

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## A DAY ON AN ICE-FIELD.

**T**HE rose vine which has climbed the balcony thrusts a spray of creamy blossoms in at my window as if to remind me that it is midsummer. As I lean to smell of them, as one might lean to receive a kiss, there is a rumble and a clatter in the street below, and a yellow-covered vehicle thunders by, upon whose side I read the word "Ice," and straightway my thoughts revert to another and a far different scene and season.

I see before me a wide expanse of gleaming ice upon which the sun glimmers with a thousand sparkles. Yonder, swaying to and fro as in some mystic dance, go a pair of skaters. If that athletic young man with the bold, black eyes has not yet won the petite fair-haired girl at his side who clings so closely to him, though she is evidently a practiced skater, he is more modest than his face betokens. And

frosty air a song, a choral as robust, as resonant, as those the sailors sing when their bark is preparing for sea. These are the ice-cutters. No pleasure-seekers these, no makers of festivals, no chevaliers of the ladies, but journeymen of nature, laborers who win bread from the fiercest moods of winter, who brave death itself to wrest from the gnomes of the frost the refreshment of thousands while the dog-star rages and the great cities faint under the merciless noon.

These men sing as they saw and chop and heave, because they are overflowing with health, and because to them the fierce breath that blows from under the North Star is sweeter than the balmy airs from the South; for the midwinter is their harvest time.

Come nearer and observe them: big, brawny, honest-eyed fellows, wondering that you should shiver in your furs,



THE SCRAPERS.

see how like a frightened gull yonder ice-boat swoops down the wind, swift as the flight of the swallow, leaping and bounding over the hummocks like a greyhound that has sighted his prey! And hark! from yonder group of men who seem to be so busily at work, comes faintly upon the

though the thermometer marks close upon zero. Yonder is one with arms bare to the elbows; here is another up to his waist in water upon which the frost-needles collect as he stands; and here is yet another, tugging at a huge cake of ice. Look at him with admiration if you have an eye for

physical strength; see how the corded muscles stand out upon his neck; how the knotted tendons in his great arms and wrists attest the man's vast power. And do you observe he is perspiring, even in this keen air?

"It is warm work," he tells his neighbor with the ice-saw, who agrees with him.

Even during the coldest winter there are but few days

somewhere from this good-natured human jelly, which shakes with the convulsion as if it would liquefy though the thermometer is at zero.

A long line of horses, each drawing a framework of heavy plank shod with steel, approaches us solemnly. Over the edges of these frames, in general shape triangular with the opening forward, the loose snow rolls and foams like the



THE MARKERS.

during which the ice-harvest may be reaped. The farther north, of course the longer the season; but the farther north you go the farther you get from your market, and the greater the loss sustained in transportation and storage. So it is not surprising that these men work like engines under full pressure. Besides, as our burly friend, the foreman, observes,

"You have got to keep movin' or freeze fast."

Yonder, near the farther shore, where the ice-boats are fitting to and fro and the skaters are wheeling about, there is a narrow strip of ice that the wind has swept clear; but over the larger portion of the frozen expanse the snow has become packed down and partially amalgamated with the mass below.

froth before the bows of a ship. After the snow is cleared away, the surface of ice beneath, which is more or less porous and uneven, is planed down until the clear, homogeneous body is reached. Sometimes as much as three inches of this "rotten ice," as it is called, has to be scraped away.

"Don't stand still till ye freeze fast, boys," is the good-natured admonition of the foreman as the men pause to exchange a rude jest or a word of gossip, and the smoking horses move on again in leisurely procession.

Our friend tells us that ice must be perfectly clear, and from nine inches to one foot thick, if for home use, and at least twenty inches thick if it is to be exported; since, notwithstanding the careful provision made for preserving it,



THE PLOWS.

"All this has to be scraped off before we can begin cutting," our lusty informant tells us. "You couldn't no more cut ice with that rubbish atop of it than you could make a born liar tell the truth,—and, I take it, there ain't nothin' tougher'n that."

A low laugh of rich enjoyment of his own aphorism comes

from one-quarter to one-half its weight is lost in transport.

Where we stand upon this hillock of snow we command a view of the whole busy scene. Ice cutting and harvesting are carried on by exclusively American methods, and with American tools and machinery.



BREAKING OUT.

"Who else but Americans *could* have invented them there?" says our friend, proudly pointing to the saws, plows, harrows, and similar apparatus before us. "Ice is an American institution. English ice is full of holes and so soft that it melts if you speak loud; and as for the rest of Europe [he pronounces it 'Yurrupe'] it hain't in sight. In Norway I believe they do have some little fair ice; but one New York hotel would use up the whole crop." He goes on to tell us that New York and Brooklyn alone use in the neighborhood of three million tons a year, and that we export vast quantities to all parts of the world, in ships built especially for the purpose.

By this time the workmen have taken up their positions near the center of the lake, and the cutting begins. We learn that the ice in the middle of lakes and streams is always harder and purer than that near the shore, and is stored by itself as a superior grade. Ice produced in the deep waters of Northern New York and Northern New England

is all of high grade; that cut in the Kennebec River is the most celebrated.

The first process in the cutting is the measuring out of a large square very accurately, the lines being deeply incised with an ice plough. Next the original square is "marked" in smaller squares, or, rather, oblongs, of a known size, generally twenty-four by thirty inches.

"It won't do to work by rule o' thumb," says the foreman. "The cakes have to be packed exactly, with no waste room. Besides, we can tell to a pound what each cake weighs when we take it out."

The marker is a sort of harrow drawn by a horse, and provided at the back with an upright which serves both as a guide and as a handle upon which a man walking behind bears his weight so as to cause the teeth with which the left side of the marker is set to bite into the ice as it runs. The right side is a thin runner of steel. This runner is set into one of the plowed lines of the square, the horse is



FLOATING ICE TO THE SLIDE.

started, and the machine travels across the field, the teeth cutting a deep furrow parallel with the side of the square. Another marker, with its runner set in the groove cut by the teeth of the first, follows, making a second groove. When the square has been marked off thus in one direction, the toothed blades are adjusted to a narrower gauge, and a series of grooves are cut at right angles to the first set. Some markers are provided with several sets of saw-teeth, so that two or more grooves are cut at one time. Those shown in the illustration are of the simpler construction.

Now come the plows. They look like a sort of compound

each space representing a cake. The next stage is "breaking out." Let us go closer to observe the details.

"Shall we not be in the way?"

"No," responds the foreman, and "No," say the good-natured, smiling faces of these robust fellows. How is it that laboring or living out-of-doors always seems to make human nature more kindly and genial?—I believe better in every way.

So we stand near by and watch these men handle their saws, ice-forks,—heavy, long-tined tridents,—ice-hooks, and ice-spades. When a single cake has been broken out, the



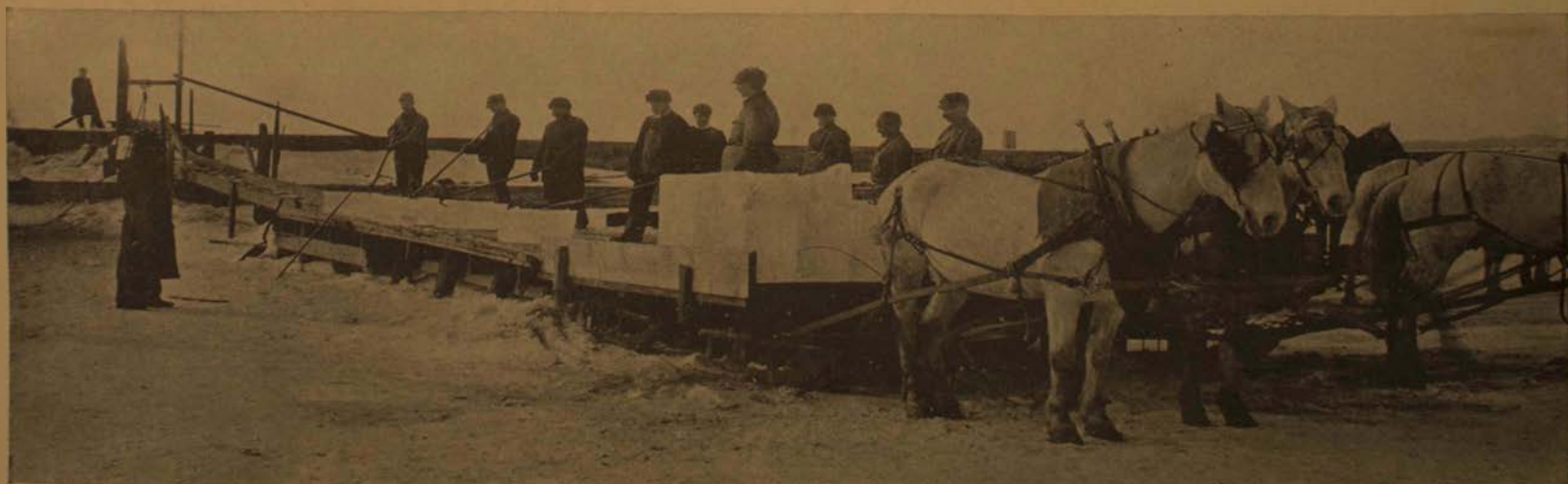
THE SLIDE.

agricultural plow. Into a long, heavy beam are set eight separate blades, or shares, each notched at the bottom. Every plow is drawn by a single horse, and guided by ordinary plow-handles. The blades are set in the grooves made by the markers, and the plowing begins. Is it not a curious sight? See how the particles of ice spout up before the rending blades, like fountains of many-hued jewels blown gracefully before the wind. The surface upon which we stand trembles beneath our feet with a dull, continuous, jarring sound.

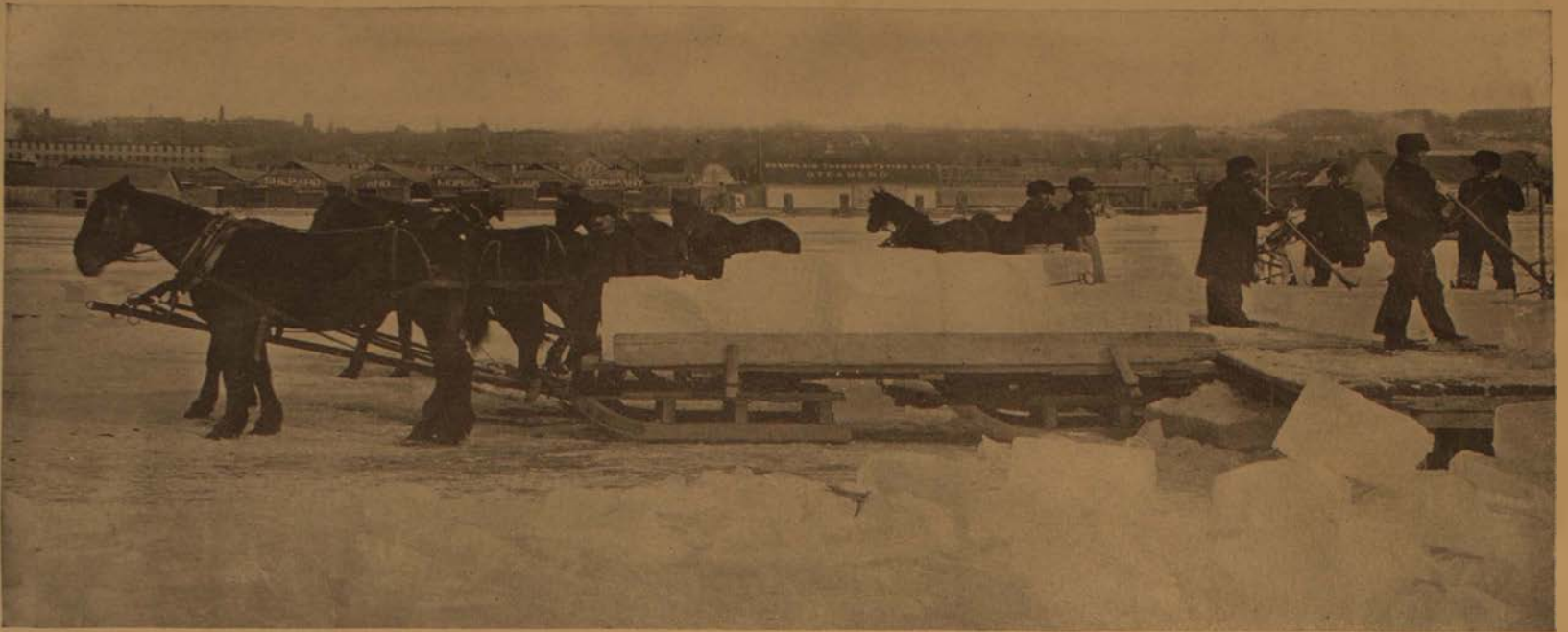
The whole square has now been plowed into checkers,

saw-men begin along the plowed lines, the curious, double-handled saw-blades sliding through the solid substance with marvelous rapidity. When the ice is very thick the whole cake need not be sawed out; the forks and spades applied to the plowed grooves will cleave it away with perfect accuracy.

The ice is cut away in such a fashion that a long, narrow canal of open water is made, connecting with a water-way always kept free to the shore. As fast as the cakes are severed, men with long-handled hooks seize them and float them down the canal. Let us follow one of these cakes upon its journey.



AT THE FOOT OF THE SLIDE.

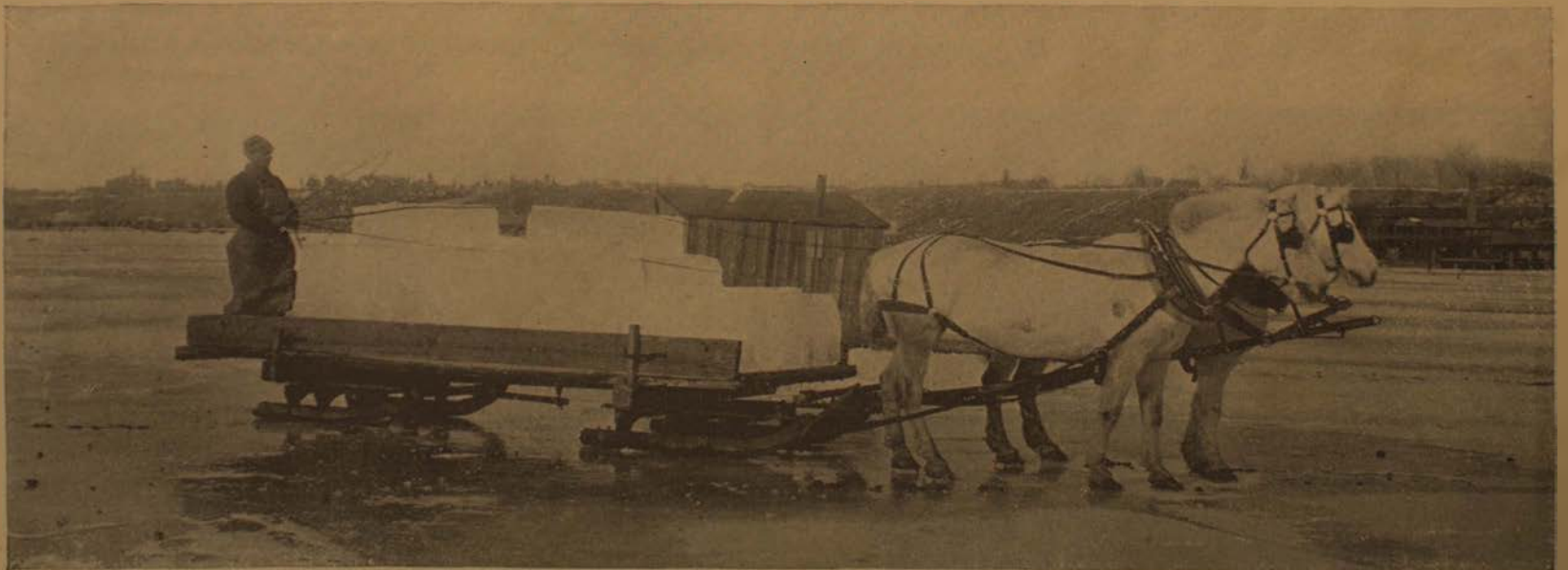


LOADING THE ICE.

Along the Hudson and on many lakes and streams, the storage houses are built with their feet in the water, so to say; and in such cases the canals float the ice directly beneath the apparatus which hoists the cakes into the houses. But at the place illustrated, Burlington, on Lake Champlain, the storage buildings are at some distance from the lakeside, and the breakwater intervenes, requiring a deal of sliding, teaming, and skidding before the ice reaches its resting-place. Here is what looks like a sort of half-finished toboggan slide: a rude, slanting framework of heavy timbers up which the cakes are jerked and pushed, in rapid succession, to the crown of the breakwater, then allowed to rush down upon the oppo-

landings, factories, sheds, long rows of buildings, a stately dwelling or two, a church spire, the faint blue smoke from tall chimneys, all backgrounded upon a hazy horizon of leafless, wintry-looking forest.

Now let us go on. We cannot go down the slide, unless you are willing to take undignified passage on one of those swiftly coursing blocks of ice; so we must even crawl down the bank as best we may, putting our scraped shins and bruised flesh down to the general account of the day's experience. The rough but highly practicable double-runner sledges are drawn up in succession at the foot of the slide, and as the cakes come down, as if with a frenzied intent to



A LOAD WEIGHING SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

site side, by dint of their own weight, with a whirr and a flash, till they are skillfully checked at the bottom by workmen ready to receive them as they come. Pause a moment and note the scene before you. In the foreground, the slide, —not a beautiful object, it is true, though as to its usefulness the incessant clash of the descending cakes speaks loudly; at its foot, the workmen, the rude sledges, and the heavy teams; beyond, the snow-covered expanse; and still beyond, the ice-houses turning their peaked ends toward us, steamer

shoot, like unchained meteors, into space beyond, they are deftly caught, and meekly take their places upon the waiting vehicles. One of these sledges has just received its complement, and starts slowly away, drawn by a pair of stout, hog-maned, awkwardly built, white horses, which, like all of the equine race we have seen here, seem to take their toil philosophically, as a necessary, but not intolerable, evil. The driver stands behind his load, and is, apparently, as deliberate, philosophical, and good-natured as his team.

This load, our friend informs us, weighs seven thousand pounds,—three and a half tons; but then, as the foreman says, "sledding is a heap sight easier than wheeling."

The route from the lake to the storage-houses is between dreary-looking sheds and forbidding fences. It is altogether a depressing aspect. Broken blocks of ice, perhaps the evidences of previous disasters to sled-loads, strew the discolored

call a door. The blank walls and shelving roofs have a repellent air.

Some of these edifices have an amazing capacity. They hold all the way from twenty thousand to sixty thousand tons. Their walls are double, and the space between is filled with sawdust or other non-conducting material. Only a few boards and loose straw is interposed between the ice and



FROM ICE-FIELD TO ICE-HOUSE.

and frozen track. Even the shouts and songs of the drivers as they urge their teams along cannot put cheerfulness into the hopelessly uncomfortable scene. It seems to us, bitter as was the cold upon the lake, that as we enter the court-yard before these enormous wooden erections, strengthened with giant timbers and bound with iron bands, where the ice is stored, the cold becomes more searching and merciless from the proximity of these thousands of tons of crystallized water. There are no windows visible, and nothing that you would

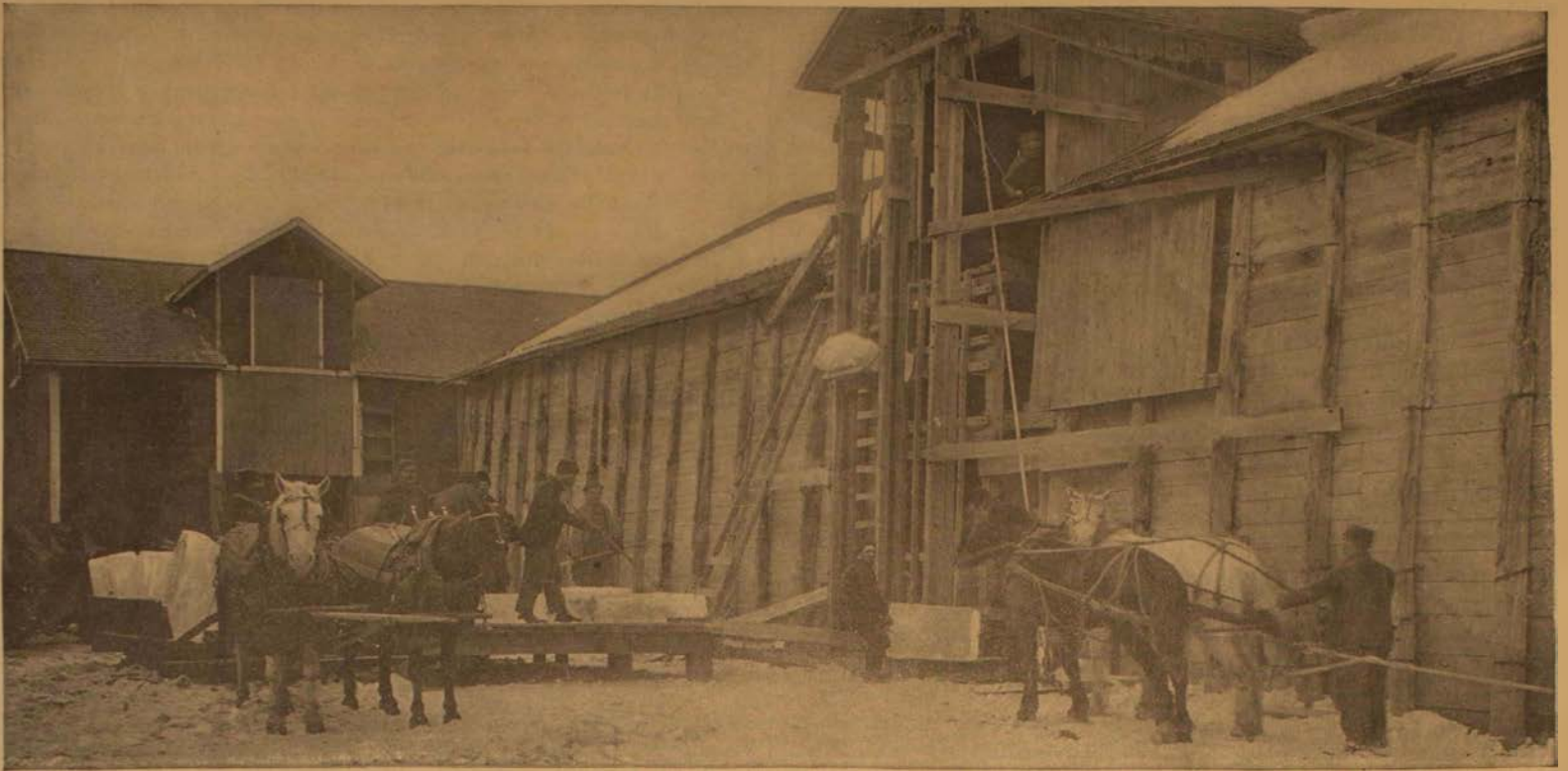
the earth, and one layer is superposed immediately upon another; but in some of the more improved storage-houses along the Hudson, the earth is coated with tanbark, and there is an additional plank sheathing on the walls packed with tan.

The cakes are unloaded from the sledges upon a staging. Though these glistening oblongs are very heavy, the men with their long hooks whirl them hither and thither as if they were mere straws.

"It ain't the strength," explains the foreman, who still



UNLOADING AT THE ICE-HOUSE.



HOISTING INTO THE STORAGE-HOUSE.

accompanies us, "it's the knowing the how of it. Put Samson himself up there on that staging for the first time, and tell him to spread himself on those cakes, and I'll venture he'd ask for an unlimited vacation after half an hour's work, besides busting half the cakes, barking his own shins, and smashing the toes of everybody around. Ice has got to be coaxed; you can't drive it. If you set yourself to make it go one way, it'll surely go the other; and if you use it rough, look out for legs! for it's bound to get square. But just you tickle it up a bit with your hook, kind of advise it to go the way you want, as if you were anxious for its best interests, and, bless you! you can send it spinning twenty yards with

a twist of your little finger. Just look there. See how that cake runs along, as if it knew where it was to go and was ready to oblige."

As the cakes slide across the staging from the sleds, they are gripped, put into a sling, and hoisted by an ordinary pulley tackle drawn by a team. Up go the masses with a creaking and groaning of blocks; the cake is disengaged and disappears within the dark recesses; the horses back and the sling comes down for another load; and so the hoisting and lowering goes on unremittingly all day.

The foreman listens with what seems to us an envious air as we tell him that we have seen ice-houses near the metropolis



SKIDDING THE CAKES.

where the ice was drawn up an inclined plane by steam power and conveyed by other planes, ascending or descending, to all portions of the building, with lightning-like rapidity, so that gangs of twenty men, working vigorously, were scarce able to settle the cakes in place so swiftly did they arrive.

"Well," he observes, with a sigh, "we ain't come to that yet up here. But one thing I can tell you: steam h'isting don't make prime ice; no more do patent fixin's. And we've got prime ice, if we do have to store it by hand and horse-power. New York's a great place, I allow, and it's got nigh about everything, I reckon; but it *ain't* got the climate to make first-class, A No. 1, gilt-edged, no-discount ice."

Having thus relieved his feelings he smiles good-naturedly, and, as if fearing he had wounded our local pride, adds:

"New York *air* about the center of creation, I'm bound to admit. My nephew Jabez Stephens spent a month there once, and ever since he won't wear nothin' but store clothes. He says a visit to New York is a 'liberal education'; though after all he can't spell for shucks."

We are now in the ice-house itself. What a gloomy place! and what a deathlike chill strikes to the vitals from those frozen mountains on either hand, upon which the feeble rays of the outer day, finding their way in at the door, glint and sparkle with a weird lustre, such as we are told gleams about an arctic "pack."

We are glad to escape into an intermediate space between two buildings, across which runs a bridge-like gutter, along which men are skidding the ice. Propelled by men with hooks, the heavy cakes are sliding in quick succession with a

rumbling noise. What manner of men are these that labor in shirt sleeves in those regions whose breath is vaporous ice, where, warmly clad as we are, the very flesh seems quivering upon our bones? Yet yonder robust fellow pauses to pass his arm across his perspiring forehead. And here comes another, wet from head to foot and trailing water after him at every step,—a trail which freezes almost as it falls! As he approaches the foreman he shows his white teeth in a broad smile.

"What's come to you, Joshua Smart?" asks our guide. "Ye look a bit damp."

"Yas, some so, boss," replies the newcomer. "Fell into the consarned canal. Got under the ice, too, and mighty nigh about tuckered out afore they pulled me up."

"Well," says the foreman, "you must be a blamed fool not to know enough to keep out of the drink where ye've made your living since you were a shaver. Go home and get some dry duds on; and look you, Joshua, don't stop to gab on the way, or you might get cold."

Joshua Smart departed with a loud slapping of sodden trousers; and presently, having seen all there was to see, we heartily thanked the foreman and made our exit in turn, highly gratified with the result of our expedition, but, at the same time, well pleased to return to a rousing fire of New England hickory logs, and a substantial New England supper which was eaten with appetite wholly unsectional, concluding the day with a plunge into a billowy New England feather-bed, and the dreamless slumber which falls to the lot of the just and the tired.

ALVARO ADSIT.

## SOME GIANTS OF PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

THE first impulse of the general reader on seeing such strange and monstrous forms as are here depicted is toward utter scepticism, and suspicion of the good faith of the author of chimeras of so extravagant a nature. He has perhaps heard that paleontologists pretend to reconstruct an entire animal from a scale or a tooth, and, naturally, he hesitates to admit the validity of their claims and the correctness of the resulting reconstructions. It is only fair, therefore, to explain the grounds upon which paleontologists proceed to reconstruct creatures never seen in the flesh by mortal eye, whose bones, imbedded in rock or clay or peat, have lain hidden for unknown ages, perhaps mingled with others, perhaps broken and crushed into fragments, or widely scattered over miles of territory. Without going into particulars, which is obviously impossible in a limited space, it may be sufficient to say that the science of comparative anatomy, which teaches the differences of analogous parts of animals belonging to different genera, species, orders, classes, and families, and the unity of plan in the structure of all animals, and the science of correlative anatomy, which teaches the modifications of form necessary to fit an animal to its ascertained structural character and mode of life, enable the paleontologists, working upon well-established principles, to successfully reconstruct the forms of the extinct creatures that once inhabited the world.

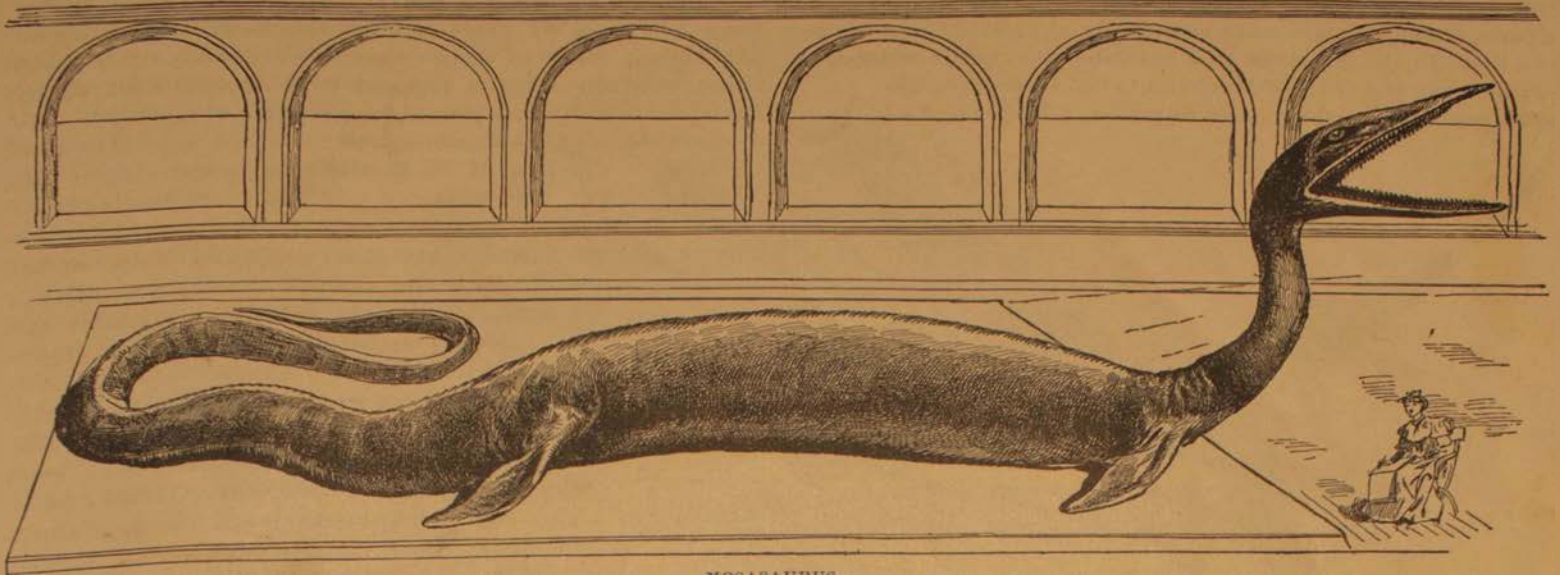
Nothing like the restoration of a fish from one of its scales, or any animal from one or several of its teeth or other bones, let it be understood, is ever attempted by modern science. Only those forms are restored whose complete skeletons, with perhaps the exception of unimportant and easily replaced parts, have been found. One example must suffice to illustrate the principles upon which the restorations are made. The



BRONTOSAURUS.

teeth of carnivorous, or flesh-eating, animals are radically different from those of herbivorous, or plant-eating, animals, as may be readily seen by comparing the jaws of a tiger with those of an ox. The tiger is furnished with claws, as are all beasts of prey; the ox has horns and hoofs, as have all plant-eating animals. Animals having horns and hoofs graze; those having fangs





MOSASAURUS.

One of his pupils dressed himself up as the enemy of mankind, with horns, hoofs, and a shaggy fur cloak, and endeavored to frighten the master by appearing at his bedside at midnight and saying, in sepulchral tones :

“Cuvier, Cuvier, your time has come. I shall devour you.”

The savant, only sufficiently awake to notice the shadow of the form before him, replied :

“Not possible. Horns, hoofs ; graminivorous. You can't do it.”

Since the time of Cuvier, however, great progress has been made. Professor Owen, the successor of Cuvier, extended and elaborated the science of comparative anatomy ; but Leidy, Marsh, Cope, Scott, and Osborn, in our own country, have really reduced the principles of paleontology to an exact science in which mere conjecture has no place ; and nothing but the firmest and most complete basis of ascertained facts is used as a foundation upon which to build, as a superstructure, a science rigidly governed by incontestable laws. The reader therefore can dismiss any doubt he may entertain of the accuracy of the representations here given, the truthfulness of which can be readily ascertained by reference to the scientific authorities named.

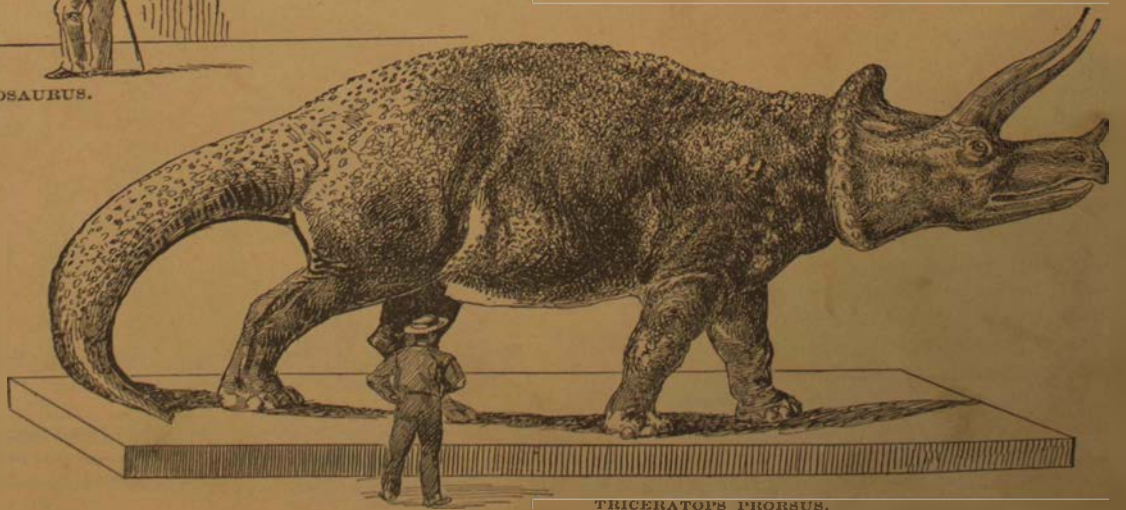
Of these ungainly monsters the largest is the *Mosasaurus maximus*, the great sea-serpent of prehistoric American waters. This reptile, by no means the largest of his tribe, measured eighty feet in length. Though their remains are now



STEGOSAURUS.

and claws devour. If we find the skeleton of an animal with horns like a deer or ox we know of a certainty it is not furnished with claws ; if, on the contrary, we find the jaw of an animal with the characteristic dentition of the cat tribe, we may know that it had claws and not hoofs.

A story which, whether true or not, serves to elucidate this example of a universal principle, is told of the great originator of the science of paleontology, Cuvier.



TRICERATOPS PRORSUS.

found a thousand miles from either the Atlantic or Pacific oceans, these animals were essentially aquatic in their habits, and lived in the great sea that extended during the cretaceous period from the Gulf of Mexico into the British possessions near the head of Lake Superior. The extent of



PTERODACTYLS.

ogy, but was a land somewhere in the North Pacific, now covered by that ocean.

The Mosasaurus must have lived upon creatures nearly as large as itself, for each jaw is articulated to a point midway between the ear and the chin, "so as to greatly enlarge the space between the jaws;" and Professor Cope thinks the neck must have been elastic, as is the case with serpents of the present day, whose jaws are similarly articulated; and, also like serpents, these animals possessed four rows of conical teeth which must have been effectual in seizing and holding their prey. Elongated and snakelike in form, their flattened tails would serve to propel them with great swiftness; and with their four flattened paddles, or flippers, they were perhaps able to creep about the shallows and pursue their prey there.

In most of the natural history museums and collections belonging to colleges throughout the United States may be seen casts of fossil foot-prints, seemingly of gigantic birds. The originals of these are found in the triassic sandstone of

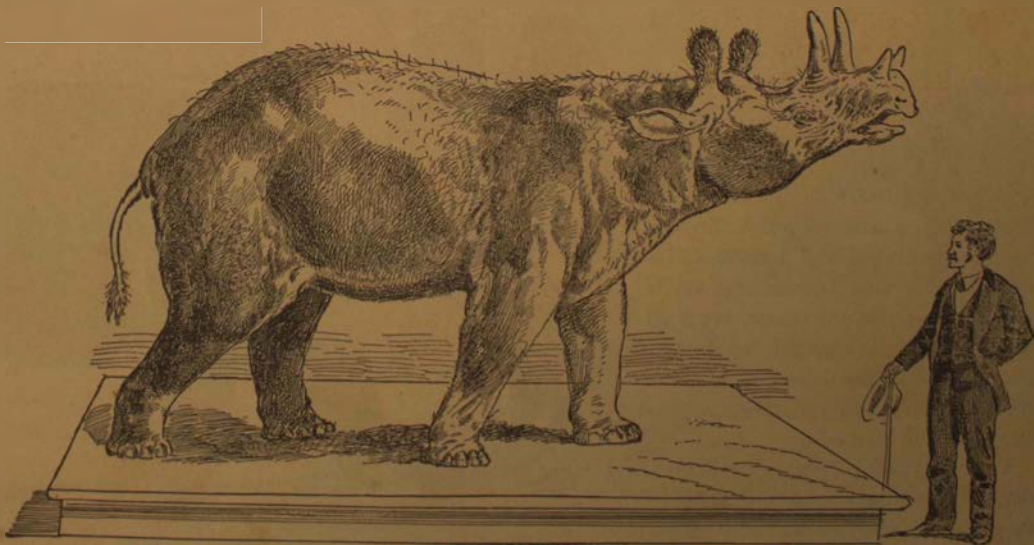
the Connecticut valley; and the three-toed tracks shown were not made by birds, but by enormous reptiles called Dinosaurs. Some of these creatures were at least thirty feet long; and allied forms restored from skeletons set up by Professor Marsh show a total length of about sixty feet. To the latter belongs the Brontosaurus, a colossal, vegetable-feeding lizard. The Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, in speaking of this creature, says: "It probably weighed more than twenty tons when alive. That it was a stupid, slow-moving reptile may be inferred from its very small brain and slender spinal cord." By taking casts of the brain cavities in the skulls of extinct animals, anatomists can obtain a very good idea of the nature and capacity of their brains.

Probably the strangest of all the remarkable creatures inhabiting ancient America was the Stegosaurus. It was about thirty feet long, and partly aquatic in its habits. It had a small brain,—but perhaps not below the average allowance during the Jurassic period, to which it belongs,—large eyes, and its sense of smell was strong. It fed upon soft, succulent vegetation.

The fore limbs could move freely in every direction, like the arms of a man, and were probably used as it sat, a great tripod, upon its two hind limbs and massive tail, to bring within reach the foliage upon which it fed. The four great spines upon the aforesaid tail must have made a powerful weapon of defense. But that which distinguishes the Stegosaurus from all other living or extinct animals, as far as known, is the fact that the "anomalous monster" had two sets of brains, one in its skull and the other in the region of its haunches, the latter, it is conjectured, being used to direct the movements of its powerful hind limbs and armed and massive tail.

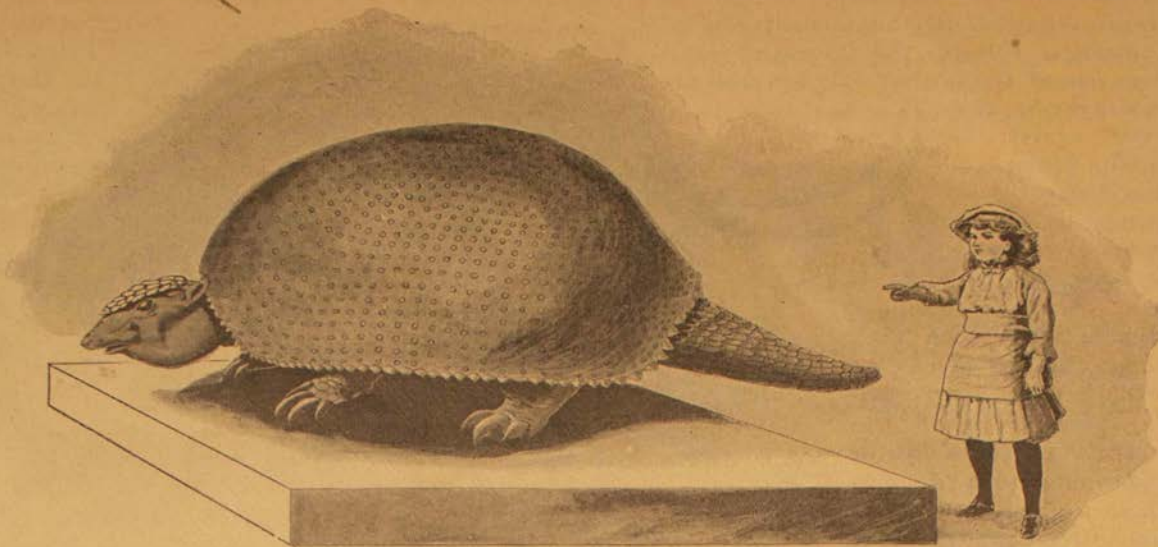
Scarcely less wonderful on the whole, and more so in some of the particulars constituting its queer make-up, was the Dinosaur called Triceratops prorsus. Triceratops, as his name indicates, belongs to the horn-faced, or three-horned variety of Dinosaur. It had an enormous skull seven or eight feet long, but the smallest brain in proportion of any known animal boasting a backbone. In some respects it seems to have prefigured, although a reptile, the rhinoceros; but it was twenty-five feet long, and had a tail that was decidedly reptilian in character. The mouth formed a sort of beak, of a horny consistence like that of a turtle. A huge collar, or ridge, of bone rises from the skull, ornamented and defended in life by a series of bony bosses, or small, bony plates.

Any account, however abbreviated, of the living world



TRICERATOPS.

of prehistoric America before the advent of man, would be incomplete without some account of the flying reptiles called Pterodactyls,—from the Greek signifying wing fingered,—or flying dragons. What they looked like can be gathered in part, at least, from the accompanying illustration ; but their habits, manner of life, and the food upon which they subsisted, is still a matter of little else than mere conjecture ; and paleontologists have never quite made up their collective mind as to whether they were birds, beasts, or reptiles. The preponderance



GLYPTODON.

tusks, the use of which, especially the last, has given rise to some wild conjectures. He had the smallest brain on record of any mammal living or extinct. Professor Marsh thinks the Tinocerata, or, rather, Dinocerata, for the latter is the name of the group of which the former is a member, roamed about in great herds, as horned and hoofed mammals now do, finding abundant food in the vegetation on the banks of the ancient lakes where their remains are found. Still more remotely resembling any living mammal was the Glyptodon, the distant ancestor from whom those queer little armored animals the armadillos have evolved. It was nearly nine feet long, and had a carapace, or shell, like a turtle's, which animal it much resembled in its general contour.

The sloth is a comparatively small and unimportant animal, too well-known to need comment or description here ; but his



MEGATHERIUM.

