


DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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RUSSIAN HOME INDUSTRIES.

IVERSE indeed are the types of humanity which comprise the White Czar's Empire, at once the largest stretch of territory under one flag upon the globe's surface, and the most complex in its varieties of picturesque peasant life, Circassian, Tartar, Cossack, all being welded by the cumbrous, antiquated machinery of the Russian Government into a cosmopolitan mass, a task which it may take ages to accomplish.

Russia herself must become Cossack first, or something definite, before one can speak of Europe being Cossack-ized; and she has an abundance of work before her in working out her own destiny within the limit of her almost boundless empire. Evidence of the number of types existing in the Russias is found in the variety of costumes worn by the inhabitants of different sections. Many different styles were shown in the collection of models sent by the Russian Government to the Chicago Exposition; a number of these are shown in our illustration.

The production of the materials and the processes by which these costumes are made bring us at once to the question of Russian home industries. Between the Russia of St. Petersburg and the leading cities and the life in isolated villages of her steppes there is a difference of almost centuries in civilization. In the cities there are hundreds of factories with big, sooty chimneys and modern machinery, although, even there, a great deal of weaving, spinning, and similar work is done by hand; it is in the interior that one finds things archaic, picturesque, and truly primitive. It is in quaint villages, among still quainter people, that the curious and clever hand-work of the Russian peasant, so much admired wherever it has been exhibited, is being produced, under social and climatic conditions which seem to indicate that these industries will flourish for a long time yet in competition with the cheaper and less durable products of the factory looms. It is there that the distaff and bobbin ply ceaselessly in busy hands through the short days and long nights of the winter season, the entire energies of the family being devoted during the short summer to agricultural pursuits and those cruder arts which supply the elementary necessities of the human creature, such as making bread and the ordinary household duties.

In the work of the farm the women take equal part with the men, even guiding the plow (as shown in the illustration of costumes) and helping with the harvest. In fact, they do

all they can to assist in planting and reaping the crops of maize, millet, wheat, rye, or flax that are cultivated during the brief and almost torrid summer; but working with primitive tools, as they do, the Russian peasants find it a very arduous task to obtain a profitable return from their holdings.

The crops ripen very fast when the warm weather sets in, the hay being harvested first. Although rather coarse, the grass of the steppes is luxuriant, and furnishes the staple diet of the cattle during the winter. Before the hottest weather is reached the haymakers have succeeded in harvesting the crop, which is stored safely in the barns for the winter. The grass harvest has not long been finished before the rye, first of the cereal crops to ripen, begins to bleach under the scorching sun, and falls a victim, first to the reaper and then to the thresher, who performs the duty with a flail modeled on much the same plan as those in use from the earliest times.

Whilst the senior members of the family are away in the fields, busy plowing, seeding, or reaping, the younger children are left at home to attend to the babies. Rather solemn little creatures these Russian children seem, after the vivacity of the American specimens; but life is a serious matter with the Russian peasants, young or old, for their isolated lives give them fewer subjects to think upon, and the current of their thoughts therefore runs more deeply.

The children also have to carry water from the stream for the daily use of the household, and to the fields for the workers. The older members of the family, too aged or weak for outdoor work, remain at home with the young children.

Before starting out for the day's labor the first meal of the day is partaken of by the family. It consists, almost invariably, of very coarse, dark brown rye bread, and gruel made from buckwheat groats. The only variation at the evening meal is that a soup made of sour cabbage and flavored with salt is substituted for the gruel.

But, one naturally asks, why this abstemiousness of the Russian peasant when he raises fine cattle, producing meat, milk, cheese, and butter; fowls, producing eggs; and wheat or maize which will give him all the white bread or corn cake that he needs?

The answer is: In order to pay his taxes, not only all the products of his farm beyond the barest necessities have to go to market, but also those of the long winter's labor in making the choicest laces and embroideries and in spinning and

weaving, for otherwise the government would not get its apportioned share.

Since the abolition of serfdom in 1860, the Russian village is run strictly upon family and community principles. Each family has its holding, graded and taxed according to its labor capacity, and the taxes are collected from the village in a gross sum, instead of from each peasant proprietor individually. The family itself does not separate until the death of the father, the sons who marry bringing their wives home to the paternal roof, where they remain until the eldest becomes

with their husbands' families, a proceeding which is generally fraught with a good deal of discomfort to the bride unless she chances to have found an amiable mother-in-law. This deity may sometimes be propitiated by the cleverness of the girl, who may be exceedingly skillful in housekeeping, or an expert at spinning, embroidering, or something that will serve to render her useful to her husband's family and a desirable member thereof.

When the long, hard winter has finally set in, the season of home manufacturing commences in earnest, and the cabin



DOLLS DRESSED IN RUSSIAN COSTUMES.

1. Peasant Woman of the Province of Moscow. 2 and 3. Peasants of Jaroslavl. 4. Peasant Woman of Southern Russia. 5. Peasant of the Province of Moscow. 6. Woman of the Province of Nijni-Novgorod. 7. A Moscow Driver. 8. Peasant of Kastroma. 9 and 10. Peasants of Central Russia. 11 and 12. Noblewomen of the 17th Century. 13. Peasant of Central Russia. 14. Peasant Woman of the Province of Novgorod. 15. Peasant of Southern Russia.

head of the family and the other brothers set up housekeeping for themselves.

The great event of a Russian peasant-woman's life is her marriage. This ceremony plays such an important part in the affairs of the Russian peasant that it overshadows all other domestic matters. The weddings take place after harvest is over and before winter commences, each village generally having several on hand, the festivities occupying most of the time of the prospective brides and grooms and their friends. By the time the weddings are over and the majority of the villagers bankrupted on account of the extravagance, threatening skies announce the advent of frost and snow, and the newly made brides prepare to domesticate themselves

or cottage of the Russian peasant becomes a scene of busy industry. It may be well here to describe the dwelling of the ordinary peasant, for a comprehension of the environment of the home industries may serve to make the subject clearer to the American reader. It will also help enlighten Americans as to why the Russian emigrant in this country is satisfied with such small quarters.

Under the same roof which shelters the family, the cattle and other denizens of the barnyard are also housed, a continuous roof of thatch usually extending over both house and yard. The relations between the stockyard and house are so intimate that at times, when the weather is particularly severe, or a suckling calf may be ailing, it is brought into the

house to share the only apartment with the family. The rear part of the house is partially occupied by a large stove in which a fire burns continuously for eight months of the year. The stove is arranged somewhat like a baker's oven. The fire is lit in the morning, and after two or three hours, when the wood is reduced to coals, the flue-plate, or damper, is shut; the brick walls being very thick, the oven remains warm until the next day, when the fire is lit again.

This stove serves every purpose of the household, even supplying comfortable sleeping-quarters on top for the old people, who cannot



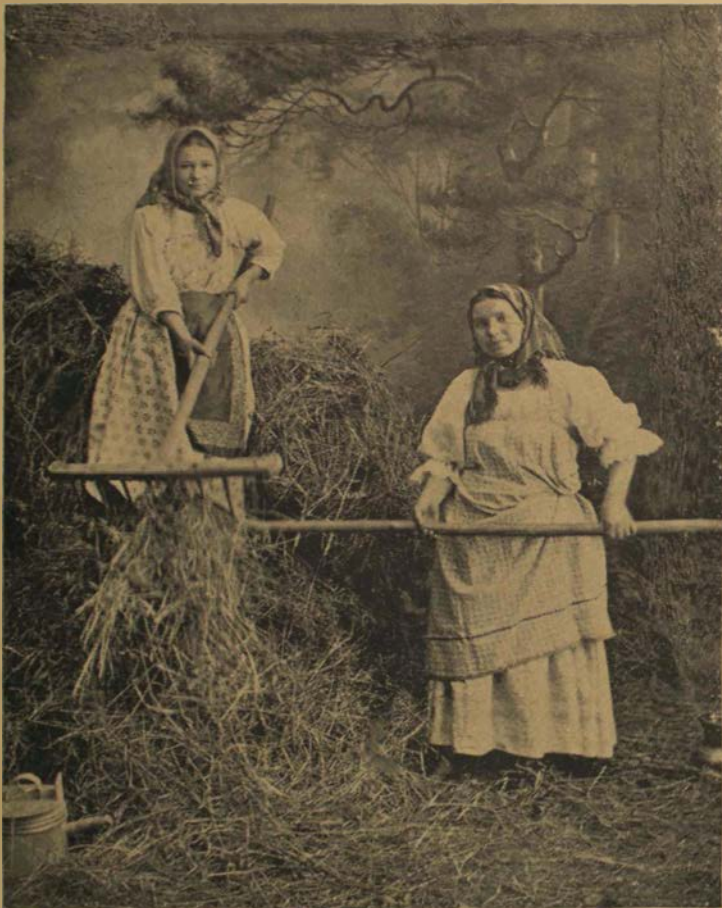
MAKING BREAD.

articles which have found their way there from the homes of wealthier neighbors. In the corner opposite the door you find, invariably, a corner cabinet filled with holy images, often covered with silver and pearls. A few tapers which have served at the wedding of the hostess at church, a couple of palm branches, and a towel are usually there also; and a tiny lamp with olive-oil, lit only on the eve of a holy day, or in case of sickness or storm, hangs before the holy image.

The primary step, or groundwork, in all the cottage industries is, necessarily, the spinning of the thread, either silk, wool, or linen;

and as the spinning-wheel has not yet found its way very extensively among the peasantry, the thread is spun by hand from the distaff, which forms an indispensable part of almost every Russian peasant woman's possessions. It is an undisputed fact that lace made from the handspun thread has a far richer appearance than any other. When the thread has been prepared the hand-loom has to be called into requisition; and as most of these in the possession of the peasantry are built very small, the stuffs woven upon them are usually made in narrow widths.

On the hand-loom the Russian woman manufactures all kinds of linen and woolen cloths for the different purposes of the family, and also for sale to those who market these



HAYMAKING.

stand the cold so well as the younger folks. The rest of the family pack themselves away at bedtime in a gallery which runs across the rear of the apartment, above the stove, the children occupying one end, the seniors the other. In some sections an innovation has been made by inserting board partitions in the balcony, thus giving more privacy to the sleeping-quarters of the different members of the family. On Saturday, all the members of the family crawl into the oven in turn and have a good wash, using a little home-made wooden tub, and a bundle of birch twigs. An abundant supply of the latter is gathered during the spring, while the leaves of the birch are green and fragrant.

The furniture of the house is usually very meager, consisting of home-made benches and tables, and a variety of



GLEANING RYE.



