletin of speakers, their appointments, and a chronicle of the work of the Bureau, was started by the Secretary, and has proved of good service in bringing within the reach of the party a host of workers at almost nominal rates.

The Bureau endeavors to solve the problem, How shall the people be reached through press and platform at the least possible cost? It has published a series of forty or more four-page tracts on various phases of the Prohibition reform, written by the great leaders of the movement, which it furnishes for 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per thousand; and it offers to mail, singly, 100 of these "Prohibition

Bombs" weekly for ten weeks, to 100 men, for \$1.00, if addressed wrappers are furnished it. As a platform agent, the Bureau has secured the party thousands of volunteer addresses, its aim being to act, without profit to itself, as a medium of communication between party workers and the best Prohibition speakers. It is supported solely by voluntary contributions. Its officers for 1888 are: Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, President; Horace Waters, W. T. Wardwell and Dr. I. K. Funk, Vice-Presidents; W. Jennings Demorest, Treasurer, and John Lloyd Thomas, Secretary.

Reply of Samuel Dickie, Chairman of the National Prohibition Party, to Dr. Carroll, of the Independent.

THE OBJECTION TO THE PROHIBITION PARTY MET AND REFUTED—THE CHARGE OF "INTOLERANCE" EXAMINED—HOW WE "DIVIDE AND ANTAGONIZE THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE"—THE DOCTOR'S REPUBLICAN PLEA ROUGHLY HANDLED—WIT AND WISDOM.

To H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.—*Dear Sir:* Allow me to engage your attention with a brief response to your address upon the theme, "The Temperance Reform Does Not Require a National Prohibition Party." As a whole, the address evinced an excellent spirit; and in a few cases where it fell short of entire candor, such failure was clearly due to the mental obliquity of the partisan rather than the trick of the advocate. From necessity, my review must be brief; and while it may be too much to expect by so slight an effort to change your views, you will no doubt give me credit for having avoided none of your arguments.

As I carefully read your paper, I note the following points therein:

I. You commend our courage and devotion, but doubt our wisdom.

II. You charge us with intolerance.

III. You say the Prohibition party favors but one method of dealing with the saloon.

IV. You call attention to two great tasks, (a) the overthrow of the saloon, and as preliminary thereto (b) the defeat of the old party organizations.

V. You say we "divide and antagonize the friends of temperance."

VI. "Your platform is too narrow."

VII. "Temperance reform is going on bravely without your help."

The foregoing cover all the points you sought to make. Let us consider them in detail:

I. The charge against us that we lack wisdom, being merely the expression of an opinion, needs no other consideration than it will receive as it relates to the body of your address. We plead the general issue, and are content to allow the future to judge of our wisdom or folly.

II. But we are "intolerant." The absence of specifications under this charge might excuse us from pleading thereto. Intolerance is a most unworthy spirit.

Intolerance? Where? When? Toward whom? Quite likely you refer to our wicked course in hanging Mr. Blaine in effigy, or possibly you hint at the shameful tirade poured out by the bribery bureau of our National Committee because we could not buy the traitorous withdrawal of your Presidential candidate; or it may be that you refer to our very questionable conduct in boycotting Republican business men, discharging Republican employees, and driving Republican preachers out of our pulpits because they chose to cast their ballots for the white-plumed dodger. All these things were wrong. For them I have no word of excuse. Their perpetrators ought to repent in sackcloth and ashes. But, sir, the guilty are of your own political household.

III. Yes, we favor in general but one method of settling the question. We believe there is but one right way, one wise way, one best way.

The wisdom of our method must stand or fall upon its merits; but the fact that we propose only one general plan is surely no presumption against its soundness. Indeed it is quite the contrary. Let us see. How many plans does God use to people this globe? One, and though not free from difficulties it seems fairly successful. How many ways of passing from this world to the world that is to come? But one, the pall, the narrow house, the pulseless sleep, the bursting tomb, the opening day. How many plans for the salvation of men? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Upon how many ideas were the early Abolitionists agreed concerning slavery? One: abolition. How many plans had the Republican party on the same question? One: non-extension of slave territory. But upon how many plans does the Republican party or the Democratic party agree for dealing with the drink traffic? Certainly not many; *absolutely not one.*

You are, however, totally wrong in assuming that Prohibitionists fail to do their duty in "Local Option" and "Amendment" campaigns. We stand ready at all times to unite with other citizens in any effort that gives reasonable hope of striking a blow at the saloon, even though convinced that such plan falls far short of a complete solution of the question.

In the Amendment campaigns in Rhode Island, in Tennessee, in Texas, in Oregon, in Michigan, in West Virginia, Prohibitionists have done, and are doing, in proportion to their numbers, ten to one, in time, talent and money, when compared with Democrats and Republicans. In county elections under Local Option laws, *the only party* that can be counted upon to vote solidly on the right side is the Prohibition party.

IV. The two great tasks,—to destroy the saloon, to defeat the old parties. The first we need not consider. Concerning it we are in substantial agreement. As to the second point, the impossibility of defeating the old parties, I answer, that either your argument proves nothing, or it proves altogether too much. Every word you have written on this point will apply with equal force against the organization of a new party on any issue at any time.

Either your argument is utterly pointless, or it will force you to a conclusion which I am sure you cannot maintain. It proves nothing at all, or it settles beyond dispute the proposition that so long as this republic endures, so long will the country be controlled now by the Democratic and again by the Republican party. So much for your argument in general.

Let us examine it in particular: You credit these parties with possessing "the instinct of self-preservation," and proceed to illustrate the manner in which that instinct will lead your party to act. You say: "We will take the State of New York. Here the two old parties are nearly evenly divided, and it requires no very large change of votes to give the victory to either party. In the Republican party there is a very large temperance element, which is growing more and more pronounced every year, and more strenuous in its demands for proper temperance legislation. Let us suppose that the Republican party chooses to ignore or resist these demands. Your party would probably grow, gentlemen; and the growth of your party would be at the expense of the Republican party, and that party would find, by and by, that its campaigns were well-nigh hopeless, and it would see that it was the temperance defection that was crippling it. The liquor interests being safely housed in the Democratic party, it would understand that its return to power could only be effected by taking strong temperance ground. When it did that, as it surely would, where would your party be?"

Pardon me if I seem to take too much satisfaction in calling your attention to the bottomless morass into which your illustration plunges.