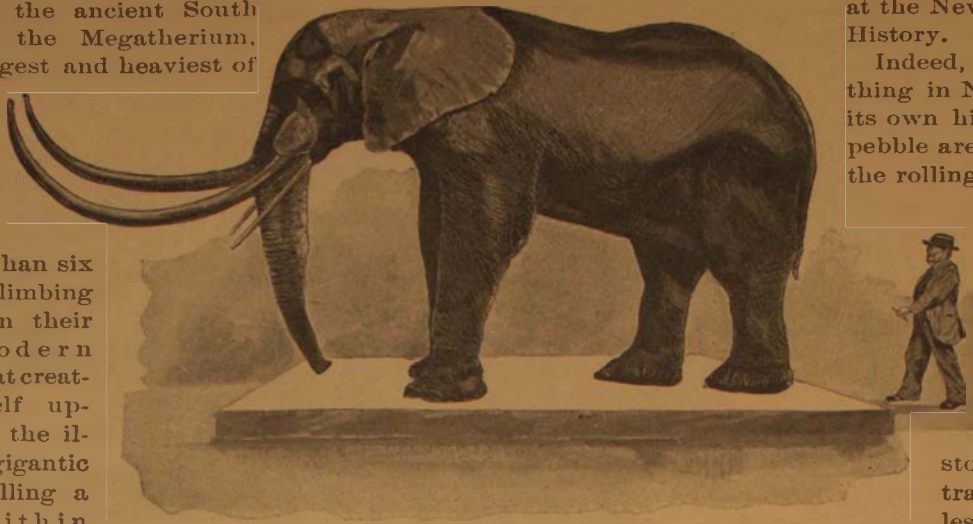
of opinion weighs in favor of a reptilian character ; but little more than their shapes, which fortunately have in several instances been so well preserved as to admit of no uncertainty, has been incontestably ascertained about them. They were very numerous during the cretaceous period, of all sizes from that of a sparrow to one measuring some twenty-five feet from the tip of one spread wing to that of the other.

But singularity of shape and construction is not confined to the reptiles of these pre-human epochs. The mammalia of that distant period differed widely in many instances from any representatives of the class at the present day. A little less in size than the average elephant to be seen in our menageries, being about twelve feet long and seven feet tall at the shoulders, was the Tinoceras. He seems to have been a jumble of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, with several peculiarities of his own. He had six horns and two great



SKELETON OF MEGATHERIUM.

representative in the ancient South American forests, the Megatherium, was one of the largest and heaviest of mammals that ever trod the earth, being not less than eighteen feet in length, and weighing, perhaps, not less than six tons. Instead of climbing trees to feed upon their foliage, as the modern sloth does, this great creature reared himself upright, as shown in the illustration, like a gigantic kangaroo, and pulling a whole tree-top within reach browsed to his heart's content.



MASTODON.

The last specimen of "departed greatness" there remains space to notice is the old Mastodon, grandfather of the mammoth, and great-grandfather of the elephant. This enormous brute grew to twelve or more feet in height and seventeen in length, with tusks projecting ten feet from the sockets. He had, moreover, four, instead of two, tusks, two projecting from the lower jaw. A fine skeleton representing an animal about nine feet high in life is to be seen

at the New York Museum of Natural History.

Indeed, as Emerson says: "Everything in Nature is engaged in writing its own history. The planet and the pebble are attended by their shadows, the rolling rock leaves its furrows on the mountain side, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf inscribe their modest epitaphs on the coal, the falling drop sculpts its story on the sand and on the stone. Not a footstep but traces in characters more or less enduring the record of its progress."

The secret of the hieroglyphs has been revealed; the strange, wedge-shaped characters of Babylonia, and the pillar inscriptions in Indian Pali have been deciphered; forgotten tongues, lost for ages, with their grammars and vocabularies, have been rehabilitated to a place among known languages; but the greatest triumph of human intellect is the reading and interpretation of the past history of our planet, engraved by the Creator upon the face of Nature herself.

J. C. B.

## OCEAN LIFE IN INLAND HOMES.



OUR Atlantic coast, especially the tide-pools so numerous among the half-submerged rocks bordering the sea from Massachusetts northward, afford the student of marine zoology ample opportunity for the pursuit of the fascinating science; and many visitors from inland places, charmed by the loveliness of the miniature lakes, express desire that it were

possible to transport one to their far-away homes. Anything more picturesque or lovely can seldom be seen in so limited a space.

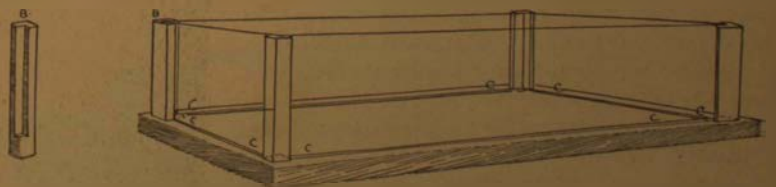
Haunted by shrimp and wide, strange-featured crabs  
That peer from out the fringe with stalked eyes.

The view enchanted tempts the eager hand  
To violate the fairy paradise."

And this jewel of Nature may be made our own. It is quite possible to reproduce the poet's picture in our homes, and exhibit to those who else, perhaps, had never seen them, suggestions of the weird beauty and wonders of the ocean.

In order to show how this may be done it will be necessary first to give the reader a few simple directions about making an aquarium, if one is not to be purchased, and then how to collect marine animals and plants with which to stock it and to keep it in good running order.

Procure a well-seasoned piece of flat wood, of a kind not liable to warp or split, say two feet long by sixteen inches wide, and at least an inch and a half thick, for the bottom of the tank. In each of the four corners bore a hole large enough to admit the end of a piece of stout broom-handle, or other piece of wood, of which you should have four lengths, each about eight and a half inches high, and faced off on one side with a square or right-angled incision to



PLAN FOR BUILDING AN AQUARIUM.

"In hollows of the tide-worn rocks,  
Pellucid gulfs and reefs in miniature,  
Left at low water, glisten in the sun,  
Over sea-flowers, where half-hidden shells  
With softened luster shine like scattered pearls,  
And common pebbles here are turned to gems.  
Midway between the surface shot with gold  
And depths thick carpeted with purple moss,  
Like thronging fancies in a pleasant dream,  
Flash sudden fish with iridescent gleam;  
And richly tinted sea-weeds softly sway,



AN AQUARIUM.

receive the edges of the glass, as shown by B, B, in the illustration of the plan for building an aquarium. From each of the holes bored cut a groove, or trench, about a quarter of an inch deep, along the edge of the board, as indicated by the C's, to receive the edges of the glass sides, being careful that the grooves match with the incisions in the corner posts. Having firmly fastened the posts in the four corners of the bottom piece, the glass sides, cut to fit, are to be slid in and secured with glazier's tacks,—or carpet tacks, if the former are not to be had,—as panes of glass are fastened in a window-frame. Then make cement as follows: Ten parts, by measure, litharge; ten parts plaster of Paris; ten parts dry white sand; one part *finely* powdered rosin; to be mixed, when wanted for use, into a pretty stiff putty with boiled linseed oil. This cement will stick to wood, stone, metal, or glass, hardens under water, and resists the action of salt water.

The cement should be freely used on the inside, as putty is in setting in a pane of glass, so as to stop all possible leakage. It is not a bad idea to bank it up on the edges and

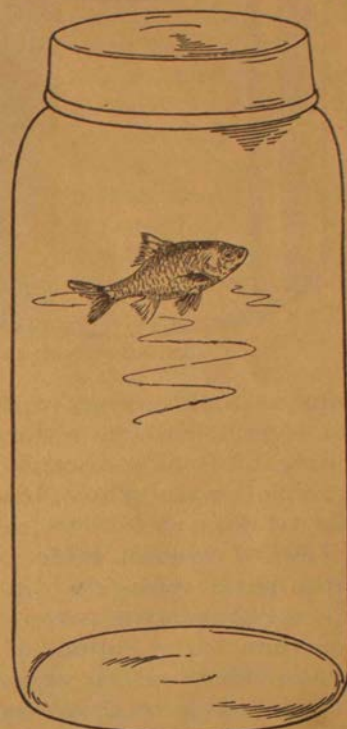
cover it with narrow strips of glass. A strip of wood around the top of the aquarium, though not absolutely necessary, helps to strengthen it and bind the glass firmly in place. Let it be fastened in place with cement, and secured to the four posts with wire nails.

The arch shown in the illustration of the aquarium may be built of clean clinkers, cinders, or rough stones; rich soil placed in the interstices will enable you to plant it full of small-leaved vines, etc. The whole arch should be well cemented together and to the bottom, which should be painted with the cement in order to preserve the wood from decay. It is better not to use the tank until three days after it has been cemented.

As the four glass sides admit altogether too much light for the well-being of the plants and animals in the tank, it is well either to have one or two sides of some other material than glass; or, better still, to cover three sides, on the outside of the glass, with a coat of green paint, leaving the remaining side as a window through which to see your collection. If only one coat of paint be used, a little light will filter through the glass, but not enough to do any injury.

One precaution must be strictly observed: no smoking should be allowed in the room in which the aquarium is placed, for the water absorbs the nicotine in the tobacco-smoke, and this kills its inhabitants. An authority on the subject says: "I once lost all the inmates of a marine tank by allowing a party of gentlemen to smoke in the room where it was standing. If you have company in the evening, the room, as a rule, will become overheated, and you should take the precaution to wrap the sides of your tank with wet towels."

A tube, such as shown in the illustration of the aquarium, is extremely useful in picking up and removing minute bits of matter that are fouling the water, or organisms to be

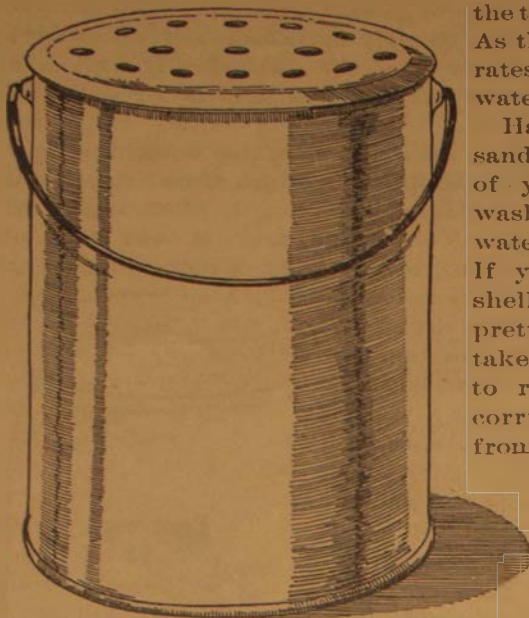


PRESERVE JAR. FOR TEMPORARY USE.

examined under the microscope. It may be of any material, and an inch in diameter. In using it, one end is placed upon whatever is to be removed, and the other end stopped up with the forefinger. A rod or stick with a sponge, as shown in same illustration, is indispensable for cleaning the inside of the glass; and a small net will be convenient for taking up any of the specimens. A cover of some kind, preferably one of glass, should be provided, and kept over



COLLECTING FOR THE AQUARIUM.



EXTEMPORIZED CAN.

the tank, to shut out dust. As the salt water evaporates, replace it with fresh water.

Have sufficient white sand to cover the bottom of your aquarium, and wash it thoroughly in hot water before putting it in. If you use pebbles and shells, which are very pretty with the sand, take the same precaution to remove any dead or corruptible substance from them. If you procure the water from the ocean, it must be taken at a considerable distance from the shore. As, however, it is rather an expensive and

arduous undertaking to carry from the coast to an inland home sufficient sea-water to fill your tank, and as in the course of time sea-water sometimes becomes impure, it is perhaps, on the whole, best to manufacture it at home, which may be done as follows :

Take of common table-salt, eighty-one parts ; Epsom salts, seven parts ; chloride of magnesium, ten parts ; and chloride of potassium, two parts. Mix in the proportions of a little less than three gallons of fresh water to one pound of this compound, in a tub or some similar vessel, and leave it to settle for two or three days, when it will become clear and fit to use in the aquarium.

After putting the water in the tank and the tank in a position where the sun will shine upon it, introduce a quantity of sea-lettuce, *ulva latissima*, or spreading sedge, as it is called. It looks considerably like lettuce, and is to be found on all sandy beaches along our coast. It is, when grow-

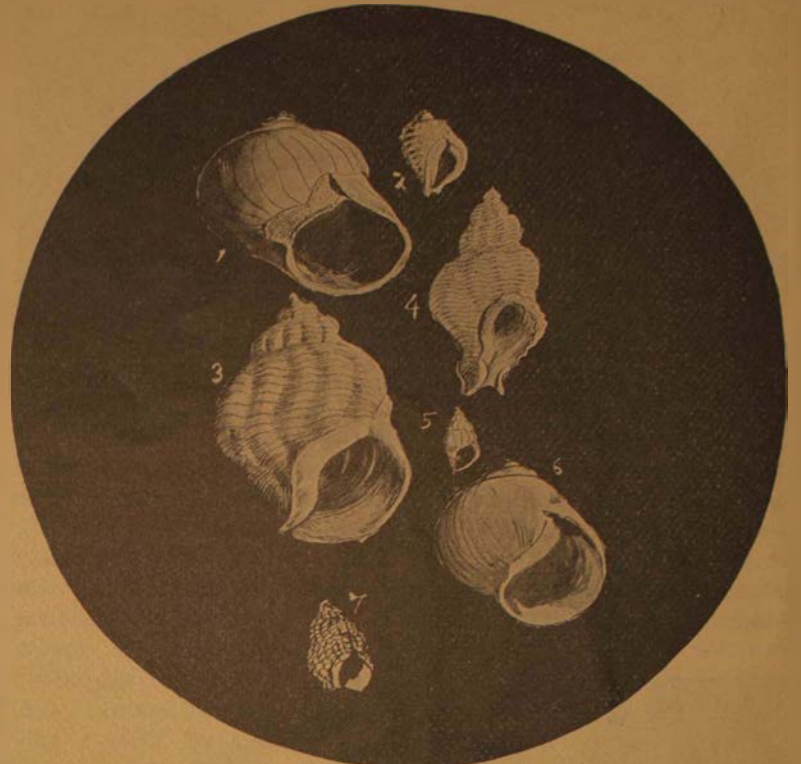
B



DOUBLE CAN FOR TRANSPORTING SPECIMENS.

ing, invariably attached to stones. Small, vigorous plants should be selected, and, with the attached stones, placed in a tin pail containing sea-water, for transportation. It is a hardy sea-plant, of a beautiful lively green, and probably the best aëratèr procurable for the water in a marine aquarium. The loose leaves washed up on the beach will

answer the purpose ; but it is better to have those that are anchored, if possible. It is recommended to wash the seaweeds for a short time in fresh water, a minute or two will answer the purpose, before introducing them into the aquarium. This is to kill and wash away whatever small organ-



1 AND 6, SEA-SNAILS. 2, 5, AND 7, PERIWINKLES. 3, WHELK. 4, DRILL, OR BORER.

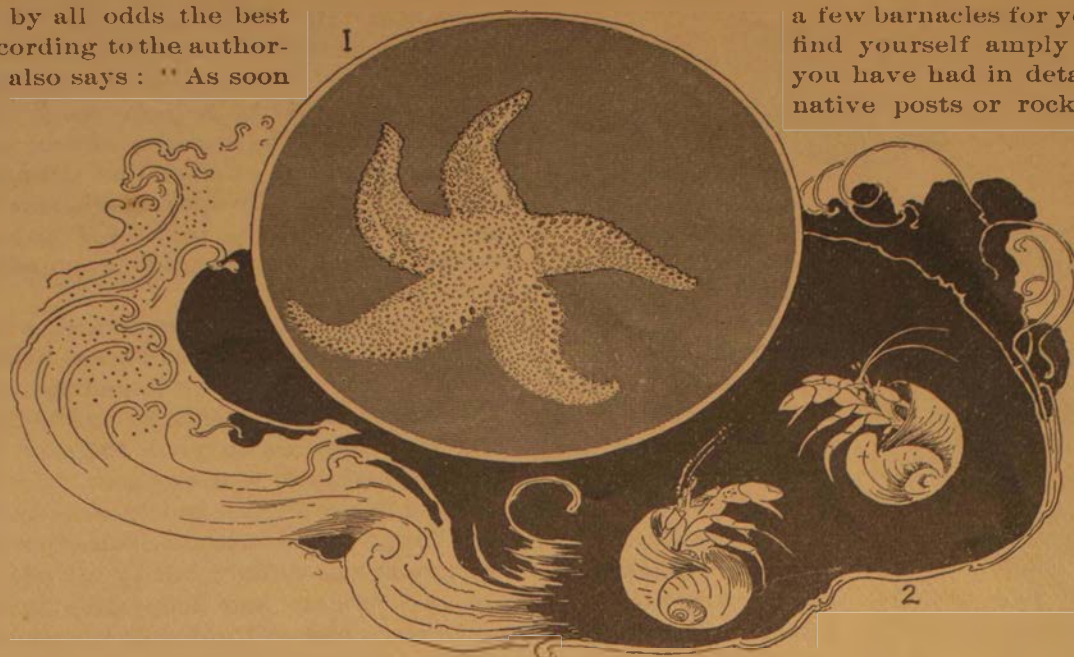
isms adhere to the plants, that they may not die in the tank and contaminate the water. The plants should be left in the water for a few days before stocking it with animals. Other sea-weeds that can be introduced with excellent effect are the *grenella Americana*, beautiful carmine ribbons ; *salieria corydalis*, with crimson branches like tangles of cylindrical wire, which grows upon shells and stones a little distance from shore ; Irish moss, *chondrus crispus*, etc. Beware of the olive, dark-colored *fuci*, often covering the half-submerged rocks. Perhaps the beginner would better limit his collection of sea-plants to the *ulva latissima*, *ulva linza*, and *enteromorpha compressa*, which are easy to be obtained, easily transported, and will thrive in the aquarium.

Collecting is great sport. Equipped with baskets containing tin pails or preserve-jars, a company sets out treasure-seeking. Old clothes must be worn, since sea-water will spoil new ones ; and old shoes, for salt water ruins leather, and it is necessary to protect your feet from sharp shells and stones. A slip or two, or even a tumble, amid the slippery, weed-covered rocks, will not matter, but only be provocative of fun and laughter. In addition to your

jars or pails, you must be armed with an old table-knife, a hammer, perhaps a chisel, and, necessarily, with a dip-net made of mosquito netting or some loosely woven material. Children are the best collectors. They have not the same instinctive dread of wetting

their feet or hands that older people have. Last season when we replenished and stocked our aquariums, Alice, aged twelve, and her brother Jamie, seven years old, procured our best specimens ; and even little Paul and Pauline, who had barely seen five summers, sat on a bridge over a sedgy bayou, and day after day angled for crabs with considerable success.

Extreme low tide is by all odds the best time to go hunting, according to the authority before quoted. He also says: "As soon as you reach the beach, wade right in to your work; look under the stones, scoop up with your net the sand or mud from the bottom of the pools left by the tide, examine every promising-looking bunch of sea-weed, and before the tide comes in you will have material enough to stock forty aquariums. When your hunt is over, sort out your specimens, discard all weak and sickly ani-

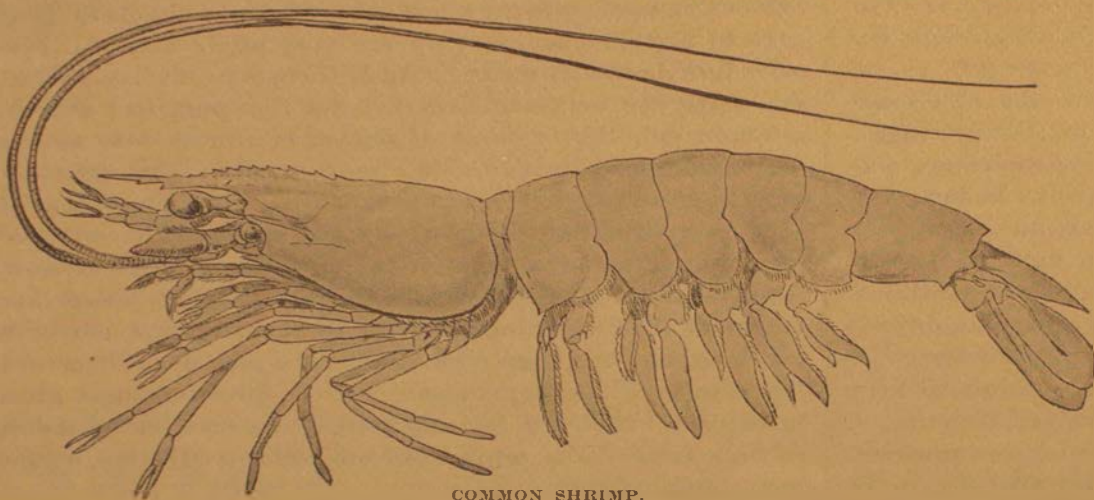


1. STAR-FISH. 2. HERMIT CRABS.

a few barnacles for your aquarium; you will find yourself amply repaid for the trouble you have had in detaching them from their native posts or rocks, when you see them put forth their odd, hand-shaped members, and opening and closing long, slender fingers, as if the animals in the shells were grasping for something in the water,—which they really are doing, for the hermits in the acorn-shaped shells live upon the minute creatures they thus gather in. They will not, however, live long in confinement. It is very necessary to procure a supply of common

salt-water snails, especially the periwinkles (of which several species are illustrated herewith), which are the best of scavengers, devouring decaying vegetable matter; and the whelks, which dispose of decaying animal matter. Besides these there are sea-snails, inhabiting handsome spiral shells, and others that are pretty and useful.

Beware, however, of the pirate whose portrait we give that he may be avoided. He is commonly known as the "drill," or "borer," and well deserves the name, as he does that of "butcher," which he is also called. Mr. William E. Dauson, who

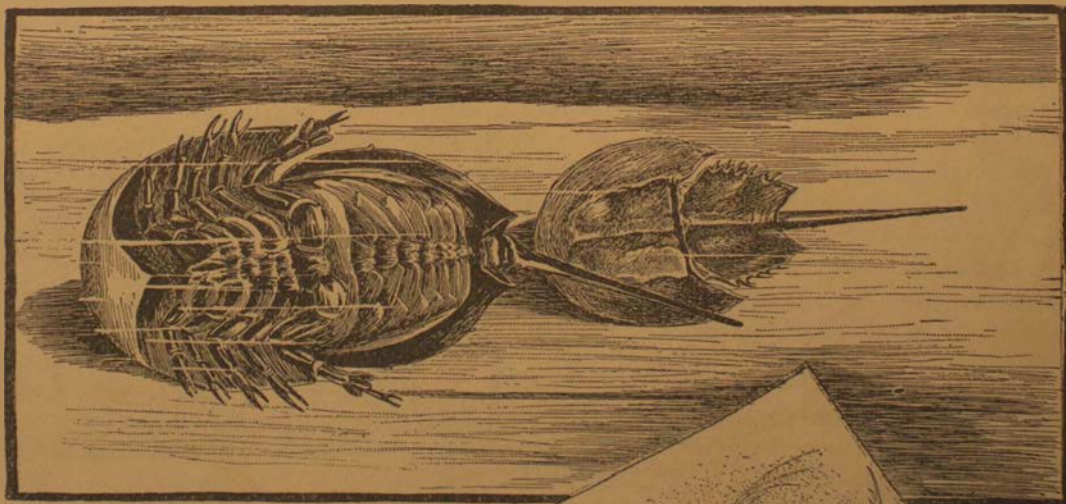


COMMON SHRIMP.

mals, and put the healthy ones in flat, earthenware dishes filled with sea-water, where they can be examined at leisure, and the proper ones taken out and put into tin pails with perforated lids, along with salt water and sea-weeds, to be carried home for the aquarium."

Two kinds of these tin cans, or pails, are shown in the illustrations. The first, an extemporized can, is an ordinary tin pail with a perforated cover. A tenpenny nail can be used for making the holes. The other, a more elaborate and better affair, is a small can, A, perforated all over, sides, top, and bottom, to be set inside a larger one, B, which fits over it. Put sea-water and plenty of sea-lettuce and such other sea-plants as you wish to preserve, in the cans. They will serve to keep the water healthy for a long time. Be careful not to put more than five or six animals in the same can unless they are sea-snails, of which a greater quantity can be introduced. Both in the cans and the tank the plants will aerate the water sufficiently without changing it.

If you should discover in the dirt at the bottom of your net some queer-looking tubes, preserve them carefully, for they may contain some of those odd and often brilliantly colored marine worms found on the sea-floor. The inland collector, accustomed to associate the name with nothing but unsightly earth-worms, has no idea what beautiful creatures some of the sea-worms really are. Do not neglect to collect



HORSESHOE CRABS.

has studied his "tricks and manners," says: "He bores or drills a small, neat hole through the hardest enameled shell, making an orifice as round and perfect as if executed by the modern diamond drill. This preliminary accomplished, he sucks the unfortunate victim"



MANTIS SHRIMP.



1. SEA-RAVEN. 2, 2. ANEMONES. 3. SEA-SPIDER.  
4. ROCK-CRAB. 5. SEA-WORMS. 6. SEA-HORSE.

substance away, leaving the empty shell upon the shore with his professional death-mark upon it." A few hermit-crabs will amply repay the trouble of corraling them, and the same may be said of the comical "fiddlers"; only, if you keep the latter you must have some place upon which they can remain for a while out of the water. Corallums, as they are called, though, strictly speaking, zoöphytes, the beautiful anemones, eels, the star-fish, and sea-urchins are interesting and valuable finds for our purpose. Do not attempt to keep bivalves,—oysters, clams, or muscles. They are sure to die on your hands; and

as their shells are closed you cannot tell whether they are dead or alive until, perhaps, the water is poisoned and the aquarium spoiled. The little lady-crab, the sea-spider, or

spider-crab, the rock-crab, and the horseshoe-crab are interesting additions; and if you find a little blue or common edible crab you may make him a member of your happy family,—provided he is *quite small*. Baby lobsters are unobjectionable. The common shrimp gets along very well in the aquarium, and so does that strange creature, the mantis shrimp, provided the specimen is small enough. Remember these creatures have to be fed twice a week with finely chopped meat; but do not let any uneaten food remain in the aquarium.

Be very careful not to overstock your aquarium. This is the mistake that beginners almost always make. A crowded tank is extremely difficult to manage, and in any but the most experienced hands is sure to end in disappointment. Never take your animals in your fingers. Use the little dip-net when you wish to remove them.

If you desire it, you can introduce fish into the aquarium. For this purpose sticklebacks are perhaps the most interesting on some accounts; but by all odds the most desirable, if you can procure and keep alive the delicate creature, is a sea-horse. One of these will prove a greater attraction than any other living creature you can introduce into your tank. Salt-water anemones are among the safest of animals to transport to any distance, as they are very hardy and will bear considerable rough usage. Small sheep's-heads, sea-ravens, and smelt are very excellent fish for the purpose; and the common eel, the hardiest of fishes, is almost sure to live under the most unfavorable circumstances. Pipe-fish, sea-scorpions, and suckers are curious and hardy forms of marine life; nor with these have we by any means exhausted our catalogue of fish available for the purpose. There has, however, been given a list of living creatures much more than sufficient for beginning a marine aquarium, a list not to be taken *in toto*, but from which selections may be made according to taste and circumstances. If the directions here given be carefully followed, we may promise an excellent chance of success in providing a source of unending occupation, amusement, and instruction.

A fresh-water aquarium may be built on exactly the same plan as the marine aquarium, and stocked with fresh-water plants and fresh-water animals.

J. CARTER BEARD.



### Bitter-Sweet.

"Oh, love, you have cursed my life," he said,  
"Because I have listened to you,  
The heart of me at your feet lies dead  
Where your arrow has pierced it through.  
I leave you my broken heart, faith, and home,  
I go to a land where you cannot come."

He journeyed far to the "sundown" land,  
Close wrapped in his cloak of despair;  
He wandered along the wave-drenched sand,  
And, behold, little Love was there!  
The arrow that wounded him cured his pain,  
And faith, hope, and happiness lived again.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.



# MEN WHO MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS.

PERSONAL opinions given specially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Palmer Cox, "Bill Nye," Anthony Comstock, and George Francis Train.

## HOME THE FIRST CHURCH, HUSBAND THE HIGH PRIEST.

REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

No man in my opinion can be the best husband till he is the minister of his family. As the home is the first church, so the husband is the first minister: he is the high priest of that home; his wife, the high priestess.

If religion means an abiding faith in an Almighty power above us, and a true love of God, who is love, together with love in the best sense of all mankind, then I say religion should have its place, a large place, in every home, and the husband should be the one to encourage, by example and sensible teaching, its continued presence there. If he would have the happiest family about him, he will teach—not preach,

understand—the doctrines of religion and morality. The father who would have his child, when that child becomes a man, continue in his career in the fullness of Christian faith must bring up that child amid Christian surroundings. As a rule, those men who are most sincere in their religious belief were imbued with the spirit of religion in childhood.

I cannot bring myself to believe that there is enough of religion in our homes today,—not enough, particularly in this great, seething, crowding, pushing city. Amid the rush, the pace that kills, religion is forgotten. The husband and father has no time for it; he can't even find houseroom for it. As only one man here and there will tolerate religion in his office or place of business, where, then, do the great mass of men keep their religion? Some few keep it within the walls of a church, pay a handsome pew-rent for keeping it there, and go take a look at it once every Sunday from eleven to twelve.

I fear that especially among well-to-do families, in the homes of prosperity, religion is almost entirely neglected; at least the subject is seldom spoken of as an expression of real feeling, except in hushed tones. And yet I do not wish to paint the situation in darker colors than it really is. I do not say all husbands and fathers neglect religion. If there are great numbers of homes in this city in which religion has no place, there are still many households in which the family lives together in the spirit of Christ's teachings; and when such is the case it is usually because the husband and the wife agree in their religion, and agreeing in that, agree in all matters, and are the happier. In these homes husband and wife love God and pray and worship together, just as they work, hope, sorrow, and joy together.

## CHILDREN HIS PLAYMATES, WIFE HIS CONFIDANTE.

PALMER COX, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "BROWNIES."

HE is a good husband who makes himself his children's playmate. He is a better husband who makes his wife his *confidante*, every time,—tells her the truth, the whole truth, always. He is the best husband when he has a wife who works with him shoulder to shoulder,—when,

hand locked in hand, husband and wife travel down life's path toward one destination. He is the ideal husband who looks upon marriage as a duet, the merging of two individualities into perfect harmony.

But I am in no sense an authority on this subject. I am an unmarried man, and yet that very fact, I'm told, is why I am singled out to answer this question. Be it remembered, then, that I speak about husbands simply as an onlooker.

I have said that a good husband makes himself his children's playmate. I specify this qualification because so few men are "good" in this respect. Of course, the mother is naturally the children's playmate; for, except in the case of fashionable society women,—who, by the way, are often misrepresented,—the mothers are with their children constantly. But in the case of the father, especially if he is a business man, it is different. Anxious to rush to his office early in the morning, he leaves the house before the children come down for breakfast. Rushing home after the day's work, absorbed in his multitudinous affairs, he is either too wearied or too worried to play with the children, or he rushes off to the theater to enjoy, at a rush, an hour or two of amusement. Home again, of course the children are in bed. So the little ones, and, for that matter, the big ones, too, whom he really dotes upon, he sees only on Sundays. The children, on their part, when papa enters the room immediately smother their happy laugh and prattle in a whisper.

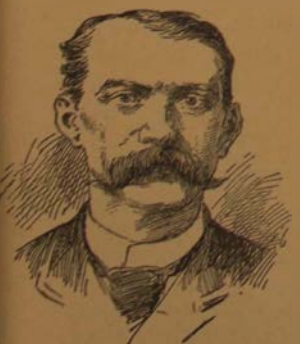
But behold the home where the children are accustomed to welcome papa as a great big fellow-playmate. They spring to him joyously, climb upon his knee, ramble round his shoulders and over his head, go to bed in rollicking glee, while papa has drowned dull care in the romp.

The best husband makes the wife his *confidante*. Even though one withhold or misrepresent matters to his wife, so she won't worry, it is generally a mistake. It leads to jealousy, suspicion, and cruel disappointment for her, and to error and trouble, and often to crime, for him. Men are most prone to do this in time of financial straits. The wife, quite unaware, spends money as freely as usual, making things all the worse in the end. If a man be not rich his wife must find it out in time; why not tell her at once? To deceive one's wife is the first step to unhappiness. To accept her counsel, place a value upon her intuition, are sure steps toward happiness. To work with her, side by side, is happiness.

## LOVES WIFE AND CHILDREN.

BILL NYE, HUMOROUS WRITER AND LECTURER.

THE "best husband"? Why! the one who is devoted first to his wife and children, second, to his work and everything else. There you are. I could preach a sermon on this text, but I'd rather give an example. I've been lecturing for ten years. Once I was just stepping on the stage to greet a big house and be funny, when I got a telegram saying my wife was ill, and my four children, over at New Brighton, Staten Island, were all taken with scarlet fever. I was bound for California. Well! A lecturer must always be joyful, always gay and cheerful, to his audience. I never knew how I got



over that programme; but in the morning I broke contracts to the extent of \$5,000, and took the first swift train for home. That man, in my opinion, was the best sort of husband.

### HUSBANDS WHO DON'T DRINK.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

I HAVE studied the laws of heredity, practically, and with hundreds of living illustrations, right here in this office, for twenty-two years; and I have reached a firm conviction that no man is worthy to become a husband or father who is not always sober and clean. By sober, I mean a man who is not familiar with the red cup; by clean, one whose body is pure and healthful.



I must make the startling statement that we are at present developing a race of drunkards. Statistics show that, leaving out the children, there is one drunkard to every forty-two persons. This means that nearly one-half the adult people in the

United States drink something else than water.

As there are twenty-two million children in the United States, and as they are all under the care of this society, I have sufficient evidence to encourage me in my belief that any man who tipples cannot be a good father; not that the greatest wrong is to himself, but because of the wrong done his children. I find that nine out of every ten men who drink had drinking fathers or a drinking family before them. The father says: "Oh! I only drink a little, you know; it never affects me." But the father never knows what terrible effects of just drinking "a little" may be revealed in his offspring; what awful influence it may have upon the mind and habits of his child.

You cannot enervate the mind and body and have strength and intellect remain. If you are a father, as you sow strength and intellect in yourself, so shall you reap strength and intellect in your children. If drunkenness and licentiousness go hand in hand, if we are generating a drunken race, then we are producing at the same time an unclean race. There is room here, I regret to say, only for the cruel, hard facts. Let thinking men and women consider them; and, above all, let the wives bring all their loving influence to bear upon their husbands to restrain those very husbands from drinking. And the woman who can keep her husband from strong drink will have the very best husband.

### SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

"WHAT kind of men best husbands make?"

Is question you should ask the wives  
With whom "best husbands" pass their lives.

I should say those who "give and take:"

The husband always true to self  
Cannot untrue be to his wife,  
For honor bright is dearest wealth  
To wife who shares her husband's life.  
Marriage's a failure oft to the rich,  
Because wealth begets idleness;  
While husbands laboring in the ditch  
Are too busy for life's distress.  
Of course you mean the "dress circle" set,—  
Proscenium box and balcony,  
Who live on interest of debt,—  
Not labor-husband industry.



"Best husbands" with "the upper crust"

Are those who ride on palace cars,  
Or "Astor's comet" (through the stars)

Where finance has no moth nor rust.  
Diamonds, Worth gowns, horses, carriages,  
And brown-stone fronts make welcome guest.  
Love does not count in the marriages

Where bank accounts make the husbands best.  
'Tis difficult to diagnose

What "best husband" really means,  
Outside of fashionable clothes,

When honeymoon collapses dreams  
Of love and truth "under the rose."

Best husband would appear to me  
The one who squarely purse divides;  
And kinship of affinity

Makes husbands happy as the brides.

Courage, manhood, virtue, honor bright,  
Patience, health, perennial youth,

Affection, loyalty, and truth,  
With these the best husband is all right.

But women oft (so strange their ways)  
Love best the biggest scamps alive.

The wonder is love can survive  
When women give way to this craze.

The latest fad in New York now  
Is woman suffrage. That will tell,

When women break the heavy spell  
Of bondage, e'en all men allow.

Your symposium for Demorest  
Refers to woman of the past;

But woman suffrage will come to last,  
And "best husbands" will stand the test.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

### Attainment.

THE poet writes a lay  
In numbers all unsought,  
Then labors, day by day,  
To beautify his thought.

Slowly he toils and long,  
Improving here and there;  
Daily he gives his song  
Some added feature fair.

Ever its beauty grows,  
Till what at first was crude  
Is, at his labor's close,  
With rarest charms endued.

Thus, like a poem sweet,  
Beneath a master's hand,  
Our lives, so incomplete,  
May grow sublime and grand.

Ever may we more grace  
Of character unfold;  
Each hour, that flies apace,  
May nobler things behold.

Our lives sweet songs may be,  
Each day a loftier strain,  
Till heaven's own harmony  
Our souls at last attain.

PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

## Among the Palmettos.

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS IN LOUISIANA.

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

I.

**M**ADAME LE CHEVRAL had just finished an elaborate piece of embroidery with which it had been her pleasure to divert herself for some months past, when there was a tap on the door of her apartment, and her maid Louise entered the room.

"It is finished, Louise!" exclaimed madame, holding up the brilliant trifle for the young woman's inspection.

The maid praised her mistress's handiwork, but gave it only superficial attention, for she was visibly agitated.

"There is something of which I wish to speak to you, madame," she said.

"What is it, Louise? I am listening," answered madame, still complaisantly surveying her work.



"A STRANGE DISCOVERY."

"I have just made a strange discovery, madame," replied the maid.

"It must be something very remarkable to be strange in this country of strange things, I should think," replied madame.

"Really, we do have adventures enough," answered the maid, smiling, "but this is not the usual kind of surprise. I have just discovered, stretched upon some straw in one of the outbuildings, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Her clothing is worn, but fine. Her hands are those of an aristocrat, and she looks as refined as she is beautiful. I imagine that there must be some mystery about her. She was fast asleep when I found her, and I doubt not she is now. What shall be done with her when she awakens?"

"I should like to see her myself, Louise. Bring her in and give her some refreshment. You can report to me what account she gives of herself. There must indeed be something very remarkable that a woman such as you describe should be in such a plight."

"Very well, madame, I will bring you the information as soon as I have heard what she has to say for herself;" and Louise departed to make further investigations.

The room in which Madame le Cheval received Louise was sumptuously furnished and might have been transplanted intact from Paris; and madame herself was in appearance a typical lady of the court of Versailles. She was the wife of Monsieur le Cheval, the Governor of the Province of Louisiana, at that time a French colony; therefore her surroundings were notably luxurious for a comparatively new settlement. The governor's house was by far the most conspicuous residence in New Orleans, which at that time comprised, all told, probably not more than a few hundred houses, most of which were one-story buildings surrounded by dense groves of palmettos. Unlike other colonial towns on this continent contemporaneous with itself, New Orleans was a little center of civilization where was reflected the brilliancy of the court at home, the governor and all the high officials being Frenchmen sent over by the crown to administer the affairs of the colony, and all members of wealthy and aristocratic families. Small and comparatively uninfluential as was the little coterie formed by the families of the governor, the intendant, the procureur-general, and the other principal officials, it was, nevertheless, more elegant even than that of the more advanced and prosperous colony of Canada, and possessed none of the democratic features of the English settlements.

The government of the colony was deputed by the crown to these officials, who were therefore invested with absolute authority, and reigned like autocrats in their small sphere. These powers were enhanced by the fact that communication between the colony and the mother country was slow and uncertain, and decrees could only be revoked by an order from the court at home. It will therefore be seen that the governor of Louisiana, checked only to a limited extent by the joint authority of the commandant-general, representing the military, the intendant-commissary, representing the king, and the royal council, representing the people of the colony, was possessed of extraordinary powers so far as affairs within the territory of the province were concerned.

The governor, although still young, had already, at the period when the story opens, been in authority several years which had by no means been the least prosperous in the history of the yet young and struggling colony. In fact this period just preceding the cession of the province to Spain was probably as favorable to the colonists as any since the time of the settlement of Louisiana; and it was whispered that to those in authority, owing to the large sums of money which had been spent to prevent the colony falling into the hands of the English, this period had been especially favorable for the accumulation of wealth. The building of Fort Chartres had cost no less a sum than five million *livres*, an extravagant price, it was said, for such a structure; and in various ways the resources of the colony, backed by grants from the royal exchequer, had been drawn upon to uphold the influence of France in the Mississippi Valley.

When Louise left her mistress she returned at once to the stranger, whom she found just awakened and curiously surveying the strange quarters. Shading her face with her hand the young girl seemed anxious to avoid the scrutiny of the servant's eyes; but that individual was anything but bashful in her manner, and showed no intention of retreating. To her the young woman seemed even more lovely than when she had discovered her. Although the pallor of her complexion and the few lines which probably recent trouble had carved on her finely chiseled face imparted a pathetic look to her features, she was indeed regally beautiful.

"Madame has sent me," ventured the maid, after a pause of a few minutes, "to inquire if you are ill and in need of any assistance."

The woman lying upon the straw removed her hand from

her eyes and looked at the speaker curiously for a moment.

"It is very kind of your mistress," she replied. "Pray what is her name?"

"I have the honor to serve Madame le Cheval, the wife of His Excellency the Governor of this colony, upon whose premises you are now resting,—in a manner which I should imagine you are scarcely accustomed to, judging by your looks," replied the maid.

Something in the maid's reply caused a shadow to flit over the features of the woman, but she vouchsafed no answer to the maid's quizzical suggestion regarding her past.

After a moment's pause she replied, quietly and with a dignified manner :

"Pray convey my thanks to Madame le Cheval for her kind solicitude, and tell her I am only a poor woman whom misfortune has relentlessly pursued for some months past, and that in the extremity of helplessness and weakness I availed myself of the protection afforded by this humble shelter. If you will be so kind as to assist me I will try to rise and pursue my way."

"But you are ill," replied the maid as she advanced and with difficulty helped the young woman to her feet. "You are not at all fit to travel. You are trembling violently and in need of rest and nourishment. I insist that you do not depart until I have taken you to my mistress, or have reported to her further, as I promised; for I have already mentioned to her the fact of your presence here."

"Oh! it must not be!" exclaimed the young girl excitedly. "I pray you permit me to depart. There are reasons why I desire to do so which I cannot explain to you. Let me leave at once. Direct me, I beg of you, to the highway, that I may pursue my journey; for in my confusion and distress last night I forgot to notice by which way I found entrance to this place."

But even as she uttered the words the poor girl, exhausted by privation and the sufferings she had undergone, reeled forward into the arms of the rather stalwart Louise, who promptly seized the opportunity to call assistance and have the swooning woman carried into the house.

## II.

No sooner was the mysterious stranger inside the governor's house and in competent hands, than Louise proceeded to the apartment of her mistress and reported the latest development, requesting permission to put the poor creature to bed and give her the attention which she evidently required.

"It is a most risky proceeding, but I do not see what else there is to do under the circumstances, if she is really as ill as you say," answered Madame le Cheval, adding, "but as soon as possible I will have an interview with her and learn the cause of her destitute condition. I am afraid that her troubles are due to some folly on her own part, which, naturally, will make her secretive about her affairs."

Armed with this permission, Louise at once gave instructions to have the stranger put to bed as soon as she was restored to consciousness. Too feeble to resist this edict, the young woman was compelled to become a recipient of the hospitality of the governor's household, although it might be inferred from her conduct when she learned upon whose premises she was resting that it was the last place she would have desired to stay.