THRESHING.

commodities in the larger cities, where the sterling quality of the goods is duly appreciated. After dyeing the thread with vegetable dyes of her own manufacture, she makes gayly colored linen cloths that are strong and neat-looking, for house garments; and of this her invariable saraphan is almost certain to be made, unless she has, in order to turn a corner sharply, bought some cheap calico instead, and sent her own good wares to market. Handkerchiefs, towels, and other household requisites are made from the same material.

Next in importance comes the spinning of homespun cloths from the wool of the goat and sheep, to be made into caftans and various garments, according to the fashion of the locality where the weavers reside. These homespuns are so strongly made that they last many years, and some of them are very dainty in appearance; dress materials of the pure goat's wool being produced which vie with the finished products of the steam loom in appearance, and far excel them in durability. These fabrics are all carefully washed and shrunk after being manufactured; they are carried down to the brook or river beside which the vil-



CARRYING WATER.

lage is sure to be built, and there thoroughly soaked and cleansed, to save bringing the water to the house for the purpose.

Next to the coarser manufactures of the cottage artisans, which are naturally prompted largely by their own necessities, one of the most interesting branches of their work is the lace industry, which is one of the oldest in the country. The principal provinces in which it flourishes are Vologda, Tamboff, Rjasan, and Kazan, for bobbin and needle lace, and Orenburg, Penza, and Kazan for the wool-lace industry. The wool-lace



TOO YOUNG OR TOO FEEBLE TO WORK.

product is unsurpassed for delicacy and beauty, the shawls being made from the wool of the Orenburg goat, the raising of which, in itself, constitutes a very considerable industry. Although this animal has been bred in Orenburg for centuries, its ancestors originally came from Thibet. By great care and selection the Russian variety of this goat has been very much improved, and the excellence of its wool is remarkable. The herds are raised on the steppes in the province of Orenburg, and from there the wool is exported to the other centers of the lace industry.

In preparing the wool the long hairs are first picked out and thrown away, the soft undergrowth of fur next to the skin being all that is available for use. The carding of this wool is the hardest part of the industry, and often causes the hands of the

operators to bleed. After being carded the wool is spun, without a wheel, a simple distaff being used, and then made three-ply by twisting. The thread is then knitted on two steel knitting-needles. At this industry Russian women often work patiently all day long for the meager pittance of five cents; the work is marvelously fine, the designs being copied, sometimes, from the frost on the window-pane, and at others, from antiques so old that their origin cannot be traced. The shawls, so exquisitely fine that three of them can be drawn through a finger-ring, are worn in the Oriental style, displaying the graceful folds of drapery; and the native women have a fashion of arranging them to form a filmy veil which envelops the head, the rest of the shawl being doubled in many folds as it is placed upon the shoulders. This industry was started by the Cossack women in the province of Orenburg.



WINTER SCENE IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.



A COTTAGE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

The largest goat's-down shawl in the world was made for the Columbian Exposition by Mavra Archipoff, a woman of Penza. It covers forty-nine square yards, has twelve million stitches in it, and weighs only eight and a half ounces. This worthy woman introduced the industry in Penza some twenty years ago, and employs now over fifty women knitters. A great many shawls of the finest quality are made in the province of Kazan.

The making of linen and silk lace also constitutes a most important home industry. These are made either with bobbin and pillow or with the needle, the latter being the most expensive process. Children commence to learn lace-making at the age of six or seven years, and all the simplest patterns are made by them. As soon as a child has become thoroughly familiar with one pattern it is taught another, and the designs, mostly mediæval, have been handed down from generation to generation. Russian lace somewhat resembles the Maltese, and some beautiful results are obtained in it by weaving threads of gold among the silk or linen threads. In Russian drawn-work some very handsome results are achieved; it is quite unlike the well-known Spanish work, being closely overlaid with embroidered designs. One handsome toilet-table cover has the effect of

gray lace with white flowers tied upon it by golden threads, and the border is powdered all over with daisies. Some of the designs in this work are particularly beautiful; it is principally used in making tea-cloths, scarfs, and handkerchiefs. The Russian linen embroidery is sometimes simply made on plain linen, and at others it is combined with drawn-work.

To mention Russian cottage industries without alluding to furs would be like leaving the long, snow-bound winter out of the Russian calendar. Every man, woman, and child in Russia is equipped with a fur garment, usually a simple caf-

tan, which in the case of the peasant is of common sheep or wolf skin that has been tanned or dressed, at the little tannery of the village, and serves as a rough cloak for general use. The finer furs, those of the bear, sable, fox, muskrat, and others,



SPINNING.



WEAVING.

are dressed principally in the towns; they are usually marketed at the large semi-annual fairs, and for this purpose are sewed together into square pieces, from which the tailor eventually cuts his garments. In this industry men are oftener employed than women.

Having made her homespun cloth or linen the Russian housewife does not consider her duty by any means ended, for she has next to manufacture it into garments adapted to the requirements of her family. The two principal and almost universal garments of the Russian peasantry are the caftan and the saraphan; the former a sort of ulster-shaped cloak or coat, and the latter a woman's garment, a long skirt reaching to the armpits, finished with a narrow binding, and supported over the shoulders by means of linen straps which cross each other at the back, like suspenders. With the saraphan is worn a white linen shirt, embroidered in colors, which reaches up to the neck, and extends beneath the outer garment.

The different tribes living amongst the Russian peasants, as the Tartars, Chuvash, Tcheremiss, and others, have kept their own costumes; some of them are very picturesque. The Chuvash costume, for instance, has each seam ornamented with embroidery, the ornament following the line of construction. It is one of the best costumes for rough wear ever made, being of fine homespun linen lined throughout with the same material of a coarser quality. It is an everyday suit, and made for wear and tear. The embroidery is of silk in varied stitches, elaborately finished, the hem being embroidered green next to the white linen, and bordered with a broad band of red having black edges. As the sleeves are embroidered with red, green, and black, the white linen is thrown into strong relief and looks almost dazzling. The designs of the embroidery are usually of ecclesiastical patterns.

In the products of the Russian woman's handicraft colors form a very important part; and if nothing else betrayed

the Oriental cast of the Cossacks it might be found in the gorgeous hues of their garments. Their costumes vary according to the district in which they reside, some of those in eastern Siberia being very similar to Chinese in color and pattern, others in Oukrania showing the more glaring and distinctive effects of the Tartar taste. The colors woven or stitched by these patient workers are symbolic of religious devotion, often but dimly understood by some who use them, but evidencing the piety of those by whom they were originated in times so far distant that their beginnings cannot be traced. The principal of these symbolic colors are red and gold; the former expressing "We invoke thy protection, O Lord," and the latter, "Glory to God." They correspond to the meaning of the same colors in Byzantine illumination. The more complex developments result from a fusion of Christianity with Greek thought and Asiatic love of color, acted upon by local environments.

Until recent times the convents were the sole fosterers of the handicrafts and art industries of Russia, the proud aristocrats taking no notice of the domestic affairs of the poor.

The nuns taught the peasantry how to draw, paint, weave, and embroider, besides many other useful crafts; and in the churches of Russia may be found priceless heirlooms, pious tributes of the labor of the peasantry and the nuns. Occasionally some devout noblewoman, fond of art, contributes a valuable specimen of her skill to the church. The church door, chair, and other ecclesiastical articles shown in the illustration were the designs and workmanship of Russian ladies. The door was designed for a convent by Mme. Dournovo. The



CARRYING CLOTH TO THE RIVER TO SHRINK IT.



LACE-MAKERS IN A TOWN.



ORENBURG LACE SHAWLS.

ornamentation is of antique metal work, called *basma*, and antique enamelled bronze, lying upon a background of gilt lace.

The Princess M. Schahovskoy is warmly interested in bringing the attention of Americans to the cottage industries of Russia, and has sent over a valuable collection of antiques and examples of current work for exhibition, so that an idea can be formed of the skill of her countrywomen. Of late years the upper classes have taken some interest in the affairs of the peasantry, and schools for the instruction of girls have been started which are doing excellent service. Some of these schools are under the patronage of the Czarina. An illustration on page 393 shows novices learning to embroider at one of the institutions.

The greatest living authority on Russian antiques, Mme. W. L. Shabelsky, a member of the Imperial Russian Historical Museum, possesses the finest collection of them extant. As in Japan, there has lately been in Russia a revival of national feeling, opposed to the cosmopolitan tendencies of other nations, and Mme. Shabelsky has taken the lead in her special department. Her collection contains more than four thousand five hundred separate articles, some of which are specimens of Russian peasant handicraft dating from the tenth century. Mmes. Mamontoff and Kaznachef superintended the preparation of the doll collection for the Columbian Exposition. The dolls were made by hand, with most primitive instruments, and some of them specially represent a type of Russian life, while others serve only to show the costume. Those representing peasants employed in the work of the farm, which are shown in the foreground of



DOING LINEN DRAWN-WORK.



TOWEL ORNAMENTED WITH DRAWN-WORK AND GOLD AND SILVER EMBROIDERY. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DESIGN.

the picture, were executed under their instructions, and are true to life.

In the more antique Russian costumes there is much picturesqueness, real silver and gold threads being used for the embroidery, and silk of the richest kind forming the background. There was a costume of this kind exhibited at the Chicago Exposition which was the precious heirloom of a Novgorod peasant, and was two hundred years old.

It is a noteworthy fact that, poor as the Russian peasants may be, and wretched their dwelling accommodations, they wear garments of such quality as would be beyond the reach of the masses in this country, so rich are the materials and so elaborate the workmanship which they bestow upon them.

Several Russian ladies of prominence have interested themselves during the last few years in the higher grades of needlework produced by the peasant women; and a classification has been made of the different forms of art to which they variously adhere in their



SEWING FUR.

designs, together with an analysis of the origin and development of the forms, which supplies a most interesting study to the antiquarian. The Princess Schahovskoy has done a great deal to further the development of cottage industries in Russia, with a view to keeping the women at home and to prevent the factory system gaining ground. She first taught a few pupils the art of weaving in colors, and presented them with looms which enabled them to compete with any work done in the East. Her pupils then taught others, and these spread the art still further, until the homespun cloth industry is fast becoming an important feature.

The leather work of the Tartar women deserves mention among the prominent industries of the Russian peasantry. In appearance it resembles a mosaic rather than appliqué work, and is composed of sections of different colored morocco pieced together by a peculiar corded stitch which imparts to the material extraordinary durability. The skins are dyed separately in colors, such as blue, red, brown, or cream, and the sections are then cut in geometrical designs. Boots, slippers, and cushions are made in the same kind of work.

The universal use of the cap, known as the *ermolka*, by Mohammedan men, who, on account of their religion, have shaven heads and constantly wear the *ermolka*, keeps the manufacture of them active at all times. They are of the same shape as a smoking-cap, and are of leather or velvet, embroidered according to the quality.