"The liquor interests being safely housed in the Democratic party," etc. Here is where you abandon the solid ground, and trust your whole argument to rest upon an impossible foundation.

"Safely housed?" Is this intended as a statement of present fact or of future probability? Try it as a statement of fact. Will you kindly inform me in what political household I can find Sheridan Shook and Louis Froelich and Frank J. Carroll, Hon. John P. Windolph of New York, and George B. Cox liquor-dealer and political boss of Cincinnati? Who made a Republican liquor-dealer Mayor of Buffalo? What party sent

the proprietor of "The Silver Dollar" saloon twice to your State Assembly? How does it accord with your statement of fact, that 53 liquor-dealers are on the New York County Republican Committee?

If the liquor interests of the State are housed in the Democratic party, how does it occur that two of them have been sent to Albany as members of the present Legislature by Republican votes? If your fact obtains in other States, why does the *Chicago Tribune*, a Republican organ, insist that a majority of beer-sellers and of their patrons are Republican? Why does the same paper declare that "Prohibition must be prohibited in the Republican party?" Why does Murat Halstead, the leading Republican editor of Ohio, say that hundreds of Ohio saloons are practically Republican club-houses?

Why was it said of a liquor convention at Cincinnati that "Turner Hall rang last night with cheers for Blaine and Logan;" . . . "President Bode made a strong speech in the German language. Among other things he said, 'As for the temperance question, it is all nonsense to say that the Republicans are not sound on it'?"

But suppose you were thinking of the future when you wrote "safely housed." By what process are the liquor men to be induced to leave your genial fireside where now they find so agreeable a home? Surely not by the process you suggest, viz., that your party "chooses to ignore or resist these demands." They are with you now in great numbers and with alarming influence, but the process you suggest would add to their numbers and multiply their influence. You seem to have forgotten that axiom of politics concerning the purification of a political party from within: "The need demonstrates the impossibility." Where, when, how, did any political party purge itself of its baser elements? The patient is more likely to die than to expel the parasites.

V. We "antagonize and divide the friends of temperance."

Certainly; you are but calling attention to the inevitable. Luther and Calvin and Knox and Wesley "antagonized and divided" the friends of religion. The Abolitionists "antagonized and divided" the friends of emancipation. New organizations, either in politics or religion, cannot be expected to rally at once all who look with favor on the end sought.

Conservatives will remain in the old organizations and will attempt the impossible,—to reform from within. With you we deplore this division of our forces; and as rapidly as you discover the futility of your efforts, we will extend to you and yours a cordial welcome to our political faith. On this matter of party endurance let me commend to you an editorial of the *New York Tribune*, of Nov. 7, 1860:

"When the opinions of a party have done their work and are no longer useful, the party cannot be expected to renounce them and adopt others of later discovery and higher character. The reason is obvious. Every party is composed of individuals of different instincts and varying powers of thought, who have agreed as to the ideas of the party, but are quite likely or even certain to disagree as to other and newer ideas. . . . Thus it is that parties are dissolved and forgotten. It is nothing that their names are retained. The superficial and hasty may be influenced by a name, but the earnest man looks into the reality behind it."

VI. "Your platform is too narrow."

Your criticism implies a compliment which I am not able to return, viz., that our platform has clearness of statement and definiteness of aim. May I ask you on what great question of public policy your party is agreed? Was your friend James Russell Lowell correct, when he said recently, in Boston, that for twenty years no Republican could express his sentiments or a fraction thereof in his ballot? Was he right or wrong when he said, substantially, that the planks of your platform were not designed to express convictions, but to furnish a screen behind which the politicians could scramble after the offices? Sir, there is not to-day one solitary question before the American people upon which a man may not take either side and remain a member of the Republican party. Nay, verily, the longitude and latitude of the Republican bed will not cramp the sleeper, though he may shiver and die from the lightness of the covering.

VII. Are you certain that temperance reform is going on bravely without us? Do you observe no connection between our growth and the increase of "temperance legislation"?

The *Detroit Tribune* advocated Local Option. Why? To kill

the saloon? No, but to reduce the Prohibition vote. Your own *New York Tribune* says: "If the Republicans of the Legislature want to reduce the Prohibition vote in New York, next fall, by a figure that would have given the State to Blaine twenty times over in 1884, they should pass the High License bill, and do it promptly." Not quite so insignificant as we might be.

Does the temperance reform require a new party? We think it does. With rumsellers in both the old parties, more intimately and more numerous than ever before connected with party machinery; with one party declaring itself openly for the saloon and the other in abject terror refusing in its national platform to say one word against the traffic, but shrewdly announcing itself in favor of the greatest "diversity of industries;" with no clear issue between the old organizations; with a despicable spirit on the part of political managers to arouse and inflame sectional hate and animosity, we believe that not only "the temperance reform" but the country demands a new issue, and a new non-sectional party to bury the bloody shirt and banish the saloon.

Respectfully,

SAMUEL DICKIE.

A Preying Party.

PIRATES and burglars prey on the people for plunder.

Liquor dealers pray for a license for the same object.

Non-partisan praying church-members, by their votes, pray for the party which licenses the liquor dealers to prey on their victims; and they all combine to prey on each other, when the preying parties become preying partisans, and finally they all find that their salvation depends on their praying for Prohibition.

Prohibition Nuts to Crack.

CHESTNUTS, to explode the high license humbug.

Iron nuts, to secure political Prohibition machinery.

Butternuts, to make the journals run smoothly.

Cocoa-nuts of law, to pelt the liquor dealers.

Hickory-nuts, to crack the saloon,

Beech-nuts, to drive rum-suckers into the sea.

Nut-galls, for musty church members.

Pine-nuts for mugwump offenders.

Hazel-nuts, for cranky defenders.

Nutmegs, for crusty contenders.

Ginger-nuts for spicy machine menders.

Doughnuts, for a Christmas greeting on the culmination of Prohibition.

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 amount of 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.

"ANNA."—It is not necessary for a lady to rise when shaking hands with a gentleman unless in her own house or when she desires to show him especial respect. You were right to remain seated when your rector offered to shake hands with you, but that was no reason why the other lady should not rise when he approached her, if she desired to do so. Your question about the propriety of replying with thanks or a request to be excused, may be answered in the same way. It was not at all necessary for the lady to declare publicly that she could not play, if she

(Continued on page 406.)