Under the influence of a little kind attention the young girl, whose physique indicated a healthy normal condition, improved rapidly, and when the governor's wife called upon her she was resting quietly. Madame le Cheval was as much impressed by the stranger's beauty as Louise had been; and when she observed the beautifully molded hand resting out-

side the coverlet, her sympathy was at once aroused for the unfortunate woman, of whose delicate breeding there could be no doubt, a fact which made still more mysterious her appearance under such circumstances.

"This is Madame le Cheval," said Louise, as her mistress approached the bedside; "she would like to talk to you."

"I am afraid," said the young girl, turning her dark blue eyes upon Madame le Cheval, "that there will be few questions you may put to me which I can answer. I am sorry that I can requite your kindness no better, but there are reasons why it is so. I cannot even disclose to you my name, although I can assure you I have no reason to be ashamed of it. I arrived in New Orleans only last night, having come from Montreal by way of the Mississippi, which journey has occupied over three months, during which I lost by shipwreck what few things I possessed. My purpose in coming to Louisiana is merely to find, if I must remain in this wild country instead of returning home, a warmer climate, where I may at least be able to enjoy the blessing of health; even that was denied me in Canada."

Madame le Cheval looked at the speaker critically as she concluded her sentence, and said, with a touch of hauteur in her tone: "You have anticipated my inquiries very cleverly, but I think that you are scarcely politic in doing so. Friends are not easily found so far from home, willing to assist one. However, stay under my roof so long as your sickness necessitates attention; and if at any time you desire to withdraw your reserve, I shall be very glad to offer you any counsel or assistance that may be in my power. Louise, see that your protégée lacks for nothing while she is here." And with a haughty bow madame left the room without further comment.

Descending to her boudoir Madame le Cheval found herself in the presence of two of her neighbors who had called to enjoy a gossip over a cup of tea. The callers were the wife of the commandant and the wife of the intendant, two high dignitaries, who shared with Monsieur le Cheval the responsibility of the affairs of the colony. Naturally enough the discovery of the mysterious woman was the principal topic of conversation at the tea-table; but nothing more definite than surmises was the result.

At dinner the governor was informed of the peculiar incident, which by this time was doubtless being discussed all over the settlement; and Monsieur le Cheval, being a very punctilious man, suggested the propriety of having the procureur-general investigate the matter, insisting, in fact, upon such a step being taken immediately.

"Mysterious women," he remarked, "are not as a rule desirable guests to have around one's house, nor is their presence desired in the province. The suggestion of mystery involves suspicion. I shall have the woman examined. Means may be found of making her speak if she is too stubborn about disclosing her identity."

"At least allow the poor creature to regain her strength a little before pressing an examination which may possibly involve some mental torture for her, and



"OVER A CUP OF TEA."

may perhaps seriously injure her health," suggested madame.

"Most certainly," replied the governor. "There is no need for unnecessary harshness. It is simply my duty to acquaint myself with the business of strangers in this territory, and, as you well know, it is only by exercising great caution that the more lawless and disreputable element is kept in its place. Your mysterious guest may be a victim of mis-

name in this benighted region. No, indeed; we discussed the mystery, and then we talked about the changes in fashions which must have taken place in Paris lately, and which we are dying to know about."

"Your curiosity will be satisfied in a day or two, perhaps," answered the governor, "for we should be hearing news of some of the ships which are now making their way here across the Atlantic."

"I am dying to receive some letters and to see someone fresh from the other side, so I am very glad to hear it," answered madame.

III.

The mysterious stranger was allowed a day or two to regain her strength, which she did quite rapidly under the influence of good nursing, and on the third day after she had been domiciled in the governor's house she was considered sufficiently recovered to undergo an examination by the procureur-general and his assistants. The governor insisted that this step should be taken as soon as possible, owing to his suspicions regarding the character of the stranger. Accordingly, on the following day the procureur-general with his assistant, and the governor made their appearance at her bedside, and when she learned the purpose of their visit she was almost overcome with terror.

To the procureur-general was left the

principal task of examining the victim, and his questions were propounded in a way to elicit from her all information possible under the dread of uncertain results from the ordeal. The first successful point made by the procureur-general was an admission by the young woman that she had been in New Orleans on a previous occasion. This admission was promptly followed up by a compulsory demand as to the date of her arrival and the conditions under which she had first become acquainted with the Western Hemisphere.

After the searching examination, extending over an hour, there was no longer, apparently, any mystery regarding the personality of the unfortunate girl and her antecedents. The procureur-general had caused to be brought to the apartment the record of the passengers of the ship upon which the woman admitted having arrived at the port of New Orleans, and an entry on the passenger list was proved



"LOUISE WAS AN INTERESTED WITNESS."

fortune; or perhaps she may be one of those undesirable persons of whom a large number were sent here under the Law régime, who had been taken directly from the prisons of Paris and other cities."

"Shame! Monsieur le Cheval, to think that a young girl so gently bred as this young woman seems to be would ever have been in prison!" replied madame, petulantly.

"Your sex, my dear," replied the governor, gracefully, "always errs upon the side of mercy, while ours is too prone to err upon the other side; but let us leave discussing this matter until a fuller investigation has been made. By the way, you have not yet told me what you found to talk about with Madame le Commandant and Madame l'Intendant this afternoon, over your tea-cups. I suppose, as usual, you dipped into politics."

"'Politics'!" returned madame, with a gay laugh. "As if we had anything that could really be dignified with such a

to refer to the unfortunate woman. This read: "Gabriel St. Martin, ex-convict; age, twenty-one; sentence of life imprisonment commuted to banishment to the Province of Louisiana."

"You admit this fact, woman?" asked the governor sternly, when the judicial proceedings were ended.

The woman bowed her head meekly, as if in acknowledgment.

"At least we know now who you are; and your new country seems to be treating you better than the old one," remarked the governor, with some sarcasm.

It was well that the procureur-general's examination was finished; for at this stage of the proceedings the unfortunate girl, whose face had been as pallid as death during the examination, suddenly reeled over and became unconscious. A physician was promptly sent for, and in a few minutes was exerting all his efforts in behalf of the patient.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said the doctor, "that the case is serious. You have evidently put too much strain upon the young woman and must cease worrying her any further today."

It required all the skill of the doctor, assisted by the procureur-general's assistant, to resuscitate the woman, and the governor with the procureur-general remained to await the result of the physician's efforts. Louise, who had been lis-

tening at the door when the unfortunate girl fainted, was an interested witness of the proceedings.

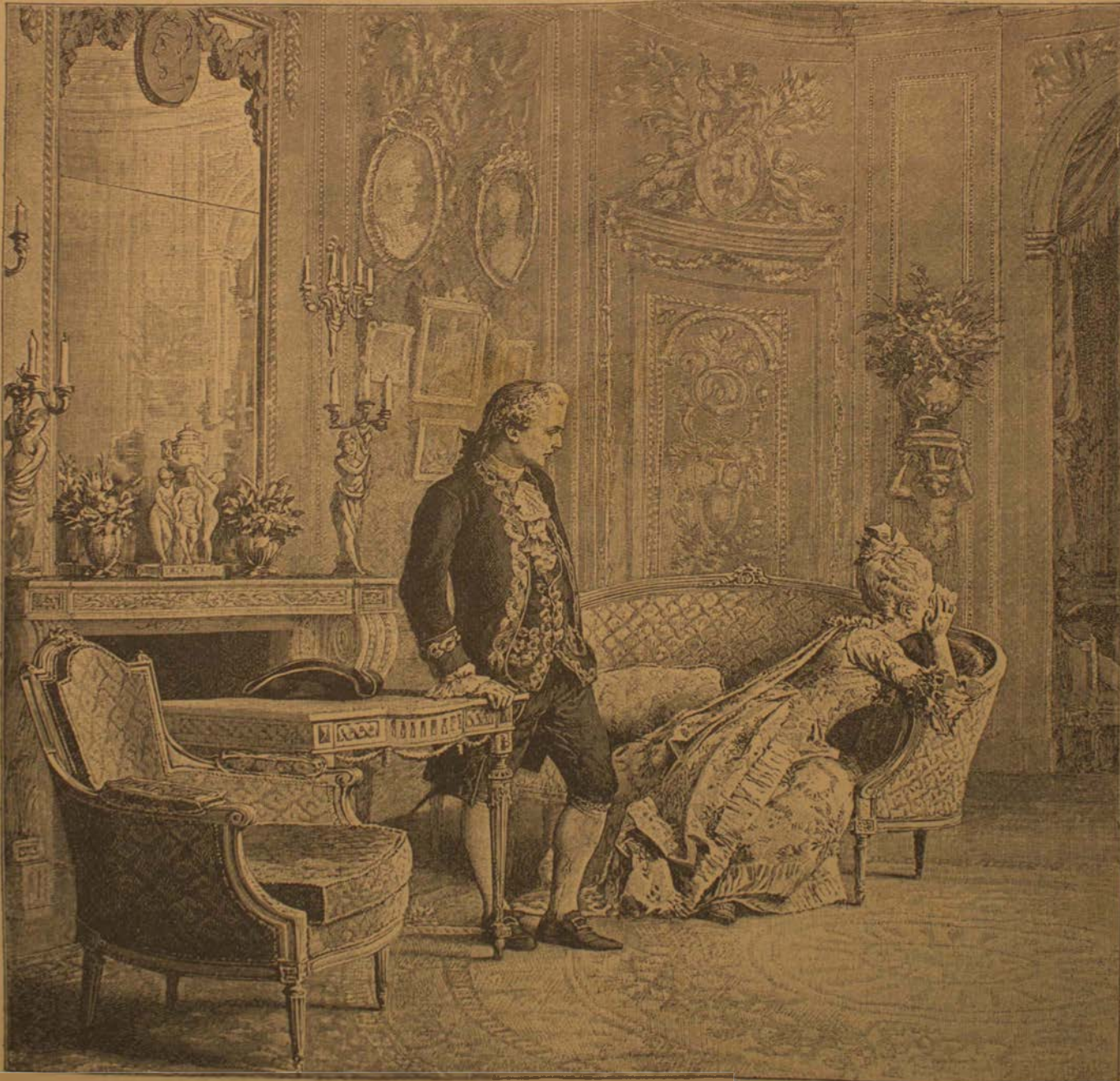
As soon as the patient was restored to consciousness the governor left the house with his colleagues and proceeded to the offices of the government, where important business called him. His surprises for the day were not yet ended, however; for upon reaching the riverside he received an intimation that a bark was coming up the river, and that she would be alongside her quay in less than an hour.

Among a bundle of dispatches sent ashore from the pilot-boat which brought the news was a letter informing the governor that his half-brother, M. Paul le Chevral, was aboard the bark, having been consigned to him for the very good reason that he had been a source of anxiety to his people at home, especially in connection with an adventure into which he had been entrapped by an actress named Marie St. Garnier, whose influence over him had been such as to severely menace his future, and to escape which he had been sent out to his brother.

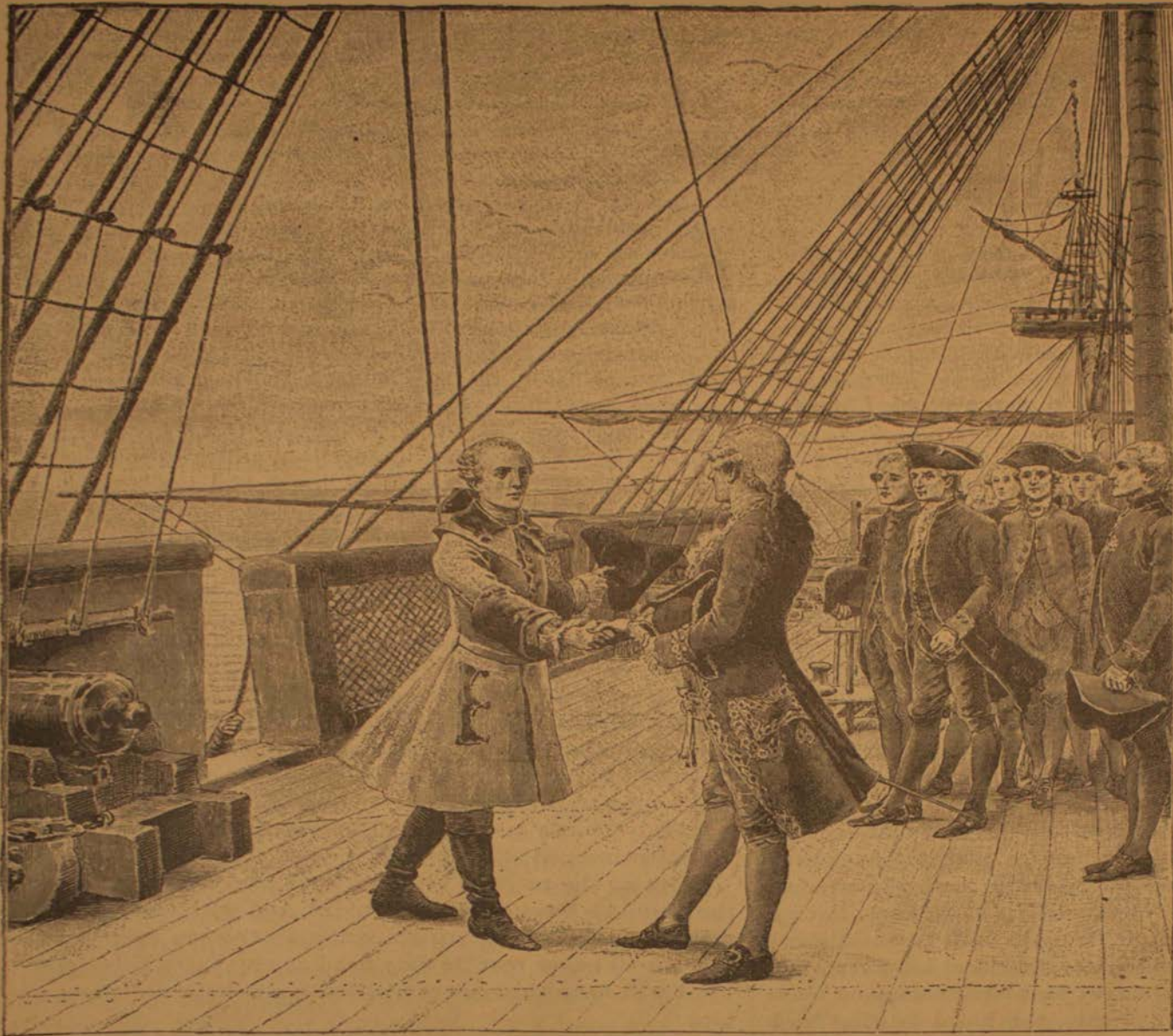
The governor read these tidings with evident chagrin. He disliked his half-brother exceedingly. Himself cold, calculating, and precise by nature, he was the antithesis of Paul le Chevral; and there were reasons more numerous than he could call to mind at the moment, which made him wish that the Atlantic still swept between himself and this troublesome brother.

The unwelcome news, in addition to the discovery of the morning, did not tend to improve the governor's temper, and upon his return to the house to acquaint his wife of the expected arrival of Paul, he indulged in a display of ill-humor which was, to do him credit, quite unusual with the polished and courtly Frenchman. He upbraided madame severely for admitting such a character as Gabriel St. Martin into the house, and worked himself up into such a state of fury that his wife, unaccustomed to such barbarous conduct, buried her face in the sofa and sobbed so violently that the governor was heartily ashamed of himself.

"Here is my brother coming to the house to find the material for another intrigue ready to hand, which will be a thousand times worse than the one from



"THE GOVERNOR UPBRAIDED MADAME."



"THE MEETING TOOK PLACE ON BOARD THE SHIP."

which he has escaped," exclaimed the governor, petulantly, as he withdrew leaving madame to solace herself. Angry with himself for having lost his temper, and still angrier with the circumstances that had caused the loss, it was in no amiable frame of mind that Monsieur le Chevral started off to receive his unwelcome brother.

The meeting between Paul le Chevral and the governor took place on board the ship, Paul having waited for his brother's arrival. There was no warmth in their greeting; both were scrupulously polite, the governor wishing Paul enjoyment in his new home, while Paul reciprocated by thanks and expressions of a friendly character. A significant moment was this for both; one destined to influence their lives.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PEQUOT'S CAVE.

A REVOLUTIONARY FOURTH OF JULY INCIDENT.

**S**AY what you will, Mistress Rachel Enderby, yet well assured am I that a woman's eyes—yea, and her heart—will ever turn from the lover in homespun to the one in a fine uniform."

"Then it would be the clothes and not the man should please her, and she should die of love for a haberdasher's shop."

"Nay, nay, I mean not that; but now, in good sooth, would you not rather see a man in a gay red coat than a ragged brown one?"

"I am not fond of red. I take it for a garish and insolent color."

"It is that of men loyal to their king."

The girl silently shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip. Her father, Nathian Enderby, was a Quaker, and she had been trained, as the women folk of the Friends generally are, even to this day, to caution in the use of that "unruly member," the tongue; so though she liked it not

that William Tolliver—who aspired to be her lover and had, indeed, begun to win some place in her regard—should show himself a king's man, she held her peace while she could. But the young fellow noted neither the shrug of shoulder nor curl of lip, and went on:

"And as for the ragamuffin rebel rabble, I am sure that were you once to see what a band of scarecrows they are, you would never have done laughing at them."

"No," she replied, with a glitter in her eyes that should have warned him, "I do not think I would laugh at brave men fighting for their families, their homes, and their rights as men, however they might be clad. High aims are better than brave attire; tattered raiment oft covers noble hearts."

"Noble! Why, they have not a person of quality among them. Did you ever see a real nobleman, Mistress Rachel?"

"Those who called themselves so, yes. We lived in Philadelphia, thee knows, before my father inherited this little

estate from his brother and came here to live. There I saw 'lords' enough; and to me they looked no better than other men, oftentimes worse."

"Ah! You would not say so of Lord Fitz-Eustace Gordon; one so proud and yet so gracious, so finely garbed, with such courtly manners and condescending smile, and, withal, so devoted to his Glorious Majesty, the King."

"And where has thee seen this paragon, so well to note and know him? Thee speaks of him as one who should say, 'my friend Jack.'"

"Nay, nay; not that, exactly,—but——" He hesitated, colored, and stammered for a moment, suddenly realizing that his too limber tongue had betrayed him into a grave indiscretion; then, recovering himself, sought to carry the situation by assuming an air of mystery and importance, saying, "That I may not tell you now, but in good time you will know; and perhaps I shall be able to obtain sight of him for you."

"Thee need not trouble thyself therefor. I care not to know lords, and the only sight of one that could gladden me would be the back of the last of them leaving this land forever."

William Tolliver was shocked, and said so; esteemed her utterance actually treasonable, and said that, too, with a fatuous unconsciousness that his every word widened a breach between him and Rachel that naught would ever bridge again. And while the erring youth went away homeward, saying to himself, "Let her talk as she will, she cannot hold out against the red coat," Rachel was reflecting, "Glad am I to know his heart ere liking him too well. The back of my hand to you henceforth, Mr. King-server."

When Rachel's father returned from the mill that evening he brought with him, in the wagon, a young man sorely wounded, whom he had picked up in the road, where some assassin had left him for dead. The old Quaker, having some rude skill in leech-craft, laid the still insensible lad upon the kitchen table, the better to get at his hurts, and with what styptics and bandages he had at command managed to stanch, at least temporarily, the blood flowing from an ugly bullet-wound in his side. It was high time; for though the wound was not grave, merely a deep, glancing furrow along a rib, it had well-nigh drained life away already. Soon, however, when the bleeding was stopped, the young man recovered consciousness and was able to give account of himself. He was, he said, Capt. Jared Seagrove, recruiting for the patriot army, and some cowardly "cowboy" skulking in ambush had attempted to assassinate him on the highway.

Rachel saw before her a rebel almost as badly clad as William's fancy had depicted, but she had no thought of laughter. Instead of that, all her tender, womanly sympathy was stirred with pity for him, and indignation for the wretch who had done the dastardly deed; and it was only after she had grown more calm and gazed upon him while he slept, that she thought how handsome he was and worthy of—some woman's love.

After a while the captain became feverish, waked suddenly, and tried to leap from the bed where they had laid him; an exertion that started his wound to bleeding afresh and alarmed Nathan Enderby.

"Much I fear," said he, "that without the aid of a leech I shall not be able to keep the life in him. The case goes beyond my skill. Thee will have to watch with him while I go for Dr. Goodell."

"Nay, father; thou wilt remain and I will go. Thy care is at least better than mine, and I will be safer going. The cowboys would be like to shoot thee from thy horse; but me they will not see, for I shall dress me darkly, make no

noise in going, and run all the way. It is bare two miles, and there is little moon."

"As thou wilt, my child. It is hazardous; but that must not stand in the way of duty."

In a few moments Rachel had donned a dark brown dress and hood, drawn a pair of stockings over her shoes, and vanished in the murky shadows of the forest which, almost all the way, lay heavy upon her path. Half the way to the doctor's she had traversed without incident, moving fearlessly, but with all her senses keenly alert, swiftly, but noiselessly, as the passing of the shadow of a cloud. Then, as she reached the bottom of a dark little ravine through which a brooklet rippled, she heard voices of men coming toward her. Quietly as a night-moth she flitted from the road and lay down behind a log under a thicket of brush, close at one side. Immediately in front of her a footpath ran away from the main road, following the course of the small stream to a more important highway, known as "the lower road," which led to New York. Before this path stopped the two men whose conversation she had heard, and one of them she recognized by his voice as William Tolliver. The other was, so far as she could make out in the obscurity, a stranger to her.

"Shall I not accompany your lordship to the end of the path? It is a good half-mile, and dark," said William.

"No. It is not necessary," replied the stranger. "I can find my way where I have been once, even in the dark. Go back to your comrades and urge them to vigilance. Guard the roads well, and if you discover any more rebel emissaries seeking to entice your young men to treason, serve them as you did the one today. That was a good shot, and will not go unrewarded."

"Oh! Thank you, my lord," responded William, with a bow that merged into a cringe.

"Get all the recruits you can, have every man of them in the Pequot's Cave on Monday night, and with the aid of the soldiers I shall bring up we will give treason such a blow that it will never rear its ugly head among these hills again."

"I will have thirty-seven, at least, and hope for more, my lord."

"Excellent. Remember that your reward will be proportionate to your zeal. I have promised you the king's commission for the attempting of the enterprise, but upon its success depends the measure of your reward in sharing the confiscated estates of the rebels. Therefore, do your utmost."

"Your lordship may rely upon me."

"I do. Good night."

"Good night, my lord. Good night."

The stranger plunged into the pathway and disappeared. William turned and retraced his steps the way he had come. Rachel, allowing him time to get a little ahead, left her concealment and glided after, for he was going in the direction she had to travel. He soon left it, however, turning off into a gorge that, as she knew, led straight to the cavern locally well-known as the Pequot's Cave, which she rightly inferred, from what she had heard, was a place of rendezvous for the cowboys, among whom she now understood he was a leader. She could not see him in the gorge, but heard his steps going farther and farther off, so had no apprehensions about continuing on her mission, which afforded her no farther adventure.

Luckily she found Dr. Goodell at home; and in a few minutes he was out, with her beside him, in his stout little gig, *en route* for the Quaker's. He had no fear of being stopped or meddled with by either cowboys or patriots, for his white horse was known all over the country-side, and universally regarded as a sort of animated flag of truce which had an unquestionable right to go anywhere. Sub-



sequent events proved that the doctor was a good patriot; but Rachel was not yet aware of the fact, and prudently said nothing to him of the weighty secret she had surprised. When he had properly cared for the wounded officer and taken his departure, she told all to her father.

"Thee has learned of a sad thing," said the old man, reflectively, "for, of a truth, those sons of Belial plot the working of much wickedness. But perchance the Almighty may see fit to set their counsels at naught. Were I not a man of peace I would that I might be chosen as His instrument,—for, verily, I think I can see a way."

Rachel asked no questions, for, as she well knew, to do so would be useless; but when he said he thought he could "see a way," her anxiety was not a little mitigated. Nevertheless there was much to fear. Most of the vigorous young patriots had already joined the army, and those who had not were scattered and without organization; while the cowboys were organized, would have the help of British soldiers in dealing the threatened "blow to treason," and the time of preparation for resistance was short, one day less than a week. That an adequate force of defenders could be expected from General Washington's small army, on the other side of the Hudson, many miles away, was not to be thought of, and the girl rightly divined that the purpose of William Tolliver and his noble friend was the butchery, in detail, of the patriot families in the neighborhood, and the pillage and burning of their homes.

But Nathan Enderby, smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire, after long cogitation smiled grimly and said softly to himself: "If regulars and cowboys are to operate together, they will not risk such mistakes as might well happen in the dark; so if they meet on Monday night they will not deal their blow to treason before dawn. I must not raise my hand against my fellow man, but if I can prevent his doing evil it is my duty to do so; and if it be the Lord's will, I believe those who meet in the Pequot's Cave will be late in keeping engagements the next day."

Captain Seagrove, having rugged health, vigorous youth, and a strong will, began to mend as soon as the blood was stopped from running out of him, and as his hurt was only a flesh wound, in a couple of days he declared himself strong enough to get back to the army and report. But to that neither the doctor nor his nurse would consent; and perhaps the negative of the latter had most weight, for though their acquaintanceship was too new for words of love between the captain and the Quaker maid, their mutual glances were already an unmistakable prelude thereto.

"Wait until Saturday," said the doctor, "and I will take you over to the river in my gig."

"And when thee is ready to depart I shall have something of importance to tell thee," promised Mr. Enderby, "whereby thou mayest do good service to the patriot cause."

The programme so arranged was accepted by the patient, and in good time carried out, including the Quaker's confidence, which, whatever it was, seemed to greatly excite the captain and make him so impatient to be gone that he quite forgot the pretty speech he had purposed making to fair Mistress Rachel. But surely he looked it, for she turned red as a cherry, and when he was gone mused and smiled as if at happy thoughts.

On Sunday morning Mr. Enderby said to his daughter:

"Come with me to the Lord's great meeting-house, the woods, Rachel. It is no more meet to drowse than to labor on the Lord's Day, and thou shouldst know what I can only tell thee there." As they walked together, ascending ever higher until they reached the flat top of the hill, which was almost a mountain, he cautioned her, "Take heed of the way thou goest, that thou mayest find it again, even in the

dark; though," he added meditatively, after a little pause, "the moon now enters her second quarter, and there is light enough." At length he stopped at the brow of the hill overlooking a deep gorge which seemed to start just before him, and said, inquiringly, "Thou hast never been here before?"

"No, father, not exactly here, that I remember, though I have often been on the hill."

"Exactly here thee is standing right over the Pequot's Cave. Its mouth is at the head of this ravine."

"Is there not danger of the cowboys seeing us seem to spy upon their haunt?"

"No. To keep the secret of their place of meeting they avoid it by day. Twice during the past week I have been all through it. Now attend. See that little cedar, thickly branched down to the ground, with the big rock close to it, and the dead tree. Thee will know how to find it again?"

"Certainly."

"Lightly scrape away the leaves about its stem and see what thee finds."

"Something that looks like a thin black rope tied to the little tree."

"Cover it up as it was, and come away. As we walk I will tell thee all about it."

William Tolliver's pernicious activity was successful in bringing together in the Pequot's Cave, on Monday night, no less than forty-one men. Whether they all knew the infamous work they were expected to do cannot be determined, as some of them—most, indeed—swore afterward that they did not, prior to the revelation made by Lord Fitz-Eustace Gordon at their meeting. Others admitted that they had been promised shares of the confiscated estates of the rebels after the restoration of peace, and a few seemed to have been content with a promise of wearing red coats and serving as regular British soldiers under "Captain" Tolliver—such being the rank he confidently expected.

Lord Gordon was a dissipated-looking man of middle age, with a supercilious stare that alternated with a gracious smile which he had the power of assuming suddenly, as if he worked it by pulling a concealed string.

"Tomorrow," he said, addressing the cowboys, "will be the anniversary of the rebels' crowning act of audacity, the culmination of their treason in the adoption of the insolent defiance to his Most Gracious Majesty, which they call their 'Declaration of Independence.' It is fitting that the Fourth of July should be made the occasion of teaching them such a lesson of the fruits of treason as they will never be able to forget, if, indeed, you leave any of them alive to recall it."

William Tolliver presented a list of the houses of patriots within reachable distance, and the plans for attacking them separately by detached squads, each accompanied by a detail of soldiers to give a military color to the massacre, were carefully arranged. The soldiers, it was stated, were already waiting on the lower road and would be marched up a little before daylight.

Much less confidence would the conspirators have had in the outcome of their enterprise could they have seen what the owl, in a tree-top on the hill, saw going on above their heads. He saw, about midnight, a young girl, in a brown dress which made her almost invisible, kneeling at a little cedar-tree and scratching the leaves away from about its stem; then he saw her take from some small vessel a piece of "punk," from which she blew a little cloud of white ashes, revealing the surface of a glowing coal. Then, to his bewildered surprise, he beheld a little sputtering spot of fire start from her hands and go rapidly down the hillside, as if carried by a crawling snake. Having never heard of a fuse he could not understand it, and was in no degree prepared

for the terrible combination of thunder-clap and earthquake which suddenly tumbled him off his perch and sent him flying fast and far as he could, for dear life. What became of the girl he had no idea, she disappeared so suddenly.

But the shock to him was nothing to what it was to the cowboys. Tolliver was busy dividing them into squads and giving them their several orders, when suddenly an awful explosion seemed to rend the earth; a great part of the roof near the entrance of the cave fell, completely closing the exit with a mass of rocks and at the same time extinguishing their lights and filling the air with a suffocating cloud of sulphurous smoke and dust. Shrieks of terror and cries of pain mingled with the rumbling echoes of the explosion. The peaceful Quaker, simply to deter them from getting out to do evil, had placed a keg of powder in a deep fissure of the rock, just above the cavern's mouth, tamped it well, and connected with it the fuse that ran up to the hilltop. He had no mind to do bodily harm to any of them, of course, but if it should happen to be the will of Providence that any should incidentally get hurt, that he felt was not a matter for his concern.

The noise of the explosion was heard by the British soldiers half a mile away, and while they were still wonder-

ing and conjecturing uneasily what it might be, they were suddenly set upon by a determined band of patriots from the American army, who made up in ferocity what they lacked in numerical strength, and quickly put the redcoats to ignominious and disastrous flight. Captain Seagrove led the little detachment of patriots, and it was due to the skill of Quaker Enderby, as spy and guide, that he was able to pounce upon the royalists, the old man having led him to them while Rachel was climbing the hill. That the exertions he made in slashing the redcoats set the young captain's wound bleeding afresh seemed to him rather fortunate, as it procured him once more the attendance of his fair nurse before he could return to camp.

When the captives in the cave were let out, one by one, the rocks having been sufficiently removed for the purpose, many of them were found seriously injured, but only one killed outright, and that was the English lord. Tolliver escaped with the loss of one eye and his whole nose, but gained more sense, for he wanted no more to do with war.

A couple of years later, when peace was declared, Captain Seagrove and Rachel Enderby were married, and their descendants are still living near the Pequot's Cave.

J. H. CONNELLY.

## THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 467.)

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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

Betty went out on her first assignment in a blinding snowstorm, wrote what she considered an excellent account that would fill a column, and then went to the tea at Miss Carter's studio. Here she met Nellie O'Conner, an actress, Jean McFarlan, a young physician, and Gretchen and Isabel Müller, one a singer, the other a musician. They elected Betty a member of their club, the Pleiades, and she started homeward, on the way meeting a wealthy young lady who had made her *début* at the same time with herself. The heiress patronized Betty, but of course was not very cordial; yet Betty felt very happy in her independence. The next morning she bought a Meteor and found her work of the previous day cut down to a single paragraph, and on demanding an explanation was told that her work was "trashy," and that she must be brief. Sadly disappointed, as she had been calculating on pay for a column, she started on another assignment, turned in her "copy," and going home found a card from her friend Mr. Fenwick Huntington. Still more disappointed at not seeing him, she rushed up stairs to find Miss Carter waiting for her to request that she would come to her studio as soon as she could find leisure, to get points for an article about Miss Carter, to be published in an art paper. The next afternoon she went to the studio, when Miss Carter told her how, after the death of her grandfather, with whom she lived, she had taught school, and saved, and starved, almost, until she got together three hundred dollars, with which she came to New York, entered at the Art Students' League, had to begin in the lowest classes, but, possessing talent, steadily worked up until she was able to open a studio for herself. This interview resulted in the formation of a strong friendship between the two women. Almost every day Betty would drop in at Miss Carter's studio and tell her about her discouragements and her successes: how she had few assignments, but turned to good account every "catchy" thing she saw, writing it up for her paper and thus adding to her earnings; how she sometimes was snubbed when she interviewed ladies on society matters; how she went to a fashionable ball to write up the dresses and encountered Mr. Huntington and Miss Van Tassle, her former rival, in the entrance hall, who revenged herself by speaking quite derisively to Mr. Huntington about women as reporters. But with it all she was comparatively happy, and conscious of achieving some degree of success.

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

X.



**J**ILL you go? It is only a bit down the street to the Roof Garden, and if you've never been there before it will amuse you; and the fresh air is a blessing on a night like this."

Betty wavered and hesitated. The evening was unusually oppressive, the day had been even more intolerable; the dingy boarding-house parlor seemed inexpressibly stuffy and uninviting; so she assented and ran away upstairs to make ready.

"Why shouldn't I go?" she whispered, stopping to regard her reflection in the little mirror rather defiantly. "What harm can there be? I know it is right or he would never ask me; besides, after this dreadful day and my hard work I need the cool air, music, and amusement."

Yet somehow, somewhere, back of all these sensible assurances, a voice cried softly against it,—a voice she had heard before and not heeded, learning to hush it almost too easily; so with silent excuses she sped down to her companion, his white roses thrust into her belt. Betty's landlady and her small family of summer boarders sat on the steps under the starlight and darkness, vainly longing for a breeze on the heavy atmosphere, when she and Mr. Huntington passed down and out, her hand in his arm.

"Same feller," remarked Mr. Brown, the bank clerk, smiling. "He seems rather gone on her. She is a pretty girl, even if she is a trifle airish. Maybe it's a match."

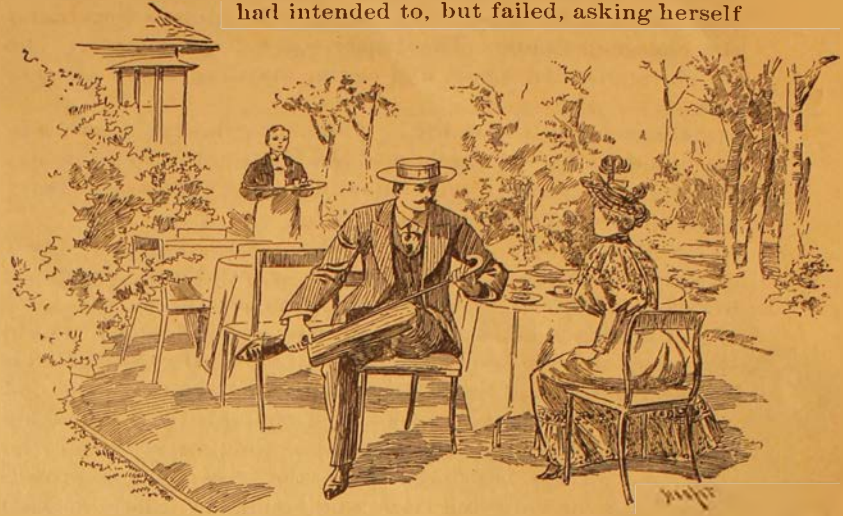
"Not much!" sniffed Mr. Perkins, the gentleman in insurance. "I know all about Fenwick Huntington, even if he can't make it convenient to know me when we meet. He's a great one for putting on lordly airs, but there's no real money behind it; he's bound to marry a rich woman or go to the wall. It's mighty convenient, though, to have a pretty girl to spend the evenings with when he's forced to stay in town on business."

The landlady laughed good-humoredly, a slighting little joke was made on "the summer girl," and then the group on the steps forgot all about Betty and her escort, by this time settling themselves in chairs in the shadow of the Roof Garden's palms. As he had promised her, it was an interesting and refreshing sight. The lofty, flat roof, strung with lanterns, set with green shrubs, and filled with people gathered in groups about small tables, was all uncovered to the breeze and stars. A minute stage fitted with scenery occupied one end of the roof, and at the moment was filled with a chorus of Spanish students twanging mandolins and guitars.

At first glance it seemed quite delightful; and her companion bent over her asking with caressing voice and eyes, "Does it not suit her ladyship? Can she not trust me next time I ask her to go out this way?"

For answer she laughed softly, like a contented child, replying with a bright glance. Ah! had she ever mistrusted him on whom every hope and joy of her life seemed centering more nearly every day? For since the studio had shut up for the summer, since she had bidden Fanny and the Müllers a tearful farewell at the railroad station, since Nellie had gone off in the mountains somewhere to recuperate, and Jean was forever busy over her fresh-air children and sick babies in the slums, a great change had come into Betty's life. After all her patient waiting he had returned. Following Mrs. Stanton's

tea in the spring he called again and again to take her to picture shows, lectures, and the like; then, as society drifted out of the city in which his business held him prisoner, they went once and again to the theater, for drives through the Park, and for breakfast at the Casino. At first she had been reluctant; but he overcame her scruples easily. She never mentioned these little expeditions in her letters home; she had intended to, but failed, asking herself



how could her mother disapprove. All work and no play makes Jill a very dull girl when Jill is obliged to work in the hot city all summer. Then, too, he was so old a friend, so careful of her comfort, so respectful and kind. Perhaps Fanny, of all the world, had guessed from the first of the temptation against which Betty was making so feeble a resistance, but nothing in words passed between them; Betty hugged her secret closely, and Fanny was too proud to question.

After three or four sittings the portrait had been laid aside; Fanny declared she was making a hopeless failure, and put away canvas and brushes in disgust. To tell the truth, she could not paint; the old languor of weakness had overcome her native energy, and she drooped like a flower in the heat. To add to her distress she felt sorely troubled about her little friend. Once or twice the sittings had been slighted on the score of engagements, of which, with averted, eager eyes and a blush, Betty had given no explanation.

"Can it be possible?" Fanny asked herself, sadly; and then, ashamed of her suspicions, tried to ease her heart by begging Betty to go home on a vacation; and by, herself, writing often from the old farmhouse among the green hills, where happily she worked under the students' white umbrellas, in the congenial atmosphere of art and nature.

The evening begun so pleasantly for Betty on the Roof Garden was marred by incidents



of which she never thought afterwards without hot blushes. The crowd about the little tables grew rather dense. Not a pleasing assemblage, on the whole: men stared at one uncomfortably, and puffed clouds of cigarette smoke in the soft night-air: and some of the women were flashily dressed and not more refined in manner. Waiters hurried about, serving refreshments, and a famous skirt-dancer bounded onto the stage, her muslin fripperies glowing with rainbow tints under the changing lights. The dancer was a huge success. The people applauded again and again, standing up to observe her.

"Charming! Charming! The most graceful creature in the world, by Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Huntington, delightedly, as he lighted a cigar and signaling to a waiter asked Betty what she would like to have.

"Nothing," she replied, shortly. She had sat down quickly before the dance was half over, her heart throbbing, her eyes full of angry tears, and even her throat and forehead red with blushes. Why, oh why had she come? Could she not go at once back to her little room? How she hated it all; and appealingly she turned to her companion, who had not noted her distress, but smoked contentedly. A sudden panic of shame came over her as she thought someone who

knew her might note her face in the crowd, for here and there she could see quietly-dressed folk looking on with tolerant amusement. A man strolled along the narrow promenade beside the tables, and his wandering gaze rested in impertinent admiration on her face. Her eyes fell, and her angry color rose. Three years before, from where she sat, safe and happy, under her mother's wing, in a box at the Horse Show, someone had pointed out that very man as a noted turf character and famous gambler. She turned and began talking rapidly to her companion, hoping to cast off the impression of those ugly black eyes, and with a little shiver she was conscious that their owner was moving toward her. He came as near as he dared, and took a seat facing her shrinking gaze. Just then a group of men

at a table near her broke up.

"So that is settled," said a familiar voice. "Please call at my office to-morrow morning. I am sorry Halford asked me to meet him here to discuss business. Too much clat-

ter and crowd; and for my own part I don't care for these places. They have never seemed to me resorts worthy the patronage of decent people."

At that moment the speaker turned, and Betty started, recognizing Mr. Griswold. He seemed no less surprised, and for a moment his keen glance regarded her with open astonishment; then his eyes rested for an instant on her companion. He recovered himself quickly, bowed respectfully, and passed on.

"Please, please," she said, in a stifled voice, "I am tired; can we not go?"

Not a place for decent people! and Mr. Griswold had seen her there in that questionable crowd, alone with a strange man,—had seen Miss Singleton, whose proud dignity was her safeguard and her pride.

Out on the street she gained her composure; but when she climbed to her little room the tears came thick and hot. It is so hard to be happy and wise when one is young and alone and greedy for pleasure. Lying wide-eyed in the darkness Betty reddened with angry confusion remembering Mr. Griswold's words and glance.



XI.

TURNING many and vexing problems over in her mind, Betty the next morning slowly made her way down the shady side of the street, to avoid the heat of another glittering July day. Plunged in a sad brown study she was startled at the Fourth Avenue crossing to hear someone calling. It was Jean,—Jean in a gingham gown, neat and prim as usual, a simple little straw hat pinned on her smoothly banded hair, her arms full of knobby parcels, followed by no less a person than the Great Bear, similarly loaded as to arms and bulging coat-pockets.

"Whither away?" hailed Betty, cheerfully, as they came up, panting.

"Come whither with us," answered Jean. "You look as if you needed a day in the country. We are off with our matron and a detachment of fresh-air infants to spend a day under green apple-boughs. There now, don't shake your head. You can write it up for the Meteor's Sunday edition. Mr. Knowlton will make charming pictures for it, and the infants will accept your company with joy."

Before she could protest they had hustled her into a horse-car, and in a trice, to her complete surprise, she found herself at the head of a small batch of pallid-faced, eager-eyed little girls collected at the station, and looking to her for guidance in the exciting prospect of a trip to the country. How the poor little dears enjoyed the experience! Betty forgot her own troubles in their shrill pleasure, and in watching Jean's capable, bustling management of everything,



even of dear, sweet-faced old Mrs. Rountree, the matron, and of the Great Bear, who served her like a slave, while he marshaled a brigade of small boys. The joy of the journey was prolonged by a ride in wagons to an old gray farmhouse snuggled away amid vines and apple-trees, under which the





irrepressible children, feeling stern discipline relaxed, fell to rolling and playing like happy young colts or puppies.

There was a hearty luncheon served on the grass, and then, while the Great Bear, who proved a most faultless playmate, brought out his sketch-book and gathered the children about him, a weary, happy, interested, and in-



quisitive herd, Betty and Jean strolled off for a bit of a rest under the grape-arbor.

"Do you know," announced Jean, giving her friend's arm a

warm squeeze, "I've been dying to tell you all day that my spring exams. at the medical college were a huge success,

oh! a thousand times above my expectations; and I have every hope when the autumn comes they will put me in the corps of house physicians in the Woman's Infirmary. Really I am as happy as a sandboy."

"You clever girl!" cried Betty, heartily, "you deserve it every bit and more; and I must confess that I envy all your success, and wonder if I could ever be as devoted to my work and as thoughtful of others as to do all this for the unfortunate folk."