The birch-bark baskets, cabinets, shoes, and other articles manufactured by the Russian peasants are principally the work of old men too feeble to be of service in more active pursuits, but who, nevertheless, make good use of their time in this direction. The bark from which these articles are

made is the inner skin of the Russian birch-tree, common in almost all parts of the Empire. It is gathered spring and fall, and the process is a very simple one. An incision is first made around the trunk of the tree, and the peasants have a knack of tearing or unwinding the bark from the starting point, which gives them a strip of even width that they wind into a ball and keep through the winter until it is dry enough to use; it is then made into shoes, baskets, and other useful articles. The bark shoes are universally worn by the Russian peasantry. Other shoes used in winter are made of sheep's wool; these are manufactured by itinerant cobblers who travel from house to house, using the peasants' own materials.

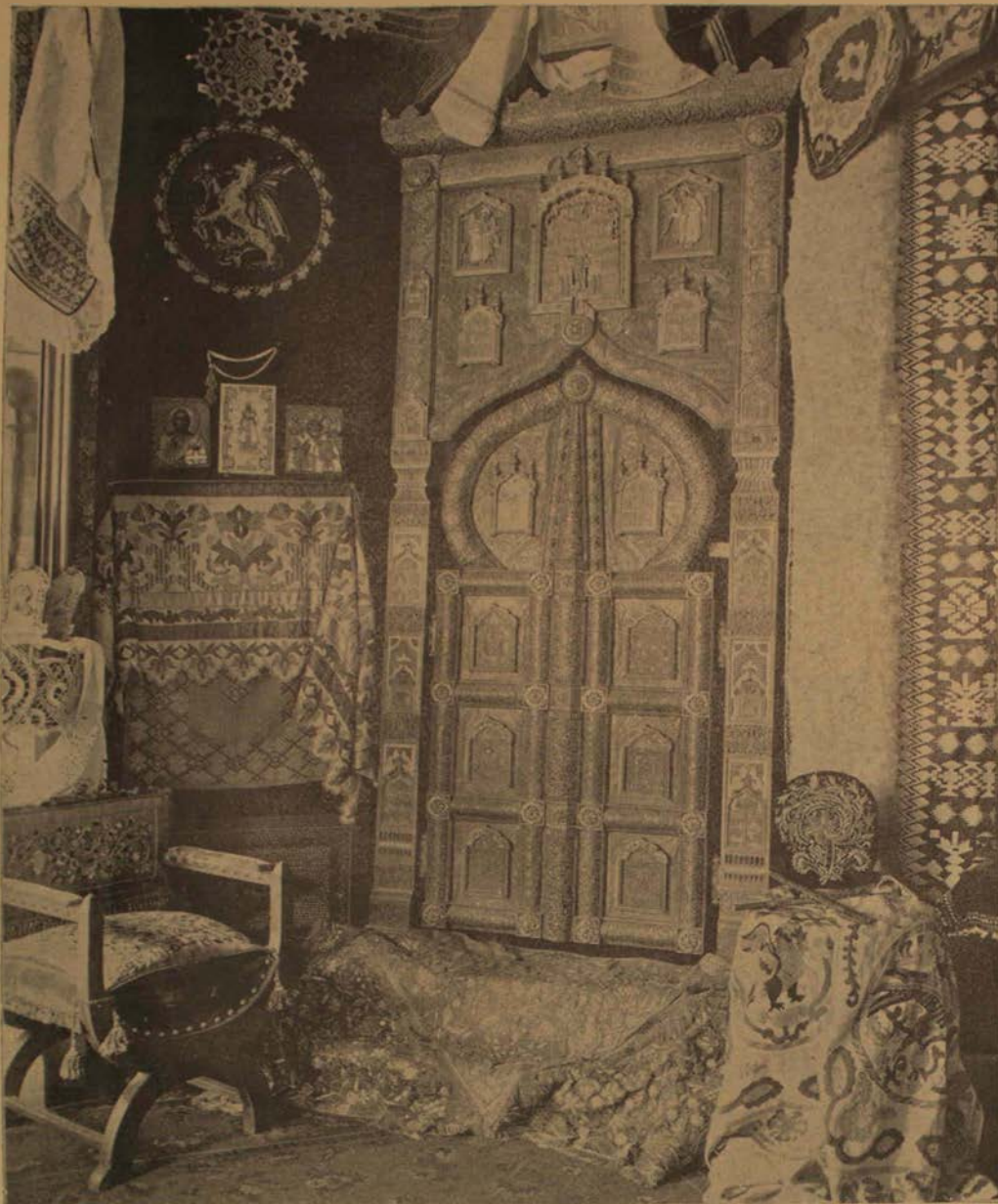
Another important industry is the lacquered woodwork, consisting of bowls, canisters, spoons, and other small domestic articles. This ware is made by the process of hand turning, from the wood of the aspen-tree, which is soft, tough, light, and well suited for the purpose. The lacquering process is similar to that common in Japan; and after the ware has been submitted to seven different dressings and bakings in the oven it is painted over by hand in designs of gold and black upon the red surface of the ware, the inside of the articles sometimes being lined with a kind of tin-foil. This industry is carried on principally in the provinces of Novgorod and Nijni-Novgorod.

The community system which prevails in Russia seems to be conducive to sociability, for the peasants lighten and vary the tedium of the labor performed, by the system of social gatherings prevalent among them. These take place at night, after supper has been eaten and the last duty performed, which consists in feeding the cattle. After night-



SPINNING AND LACE-MAKING. PEASANTS' GALA COSTUMES.

fall, all the household tasks having been finished, with the long evening of seven or eight hours before them, grown members of the various families which constitute the village meet at the house of one of the number, to work together. Each one brings his or her contribution of candle and food,



ECCLESIASTICAL DECORATIONS.

and the evening passes pleasantly, all the distaffs being busily worked, while songs and conversation enliven the tedious toil until midnight, when the gathering breaks up and they disperse to their homes.

In mentioning the home industries of the Russian peasant it would be a serious omission not to allude to the folk-songs with which they enliven almost all their labors either at home or in the fields. These portray a tender-hearted and simple people, referring principally to the surroundings and occupations of their daily lives. We borrow from Mme. Lineff's excellent collection of translations of the folk-songs a couple of the most characteristic.

THE GREEN FOREST.

The green forest roared the whole livelong night,
 And I, poor young maiden ! did not shut an eye ;
 I dreamt not, I slept not, I sat up and spun ;
 And while I was spinning, so lazy I felt,—
 I felt very tired, with grief overcome.
 I had been invited to come to a feast,
 To come to a wedding, my false lover's own.
 My lover was handsome, so curly and fair,
 The horse that he mounted went proudly along.

Another short song, called "The Birchwood Splinter," is a great favorite with the women when they are employed with needle or loom. It refers to the unfortunate position of a

young woman who has been recently married and whose mother-in-law has shown a pronounced aversion for her. The birchwood splinter was used at one time for lighting the house at night ; a long block of birchwood split into lengths, like laths, after having been dried in the oven was stuck into an iron holder, standing upon the floor, and was then ignited. This splinter caused endless trouble, having to be snuffed and renewed frequently, and when wet it burned so badly that it was difficult to work by its light.

THE BIRCHWOOD SPLINTER.

" My dear birchwood splinter,
 Why don't you burn brightly ?
 Or, maybe, you have not been in the oven ? "
 " I have been in the oven all last night,
 But the wicked mother-in-law crept into the oven ;
 She crept into it to put a pan of water,
 And drenched me all over with water."

The melodies of these songs have all of them a plaintive, minor key, which speaks more eloquently than words of the hardships and long-suffering of the people. The voices of both men and women are as a rule singularly sweet and sympathetic ; in their choruses they blend with the most felicitous harmony, and every kind of labor has its special songs.

Some benevolent ladies are endeavoring to assist the peasants by placing their commodities in the various markets of the world, thus protecting them from the grasping proclivities



NOVICES LEARNING TO EMBROIDER.



MAKING TARTAR BOOTS.

of the middlemen who travel from village to village buying the various manufactured articles, and who are rarely will-



TARTAR WOMEN EMBROIDERING CAPS.

ing to transact business without reserving a usurious margin of profit for themselves.*

ARTHUR FIELD.

Our Baby Prize.

INCLUDING the two pages of portraits given in this number we have published seventeen hundred and eight pictures of the competitors for our prize of \$50 which is to be given to the baby who shall be adjudged the prettiest by the votes of our subscribers. Those which are to follow also include some very charming specimens of baby beauty; and the entire collection is a most unique and remarkable one. The remainder of the portraits will be published in the June number, when every subscriber will be allowed a vote, and the baby receiving the greatest number of votes will receive the prize.

Tell your friends that if they wish to have the most remarkable collection of portraits of beautiful babies ever published, they should get the last December and the succeeding numbers of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE; or, better still, tell them to subscribe for it and they will receive a Magazine that during 1894 will eclipse anything that has been before accomplished in the field of periodicals.

*Thanks are due to Mme. A. L. Pogosky, manager of the exhibition of Russian Cottage Industries in New York, for photographs and many courtesies.

A Remarkable Portrait Album.

THE new feature which we introduced in the April number of the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue as a regular and permanent thing, 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, will be of exceptional interest to our readers, besides being peculiarly valuable. A collection of portraits of the world's leading celebrities can be made from this source, the value of which it would be difficult to estimate, and which could not be procured in any other way unless at great expense. 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 of these portraits, they will be 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 will furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we will supply to our readers at cost price, forty cents each, transportation paid. 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 back. In the back of the albums a space will be provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that will be printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits. The sketches will be 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 pictures will be uniform in size, and the album will be 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.

We urge the immediate commencement of a collection, because those who neglect to take advantage of this opportunity to form an album of such inestimable value will deeply regret it.

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 will 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. It is a fad at present to make collections of portraits of noted people, and such a splendid opportunity as we offer our subscribers should not be neglected. Send at once for an album, and start your collection with those given in this number. Everybody of note will be included in the Demorest's Magazine collection; thus at comparatively no cost you will have a collection worth hundreds of dollars.

The Transformation of the Ugly Club.*

HERE were twelve of us in the club. Ugliness was a *sine qua non* of membership; not mere negative plainness, but positive deformity of feature. For example, I was admitted on the credential of a pair of crossed eyes;



Before. After. "THAT UNMERCIFUL, WICKED NOSE."

Ethel Berry was elected by virtue of her mouth,—and poor Ethel's mouth was a dreadful one; Lily Loring's eyebrow was sufficient to entitle her to the privileges of the association; while Bessie Seguin's teeth brought her in

without discussion.

After all, if fancy there was a deal of vanity underlying our effusive humility. I am sure each and every one of us was absolutely convinced that, if by some act of magic, or some operation of science, her especial distortion of feature might be corrected, she would instantly convert the irritating pity of her friends into envious admiration, and burst upon society in the perfection of girlish beauty.