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

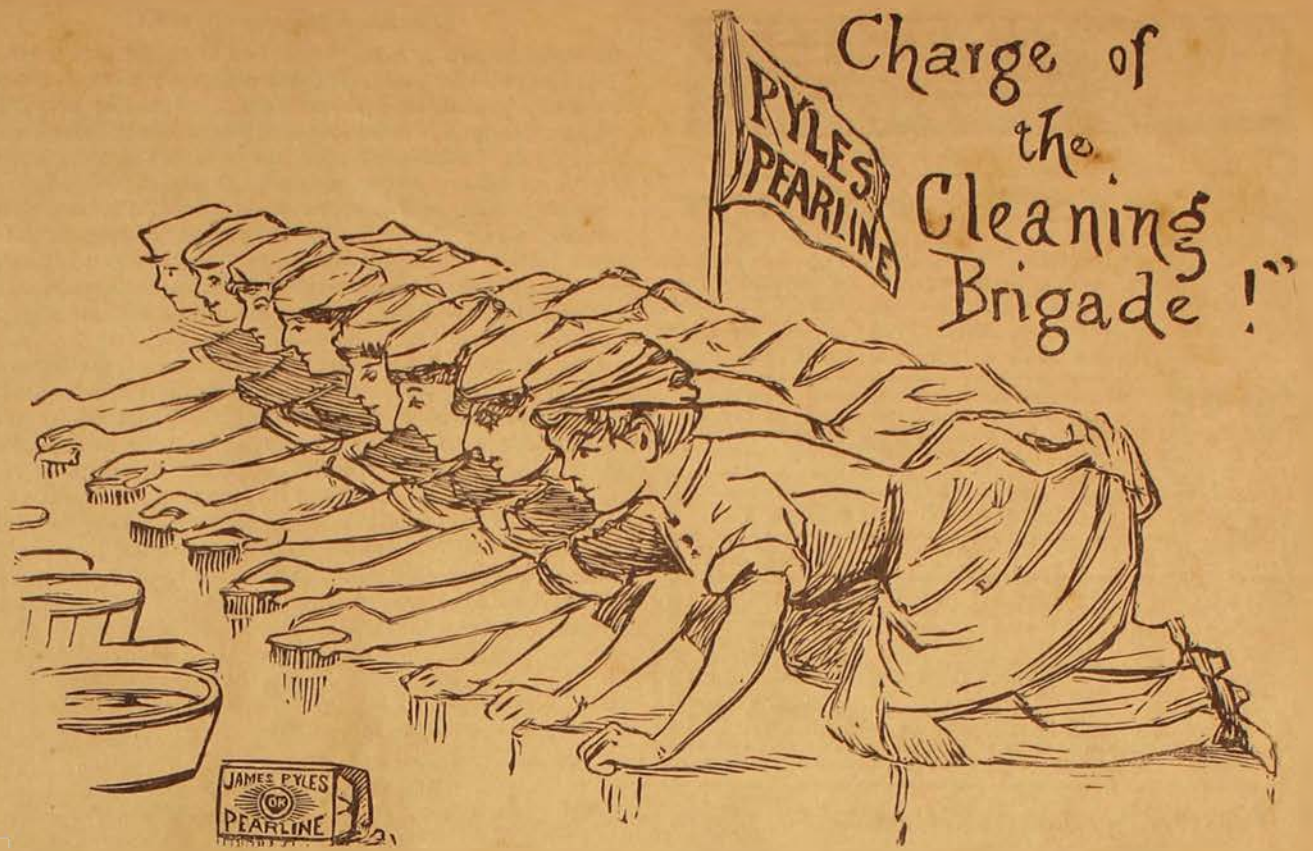
ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



YOU can clean your house best, easiest, and quickest with PYLE'S PEARLINE—besides you'll spare your back, your temper, and the comfort of the entire household. PEARLINE takes the hard work out of house-cleaning; surely, if this is true, it deserves a trial. It is sold everywhere.

Beware of peddlers, imitations, and prize schemes. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

F.W. DEVOE & Co.

(Established 1852),

FULTON STREET,

Cor. William St., NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent" or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

COFFIN, DEVOE & CO.,

176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

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

AGENTS WANTED FOR PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Good Pay.

A. GORTON & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



"They're fit for a Queen."

This is often remarked by ladies who make fancy work with our materials; that's why we call them the "Victoria" brand. Ladies who buy embroidery materials bearing this trade mark, are confident of securing a superior article. 12 skeins of our Turkey-Red Embroidering Cotton, any number, postpaid, for 12c. Warranted fast color. Our new catalogue of Embroidery Materials, Fancy Goods, etc. (just issued), free to any lady. R. AUSTRIAN, Reading, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THIS ELEGANT BIRTHDAY CARD FREE



We have just imported a large lot of Fine Gilt Bevel-edged Birthday Cards, consisting of beautiful floral designs—exact imitations of water color sketches (size 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches). We will give one of these Gems of Art FREE to any one sending us 60c for two packages of the pictures listed below:

Beautiful Embossed Scrap Pictures.

We have the finest assortment of Embossed Scrap Pictures ever imported, and sell them at exceedingly low prices—why, we almost give them away. Illustrated Catalogue sent with each order. 1024. Four Large, Beautiful Angels, 4c. 1189. 2501. Two Girls Holding Letters, 3c. 8186. Six Groups of Chicks, 4c. 125. Merry Sleighing Party (extra large), 4c. 1059. Four Pretty Fans, with Landscapes in Center, 4c. 652. Jumbo Beating a Drum, 4c. 119. Turkish Dancing Girls, 4c. 2522. Large Basket of Roses, etc., 4c. 408. Two Large Silver Horseshoes, with Flowers, 4c. **OUR UNEQUALLED OFFER! WE WILL SEND ALL THE ABOVE SHEETS, POSTPAID, FOR ONLY 30 CENTS!** M. C. BURKEL, Art Dealer, 479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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FREE Our Illustrated Catalogue of the latest Parisian styles in HUMAN HAIR GOODS sent sealed to any address. S. C. BECK, No. 36 North 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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5 to \$15.00 Saved. Full Harness Only 7.00 25 cent Catalogue free. National Harness Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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MUSIC Sheet Music for less than half price. 200 page catalogue and two large catalogues of 10 cent Music free. Erie Music Co., Erie, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Do You Drink Water?

THE DIAMOND WATER FILTER

is the only Filter that cleanses itself with Filtered Water. Send for Illustrated Circular and Price List.