"Pooh!" insisted Miss McFarlan, airily, but blushing with pleasure. "This isn't anything; I like to do this. Besides, I owe it all to Uncle Donald; he gave me my first turning toward medicine, and taught me that there was no especial virtue, but plain human duty, in helping the needy."

"Tell me about him," asked Betty, persuasively.

"He was an old hero, my Uncle Donald. The reason why I like Mr. Knowlton is because his eyes and his queer short ways remind me of the only relative I ever remember. There were two McFarlans came to America, oh, ever so long ago, my father Hugh and Uncle Donald. They were dearly devoted, first to each other, and then to their profession, medicine, in which they had always worked together. My father was the younger and a very handsome man; and after living a year or two in the little New England town from which I come, he married pretty Jean Ellis. They lived in perfect happiness until father died suddenly

of pneumonia, and mother followed him soon, heart-broken, not caring to live, though Uncle Donald exerted all his science to save her. She left me, a wee baby, behind, and the dear old uncle was my father and mother in one. He was a great man in his profession, but very unambitious, people said; for again and again offers were made him of practice and high professional positions in Boston and New York. He obstinately refused them all, and went his village rounds making wonderful cures among the poor people, who scarcely paid him at all.

"To others he was gruff and severe; but to me he seemed a big, burly, bearded angel. I kept his house, and he taught me a great deal of medicine and Latin and Greek. One night, five years ago, when I went into his study to bid him good night, he kissed me more tenderly than usual, told me I looked very like my mother, and bade me always cherish her memory. The next morning we found him still sitting in the study where I had left him, his kind gray head bent low, and his hand resting on a tiny, yellow-leaved Testament in which a couple of heart's ease were pressed, and on the fly leaf, in her pretty, flowing, old-fashioned hand, was my mother's maiden name. Nobody else



saw that Testament but me, and I put it into Uncle Donald's hand lying on his heart under the flowers; for I knew he wanted it with him. I had guessed the secret of his kind, quiet, unselfish life, that went into the grave with him.

"He left me sole heir of all his property, which the lawyer impatiently explained would have been a considerable fortune had uncle ever demanded anything like a fair return for his services. As it was, I decided to sell the little old home and come to New York to study medicine. Taking the advice of friends, I put my small patrimony out at interest in a mortgage, and then I went in for the October entrance examinations at a Woman's Medical College. As I was eighteen years of age, of good moral character, and could get through any questions on arithmetic, grammar, geography, orthography, American history, English composition, and the elements of natural philosophy or physics, I stood entitled to serious consideration. I found then, to my joy, that what dear old uncle had taught me of Latin and chemistry counted everything in my favor, and in order to pass without a scar I studied up for the regular college examination, and entered on my three years' course of study.

"It has been no child's play, I can tell you; it's a long and hard row to hoe, is medicine, but I dare say I loved it from the first, and according to Uncle Donald's wish I most earnestly interested myself in the ills of little children. Sometimes I had a close shave to make two ends meet. I allowed myself five hundred and fifty dollars a year to live upon, and at the college, with everything included, the cost was two hundred a year. That didn't afford me any great margin, you can see, for pleasures or fine gowns; and it was a little hard for me when most of the students I knew had homes of their own in which they were at small expense. But I have climbed through by dint of not getting discouraged. I vanquished my examinations easily, and now what I am hoping for is an appointment to a child's hospital where I can practice and study and look ahead for myself."

"But," asked Betty, prompted by feminine curiosity, "however did you manage to interest him in all this?" nodding toward the Great Bear, who was by this time telling

wonderful fairy-stories on his sketch-book, to the uproarious glee of the children.

"Why—er"—answered Jean, the faintest tinge of color deepening the healthy glow on her smooth cheeks, "he was quite absurdly grateful, it seems, for my doing up his burnt hand in the studio, that day, —thought it a display of positive genius; and since then, well —we have met



once or twice on the street, he has insisted on carrying my books, and when I happened to mention something about my slum work, and how

anxious  
our college

settlement was to have a fresh-air society, insisted on my bringing the children out here. This is his

old home, you know. Was it not quite beautifully kind of him?"

But Jean's encomiums were cut short by the Great Bear himself, who came across the lawn, the



children at his heels, and his hands full of delightful little sketches with which Betty might illustrate her article. If after the talk Betty had certain vague pleasant suspicions lurking all the afternoon in her imaginative brain, they found no hint of confirmation until the long frolic was over and she waited for the children in the arbor, idly turning over Mr. Knowlton's sketch-book the while. Many a "pictur" had been torn out as a gift for some small soul whose eyes, though ignorant of art and its canons, did not fail to com-

prehend the charm of Mr. Knowlton's facile pencil. A smile dawned and deepened about Betty's lips as she came upon glimpses on every page of Jean, always and unmistakably Jean, bending over a sobbing tot to soothe its woes, cutting stacks of bread for hungry mouths, scudding lightly across the lawn at a game of prisoner's base; but here Betty shut the book. She had no right to pry into Mr. Knowlton's secret.

"It has been a delightful day," she said, when they parted at her door-step,—Jean, Mrs. Rountree, and Mr. Knowlton her escort. "I've enjoyed it every minute, and feel its benefits in more ways than one," which was truer than even they guessed; for while Betty romped with the children and talked with Jean under the grape-arbor, a wholesome sense of shame routed the doubts and longings from her mind. She made pledges and promises to herself. She would beg a vacation of Mr. Griswold and go home for a fortnight's rest, and she would write Fanny all about her worries; for Fanny would understand, and give her the best counsel and comfort.

(To be continued.)

## Society Fads.

HERE is a luncheon designed even to the minutest detail by a clever person, who is a leading light in one of the smartest literary clubs of New York. On the center of the square, black-oak dining-table was laid an immense sheet of blue blotting-paper, and on this was arranged a very superb crystal and silver writing-set, around which, in groups, were gathered most exquisite *éditions de luxe*, in miniature, of Shakespeare, Montaigne, De Musset, and Carlyle, that formed a part of the series of books discussed during the winter by the club. Outside the rank and file of dainty little books, gathered about the blue blotting-pad, ran a wreath of green laurel leaves, and at either end of the table, in glass globes charmingly etched to show on them the map of the world, were huge clusters of rosy mountain-laurel blossoms. At every plate lay a wee sheepskin-covered pamphlet bearing on its leaves, in illuminated text, a verse or two appropriate to the special charms and talents of every guest, a menu leaf, and the outline of the next season's reading for the club. More than this, every guest found also on her napkin her name card. It was large, square, and bore her name, surrounded by a wreath of laurel done in water-colors; above it appeared the crest and motto of the club, and through the card, holding to it a knot of blue ribbon, the club's color, was thrust a silver pin, the head of which was a silver laurel-wreath.

Is it a revival of the impulse that drove our European ancestors forth into the wilds of North America, or is it the inherent and restless love of change that is supposed to animate the modern American, which has inspired the society woman of New York with a yearning for travel? Not to Europe and back again; she does that on an average once a year, and thinks no more of it than the quiet housekeeper thinks of her daily trip to market. She wants to really outdo Captain Kidd or the Flying Dutchman, and sail away for a year and a day to the wildest sort of lands. Here is a pretty girl, with an indulgent widower father, sending around her P. P. C. cards for a trip to Iceland; a young married woman has carried a meek husband off on a jaunt across the steppes of Russia; while a very merry party literally sailed for Europe in the smartest old type of full-rigged ship, bound first to the Azores, thence to land at Lisbon, and take a walking tour through Portugal. They don't intend to arrive in Paris until the autumn; and they will not go near London, which the very *fin de siècle* girl openly announces as thoroughly "done," and holding nothing more worthy her attention.

RELAPSING once again to the question of luncheon-tables and their decoration, surely a justifiable digression, one halts to tell of the two widely contrasting methods of decoration in vogue in New York. A certain great lady, on the backs of whose dining-room chairs, engraved on whose silver, and embroidered on whose table linen are twin dolphins upholding a shield of many quarterings, gave a yellow dinner recently. She is an advocate of low, not to say flat, table decorations. Her design was all carried out in the charming yellow Alpine poppies, twos and threes of them thrust into wee yellow Venetian glass vases no longer than one's finger. There were some eighteen or twenty of these in all, set about on a white lace *plateau* laid over a yellow silk tablecloth.

The second was a green dinner, done in the opposite method of high decoration. The center of the table was an airy fountain of green vines, springing from a three-foot-tall silver vase, trumpet shaped. Ivy geranium, smilax, and

wildwood vines sprang from the open mouth of the vase, some to trail over the white cloth in and about the silver dishes, and others to swing delicate tendrils in the air. The vase was set on a base of wood violets, that—root, leaf, and blossoms—had been somehow so skillfully arranged in the center of the table that they appeared as if they might have always grown there.

THE stern fiat has been pronounced against the French maid. Paulines, Suzettes, and Sôphies by the score are with their deft fingers, dainty ways, caressing voices, and most pure of Parisian accents, vainly searching for comfortable situations known of yore, and wrathfully discover they have been replaced by middle-aged Englishwomen. No one can exactly put her finger on the cause of the revolution, but everyone hears rather black accounts of the Parisian paragons. The New York mistress is mild and long-suffering; but Pauline evidently went a step too far in her quarrels below stairs, her flirtations with the butler, and the pilfering of pretty trifles, and now her day is over. Her once devoted mistress vows she is glad, and at last has found a true treasure in Hollis, her English maid. Hollis is quite all one ever read about in English novels. She is a staid and stately person, no longer in her first youth, and though she cannot embroider madame's filmy mouchoirs and underlinen, tie the sweetest bow-knot in a trice, chatter the gayest gossip in the most faultless accent, and pay madame the neatest little compliments, she is a remarkably capable person. She has brought a recommendation from some titled English lady, who affirms that Hollis is a faultless traveler and does hair very well, also plain sewing. The American mistress finds all that true. Hollis is not ill a day at sea, she is something of a *masseuse*, and she is worth an army of men on journeys. She is a stern but perfect chaperon, she knows all about getting tickets, checking luggage, booking at hotels, tipping other servants, and getting her rights. There is a class of English maids in New York who only attend ladies when traveling. Some of them have been all over the world, up the Nile, across Russia, and even to the Chinese wall; and once in the hands of one of these women one can travel in joy and peace. They are engaged to accompany young ladies as chaperons, when trips are to be made, and rarely ask for employment in a settled position. Of course they receive high wages, and all their expenses paid.

To think that fifty years ago a lady's maid was a rare bird in New York, where nowadays the life's happiness of many women depends on whether they are well "maided" or not! It is rather interesting to learn that in one of the Vanderbilt houses at Newport, where every summer smart house-parties in regular succession are entertained, a whole corridor in one wing is set aside for the accommodation of visiting ladies' maids. There is a suite of charming little bedrooms all daintily furnished in maple and dimity, a cozy sitting-room and perfect bathroom, all set aside for the maids' enjoyment and comfort. A general impression, under which the women of simple manners labor, is that the position of maid to a rich leader of fashion is a good deal of a sinecure. In some respects it is, for beyond doing the very choicest laces occasionally the maid of a rich woman is forbidden to do anything that will redden or coarsen her hands or disarrange her dress; but on the whole her life is not easy. Sometimes she assists at a half-dozen changes of costume a day, and she is responsible for the condition and whereabouts of every article and ornament of the toilet. When she sends her mistress down to the carriage, bound for a ball, dinner, shopping, or calls, every smallest detail must be perfect, every button solid, fresh handkerchiefs in pockets, and cards in their case. Sometimes she sits up until after midnight for

three and four evenings in succession, and must be at madame's bedside in perfect trim next morning, however soon caprice may have prompted madame's call. She often has to nurse indolent, fretful mistresses through imaginary and tedious illnesses; and one poor creature, whose employer was a victim of nerves, slept every night in a room adjoining the hypochondriac, with a rope round her waist and one end of it resting on a chair at her employer's bedside. At any hour of the night a rude jerking literally dragged her from her slumbers to some need of the fanciful lady—who paid the maid well, however, for the life of real torture.

MADAME LA MODE.

## Leah.

THE July sun burned on the white sands along the beach. Far out a lazy sail gleamed faintly white against the hazy blue sky, and nearer, a flock of gray-winged seabirds fluttered by, dipping and rising leisurely in their flight.

Leah wandered along the shore, sheltered by her sun-umbrella, stopping now and then to rest a few moments on a boulder or an inviting heap of sand, bending over listlessly to watch the star-fish wriggling and twisting about in the water, digging a pink-lined sea-shell out of the sand with the toe of her pretty boot, tracing idle, disconnected words in the yielding sand. The girl's thoughts were far away. One could see that by the absent look in the soft brown eyes, and the unconscious abandonment of every feature.

Still, half-mechanically, she kept her watchful gaze upon the group of children playing near her in the sand. Four happy little people they were, pails and shovels in hand, digging industriously and laboriously after imaginary treasures hidden away beneath tempting mounds, running back and forth with water in their little red tin pails, and laying out wonderful parks and gardens with walks shell-bordered and lakes shell-rimmed. Their wide straw hats were tied securely under dimpled chins. Leah had tied the blue ribbons and the red ribbons herself, knowing by experience the saucy tricks a sea-breeze plays with wide-brimmed hats.

Leah sat and watched them languidly,—looked at the eight little bare feet, sun-browned and sturdy, burrowing in the warm sand, at the ever-restless, ever-moving little bodies, lithe and graceful with the unconscious freedom of childhood. A fresh wind came in from the ocean, lifting a tress of brown hair that had strayed across the girl's forehead, fluttering her thin white draperies and trying to bear away in a breezy frolic the pale blue ribbon at her throat. A faint color glowed in the delicate face. Youth was hers, and health, and loveliness of form and feature; but the girl's heart ached with loneliness and longed for friendship. Only three months since her mother had died, leaving her alone in the world, almost penniless and quite friendless, a slender young thing to battle for herself and labor with her weak hands to earn her daily bread. At first she had tried to sew; but knowing that her health would break with the long hours and the confinement, she had given it up and advertised for a situation as nursery-governess.

Mrs. Robert Stevens, who desired a governess for her four young hopefuls, sent for the girl, and was so pleased with her appearance that she engaged her services at once. Something in the sad, sweet face attracted her and gave her confidence in the young stranger upon whom grief had laid its heavy hand. Mrs. Stevens was a trifle arbitrary in her way, which was not wholly unpleasant.

"Miss Brevier," she had said, a day or two after her

arrival, "you will pardon me for saying so, but really if you could bear to discard your mourning I should be gratified. Black is so somber for the children; they do not like it,—it oppresses them. You can lay it aside, can you not? After all, what does it matter? Not that I am unfeeling," she added, hastily, as Leah's eyes filled with sudden tears,— "not that at all; but if you could bring yourself to do so it would be a little pleasanter for all of us." She looked kindly at the girl standing there in her black draperies with head drooping and hands clasped nervously together. "Do as you think best," she said; "but if you could wear white or something a little bright, the children would like it better. You may go now and think it over;" and Mrs. Stevens dismissed her with a wave of her jeweled hand.

Leah had gone to her room with an aching heart and eyes heavy with tears. A weary, helpless, hopeless feeling surged through her, making her feel herself more and more friendless and alone. Even her mourning dress, the visible token of respect and love for the dear, dead mother, must be laid aside. "Yes, *must*," she had said to herself; "for it means bread and butter to me."

That night Mrs. Stevens noted with approval the simply-made gown of soft cream-color which fell so artistically around the slender figure, and congratulated herself upon the success of her scheme. She had a kind heart, after all. "She will be happier because of it, poor thing!" she said to herself. "I do hope she and the children will get along well together."

And so while the July sun lay warm upon the sands and the distant sail faded into the horizon, Leah sat with sad, dark eyes turned towards the children. She had grown to love them tenderly; and though they were selfish little creatures and nearly spoiled by an over-indulgent mother, they gave evidences of loving their young governess in return. Leah liked to feel their soft little arms about her neck, and the warm cheeks laid against hers; she liked to hear them talk and ask their wondering questions about everything. They were never tired of Leah's stories. Their round, rosy faces grew demure and serious always when she began to weave for them some fanciful creation of her own mind, or some old romance from her readings, simplified for their childish ears. Today they were too busy even for storytelling, and Leah was left alone in thought; but every now and then a little red tin pail would be set down for a moment while the small owner ran to her for an emphatic hug or a whispered secret.

Leah had been a member of the household three months now, and still had no other friend than the children. Mrs. Stevens was kind to her, in her condescending way, the master of the house was coolly courteous, and the visitors treated her as a servant. Indeed, she expected or wished nothing else; she was grateful for her well-paid position, for the work that left her little time to grieve or long for other things, for the shelter of a home. She was content to remain what she was,—a nursery governess; but her heart longed for friendship.

There was one, though, who had treated her as if she were an equal,—one whose kind words and little unostentatious acts of courtesy had touched her heart and made her grateful. The children said Uncle Harry was good to everybody, and Leah believed it. What kind, true eyes he had, and what a strong, fine face! Leah had only seen him once,—he had passed a week at his sister's home some time before. She was thinking of him today,—of some little kindly service he had rendered her, of how much little Harry's eyes were like his uncle's, brave and fearless and steadfast. They were looking into hers now, and little Harry had dropped down by her side to tell "Miss Leah" once more how much he loved her. "As much as this big ocean, Miss Leah," he was say-

ing, stretching out his chubby arms toward the blue expanse and looking up at her roguishly. Leah's heart warmed. It was a smiling face that leaned towards him as she tied the red ribbons more securely. So Leah was not entirely unhappy, after all, with one true little heart filled with childish love for her.

"My brother is coming on the evening train, Miss Brevier," Mrs. Stevens said, one afternoon, "and I wish to give him a little surprise. It is his birthday, and I must get some flowers from the greenhouse for the table. We are to have a few friends in to spend the evening, and I am too busy to go and select the flowers. Can't you do it for me? Your taste is perfect, and it would oblige me greatly. Take the pony-carriage or walk, as you prefer. The chambermaid will look after the children while you are gone."

Leah chose to walk. The day was beautiful, and two miles were nothing to her. When she returned, an hour later, she was startled to see her mistress running wildly toward her with hands clasped tightly and face colorless. Before Leah could speak she cried out:

"Oh, it is little Harry! We have lost him! Annie missed him from the others, and we have searched and searched, but we cannot find him anywhere. Oh, my poor lost baby!" The mother's face was pitiful in its anguish. "What shall we do? What shall we do?" she repeated, wildly. "No one is at home but us three women, and we can do nothing!"

Leah dropped the basket of flowers and sped down to the beach with flying feet. The children were there, frightened and crying, and the distressed Annie was running distractedly up and down. Leah stepped upon a huge boulder and shielded her eyes from the setting sun while she looked far out upon the tinted waves. Far out she could discern something dark, which looked like a boat. As the sun touched it she fancied she could catch a flash of something white. Could it be Harry's little straw hat?

"Annie," she called out, suddenly, "was there a boat here this afternoon,—a row-boat?"

A quick look of terror spread over the girl's face. "Oh, there was, miss, there was. I remember now! I called little Harry away from it twice. He said he was 'going to New York to see Uncle Harry.' Oh, poor dear! poor dear! Who will go after him? Who will go after him?"

"I will," Leah said. There was not a vestige of color in her face or lips. "The tide is going out and he has drifted away. God help me to save him!"

Without another word she ran along the beach to a place where she knew a boat was kept. Oh, if it should be locked! There were no near neighbors; as far as she could see along the beach not a man was visible. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly, and by her.

She found the boat unlocked. She unfastened it with trembling hands, stepped into it, and rowed away with swift, strong strokes that bore her out rapidly. She dared not stop to think of herself or her timidity when on the water alone; she thought only of Harry,—little Harry out there at the mercy of the tossing sea. She rowed steadily, her lips closely shut, her head erect, her feet braced firmly in the boat. She saw the little group on the beach,—the children and the frightened servant and the tall, stately mistress,—receding more and more as she rowed out to sea. At last they grew indistinct, and she turned and looked for the boat. It was in sight, but oh, so far away!

A silent prayer went up from her full heart,—a prayer for strength and courage in this time of need. She would not waste her strength in useless calling; besides, it might frighten the lonely little passenger. She prayed that he might have fallen asleep. If he were only lying quietly in the bottom of the boat he might be safe until she reached



him ; but if he should grow frightened and lean over the side of the boat,—her heart grew sick within her. Poor baby ! how she loved him in that hour !

A sudden squall came up almost without warning. The sky grew black with flying clouds, and the wind tossed the salt spray into the girl's white face. Always afraid of storms, she trembled from head to foot now, and her heart seemed to stop beating when a sudden flash of lightning blinded her for a moment. Every minute seemed an eternity. Her arms were giving out,—there seemed to be no more strength in them ; and still she rowed on and on, drenched with rain and chilled through and through. She reached the little boat at last, and with a glad cry stretched out her hand and grasped the edge. " Harry, Harry darling, are you awake ? "

There was no answer, and for one brief moment her heart stood still. The squall had passed over as suddenly as it had come, but it was growing dark. Still she could see the child as she had hoped, fast asleep in the bottom of the boat,—safe !

It was a difficult matter to lift him into her boat, but she did it at last, and he was beside her, warm and rosy, his drowsy little voice telling her how he started off " to see Uncle Harry." Leah let him prattle on. She could only smile at him,—it was no time for words ; all her mind and strength centered on one thing, how to reach the shore.

How far away it seemed ! She could see the distant light-house lamps twinkling like stars. She rowed towards it,—it was not far from home. But she was growing weak ; her strokes were less strong and steady, her arms ached painfully, and every nerve seemed stretched to its utmost tension. Oh, for strength a little while longer ! Perhaps they would send help from the shore. Oh, if someone would only come,—some strong soul to relieve her. She seemed passing off into unconsciousness ; a faintness that was like death began to steal over her. Little Harry's voice sounded far away ; her arms relaxed, and for a few minutes the boat drifted.

Suddenly she sat up, erect and wide awake. A voice was calling to her over the waters. She answered, and it called again. Again and again she answered ; nearer and nearer it sounded,—thank God !

A boat touched hers. A big, warm hand was laid on hers,

a strong, deep voice spoke broken words of comfort and pity, and then she knew that help had come at last, and yielded to that overpowering languor that oppressed her.

When she came back to consciousness she found herself lying upon a blanket in the bottom of the boat, with little Harry cuddled close beside her, and before her a large, dark form bending at the oars. It was quite dark now. A few stars shone faintly through the clouds, and the sea was rough. She lay silent, too weak to talk or even to think. She knew that the man at the oars was Harry,—Uncle Harry whom the baby had started out alone to find ; but that was all.

Her head ached terribly, and her arms seemed paralyzed. When at last the boat grated on the beach, and eager hands lifted her out, she knew nothing of it ; her drenched garments clung tightly to her drooping figure, her hair was all unbound and wet with rain, and the unconscious face showed pallid in the lantern-light. Little Harry was fast asleep again,—too tired even to respond to his mother's passionate embrace and the warm kisses on his upturned face.

For days Leah lay in her little room, not ill, but too weak and languid to walk about. Flowers came to her every morning,—great bunches of roses, fresh and sweet. The children hovered about her couch, pressing their rosy lips upon her pale cheeks and caressing her in a hundred loving ways. Mrs. Stevens came in very often and sat beside her, holding her hands,—her small, weak hands that yet were so strong, that had done such brave work. Her brother had come in with her once to say " Good-morning." Mr. Stevens had sent her choice fruit and made kind inquiries. The girl's lonely heart grew warm in this unaccustomed wealth of friendship, and she felt no more alone.

There came a time in the early autumn when the first September glory lay upon the land and sea, a lovely moon-light evening when Leah listened to the old, old story and answered " Yes." And when at last they wandered home and came upon Mrs. Stevens in the terraced garden, and Harry told her a bit of news, she did not seem at all surprised, but pleased and happy, and she kissed the nursery-governess with all a sister's tenderness.

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

## HOW TO PLAY THE VIOLIN WITHOUT A MASTER.

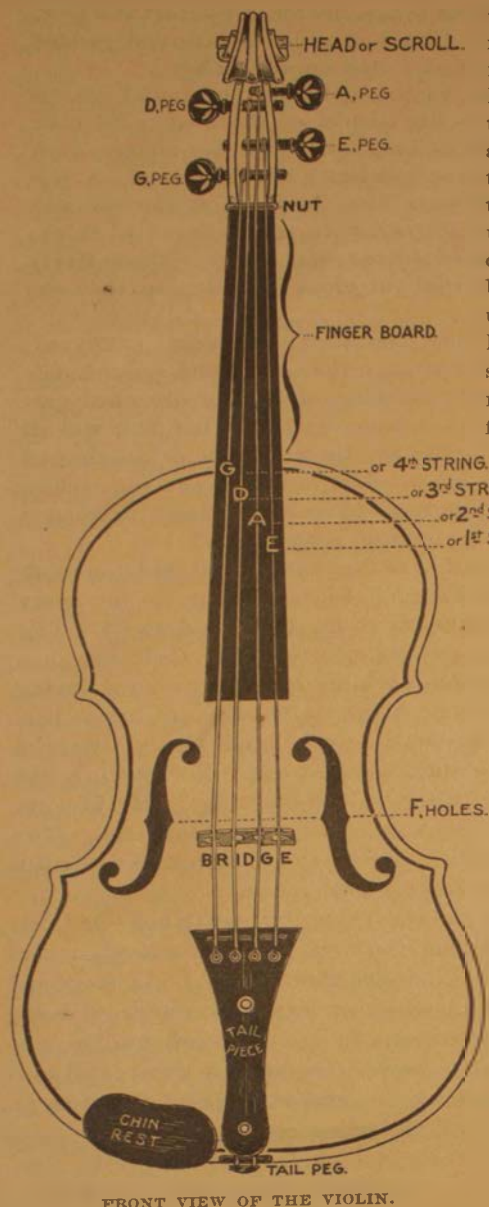


FTEN has it been said that the violin stands next to the human voice as a means of melodic expression, though in truth there are but few voices that can be justly compared for nobility, flexibility, pathos, and power, with the violin in the hands of a master. Those who know it best will tell you that there is a soul imprisoned within that

strangely graceful wooden box, which may be conjured by the horsehair wand in the hand of the magician,—a soul that speaks, sings, weeps, sighs, and even scolds and imprecates. To the touch of the ignorant and uninitiated, it answers only in savage shrieks and snarls ; but recognizing the superior will and power, with what incomparable beauty and grace it responds !

The simplest in method and mechanism, the violin is generally the worst played of all instruments. Most of us have clapped our hands to our ears and fled from " Money Musk " scraped out of the strings by a performer wholly unconscious of his cruelty to the race ; and, too often, we have kept our chairs out of courtesy at a concert, when our hearts ached to be gone from the " Air and Variations " inflicted by stupidity in a dress-coat and a conceited smile. There is hardly a country " store " in the land unhaunted by an evil spirit armed with an ancient fiddle which will discourse strains, more or less discordant, upon occasion.

To begin with, then, if you do not intend to play the violin correctly and with good taste, do not touch it at all. Do not attempt to play by ear, for your performance will always be poor and weak, and unsatisfactory even to yourself. If you love the instrument,—and it is worthy of your utmost devotion,—possess yourself in patience and learn it thoroughly. Start at the bottom and work slowly upward, remembering



FRONT VIEW OF THE VIOLIN.

that every inch legitimately gained can never be lost again. Never play a note that you cannot read and count. Resist the fatal temptation to perform an air until you are proficient in the scales, both by sight and upon the key-board. In other words, learn something of the rudiments of music first, then take up your violin and *practise*.

In these days nearly everyone has some knowledge of the rudiments of music, at least theoretically. In the August, September, and October, 1892, numbers of this magazine, will be found an exhaustive treatment of the subject, which, though primarily intended for vocalists, will serve as an excellent groundwork for the instrumental performer. Moreover, at any good music-shop, violin books—

Spohr's Method, or Tour's Violin Primer, in Novello, Ewer & Co.'s series, for instance—may be purchased, which will prove efficient aids to the learner. The cheap primers, however, which devote three or four pages to general instructions, and the bulk of their space to airs, should be eschewed; for they work the very injury we most desire to warn the beginner against. Indeed, if the learner will hearken to our counsel he will confine himself strictly to scales and exercises, for the first six months, at least. At all events, if, seduced by a little skill, the pupil chooses to imperil his future proficiency, it is at his own risk.

Violins may be purchased at prices ranging from two dollars and a half, upward. The pupil must consult his purse. A violin for which a reputable dealer charges less than five dollars may serve excellently for kindling wood, but very questionably for the production of music. At the latter figure, however, the beginner may furnish himself with an outfit which will serve his purpose for the primary efforts. Should he desire to own a really serviceable instrument, "of a good tone," as Inspector Bucket says, he may buy it for twenty-five or thirty dollars; but unless he is willing to trust the honesty of the dealer, he should take an experienced violinist with him as an advisory committee. The writer confesses to a somewhat oblique method of obtaining instruments; that is, he has visited various pawnbrokers' shops, where he has secured more than one fine violin for a trifle.

The outfit proper comprises the violin, with its four key-pegs, the tail-piece, bridge, four strings, and the bow, the case not being included. A fairly good bow may be had for two dollars; though, again confessing our pawnbroker's experience, we have bought an excellent bow for one dollar,—a bow which must have originally cost at least five times as much.

The bow is a very important part of the outfit. A crooked, weak, thin-haired bow is worse than useless. The student, in purchasing one, should unscrew the nut at the hand-end, and, loosening the horsehair, glance along the top of the stick, which ought to bend downward slightly; but if it deflects, either to right or left, it should be rejected. Examine the hair, also; if it is thick, and lies smooth and flat, take it; if the hair is lumpy or scant, refuse it, for you will never get a clear, full tone from such a bow. Do not screw your bow too tight. When the surface of the horsehair lies flat and stiff, and at least half an inch from the convex center of the stick, it will answer. So important to a worthy performance is a fine bow, that many soloists, and even members of orchestras, will pay as high as twenty-five, or even fifty, dollars to secure a perfect one.

Do not coat your horsehair with a scale of rosin. "Rosin in reason," says a celebrated performer. Indeed, if you smear your bow too thickly with rosin it forms a sort of glassy surface, and you might as well have used so much grease; for your strings will "squeak and gibber like ghosts unburied." You may purchase a cake of clarified rosin for five cents. Never use ordinary tinker's rosin nor any of the so-called "patents"; they are delusions and snares. Rub your horsehair with about four strokes of the cake daily; not more. If you find the horsehair is blackening, or if the strings develop a tendency to squeak, take a sharp-bladed penknife, and holding the bow perpendicularly, scrape the horsehair clean of the accumulation; after which give it a clear stroke or two with the cake, from heel to point. Never touch the horsehair with your fingers; the perspiration, even from the dryest skin, contains sufficient grease to spoil the bow.

Take the most scrupulous care of your bow. It may be called the tongue of the violin; neglect it and abuse it, and your instrument will answer your utmost efforts only in shrill, discordant protests. When you have done practising for the day, unscrew the nut about six turns, just enough to take the strain off the hair without allowing it to sag.

The sound-post is so important an accessory to the violin that the French call it "the soul." It is a piece of soft wood about the thickness of a slate-pencil, placed firmly upright between the back and belly, just back of the bridge, under the E string. Upon the proper position of the sound-post depends to a great extent the tone and volume of the instrument. As a beginner you would better leave it where you find it when you purchase your violin; later on you can shift it for yourself, remembering that the sixteenth of an inch of movement will work surprising results in sound. You can buy a post-setter at music-stores; but a knitting-needle or bit of stiff wire will serve as well. In the first illustration may be seen about where the bridge should stand. It should be kept at right angles to the body of the instrument.

The violin is provided with four strings: one of silk wound with wire, and three of gut. By reference to the illustration it will appear that the strings are arranged as follows: The first, or E, string, the outermost upon the right-hand side, enters the lower peg on the same side; the second, or A, string comes next, and enters the upper peg on the right side; the third, or D, string is adjacent to the A, and enters the uppermost left-hand peg; and, finally, the fourth, or G, string, the outer left-side string, enters the lower peg on the left. You may purchase the second, third, and fourth strings



TUNING TO THE PIANO.

of fair quality for fifteen cents each; but you will have to pay at least twenty-five cents, as prices go, for a reliable first, or E, string. Never use cheap, poor strings, especially as regards the E, for such strings are forever fraying, breaking, or stretching, and are utterly worthless.

If you have ready access to a piano, tune your A, or second, string to the A on the keyboard just above or to the right of the middle C. If there is no piano at hand, purchase an "A" tuning-fork at any music-supply depot, for from thirty to fifty cents. Sound your fork until you have caught its tone, then screw up the A, or second, string till

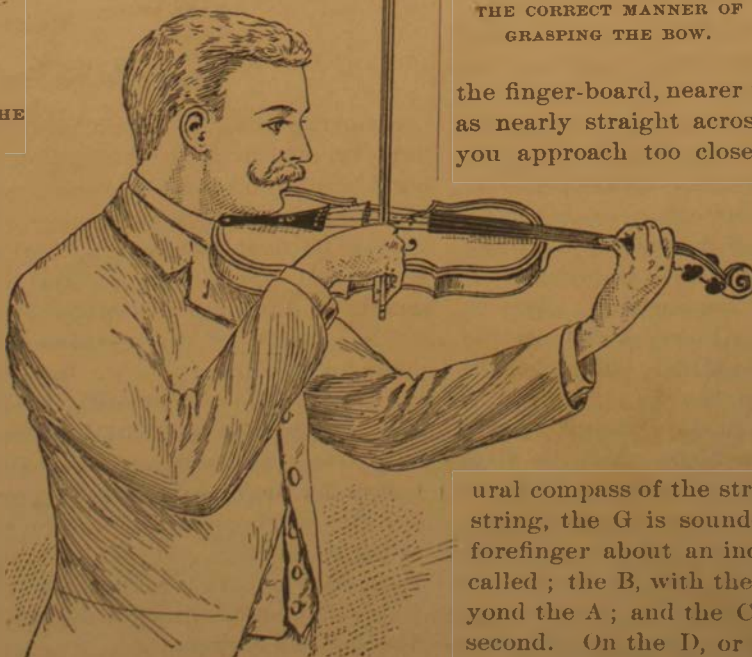
fork and string are in unison; *i. e.*, until you can detect no difference between the sound of the fork and the sound of the string. Now tune the third, or D, string a fifth below the A, by running the scale downward: A, G, F, E, D. Next tune the G, the fourth, or wire, string, a fifth below the D, running down the scale: D, C, B, A, G. Finally, tune the E, the first, or thinnest gut string, by counting a fifth above the A, which may be called the key-string



THE WRONG WAY TO HOLD THE VIOLIN.

of the violin: A, B, C, D, E. If you have a piano at hand you may at the start tune to the G, D, A, and E of the keyboard, as illustrated in the second illustration.

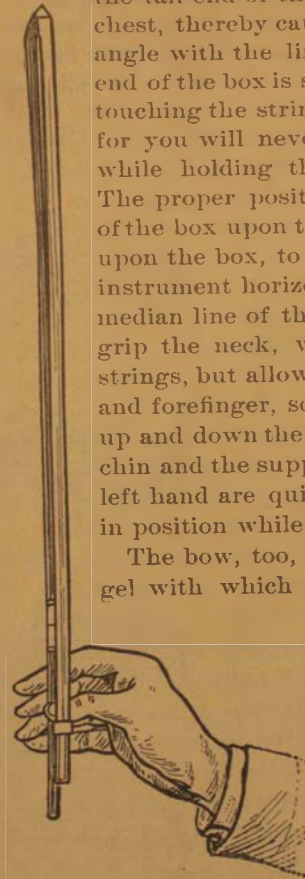
Another plan, and a good one, would be to purchase a chromatic tuning-fork; that marked No. 23½ of Ditson's catalogue, price \$1.88, would answer. But you must learn as speedily as possible to tune by chord; that is, you must accustom yourself to the proper sound of A and E



THE RIGHT WAY TO HOLD THE VIOLIN.

when played together, likewise the A and D, and the D and G. You will observe that all experienced performers bring the A to accord with the A of the piano or other instrument; then they tune the other strings simply by drawing the bow across adjacent pairs. Probably you will find yourself able to tune very correctly by chords in a month's practice. You will hardly know when or how you acquired the secret; but one day you will suddenly discover that you readily perceive the harmony or dissonance of a pair of strings, which means that you have learned to tune your violin. Thereafter you will never make any mistake between the mellow thine of the strings a true fifth apart, and the harsh, jarring twang of the discord.

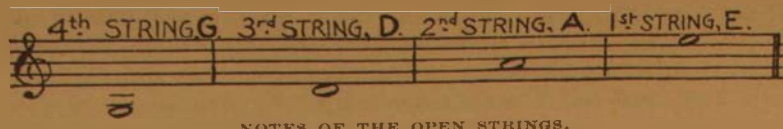
There are two ways to hold the violin, a right way and a wrong way; the latter being the easier and the more likely to be adopted by the beginner. The wrong way is to squeeze the tail-end of the box forcibly between the neck and chest, thereby causing it to fall downward at an acute angle with the line of the body, while the opposite end of the box is supported upon the wrist, the fingers touching the strings obliquely. This is a fatal error; for you will never be able to play, even passably, while holding the violin in this awkward fashion. The proper position is as follows: Rest the tail-end of the box upon the collar-bone, press the chin lightly upon the box, to the left of the tail-piece; hold the instrument horizontally, and rather to the left of the median line of the body. Do not touch the box, nor grip the neck, with the hand which is to stop the strings, but allow the neck to lie between the thumb and forefinger, so that the fingers may slide smoothly up and down the strings. The slight pressure of the chin and the support of the neck of the violin by the left hand are quite sufficient to keep the instrument in position while leaving the fingers free to act.



THE CORRECT MANNER OF GRASPING THE BOW.

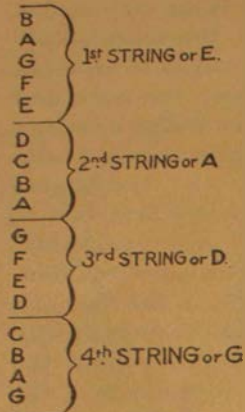
The bow, too, must not be held as if it were a cudgel with which you are about to strike a blow; it must lie loosely in the grasp of the right hand. The thumb should pass between the hair and the stick, in the curve cut to accommodate it, while the four fingers press upon the stick, a little obliquely forward at the first joints. Now, tipping the instrument at a small angle to the right, cross the strings with the bow, about one third of the distance between the bridge and the end of the finger-board, nearer the former. In playing draw the bow as nearly straight across as possible, remembering that if you approach too close to the bridge you elicit a squeak, and if too close to the finger-board you lose power of tone.

We have already stated that the strings are named respectively E, A, D, and G; that is, when these strings are properly tuned and "open," or not pressed upon by the fingers, they give the notes named in their order. The illustration shows at a glance the natural compass of the strings in tune. On the G, or fourth, string, the G is sounded open; the A is stopped with the forefinger about an inch from the head, or "nut," as it is called; the B, with the second finger about half an inch beyond the A; and the C, with the third finger close to the second. On the D, or the third, string, the D is sounded open; the E is stopped with the forefinger an inch from



NOTES OF THE OPEN STRINGS.

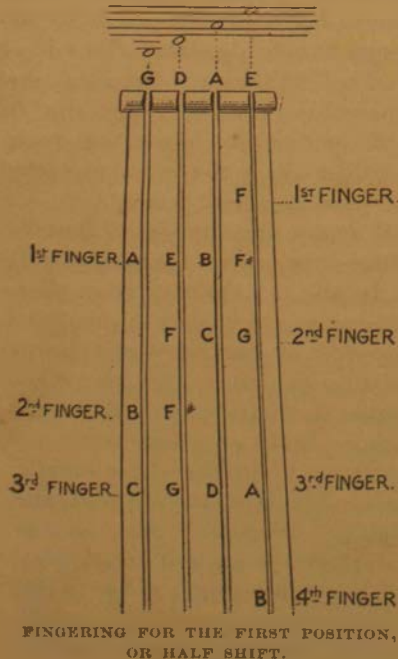
the nut; the F, with the second finger close to the first; and the G, with the third finger three quarters of an inch from the second. On the A, or second, string, the A is sounded open; the B is stopped with the forefinger an inch from the nut; the C, with the second finger close to the first; and the D, with the third finger about three quarters of an inch from the second. On the first, or E, string, the E is sounded open, the F is stopped with the forefinger quite near the nut; the G, with the second finger about three quarters of an inch from the first; the A, with the third finger at the same distance from the second; and the B, with the little finger half an inch from the third. In playing these notes, remember to play the first note on every string with the "down bow," or the bow drawn from the heel to the point, toward your right—or bow—hand.



Having familiarized himself with the natural compass of the strings, the learner may proceed

directly to the first simple position; that is, the key of G, or one sharp. The illustration will show the fingering for this position. To laboriously work out each of the positions would require a good-sized volume, which is unnecessary, as the learner himself will appreciate directly he obtains a fair knowledge of the capacity of the finger-board. It requires only a moderate experience to comprehend how the "shifts" and "positions" are made. A single illustration will suffice. Suppose the performer begins upon the fourth, or G, open string; next, he stops the A, on the same string; next, the B; next, the C; then he plays the D, or third, string, open; then the E,

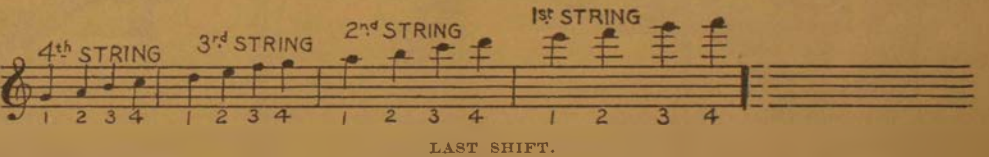
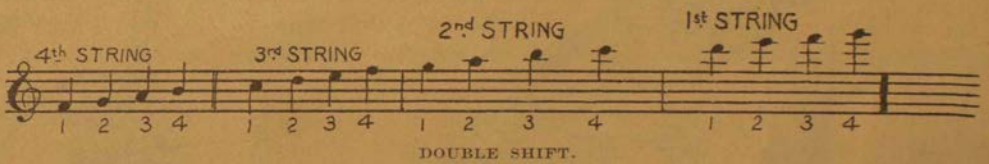
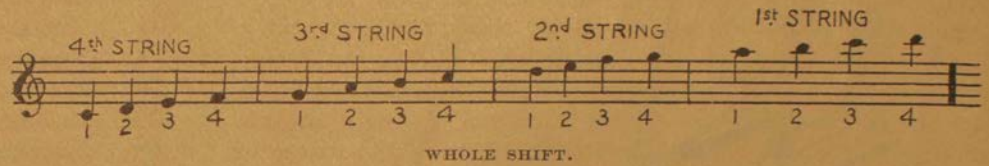
OPEN STRINGS



stopped; then the F sharp, stopped; and, finally, the G, stopped, comprising the octave. Now, for example, he begins again by stopping the B flat on the G string; next he will go to the C, on the same string; next to the D and E flat, on the same string. Then he will stop the F, G, A, and B flat in the D string. Or he may begin upon the C of the fourth string, and run his octave from thence. He can find the C, the D, the E, and the F, upon the same string; and he may cross over to the D string, and find the continuation

of his octave there. Or, again, suppose he begins far down upon his D, or third, string, say F, and runs down half an octave upon the D; or crosses over and finds part of his octave upon the A, or third, string. The pupil should now understand that his fingerboard is so flexible that he can find an octave, or a key, upon it nearly anywhere, knowing what we intimated at the start, that the violin permits of a compass and coloring possible to no other instrument. Another point in evidence is that practice and patience can alone produce satisfactory performance.