Before. After. A PAIR OF CROOKED EYES.

Mildred Bevis was our president. The office was hers by right; first, because she was the inventor and founder of the club, and next, because she was the brightest, wittiest, and sweetest girl in our set. She was twenty years



Before. After. "A MOUTH TWISTED INTO ETERNAL IRONY."

old, the only daughter of wealthy parents, and as dear to them as such a blessing should be. Her figure was perfection, from the small, stately head with its shining coils of rich, auburn hair, to the little feet with their Arab insteps; her footgear would have put Cinderella herself to despair.

Her figure,—yes, it was an incomparable figure; but her face!—alas! since the truth must be told, Mildred Bevis' face was ugly, very ugly. She had lovely, violet eyes,—eyes that danced with fun or grew dim with emotion, tender, loving, honest eyes, that mated the full, red, tremulous mouth, the firm, round chin, and the low, broad, white forehead. But the nose! oh, that hopeless, hapless, unmerciful, wicked nose!—that blunder of nature, that jest of malicious destiny. It started out from the forehead with an evident determination to fulfill its career as pure Greek; then, changing its plan, it plunged boldly into the Roman outline, but before completing the noble aquiline swoop it hesitated, wavered,

endeavored to turn back, and, finally, made a wretched mess of it altogether. Take it all in all, Mildred's nose was as thoroughly reckless, unscrupulous, and evil-disposed an organ as ever disfigured the countenance of an otherwise charming woman.

As for myself,—well, you have heard that vulgar saying of the eyes that fought over the bridge of a nose. Well, mine were such. Taken by itself, each eye was pretty enough,—bright, luminous, and quite capable of any amount of expression; but turned inward, as if suspiciously watchful of the movements of its neighbor, the pair imparted to my otherwise comely face an expression of sly, diabolical malice, as remote from my character as night is from day.

Cover the lower portion of Ethel Berry's face with your hand, and a large, innocent, lovable baby gazed at you with mild, beseeching eyes, pleading for kisses and petting. Withdraw your hand, and your temptation to kiss her fled; for she seemed to sneer at you with a mouth twisted with eternal and devilish irony. You would have kissed Mephistopheles as readily.

Lily Loring's countenance was divided perpendicularly. The right side, including the nose, was very charming; but, by some incomprehensible freak of nature, her left eyebrow had been raised obliquely, and remained fixed in an expression of grotesque and exaggerated indifference to all the world and its doings.

Bessie Seguin, the most timorous girl I ever knew, who would cower before her own shadow, shudder at the sudden opening of the door, or shriek at the killing of a mosquito, displayed a set of great, gleaming teeth which a wolf might have envied, and before whose ferocious prominence Sir Launcelot of the Lake himself might have taken to his knightly heels in a panic.

A Vassar graduate, author of several abstruse scientific works,—I think they must have been very grand, for I couldn't understand them, and they gave me a headache,—a female Magliabecchi, in short, Aileen Romney had the face of an imbecile, thanks to her protruding lower lip. Poor child! that cruel lip darkened her whole life; for, strong-minded as she was, she was only a weak woman at heart, after all, and though she bravely made a jest of her disfigurement among us, and pretended to give small heed to the opinion of the world, I have seen the tears rush to her eyes as she spoke of it.



Before. After. A GROTESQUE EYEBROW.

Maud Aylmer—we called her "Lady Maud," because of her haughty bearing—was in the habit of speaking of herself as Mildred's twin.

Her nose was one that might have decorated the physiognomy of an old statesman or soldier; such a nose as might have gone into history as the facial appendage of Lord Raglan, or Mr. Palmerston; a nose to lead in war, and to cow turbulent constituencies in elections; a nose



Before. After. "TEETH A WOLF MIGHT ENVY."

* NOTE. The statements herein set forth are wholly within the province of fact. Facial remodelling is an actuality, and this article is merely an exposition, in the guise of fiction, of some of the most brilliant and successful achievements of recent surgical science.

to conquer, to control, and to crush. Certainly it was not a nose fitting to a gentle, unobtrusive girl like Maud Aylmer. She was cheerful over it, withal. "The material for Aylmer noses," she would say, "has been unequally divided; for my brother Ralph has a mere dab, and I have this 'conch,' he calls it." And her laughter was so bright and unaffected that I knew she, at least, was one of the Ugly Club who did not regard her membership as a badge of disgrace.

Speaking from the standpoint of our club, we were in the habit of pairing off Dorothea Thorne with Bessie Seguin; for while Bessie's teeth were fiercely prominent, Dorothea's were quite invisible, being so small and so withdrawn behind her lips that she might have had none at all, so far as appearances were concerned. She called herself the "grandmother;" and, indeed, when you viewed her face in profile, in a light sufficiently dim to obscure the youthful freshness of her complexion, it was very difficult to believe that she was not fifty years old.

The pet of the club was little Addie Ford, a sweet, violet-eyed, fair-haired child whom nature had intended for a beauty; but some evil genius, sitting by her cradle, had frustrated the gracious plan. Her otherwise charming face was sadly disfigured by an ugly, V-shaped slit in her upper lip, which also impeded her speech so that it was scarcely intelligible even to her friends. Addie was but sixteen, and perhaps her vanity had not yet been awakened by contact with the world; at all events, she bore her misfortune uncomplainingly.

As Mildred Bevis observed, the club was particularly rich in noses. Tillie Allaire's nose was of the true Tartar type. "In Tartary," she was wont to say, "I should pass for a very comely young woman, because in that country no nose at all is the perfection of female beauty. I am setting my cap at a gold-buttoned mandarin of the legation. When I have secured my prey, I will invite you all to my tea-garden at Soo Chow."

When I have added Gwendolin Lovatt's "beacon,"—she called it so herself, and its prominence and its ruddy tip justified the title,—and Mollie Harvey's "corkscrew," I have completed the list of facial grotesqueries which characterized the twelve members of the Ugly Club.

One day Mildred Bevis summoned us to a special session at her home. It was evident to all of us that our president was laboring under strong excitement which she was not wholly able to control. Her eyes glittered feverishly, her color came and went, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously.

"Ladies of the Ugly Club," she began, in low, tremulous tones, "I have called you together to consult upon a question of the utmost importance to us all. We are twelve

young women who, having fallen under the disfavor of Mother Nature, have agreed to frankly acknowledge our respective facial deficiencies, and to make the best of them. Looking upon them as irremediable, we have invoked philosophy to our aid, and have taught ourselves to laugh rather than weep over our afflictions. But—" she paused and drew a long breath,— "what if I should tell you that our physical misfortunes are *not* irremediable, that we need not go through our lives as ugly girls, that science holds out to us a speedy, safe, and absolute escape from those ills we have borne patiently because hopeless of cure?"

Her voice rose to a shrill pitch as she concluded the question. For a moment we sat mute and motionless, staring at each other in wild surprise, and with the light of a strange new hope in our eyes. Then a simultaneous cry burst from our lips.

"How? How?" And from the farther corner of the room where little Addie Ford sat in shadow came the tremulous cry:

"Oh, Mildred! Can vey cever vis awful mouf of mine? Can vey, Mildred? If vey coule on'y make me ve same as over people,

I should be *so* happy."

Mildred's eyes filled with tears as she met the eager violet eyes bent upon her so pathetically.

"Yes, dear," she answered. "By a very simple operation your lip may be restored to its proper shape. With some of us," she went on, addressing the club again, "the process must involve patience, time, and courage. Now the question I wish to put before you

is, shall we put our faith in this miracle? Shall we grasp this hand which science stretches out to us?"

"Yes! Yes!" the very curtains shook with our wild outcry.

"I observe," said Maud Aylmer, in her cold way, "that we are not so proud of our deformities as might have been gathered from our words heretofore. I, for one, fully admit that I do not find my nasal excrescence an unmixed boon."

"Nor am I," added Tillie Allaire, "desperately bent upon wedding a mandarin of the gold button."

"As for me," said Dorothea Thorne, "I shall surrender the respect due to a grandparent without protest."

"We are resolved, then," interposed Mildred. "Well, girls, I have invited Professor Edwin Everett, one of the lights of modern science, to meet us here to-day. He is waiting in the next room."

Without giving us time to palter or object, she whipped out and immediately returned, ushering in, not the white-haired, long-bearded personage we had pictured to ourselves, but a tall, slender young man of thirty-five, with piercing eyes, and a cool, business-like manner that was wonderfully reassuring. One after another we passed up to the window where he had stationed himself, and underwent the scrutiny of that penetrating glance. The ordeal was brief, his ques-



Before. After.
"THAT CRUEL LIP."



Before. After.
AN HISTORIC NOSE.



Before. After.
GRANDMOTHERLY TEETH.



Before. After.
"DISFIGURED BY A V-SHAPED SLIT IN HER UPPER LIP."

tions few and to the point. When we had resumed our seats, Professor Everett delivered his opinion in half a dozen terse sentences. Our several malformations were easily curable. The operations would be safe, rapid, and comparatively painless. In every case he would answer for a satisfactory result.



Before. After.

"A TARTAR NOSE."

how we won the consent of our parents, who were, one and all, strongly opposed to what seemed to them a sinful trifling with nature; how our terrors grew almost to panic as the hour of trial approached; and how, but for Mildred's comforting and encouraging words, we might have drawn back at the last moment.

We can laugh now, as we recall the tearful solemnity of our last club-meeting before the operations were to begin, our farewell kisses, our dark forebodings; but it was a very tragic matter then. After all, considering our anticipations, I think we were very heroic. Maud Aylmer said, "tremendously vain;" but Maud was always satirical.

I shall never forget the cold terror that paralyzed my limbs as I took my place for the operation, albeit the experience remains but as the memory of a weird dream. I see, as through a vapor, the faces of Professor Everett and his silent assistant; I see the cruel gleam of the steel instruments arranged at the surgeon's hand, I hear as a voice speaking afar off, "Be calm; you have nothing to fear." An odor of ether pervades all, like a faint, sickly atmosphere. As if locked in some strange spell or trance, without feeling, careless of what might happen, I seemed to look upon myself as upon another person in whom I had no interest, and to witness all that was done. I knew that my eyes were touched by gentle fingers; I saw a knife gleam, and was conscious that something had been severed; then a bandage was placed before my eyes. As I sank into a pleasant drowsiness I heard the surgeon's voice speaking to some one:

"The deformity of her eyes was due to unequal tension of the muscles controlling their direction. These have been cut, the orbits straightened, and nature will now do the rest. The operation has been perfectly successful." Then I knew no more.