Diamond Filter Co., Spencer, Mass.

New York Office, 51 East 12th St.

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

POT-POURRI for the "Rose Jar," delightful, fragrant, delicate, all-pervading. Try it. By mail, 50c. Household Co., L. Box 63, Salem, O.

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

HANOVER'S

Self Teaching Garment Cutter by Merchant Tailor System, embraces nearly fifty diagrams of different garments. Life size drafting with each system; thus you can draft every diagram and apply to any form with correct results without verbal teaching. Garments are close fitting, yet worn with ease and comfort. We have the only rule for cutting perfect sleeves. Price, \$6.00. For a limited time we send post paid one system on receipt of \$2.00. **Agents Wanted.** JOHN C. HANOVER, Masonic Temple, Cin'tl, O.

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

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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

Satin and ribbon patches for crazy work. Beautiful varieties. Only twelve cc. stamps. The Underhill Hat Co., Hazleton, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

CEDAR CHESTS
KEEP MOTHS, DUST, AND DAMP
FROM CLOTHING ASK FOR CIRCULAR
TERRY SHOW CASE CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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

PURCHASING AGENCY.

Parties desiring goods purchased in New York, will find it to their advantage to address the Advertiser. Orders are filled at retail prices and no commissions charged. Prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. GEO. W. CUDLIPP, 684 East 142d St., N. Y. City. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

INK	BLACK	VIOLET
	PINK	RED GREEN

You can make it yourself without the slightest trouble, and at a saving of 200 per cent, with WALPOLE INK POWDERS, which will yield several quarts of the best Ink in the world. Package of either color 25 cents. Liberal discount in large packages to parties desiring to make Ink for sale. Used extensively by Schools, Banks, Merchants, and Blank Book Manufacturers. Full information by circular, free by mail. Address, WALPOLE DYE AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, 119 Milk St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

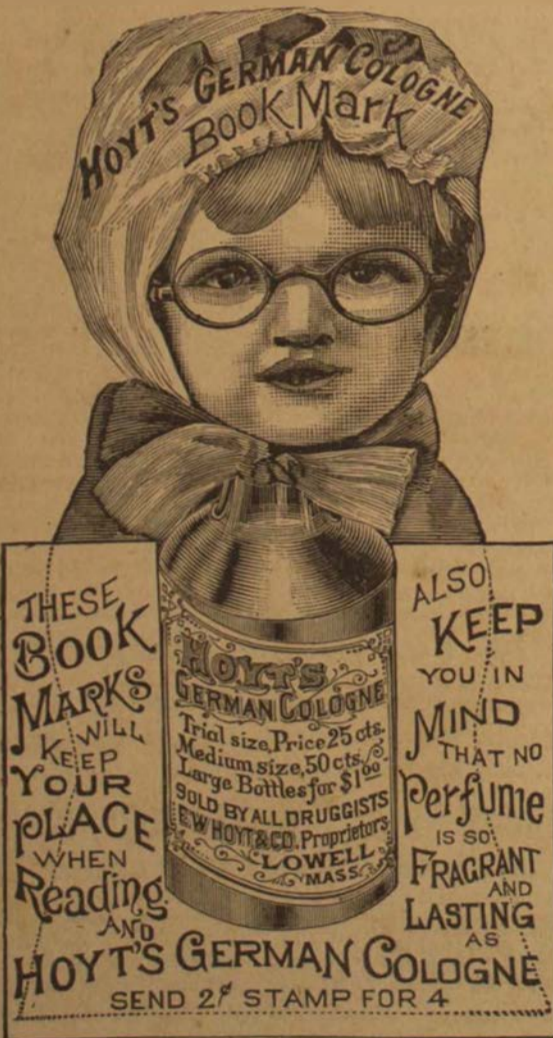
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circular to
ROLLING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.



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

HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE
BOOK MARK



THESE BOOK MARKS WILL KEEP YOUR PLACE WHEN READING AND HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE

ALSO KEEP YOU IN MIND THAT NO PERFUME IS SO FRAGRANT AND LASTING AS

SEND 2¢ STAMP FOR 4

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

HEMINWAYS SPOOL SILK
THE SMOOTHEST-THE STRONGEST
THE BEST SILK MADE

Ladies who have used

Heminway's Knitting Silk

will find their Spool Silk an article of equal superiority.

Ask for Heminway's Spool Silk.

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

(Continued from page 404.)

did not care to acknowledge her incapacity. Perhaps your rector *knew* she could not play very well, yet asked her when he did the others, from kindness of heart, lest she should appear to be slighted; and her "Thank you" was merely a recognition of his courtesy. Your calling at a house where you were but slightly acquainted, to see a dress-maker, was a mere matter of business; and if you did not delay her too long, no exception could be taken to it. When introducing a clergyman it is seldom necessary to say Reverend Mr. T. unless the parties introduced do not know his profession, in which case present him as the "Reverend Mr. T."

"M. M. H."—Silk the color of the cashmere would have the more stylish effect in embroidering a cloak like the "Katia" coat for your little girl. Embroidery in the natural color of the flowers on gray or blue cashmere, while it might and would be pretty for a dress to be worn in the house, would not look as well for street wear.

"AN OLD TEXAS SUBSCRIBER."—If a lady is living with her parents at home and has resumed her maiden name, having severed previous matrimonial relations, the cards issued for her wedding should read as for those of any young lady. The form usually selected is:

Mr. & Mrs. Auguste Clarendon
request your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Eleanor

to
Mr. George L. Wilson,
on Wednesday, April Fourth, 1888,
at one o'clock.
St. Peter's Church,
Allanville Falls,
Texas.

A pretty wedding-dress, to be worn also as a traveling-dress, on a tour to Colorado, in April, would be a gray vigogne or camels'-hair, combined with moiré silk of the same color.

"A. K. S."—Wichita is pronounced as it is spelled, Wich-i-ta, the accent on the last syllable, and the a as in far; and Loissette, Lo-is-et, the accent on the last syllable. In writing to a married lady, the letter may be addressed in her own or her husband's name. In giving her address for correspondence or business, a married lady or widow should write Mrs. before her name; but in signing her name to a letter or any instrument in writing, she should simply write her full name. The rules of etiquette are not framed to accommodate every one, but it seems more consistent for a lady who has once been married to retain the title Mrs., even if, upon becoming divorced, she resumes her maiden name. Adelaide Anne Proctor was an English poet, "the golden tressed Adelaide," daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor, known as the poet Barry Cornwall, who thus styled her in one of his poems. She died in London, in 1864.