But no perfection of stopping or fingering will make a good player of one who handles his bow awkwardly. The student must observe, first, to employ the whole length of the bow, and not saw the notes out, back and forth, like a fiddler at a corn-shucking; next, to keep the bow-hand bent downward from the wrist, the fingers sloping, not bunched together; finally, only use the shoulder, that is, taking the stroke of the whole arm's sweep in specially long-drawn or impassioned passages. Pass the bow steadily and smoothly over the strings, making the swells by extra pressure. The movement of the bow in a practised hand is eminently graceful, seeming as if *slung* rather than pushed.



SCALES FOR THE SHIFTS.

Proper bowing is absolutely essential. Some notes can only be effectively played upon the up bow, while others must be played upon the down bow. Every good violin book will contain a sufficient number of exercises with the proper bowing marked to give the learner the key to the method which will shortly come natural to him. We give a few bars merely to illustrate the subject.

The capacity of the instrument is practically infinite; but aided by the directions we have given, and following them up by conscientious practice, there is no reason why the student should not ultimately become proficient. When he is able to stop the separate notes correctly, it will not be long before he acquires the first great charm of violin playing; *i.e.*, the melting of one note into another by sliding the fingers along the strings. He will also be able to manage the delicate tremolo which adds so much to the grace of the instrument by swiftly shaking or quivering the point of the finger upon the stopped string.

We cannot do better than close this article by repeating our

SIMPLE EXAMPLES OF BOWINGS.

advice : Have patience, and practise. Perseverance conquers all things, even the violin ; and the noble instrument will well repay its votary. Jacob toiled for Rachel twice seven years, because she loved her. He who loves the violin will find no toil too severe, no probation too long, to win the beautiful spirit for his own, and cause it to wake and sing with a touch.

C. L. HILDRETH.

### One Day.

Was it because the day was fair?  
 Or was it that the morning air  
 Was full of summer fragrance where  
     The fields of clover bloom?  
 For sweeter breezes never shook  
 The grasses bending o'er the brook,  
 Nor fuller measure ever took  
     Of morning's rare perfume.

Or was it that the woods were sweet  
 With first soft prints of Summer's feet,  
 Where tiny wild flowers came to greet  
     The long, glad days of June?  
 For sweeter blossoms never grew,  
 And skies were never purer blue,  
 And even June days never knew  
     A fairer afternoon.

Perhaps it was the evening breeze  
 Which softly kissed the whispering trees  
 And breathed delicious rhapsodies  
     To every listening rose ;  
 Or, maybe, that the sunset threw  
 A golden glory o'er the view ;  
 For lovelier evening never drew  
     A lovelier day to close.

But in this day two lovers found  
 Such rare delight of sight and sound  
 And earth and air as ne'er had crowned  
     Another day in June ;  
 Till earth but seemed one glad, warm sigh  
 Breathed upward to the rosy sky,  
 As soft the evening wind stole by  
     To greet the sweet young moon.

C. G. BUXTON.

## Our Girls.

### Tressie's Five Dollars.

AM glad to find you so much better to-day, Mollie, and I hope you will be quite well and able to come to the Mission by next Sunday," said Tressie Malcolm as she rose to take her departure.

"Thank you so much, Miss Tressie, for being so good to me," the child replied. "Those nice oranges were so cooling to my sore throat."

"Isn't there something else you need?"

"No indeed! I have these grapes you have brought, and the pretty magazines,—even papa will be pleased with them; he don't care much about reading, but he does love picture papers."

"You look as if something troubled you; I fear you've been crying. Can't I help you?"

"Yes, miss, I did cry a while ago, but it was because I was so sorry for poor Mrs. Donovan who lives upstairs. That was her little boy who ran out just as you came into our room."

"Is she sick?"

"No ma'am, not now; she and the baby were real sick, and her husband lost his place and hasn't had anything to do for ever so long, so they're dreadfully poor. They owe two weeks' rent, and the landlord says if he don't have the money this afternoon he'll set them out in the street."

"Oh, surely he will not be so cruel! Why! it is beginning to snow and it is very cold."

"He'll do it, fast enough; he's done it before. They've sold all they can sell, and it won't be possible now for them to get the money; five dollars is a big bit of money these hard times."

Five dollars! Tressie started as the sum was mentioned, for in her pocketbook was a nice new five-dollar bill, absolutely her own to spend as she chose; for when she and her sister Eileen had selected the material for their new winter gowns, which grandma was to pay for and give them as a birthday gift (they were not twins, but they happened to have the same birthday), she had given them each a five-dollar bill, saying:

"Now although I have bought the material and all the linings and finishings, and the fur as trimming, I dare say you may want some other bit of finery; so I give you this to do just as you choose with."

The girls were very much pleased, and immediately decided that they would have silk sleeves, nice, large, puffy sleeves, and silk vests, to the new gowns.

They were on their way home when they made this decision, so grandma advised them to go back to the store and get their silk so they could begin their gowns bright and early Monday morning. This was Saturday.

"We can't get it to-day; it is one o'clock now, grandma."

"What of it? Your mother will save some luncheon for you, will she not?"

"Yes, but you know it is Saturday, and we never shop after one on Saturdays."

"Oh yes, I forgot you were 'Crusaders.' Of course your principle is good, but how much influence do you suppose half a dozen girls like you will have?"

Tressie and Eileen and a dozen or so of their friends had taken a solemn resolution early in the autumn to do no shopping on Saturday after one o'clock; they argued that if nobody did so the tired clerks in the retail stores could have a

half-holiday, for if there was no trade, their employers would not keep their stores open.

The girls' brothers had laughingly nicknamed them "the Crusaders," and had asked them what effect they supposed their example would have.

"Not much at present," one girl had said, "but somebody has to start a reform. 'Great oaks from little acorns grow,' you know; so maybe a little good will come from our resolve. Anyway, we are doing what we can to help our neighbors; none of us girls are rich and able to give money to the poor, but we can and do teach in the Mission Schools and the Free Sewing-School."

So Tressie, being a Crusader, did not use her money that day, but left it in her purse.

Mollie Strawn, one of the little girls in her class at the Mission School, had been quite sick with a severe cold, and Tressie had just come to make a second visit to her. Her first impulse was to give Mollie the money to pay Mrs. Donovan's rent; then she hesitated. Surely, she thought, someone would help the poor creature rather than let her be put out into the street this miserable day, she and her little children. And how very much better her dress would look with silk sleeves, especially as Eileen would have them in hers!

While these thoughts were flashing through her mind her eye fell on a cup, a common white crockery cup, partly full of water, which stood on a table near her. It reminded her of the cup of cold water spoken of by Our Lord, and she quickly turned to Mollie and asked her if she could summon Mrs. Donovan without going out into the cold passage.

"Oh yes; when mother has to go out I just pound on the ceiling with the broom-handle and Mrs. Donovan comes to see what I want. She was real good to me the days I had to be in bed with mother out to her work."

"Then as soon as I am out of the room you call her and give her this bill; it will keep a roof over her head a little while, anyway. But don't tell her who gave it to you; just say a friend sent it to her," cried Tressie, really glad that her better self had triumphed.

When Monday dawned and Tressie had to confess to Eileen that she had used all her money and must do without silk sleeves to her new gown, great were the outcries thereat.

"Of course I shall make my dress just as you make yours," Eileen said, regretfully, "but I do feel real disappointed. It will not look one bit as I planned it to."

"Mamma, need Eileen do so? Must she not get the silk?" Tressie pleaded.

"Most assuredly. In fact, Tressie, I do not think you ought to have given away so much money without consulting me, or at least your grandmother, who gave it to you."

"Leave my name out, daughter," interposed grandma quickly. "I told the girls to do with my gift exactly what they chose; so Tressie had a right to give it away, as far as I am concerned."

"Now, mother, please do not encourage her in such reckless giving. She should have conferred with a wiser head, I think. However, she meant well, of course; and she will be the only one to miss the pretty sleeves,—especially as she will have to wear the dress to Mary Raymond's tea next week, and I'm sure the rest of the company will be prettily dressed," Mrs. Malcolm replied, regretfully.

Mr. Malcolm was not a rich man, so his family had to be careful about expenditures. Eileen and Tressie had long ago learned to make their own dresses, and in a very stylish manner, too.

When Tressie entered Mary Raymond's parlors on the afternoon of the tea she felt rather like a Cinderella, and she could not shut her pretty brown eyes to the fact that Eileen's dress was infinitely more "dressy" than her own.

Among the guests was Mary's favorite cousin, Harry, who had just returned from a visit to one of his college chums who was connected with the American Embassy at London. He had been invited to a number of distinguished houses, and so had seen some of the cream of English society. Naturally one would expect such a young man to be a little critical about a lady's appearance. He made himself exceedingly agreeable to his cousin's friends, and as he was supposed to be entirely heart-whole, but quite able to marry when he chose, the young ladies were not slow in smiling on him.

"I say, Mary," he found occasion to say to his cousin late in the afternoon, "who is that pretty girl standing close to the easel? She looks as sweet as a peach."

"You mean Eileen Malcolm, I think; she *is* sweet, and so is Tressie, her younger sister."

"Eh? Tressie Malcolm, did you say?"

"Yes; didn't I introduce you to her? That is she sitting beside Aunt Anna. The plainly dressed girl."

"Odd that I should have met her to-day! Please introduce me."

"Certainly I will; she is one of my dearest friends. I do wish she was 'fixed up' a little more. I don't understand why Eileen is wearing a gown so much nicer than her sister's."

"I think I do, and that is why I want to know her."

"You, Harry Raymond? Pray how should you know anything about the mysteries of her toilet?"

"In a very simple way. Tim Donovan, who used to be father's porter and a most trusty man, has been sick some time; so father asked me, one day last week, to go and hunt him up and see if he was in need of anything. I did so, and I found the poor fellow in a pretty bad way. He had been to see father, but it was before he returned from San Francisco, and the fellow was almost starving. Indeed he would have been put out of his miserable room one wretched Saturday if a fairy had not unexpectedly sent his wife the five dollars needed to settle with the landlord. The fairy had gone there to visit one of her Sunday-school scholars, and the child was so proud to think that her 'dear Miss Tressie' had been so generous, that she could not keep the thing a secret, as she had been asked to do. She also found out, from Miss Tressie's sister, that poor Donovan was saved at the cost of part of the young lady's new winter gown. Now, Mary, that is the sort of a girl I want to know more about."

"That is just like Tressie! Come! I will introduce you at once."

By and by there was a gay wedding which united the Raymond and Malcolm families. When the bridal party walked slowly up the church aisle a few, a very few, people were shocked to see that the small maids of honor were Tressie's little mission-school pupils; but they were quite satisfied when it was explained to them by the groom. He said:

"If it had not been for one of those little maids I should never have known half of Tressie's goodness. She was first mentioned to me by that child, and alluded to as the lady who thought more of the poor than she did of finery; and you know that is a surprising statement to hear about a young lady. So I wisely determined to hunt that young lady up as the prince did Cinderella. Do you blame me?"

"Blame you, Harry Raymond? No indeed; we congratulate you," was the earnest reply.

FRANCES ELLEN WADLEIGH.

HE that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' center and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the midday sun.

MILTON.

## Epiphyllum, or Lobster Cactus.

HERE is a good deal that is interesting in the culture of *epiphyllums*, as their odd habit of growth might perhaps lead us to suppose; but many amateurs hesitate to give any plant of the cactus family a place in their collections, because of the long time that must elapse before the plants will come into bloom, as so many of them do not blossom until they reach a comparatively advanced age. This is true, in a measure, of all cacti, especially under the treatment usually given them, the system of choking, starving, and neglect, supposed to be necessary to their well-being. Because they can bear neglect is no reason why they should be forced to do so. Treat them generously and they will respond in like measure, as quickly as will any other member of the floral kingdom.

Few care to devote a part of a perhaps limited space to plants that they suppose will remain nearly dormant year after year, with little element of change to make the care bestowed on them a pleasure; and but few writers on the subject of cacti tell to what size a plant has grown in a given time, or what it may be expected to attain, and at what age, under favorable conditions, it is likely to produce flowers. If they would do so, cacti would be found more frequently in the ordinary window-garden. There are few plants more admirably adapted to general house-culture. They are remarkably free from the attacks of insects; they thrive in the dry, heated atmosphere of the sitting-room; their peculiar structure enables one to easily keep them free from dust; and the flowers of most varieties are long lived, and beautiful beyond description.

There are no finer plants for use in hanging baskets than the different varieties of *epiphyllum*, or lobster cactus. They are beautiful cactaceous plants, natives of Brazil, and bloom freely, with good management, from November to March; are of gracefully drooping habit; grow readily from cuttings; and, once established, increase in size and beauty rapidly.

The variety known as the Holiday or Christmas cactus—from its habit of always coming into bloom in December—is perhaps the best known of the species. The leaves, or sections, are much the shape of a pumpkin seed, but somewhat larger. The new sections start from the point of the midrib of the old, and are about three weeks in reaching their full size. A peculiarity of their growth is that the new growth starts upon all parts of the plant at the same time; the new sections develop uniformly, and reach their full size before another crop starts; and it is rare to find sections in different stages of development upon the same plant. Owing to this peculiarity, these plants will sometimes more than double in size in two or three weeks.

One small section placed in a hanging basket holding about one pint of earth, in August, 1888, did not show signs of growth for two months. It then put forth four new sections, each of which became the parent of many-branched sprays that on November 15, 1892, measured twenty-eight, twenty-seven, thirty, and thirty-two inches in length, respectively. This particular plant is symmetrical; the midrib, in the older portions of the plant, becomes hard and woody, and holds the drooping sprays well above the earth and away from the sides of the pot, over which they droop,

hiding it completely. The roots are small, and require but little earth; and it is still in the same pot, though the earth in which it was rooted has been changed several times. It has been twice badly broken and damaged; once by a fall, and once by a storm. It bloomed first in December, 1890, just after its first mishap. It then had fifty-nine sections and twenty-four blossoms. It remained in bloom about one month. It then put forth, at one time, eighty-nine new sections. These matured, thus more than doubling its size in three weeks. In 1891 it bore ninety-two blossoms, and was in bloom for three months. In November, 1892, it was literally covered with buds. The buds, unlike the sections, or leaves, do not all mature at the same time, and this prolongs the blooming season. The flowers are of the wax-like, satiny texture common to most cacti, of a lovely rosy-red color, but scentless.

The true lobster cactus is similar in growth and appearance to the one just described, but the sections are larger, and more deeply serrated; the ends of the sections are prolonged into little curved horns, resembling, on a small scale, the claw of a lobster. This variety blooms earlier as to age, and earlier in the season than does the Christmas cactus. It also, as the sections are larger, increases in size more rapidly. A cutting set in August, 1891, had in November, 1892, forty-two

sections; and was in full bloom, with eleven buds in different stages of development. The flowers are red, with creamy-white throat, slightly darker in color and of a different shape from those of the first-mentioned variety. In their native habitat they are found drooping from the branches or trunks of decaying trees, or from narrow crevices in the rocks. The long sprays, if allowed to rest upon the soil, will send out rootlets at nearly every joint.

The two plants mentioned were potted in the soil used for other plants: a mixture of leaf-mold, garden-soil, well-rotted stable-manure, and sand, with the exception that in the soil prepared for the cacti there was rather more coarse sand than in that used for other plants. Drainage was secured by pebbles, and a bit of sponge,

half as large as a teacup, was placed in the bottom of each pot. The earth in the pots has been changed once each year, and has been kept as moist as for other plants. They have never rested. Once each week during vigorous growth, and when the plants are budded, or in bloom, they are given a liquid fertilizer. They stand upon brackets half-way up the window.

Both these plants were grown upon their own roots; but all *epiphyllums* can be more easily trained and gain vastly in vigor and rapidity of growth when grafted on the *Pereskia*, or Barbadoes gooseberry, a fleshy-stemmed shrub allied to the cactus. This grafting is one of the simplest operations imaginable, not requiring any of the manual skill which is generally associated with the word "grafting." All that need be done is to cut down the *Pereskia* to within about six inches or so of the ground, then to make a short cleft down the middle of the stock deep enough to hold the graft, which is made from two or three terminal joints of *epiphyllum*. The graft is inserted upright in the cleft, and may be fastened in place by a pin or thorn, as the flesh is slippery and liable to slip out unless secured. The *Pereskia* is of such vitality that the graft is sure to take very quickly. The grafting may be done at any time in spring or summer.

BETH DAY.



BRANCH OF LOBSTER CACTUS.

# Home Art and Home Comfort.

## Bagging a Birthday.

**H**EAR me!" said Rosa Thorne, straightening herself from her bent position over a trunk that she was packing, "I do wish people would give me bags instead of all these baskets and boxes that crush in packing. Only people who live in a trunk, as I do for two-thirds of the year, can know the value of every inch of space, and

the peace of mind with which one begins a journey with a trunk



JAPANESE HAND-STOVE AND BAG.

containing no breakable things."

"What kind of bags would you like?" I asked, making a mental note for future use.

"Oh! every kind. Nothing in that line could possibly come amiss!" was her reply.

When Rosa departed Southward on her yearly pilgrimage in search of Hygeia, I dispatched sundry notes to absent friends asking each to contribute a bag of some kind on her approaching birthday. The idea "took," and each friend not only responded, but passed the word on to another until the result surprised the originator of the scheme even more than the recipient of the bags. Rosa's letter will best tell the story of how her birthday was "bagged."

ALACOOSA, ALA., Feb. 23, 1894.

MY DEAR MARGERY DAW :

Today is my birthday, and I have very pleasant proof that you remember the date. Such a mail and express as I have been receiving for two days! You must know that our one mail is the event of my day in this quiet plantation in the pine woods; but never before was it such an important incident. I fear Uncle Reuben Clark will apply for an assistant in the post-office. It required two darkies and a mule yesterday, and Robin Hood, Colonel Cary and the "conveyance," and myself, to bring it to the house today.

I can see your demure face as you ask with elaborately acted unconsciousness, "What is all this about?" Of course you know nothing. Well, madam, Thursday's mail brought me no less than six packages, and each of them contained a bag! And this morning I had the bliss of opening eleven more and letting out eleven—bags! And though there is not a sign of a cat peeping out of any of them, yet I strongly suspect that Margery Daw could a tale unfold.

My room has the appearance of a bazaar this evening.

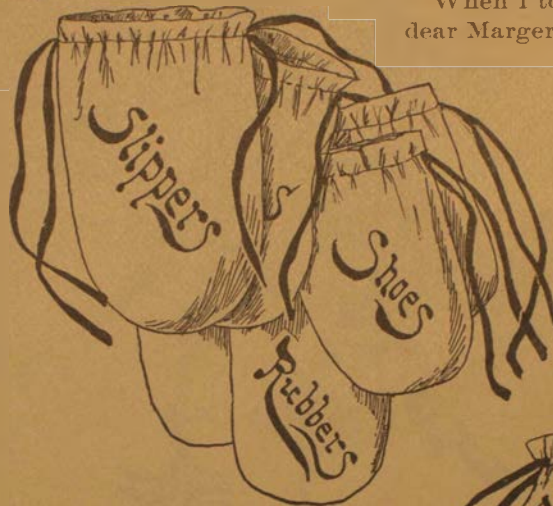
Don't you want to see the show? First there is a rubber-hot-water bag in a soft gray flannel case,—from dear grandmother, of course,—and a sweet note full of advice about cold feet and colder beds. I cannot think of anything I needed more; for on frosty nights the furnaceless Southern houses become wretchedly cold. It is a fiction that it is never cold here, and a native would cry "treason" were I to say that I often feel when I "wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down" that I am plunging into a snowbank. I have a haunting fear that I've said something like that before.

Certainly it was a strange coincidence that placed a Japanese hand-stove and a quantity of fuel in the next package I opened. The "stove" was encased in a rich silk bag with my monogram embroidered in very Japanese letters on one side, and on the bag containing it was this wish :

"Defend you  
From seasons such as these."

There was no card, but the wrapper bore a request "Return to Box X, Med. College, Baltimore." I am much mystified by this solicitude for my impaired circulation; but don't you dare explain by any puns on affairs of the heart!

When I tore off the wrappings on which I recognized dear Margery Daw's hieroglyphics, out tumbled a set of six bags that somehow reminded me of a wish for bags I once expressed when groaning over my autumnal packing. This set was made of gray grass linen, each bag shaped like a thumbless mitten, worked with green silk, and tying with silk braid of the same satisfying color. One pair is to inclose shoes when going on a journey, and I immediately tied a pair up just to see how much nicer the bags were than newspaper. The other sets were for slippers and rubbers. They



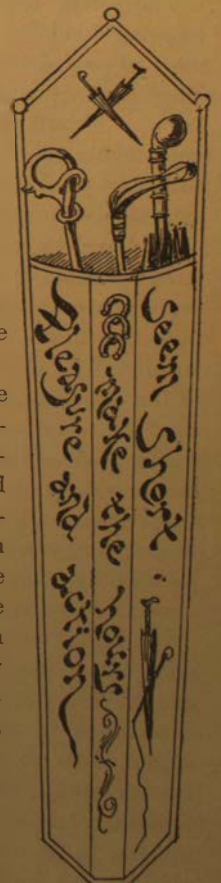
SHOE BAGS.



BUTTON BAG.

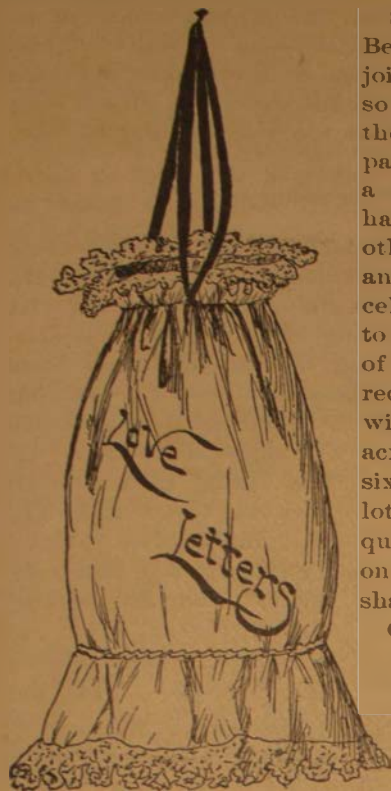
make me long to pack my trunk for the homeward journey.

A very trim bundle suggested Aunt Jane even before the address was seen. It contained a set of four oblong bags for holding pieces, cotton, wool, and silk, and braids and trimmings, made of gay cretonne, each different in color and design yet harmonizing so thoroughly that there is no thought of their quarreling in the quiet recesses of a closet. I shall find them as useful as Aunt Jane could wish. My methodical soul is harrowed with recollections of the minutes—hours!—I've lost hunting through my trunk for an appropriate bit for a hurried mending. But I shall enjoy peace of mind from henceforth. Not only are my scraps safely lodged, but I now have quarters for buttons, and indeed for each article used in sewing.



FOR UMBRELLAS.





"TO HANG BESIDE YOUR BED."

See this button-bag from Belle. It is not one, but three, joined with the drawing-string so that one pull opens or closes the set. The silks shade from pale yellow to orange, and it is a delight to the eyes. It now hangs from my key-rack. Another button-bag I have, too, and large enough for the miscellaneous collection belonging to a large family. It is square, of écreu duck embroidered in dark red, very simple and very pretty, with a row of little red balls across the bottom. All these six sets of usefulness fell to my lot in one shower, and I was quite bewildered by demands on qualities in which I am shaky.

Of course, I thought this was all my birthday, for mother usually joins father in a gift of money; and I'll whisper



BIBLE COVER.

softly that I felt a bit as I did that awful Christmas we spent at Grandpa Thurston's when mother was so ill, and all candy and dear frivolity was left out of the stockings.

If the bags are strictly useful, they make a brave show, and were much admired by all the family. We live in the most generous, social way on this genuine Southern plantation. If one finds the proverbial sixpence, all the house gathers to rejoice with her.

This morning I had Robin Hood saddled, and with big Benno for guard cantered down to the Bend for my mail. I expected nothing but a letter or two and a magazine, but was glad of an excuse to spin through the clear, slightly frosty air. But such a surprise as I found! There were parcels big and parcels little, round, square, smooth, and humpy. Uncle Reuben—I have dropped into the cordial Southern fashion—lowed he never knew one woman so favored with mail matter; feared the price of stamps would rise; reckoned my folks thought a right smart heap of me!

I borrowed a meal-bag, and with it laid across the pommel I started homeward; but, tell it not in Gath, as soon as I reached a retired spot on the branch I tethered Robin where he could nibble canes, and then emptied the contents of the sack on the clean pine straw, and tore off the wrappings like any happy, excited child. But I don't believe any child would live through the surprises I received during the next hour.

First came a heavy box, on which was a small fortune in canceled stamps, directed in Harry's chubby hand. How I laughed as I gazed with moist eyes at the brilliant pink silk bag, full of *bombons*, on which a most realistic tree-toad was hopping toward sweets forever beyond his reach. "*Servez vous,*" wrote Harry, airing both his newly acquired French and new engraved cards. Robin turned his big eyes on me and I rewarded his sympathy with a dozen chocolates.

A small box was opened next, on the principle that extremes are neighbors. It contained a dark maroon plush bag for my opera-glasses. There is a stiff bottom shaped like the

larger end of the glasses, covered both sides with plush. Around this is a strip of plush, slightly full, lined with satin of the same shade, and drawing up with a cord. It is very pretty and rich, and I shall hang it on my arm when I go into the city for *Mardi Gras*.

Two long rolls challenged my attention. One was a large laundry-bag made of a square of twilled linen, embroidered in outline stitch with a washday scene in rope floss. A two-inch hem runs all around, and at the top a strip of wood is slipped in, holding the bag flat like a panel. Rings are screwed into the wood, by which the bag is hung on a closet door. The back is plain except for an upright slit of ten inches, bound with brown ribbon, through which the soiled articles are introduced. Two smaller bags of the same material and drawing up with brown ribbon are hung from the ends of the rod. One is for collars and cuffs, and the other for any articles that it is desirable to keep separate. From the other roll fell out a long, narrow case; I was not slow in recognizing it was designed for rug, umbrella, and sunshade, with a space between the pockets for my riding-crop. This bag, by courtesy, insists that

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."

I was quite overwhelmed by this time, yet the half had not been examined. A flat package that suggested a birthday card, proved to be a bag the like of which I have never seen, and the use of which I could not divine. It consists of a round bottom and long sides of very delicate blue-and-white China silk with much white lace. Wait! I'll try and sketch it. A note from Dora, besides birthday felicitations, explained

that bag's intended use. "This is to hang beside your bed," she wrote, "and Tom says it is for



KNITTING BAG.

medicine bottles, while I say it is for love letters." As though I needed a place for either! I cannot think what she meant!

The Fates seemed to enjoy bringing extremes together. An express package contained a revised Bible from mother, all tied up in its traveling-case of seal-brown plush. The case, or bag, fits the volume snugly, the seams being on the outside and bound with satin ribbon couched with gold thread, with a flap lapping over the edges and tying securely. Books are very soon injured when carried about in trunks, and this bag will be very useful.

The next gift that the Fates led me to uncover was nothing less than a chamois bag on one side of which some exceedingly quaint elves were sporting, while on the other in very quaint lettering was:

GAMES OF PATIENCE.

"Think naught a trifle though it small appears."

Inside were two packages of those exquisite imported cards with the lovely blonde and brunette faces. There was no name, but the wrapper referred to that enigmatical "Box X."

It was Sadie who remembered my fondness for knitting,



PARTY BAG.



FOR TRAVELERS.

each side, leaving space to accommodate the points of the needles, which peep out instead of through the bag. The idea is adapted from the larger shopping-bags.

With these three, Bible, solitaire, and knitting, I am armed to meet old age, am I not?

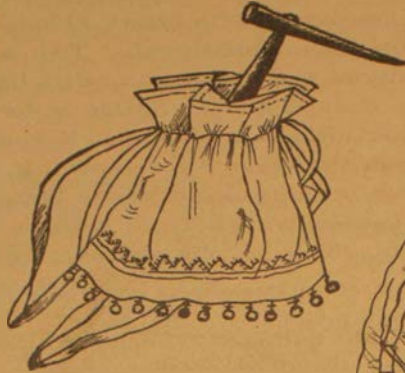
"Vanity of Vanities," was inscribed on the inner wrapper of the next package, from which I drew out the loveliest party-bag of sea-foam satin ribbon. It is made of two lengths of four-inch-wide ribbon, with two sets of pockets on one side, and my monogram in gold thread on the other. In the pockets I can put slippers, fan, handkerchief, gloves, hair-pins, powder, and all the *et ceteras*, without fear of crumpled corners or soiled surfaces. It is a dainty thing, too.

I must not forget my very elegant bag for traveling, the gift of that inveterate globe-trotter, Ida Wrenn. It is of very rich black *faille*, and is shaped like a long purse, a full yard long and a half-yard wide. One end is flat and decorated with a heavy fringe, the other is drawn up and finished with a pompon. A huge monogram decorates the flat side. Ida writes that she finds her bag very useful in carrying to and from the lavatory

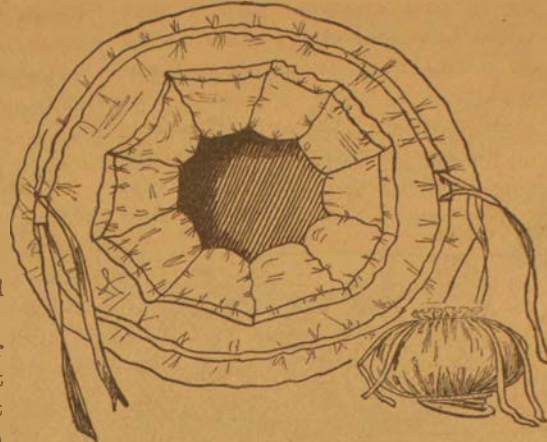
of a sleeper any articles of dress or toilet that it is awkward to carry in plain sight on the arm; and that she packs in hers a nightdress and dressing-gown, traveling cap and light wrap, and any other similar articles that overflow from the satchel. The rings are wound with ribbon, and joined by a length of ribbon which prevents their slipping off when the bag is empty.

A heavy box, suggestive of more confectionery, surprised me with a coarse canvas bag feather-stitched with dark blue, and trimmed on the bottom with silver sequins. This contains assorted nickel nails and tacks, with a tiny hammer poking its nose over the edge. It was Bob's indulgence of my passion for pounding nails, and makes me feel delightfully independent.

with the prettiest and most convenient bag for carrying work, needles and all. The outer case is of brocade, a rich Persian design, over a stiff canvas inner lining, that does not reach quite to the edges. The satin lining and the outside are gathered and drawn up at



FOR NAILS AND TACKS.



STOCKING OR WORK BAG.

larger one, of gay cretonne, for a stocking bag. The pockets are irregular in width, four being large enough to hold a pair of stockings each, while



FOR DUSTERS.

the others are for needles, cottons, and silks, and for the gourd, on which were etched my initials, the date, and *Ich dien*. The bottom of this bag is double, and forms a case for darning-needles.

A novel bag for dusters was like a long silk purse with ivory rings,

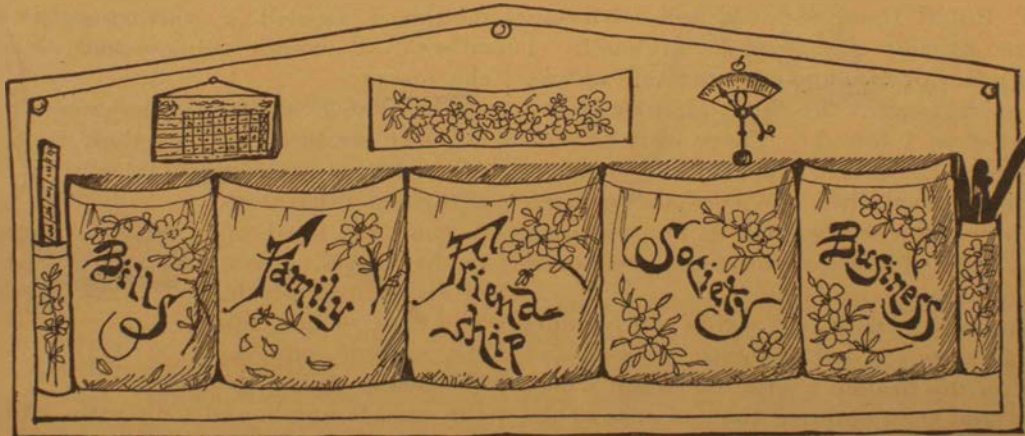
having a silk square in one end and a cheese-cloth one in the other. And there was another cute little bag for holding a duster, fit for my lady's parlor. It is made of pretty India silk,—two half-circles shirred on bonnet wire and bent into an oval. Then it is fastened to a slender towel-ring, only half of which extends above the bag. I should think the bag is nearly twice the diameter of the ring, as it puffs out gracefully. Bows at each side, and on the ring, to hang by, complete this very dainty trifle. Of course a set of soft batiste dusters, buttonholed with floss, accompanied the holder. I'll have to dust my pretty things myself after this, for the set of cloths would not last Tempie one week.

When I found courage to open the largest bundle of all, I found a card—"From the Pleiades"—and a bag from each of the seven Starr girls. One was of lovely mauve corded bengaline, simple, about nine inches wide and fifteen long, drawing up with generous ribbons, carrying besides my work the wish,

"Heaven grant you many merry days."

Another was one of those crocheted bags for handkerchiefs, of the same lovely color and perfumed with Russian violets, containing a square of white silk daintily embroidered with tiny mauve violets,—just the thing to tuck into my bodice. Then there was another work-bag, of terra cotta silk lined with a lighter shade. The bottom is a round about four inches in diameter, with a piece seven inches deep gathered around it, so that when opened the bag will lie flat. On

the lining is a row of pockets, three and one-half inches deep, each drawing up independently. They are marked, thread, twist, silk, cotton, tape, pins, needles, and buttons. This was from Kate; while Susie made a similar, but much



CATCH-ALL FOR WRITING-DESK.

What I prize most of all in this package is a "catch-all" to hang near my writing-table, made of soft gray ooze leather stretched over buckram. The five pockets are designed to hold bills, and unanswered letters that may be classified as "Family," "Friendship," "Society," "Business." There is provision for a calendar and letter-scale, and an oblong pocket at each side is a fine prison for ruler, paper-knife, and similar trifles that show a natural perversity in mislaying themselves. It is painted with wild roses, from among which this sentiment peeps forth:

"Thou art a brier rose whose buds  
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee."

I think this ends the list; though with such a collection I may have missed several. While they lay scattered on the ground and I was pondering the problem of getting them all back in the meal-sack and hoisted on Robin's back, Colonel Cary appeared with the "conveyance" and toted them all to the house for me.

How I wish the dear givers could peep in my room and watch the servants turn the gay bags over, chattering all the while in their soft, musical voices!

"Oh! law now, honey! dem ladies what make dese yer must ah hab silk eyes," is Aunt Tempie's comment.

"They's all that ah way in the Norf," asserted Aunt Millie. "But I ain't a-salutin' on your eyes, Mis' Mallie," she added, very politely, to my hostess, who was warming her feet at my fire and enjoying the bag-show as much as anyone.

My letter has stretched to a tremendous length, but not to the end of your patience, I hope. I shall never cease to thank you for your scheme for celebrating my birthday, you dear old soul! May you live forever!

Your loving  
ROSE.

P. S.—*Saturday*, 6.30 A.M.—Rafael has just knocked at my door with the announcement, "Massa Reuben he say he done forgit this yere bun'le somehow, an' he 'low you are to 'scuse he."

The "bun'le" when freed from its wrappings disclosed a small package with the mark of "Box X," and a belated letter from Doctor Morrow, postmarked Baltimore, saying that when he first received your invitation to join the birthday bag celebration with a *châtelaine*, he rushed to a jeweler's for a *châtelaine* pin; but that later, when he reread the note, he concluded that you meant a bag, and he hoped that both would not come amiss. The bag is of tan leather with silver mountings; and with the watch-pin was this wish,

"May life bear for thee golden fruit."  
R. T.

HARRIET CUSHMAN WILKIE.

### The Glorious Fourth. (See Full-page Water-Color.)

PROBABLY the shortest day in the cycle of the year to American youth is the day we celebrate our dearly won independence. On this day of all days all restraint is removed, and, in a very hubbub of powwow, liberty is defined as license; the boy who can make the most overpowering noise and has the nearest escape from having the members of his body blown to the cardinal points of the compass is the hero of the neighborhood. Truly,

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch"

o'er these venturesome youths.

The jolly boy in our picture is commended to the cherub's care with confident trust that though night will find him a very tired little boy he will be none the worse for his intimate companionship with gunpowder; and that while riding his "cock-horse to Banbury Cross" his fiery steed may not become unmanageable.

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## What Women Are Doing.

Mrs. H. R. Temple is President of the First National Bank of Lexington, Nebraska, and Miss Temple is Vice-President.

Henceforth women will be admitted to the post-graduate courses at Harvard. It is stipulated, however, that they must first register as students of Radcliffe College.

Lulu B. George, wall-paper designer, of New York, drew a Chinese azalea pattern which proved so popular that three hundred thousand rolls of the paper have been sold.

Miss Elizabeth Burrill Curtis, the young daughter of the late George William Curtis, is among the New York women who are taking an active part in the effort to secure suffrage for women.

Mme. Bibi-Radya-Kouldbouiarow, the first Mahometan woman to pass the examinations and receive a diploma as doctor of medicine, has been appointed by the Russian Government as principal medical officer of the town of Kassiman.

A recent debate on woman suffrage at Bryn Mawr is said to have aroused more excitement than anything had ever done before among the girls of that conservative Pennsylvania college. The vote was a tie.

Miss Agnes Irwin, of the senior class of Barnard College, N. Y., represents her college on the editorial staff of the *Columbia Literary Monthly*, Columbia having extended an invitation to the sister college to be thus represented.

Miss Olive Schreiner that was, since her marriage calls herself Mrs. Olive Schreiner. Her husband, however, has changed his maiden name by making his wife's family name his surname, so that his visiting cards now read, "Mr. Cronwright Schreiner."

Miss Agnes Irwin, of Philadelphia, is the newly appointed dean of Radcliffe College, and she will enter upon the duties of her position in the autumn. Miss Irwin has a brilliant record as a teacher, and possesses those social and executive qualities which augur well for her success in her new position. She will spend the summer in rest and recreation abroad.

Miss Mary Westfall, of California, during the past eight years has been gathering, classifying, and exhibiting Pacific sea mosses and algæ. Hers is probably the best and most beautiful collection in the world. She has made a special study of marine botany, and has arranged with exquisite skill her superb collection of more than three thousand specimens. Scientists who saw a portion of Miss Westfall's collection in the Woman's Building at Chicago were enthusiastic in their praise of her work.

Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie has the satisfaction of being the first woman elected to membership in the New York Yacht Club. Though not admitted to the use of the clubhouse on a footing with men, a freedom no woman would desire, Mrs. Carnegie receives all the privileges she wishes,—the flying of the club burgee, of entering races, and the use of the club stations and floats, which extend from Bay Ridge to Vineyard Haven. Mrs. Carnegie is an enthusiastic yachswoman, and her new steam-yacht *Dungeness* will be an important addition to the club fleet.

Dr. Anna Bayerova and Dr. Bohmuila Kectova have been appointed by the Austrian Government provincial physicians of Bosnia. Both of these women studied the regular course for high schools for girls, and afterwards prepared themselves by private study for the University. They graduated in medicine at Zurich. Their appointment is a recent innovation, as for years women have tried to secure permission from the Government to practice medicine in Austria, but were repeatedly refused.

Jennie Creek, only ten years old, living in Milford, Indiana, has received from the French Government a medal, bearing the insignia of the Legion of Honor, which is awarded only in recognition of acts of heroism. Jennie was walking along a railroad track last summer and discovered the trestle across a deep ravine on fire. A World's Fair Express was almost due, and with rare presence of mind the child tore off her red flannel petticoat and ran swiftly down the track waving her danger signal. She stopped the train in time; among the grateful passengers were some French Commissioners who reported the incident to President Carnot.

# The World's Progress.

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

## Disarmament of European Armies.

A condition of affairs which would allow of the disarmament of at least a percentage of their large armies is a matter of vast importance to the rulers of European powers, and one which has received much consideration and attention. It has required an enormous expense for these mighty powers to maintain the armed bodies of men which at present are quartered in their respective domains, and it can be readily seen that every possible channel to curtail expenses in this direction is being utilized to avert, if possible, threatened financial embarrassment.

The recent meeting and conference of the Emperors of Austria and Germany and the King of Italy, as well as the Franco-Russian treaty, all tend to show the desires of these monarchs. Universal interest has been renewed on the situation, and no one doubts that the foremost desire of these notables is for peace, not the armed peace which for some time has been maintained at such an enormous cost, but peace solemn and profound, so that disarmament can be put into operation at once. This would be a source of immediate relief from taxation, and, furthermore, would permit the return of millions of men to the field of labor.

For some time matters have been gradually assuming a decisive course. The advances of Emperor William were responded to by the Czar with warm cordiality; a decoration was sent by Francis Joseph to M. Carnot, President of the French Republic; and King Humbert was extremely profuse in his protestations of friendship to France. Under the guidance of the young Emperor it was even thought that a treaty would be entered into, and that five of the sovereigns would agree to disarmament. The prospects for immediate agreement, however, are not so bright, and things go on in much the same course. Signor Crispi rises in the Italian Parliament and asks for "extraordinary powers," but does not mention a word about reducing Italy's armament. The day of disarmament has not yet come, and it may be diplomacy which induces Italy's strong man not to take the more powerful nations at their words, but judge them rather by their actions. At all events, he apparently cannot see any just reason why the weakest of nations should be the first one to disarm. Meanwhile, international arbitration has proved a great success; and as the idea of disarmament is growing in popularity, it is thought that it will be effected through this source.

## The Coal Strike.

The extensive coal strike which has been in operation for some time has created more than an ordinary amount of interest; the outcome of the difficulty is doubtful, for like all matters involving the two powers "capital and labor" it is a trial of strength and endurance on both sides. The evil effects of the situation are already felt in different sections of the country. Large manufactories are being compelled, through lack of fuel, to temporarily discontinue work; railroads are unable to run their full complement of trains, and the prospects are, unless the difficulty is soon overcome and the strike ended, that the situation may become as serious as that in Great Britain last year, when the great coal strike caused such distress that the government was obliged to interfere, and through the agency of Lord Rosebery effected a compromise, by virtue of which mining was resumed. It is of course out of the question that laws be constituted to prevent strikes, even though they may be unreasonable and productive of hardship and suffering. Legislative action might remedy the evil to some extent; but so long as employers are free to fix the amount of wages they are willing to pay, those to whom the wages are offered must be free to refuse them. The present strike is not as serious as it might be; there are a number of substitutes which may be utilized in place of the article of which consumers are deprived by the strike. Besides this, a large amount of soft coal is imported from both Nova Scotia and Great Britain, so that there is no immediate danger of a coal famine. In instances of this kind in the past, arbitration has been very successful; and the present indications are that the trouble may be satisfactorily adjusted in this manner.

## Half a Century of Telegraphy.

On May 24, 1844, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse transmitted the first telegraphic message, the points of transmission being from Baltimore to Washington. The original message, though short in sentence and simple in its construction, was all-powerful

and appreciative in its earnestness. "What hath God wrought" was an inspiration well worthy of the occasion, and was suggested by Mrs. Ellsworth, the wife of Mr. Henry G. Ellsworth, who at that time was Commissioner of Patents.