I can hardly say whether it was hours or days that I lay in one long, changeless night; but at last there came a dawn when the bandages were lifted in a dimly lighted room, then a growing gleam, then, at last, full day, when a mirror was put into my hand. Could these be the same eyes which had gazed back upon me when I had last looked into that glass? Oh, incredible, delicious, blessed fact! And the new eyes—for new they were to me—were misted with grateful tears.



Before. After.

THE BEACON.

And who was this bending above me, laughing and sobbing at once? Surely I knew that beautiful face, perfect in every feature. Yet what was it that I missed? What was it that had come to it, or vanished from it? Was I still in my weird dream, or —?

"Yes, dear," said the voice of Mildred Bevis, answering my look, "it is indeed Mildred, but without the nose."

Ah, yes; now I understood the wondrous transformation. That dreadful nose had disappeared, and in its place was a straight, beautifully chiselled organ, exactly the nose which belonged to Mildred by right.

"Now you are perfectly lovely," I murmured, as I sank away to peaceful slumber.

Two weeks from that day the Ugly Club held a meeting, the first since that last sorrowful farewell scene before we had given ourselves into the hands of Professor Everett. And what a change! It is scarcely exaggerating to say that we hardly knew one another. Was this Ethel Berry with the ripe little rosebud mouth? Could this girl with the level brows be Lily Loring? And where were the wolf teeth of Bessie Seguin? Yonder was our scientist, Aileen Romney, but what had become of her imbecile lower lip? Maud Aylmer came up to me, and as she kissed me, whispered:

"You see, dear, I have surrendered my historic nose for a commonplace, respectable, nineteenth-century appendage; and don't you



Before. After.

THE CORKSCREW.



Before. After.

"EARS AT LEAST TWICE THE PROPER SIZE."

think I have done well?" Indeed she had.

"And I?" put in Dorothea Thorne. "Don't you think I deserve some commendation for having voluntarily relinquished my grandmotherly dignity to become my own grand-daughter?"

"And just look at me!" cried little Addie Ford, putting up her perfect mouth for a kiss. "And oh! isn't it funny? I can pronounce my words as well as anybody now!"

"I," said Tillie Allaire, "feel that my proper position in society is the wife of a wealthy and successful banker. The mandarin must find another partner to share with him the enjoyment of his celestial tea-garden."

"I," cried Gwendolin Lovatt, proudly turning her profile to the light so that we could note its pure outlines,— "I have declined the offer of the Light-House Commission. The beacon has been extinguished, as you can see for yourselves."

"Who would have thought," murmured Mollie Harvey.

complacently surveying herself in the mirror, "that such power of conversion resided in the surgeon's knife as to turn me from my crooked ways into the straight path,—nasally speaking?"

I am neither willing nor able to set forth in gruesome detail the several processes whereby these wondrous transformations were accomplished. As I have hinted, my crossed eyes were straightened by severing the contracted muscles which drew the eyes out of proper line. The noses were brought into accepted models by cutting away the excess of bone, reknitting it, and causing the flesh to reunite without permanent scar,—a miracle of modern surgery, but a miracle constantly repeated.

Tillie Allaire's nose, however, owing to deficiency, was a more trying task, since material had to be supplied by coaxing up the tissues from the adjacent portions of the face; but it was successful. Lily Loring's eyebrow was readily corrected by incisions above and below, drawing it down to its natural position, and securing it by stitches. By an operation, very similar in detail, Ethel Berry's mouth was constrained to assume its balance.

"Suffering!" she answered, in reply to my inquiry, "yes, such suffering as no woman ever underwent before. Pain? Oh! I don't mean that it *hurt* so much, you know, but I couldn't talk. That dreadful surgeon threatened me with all sorts of dreadful things if I wouldn't keep still. Think of it! Days and days without speaking a single word!"

"We found no difficulty with Miss Harvey's nose," said Professor Everett when I questioned him afterward. "We opened the flesh along the median line, cut the bone, and caused it to reknit in the correct aspect. Oh, it was a simple matter," he added, coolly. "Miss Romney's lip scarcely gave her any annoyance at all. We parted the exterior tissues, dissected away the superfluous portions, and rejoined the section, happily without scar."

Yet simpler, it appeared, was the curing of little Addie Ford's lip. "The flesh was scarified on either side," said the surgeon, "the fresh edges adapted and secured, and the task was done. Oh, it was nothing."

He treated his wonderful triumphs as if they were mere everyday affairs; but I think, under all, he was proud of his work.

When all was over, we found that the drawing inward of Bessie's terrible teeth, and the pushing outward of Dorothea's invisible ones, were regarded as quite ordinary operations in surgical dentistry. In one case they put a small plate in your mouth to which are attached elastic bands which slowly and painlessly coax your errant teeth to assume their proper positions. By means of a similar plate, only applying outward pressure, instead of inward traction, they quietly induce your teeth to slide insensibly forward, arranging them just where they should stand like well-drilled soldiers in their ranks.

"Girls," cried Mildred, mounting the rostrum, "when we were the Ugly Club we had our photographs taken. Yonder they are in the frame. Now that we have become—dare I say the Beauty Club—?"

"Yes! Yes!" went up the voice of the club in a single joyous shout. "The Beauty Club."

"So be it," she continued, smiling benignantly. "Let us have our pictures taken again, in our new guise, and placed beside those, that we may never forget what we owe to modern surgery."

Carried unanimously.

POSTSCRIPT.

The courage and devotion of the Ugly Club have already borne fruit. My friend, Imogene Norrys, whom I had not

seen for more than a year, made me an unexpected call this morning. As she removed her hat and seated herself in a rocking-chair, I stared at her in amazement. What was it? What was the change in her? She was my dear old Gene, but at the same time different. I stared and stared, and she laughed. The more I stared, the more she laughed, until, finally, I lost my temper; my temper, you know, is soon lost, but, I will say for myself, as quickly found again.

"What are you giggling at?" I snapped.

"At your round eyes,—pretty eyes they are, too, *now*."

Then, as she turned her head aside with a peculiar, bird-like movement she has, I understood.

"Your ears! your *ears*!" I shrieked. "Where are your ears?"

"Well, my love," she replied, calmly, "if you discover any change in me, it is your own fault. I have heard about your doings in the Ugly Club, and I have simply followed your example, that is all."

"O Gene!" I cried, enthusiastically, "you have had your ears cured."

"I have," she returned. "What do you think of the job?" And bending her head toward me, she showed me the neatest, trimmest pair of ears that ever wore earrings or listened to a whispered compliment.

Gene's ears used to be at least twice the proper size, and what accentuated their deformity was their wicked and hateful protrusion. Literally, they stood out at right angles from her head, just as you see in those comic pictures of clowns or merry-andrews. They were like a pair of large hands thrust up from her neck, and—I am not exaggerating—they *moved*, as the ears of a donkey do. The poor child always wore a veil, and when we were room-mates in the old days, I often heard her sobbing herself to sleep over those cruel ears.

But those dreadful ears were gone! She told me that, encouraged by our experiments, she had submitted to an operation, though with great fear and trembling. The surgeon had injected a local anæsthetic, then cut away the *superfluous cartilage* and tissues, so as to reduce the ears to the proper size. And he must have been an artist, too, to produce so classic a model. Finally, he had excised a portion of the flesh at the base of the organs, so as to draw them back against the head. His work was so skillfully done that not a scar was visible after the bandages, which she had to wear for several weeks, were removed.

"And, oh! my dear girl!" she exclaimed, when she had finished her recital, "my bad ears have followed your bad eyes into the limbo of forgotten things."

Now who shall say that the Science of Physical Reform—the phrase is my own invention, and I think an apt one—is not a triumph of soul over body, spirit over matter?

"Seek where you will, the high gods place
Their sign and seal upon a woman's face."

SABINA HOLCOMBE.

A Peace Offering.

(See Full-Page Oil Picture.)

THIS charming picture is a triumph of the reproducer's art; the flesh-tints are admirable, and the figure stands out from the background as if instinct with life.

"Tell me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;
For ye're saying something sweet,
Fit the ravish'd ear to greet."

The silent eloquence of the roses has pleaded more effectively than words could have done; but this is just the favorable moment when he who sues for pardon will be sure of success if he come in person and with manly courage sweep away all misunderstanding.

Advice to Young Writers.

TIMELY hints and suggestions, founded on personal experiences, given specially for DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE by well-known authors: General Lew Wallace, General James Grant Wilson, George W. Cable, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professor H. H. Boyesen, and Gertrude Atherton.

ESSENTIALS OF A LITERARY CAREER.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE,

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR," "THE FAIR GOD," "THE PRINCE OF INDIA," ETC.

If a young man or woman has the requisite natural talent, the education, and the facility for writing, I would advise him or her to enter literature. Of course, having thus qualified, I suppose that the young person is to enter the ranks, not of journalism, but of literature. He is to pursue literature as an art; whether for fame or for gain matters not, at first, for he will get neither. Now for the essentials. As no man can earn his bread and butter in the beginning, by his art alone, I would say the first essential is to have some means of making a living other than by writing; as to further essentials, it depends entirely upon the individual. A physician would not write the same prescription for each of his patients; no more can a literary adviser instruct each young writer alike. Still there are certain essentials which every writer must possess before he can write. He must have ambition,—an ambition that will keep him always at work, and always mounting higher.

I hardly need say that the writer must have something to write. In society, it is a sign of cleverness to be able to reel off little nothings; but in literature, no! Then the young writer must be conscientious; must allow no work to pass from his hands until he has done it the best he knows how. Labor and pains, corrections and revisions, are splendid paying investments in literature, and they are the stepping-stones to success. Not that I advocate fine writing in preference to sufficient to say; both are to be desired, but sufficient to say comes first. The object should ever be to tell this story, write this novel, this poem, this essay, in the fewest words. Then a young writer must see life sympathetically, must know how other people live, must put life in his work, must live what he writes. The best subject for him to write about is the person or thing nearest to him,—the persons, things, events, stories, sentiments, emotions, most familiar to him. And the conditions of writing? Ah! ceaseless work, a stout heart, and a happy mind. Always thinking, always observing, always reading, always writing,—these are the conditions.

HISTORY AS A FIELD FOR BEGINNERS.

GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS," "SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS SOLDIERS," "MEMORIAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK," ETC.

It has been suggested that I should say a few words on the subject of history as a field for beginners in authorship. If we are to assume that the young aspirant for literary fame is to depend upon his pen for support, I should certainly consider it an act of folly. If any beginner in this branch of literature, entirely dependent upon his labor, has ever succeeded, knowledge of his phenom-

enal case has never reached me; nor do I know of any successful historical writer of mature years who has relied solely on this kind of literary work for his support. Bancroft could not have lived comfortably on his well-known work, nor Motley, Prescott, nor Parkman, on the proceeds of their brilliant historical writings. These men all inherited or married fortunes. Indeed, it is questionable whether a literary career can be commended to a beginner in the historical or any other field, unless it be accompanied by an income, however small, derived from some other source. If the aspirant for historical writing is so situated that he can wait a decade for his literary harvest, like the authors just mentioned, then, assuming his or her possession of the requisite qualifications, natural and acquired, I know of no branch of authorship more delightful, and more likely to bring renown and reasonable pecuniary results, than the field of history and biography, for the two are indissolubly united.