"SARAH A. MCG."—You might get the wool Jersey seamless jacket by writing to some large dry-goods house in this or some other large city; but as most ladies prefer those which button up in front, it is doubtful if manufacturers make any more of the seamless jerseys, except to order.

"ELLEN."—Mrs. Sherwood's book entitled "Manners and Social Usages," is a recognized authority on etiquette. You can get it of Brentano Bros., Publishers, Union Square. Politeness in Washington is the same as elsewhere, but there are certain technicalities of formal etiquette in official circles that can hardly be understood except by becoming personally familiar with them. The papers usually report social matters very fully, and a great deal of information concerning etiquette may be gleaned from the Washington society notes.

"M. F. O."—As you give no particulars concerning your own personal appearance, age, or size, it would be almost an impossibility to suggest an "exquisite and beautiful" or a "lovely and stylish" costume for you. That which might be beautiful of itself might not be at all suitable for you, even if you, too, are beautiful. Gobelin blues are preëminently stylish. If, as we suspect, you are somewhat fair of complexion, a rich combination, and probably a becoming one, would be a costume of Gobelin blue cashmere draped over a dead white moiré skirt, trimmed, everywhere it is visible, with many close-set upright rows of gilt braid. See "Mirror of Fashions" for further suggestions.

"DORA."—The "Nathalie" casaque, illustrated in the January number, would be very suitable for an outside wrap for early spring. It could be made of black satin Rhadames, and in that case the vest should be of the same material. Lace could be laid over the vest before the plaits were made, and this would give it a very dressy effect.

(Continued on page 407.)

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents ran out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$13; it now sells for \$50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

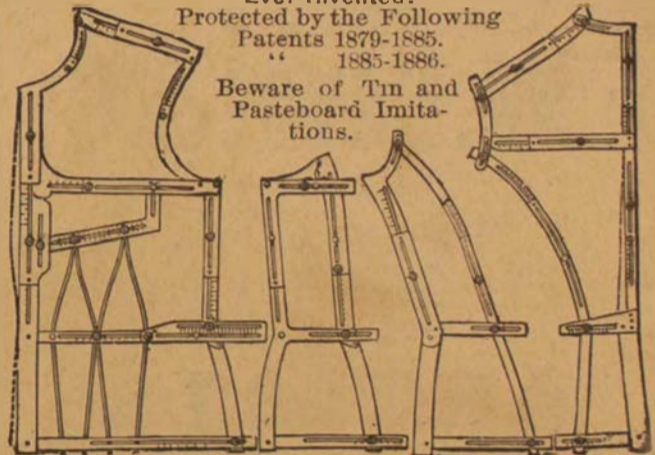
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

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NEARLY 30,000 DRESSMAKERS

NOW PROCLAIM THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE
To be the Only Improvement on the Tailor's Square
Ever Invented.

Protected by the Following
Patents 1879-1885.
" 1885-1886.
Beware of Tin and
Pasteboard Imitations.



SHOW THIS TO YOUR DRESSMAKER.

In this age of rapid and artistic work this Machine is a NECESSITY. It lasts a lifetime, and drafts directly on the lining ALL ladies' garments perfectly from ACTUAL MEASURE IN ONE-FIFTH the usual time. Within the reach of all; it is a great boon to dressmakers and apprentices. It prevents fullness at bottom of front darts in princesses and polonaises, cuts the French bias, and performs work in a few moments that otherwise requires hours. Its success is unprecedented, and thousands have thanked us for allowing them to test Machine FREE OF CHARGE. You may test Machines at your own home for 30 days FREE OF CHARGE. After 30 days' trial, if not worth 10 TIMES our asking price, then return it. Send now for VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR and LIBERAL OFFER, FREE. THE McDOWELL GARMENT DRAFTING MACHINE CO., 6 West 14th St., New York City, SOLE MANUFACTURERS. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

15 CHOICE MONTHLY ROSES for 80 cts. postpaid, and the names of 10 ladies who buy and cultivate flowers. **15 Packets Choice Flower Seeds, 50 cts. postpaid. Catalogue free to all.** Address **ALBERT WILLIAMS, Sharon, Pa.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BEST for the price in America. **THE HOUSEHOLD PILOT**, 8 pages, 40 columns, six months on trial **10c.** Pilot Publ'g Co., New Haven, Ct. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BIRCH'S WILLWIND KEY AND NOT WEAR OUT. ANY WATCH. **SOLD** by Jewelers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BROWN & Co., 184 Lewis Street, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENTS WANTED for Ladies' and Childrens Wear. Valuable samples free conditionally. Write Mrs. F. C. Farrington, box 648, Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

OUR New Sample Book of Beautiful Cards for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, scrap pictures, puzzles, games, secrets, all sorts of verses, and the largest and finest sample book of new style cards ever issued. All for a 2-cent stamp. Star Card Works, Station 15, O. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

\$10 REAL VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication; it contains 100 perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is a BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, tells how to make the powder and stamping paint, contains instructions for **Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting**, tells colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost \$10. Although it is free, yet this is the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits** and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yes, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for \$1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of greatest interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, **Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered**; 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. **Sunshine** is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors; it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 trial year subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the cost.

FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive free by mail our new 100 pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, 32 cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, 55 cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, \$1. For \$1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send 1-cent postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost, it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen**. Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen** of stamping outfits—in all 100 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider children's and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily **make money** by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN of outfits ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from \$1 to \$2 for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 407 PORTLAND, MAINE.

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

LOOK HERE

A \$2 WASHING MACHINE Free!

We have the best self operating washing machine in the world. It washes and thoroughly cleans all kinds of clothes. NO USE FOR THE WASHBOARD, NO RUBBING OR BACKACHE, OR HARDWORK ON WASH DAY. Last year we gave away 1,000 Washers to introduce them, and we sold over 100,000. There are three million families in this country that will want this machine when they know its merits. To make it known and secure agents we will GIVE AWAY 2,000 of them this year. One agent in Philadelphia sold 1400 in two months. A lady in a town of 2000 population cleared \$90. in five days. Agents are making \$50. a week, you can do the same. All we ask is for you to try it, then recommend it to your friends or act as agent. Now if you want one of these FREE SAMPLES send your address at once before they are all gone. Our machine is the original and patented. Beware of imitations. Address, N.Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 21 Dey St., N. Y.