The idea of telegraphy had suggested itself to Professor Morse some years previous, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean on his return from an extended European trip which he had undertaken in furtherance of his art career. The vessel on which the professor was traveling was the packet-ship "Sully," commanded by Captain Bell, who still resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. The passengers, it is stated, were a particularly intellectual set of men, and to while away the tedious hours of a long ocean-voyage were wont to assemble and indulge in discussions which frequently took a scientific turn. Among the passengers was Dr. Chas. T. Jackson, of Boston, who in the course of a discussion on the merits of electricity made a remark on the facility with which an electric current could traverse a circuit of wire. Professor Morse had made a special study of electricity during his career at Yale College, and the idea suggested itself that if electricity could be carried through a circuit of wire it could make itself known at any given point; in other words, he thought that as electricity could be made visible at any part of a circuit, there was no reason why intelligence should not be transmitted in this respect. Leaving his companions in the cabin of the ship he went on deck, and after some time spent in thought he evolved what afterwards was developed into the present telegraphic code.

This was about fifteen years previous to the adoption of telegraphy; for when Morse landed in America he was so poor that he had to give all his time to art, and it was only when he attained a professorship in the University of the City of New York that he was enabled to spare the required time and money for experiments. The first important step toward the completion of his invention was when he became acquainted with Alfred Vale and Professor L. D. Gale, who gave him necessary aid and advice in futhering his plans. On January 24, 1838, a meeting was held in the geological cabinet of the university, and they found matters so arranged that they succeeded in sending messages to one another, to their intense delight. After this, Morse was enabled to show his invention to Martin Van Buren, at that time President of the United States. Later, he tried to secure the cooperation of Congress to establish an experimental line between Baltimore and Washington, but in this he failed, and was met at every point with ridicule and sarcasm, members of the House even going so far as to ask what extent mesmerism had to do with the invention. Finally, in 1843, John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, proposed to appropriate \$30,000 for a series of experiments to test the virtues of the scheme, but even this was defeated by ridicule. In the course of time, however, the bill finally passed the House and was sent to the Senate, where it was buried under other matters which seemed more important in the eyes of the people's representatives. Towards the close of the session Morse became disconsolate and was preparing to leave Washington without knowing the fate of the bill. On the day of his intended departure for New York he was met by Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who offered her congratulations and informed him that the bill had passed just five minutes before the adjournment of Congress. It required a little more than a year to complete arrangements, but finally matters were all arranged; a small room in the east front of the Capitol was fitted up, and in Baltimore the Mount Clair Depot was used. Morse had promised Miss Ellsworth that she should indite the first message; and when all was ready she gave him the message which had been suggested by her mother, and "What hath God wrought" went on record as the first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph. The line was not opened for business until April 1, 1845, the first day's receipts being one cent. Although telegraphy had proved its great utility it was not recognized by the government in proportion to its merit, and it was not until the war broke out that it was truly appreciated.

Now that the first half-century has passed since its introduction, we look back and wonder how progress could ever have been made were it not for telegraphy. To show the importance of this invention we have only to consider that there are some 2,000,000 miles of telegraph wire in the world to-day, besides some 150,000 miles of submarine cable. The original machines with which the first message was sent are still in existence, and are kept at the Western Union Building on Broadway, New York.

## Heating Metal by Water.

One of the recent experiments in which electricity has figured is "heating iron or steel by plunging it into a bucket of water." The phenomenon was illustrated experimentally to thousands of people at the Columbian Exposition last year, and since that time it has been put to practical purposes and has been found a valuable substitute for the ordinary forge-fire as used by blacksmiths and others. The water-pail forge, as it is now commonly called, can be seen in operation daily at the works of the Edison Illuminating Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. What makes this forge more remarkable is its simplicity of manufacture. Across the top of an ordinary wooden bucket is placed a bar of iron to which a negative pole of a dynamo is attached by a wire, the other pole of the machine being attached to a copper plate at the bottom of the bucket. When it is desired to have a piece of iron or steel heated, a workman places the article in the water, allowing it

to touch the cross bar. This completes the circuit, and in a few moments the iron is hot enough to be readily worked by the blacksmith's hammer.

#### The Sun's Power on Microbes.

An interesting and important experiment was lately conducted by Dr. Palermo at Naples. In the course of scientific studies, Dr. Palermo has given special attention to the relative action of sunshine and darkness on microbes. He claims that his researches have proven that in addition to checking the multiplication of micro-organisms, sunlight is especially baneful to those which are noxious to human or animal life. In the experiment mentioned, Dr. Palermo exposed the bacilli of Asiatic cholera to the sunlight for four hours, and finding them still alive, he administered them to a guinea-pig. Taking at the same time other germs of a similar nature which had been kept in a dark room for an equal time, he administered them to another guinea-pig. In about eighteen hours the latter animal died from Asiatic cholera, while the former, charged with the sun-cured bacilli, remained perfectly well. Subsequently the Doctor inoculated the animal with the most virulent cholera microbes, but they had no effect upon it; exposure to the sun's rays had, besides destroying the disease-producing powers of the microbes, made them active and efficient agents in resisting their still virulent brethren.

#### Bullet-Proof Garments.

Science is making rapid progress in the matter of bullet-proof articles of wearing apparel, and the indications are that one will soon be able to don an attire of the most approved style and be impregnable to the projectiles of either rifle or revolver. Some time ago it was announced in the columns of the press throughout the country, that a German inventor had discovered a method of manufacturing a garment which was, according to claims, bullet proof. Considerable interest was caused by the announcement, as it was further reported that after due investigation the German government proposed equipping its soldiers in a uniform made from this wonderful material. According to reports from England, the German inventor will now be obliged to take a back seat, and his invention will appear very insignificant in comparison to the discovery of an English rifle expert, Mr. Manard Hubner, who claims to have discovered a method of manufacturing a bullet-proof material so light in texture that it can be utilized for manufacturing garments for women. Mr. Hubner in presenting his claims proves his assertion by exhibiting a young woman who is attired in an apparently fashionable tailor-made gown: after firing at a number of gauge-rolled plates to show the velocity of the bullets, he stands about ten yards from her and fires, and while the plates were each penetrated by the rifle projectiles, the only indication that the woman had been hit was a dull thud. A second test being required, an officer present held a card in front of the woman while the inventor fired at her. At the discharge of the rifle the card was penetrated and the bullet afterwards found imbedded in the material of the dress. The invention is patented; and Mr. Hubner says that were he to tell the secret of his discovery he would be laughed at. But, nevertheless, he claims that his material can be made strong enough to resist the riddling of a Gatling gun. It is Mr. Hubner's intention to present his secret to the British Government. The bullet-proof material, he states, can be manufactured cheaply, as the article on which he bases his discovery is very plentiful in India.

#### The Danger of Water Filters.

Somewhat of a surprise was created recently by Dr. Swarts of the Rhode Island Medical Society, who declared that water filters, as regards their worth for purifying water, are a failure. According to this noted scientist, not alone are they worthless as water purifiers, but their use is extremely dangerous to health. As proof of this assertion, Dr. Swarts took some unfiltered water, in which he showed thirty-six different specimens of animal and vegetable matter, poured this through a filter which had been in use for two days, and created considerable surprise by proving that as the water passed through the filter there were thousands of new germs added to it. In explanation of this the doctor says that as the filter is used from day to day it collects the impure substances, and these, as is readily seen, render the water more impure than when no filter is used at all; so that unless some method is devised by which filters can be thoroughly cleaned at least once a day, it is discretion to dispose of their use entirely.

#### Damascus Steel.

Iowa has an inventive genius who claims to have discovered the long-lost art of manufacturing Damascus steel. If reports be true, he has discovered what experts in cutlery have been experimenting on for the past century. As proof of his claims, the inventor has given to eminent scientists specimens for analysis; and while they have been guarded in their declarations they have not hesitated in expressing approval and wonder. A most remarkable feature about the method is the time saved in manufacture. Instead of requiring from three weeks to a month to produce a finished article, the inventor takes common wrought iron, and after fusing it in a crucible adds his chemicals, in

which lies the secret of his discovery. The melted metal is then poured directly into molds of whatever he may desire to produce, it cools, is tempered and polished, and the article is finished. Analyses of manufactured articles show that this steel tempers two points higher than ordinary, and within two points of the diamond. It does not contain any carbon, requires no rolling, and, as mentioned, the finished article can be molded instead of hammered. The inventor has not patented his idea, and will not; but he hopes that when he shows to the world a sword blade that bends double and springs back to its original shape, all will then admit what he now claims,—that he can really produce one of the ancient wonders, Damascus steel.

#### Natural Gas.

A Russian scientist who claims to have thoroughly investigated the source of natural gas advances the theory that it is produced by salt water coming in contact with the molten carbides in the earth's interior. It is reported that he has proved the correctness of his assertion to some extent by subjecting salt water to the conditions mentioned, and producing a gas which could not be distinguished from the natural article. Should this report be true there is not much danger of natural gas exhausting itself, as the moist condition of the earth should always furnish the source of a continuous supply.

#### Coaching.

The promise of an electric road which shall carry passengers over the ninety miles between New York and Philadelphia in half the time of fast express-trains is exceeded in novelty by the running of stage coaches between those cities in ten hours. In the days of old, before the Camden and Amboy Railroad began to run its curious engines and cars, the stages spent from two to three days on the road. No one seemed to think of using better horses, or of improving the roadbed, and so the old stages easily yielded to the railroad. Not much has been done even yet in making the old road what it should be; but better horses and more of them carry the coaches through in daylight. It will be observed that the ten hours running time with the hour for lunch at Princeton, which is half way, is almost the time made by the bicycle clubs in their century runs. Herein lies a hint for coaching people: for where the club runs are made, there a good team should do as well. This modern coaching is rather expensive; fifteen dollars a seat one way, with some assurance of social standing. But it has an element of usefulness in it, which no race-course nor jockey club can ever claim. Every trip of such a coach is the accomplishment of a thing which may be of vast practical importance at some unforeseen occurrence, and in this view other wealthy people would do well to start stages from Boston to Providence, Baltimore to Washington, and many other places too numerous to be mentioned. Without prophesying what this unforeseen occurrence might be, for it might be a strike, a riot, or something quite different, there is one event which it is easy to foresee. No man or woman who is able to pay fifteen dollars for an all-day ride will be content to be bounced over the rough portions of the road, when it is known that enough money is annually wasted to make the road hard and smooth. The unawakened public are disposed to laugh at a boulevard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, though it is merely proposed as an antidote for hard times; but the road may yet be built when electric carriages take their place beside safety bicycles and pneumatic-tired transcontinental coaches. Economically speaking in broad terms, nothing would be healthier, nothing better for our people, than long drives through our own fair land. Acquaintance will beget respect, and traffic will break down sectionalism; while there are any quantity of statistics to prove that every farm will be increased in value by a good road which is a part of a great system.

#### Woman Suffrage.

The movements both for and against woman suffrage have assumed an importance in New York State never attained before, and occupy a position in public interest second to no other topic. Arguments for and against, by the ablest speakers of both parties, are listened to by large and intelligent gatherings of impartial hearers as well as enthusiastic adherents of each party. The calm watchers on the heights who in all such movements take large views and see in them the making of history are in no way surprised by this fresh manifestation of the advancement of womanhood, and consider it the natural outcome of the astonishing results given to the world last year in woman's cooperative work at the World's Columbian Exposition. The world perhaps first learned to know woman there, and woman to know herself. The meeting of notable women from all parts of the world during the Woman's Congress and the exchange of thought thus afforded advanced the cause of humanity—not woman's cause, as people are wont to say, for woman's progress means the growth of the family, and in her upward flight she will thus take man with her—more than fifty years of ordinary everyday conditions could have done.

The Anti-suffragists have closed their offices after securing fifteen thousand signatures to their petition to the Convention, which disclaims any desire to meddle with affairs masculine; but the enthusiasm of those in favor of woman suffrage grows daily, and their plans for the summer's campaign are laid with an energy and skill which bodes well for the ultimate success of their aims.

**Puzzles.**

**THE PRIZE PUZZLE.**

A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

By Miss L. A., of OUTVILLE, OHIO.

It seems a very happy chance that the winner of the prize in the puzzle contest should have chosen so significant a subject for a puzzle that must be published in the month of all the year that contains "the day we celebrate." The appropriateness of the subject to the season, however, had nothing whatever to do with the decision in awarding the prize. The choice was first narrowed down to three, from which number the judges, after mature deliberation, made their decision. The writers were not even remotely known to any of the judges, and the work was weighed solely upon its merits. Following is the puzzle :

Take twelve words of six letters each, the first meaning a part of a gun ; the second, a piece of flesh ; the third, to swallow hastily ; the fourth, applause ; the fifth, an astronomical apparatus ; the sixth, a label ; the seventh, a girl's name ; the eighth, a city of Europe ; the ninth, a tropical bird ; the tenth, a farm utensil ; the eleventh, a kind of apple ; and the twelfth, a star. If the correct words are chosen and arranged in the order given, the letters, beginning at the right or left, corresponding to the "o's" in the diagram, will spell the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

1.	o	.	.	.	.	o
2.	.	o	.	.	.	o
3.	.	.	o	o	.	.
4.	.	.	o	o	.	.
5.	.	o	.	.	.	o
6.	o	.	.	.	.	o
7.	o	.	.	.	.	o
8.	.	o	.	.	.	o
9.	.	.	o	o	.	.
10.	.	.	o	o	.	.
11.	.	o	.	.	.	o
12.	o	.	.	.	.	o



**A LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY.**

Write the names of the objects in this picture in the order in which they are numbered ; if named correctly you will have forty-four letters, which must be numbered in the order in which they are written. With the letters numbered 1, 19, 28, 12, 32, 8, 25, 27, 26, 3, 36, 14, 2, 37, 33, and 17, write the beginning of a famous motto of Jefferson's ; complete it with other letters. Then find the name of the man to whom our country is most indebted ; the name of a friend indeed in our country's sorest need ; the name of a patriot

who suffered a long imprisonment for his faithfulness to our cause and country ; the name of the first officer of high rank who fell in the War for Independence ; and the name of one of the earliest pioneers, who carried love of country and independence into the wilderness. Some of the letters will have to be used more than once, and a few of them several times.



**PICTORIAL PUZZLE.**

Find in the picture "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." The central illustration contains the central word of the answer. Name the other objects in the order in which they are numbered, and with the initial letters of the words spell the rest of the solution.

**A FOURTH OF JULY PUZZLE.**

Find the greatest number of distinctly pronounced words in saying "Fourth of July."

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.**

I. C  
o A r  
c a B i n  
t O p  
T

II.

4	3	8
9	5	1
2	7	6

Any other numbers may be taken, if they are all the same multiple of the numbers given.

III. The other little niggers go blackberrying.

IV. The word is

S	t	a	b	l	e	d	Housed.
S	t	a	b	l	e		An animal's home.
T	a	b	l	e	d		Postponed.
T	a	b	l	e			An article of furniture.
A	b	l	e				Competent.
	B	l	e	d			Swindled.
	L	e	d				Guided.
	E	d					A boy's nickname.

V. The animal is CAT.

VI. First, catch a carp, cut off its tail, p, leaving car ; grind a stone to a smooth powder, dust. This gives cardust. Mix, and you have custard.

VII. Mat, Rye, Money,—Matrimony.

VIII. There are seven animals : Bat, Teetee, Seal, Horse, Hare, Lynx, and Ounce. The animal on the scale is the ounce, and there are sixteen ounces to the pound (avoirdupois).

## Sanitarian.

### Adaptation of Food to Work.

**I**N this era of over-stimulation, with the interests of life so vast and the standards of perfection in every calling and profession constantly rising, so that incessant effort is demanded in order to keep up with our rushing progress, it is little wonder that overstrained humanity is constantly dropping out of the ranks, and that a great cry of remonstrance has arisen against this overwork which is killing, or worse than killing, people.

Now as a matter of fact it is not so much overwork that is doing the mischief as it is the way the work is done, and the consequent rules of health that are violated in the doing of it. This is a truth worthy of the deepest consideration, and one that involves far-reaching effects for good or evil.

The prime cause of trouble in the majority of cases is an error of diet, and a failure to recognize the necessity of adapting the fuel supplied to the human machine to its special needs. As a rule, women and girls are more injudicious in their diet than men; and, especially among those whose labor is physical, the error is frequently that of underfeeding, often from motives of economy or because it is too much trouble to prepare the food, not giving the body sufficient nutriment to repair the waste. We seldom hear of physical labor wearing out a man, unless that labor is performed under unhealthful conditions, for he usually eats all the food he requires, and instinctively chooses that which contains most nutriment; moreover, his constant exercise keeps his organs of digestion in an active state which enables them to perform any work within reason that is imposed upon them.

All who are engaged in physical labor should have an abundance of highly nitrogenous foods, and can vary their diet by combinations of all healthful dishes that are obtainable. Underdone beef and well-cooked mutton are the meats they need. Pork should be eaten only by those who have constitutions of iron, who work hard in the open air, and never know what an ache nor a pain is. There is not a disease that human flesh is heir to which pork may not cause, nor a pain it may not produce. A well-known New York physician, referring to pork, has said: "It is the parent of dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, hypochondria, and every other physical ill." If it must be eaten, be sure that it is thoroughly cooked.

The red and dark meats are more stimulating and more readily assimilated than white meats, owing to a property called osmazome contained in their fibrine. It is that principle which gives to meat soups their aroma and taste, and the darker the meat the more osmazome is present. It is almost absent from veal and all young meats, and from the white flesh of poultry.

It is a law of nature, established by the experience of the majority of people in normal health living under the highest civilization, that a variety of foods taken at the same time are more easily digested than only one or two kinds. This of course does not mean immoderate indulgence in large quantities of different things, but judicious selection according to the cravings of appetite. While not all things which we relish are good for us, it is very certain that what we eat with repugnance or distaste does not satisfy the varying needs of the body. Very many substances enter into its composition, and to repair its waste an imperative demand

is made that like shall supply like. We do not often err in following the dictates of natural taste which prompt us to combine vegetables with meat, dry foods with liquid substances, and the sweet with the sour.

All the vegetables that bountiful nature provides us with can vary the diet of those employed in manual labor; onions, cabbage, baked beans, turnips, carrots, and peas being especially good for them. They can eat all the cereals, but should choose corn and rye bread in preference to wheat, and should be sure to eat aperient fruits, as apples, oranges, figs, dates, and berries, with all cereals, to counteract the clogging effect of their starch, which, it must be borne in mind, is not digested at all in the stomach. The so-called aperient fruits stimulate the flow of intestinal juices, and are a sure means of overcoming constipation, a malady which excessive use of cereals greatly encourages and often produces.

White bread is much more healthful when cut in thin slices and toasted brown, as that process transforms the starch into dextrine, and thus saves one of the labors of digestion. It has yet to pass through another chemical change into glucose before it can be assimilated. An interesting fact that ought to be widely known is this: common dried figs contain sixty-eight per cent. of glucose, which when eaten is in exactly the condition which the starch of cereal foods attains only after a prolonged and nerve-wearing tax upon the digestive organs.

The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid; it has been estimated that three hours of brain-work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labor. This waste must be replaced by abundant food; but its selection requires careful consideration, and often self-denial, for many things which the physical-worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain-worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body, and rarely gives the latter sufficient exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in a condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that while the waste of the body is much more rapid, its deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating these wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light.

Brain-workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods; they should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs,—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled nor fried,—oysters, and all fresh, green vegetables, especially cool, crisp salads, lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, watercress, etc.,—with *mayonnaise* or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit, and make it form the principal part of luncheon; and be very sparing in their use of cereals, eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheon, which must be light if they continue work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or a cup of hot chocolate,—or, better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk,—with two or three Graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit, an apple, figs, or an orange.

A source of great evil among all workers in America, where few people know the real meaning of leisure, is the widespread habit of eating a hearty meal hurriedly when the body is in a state of exhaustion; too often, alas! the evil is enhanced by the fact that the food is innutritious, badly cooked, and clogging in itself. This is one species of slow suicide, causing a long train of evils which are usually attributed to overwork. Now it were better to go without food than to take it under these conditions. Your dog knows better than to eat when he is tired, and, if you watch him, you will notice that he is always reluctant to be enticed into play after eating; left to himself he will take a nap, or, at

least, drop care for a while and rest. Humanity might raise its standard of health by following the example set by the instincts of the brute creatures.

To the brain-worker who is ground down by hard necessity to hours which are suicidal in their exactions and which make it a seeming impossibility to take any physical exercise, there is but one thing to say: your salvation depends upon taking some exercise, and take it you must! Rise from your seat every two hours and take five or ten minutes' exercise, going through motions that will call into play the leg, hip, and abdominal muscles especially; take at the same time a dozen long, deep breaths, and accustom yourself to do this every hour. It will aid your system greatly in combating the evils of overwork, and need be no interruption to that work.

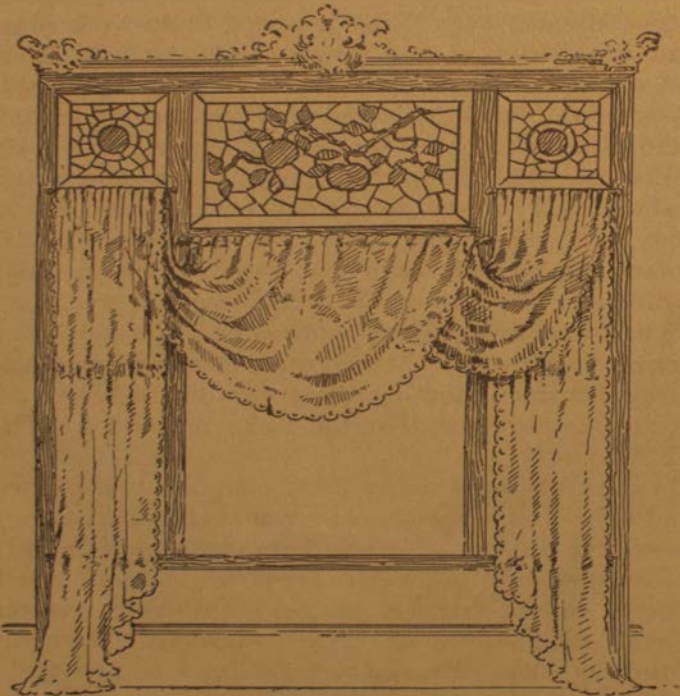
Be sure to rest from ten minutes to half an hour before eating, and give yourself eight hours sleep at night. If a walk is impossible during the day, take a half-hour's walk in the evening, preferably just before retiring. So much has already been said in these columns about bathing and fresh air, that it would be a repetition to add anything further. Suffice it to say that brain-workers more than all others need to order their lives on the most perfect hygienic principles; and if they do it they can accomplish the maximum of good work without falling victims of nervous prostration. Remember, always, that all illness is a violation of some law of nature, and that always, coincident with life, there is a tendency to health.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

## Household.

### The Arrangement of Summer Draperies.

**M**ORE and more as the seasons pass is the individuality of the home-maker expressed in her home; for owing to our increased facilities of communication



1. WINDOW DRAPERY BELOW ILLUMINATED GLASS.

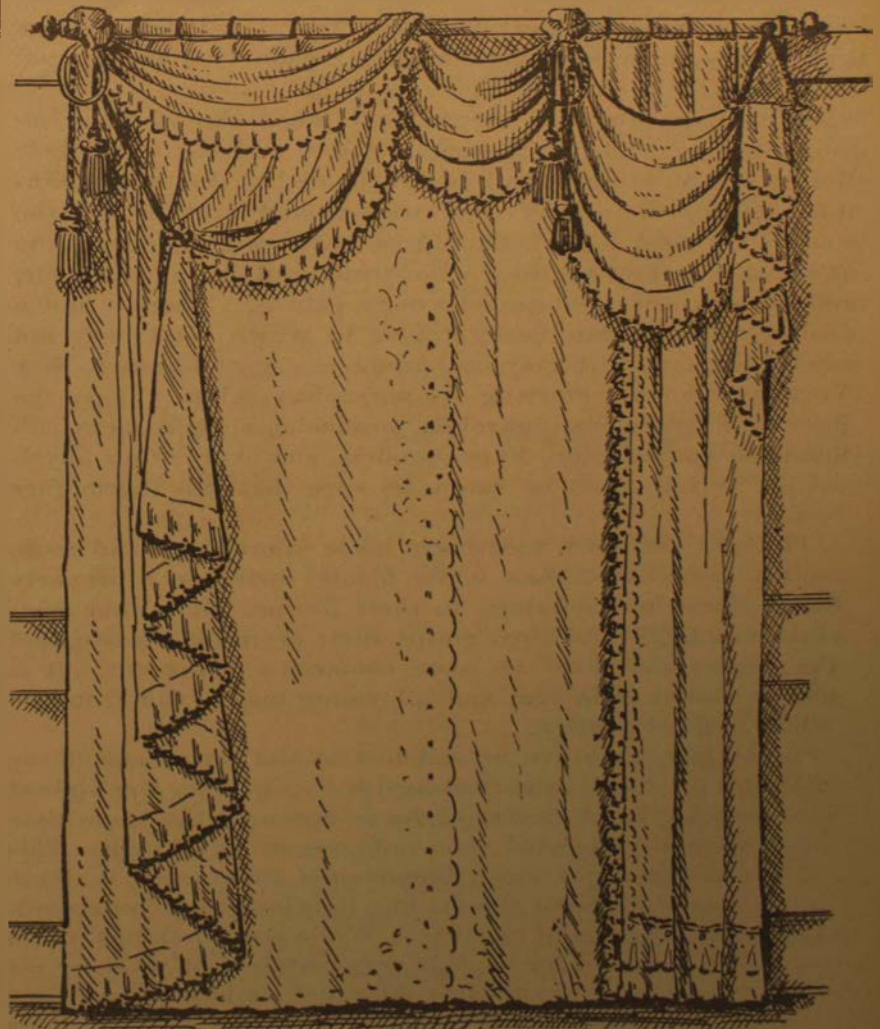
and the constant interchange of thought through the medium of the newspapers and magazines, even women living in comparatively isolated places are able to keep themselves quite up-to-date with regard to new ways of doing things and ingenious devices for increasing home comfort.

Improvements in manufactures and novelties in fabrics are no longer confined to the metropolis and other large commercial centers; because, through the increased demand for the latest and best of everything, country merchants are encouraged to invest in novelties.

Right here, be it said, we have broken away from the traditions of our grandmothers, and no longer have things because our neighbors have them. That is considered sufficient reason for not having a thing. Furnishing is no longer a game of "All We Like Sheep," and "Follow the Leader." Every woman cherishes a commendable ambition to, at least in her own home, prove herself a leader, and to impress

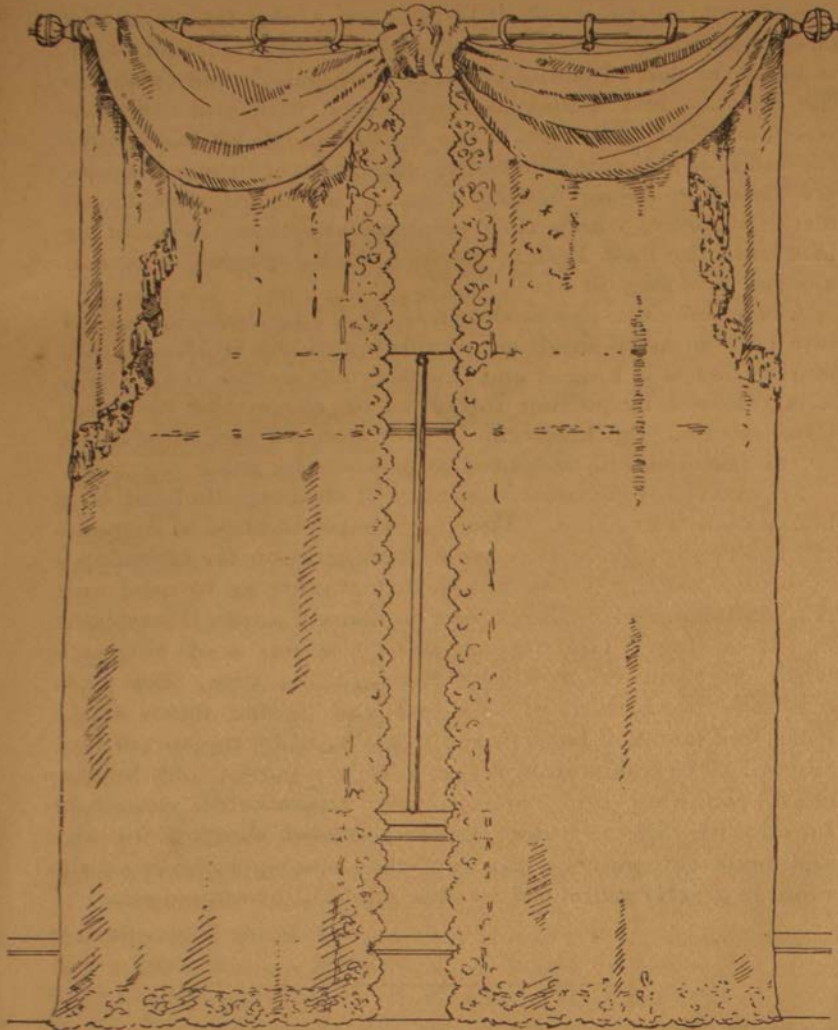
upon her surroundings something of originality. This grows easier every year, with the increased resources at our command; and all over our land now are scattered modest and inexpensive homes by scores and hundreds that are as satisfying to the most exigent artistic sense, and in the creature comforts they afford, as the so-called "cottage" of the millionaire, which is in reality a palace, and for the furnishing of which Europe and the East are ransacked.

Good taste has taught us that we can achieve results just as satisfactory to the æsthetic soul with simple as with expensive means. It has taught us also the beauty of sim-



2. WINDOW DRAPERY OF SILK AND MUSLIN.

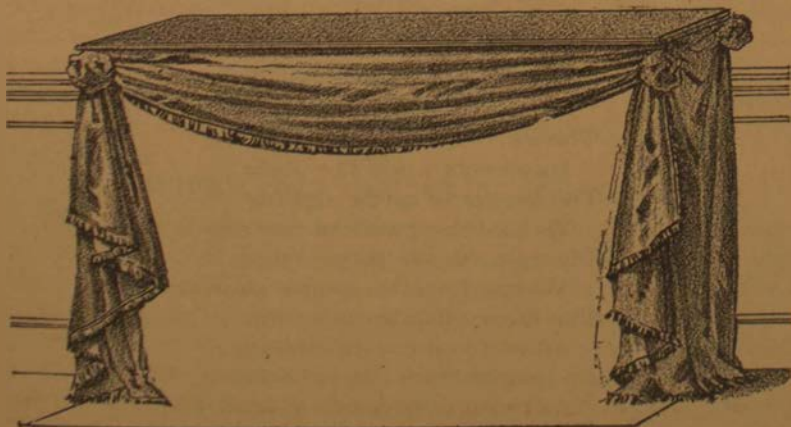




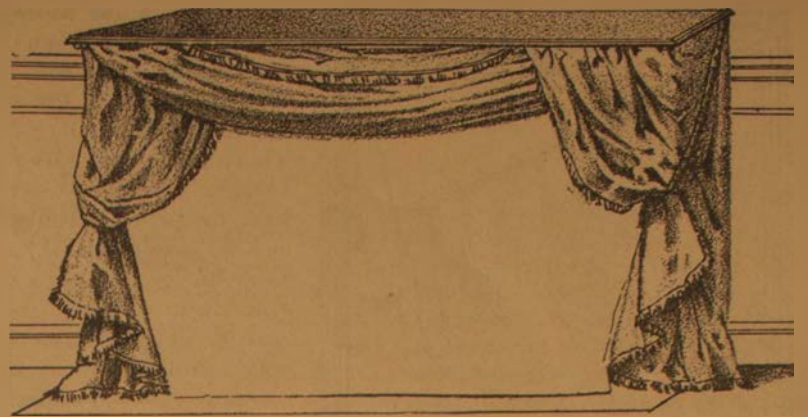
3. WINDOW DRAPERY OF NET AND SILK.

plicity and honesty, and the hideousness of shams; that a simple full curtain of cotton *crêpe* or creamy cheese-cloth is much to be preferred to one of cheap, coarse lace; that a plain ingrain carpet of modest, quiet color is a better choice than a tapestry brussels of showy pattern and gaudy coloring; and that better than any carpet of undesirable color and pattern is a neat matting which will offend no sense and harmonize with everything. This subject being only a digression, however, must not be pursued further; ways of doing things, rather than of not doing them, being the special purport of this talk.

In Demorest's for April last, in an article called "The Drapery Era," new materials for draperies were very fully described, so fabrics themselves will be but incidentally mentioned here. The hanging of curtains at an irregularly shaped window and beneath illuminated glass often proves quite a problem,—and one not always satisfactorily solved.



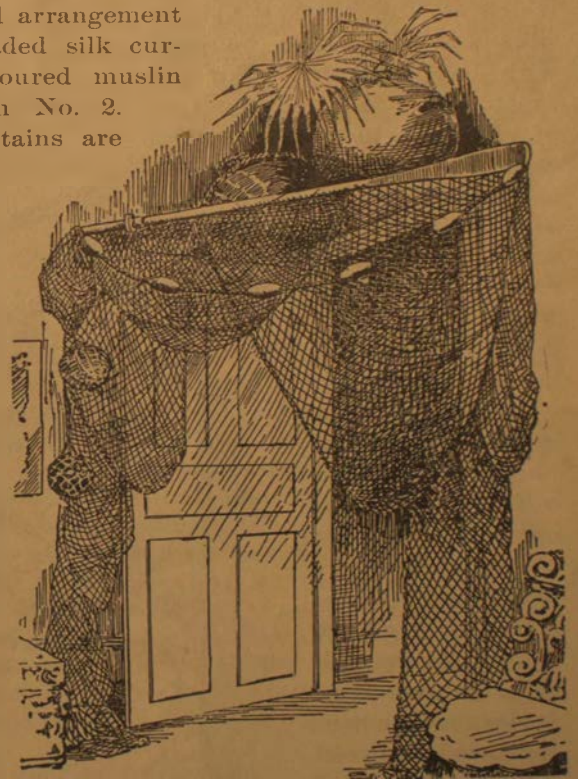
4. MANTEL OR TABLE DRAPERY.



5. MANTEL OR TABLE DRAPERY.

We illustrate a very charming design—No. 1—for such a window, in which a single width of one material—sheer, ivory muslin, scalloped on the edges—is used for the curtains; they are hung from small brass rods fastened just beneath the jewelled glass. The middle drapery must have a shirr run in it through which to pass the rod, as it should look as though held in place by the rod; the sides may be hung in the same way or have brass rings sewn to them. If some color is desired, the middle drapery could be of silk or some of the Oriental fabrics; and the whole design can be effectively carried out in India silk.

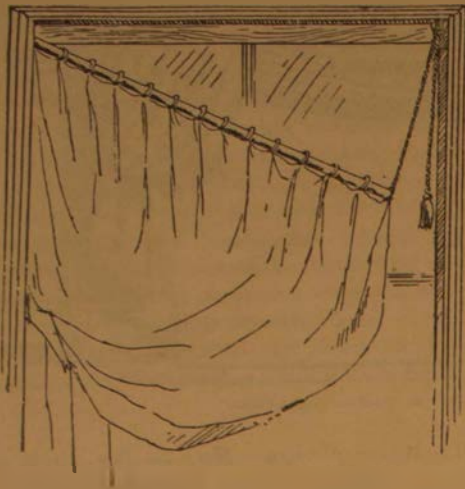
A very graceful arrangement of old-rose brocaded silk curtains over tamboured muslin ones is shown in No. 2. Both sets of curtains are hung from one medium-sized rod finished in ivory. An extra, scarf-like piece of the brocade is draped across the top and fastened with heavy cord and tassels,—old-rose and silver. The arrangement of the silk drapery could be very effectively adapted for the arch of a bow window or an alcove.



6. FISH-NET PORTIÈRE.

Especially cool and summery in appearance is the scarf arrangement in No. 3. The embroidered net curtains are hung from an ivory-finished rod; a scarf of lemon-colored India-silk is knotted over the center of the rod and looped up over the ends. This is a very dainty and graceful way to introduce color when there is a feeling that it is needed and yet white is preferred for the full curtains. The whole effect is so simple that it is as well adapted to bedrooms as to the parlor and living-room.

Illustrations Nos. 4 and 5 contain suggestions that can be adapted to many purposes. If you have an impossible mantel that ruins everything else in the room it will be very easy to conceal it entirely by such a drapery of any suitable fabric harmonizing with the other furnishings of the room. Remember that a plain fabric is better suited to the purpose than a figured one; there is more dignity about it, and the lines of



7. DEVICE FOR LOWERING A WINDOW-POLE TO ADMIT AIR.

covered smoothly with the stuff; then the drapery can be tacked to it as seen in the illustrations.

The same arrangement of drapery would be pretty and suitable for a toilet-table, for which all the pretty figured silks and *crêpes* can be used with happy results. For the toilet-table a full flounce of white muslin or plain *crêpe* should first be hung all around, then the silk or other fabric draped over it. It will be found charmingly effective where a color or flower scheme is being carried out.

Down by the sea it has been for a long time quite the mode to give a nautical character to the furnishings of summer cottages; and so in love have people fallen with their fish-net draperies that the rage for them has spread inland and carried memories of the sea to mountain heights, and on dreary winter days in the city helped imagination to sniff the sea-breezes of summer. A delightful arrangement of a fish-net *portière* is shown in No. 6, which allows the door to open inward; it is especially adapted to a door near a

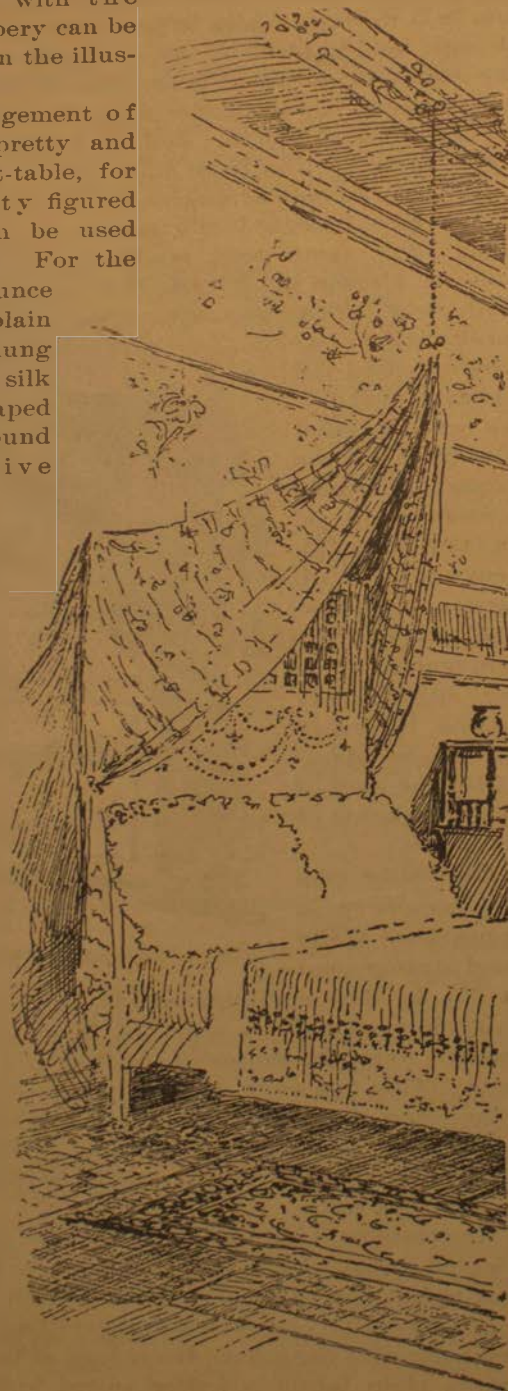
the drapery are more effective when unbroken by a pattern. The material, if for a mantel drapery, should be rather heavy, or look so; and deep, rich tones—not, necessarily, very dark—are better than light ones. Corduroy, velveteen, velours, and plantation cloth are commended for the purpose. Of course there must be a board prepared that will fit over the top of the mantel shelf, and it should be

corner. A triangular shelf is fastened above the door, and an oar placed along the front edge is used as a rod from which to hang the net. Fishing-tackle or rope can be used to secure the drapery, and it may be ornamented with star-fish, seaweed, or other mementos of the seashore. So effective have the dados of fish-nets proved that importers of Oriental fabrics are showing strong netting about a half yard wide in all metallic colors, which they combine effectively with other fabrics in the East Indian, Turkish, and Japanese dens and alcoves that they fit up.

A convenient device is shown in No. 7 for lowering a curtain-pole so as to admit air at the top of the window. One end of the rod is hinged and the other has a catch from which it is released by pulling the tassel on the end of the cord. Catches of various kinds can be procured at a hardware shop; or the tassel can be weighted to balance the pole.

An extremely decorative manner of draping the head of a bed is shown in No. 8. The very simple method of suspending the canopy gives a convenient suggestion for fastening a mosquito netting if you are so unfortunate as to need one. A nickel chain with a large ring on the end hangs from a hook in the ceiling. The drapery is two breadths of blue-and-white *hechima crêpe*, drawn through the ring, then back over the head-board of the bedstead, falling down at the sides, and fastened back to the head-board by rosettes of blue ribbon. The common objection to bed draperies, that they are close, confining, and consequently unhealthful, cannot be found with this, as it does not in the least shut off the air; and none can gainsay the fact that the appearance of the room is greatly enhanced by this graceful arrangement.

E. A. FLETCHER.



8. BED DRAPERY.

## Today and Yesterday.

LIFE is not lived by days nor yet by years;  
 These come and go, or, haply, sometimes stay,  
 As Time his changes rings; and if today  
 Lingers relentlessly when fraught with fears,  
 If perfect harmonies and joy it hears,  
 In one short moment,—lo! 'tis yesterday!  
 And reverently the joy or pain we lay  
 Safe in the past's dear shrine, with unshed tears.

So, when the deepest chords of life vibrate  
 And quiver 'neath the master-hand of pain  
 Or ecstasy, our quickened breath we bate,  
 And listen, hoping that perchance some strain  
 Of heaven's own music soothe, ere 'tis too late,  
 The troubled waters of life's boundless main.

E. I.

## Summer.

THE full ripe corn is bending  
 In waves of golden light;  
 The new-mown hay is sending  
 Its sweets upon the night;  
 The breeze is softly sighing,  
 To cool the parchèd flowers;  
 The rain, to see them dying,  
 Weeps forth its gentle showers;  
 The merry fish are playing,  
 Adown yon crystal stream;  
 And night from day is straying,  
 As twilight gives its gleam.

THOMAS J. OUSELEY.

## A Remarkable Portrait Album.

**T**HE novel feature which we have recently introduced in the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue permanently, furnishing every month eight portraits of uniform size, reproduced from the very best originals extant, in the highest style of art, and printed upon the finest paper, is of exceptional value to our readers. This unique portrait-gallery will include celebrities of all classes and all eras, as well as persons of the present time who are conspicuous or prominent for any special reason, thus making it peculiarly valuable as illustrative of contemporaneous history.

In order that it may not be necessary to mutilate the Magazine to form a collection, these portraits are printed upon pages that will not be numbered, and without reading-matter on the backs, which can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply to our readers at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid. The superior quality of paper used in the latest edition issued of these albums, and the consequent increase in postage, has necessitated the change in price from forty cents (as first advertised) to fifty cents each.

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

The superior quality of these half-tone portraits makes them equally as effective as photographs, which would cost from fifty cents to two dollars each, therefore the portraits we shall give during the year will be worth over one hundred dollars, for they would cost that sum if purchased in the regular way; besides, the photographs would be in different sizes, which would preclude uniformity in arrangement, and destroy the artistic effect that ours present when compactly arranged in the album.