"Better continue at the plough all your days, than depend on the writing of history for your potatoes and porridge," said Carlyle, in his broad Scotch, when the writer was present, to a young countryman from Dumfriesshire who, having graduated at St. Andrew's, sought advice on that subject from his grandfather's friend Thomas Carlyle. So he abandoned the historical field, but, in place of the plough, betook himself to the pulpit, which he now fills acceptably in one of the largest parishes in Scotland.

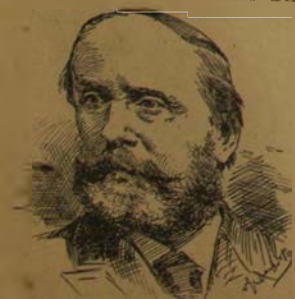
THE WRITER AND THE EDITOR.

GEORGE W. CABLE,

AUTHOR OF "OLD CREOLE DAYS," "BONAVENTURE," "MADAME DELPHINE," ETC.

I fear that every man guilty of giving advice to young writers stands a first-class chance of never entering Heaven; even though, as in the present case, one commits the crime by special invitation, I do not see why the punishment should be less severe. However, I will try not to worry about my future state on this account; and so let me say boldly to those readers of Demarest's Magazine who have literary aspirations, follow your impulses, follow them step by step, with this one warning: Don't try to fly before you have learned to walk. In most initial literary effort there is an inordinate disposition on the part of the beginner to do something large and important first. This should not be. The person who has done little and done well is justified in trying to do more; but it is not wise for one to assume that the way to attract attention at first in literature is to do something big, something that older heads have been trying to do for years, and are still trying.

But I am requested to say a word about the relations of the writer and the editor. There is a singular delusion among young literary workers that magazine editors will be attracted by a considerable bulk of matter; whereas bulk, in a maiden effort, is the first strong argument against probable excellence of the effort. The strangest part is that these beginners are devoted magazine readers; and yet they are blind to the fact that a contribution of a few hundred words containing a few ideas is far more acceptable than thousands of words containing no ideas. As for the supposition that "influence" with an editor or publisher will get your manuscript accepted, why! that is sheer nonsense. In literary courts friends are of no use. An editor might possibly be influenced to accept one manuscript, but this would not make permanent favor. Then the public taste is capricious, and editors



are bound to follow the public. A class of matter which you can sell today, at your own price, may be worth nothing at all six months hence.

A personal interview with an editor is sometimes valuable to a young writer; in a few minutes' conversation an editor may open an aspirant's eyes to his own strength, or to his own weakness. But beware of calling upon an editor often, unless you approach him with a head full of ideas and suggestions. Editors are usually busy men; and the one thing, above all, for which they are ever keeping the sharpest lookout is fresh and original material.

THE CHANCES FOR POETS.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE,

AUTHOR OF "LATER LYRICS," "BIRTHDAY BOOK," "FROM THE OAK TO THE OLIVE," ETC.

I notice that a great many are drifting from other professions into that of literature. They come from the ranks of science, the law, art, and even from Wall Street. These generally appear to be people who have decided literary talent, and who drift helplessly into their natural element. Then there seems to be a peculiar fascination about a literary life, which when once entered upon can never be entirely abandoned. The fact is that never in the history of American literature has there been so much writing as at present. The increase in periodicals in the last few years has been remarkable.

Every trade, every science, every profession, every specialty, even every sport, now has its own particular journals, not to speak of that very newest invention, the literary syndicate.

And what sort of literary food is needed to feed all these hungry mouths? Articles written to order? Yes! Short stories, descriptive articles, interviews, personal gossip, lively sketches, brief essays, serials? Yes! But where does poetry come in? you ask. What chance has the poet? I must remember now that I am talking to young poets, poets who are unknown, and who are just starting out on their career. To all such I say—not to discourage, but to stimulate—that literature is a most laborious profession; that only the few succeed while the many fail; and that the hardest fight of all awaits him who writes verse. Of course after one has made a success in poetry, all is smooth sailing on cheques and royalties; but to the beginner, ah! there it is different. He will find that he will be rewarded less, in both money and fair name, for a really beautiful sonnet, than for a poorly written column on some timely, but ephemeral, subject. He will find that editors want his poems only to fill in, and generally that they do not want poetry at all. He will find that there are hundreds of poets ready to supply every demand for a quatrain. But still I say to the young poet, be not discouraged, but be determined to write poems that editors will print and pay for. Be resolved to write real poetry.

Of course I must address this advice only to those who are poets born. These know that there is as much poetry in this beautiful world as ever there was. They know that there is imagination, too. They know that both poetry and imagination are hidden only to those who do not wish to see. They know that even the most practical of men will pause in the pages of a magazine or newspaper to read the poetry. Yes; with all our American materialism and practicality, there still exists a demand for American imagination and American poetry. This, I believe, is the poet's chance.

ENTERING LITERATURE WITHOUT A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

PROFESSOR H. H. BOYESSEN,

AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL STRUGGLERS," "ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE," "BOYHOOD IN NORWAY," ETC., AND PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Can a young man or woman who has not a college education succeed in literature? Notwithstanding that I am myself college educated, and that my intercourse is confined almost entirely to young men in college, I still must think that the young man who has not a college education stands some chance of real success in literature, with this one condition: he must have genius. I would say to all who wish to enter literature, get a college education if you possibly can; if not,—well, let us consider the conditions. If he has genius he may dispense with other conditions and will no doubt break his way through all obstacles; but if he has merely talent favoring an environment which a college education supplies, I should say, then, that a college education is indispensable to eminent success.

At the moment, the names of Mr. Howells and Mark Twain come to my mind as two of the most remarkable examples in America of men who had not a college education and yet succeeded in literature. Howells had a father whose company itself must have been a liberal education, and his subsequent sojourn in Venice served as an admirable substitute for an equal number of years in college. I think Mr. Clemens is an absolute example of literary genius. His "The Prince and the Pauper" is a most beautiful piece of work, and considering that it was written by a man who had no literary education the performance becomes remarkable. It will be noted that both Mr. Howells and Mr. Clemens are men of genius.

The young man, college educated or not, who enters the ranks of literature must have these three faculties: the faculty for observation, the faculty for expression, and a certain deep and sensitive sympathy with humanity. These three are the most essential characteristics of a young writer. He cannot do without them. That sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of others, no matter what their condition, is something a man can have without an education; but the faculty of observation is greatly trained by a college education, and the faculty of expression is still in a higher degree dependent upon it. But there are, after all, many men of delightful literary talents who cannot be called geniuses; and these men succeed, too.

ADVICE TO GIRL WRITERS.

GERTRUDE ATIERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HERMIA SUYDAM," "THE DOOMSWOMAN," "WHAT DREAMS MAY COME," ETC.

As I have been asked to contribute a bit of advice to young girls who want to enter literature, I will confine my remarks to them alone. I should first suggest that they study human nature unceasingly, and leave it severely alone on paper for many years. Even if a writer has that rarest of gifts, insight, only close study and actual experience will enable the owner to handle the gift with effect and avoid the inevitable and often ridiculous errors of the



amateur. As well expect an infant to feed itself, although the instinct is there. If the novice will handle love, let her skate lightly over the surface of the emotions, avoiding analysis, and filling up the story with tributary events; it takes a lifetime to comprehend this most complex of passions, and at twenty one knows nothing whatever about it, even if one has had one's own little romance. But, above all, avoid sentimentality, whether writing of love or any other emotion or phase of life. Sentiment is exquisite; but sentimentalism is the curse of the race.

What to write to be successful? If you have entered literature merely as a trade, study the magazines and successful books, and write as nearly on the same lines as possible. No great amount of literary art is required; merely write with correctness, and aim at the popular note. There are many manufactured writers today who have achieved financial success and little reputation. But if you write spontaneously, with a genuine love of the art, and a desire to make a place among men and women of letters, pay no attention whatever to passing fashions. Write out what is in you; if it has permanent worth it will find its place sooner or later and be read when trumpery sensations and cheap successes are forgotten. Read the masters for style, and constantly; for no matter how clever you may be with your pen, remember that man is born with a limited vocabulary, and that the habits of daily life tend to mental colloquialism. Read little else but the masters, although it is well to give a few minutes in the day to the newspapers, and a few hours a month to the reviews; the literary artist, above all others, must be *au courant* with the thought and happenings of his time.

I should also advise all ambitious writers to read the works

of the great philosophers. It toughens the mental muscle and develops the powers of reason and analysis. It is as necessary for a writer to understand the working of the springs of thought as it is for a painter to study from the nude before he can make a draped figure that will not be a marionette.

Do not imitate anyone. It is a short road to success, but fatal to position. It is better to be a bad original than a commendable reproduction. Avoid Ouida as you would the plague; every other girl writer is a second edition of her. Study people,—everybody you come in contact with. No one is too humble to teach you something you did not know before; for human nature is as intricate as the human eye, and as mysterious as speech and thought. Cultivate an interest in all the great questions of the day; even if you never use them they develop the intellectuality and purge the mind of sentimentality and sensationalism. Aim, above all things, to be an artist. Purpose novels are merely the reflection of popular thought; they are not creative, and are therefore impermanent. Literature is, primarily, an art, the greatest of all the arts, and should be approached in no other spirit.

If I thought you would listen to me I should add, Don't write fiction before you are thirty. One more suggestion: Take a fling of a few years in newspaper work. There is no training so thorough if you stay not in journalism too long.

Of text-books, read Barrett Wendell's "English Composition," Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses," Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style," Longinus "On the Sublime," Taine's "Lectures on Art," Pope's "Criticism," and the Dictionary.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 354.)

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 Tassel, 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.

VIII.

AS long as the Half Moon Theater with the new play could draw comfortable crowds the manager was content to profit by his new piece and new leading lady; and Nellie, when she could master her composure on receiving her great advance in salary, came to quick and sensible conclusions, which she confided to her friends.

"I shall bid farewell forever to boarding-houses and hotels," she announced, "send for my dear old mammy, and set up an establishment of my own here in New York. I don't think I will go on the road again, at least not for a year or two, and I have the tail o' me eye on a dear little



up-town flat where a quiet old mother and her hard-working daughter could live in decent comfort on the eighty-five dollars I'm entitled to every Saturday night. What do you think about it, girls?"