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

Ladies Send 20 cents for a package of **Plush, Silk, Satin, and Velvet for Patch-work**, to F. O. WEHOSKEY, Providence, R. I.

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

(Continued from page 406.)

"E. J. S."—A gray flannel would do nicely for a traveling dress to be worn in May, and the "Justina" basque and drapery, illustrated in the December number, would be appropriate models to make it up by, in a plain and stylish manner. For your lavender satin Rhadames, the "Amynta" basque and drapery, illustrated in the February number, would be pretty. Embroidery of pansies would be lovely on it, and cream-tinted Fedora lace sleeves might be used with it in summer. In that case the corsage should be cut out a little in the neck. The most suitable best dress for summer, for a lady of moderate means, would be a black lace costume of medium quality.

"STUDENT."—In making up a spring wrap of goods like the sample you inclose, of pale brown-and-white plaid worsted goods, the inside lining might be of material as near the color of the suit as you can get. Or pale heliotrope or garnet could be used; either of these colors is becoming to a brunette.

"YARN."—The silk like the sample of brown armure you send, could be used for a foundation skirt covered with some thin goods, such as écreu veiling or bunting, or cashmere, with a basque of the same, and the chiné brocade like the second sample used for trimming. The "Amynta" basque and drapery, illustrated in the February number, would be a good style. It is rather early to advise concerning a traveling dress to be worn in July. If bright navy blue is the most becoming color you can wear, and you incline to that, have a costume of summer serge and moire Française of that color. See "Mirror of Fashions" for designs, and suggestions as to making up.

"SHIRLEY."—Skirt steels will be worn in summer dresses, but must be run in the foundation skirt. See article on "Skirt Steels" in the Fashion Department of the June number, 1887. In calling for the first time upon a lady, or when calling upon any one living in a hotel, send in your card when you inquire if the lady is at home. If she is not at home, leave the card. In subsequent calls, it is sufficient to send in the name if the lady is at home; cards may be left in the hall if a card-receiver is placed there. If not, do not leave them. The principal use of a visiting-card is to give the name correctly at the first visit, and to leave so that the lady called upon, if not at home, may know who her visitors were. Twenty minutes is long enough for a formal call.

"N. B."—See "Review of New Publications" in the December number, for notice of the book "Parlor Games," which will give some suggestions for entertaining a small company without cards. Also see answer to "Laura," in March number, concerning bean-bag parties. The saying "Consistency's a jewel" is from the old Scotch ballad "Jolly Robyn-Roughhead," from Murtagh's Collection of Scotch Ballads, published in 1754. The authorship is doubtful. The original wording is:

"Comparison's are cruele;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistencie's a jewell."

"JOSEPHINE."—Jacqueminot, the name of a certain crimson rose, is pronounced *jack-me-no*; and Gavotte, a style of musical composition, *gav-ot*, the accent on the first syllable, and the *a* short.

"F. H. F."—Scenes from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," or Thorwaldsen's "Seasons," or "Night and Morning," are suitable subjects for a set of tiles for parlor and dining-room grates with mantels and wood-work of California redwood. These can be copied from engravings or from paper models. Colored groups of California flowers and fruits might also be painted on white tiles, but the favorite effect is in monochrome of brown or sepia on cream tiles.

"L. F."—Your écreu pongee silk, which you wish to make over for a general utility dress for calling, visiting, etc., could be relieved well by brown velvet in combination. Use the velvet for front breadth or panel, and a vest to the basque. See Fashion Department for designs; or the "Mercedita" basque and drapery, illustrated in the February number, would do. Your dark red corduroy could be combined with serge or faille Française of the same color. "The Justina" basque and drapery, illustrated in the January number, would be an appropriate model. Velveteen and corduroy are materials suitable for wear in the coldest weather, but are not much used for spring and summer costumes.

"MRS. J. A. D."—For an upright piano, a scarf is usually about eighteen inches wide and two and a half yards long, or long enough to hang over each end about half a yard; and the material is felt, plush, or velveteen. It is usual to line the two latter materials; felt does not require a lining. Besides the scarf, a little lambrequin or border is hung across the front of an upright piano, and this is about five inches deep and may

(Continued on page 408.)

UNCOVERED. We will print your name and address in American Agents' Directory, for only 12 cents in postage stamps; you will then receive great numbers of pictures, cards, catalogues, books, sample works of art, circulars, magazines, papers, general samples, etc., etc., UNCOVERING to you the great broad field of the great employment and agency business. Those whose names are in this Directory often receive that which if purchased, would cost \$20 or \$30 cash. Thousands of men and women make large sums of money in the agency business. Tens of millions of dollars worth of goods are yearly sold through agents. This Directory is sought and used by the leading publishers, booksellers, novelty dealers, inventors and manufacturers of the United States and Europe. It is regarded as the standard Agents' Directory of the world and is relied upon: a harvest awaits all whose names appear in it. Those whose names are in it will keep posted on all the new money making things that come out, while literature will flow to them in a steady stream. The great bargains of the most reliable firms will be put before all. Agents make money in their own localities. Agents make money traveling all around. Some agents make over ten thousand dollars a year. All depends on what the agent has to sell. Few there are who know all about the business of those who employ agents: those who have this information make big money easily; those whose names are in this Directory get this information FREE and complete. This Directory is used by all first-class firms, all over the world, who employ agents. Over 1,000 such firms use it. Your name in this directory will bring you in great information and large value; thousands will through it be led to profitable work, and FORTUNE. Reader, the very best small investment you can make, is to have your name and address printed in this directory. Address, AMERICAN AGENTS' DIRECTORY, Augusta, Maine. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



NOVELTY SPOOL HOLDER,
With Thread Cutter attached.

Fasten to dress button while knitting, crocheting, or sewing. Made of silvered spring wire. Fits any size spool. Every lady needs it. Sample, 15c. 2 for 25c. doz. 75 cts. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

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

NEW TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

THE National Temperance Society and Publication House has published over 1,600 varieties of publications bearing upon every phase of the temperance question, from the pens of over 250 different writers. The following are among the publications:

Readings and Recitations, No. 7. By Miss L. Penney. 12mo, 120 pp. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

A new and choice selection of readings and recitations, from the best writers and speakers. The best compilation ever made. Suitable for use in the school-room, the home, and at public gatherings.