The idea of furnishing every month a number of authentic portraits, of superior execution, uniform in size, adapted specially for the formation of an album, is entirely new, and original with us; and as these are given in addition to the regular contents of the Magazine, without extra cost, our readers are to be congratulated on having such an exceptional opportunity to obtain material of this character. Send at once for an album, and start your collection.

## Frame Your Magazine Pictures.

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

## Chat.

**Distinctive names** for one's gowns is not exactly a fad yet, but may become one, and has certainly more to commend it than many of the fads of the day. You see it simplifies directions and explanations vastly when you have only to say to your maid: "See that 'The Scotch Mist' is ready for me to wear to-morrow evening; and don't forget to put a fresh *balayouse* in my 'Heliotrope Symphony,' for I shall wear it to Miss C.'s wedding on Thursday." If you are devoted to one color, as many women are, it saves such an expenditure of words to thus designate your different toilets, which are otherwise hard to distinguish. One woman who wears black entirely has an "Accordion Raven," a "Kohl Rabe," and an "Ethiopia." A long-haired camel's-hair gown is called "The Hairy Ainu"; a luxurious fur-trimmed carriage-gown is "The Magyar"; two yachting-gowns are distinguished from one another as "The Marine" and "The Flying Dutchman"; and a very elaborate creation for *garden fêtes* is appropriately named "Fuss and Feathers." Poetical as well as humorous fancies have a safe outlet here, and the maid is greatly assisted in her labors. A filmy, billowy white evening-gown of plaited tulle over satin suggests a "Snowdrift"; an indescribable one of pale blue spangled *crêpe*, "A Summer Night"; while a trig tailor-gown is "Spick and Span."

**The competent** lady's-maid now keeps a memorandum of all her mistress' engagements for three weeks ahead, and puts down the gown and accessories to be worn on every occasion. My lady looks over the list from time to time and suggests changes where it pleases her; thus there is no occasion for haste or unbecoming flurry when the dressing-hour is at hand. Everything is in readiness, and madame's toilette proceeds without hitch or jar, which is a great saving of nerve-wear and also a beautifier; for the oiling of the wheels of life has much to do with our general health and appearance. Every inventor of a time and worry saver has done better than to discover the source of a river, or a new star.

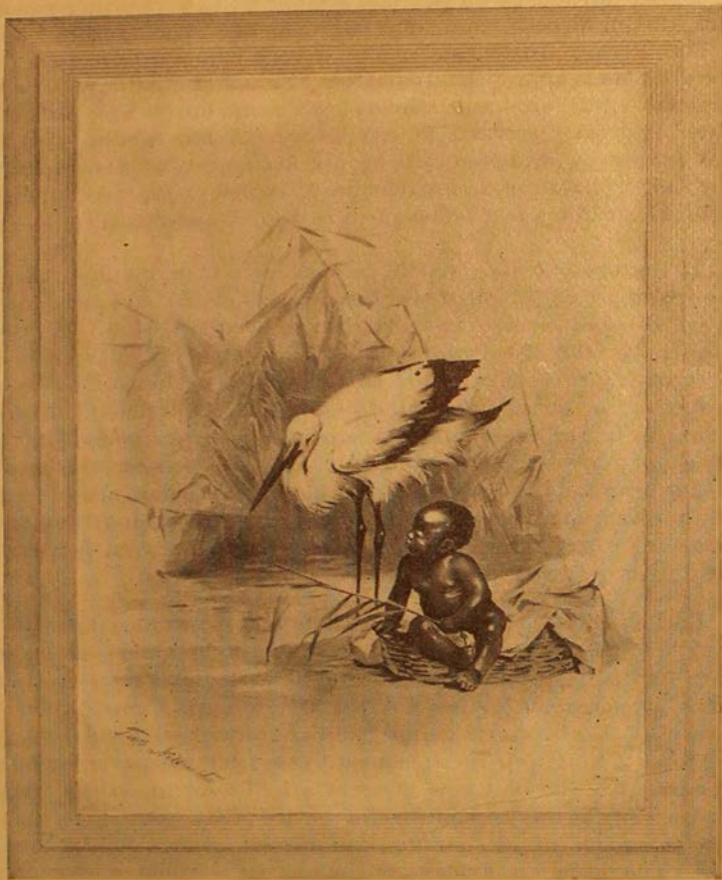
**Busheling day** at the fashionable tailors for women presents a hurried and rather unique scene. It might be called an invention of the tailor-made woman; for it is her exigent demands that have created the day. When a New York woman orders a gown of her uptown tailor it is an unwritten bond that he restores it to its pristine freshness by pressing whenever madame requires it. It takes two pressers a half-hour to do the work, but never a penny is paid for the service; that, you see, is where the economy of the genuine tailor-gown comes in. A funny spectacle it is on Friday—busheling day—when a crowd of women sit and stand around *en deshabille* waiting for their gowns and killing time as best they can. They ought to make up parties and go together, having a reading circle or a class in physical culture; and certainly the tailor ought to provide tea.

**A recent notable wedding** attracting wide attention from the prominence of the bride and groom introduced some very novel features. The vested choir met the bridal procession at the church door and headed it up the centre aisle singing "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." Behind the choir walked the clergy,—it took four noted divines to tie the knot securely,—then came the bridesmaids preceding, surrounding, and following the bride, the six ushers closing the procession. The bride's artist brother designed the gowns and decorations, which were mediæval in character. The bridal-gown was of white *crêpe* embroidered with Ascension lilies in gold tracery, and a filmy veil of white *chiffon*, held upon the head by a band of gold, was draped over all. The bride carried a few stalks of Ascension lilies, and these flowers, together with tropical palms, decorated the church. The bridesmaids' gowns were of pale green *crêpe* embroidered with Ascension lilies in silver. Music filled an important place in the service. Just before the benediction the choir sang a beautiful invocation hymn which was written specially for the occasion, and the lovely bridal chorus from Lohengrin was appropriately sung as a recessional hymn.

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

**I**n this age of artistic interior decoration a house without pictures seems only half furnished. It is the pictures that give the finishing touch to even the most expensively decorated apartment; and when hung in a simple room they impart an artistic effect, not only pleasing to the eye, but refining in its influence, and restful to the tired mind and body harassed by the cares and duties of daily life. Therefore those who have pictures and do not place them where they will be in evidence and do the most good are neglecting a manifest duty to themselves and their families.

The beautiful full-page pictures given in Demorest's Magazine make a fine collection, affording the variety of oils,



"TWO NILE-ISTS."  
In White Enamel Frame.

water-colors, and gravures, and if framed and hung would furnish daily pleasure. Their size makes them especially desirable for hanging with pictures of larger size, and the effect of both is enhanced thereby; they are also charming arranged in groups.

We have just completed arrangements by which we can furnish, at a minimum cost, frames suitable for the pictures given in our Magazine. A frame such as is shown in the first illustration, of simple design in white enamel, we will send for twenty-five cents; or a more ornate frame, in gilt, such as is shown on the second picture, will be sent for thirty-five cents; transportation paid in both cases. No picture-dealer can afford to sell such frames at these prices; but most good things can be made in large quantities at much less expense than a single one, just as the Demorest's Magazine full-page pictures can be given each month with the Magazine without additional charge, because produced by the thousands, and especially for this purpose.

The ease with which these frames can be obtained saves



"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."  
In Gilt Frame.

even the trouble of ordering from a picture dealer, and the pictures can be framed in leisure moments, without calling in skilled help. All that is necessary is to send twenty-five or thirty-five cents to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., New York City, stating the kind of frame wanted, and giving your name and full address, and your order will be filled without delay. These frames are made only in the one size,  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$  inches, suitable for the full-page pictures given in the Magazine.

## A Prize of \$100 for Photographs.

A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

**T**HE publisher of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE offers a prize of \$100 for the finest collection of photographic views illustrating a subject of popular interest and suitable for a magazine article. The subjects may be foreign or domestic (preference will be given to the latter), the only stipulation being that the photographs have never been used for publication. The competition will be open until August 1, 1894. Contributions which do not win the prize but are available for publication will be accepted and paid for at regular rates.

From ten to twenty photographs should be included in each group, and the subjects may be anything suitable for publication in a magazine; those which are most original and timely,—when well executed, of course,—standing the best chance in the contest. If possible, a descriptive article should accompany the photographs; but when one cannot be sent, data must be given so that one can be prepared, and the possibility of making an interesting article from the matter furnished will be one of the points considered in awarding the prize.

Of the contributions which do not win the prize, those arriving earliest will stand the best chance of being accepted and paid for.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE  
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE  
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

## PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 577.

ENTICING white windows are the summery attractions which greet the throng of shoppers these days, and they are an indication of the abounding popularity which is accorded this summer to the white gown and all things white.

Women of fashion who prepare for a round of gayety at the different summer resorts have ordered more white gowns than all others, recognizing that there is a certain distinction in white which can be achieved with no bright colors. As accessories, also, of cloth, *crépon*, and silk gowns, much white moire and satin is used in combination with white or black lace. A very sudden and unexpected favor has been accorded black-and-white checked silks, homespun, and tweeds. Some exceedingly *chic* gowns of the checked silks have plain skirts, or are draped slightly to show a petticoat of black moire or satin; the plain round waists have yokes or wide revers of Venetian point underlaid with black moire, or else the bodice part is of accordion-plaited black *chiffon* over white silk and strapped with white insertions, while the sleeves are of the checked silk with deep lace cuffs.

Neither overskirts nor draperies have secured anything but the most fleeting and fickle favor, and many more skirts are plain than trimmed. All fabrics that are distinctively beautiful in themselves—and the variety of these is legion this season—are considered much smarter without any trimming on the skirt; but the elaboration of the corsage makes up for the severity of the skirt. Often a different fabric is introduced in the bodice. *Par exemple*, a black *crépon* has the whole front of the round bodice of satin the color of the heart of an American Beauty rose, overlaid with black lace wrought with jets and *paillettes*. Great bows of plain Brussels net give fullness on the shoulders and are fastened by Rhinestone buckles on the stock collar of satin. The *gigot* sleeves of the *crépon* fit the lower part of the arm closely and turn back from the hand in a pointed cuff, all as severely plain as the skirt. Other light *crépons* have both front and back of the bodice of fancy silk,—harmonizing, not contrasting,—which is laid in three box-plaits from throat to waist, the plaits being trimmed with heavy antique embroidery or lace.

Rich and ornate silks that would look *outré* if brought

near the face are reserved for skirts alone, and toned down with bodices of black accordion-plaited *chiffon* made over a harmonizing color; or they may be worn with jackets or short coats of black moire with full fronts of accordion-plaited Liberty silk. These fronts can be bought ready made in the shops in every imaginable color. They open in the back, which is of white lawn faced down from the neck with satin or silk like the front; there is a full stock-collar, and the plaiting, which hangs loose at the bottom and extends a finger or more below the waist, is held in place by a fitted lining of lawn. Often the fronts are trimmed with several vertical rows of white lace insertion.

The end is not yet of accordion plaiting, which increases in favor every season. Very graceful gowns of brocaded India or taffeta have bodice and skirt plaited, and the full sleeves unplaited and held in puffs by straps of ribbon or lace insertion. The waist is girdled with three or four inch wide moiré ribbon, which is tied in erect bows behind and hangs nearly to the bottom of the skirt. More narrow sashes are worn than wide ones, and soft, *fade* colors and quaint *chiné* patterns or stripes are most used.

A charmingly youthful and graceful white gown of India lawn has the skirt banded by many rows of lace insertion, finished with lace at the bottom, and hangs in soft accordion-plaits from the waist; the corsage is accordion-plaited, but the puffed sleeves are plain, with deep epaulets of accordion-plaiting falling over them. A three-inch white moiré ribbon girdles the waist and ties at the back with long ends. White yachting-gowns of serge and linen duck are made in tailor styles, but the fancy of the moment is for accessories of deep, dull red, as waistcoats, ties, sunshades, and hat trimmings.

Duck yachting-caps have much wider visors than ever before, and while quite useful are also very natty. The latest addition to the sailor family is the hat of linen duck, which is stretched smoothly over a rice-straw hat; the brim is bound with faille ribbon,—seal-brown, navy-blue or red,—and the trimming is ribbon or *crépe*; usually there are two smart rosettes on the sides with tall nodding flowers or *coq* feathers.

The most pronounced novelty in summer millinery is the abundant use of fleecy silk tulle in rosettes and plaitings; white is most used, and some hats enveloped in fluffy rosettes look like refreshing snow-drifts; but delicate silver-gray, faint violet shades, and pale green are also seen.

**Covert Cloth Tailor-Gown.**

THIS standard style finds universal favor. With such a suit either of covert cloth, Oxford suiting, hop-sacking, whipcord, or serge, a woman feels ready to start anywhere at a moment's notice; and no wardrobe is now considered complete without one or more gowns of this sort. Fastidious women have several, slightly



**Covert Cloth Tailor-Gown.**  
FENWICK COAT. GILBERT SKIRT.

varying in style, color, and weight, so that there can always be one ready for use, freshly pressed, looking as if just from the hands of the tailor. The skirt of this is the popular "Gilbert,"—illustrated and described in Demorest's for June, 1893. It may be lined with silk or percaline, or simply faced the depth of the stitching or trimming. Rows of braid, pipings, or narrow folds are the favorite finish if anything more than stitching is desired. The coat, or blazer,—the "Fenwick,"—pleases from its conservative, moderate lines; the exaggerated fullness and length of earlier models quickly lost favor, because they mused so easily and took on a rumpled and untidy appearance. Silk or cotton shirt-waists or a waistcoat and chemisette can complete the suit; with the former a leather or ribbon belt fastened by a silver buckle is usually worn.

**In Rose Color.**

A CHARMING fancy waist of rose-colored *crêpe* trimmed with insertions of Valenciennes. The pattern—the "Wyatt"—is extremely simple, and is a perfect model by which to make the favorite accordion-plaited waists. It is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining. For day wear and the street, black satin waists trimmed with white lace insertion or black lace underlaid with color are very popular.



**In Rose Color.**  
WYATT CORSAGE.

and *crêpons* are suitable fabrics. The pattern, however, is adapted to all washable stuffs, and can also be utilized for dressier tea-gowns. All the pretty fancy silks, *crêpes*, and *crêpons* are used for these, and they are abundantly trimmed with laces and ribbons. It is also a good design for a maternity gown.

**A Smart Walking-Gown.**

BLACK-AND-WHITE checked homespun is the fabric of this attractive gown. The skirt is the favorite "Fraser,"—illustrated and described in our March number,—which is cut with circle front and sides, and three *godet* plaits in the back, and clears the ground all around. The plain, round corsage—the "Dundee"—is cut with the usual number of seams, but has a jacket effect in front, opening to disclose a full front of white India silk. Revers facings of white moire and collar and belt of black velvet complete the simple costume. It is a good model for all light wools, serges, tweeds, and chevots. With navy blue serge the full front may be of red or light blue silk; with brown, of tan or dark brown; and many other combinations will suggest themselves. For traveling, bright colors should be avoided.

**A Becoming House-Gown.**

HELIOTROPE *crêpon* is the fabric of this graceful and comfortable gown, and it is simply trimmed with black lace insertion over ribbon of a lighter shade. The pattern is the "Oliphant;" it has Watteau fullness in the back which is gathered in at the neck instead of being plaited, and all the fullness is held in place by a fitted lining. As illustrated it is intended for morning home wear, and challies, cashmeres,



**A Smart Walking-Gown.**  
DUNDEE WAIST. FRASER SKIRT.

**Becoming and Dressy.**

THIS modish waist is especially suited to tall and slender figures. It can be made of any becoming color and trimmed with black or white insertion. India silks and all the fancy *crêpes* are desirable fabrics, and it is also a charming model for the corsage of light organdie, lawn, or dotted Swiss gowns. As

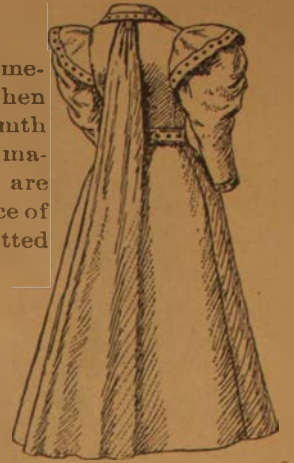


**A Becoming House-Gown.**  
THE "OLIPHANT."

illustrated it is of lemon-colored ice *crêpe* trimmed with Chantilly insertion. It opens directly in front, but the lap is concealed in the fullness of the bertha; the yoke, however, is whole in front and sewed firmly to the right side, hooking to the bertha on the left side and fastening on the left shoulder. The pattern is the "Bellevyria."

**A Summer Wrap.**

A LIGHT shoulder-wrap for the promenade, visits, drives, and garden *fêtes* when just a little protection rather than warmth is desired. Black moire is the favorite material for these little wraps, and they are lined or unlined, according to the caprice of the wearer. Rows of spangled and jetted *passementerie* with a frill of knife-plaited Brussels net form the trimming. The pattern is the "Bonita."



OLIPHANT HOUSE-GOWN.  
(BACK.)

**Skirt Trimmings.**

(See Page 562.)

ALL elaboration of trimming is re-

served for dressy gowns intended for various social functions. The skirts of very heavy and rich silks, also, if intended for day wear, are oftener plain than trimmed; garniture being reserved for thin fabrics, grenadines, mulls, organdies, and lawns, and for the fancy light silks now so much worn. As will be seen from



**Becoming and Dressy.**

BELLEVYRIA WAIST.

our illustrations, lace and ribbon are used abundantly for these trimmings.

In No. 1 the lace ruffles are carried up the front to the waist, giving the effect of opening over an underskirt. The gown is of white India lawn trimmed with Bruges lace. It is cut by a five-gored pattern similar to the "Gilbert" and "Mayfair," but such trimming could be put on any skirt. A girdle of bias folds with rosettes covers the skirt band, which fastens over the corsage.

A view of the left side of No. 2



**A Summer Wrap.**  
BONITA CAPE.

**A Draped Skirt.**

THIS graceful skirt is specially adapted to all fancy silks, *crêpons*, and dressy thin fabrics. The drapery is sometimes further elaborated by the addition of a five-inch frill of lace or embroidery, or of knife-plaited *chiffon*, as a finish for the edge, or it may

be trimmed with narrow ribbon or insertion. The pattern—the "Bengal"—has six gored breadths; front, back, and two side-gores.

For thin or double-faced fabrics the drapery is unlined; if necessary to line it, a contrasting-color of silk is often used.



**A Draped Skirt.** THE "BENGAL."

is shown. It is an organdy gown,—a white ground showered with primroses,—made up over primrose-colored silk. The ruffles are of the silk, and the girdle and ribbons at the side are of a darker shade.

finds it the *pièce de résistance*. It differs in no way from that at the girdle, except that it is longer and bends to shape to the throat. We illustrate three belt-buckles of varying styles, which could be



1. Bonnet à la Mercury.

(See Page 563.)



2. Picture Hat.

(See Page 563.)



3. Jetted Hat.

(See Page 563.)

Many organdy gowns have self ruffles trimmed with two rows of half-inch moire ribbon of the color of the figure in the goods.

A fancy silk is the fabric of No. 3, which also shows the front view. Ruffles of *point de Paris* are put on all around in deep festoons, and rabbit's-ear bows of

black velvet surmount the points. A girdle of velvet finishes it at the waist.

No. 3.—Snake design, made in both gold and silver.

worn at the throat as well as for the belt.

No. 1.—Twisted buckle of sterling silver.

No. 2.—Gold rope buckle set with pearls.



4. Hat of Chiffon.

(See Page 563.)



2. A Side Effect.

(See Page 561.)



5. Black Lace Hat.

(See Page 563.)

**Belt and Collar Buckles.**

BELTS and buckles are everywhere *en évidence* now, and as new uses are continually being found in this inventional age for everything. Dame Fashion, not content with buckles on her toes, buckles on her hat, and

**Toilette Accessories.** (See Page 563.)

No. 1.—Neck ruche of black lace plaited full and surrounded with a row of small rosettes of inch-wide heliotrope ribbon.

No. 2.—Stock collar and bib of blue ice *crêpe* and white lace.



1. Lace Flounces.



**Belt and Collar Buckles.**

one on her girdle, adds still another to her stock collar, and

No. 3.—Collar of pearl-gray moire ribbon edged with Irish point lace.



3. Festooned Skirt.



Summer Millinery.

(See Page 562.)

No. 1.—Jetted *bandeau* with twists of black *chiffon* around it, pink roses and Mercury's wings in front, and a tiny cluster of buds in the back.

No. 2.—Picture hat; crown of violets, their stems forming brim, which is veiled with a fall of wide white lace. A bow of heliotrope ribbon with white lace and black plumes trims the front.

No. 3.—Jetted hat with small low crown and flaring brim, edged with *paillettes*, and trimmed with *pailletted* ribbon and *aigrettes*.

No. 4.—Hat of plaited *chiffon*, edged with jets, trimmed with black *moiré* ribbon and sprays of lilacs; a cluster of lilacs under the brim in front.

No. 5.—Black lace hat with wide brim and very low crown, trimmed with Chantilly lace arranged like butterfly wings, and field flowers.



1. Lace Neck-Ruche.



Misses' Summer Hats.



3. Crêpe Collar and Bib.

ments of skillfully beauty to

No. 1.—A just a bit of ter, which is pliqué of full, deep lace is the handle

No. 2.— on the flutes over with a deep lace ar-

Misses' Summer Hats.

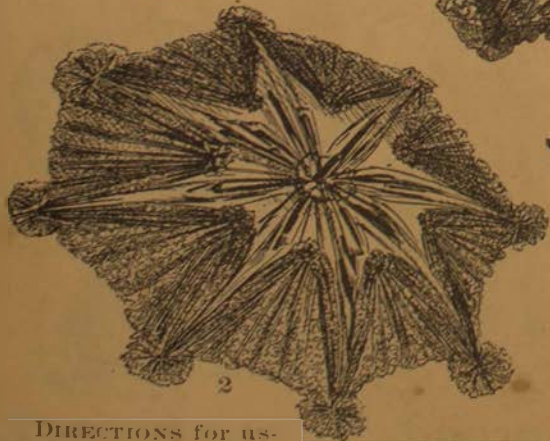
No. 1.—Back view of fine tan-colored chip round hat, trimmed with brown satin ribbon and yellow primroses. A bunch of primroses is placed directly in front.

No. 2.—Hat of unbleached straw, trimmed with long velvet bow and loop at the side, a cluster of forget-me-nots on the brim in front, and a few flowers under it at the back.

No. 3.—Sailor hat of black rice-straw, trimmed with a green *moiré* ribbon and clusters of wild flowers.



1



2



3



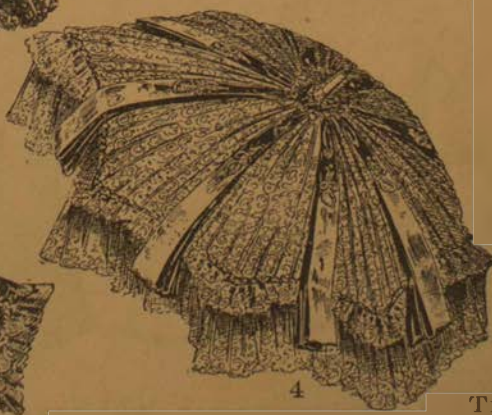
3. Ribbon and Lace Collar.

in this capacity they become very important accessories. Amid many absurdities there are also a multitude of most charming arrangements of *chiffon* and lace that, handled, add grace and My Lady's *stout ensemble*. A dainty creation, giving real shade in the center of black *moiré* with appointed lace scrolls. A flounce of Chantilly draped around it, and is jetted.

White India silk, put frame so it lies in full the ribs, and bordered flounce of Chantilly ranged in points and ornamented with rosettes.

No. 3.—Black satin, trimmed with an appliqué of Bruges lace above a pinked ruffle of gold-colored silk, with which the sunshade is also lined. Handle of amber with silver deposit.

No. 4.—A graceful affair of white lace full on the frame and banded at intervals with heliotrope ribbons embroidered near the center with iridescent beads. Mother-of-pearl handle.



4

DIRECTIONS for using our Cut Paper Patterns will hereafter be printed on the envelopes containing them, together with a special illustration of the design.

Fashionable Frivolities.

THE stock collar is the smartest addition to the summer toilette, and grows in favor as its very becoming character is more widely recognized. *Chiffon*, *crêpe*, tulle, and ribbon are used, and great bows are at the back or on both sides of the chin.

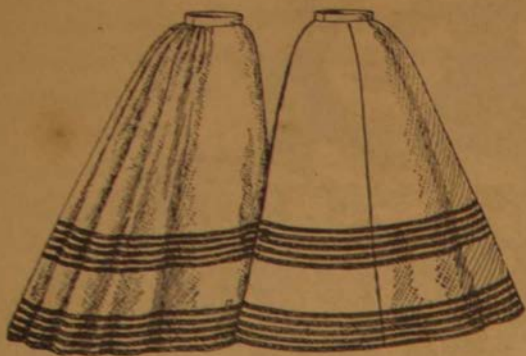


Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 565.)

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

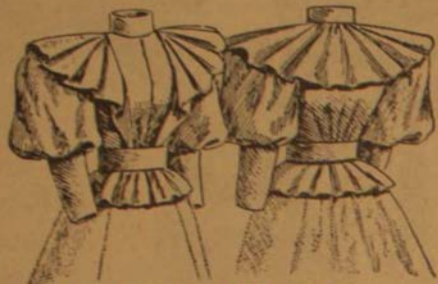
Standard Patterns.



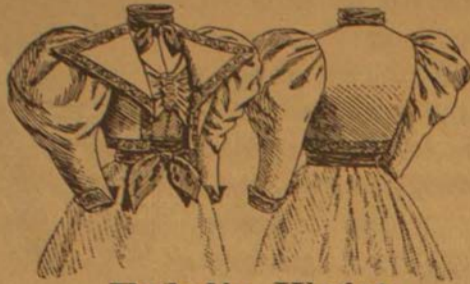
Infanta Circle Skirt.



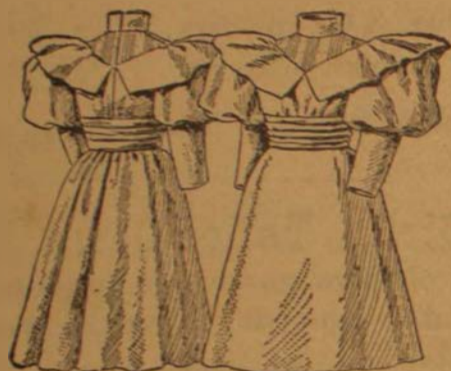
Manhattan Bathing-Suit.



Bertella Waist.



Eulalie Waist.



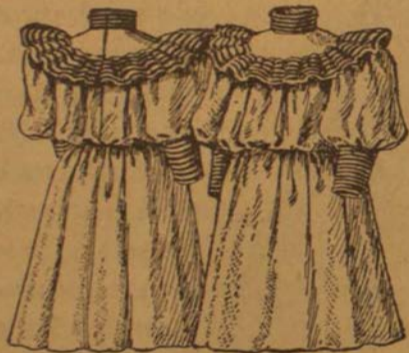
Georgina Dress.



Papillon Dress.



Nona Dress.



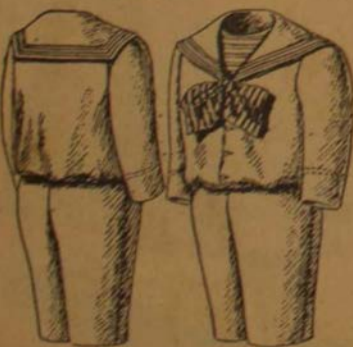
Varna Dress.



Elsidore Coat.



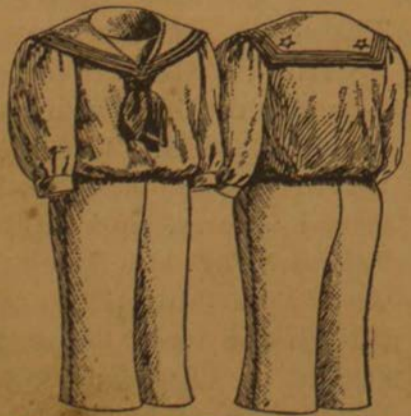
Rosamond Waist.



Ernest Suit.



Clara Sun Bonnet.



'Man o' War' Suit.

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

Descriptions of Our Cut-Paper Patterns.

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

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

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Dressy jacket-waist of black moire and striped silk, with collar and epaulettes of Venetian gulpure.
- 2.—Theater bonnet of jet trimmed with sweet peas, and a bow of cameo-velvet.
- 3.—Round hat of white and black lace, trimmed with pale green ribbon and an ostrich tip.
- 4.—Child's hat of rough straw trimmed with brown velvet.
- 5.—Gown of white polka-dotted silk combined with black moire.
- 6.—Reception-gown of silver-gray *crépon* trimmed with black lace.
- 7.—Gold daisy brooch.
- 8.—Betrothal brooch set with pearls and diamonds.
- 9.—Visiting-gown of old-rose *crépon* trimmed with Bruges lace.
- 10.—Afternoon-gown of *écru* batiste trimmed with embroidery and blue-and-white striped ribbons; Leghorn hat trimmed with ribbon to match.
- 11.—Dressy gown for garden *fêtes* and social functions. Pearl-colored organdy over heliotrope silk, trimmed with ribbon and lace.
- 12.—Gold brooch set with diamonds and pearls.
- 13.—Carriage-gown of light fancy silk; wrap of silver-gray moire trimmed with steel passementerie; Leghorn hat trimmed with white plumes and black velvet.
- 14.—Reception-gown of silver-gray *crépon* trimmed with steel-embroidered black lace.
- 15.—*Gage d'amour*, gold pendant set with diamonds.
- 16.—Fancy silk trimmed with self ruffles and Irish point.
- 17.—Gold bracelet set with sapphires and diamonds.
- 18.—Reception-gown of blue-gray *crépon* trimmed with velvet.
- 19.—Gold brooch set with diamonds.
- 20.—Sapphire brooch.
- 21.—Corsage of Bruges lace and black satin ribbon over a black-and-white checked silk.
- 22.—Chameleon silk gown trimmed with black moire and lace.
- 23.—Plaided duck gown, plain skirt.
- 24.—Tailor-gown of gray covert cloth.
- 25.—Scarf pin set with moonstone and diamonds.
- 26.—Dark blue India silk with tiny white figures; underskirt and corsage trimmed with plaited ruffles of the silk.
- 27.—Corsage or hair ornament set with a sapphire and diamonds.
- 28.—Gold brooch set with pearls and diamonds.
- 29.—Fancy silk gown with draped skirt trimmed with ribbons and Venetian point.
- 30.—Enameled butterfly brooch set with pearls and rubies.
- 31.—Tailor-gown of black-and-white checked homespun; waistcoat of striped duck.

For Small Maidens.

(See Page 566.)

THIS cunning little model—the "Albia"—is just the one by which to make the dozen cambric, lawn, and gingham frocks which the little folk need if they are to be kept clean and likewise have a good time. The continued popularity of every variation upon the Mother Hubbard and Empire gowns for the small people is easily accounted for, as nothing can be devised that gives them greater freedom of movement, and at the same time is so easily made and laundered. The full, straight skirt is simply hemmed around the bottom and gathered to the yoke, which for nice gowns may be made of insertion and tucking or all-over embroidery; and the little revers are trimmed with embroidery or lace. These may be replaced on plain gowns by a ruffle of the fabric.

For Summer Mornings.

(See Page 566.)

A BLUE-GRAY cross-barred gingham is the fabric of this pretty frock,—the "Casita,"—which is so simple that it is a great favorite with those sensible mothers who prefer a liberal supply of easily laundered gowns to a limited number

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. For it should be remembered that one inestimable advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not



**For Small Maidens.**

ALBIA DRESS. (See Page 565.)

**An Everyday Frock.**

ALL the serviceable washable fabrics, as well as light-weight serges and flannels, are suitable for this convenient and simple frock,—the



**For Summer Mornings.**

CASITA DRESS.

of elaborate ones that must be worn with fear and trembling lest they too frequently require the services of the skilled laundress. The durable openwork Hamburg embroideries are used to trim these practical gowns, and the labor of making them is very little. The pattern is also a graceful one for dressier frocks of India silks, *crêpons*, or challies. The waist is the same back and front, and the skirt trimming is carried around the bottom and up at the left side, the same as in front.



**An Everyday Frock**

KINLOSS DRESS.

“Kinloss,”—and the regulation sailor-gown can also be made by the pattern. For the latter, white duck is being used, made up with collars and cuffs and wide borders on the skirts, of dark blue linen or denim. Linsens and galateas are also commended to be made in the same fashion. There is a fitted lining to the blouse, which, without confining the child, holds the garment in place and retains the trig and becoming lines. A leather or ribbon belt or one of the gown stuff can be worn, and for extra occasions a ribbon sash will make it dressier.

THE directions for the Cut Paper Patterns will be found on the envelopes containing them.

**For Afternoons.**

A CHARMING little waist, to be made either of fancy materials to wear with any skirt, or of the gown fabric. The outside is box-plaited and then gathered to a fitted lining, and the waist yoke is covered by one of lace or velvet which is made separately and may be worn with different waists.

It makes a pretty variety to have several yokes mounted



**For Afternoons.**

ELVERY WAIST.

to becoming stocks of different colors. The pattern is the “Elvery.”

**Young Girl's Tailor-Gown.**

THIS pretty cheviot gown is a very useful style, suited to everyday wear the year round, and any young girl could travel around the world in it and feel herself suitably and becomingly attired. The convenient blazer makes it easy to vary the warmth by shirt waists, blouses, or waistcoats of varying weight to suit it to all temperatures.

The skirt of this gown is the “Circle,” illustrated and described in Demorest's for August, 1893. The blazer—the “Northcote”—is fitted with the usual seams, and has sufficient fullness in the back without the inconvenient exaggeration which marked the early spring styles. The fullness of the blouse front is shirred becomingly in the form of a shallow yoke below the stock collar. Low shoes of tan or brown ooze calf and gaiters matching the gown in shade complete the suit.



**Young Girl's Tailor-Gown.**

NORTHCOTE BLAZER.

CIRCLE SKIRT.

## "Hard Times and our National Peril."

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

No other question of a public character relating to the welfare of society has ever equaled in importance that of the liquor traffic.

Through long indulgence and thoughtless toleration the sale of alcoholic beverages has acquired such gigantic proportions that the disastrous effects, heinous crimes, and utter demoralization resulting from it fill the land with misery, and threaten to engulf the whole country in financial ruin.

### THE CAUSE AND ITS EFFECTS.

Benumbed by base appetites, slavish prejudice, and mercenary greed, and also blinded by neglect and indifference, the people have been led into a moral morass of criminal complicity with this pernicious, fascinating poison, until conscience is warped, facts perverted, virtue and integrity contaminated with crime, homes despoiled, and characters ruined. Our most frequented thoroughfares are honey-combed with enticing traps for the destruction of our young men,—even the capital of the nation is desecrated with this villainous traffic; and to a large extent our religious professions have become shameless for their insincerity, and a hypocritical mockery in practice.

### A CULMINATION OF CRIME.

In deference to this desolating, crime-producing traffic and instead of quarantining it as an enemy, and in violation of all constitutional guarantees of protection, the government has consented to allowing a vicious license of toleration and encouragement to the sale of these poisonous alcoholic beverages, resulting in a general demoralization and a carnival of crime and lawlessness. All this subserviency to a vicious appetite has served to increase the power and influence of those emissaries of evil the liquor dealers, who have drawn into their clutches very many of the brightest and best men in society; and through this legalized maelstrom of destruction the saloon has debased a large proportion of laboring men and women to the lowest depths of infamy, gorging our courts with criminals, and crowding prisons, hospitals, and other asylums, with their numerous victims.

### POLITICAL JEOPARDY.

By means of insidious appeals, threats, fraud, and political chicanery, liquor dealers have also increased their influence until they have obtained control of courts and legislatures; and our politics have become a treasonable cesspool of corruption, reeking with crime, injustice, fraud, blackmail, extortion, and other atrocities.

### A FORMIDABLE COMBINATION.

Encouraged by the enormously increased consumption of alcoholic beverages, these mercenary politicians and unscrupulous parties acting as silent partners in this traffic, to make the business more effective, have combined with numerous respectable citizens and with many moral cowards in our churches to deride and oppose all appeals for relief. These deluded accessories, while standing silently by, witnessing the awful devastation, hearing the pitiful groans arising from the misery produced, with only a flimsy protest basely allow these liquor dealers and their satellites to control our politics for the vilest purposes and the perpetuation of their piratical business, altogether revealing an amount of treasonable moral cowardice and duplicity that is truly appalling.

### THE VICIOUS STATE OF SOCIETY.

This infamous legalized liquor-traffic has extended and ramified its operations and influence until the whole com-

munity is virtually enslaved, and in its moral sentiments, business interests, and social relations has become a seething caldron of moral baseness and vicious tendencies, overrun with anarchal sophistries, traitorous cliques, tramps and vagabonds, who fill the country with fear and apprehension, and manifest their degradation by threats and deeds of violence; and all this criminal and cruel viciousness has been justified and confirmed by the complicity of the government! The traffic is entrenched in law by the actual consent and connivance of merchants, doctors, lawyers, and other respectable citizens; and many of them, to cover up and evade their own personal complicity, even blaspheme the Almighty by charging Him with being responsible for this degrading, crime-producing poison.

### ITS RESULTS.

So completely is the community deluded, controlled, and in sympathy with this degrading, ruinous traffic, and so oblivious are the people to their constitutional rights of protection, and so unconscious of their treasonable responsibility for its awful ravages, that the whole nation is now suffering from exhaustion and paralyzed ambition; and under its stupefying influence the people's minds are so completely benumbed, coerced, and fettered with the heavy chains of their old party associations, that the promoters of the traffic are not only relying on them for its continued existence, but openly boast of their power and influence.

### CAUSE OF BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

Thus gradually and insidiously has this moral cancer of alcoholic poisoning imbedded itself into the nation's life; and its degrading, desolating grasp on society has become such a dominant influence in our political and social economy that it has blighted our moral sense, destroyed our material prosperity, depressed our commercial vitality, and brought all business into such a depressed condition that a terrible paralysis now oppresses the whole nation, making other causes of hard times sink into insignificance when compared with the results of this terrible curse.

### JEOPARDY BY EXHAUSTION.

And all this stagnation in business can be traced directly to this atrociously destructive and insidious drink-traffic. It can be seen in the fact that it robs the people by exhausting their financial resources to the enormous extent of one thousand millions of dollars annually, with another thousand millions required to take care of its awful consequences, making, altogether, a drain on the resources of the labor of the country of two thousand millions annually,—a tax of more than eight times the income from the tariff, and amounting to five times the cost of running the whole government, being an average yearly tax of over one hundred and sixty dollars, or three dollars per week, on every family in the United States! The enormous tax on six of the largest governments of Europe required to support their armies amounts altogether to five hundred million dollars, and is truly a tremendous burden on the resources of the people; yet this stupendous tax on the industries of six governments of Europe is only one fourth of the amount spent for the liquor traffic in the United States! This terrible waste can also be seen in the fact that the annual consumption of beer, alone, in this country, has increased from two million barrels to thirty-five million barrels, within a few years, while the population has only doubled. Public vice and criminal arrests have also increased nearly five-fold, and all this loss of hard-earned capital, which is worse than wasted, amounts annually to more than the complete destruction of several large cities overrun and entirely swept away by fire and pestilence.

## NO OTHER RESULT POSSIBLE.

This exhaustive and terrible loss of capital has filled the land with crime and suffering, and produced destructive effects on trade. This awful drain and injury to our industries could have no other effect, and must of necessity paralyze business, cause a cheapening of labor, reduce productions and manufacture, and greatly depreciate the value of commodities, by demoralizing and exhausting the financial resources of the people.

## FINAL RESULTS.

This loss of commercial integrity and depletion of the people's financial resources has at last culminated in plunging the marts of trade into a condition of chaotic uncertainty, with closed mines, silent factories, idle workshops, riotous strikes; and all the industrial and business interests of the country are disturbed and jeopardized with unrest, tossed about like a ship without a rudder on a boisterous sea, with the result that a large portion of the people are driven to enforced idleness, while men and families wander houseless and homeless, stultified with gaunt misery, crime, suffering, pauperism, and starvation everywhere. Everybody is asking, in trembling anxiety, "What is to be the final outcome?"

## A REVOLUTION INDISPENSABLE.

To turn this tide of peril from our industries, and raise the moral standard, there must be no treacherous concealment or juggling with the facts. It must be clearly understood that the liquor traffic is the basis and cause of all our business depression. These awful realities now facing our civilization must be met boldly; and to have any revival of trade, or to secure any general prosperity we must have a new birth of freedom, and an awakened conscience that will cause an outburst of indignation against this piratical business of liquor selling. We must rise to the dignity of American citizenship, and find our only hope in a moral and political revolution.

There must come a general uprising of the people demanding their constitutional rights, claiming from our judicial authorities protection from this terrible curse of alcohol, which is now crushing out our vitality; and they must accept nothing less than its entire prohibition and suppression.

## PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION INDISPENSABLE.

Most imperatively must the people awake to the necessity of political agitation. Prohibitory legislation must be recognized as the only feasible method that will bring permanent relief to depressed trade, injured homes, and demoralized society. Restored confidence must come through restored virtue. A brand of shame and disgrace must be put on this infamous traffic at the ballot-box. This conscience and this purpose enacted into law through our vote for entire Prohibition is the only safe and speedy method to obtain deliverance from this desolating, crime-producing curse of alcoholic poison.

## Nct a Thief.

HE was not a bad-looking man, the prisoner at the bar.

Dissipation had left its mark, but there was something about the face that made you think that back in his young manhood were other and happier days. He was not raised a thief, this man accused of stealing a diamond ring.

The court officials noticed the clear-cut features which might once have been handsome, the matted hair which once curled in beautiful ringlets, and said:

"The fellow is changed; prison life has done him good.

When we got him he was the ugliest-looking fellow in jail; but since he has got the prison pallor he looks as if he might be an imitation of a gentleman."

Six months of enforced sobriety and good habits had certainly made a great change. Perhaps the jury noticed it, too. The ring was a valuable one, and yet the sentence was for only a year.

"Prisoner, stand up!" said the judge when the foreman had handed in the verdict. "Have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?"

The prisoner slowly arose, and in deliberate tones replied: "Your honor, I have something to say, and I will not tire you with my speech, I think. I have been a worthless, drunken vagabond, your honor, but I am not a thief. The ring which was found in my pocket belonged to my mother, dead and in heaven years ago. It is better so. I wonder, your honor, if the angels know of the shame and disgrace of those they loved on earth?"

"The lady identified the ring, but I believe that she was honestly mistaken; the rings are probably similar. I stand before you to-day, your honor, the wreck of what once was a man; the urchins on the street jeer at me and laugh at my rags. I have been homeless and hungry, your honor, and would barter my soul for a glass of something warm to start the cold blood once more coursing through my veins. But I am not a thief.

"I would not harm God's weakest creature. As a boy I gathered the maimed and wounded animals from the street into the kitchen, and fed them as no man yet ever fed and cared for me. I was a happy boy. My father was wealthy and distinguished, my home luxurious. I went to college and graduated with honor, and soon afterwards, on the death of my father, I succeeded him in the practice of law. My mother died, and the property was mine. I was a rich man. Then came months of dissipation. My companions were, like myself, possessed of ample fortunes. Our revels were the talk of the city, and we were proud of the fact. We had none but the choicest wines, and I was glad when I could drink more than the others could stand: I thought it was a mark of manhood, your honor.