"I approve," replied Fanny, heartily; "and, dear Nellie, I'm so glad your first impulse is to make a home for yourself. I sometimes think that this business of working in the big world is not, after all, the best life for women to lead. If events necessitate our going out to make our daily bread, why then we should do it without grumbling; yet as much as we talk of the advancement of woman, not all the progress of the world and the gratification of ambitions destroys within us that beautiful feminine impulse, the love of a home. Every true woman wants her home, even after years of wandering and work would seem to have killed the sweet instinct within her. She wants a place where she can have her own little feminine belongings about her, take up, in addition to her work, the sweet home cares, and know it is a nook where she is sheltered from the world and some tender heart welcomes her."

"That's just about the size of it, Fanny mavourneen," acquiesced Nellie, enthusiastically, but slangily, "and a flat it shall be, where dear old mammy can have her arm-chair by an open fire. I'll keep one maid-of-all-work, mammy will look to the housekeeping, and when the company at the Half Moon goes out on the road, I shall gracefully resign in favor of Miss Bacus and accept one of the offers managers of stock companies here in New York have made me; for do you know," smiling a little grimly as she buttoned her jacket straight up to her chin, "I, even I, who two weeks back ordered myself lowly and reverently to every dramatic superior, was looked upon as a fifth-rate soubrette, and clung with desperation to the Half Moon Company, knowing I had no chance or recommendation for the favor of any other manager, was but

this morning interviewed by two heads of great theaters. How they flattered! and how amiably they smiled and assured me I would be vastly better placed under their management. I held my composure as best I could, yet all the while I was whispering to myself, 'Nellie O'Conner, is this really true, or a dream?'"



The signs of spring were in the air that afternoon, and after tea in the studio Nellie and Betty took a turn about Washington Square and walked up Fifth Avenue together.

"I am afraid you think I am a selfish pig," remarked Nellie, lightly, "too taken up with my own doings to ask how other folk are getting along."

"Oh, I'm doing pretty well now," replied Betty. "The editor is giving me regular space-work, and with that and such odds and ends as I am able to pick up, I earn a regular income of about eighteen dollars a week. Then I got a nice little sum from my article in the 'Art Journal,' about Fanny. It's awfully hard work, though; I was not destined to be a child of good fortune, like yourself."



"Don't say that, please," broke in Nellie, seriously. "Think that for seven years I never knew the meaning of 'good fortune'; indeed, ill fortune seemed to be my boon companion. Perhaps you don't know that I began to work on the stage when I was only sixteen. I left home because,—well, because I was not happy there. I come of a plain family. My father kept a bit of a shop in a country town, and did pretty well until he fell a victim to a dreadful disease, for that's what I call drunkenness. At ten years of age I had learned all the lessons of poverty, distress, and disgrace. Mother and I kept the shop going, I shared the heavy housework, and had to care for the children of my eldest sister, who married badly and came back to us a bed-ridden, heart-broken woman

"I got my education by reading the best books in the world, which I had the privilege of borrowing from the library of a kind-hearted old gentleman who was the richest citizen of our town. He loaned me the little pocket Shakespeares I read and studied late into the night, when the shop was closed, the dishes washed, the



babies asleep, and poor father found and put to bed. I had most of the plays by heart; and then, when I was fifteen, Mr. Townsend took me to see the first theatrical performance I had ever witnessed. I went home with my head in a whirl, and thought and thought, while I went about the household duties that had always been so repugnant to me. Never did a strolling troupe come to our village that I did not contrive to go every night. Then, alone in my little room over acted out the Shakespear parts, and by the guttering candle I Queen Catherine, Beatrice, or Lady



the shop, I spearian light of my was Cordelia, Rosalind, Macbeth, by turns. I ranted and raged, coquetted with and murdered my stolid fellow-actors the chairs, bed-post, and table, and not a soul was the wiser for the taste and inclination daily growing silently stronger in my mind.

“One hot summer afternoon, arrayed in a worn old muslin frock I had myself ironed that day, my hands showing red and work-worn, and a cheap straw hat on my head, I walked up the hill to Mr. Townsend’s house, to get a volume of old comedies I had long had my eyes on. Mr. Townsend was in his lovely garden at tea with



his sister, and they made me have a cup. After that Mr. Townsend and I walked around the garden, he gathering a big bouquet for me, while he drew from my lips the story of how unusually bad matters were going at home. In the rose arbor he stopped, gave me the bouquet and said:

“Nellie, child, I love you. Come up here and I can make you happy, I think. As my wife you will have enough money to help your people out of their trouble. What do you say?”

“I threw the roses at his feet, and fled away out of the garden, down the hill, and to my little room, as fast as my feet would carry me. Mr. Townsend came quietly down to see my mother, who, poor dear! regarded it as a great

honor and a priceless chance. But I, oh, I could not! And I would not, though she nearly knelt to me in tears; though my father, sobered for a bit by the interesting turn of events and the hopes of a rich son-in-law, stormed, telling me I was an unnatural child; and though my peevish sister daily and hourly harped in no soothing tones on my selfish decision. It was then that they learned of my wild desire to go on the stage to earn my own living; for I stoutly held that it was wrong, wicked, cruel, to marry a man for whom I could never feel an hour of real love.

“When I finally said ‘No’ to everyone’s pleadings, my home became a positive distress to me. I was grumbled at, reproached, blamed, and shamed; only the dear old mammy went about with sad eyes, but never a word of complaint, the cruellest blow for me to bear. My niece was growing up to be a helpful little girl, so I quietly decided to leave. There was a troupe of strolling players in the town; I offered my services. The manager thought I might be taken on for small parts, and so, blind to the horrible experiences before me, and at a salary of ten dollars a week, I started out on my first tour.

“One evening, at twilight, I quietly kissed my mother good-by and walked up the village street, as though to visit a neighbor; an hour later the train was carrying me South, and not for three years did I see my home nor people again.

“Dear me!” said Nellie, softly, resuming her story again, “how much concentrated wretchedness I did endure in those three years! We were barn-stormers, clowns, tragedy



queens, fine gentlemen, villains, murderers, and peeresses, all in one week. In a few months I had conquered full fifteen

new rôles. I ran the gauntlet of every one of Shakespeare’s heroines, and then wended my way into the very heart of the blood-and-thunder drama. They were a kind-hearted, care-



less, improvident, unambitious crew with whom I had cast my fortunes, and what experiences we had!—gobbling bad dinners, breakfasts, and suppers from wayside luncheon-counters, sitting bolt upright night after night when on long railroad journeys, for we were too poor a company to afford the luxury of a sleeper. There was one set of glass jewels that we women of the troupe wore by turns; one frowsy ermine robe for the kings, and queens, too; and after a hard day's journey, bad food, and no rest, I would step on the draughty stage of some town hall and gabble my lines to a Claude Melnotte who wore the worn boots of daily use, sadly in need of resoling. I came down with a feverish cold that threatened pneumonia, and night after night our little lead-

ing lady, whose locks were frizzed and dyed like yellow wool, and whose once fresh cheeks were furrowed by age and hard work, and coarsened with rouge, nursed me tenderly. Sometimes, when business was bad, I got no wages at all; sometimes I was obliged to leave pieces of my luggage at hotels to defray my bills; sometimes we drove over rough country in a stage-coach; and often and often we made a nigger minstrel of Othello, and the low comedy man only made a

pretence of smothering Desdemona by way of a joke. In three years' time I had made the grand tour of the States and a trip through Canada as a member of the Starlight Comedy Company, then, suddenly, the manager, weary of the battle for fame and fortune, abandoned the profession. Then it was, with a ten-dollar bill, a small



THE FUTURE



THE STARLIGHT COMEDY CO
UNSURPASSED COMBINATION

trunk of clothes, and a railroad ticket as all my worldly possessions, I faced the future.

"I made up my mind promptly, and acted on the conclusion. I came straight to New York, put up at the shabbiest little boarding-house, and began to look about me. I went to see managers, and I

joined the anxious groups in the waiting-rooms of dramatic agencies that I might be prepared for whatever should turn up; for that, you know, is one, possibly the only and best, way of securing an engagement when one lacks the small leverage of acquaintance in the profession, or influence. Now that I can look back I don't think I regret so bitterly the years I spent knocking about the country picking up the knowledge and training for my profession through patient labor and privation. If I had a younger sister and she wanted to go on the stage, I would exhaust every legitimate means to dissuade her from the step. If I found neither coaxing, reasoning, nor the truthful picture of my own trials could dissuade her, I would take her to some manager, ask to have her placed at the very bottom round of the long, long ladder, and leave her there to work her own way up. If she was made of the proper stuff, if she had talent, and what is best expressed as 'grit,' she would climb, maybe very slowly, but none the less surely, drudging

at first as I drudged, hoping in the face of disappointment, and bravely struggling under repeated blows of adversity."

"Wouldn't you put her in one of the schools here in New York?" inquired Betty, with surprise.

"No!" emphatically returned Nellie. "I have carefully examined into the question of the dramatic schools I find here in New York, where they are well conducted and able men are instructors, and I don't hesitate to say that no great American actress will ever graduate from one of our schools to the stage. They get their training on the stage itself. I would give a girl a good English education, I would have her know Shakespeare, and then I would have her begin study and work at once, and on the same stage with able players, but waste no time getting false methods and laboring at work that must be undone. It is better for one's art and future to act as the dresser of some able actress within sight of the footlights and sound of true expression, than to waste, as many girls do, hundreds of dollars striving in the schools. The next best thing to going on the stage direct is living in an actor's family and getting training from him or her in exchange for some service rendered. The schools are expensive. I could not advise any young woman to come to New York and hope to live and study in a good school on a bank account less than a thousand dollars a year. It would be suicide to try it."

"And do you think that the stage is—is—well, that is, does it offer really dreadful temptations to wrong doing?" asked Betty.

Nellie nodded her head in silence. She turned, by and by, to face her companion and say: "Yes; a woman on the stage is beset with terrible temptations on every side, difficult to resist if she be weak; but if a woman be strong, and if she have a good mother to whom she writes a little letter every week,—a mother who believes in her, who loves her, and prays for her,—they lose all power to harm her."

"Well, and what did you do when you came here?" asked Betty.

"I starved," replied Nellie, with a short laugh. "The managers were not very kind, and did not seem in great need of an ambitious *soubrette*, as I aspired to be in those days. In two weeks my ten dollars were gone, and yet I was one in the crowded agency rooms where young actors in search of an engagement sat in top hats, frock coats, and lacquered boots, and women

in all their



finery, trying to keep up the farce in which we all have an engagement, the farce of outward deception. There came a day, at last, when the postman put into my hands a note from mother, saying father was dead. I read the news as I walked down the street, dry-eyed and head erect. I felt I was walking straight to my doom, for I was on my way to the Half Moon Theater, there to interview the manager, who had given me

cause to hope. He talked to me a long while, and at last, with my heart stuck fast in my throat, I leaned forward to receive my death warrant.