Talmage on Rum. Eight Temperance Addresses and Sermons by Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. A capital book. 12mo, 144 pp. 25 cents.

Mother Goose for Temperance Nurseries. By Mrs. J. McNair Wright. 8vo, 68 pp. 25 cents.

It consists of 31 songs or rhymes, with 31 beautiful illustrations and 31 wise sayings for every day in the month, in the best style of Old Mother Goose. Every child should have a copy.

The Prohibition Songster. 12mo, 64 pp. Compiled by J. N. Stearns. \$1.50 per dozen; \$12.00 per hundred; single copies, 15 cents.

This is a new collection of words and music for Prohibition Clubs and Temperance gatherings, with some of the most soul-stirring songs ever published. Music by some of the best composers, and words by our best poets.

Decision of the United States Supreme Court. affirming the Constitutionality of Prohibition and denying the right of compensation, as rendered by the Court, the 15th of December, together with Justice Field's dissenting opinion. 12mo, 36 pages. Price, 10 cents.

The Water Lily. An Illustrated Monthly Paper for the Very Little Folks, half the size of the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, full of stories and helpful reading. Single subscriptions, price 10 cents a year. For four or more copies to one address, at the rate of 6 cents; 100 copies, \$6 a year.

J. N. STEARNS, 58 Reade Street, New York.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD



Can as readily be found as the man who is anxious to give you a Solid Gold Watch and a pair of Rubber Boots for 25c., to pay postage and packing. Well, that's neither here nor there, the fact is, we publish

THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY, A sixteen-page, illustrated paper, filled with original Fancy Work, Home Hints, Cooking, Medical Talks, Short Stories, Poetry, Etc., and the subscription price is 25c. a year, only 2c. a month. We want you to subscribe, and if you will cut out this slip and send it to us with 25 Cents, we will send you the paper one year, and will send, post-paid, a package of **White and Cream LACES**, in lengths of from one to four yards, suitable for trimming underwear and children's clothing.

This lace is not worth \$4.75 a package, but if you are not fully satisfied that you have got 25c. worth of lace at retail prices, return it to us, and we will refund your money.

We buy direct of the importers, you pay for all you get, but you get both **Lace and Paper, AT COST.** W. N. SWETT & CO., LYNN, MASS.

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

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

Introductory lessons in

PAINTING

with Water Colors. (Self-instructive). Price, 50 cents.

A Japanned Tin Box, containing ten pans of Moist Water Colors and three Brushes, with directions for mixing, price, 50 cts. Ten Pictures in outline, with directions for painting, price 10 cents. Sent by mail separately, at the above prices, or the three articles to one address for \$1.00 by

S. W. TILTON & Co., 29 Temple Place, Boston.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU. SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH IN THE PRINCIPLES OF TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BY MEANS OF A SERIES OF ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS, IN WHICH SILVER, GOLD, AND DIAMOND MEDALS OF HONOR WILL BE AWARDED THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

THE National Prohibition Bureau, No. 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York, are pleased to announce that through W. Jennings Demorest, who furnishes the medals, free of expense, suitably inscribed arrangements have been made for a series of elocutionary contests in which young persons of either sex, under twenty-one years of age, are invited to recite before an audience in some school-room, church, church parlors, lecture-room or hall.

The arrangements for these contests are as follows:

A competing class to consist of eight or ten, but in no case less than six. The selections to be taken exclusively from the book of recitations, which can be procured at the office for five cents per copy.

A public meeting to be arranged, for which these recitations will form the programme, which may include musical selections. Three disinterested persons, of mature age, are to be chosen to act as judges, for whom suitable blanks will be furnished. At the close of the programme, the competitor who has, by the decision of the judges, been awarded the prize, will receive a handsome silver medal in a satin-lined morocco case. More than one class can be formed, and as many contests as classes can be arranged for at different times.

When eight or more have obtained silver medals, these may form another class to compete for a gold medal, under the same conditions. And, again, eight or more having received gold medals, may, in the same manner, enter into a contest for a larger gold medal. And in like manner, eight or more holding this larger gold medal, may compete for a "diamond medal," which is a handsome gold medal set with diamonds. At each contest the speakers are to learn new pieces.

No one holding a medal shall compete the second time for the same kind of medal.

To give all young people an opportunity to compete for these honorable trophies, any number of boys or girls in any school, public or private, Sunday or secular, Band of Hope, Section of Cadets, or other institution for the young, either singly or in connection with others, can arrange for one or more contests.

As soon as a class of competitors for the silver medal has been formed, and the date fixed, notice should be sent to the office, and the medal will be forwarded, so as to be presented at the time of the contest.

Pastors, parents, teachers, officers and members of the W. C. T. U., leaders of temperance and religious organizations, and all others interested in the young, are kindly invited to get up these contests, co-operate in this movement, and encourage the children under their direction or control to learn the pieces and participate in the competition.

Medals, Recitations, and all information can be obtained on application to

MRS. CHARLOTTE F. WOODBURY,
General Superintendent,
32 East 14th Street, New York City.

All W. C. T. U. Unions will receive information by addressing
MRS. ELLA A. BOOLE,
No. 5 Willett Street, New York City.

With the present styles of hair-dressing, many ladies find it impossible to obtain the light, full effect desired without the use of additional hair. This difficulty is obviated by using the rolls and puffs of braided wire, covered with network in colors and shades to match any hair, which are manufactured by the Weston & Wells Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia. These rolls admit of any arrangement of the natural hair over them, and are light, cool, and in every way most desirable. See advertisement in this number.

"Good Cooking" is impossible unless the materials used are of the best quality, and the most important adjuncts are PURE SPICES and FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Those put up under the name and with the guarantee of E. R. DURKEE & Co., are unequalled for strength, purity, and flavor. Their Salad Dressing is something delicious. Try them.

Have you read Tokology? 99,000 copies already sold. No work more popular among women. Written by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, and sold by agents.

(Continued from page 407.)

be attached to the scarf after it is laid across the piano top, or made wide enough to lay under the scarf. This border is almost always of plush or velvet, and is decorated with a vine in colored embroidery or lustra painting, to match the scarf ends, one or both of which may be decorated. Any floral design is suitable. On crimson felt and plush, roses and snow-balls are often used; olive-colored felt may be adorned with pink cactus flowers or lilies or iris fleur-de-lis on the scarf ends, and violets across the lambrequin. A fringe of small silk tassels may be used across the scarf ends, and on the lower edge of the lambrequin. Felt is the most inexpensive material, but velveteen will wear better and retain its looks longer.