"It is the same old story. I will make it short. I became a common drunkard, my property was gone, everything but the ring. I could not part with that: it was the only link which bound me to a happy past, the only tie between me and the mother who bore me, who cared for me, who loved me. Many a night when I was cold and hungry I have taken it out beneath the glistening stars, and its sparkles were as if my mother's eyes were looking at me with the brightness which once was theirs. It was only a fancy, your honor, but it was very dear to me. I was arrested while drunk, one night, and the ring was taken from me; then the lady thought she recognized it as one she had lost. But she is wrong, your honor. The ring is mine! I am a drunkard and a vagabond, but a thief—never!"

As he stopped speaking he drew a small paper package from his pocket. Where he got it no one knew; and before his hand could be arrested he had swallowed the contents. The lawyers jumped to their feet and seized the prisoner; a doctor was sent for; but before medical assistance could be obtained the prisoner was beyond the reach of human skill.

"Mother, I am not a thief,—I was only drunk," he muttered.

The door opened, and a woman entered in great excitement.

"Judge, Judge, stop the trial! I have found my ring. He didn't steal it. I was mistaken."

Too late! The soul had taken its appeal to a higher than all human courts.

FRANK L. WELLS.

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



**A  
GOOD  
TIRE  
on any Bicycle**

adds to the pleasure of cycling. You feel secure—can trust it. Such a tire

Leaves  
3  
lines  
on  
the road

Is the "G. & J." Pneumatic  
(HIGHEST AWARD AT WORLD'S FAIR)  
simplest and safest made—corrugated  
non-slipping surface.

**RAMBLER BICYCLES**

ALL HAVE "G. & J." TIRES.

Catalogue free at Rambler agencies—by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**WALL PAPER** 60 cts. a Room. Embossed  
Golds 20 cts. (were \$1.50). Samples mailed **FREE**  
BARGAIN HOUSE, 10 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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

**BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.**  
The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.  
For Sale by Grocers.

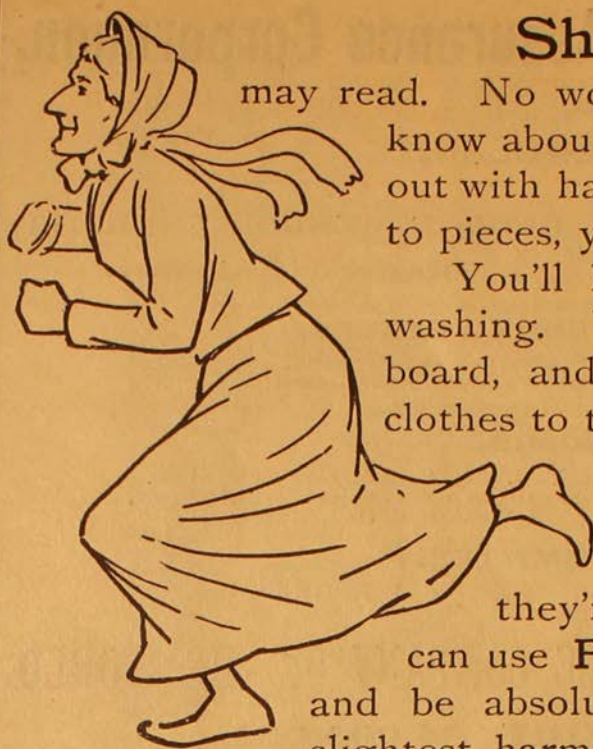
D. S. WILTBERGER, 223 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## Correspondence Club.

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

"A SUBSCRIBER."—To wash your silk waists, make a suds—with pure white soap—of lukewarm water with some borax in it,—a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. Rub through the hands gently, and do not wring, but draw through the tightly clasped hand; a second suds may be necessary, and several rinsing waters, in all of which there must be a little borax or a few drops of ammonia. Press with a moderately hot iron before perfectly dry. The same process should keep silk handkerchiefs a good color. They are usually yellowed by too hot water and too hot irons, but can be bleached by hanging in a barrel and burning sulphur beneath them.—Muslin and cambric underwear if well laundered should not yellow. There must be something wrong with your soap, or the clothes are not properly rinsed. Bleach them in the sun.—The Empress of Germany is a Lutheran.—Have an informal entertainment of recitations and music. If a little time can be given to preparation you could take one favorite author and do him honor, requesting every guest to bring one quotation, and give prizes—a first and a "booby"—for the largest number of quotations identified, and for the least. There could be readings also from the author. Read "An Evening with Florence," in March Demorest's.

(Continued on page 570.)



## She who Runs

may read. No woman, if she can read, can fail to know about **Pearline**. Then, if you're worn out with hard work, or find your clothes going to pieces, you've only yourself to blame.

You'll have to choose your own way of washing. You can use soap and the washboard, and tire yourself out, and rub your clothes to tatters.

You can use so-called washing-powders, imitations of **Pearline**, and have easier work, though they're eating up the clothes. Or you can use **Pearline**, wash in the easiest way, and be absolutely certain that there isn't the slightest harm.

**Send it Back**

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

425

JAMES PYLE, New York.

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

# Mellin's Food

received the highest awards, Medal and Diploma, that were given to Infants' Foods by the World's Fair, but the voluntary selection and successful use of MELLIN'S FOOD at the Crèche, in the Children's Building at the World's Fair (10,000 Babies were fed with it there), by the Matron, Miss Marjory Hall, "after a fair trial of the other Foods," was, really, the highest award, as no other Infants' Food in the world was thus honored and endorsed.

**OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.**

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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If you buy now you can buy this beautiful

**PIANO for \$145.00**

We Challenge the World to Match it in Quality and in Price.

It is a full 7 1/2 octave Piano, 50 inches high, 60 inches long, has Triple Veneered Case, Best Action, Ivory Keys, Sweet Full Tone and Elegant Rosewood Finish. Put the \$145.00 with your Merchant or Banker and we will send the piano with Handsomely Embroidered Cover, Silk Plush Stool and Large Instruction Book, to be paid for after fifteen days' trial in your home. It is an easy and sure way to get a beautiful piano.

Other PIANOS, \$150 to \$1000; ORGANS, \$25 up. We sell direct from factory and guarantee every instrument for 20 years. Catalogue free to all who want to buy.

The Old Reliable **MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.** Established 1859.  
235 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

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**GROSS ASSETS ABOUT \$4,000,000.**

Gross Assets, U. S. Branch, - - - - - \$1,190,977.28  
Surplus, as regards Policy-Holders, U. S. Branch, - - - - - 472,657.28

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.  
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FOR RATES, ETC., APPLY TO

EDMUND DWIGHT, Jr., General Agent for New York State,  
51 Cedar Street, New York City.

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



AN OCEAN DELICACY WITH A SEA-BREEZE FRESHNESS.

### McMenamin & Co.'s DEVEILED CRABS

(In their natural shells). Served at least once a week, they make a grateful change in the family diet.

A DELICIOUS ENTREE. A ROYAL SUPPER DISH.  
Can be served hot or cold. Ask your Grocer all about them.

McMENAMIN & CO., Hampton, Va.

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

\$85.00

*Waverley*



### TO THE RIDER.

When you are looking for a new "up-to-date" mount, do not overlook the fact that you can save from \$40 to \$60 by buying a Waverley. Many a dealer will represent to you that he can furnish some other machine "just as good" at the same price. HE CAN NOT DO IT! Do not let him deceive you. Look up the Waverley Agent and insist on having a guarantee this machine to be fully equal in grade, and every detail of construction, 24, 26 and 28 in. sizes Ladies' and Gents' mailed free.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Z ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

# Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING HOUSE PAINTS ASK FOR

## Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,

IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: POST OFFICE BOX 3499.      CHICAGO: MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE.      BROOKLYN: 44 TO 50 JAY STREET.

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

(Continued from page 569.)

"M. E."—Make over your black nuns'-veiling by the model on standing figure in illustration of "Afternoon and Reception Gowns," in May number.—Yes, it could be lined with colored silk; and any directions given recently for making grenadine and lace gowns would be suitable for it. It would be pretty made up unlined, and draped slightly on one side to show an underskirt of black or colored silk. Some light-colored all-wool challies fade as badly as dark ones; most light grays, slate colors, blues, and lavers fade in the sun and wind.—Make the cotton *crêpe* gown for girl of fourteen by pattern for "Irmine" dress in May number.

"E. P."—Read answer to "Lu" in March number, and "Flower Luncheons" in that for May. Begin your "Tea-Party" with grape-fruit as therein described; follow it with some sea-food, according to your market (residence not given, we cannot advise kind), and then have either cold or pressed meats, Frenched lamb chops, or croquettes, with jellies, pickles, and rolls; a salad may follow this, and for dessert have fresh fruit and cake.—Serve tea or coffee when your guests like it, either with the meal or after dessert. Health goes hand in hand with fashion in this last respect, and decides that these stimulants aid digestion if taken after the meal, and retard it if taken with the food.

"HILLITE."—Your sample was not received. Black materials are legion, and we can give no advice without knowing whether the gown is for home, street and general wear, or for dressy occasions. Full information about different fabrics will be found in Fashion reviews.—Make over a black cashmere by model for black *crêpon*, an "Easter Gown," in April number, or by that on the seated figure in "Afternoon and Reception Gowns," in May number.—A lady of fifteen-two can wear brown, gray, olive, and dark blue, and all shades of heliotrope are suitable; but they vary so that it would be necessary to try them with her complexion to be sure they were becoming.

"M. A. K."—A hat like either No. 5 or No. 3, on page 437 of Demorest's for May, would be pretty with your light silk gown. One of black lace with yellow flowers would also be pretty, and could be worn with anything.—Have a wrap like the "Carroll" in this number; gray *suede* gloves, white *chiffon* parasol, black hose, black kid Oxford ties, and black net veil.—Cut off the "Bell" skirt to walking length; added fullness could be given by inserting panels on the sides, of velvet or moire; finish the top of the skirt with softly folded girdle of velvet, and fasten outside the bodice; put revers on the corsage similar to those of the "Preston," in the May number; wear russet gloves, and black hat and veil. One wrap will do with both gowns.

(Continued on page 571.)

### A Great Secret

underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

When everybody is hoping for the return of better times, each straw that shows the wind to be blowing from that quarter, is worthy of special notice. There is no barometer so reliable as the demand for goods. Our advertisers, The Charles E. Hires Company, of Philadelphia, transact business over a very wide field, dealing in every city, town, village and cross-roads in the country. They report that the sales of Hires' Rootbeer so far this season are very much in excess of the same period last year. When it is remembered that their annual sales have before this reached the enormous total of 2,880,278 packages, which equals more than a gallon for every family in the country, it would seem at first thought that there is little room for further growth. Thirst for it, however, seems to be universal, as this year's report shows a very large gain, indicating that ere long the person who does not drink Hires' Rootbeer will be somewhat of a curiosity. No temperance beverage has ever anywhere nearly approached Hires' Rootbeer in popularity.



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

(Continued from page 570.)

"CANADA."—Use the "Cameron" skirt pattern, illustrated in the May number, for your gown, and trim the inserted fans with the border. Finish the front and side gores with rows of stitching or with a golden-brown galloon. Use any of the basque or coat patterns in same number for the corsage.—Informal invitation to a picnic:

"Dear—: I hope you have no previous engagement to prevent your joining us in a drive to Fairview on Wednesday, the 13th. We shall have luncheon *al fresco*, and anticipate a jolly time. Carriages will be at the door at 11 o'clock.

"Cordially yours,

"Of course this can be varied infinitely; an informal invitation being exactly what you would say personally, if opportunity offered, conveyed in writing.—The person about whom you inquire is no longer connected with Demorest's. We do not know his address.

"MOLLY T."—Impossible to answer your queries by mail.—Hang the Swiss curtains on brass rods directly over the windows of the bow; let them hang straight down from the rod, and tie back with white ribbons or straps of lace. If you can drape the arch to the bow also, that will be an addition; but the windows should be curtained first. It is more effective to have a different fabric, something heavier and richer, for the arch; the Japanese bamboo portières are also very good for the purpose.

"RUTH."—A girl of fifteen who is large for her age should wear her dresses to reach below her boot-tops.—Select quiet colors, and either plain or small figured, inconspicuous fabrics for gowns. Any of the patterns for girls from twelve to sixteen years of age in our April and May numbers would be suitable for her, and becoming.

"JESSIE H."—Buy the song of that name, and you will get the words you ask for.

"NEVA."—Any of the showy, heavy-patterned, guipure-like cream-colored laces would be pretty on a pink mull, or if you wish to trim it with rows of insertion and ruffles on the skirt, the plat Valenciennes would be suitable and effective.—Any fancy silk waist of becoming color can be worn with a black silk skirt; for evening wear one of black net or accordion-plaited *chiffon* over light-colored silk would be dressy.

"M. K. S."—Read reply to "Yardley" in June number.—If your music is original you should write to some music publisher about it.—If simply some pieces you have used and are tired of, you will find it difficult to sell it, and it would certainly not be worth while to advertise it.

"Mrs. M. G. B."—The only place in our country where silkworm raising has been made profitable is in California, and we are unable to give you an address. Many have engaged in the industry in a small way in the Eastern and Middle States, but the high cost of labor here makes it impossible to compete with the foreign product, and climatic conditions also make the native silk inferior. Our information is from one of the largest silk manufacturers in the country.

"L. BLACK."—One hundred and eighteen words per minute is supposed to be the highest speed attained on a type-writer; we have no further information, and recommend you to apply to some magazine devoted to the interests of the machines. It could be learned only through some such source.

(Continued on page 572.)

**ART** REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE World's most Famous Paintings, the Masterpieces. Subjects ranging from the grave to gay, from scenes of homely pathos to dreams of delightful witchery and adorable imprudence. **PORTFOLIO OF... MODERN ART** Complete in Five parts, Sixteen Pictures each, size 10x14, 75 Cts. Sample copy 20 Cts. post paid. **GEO. H. BENEDICT & CO.** Art Publishers and Engravers, 175 B. Clark St. CHICAGO.

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

# THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE ESTABLISHMENT:



has facilities for turning out work of the highest grade extraordinary in their extent and variety.... It is the most comprehensive bicycle plant in the world..... a factory of magnificent appointments..... up to date in every detail and particular. If every wheelman could visit our factory and see COLUMBIAS in the various stages of construction there would be a large increase in the mighty host of COLUMBIA riders and admirers.... No one who knows bicycles could see COLUMBIAS made without acknowledging COLUMBIA Superiority.....

**POPE MANUFACTURING CO.**  
BOSTON - NEW YORK - CHICAGO - HARTFORD

Catalogue free at our agencies or by mail for two two-cent stamps.... You cannot afford to buy a bicycle without first seeing the COLUMBIA

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## Good Time to Build Houses.

Materials are Cheaper than for Many Years.

A CHANCE TO SAVE THIRTY PER CENT. BY BUILDING NOW. Are you thinking of building? If so, you will want to know how to plan and build that new house.

"THE MYERS HOUSES"

Is a beautifully Illustrated Book, containing exterior views, floor plans, and reliable estimates of cost, sizes of rooms, and full descriptions of designs for modern Artistic Homes of all styles and prices, from \$800 to \$7,500. Many cheap ones. This book shows MODERN HOUSES ONLY. Book full of valuable ideas. Price by mail, \$1. Questions cheerfully answered.

**GEO. W. MYERS, Architect,** 3-4 Moffat Building, DETROIT, MICH.

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Another 100,000

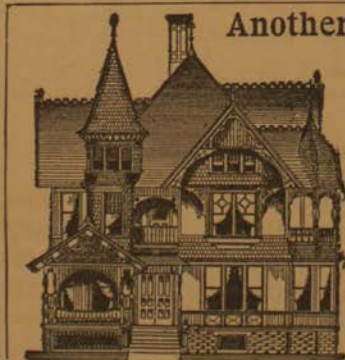
## ARTISTIC HOMES

Will be GIVEN AWAY to our friends during July, 1894.

Undisputed Title and a GOOD DEED.

Conditions:—If you contemplate building a home and will send us your name and address and state what priced house you want we will send free a copy of our Beautifully Illustrated Book of Residence Designs, entitled: "Artistic Homes," how to plan and build them. Contains designs of many beautiful homes, and is brimful of information about the building of a Model Home. 100,000 won't last long, so send order at once. Enclose two 2c. stamps for mailing.

**GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects,** Knoxville, Tenn.



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## DO YOU WANT A PIANO?

(DON'T COPY THIS HEADLINE.)

If so, send us your name and address, and receive by return mail a handsomely illustrated Catalogue with Prices, Terms, etc. of

### The "OPERA" Piano.

A strictly High Grade UPRIGHT, at a very moderate price; cash or easy payments. Renowned for its durability and rich, powerful and sympathetic quality of tone. Unique and Artistic in Design; Superior Workmanship. Manufactured in 30 different styles and sizes.

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Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

"S. H. & M."



**Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings.**  
**"Redfern"**  
 Bias  
 Corded Velvet  
 Richest,  
 Most Durable  
 Ever Produced.

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**Fashionable  
 .. HAIR ..**

We will mail goods to reliable parties throughout the United States for approval. The newest styles and best of goods at lowest prices. No money required until they are received. No obligation to keep goods if unsatisfactory. Send for circular.

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**DON'T GAP** DRESSES made with the **LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER** close like a seam; open by a single movement; serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined; worn with or without corsets; **HIGHEST MEDAL** awarded at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Sample, 30c. Write for free catalogue. Address **LEONTIN MFG. CO., 4563 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago.**

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**CROCHET** **YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS.** You can order any Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen used in Woman's work. Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Silk, Cotton and Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city. Send two penny-stamps for price-list. **PETER BENDER,** (ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y. **BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.** **MOULDERS**

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

(Continued from page 571.)

"JULES VERNE."—Your letter was too late for the June number.—The tan and brown suit will be pretty made either by the model for "A Neat Walking Gown" in the April number, or by that of "An Up-to-Date Costume" in May.—Russet, tan, and brown shoes grow more popular every year, and were even frequently seen on our city streets during the past winter.—A cream-colored serge would be a better choice than the bengaline for an outing-gown.—See Leghorn hat on page 441 of May number.—The "Irmine Dress" in same number is a good model for your cotton frocks. Get a pale blue silk gingham for nice; and have others of zephyr gingham and galatea in delicate colors and fine stripes for everyday wear.—Tan-color and gray gloves are prettier for little girls than white.—Leave the long curly hair unconfined, or tie back low in the neck with ribbons.

"C. K."—Trim your blue dimity either with three or four narrow ruffles edged with plat Valenciennes, or else with several rows of inch-wide insertion put five or six inches apart, and finish the bottom with hem and tucks or with a six-inch flounce trimmed with lace and insertion. Band the corsage with vertical lines of insertion, and also the sleeve-puffs. Have a stock collar and girdle of white moire ribbon.

"MARFA."—The model of "A Summer Gown" on page 495 of the June number is about what you want. Follow it in all details, or choose a warm tan-color instead of the blue gray. There are many fancy silks that would be pretty, and a black moire would also be very handsome; but if you decide upon so heavy a silk as that, make the skirt plain and undraped.—A tan or gray chip hat with rolling brim similar to the one shown on No 33 of the Supplement would be a better choice for a long summer journey than a white sailor-hat.

"DAUGHTER."—Articles upon "Leather Work" were published in Demorest's for February, 1888, and January, 1890. Both are illustrated; and the last one, especially, will be found very full and complete. They can be obtained at this office for the regular price, 20 cents per copy.

"E. V. H."—The sample inclosed is a cheap quality of Nottingham lace. Impossible to judge of its actual value from so tiny a scrap.

**Cleanings.**

LONDON'S EIFFEL TOWER.

THE Eiffel Tower now in process of erection at Wemby, by London, has reached the first stage, and already affords a magnificent view extending for miles in every direction. Two hundred men have been employed on the work for the past nine months, and the contractors have fifteen months in which to complete the structure. Its total height will be 1150 feet, which is 56 feet in excess of the combined heights of the great Pyramid of Cheops, the Statue of Liberty, and the spire of Trinity Church in New York; and also a few feet higher than the Washington Monument piled on top of the Great Pyramid and crowned in its turn by the Obelisk of Luxor, in Paris.

A "GOOD LUCK" LOUNGE.

THE newest addition to a charming room is a "good luck" lounge; and all ye good people who are seeking luck as ye pursue your pilgrimage through this weary world must haste to add one to your possessions, since it not only insures your own good fortune but that of everyone who has the pleasure of reposing

(Continued on page 573.)

**BEST & CO**



**63c.**



Long nainsook slip— an especially pretty and sensible little day-robe. The fullness is gathered to the neck-band and falls in wide, full folds; both neck and full sleeves are edged with embroidery in neat pattern; wears and washes well, and is offered at the low price of 63 cents.

By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

One of "the few good things for the baby" described in our little booklet of that title, which will be sent by mail on application.

60 & 62 W. 23d St.,  
 New York.

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

**WARREN'S SKIRT BONE.**

THE new stiffener for Dress Skirts, Revers, Collars, and all shoulder trimming, is now a staple article in every up-to-date Dressmaking Establishment.



Never before was an article so quickly taken up and adopted with such gratifying results as

**Warren's Skirt Bone**

Ask your dealer for it, or address, for prices, descriptions and directions, **WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.**

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

**"The Traffic in Girls AND Florence Crittenton Missions."**

By **CHARLTON EDHOLM,**

Superintendent Press World's W. C. T. U., and Reporter Florence Crittenton Missions.

A thrilling picture of the life of these poor white slaves in the horrors of the brothel, and their rescue by the Thirteen Florence Crittenton Missions, founded by that "Brother of Girls," Evangelist Charles N. Crittenton.

**Finely Illustrated. Both Books only \$1.50.**

The book is most highly recommended by Miss Willard, Bishop Fallows, Bishop Hagood, Theodore Cuyler, Ex-Gov. St. John, Count Leo Tolstoi, Wm. T. Stead, and a host of others.

Every white ribboner and every Christian should have copies of these books to give to friends.

Help us, friends, to rescue these precious "little sisters." Press the sale at State, County and local W. C. T. U. Conventions.

No better present could be given your pastor and friends. No better work could be done by Unions than to scatter many copies of this book.

**Six Copies for \$5.00. Ten Copies \$7.50.**

All proceeds for the benefit of the Missions.

Address orders to

**CHARLTON EDHOLM,**

Supt. Press World's W. C. T. U.,

The W. C. T. U. Temple, CHICAGO.

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# A Very Stylish BLACK Merino Cape



Rich, silk embroidery, French hand work, handsome silk fringes. Prices from \$3.00 to \$25.00. All charges prepaid. Send for Illustrated Price-List.

The above cut shows our \$5.00 Cape.

**EBEN SUGDEN, Importer,**  
313 Church St., New York.

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**The Two Great Non-Breakable Corsets.**  
Sent, post-paid, for \$1.00 each.  
THE FINEST CORSET WAISTS IN THE WORLD.  
Agents Wanted Everywhere  
Price Lists and Art Journal free.  
**RELIANCE CORSET CO.,**  
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**Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS**  
Ladies, if you would have the most perfect Corset made, try this style. Endorsed by thousands now wearing them. **SIDE UNBREAKABLE.** Handsomely illustrated catalogue of Corsets and Health Waists, with prices, free by mail.  
**St. Louis Corset Co., Mfrs.,**  
Department A. 19th and Morgan Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.  
**Lady Agents Wanted.**

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**LADY HELP**  
Wanted. Any lady wishing pleasant, paying home employment can secure position to manage correspondence, get names, fold, send circulars, control agents, and easily earn money in charge of a local Distributing Depot for the lovely goods of **SYLVAN TOILET CO.,** 736 Wood Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Milliners or dressmakers increase their incomes in new way. Correspondence solicited from any wishing to open toilet parlors or bazars. Send stamp for illustrated New Art Booklet, with special offer for your locality.

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

**KEEP THE HEAD COOL**  
The Braided Wire Spring Pillow is cool and cleanly. Comfortable as down or feathers. Health restoring to the sick. Practically indestructible. Price, upholstered in fine hair:  
Adult's 20x28, \$3.50;  
Child's 14x22 \$2.50.  
Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. Address,  
**Weston & Wells Mfg. Co.,**  
1110-1116 Noble St., Phila., Pa.

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**A NEW ART** Do you wish to fill your homes with beautiful paintings? If so, send stamp for descriptive circular of Bartholdi's New Art System. With this process any one can learn to paint on canvas, china, tapestry, or sketch from nature rapidly. Any one sending us 25c. before Aug. 1st, we will forward an original painting in oil colors made with system. Address  
**BARTHOLDI'S ART SCHOOLS,** East Hampton, L. I., N. Y.

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(Continued from page 572.)

restfully in the midst of its thirteen cushions! There! the secret is out. 'Tis the thirteen cushions that bring prosperity "in all worldly matters, whether of finance or sentiment," to him or her who sits a half-hour on a good-luck lounge. The pillows may be as plain or as ornamental as the fancy pleases; but they must be soft and downy, yielding grateful support to every tired muscle, and the luxury of resting on them would be deemed sufficient good luck to many a weary mortal.

### A NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

OPPORTUNITY waits for some people, and others have the wit and energy to make it, or the prescient eye which is able to see it when another, not so keen, would let the favorable occasion slip. A clever young woman in Chicago has come to the relief of those mothers who give children's parties but do not know what to do with the children after inviting them. Miss Ashburn plans the entertainment, games, dances, etc., and, if desired, makes out the menu for refreshments and directs the laying of the table. She is a fine musician and plays for the dancing herself; but of course this is not an indispensable qualification, for it is always easy to supply the music. However, there are other requisites for success in the occupation; and first of all is a love of children, and a thorough understanding of how to give them a royally good time. Miss Ashburn is familiar with all the old games, and inventive in devising new ones or variations upon old themes; and she enters into the sport with the liveliest zest herself, leading in the play, and watchful to draw in the diffident, backward children, who, otherwise, would play the tiresome rôle of wall-flowers. She is clever and ingenious also in varying her programmes and providing some novelty for the rapidly succeeding parties. At a recent one the climax was a fishing pond. In a bay window screened off from the room were as many parcels as there were guests. A little boy was appointed fisherman and given a fishing-rod, and he drew forth the packages. Each parcel contained a toy, and after Miss Ashburn had called the little folks about her and likened them to the pigeons of Venice, of which she told them, the fishing began. The fascinating uncertainty as to the contents of the packages kept up the interest to the end; and when the last fish was drawn, the dining-room door was opened and the little folk went in to enjoy a dainty feast.

### "OUR NATIONAL NUT."

THE nutritive value of the peanut has been recognized in Germany, where it is proposed to adopt it for army rations. German scientists have been for some time engaged in a series of experiments to ascertain the best methods of preparing the nuts for food, and have reached the firm conviction that in a raw state or when merely roasted they are not nutritious, for the digestive organs refuse to assimilate them. It is only through the preparation of thorough cooking that the great nutritive value of the peanut is developed, and for this purpose it is made into flour and grits; it is also put upon the market in the form of light and palatable biscuits. One important quality claimed for it is its sustaining

(Continued on page 574.)

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER**

**THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME**  
FOR HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH.

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

## EVERY LADY Should have one of our Venus Night Lamps.

(9 inches high.)  
No dressing case or bureau complete without one. Beautifully finished in **Silver.** With fluted linen shade. Red, Pink, or Yellow tints. Sent by mail (complete) to any part of the United States or Canada upon receipt of **60 cents.** We guarantee satisfaction.

**AMERICAN LAMP AND BRASS CO.**  
Manufacturers, Trenton, New Jersey.



**60 Cts.**

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## THE "B & H" Lamps



are made in largest variety of artistic styles; all have the **Double Centre Draught,** giving most perfect light. **Best Dealers everywhere** sell them, as they always give entire satisfaction. Take no other. **Every Lamp stamped "B & H"** Send for our Little Book.

**BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.**  
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Factories—Meriden, Conn.

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**IMPROVED DEWEY ACME CORSET AND DRESS PROTECTOR.**  
A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six.  
Bust measure 28-33, \$ .80  
Bust measure 34-39, 1.00  
Bust measure 40-46, 1.25  
**M. DEWEY, Manufacturer.**  
1397 W. c. Monroe St., Chicago.  
Send money by P. O. Order.  
Agents wanted; catalogue free.

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

Send 20c. for "WORTH" SKIRT PATTERN FASHION PLATE and CIRCULARS OF MRS. FLESHER'S DRESS CUTTING SYSTEM, free. **FLESHER & CO.,** 154 W. 23d Street, New York.

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**Glass Cutters**  
 TO THE  
**ROYAL HOUSE**  
 OF—  
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Six distinct awards at World's Fair, excelling all others in clearness of color, brilliancy and depth of cutting.



See that every article has this trade mark.

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**\$19.100 Sewing Machine.**

Warranted for Five Years.

Full Set of Attachments with every Machine  
 100,000 SOLD IN TEN YEARS.

The only High Grade SEWING MACHINE sold for \$19.50  
 HOW CAN WE DO IT? Because we MAKE THEM and  
 SELL DIRECT to the PUBLIC.  
 If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction  
 ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies  
 residing in your vicinity who have used them.

Demorest Sewing Machine Company,  
 155 West 23d Street, New York.

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Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day.

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 by placing in every room our  
**Combination Commode  
 Deodorizer and Slop Jar.**

Kills every odor. It's light, durable, non-adhesive, easily cleaned. Price \$2.50 with a years supply of disinfectant. It Pays Agents. Send for particulars. FOLDING BATH TUB CO., Marshall, Mich.

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 American Graphite  
**PENCILS.**

Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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(Continued from page 573.)

power, which enables one who eats it to endure great fatigue; it is said to surpass in this respect the famous "soja" bean of China and Japan. The peanut meal costs only four cents per pound in bulk, and one pound is nearly equal in nourishing power to three pounds of beef. It is an ideal anti-fat diet, owing to the low proportion of sugar and starch it contains, hence will be a grateful addition to the limited menu of those who are dieting for obesity; and it is also recommended for persons suffering from diabetes.

**FRAUNCES' TAVERN.**

This time-honored old inn, standing on the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, in New York, was the scene of a very interesting gathering on April 19, when the Daughters of the American Revolution assembled in its old banquet hall to commemorate by an afternoon tea the battle of Lexington and also the third anniversary of the foundation of their society. The selection of this old hall for their annual reunion was a happy choice on the part of the "Daughters," as it is associated with many events of great historical interest. It was beautifully decorated for this occasion with flags and the national colors, together with many palms and masses of pure white lilies; the latter chosen with poetical intent to symbolize the purity of character of the great Washington. Entertaining historical sketches were read by descendants of the distinguished generals who assembled in this old hall on December 4, 1783, to take leave of their revered leader; and measures were inaugurated with a view to the preservation of this interesting building. It is proposed that the city shall buy the whole block and convert it into a park for a fitting setting to Fraunces' Tavern.

**AN ENEMY TO CHOLERA.**

So inimical to the cholera bacillus are oranges and lemons that if the bacteria be placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruits they survive but a few hours; and even if placed on the rind of the whole fruit they will not live longer than twenty-four hours. It is supposed to be the acid of the fruit that possesses this destructive power. Owing to this valuable property in these fruits no restrictions are placed on their transit and sale, even when it is known that they were grown in infected districts.

**ORCHID COLLECTING.**

THE dangers incurred in the task of collecting orchids are little understood by the public at large. There is not only the risk of living among or journeying through hostile peoples in remote countries, but also the danger of contracting deadly fevers in malarious swamps. Of eight naturalists who were seeking rare specimens in Madagascar, and met at Tamatave, where they dined together, there was but one

(Continued on page 575.)

**\$15.00 TO \$40.00 A WEEK.**

Can be made taking subscribers for "House and Home," the best illustrated Home Journal published. Every subscriber will receive a handsome premium valued at \$5.00 in any store. Anyone can, with spare time, do well. No experience required. Full instructions given. Send 20 cents for complete outfit, sample copies and full instructions, and you will make money fast.

Address, **THE HOUSE AND HOME CO.,**  
 641 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The **PEERLESS STEAM COOKER**  
 No. 2. B. 8 GALLS.

Received the **HIGHEST AWARD** at the World's Fair.

Commended by **Marion Harland**, and all cooking experts. A whole meal can be cooked at one time, over one burner on a gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove, and without mingling flavors. Will pay for itself in one season for canning fruit. Catalogue free. Agents wanted at once.

**PEERLESS COOKER CO.**  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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**\$12.60**

YOU ARE SURE to get a PRESENT ALSO.

CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us with \$12.60 and we will send you this MACHINE by freight. If you don't find it equal to machines retailed at \$40.00 to \$50.00, better than those advertised by other houses at from \$20.00 to \$30.00 and the GRANDEST BARGAIN you ever saw, return it at our expense and we will refund your money.

OR WE WILL SEND IT C.O.D. Subject to Examination on receipt of \$3.00 as GUARANTEE of good faith, balance \$9.60 to be paid after you have seen and examined it.

**DESCRIPTION!**  
 7 drawers, cover and drop leaf, exactly as illustrated, SOLID BLACK WALNUT OR ANTIQUE OAK, as desired, latest improved and best made, patent feed, patent setting needle and threading shuttle, automatic bobbin winder and a complete set of attachments, needles, oils, instruction book and accessories.

**A 10 Years Binding Guarantee** with every Machine. This Machine is made of the very best material, finely finished and adjusted to all kinds of sewing. Runs Easy; a child can operate it. Never gets out of order, almost noiseless. **BIG CATALOGUE FREE.**  
 ADDRESS: **Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.**

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**HIGHEST MEDAL** awarded to

**MAJESTIC**

Only Medal for **Sewing Machine Attachments**

Why? Send for catalogue **TILTON SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
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THE CONSTITUTION will be furnished at such rates that individuals, churches, societies and committees will be able, without much effort and at a small expense, to supply their whole neighborhood with just the kind of information that will be calculated to awaken interest and produce results in favor of the Prohibition of the Liquor traffic. The cheapest and most effective missionary work ever inaugurated.

The prices will be as follows:

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**Ten Subscriptions, one year, 60 cts.**  
**One Hundred Subscriptions, one year, \$5.00**

All sent to separate addresses anywhere in the United States or Canada, post free.

Address **W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
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**BATH TUBS,** Wholesale & Retail. For "Bath in one Room" & "Portable." Durable, many long used, renewed, light, little water. Agents and others send for circulars.  
**E. J. Knowlton, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

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# IT POPS.

Effervescent, too.

Exhilarating, appetizing.  
Just the thing to build up the constitution.

## Hires' Rootbeer

Wholesome and strengthening, pure blood, free from boils or carbuncles. General good health—results from drinking **HIRES'** Rootbeer the year round.

Package makes five gallons, 25c.  
Ask your druggist or grocer for it.  
Take no other.

Send 2-cent stamp to the Charles E. Hires Co., 117 Arch St., Philadelphia, for beautiful picture cards.

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White Rose, Violet, Heliotrope, Jockey Club, Jasmine, Opoponax, Stephanotis, Tuberosa, Frangipanni, New Mown Hay, Musk, Lilac Flower, Spanish Queen, Essence Bouquet, Ylang Ylang, Swiss Bouquet, Lily of the Valley, Messaline, Dewdrops, Lilac, Trailing Arbutus, West End, Riviera, Patchouly. These odors are perfect without exception.

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Put up in elegant style, and sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, **1 bottle, 20c, 3 for 50c, 15 for \$2.00, 24 for \$3.00.** Money easily made selling them. Agents' outfit of samples, 10 cents.

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Greatly improved and very popular, slide up and down in a window like a sash, easy to move and stay where placed. Artistically neat and very convenient—a delight to the ladies. Tens of thousands are in use. Our IMPROVED WINDOW SCREEN allows the flies to pass out and not return—admired by everybody. Send for free circular, or send 6c. in stamps for new 100-page Illustrated Catalogue.

Hartman Sliding Blind Co.  
No. 8 Lincoln Ave.,  
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## BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

*Sold Everywhere.*

**COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., CHICAGO.**

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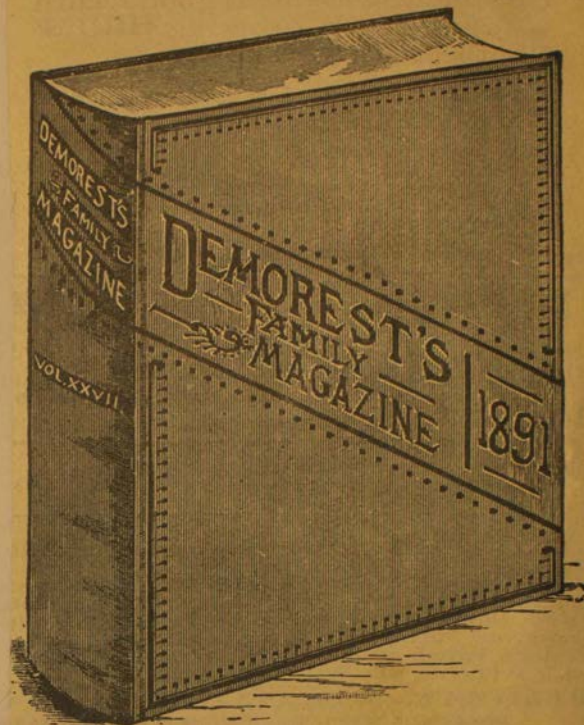
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**HARTSHORN'S** SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS  
 NOTICE  
 NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* LABEL ON AND GET THE GENUINE  
**HARTSHORN**

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5 East Fourteenth Street, NEW YORK.

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# Spice Box.

HE UNDERSTOOD HIS BUSINESS.

THE AMATEUR:—"How is it all your photographs of people show their true expression so well?"

THE PHOTOGRAPHER:—"I never tell a patron to look natural."



"AUNTIE, tan't I have sugar on my bread?"

"No, Robbie; if you eat sugar on your bread you will not have any whiskers when you become a man."

"Is 'at how you dot you whicksers?"

TOMMY'S LOGIC.

"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor.

"The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out."

"Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.

"Now, Mary, which day of the week will you want out?"

MARY:—"I can't tell, ma'am, till I know which is your day at home."

MAMMA:—"And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?"

LITTLE PET:—"Papa tried to sing to me like you do, an' I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it."

(Continued on page 578.)

## Cripple Creek Consolidated Gold Mining Co.

One of the largest corporations in Colorado. For maps and particulars, address **F. H. PETTINGELL, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.**

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## LeMesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**

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**HOW TO ORDER!** Cut out this advertisement and send it to us stating the instrument wanted and we will send it to you by express C. O. D. Subject to Examination. **You can examine it thoroughly at the express office and if found perfectly satisfactory pay the Express Agent our one-third introductory price and express charges and keep it. If not satisfactory DON'T PAY A CENT** and the express agent will return it at our expense.

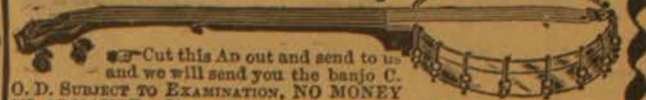
**\$2.95 --**



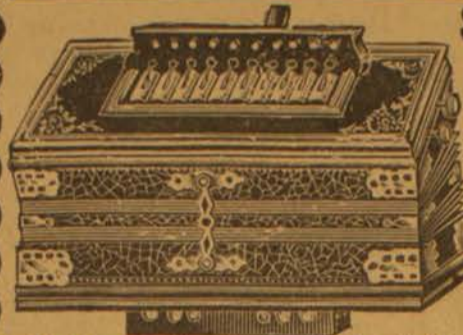
**\$2.95 BUYS A \$10.00 Violin.**

CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us and we will send this violin to you C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. If found satisfactory and equal to those sold by others at three times our price, and the **GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW**, pay the Agent **\$2.95** and EXPRESS CHARGES, otherwise **DON'T PAY A CENT.** **BOW FREE.**

**\$3.80 Buys a \$15.00 Banjo**



Cut this Ad out and send to us and we will send you the banjo C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. If found satisfactory and equal to those sold at three times our price, pay the Agent **\$3.80** and charges, otherwise pay nothing.



**\$3.40 BUYS**

**A \$15 Accordeon**

**GRANDEST BARGAIN**

**EVER OFFERED.**

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**Mouldings & Panels,**

**decorated with nickel**

**silver ornamentations**

**Patent Nickel Keys,**

**GOLDEN stops over**

**sound holes, Strong**

**side clasps, protected**

**corners, 10 keys, 2**

**stops, 2 sets of reeds.**

**Grand Offer**

Cut this Ad out and

send to us and we will send it to you C. O. D. subject to examination. If found satisfactory and equal to accordions that retail at \$15.00 pay the agent **\$3.40** and EXPRESS CHARGES, OTHERWISE PAY NOTHING.

**\$4.45 BUYS A**

**\$20.00 GUITAR!**



Cut this Ad out and send to us and we will send you the GUITAR C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. If found satisfactory and equal to those sold by others at three times our price, pay the Express Agent **\$4.45** AND EXPRESS CHARGES, otherwise PAY NOTHING.

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Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ills., or Minneapolis, Minn.**

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Sent to any address, post-paid, upon receipt of **half price this month only.** Sung by professionals in United States and England.

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**PROF. NORTH'S** make the **DEAF** hear. Send stamp for circular. 41 Greenville St., Somerville, Mass.

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### English Lawn Tennis Scarf.

A dainty necessity of the Summer Girl.

This Scarf is all-wool Crepe Cashmere, fringe on both ends, made in 1 inch striped effects in great variety, as below:

Price, \$1.00 for size 18 x 72  
 " 1.00 " 30 x 60  
 " 2.00 " 36 x 72  
 " 2.00 " 60 x 60  
 Please order by number and size.



- No. 1, Sky Blue and Cream Stripe.
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- 4, Pale Olive and Cream
- 5, Steel and Cream
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**FOR SPLIT BAMBOO ROD.**  
 EVERYTHING IN FISHING TACKLE & OUTING SUPPLIES AT BOTTOM PRICES.  
 SEND STAMP FOR CAT  
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 "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenaeum*

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**At 1/4 Price**  
 Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc., List FREE.  
 CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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(Continued from page 577.)



FATHER:—"How are you progressing with Miss Du Katz? Has she caught your heart yet in her golden chains?"

SON:—"I think she is trying to. I heard her say last night that I was the missing link."

#### THE NEW COOK.

HUSBAND:—"This coffee has a very peculiar taste; it"—

WIFE:—"There, dear, I allowed the new cook to make it instead of doing it myself. How does it taste?"

HUSBAND:—"Just like coffee."

#### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

WIFE:—"What effect will these powders have?"

DOCTOR:—"He will seem rather dull and stupid, but don't feel alarmed."

WIFE:—"Oh, no; he's that way when he's perfectly well, you know."

A YOUNG man went into the studio of a photographer, not long ago, and asked nervously if he might have a little private conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and, after some blushing, he came to the point by asking the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better-looking.

"What do you mean?" inquired the photographer.

"Well, you see, I am engaged to be married. The young lady lives in the country, and is going home to-morrow. She says she thinks I'm so good that she doesn't mind my being homely, but she wants a good-looking picture to take home with her to show the girls."

(Continued on page 579.)

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

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**OF PERFECT PURITY AND EXQUISITE FLAVOR**

**YOUR DURKEE'S GROCER**

**SALAD DRESSING**

NEVER SPOILS FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS, ETC.

**KEEPS THEM.**

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**PORTABLE WOODEN HOUSES.**  
 LIGHT, SUBSTANTIAL BUILDINGS, for Outing, Photographing, Etc. Will withstand the climate perfectly. Stamp for Catalogue.  
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