"J. P."—You can get Lady Brassey's book, "The Voyage in the Sunbeam," at any large publishing house in New York City. Miss Frances E. Willard's books are published by The Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago, Illinois.

"Mrs. M. A. C."—You can obtain fancy work to be done at home from some of the New York stores, but we can not give addresses or recommend any particular house.

"F. S. C."—In furnishing your parlor 12-8 x 11-11, and dining-room 13-7 x 10-9, connected by an archway without doors, in a small cottage occupied all the year round, the question of economy need not hinder you from some choice in the selection of furniture. In case you should wish to throw the two rooms into one at any time, it might be a good idea to carpet them alike; or you could have the dining-room floor stained and polished, and use a rug to match the parlor carpet. You could have the walls tinted an old-red or terra cotta, in light low tones, in both rooms, with the wood-work finished in mahogany effects, and the floor of the dining-room mahogany color. If you use wall-paper, it could be in geometric designs in low tones of red. The carpet of small-figured design, dull red predominating. For the portiere between the two rooms, you could get peacock-blue chenille Turcoman, or Mexican-blue flax velours; for the dining-room windows, cross-striped Madras curtains; and for the parlor, Moorish tapestry curtains or dull blue satin-sheeting with orange-colored silk sash-curtains. The dining-room furniture includes an extension-table of walnut, chairs, buffet, and side-table; and for the parlor you will need four chairs upholstered in tapestry of corresponding colors to the portières and curtains, a fancy reception-chair of some sort, and a table with a dull blue plush cover. You can add a small sofa, upright piano, and one or two fancy or antique chairs, at discretion.

"G. K."—Cashmere or vigogne of the same color would be suitable to make up in combination with a garnet silk to be made over for a girl of seventeen.

"ALICE R."—"In matters of taste," the old proverb says, "'tis useless to dispute." That which is becoming to a beautiful woman is seldom inartistic or in bad taste. The large gold hoops you speak of are worn by those ladies who find them becoming, but as they are somewhat conspicuous, good taste does not sanction their use in the street. As for wearing short-sleeved gowns at home in the evening, (we suppose you mean the sleeves half-long), certainly there can be no objection to any young lady with pretty arms doing so, especially if the gentlemen of the family dress for dinner.

"Mrs. G. E. B."—You can have any material stamped to order with cross-stitch or other patterns of embroidery, at any of the first-class fancy-work stores where stamping is done to order.

"S. M. H."—See article on "Children's Fashions" in the March number, for information regarding infants' short clothes.

"FLORENCE L. W."—Your devoted admiration for George Eliot's genius need not be influenced by your disappointment in discovering that the circumstances of her union with Mr. Lewes cannot be legally attested. Do not attempt to gauge a character so far above the common standard by the rules which guide less gifted mortals. One penalty authors pay for greatness, is to have all the actions of their private lives too closely

(Continued on page 409.)

We are in receipt of beautifully illustrated Floral Catalogues from Peter Henderson & Co., of New York, N. Y.; James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y.; I. V. Faust, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert Scott & Son, of Philadelphia, Pa.; J. A. Everett & Co., of Indianapolis, Ind.; Edward Gillett, of Southwick, Mass., and F. E. Fassett & Bro., of Ashtabula, O. All of these are well-established and reliable firms, and each has a specialty; and all advertise in Demorest's Magazine. Those wishing to be posted regarding the latest developments in floriculture or gardening, for pleasure or profit, will do well to consult the advertisements, and avail themselves of the inducements offered.



UNIVERSITY ORGANS.—They Lead the World.—\$85 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Solid Walnut-5 Octaves-Double Couplers. Guaranteed for Six Years and sent, **\$35** with Stool and Book, for TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED 1859. **MARSHAL & SMITH,** 285 East 21st Street, New York.

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

TOKOLOGY A book for every woman. ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D. Sample pages FREE. The most popular work for **99,000 SOLD** Cloth, \$2.00 Mor., \$2.75 **AGENTS** **SANITARY PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Your Name on this Pencil Stamp, 25c.



with India Ink, ag'ts terms & outfit free. Agts. are selling hundreds of these stamps. Thalman Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. Leading Importers & Wholesale Stamp House.

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

The Best

Paper Flower Outfit contains over 60 samples of paper, book of instructions, made

flowers, patterns, also material for 12 flowers. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents. 25 sheets best imported paper, assorted colors, for 50 cents.

MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENTS WANTED for the VAN ORDEN CORSETS. Every lady wishing good health and a beautiful figure buys them. Quick sales. Good pay. Send for terms and circular. **VAN ORDEN CORSET CO., 22 Clinton Place, N. Y.**

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

ANY LADY interested in a pure, clear, natural complexion, without cosmetics or medicine; shapely shoulders, rounded arms, beautiful hands, glossy hair, bright eyes, and the perfect health that goes with a perfect form (without medicine), will receive full instructions by sending her address to THE INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, San Francisco, Cal. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENTS clear \$100 Monthly with our new undergarments and other goods for ladies only. G. L. ERWIN & CO., Chicago, Ill. 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.

FREE The finest Sample Book of Gold, Beveled Edge Hidden Name Cards ever offered with agent's outfit for 2c stamp. U. S. CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NEW 1888 Sample Book for a 2 cent stamp. **BUCKEYE CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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 mail matter and good reading free, and will be Well Pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. CAMPBELL, box 217, Boyleston, Ind. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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

\$250 EVERY MONTH. 1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED at once. Our Agent's Outfit a beautiful SATIN-LINED CASKET OF SILVERWARE, sent free. Write for it. Address **WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., Wallingford, Ct.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

GREEN'S CORN & BUNION SALVE

Guaranteed to cure Corns, Bunions, Callouses, etc. **E. W. STODDARD, TROY, N. Y.** Contains no Poisonous Ingredients. Price, 15 Cents. Sent by Mail. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREE TO ALL. Our Illustrated Floral and Beautiful Plants, Orchids, Palms, Roses, Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, Trees, and Seeds. Also, all the Novelties of the season. Every lover of plants should have a copy. Prices very low. Send for it. Paul Butz & Son, New Castle, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.