"I think," he said, slowly, "you might have the part of servant maid in a play for which rehearsals begin tomorrow. I can give you only eight dollars per week, and—"

"I burst into a passion of tears. The relief from anxiety, the gleam of hope, the news in my mother's letter, in addition to the fact that I had had no food for twelve hours, broke down all reserve, and I shook and trembled with sobs. I think my white, drawn face and shabby gown made the truth very nearly clear to Mr. Clark, for he kind-heartedly patted me gently on the shoulder, saying,

"There, there now; don't let's worry. It will all come right to so plucky a little woman as yourself."

"You may laugh, but I, Nellie O'Conner, known to the world as Eleanor Brandon, who in the old barn-storming

the gray and rose and primrose of the western sky a white star hung, trembling with its own perfect glory; nurse-maids were wheeling away their charges; white plumes of smoke, rising from the stretch of distant factory-streets, grew rosy with the reflected radiance of the west; sweet, childish voices echoed through the gathering gloom; and through the trees, against the darkling, star-strewn heavens, a cross of fire flamed on the tower of a famous chapel. The din and roar of the city seemed but the far-away murmur of a great sea, and sweetly on the twilight air came the rolling of an organ; someone was practicing in the church. The two girls rose from where they had been sitting near the statue of the Italian patriot, around which the gathering night threw a heavier mantle than the sculptor's bronze draperies.

"I often come here to sit," said Nellie, as they slowly walked under the white arch and so up the broad avenue. "It was here I met Fanny. It was in the old days, when I



days had curdled the blood of backwoods audiences with Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene, sank humbly to the position of stage housemaid without a demur. For one hundred nights and some twenty-five matinées I built a make-believe fire in a *papier maché* grate, dusted property furniture, snuffed stage candles, and took the leading lady's opera-cloak without a word. To my gratification, when the next play was put on I came in for quite a part, as one of the ladies in a ball-room scene with ten lines to speak. My salary went up to fifteen dollars; but there was mother to help, since the shop had been given up, and my own stage-gowns to provide, so I can tell you I lived close to the bone. When the Half Moon's company went on the road they gave me a regular rôle at a fair advance, and for four years more I traveled. It was weary work doing the one-night stands, but I felt I was advancing. I knew I possessed no genius, but fair talent once I could get a chance to prove it; and as I slowly progressed upward a bright ideal grew in my mind, a humble one, some will say. I wanted to set up housekeeping with mammy; for in the course of these years my unhappy sister had died, her children had become self-supporting, and mammy was alone. True to the saying, the unexpected always happens; and when Mr. Clark made me his leading lady, I knew the longed-for, but not then expected, chance had come, and now it is a reality."

The mists of twilight were gathering in the Square; above

was first in New York, and every face to me was strange, and every happiness in life seemed denied. One afternoon, heart-sick and tired, I dropped down on a seat and sat thinking, thinking, until, raising my head, I saw a fair-haired girl on another seat across the walk, her sketch-book on her knee, and her pencil very busy. Her gray eyes flashed quick artist's glances at me, the statue towering above me, and the prospect beyond.

"Please don't move," she said, gently, "your pose is perfect, and I've so nearly finished the sketch."

"I laughed and promised providing she would tell me something about the sketch, and why she had chosen me; and in five minutes we were chatting pleasantly. In half an hour she was beside me; and encouraged by the look of sympathy and interest in her eyes I told her my troubles. All she could give me were good wishes, kind words, and a hearty squeeze of the hand when we parted; but that little meant more to me than all the world, and since then I have felt that life would be a very dreary prospect were there no low-voiced, gentle Fanny to whom one could grumble and weep, confess and be comforted, feeling always sure of sympathy."

(To be continued.)



Farmer Bradford's Shay.

HANFORD BRADFORD was eight and sixty years old, and he gloried in the ownership of a "shay" that looked twenty years older.

Hanford Bradford was rusty and shabby, and his shay was rustier and shabbier. It was a two-wheeled, nondescript affair; a cross between a low phaeton and a high buggy, with its unreliable and creaking wheels encrusted with the accumulated mud of many springs, and the dust of many summers lying in the deep cracks of the dash-board and the folds of the rickety cover. A threadbare rug and a moth-eaten cushion with tufts of bristling hair sprouting up aggressively, like the weeds in the driveway, completed the *tout ensemble* of the "shay."

And the quadruped that drew this chunk of dust, mud, and groaning sounds to the village every day in the year? Well, it did not look much like a horse, nor yet like a cow; it was just a quadruped, roan as to color, no particular shape as to build, and with legs very much in appearance like the kind that the small boy makes at the four corners of his first attempt at animal drawing. Now these legs when in motion did not trot nor amble nor canter, but spasmodically crooked at the knee joints; and had it not been for the loud creaking of the shay's joints one would have undoubtedly heard them creak, too. When the ground was touched by the feet it was somewhat in advance of the first knee-crook, and thus in due course of time did Farmer Bradford reach the village of Portjones.

The shay had never broken down, though it had looked for the past twenty years as if it intended to the next day, but it had shed its wheels and its bolts and its shafts at irregular intervals since the memory of the oldest inhabitant; however, there never had been a genuine collapse. Some one has said that nothing ever happens until the time is ripe for it. Now the shay had long since passed the ripe stage, but nothing dire had happened; and Farmer Bradford jounced back and forth from the village with the confidence born of long experience, and the soothing thought that there "wouldn't be no use of spendin' good money for a noo shay 's long as he lived; and as fur Mariah, if she outlived him, why er—er—hem!—why she could jest walk!"

Mariah was Mrs. Bradford; a sweet, patient, gentle-bred woman, with meek blue eyes and a down-curved mouth. She had not stepped her foot in the shay for ten years, and she had been to the distant village twice during that decade,—she had walked. Her last experience in the shay had been of such a thrilling and gooseflesh-raising nature that she had never outlived the memory of it.

It happened this way: It was a fine summer night; a full moon threw its beams enticingly across the dusty road, a gentle breeze stirred the dust-laden leaves of the maples and sent fitful shadows dancing along the hedges.

"Mariah," said Farmer Bradford, suddenly appearing at the kitchen door, his jean trousers tucked into his high boots and held by suspenders over an unbleached shirt that was not like Cæsar's wife, "Mariah, how—er—how would you like to go fur—er—er—a ride?"

One of his cows had given an extra quart of milk, and he felt like Abou Ben Adhem: he loved his fellow men.

"Lor'! Hanny!" ejaculated Mrs. Bradford, dropping the sheet she was dampening, and staring at him in awe-struck amazement, "you can't mean it, Hanny?"

"I do, Mariah."

"Lor'! Hanny!" And so saying she disappeared into an adjoining room to don her outdoor gear.

Only once before had he ever made such a request, and that had been forty years ago, when the shay had come from

the carriage builder's, brave with new paint and the smell of fresh varnish; but it was not out and out a strictly new shay. It had seen some service before Farmer Bradford had exchanged an old cow for it, but paint had done the wonders that it does for other things animate and inanimate, and it was "as good as noo," chuckled Farmer Bradford when he thought of the cow he had got rid of.

Mrs. Bradford was dazed as she fumbled in the clothes-press for her wrap; she got her bonnet on hind side before; however, that did not make much difference, for it was of such an ancient and perplexing make that it would have taken an expert to have guessed which was the front. Her excited and trembling fingers had blood-spilling tilts with every pin she touched, and a heavy moisture gathered about her eyes.

"Lor'! Hanny!" she again exclaimed as she came into the kitchen, and with a nervous twitch at the corners of her down-curved mouth she timidly approached and kissed him on the spot where his chin should have been.

A murky red suffused his face, and he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"You're—er—you're like you was a gurl again, Mariah," he finally cried, drawing his ample shirt-sleeve over his mouth.

"Patty give an extra quart tonight," he said pleasantly, as they prepared to get into the shay. "Ef she keeps that up fur a week she'll be worth her grass."

Mrs. Bradford's additional weight told audibly on the shay.

"H'ist over this way a bit, Mariah; that there spring on your side ain't what it were."

So she "h'isted," and they drove out into the moonlit road.

Mrs. Bradford was still in a sort of mental fog, and cast timid glances at the remarkable profile of her spouse as he sat in silence staring at the lines that he slapped incessantly on the quadruped's back. To tell the truth he was embarrassed and did not know what to say. For so many years had he driven alone and given himself up to the pleasure of his own society, that thus to find his wife beside him filled him with discomfort and unquiet.

He was not a man of impulses. This was the first impulsive act of his life, and he had not ridden far before he bitterly regretted it. The extra weight of his wife caused the shay to sag on one side, and kept him constantly hitching over to avoid sliding down upon her; he was forced to sit on a bristly part of the cushion, and the comfortable hollow that years of leaning had made in the back was occupied by Mrs. Bradford. On their return homeward the wrath that had been slowly accumulating began to roll up with compound interest, and suddenly burst forth.

"Doggon it, Mariah," he snarled, "can't yer set more ter yer own side? I bet I be black and blue scrouged up to this here iron on the side;" and he savagely slapped the lines on the quadruped's back.

Now they had been wending their way along according to the quadruped's fixed notions of a gait, and whether the quadruped was asleep when the lines whacked down with such purpose and energy, or whether it suddenly caught a side view of its reflected self on the white road, will never be known to mortals; but instantly a most remarkable thing happened. It gave a wild shy up instead of to the side, and its hind legs shying in unison with its fore feet, they landed in some incomprehensible way on the dash-board and then into the shay. The dash-board did not exactly crumble at this unexpected onslaught, but it doubled up neatly into its many cracks, and lay on the rug a folded mass for the quadruped to pound its hoofs against.

And just here is the astounding part of it all; the quadruped still went ahead, its fore feet on the road when not in

the air, and its hind feet in the shay! They were orderly, well-regulated hind feet, for they kept up their gait on the dash-board with unerring precision.

Farmer Bradford and his wife, when the catastrophe first burst upon them, bundled themselves in a bunch on the seat and out of reach of the quadruped's heels. An inch, for the time being, was as good as a mile; but there was no telling when that inch would be occupied.

"Mariah," whispered Farmer Bradford, hoarsely,—why he whispered passes the understanding, unless he feared to let the quadruped into the secret of their predicament,— "wot *air* we to do? She can't keep this here up fur long, and ef them heels of hern git nearer we're gorners, Mariah. This is fur bringing a woman along!" he concluded, in a louder key.

"Can't we crawl out the back, Hanny?" she replied, in trembling tones. "Folks do that in runaways, sometimes."

"Oh, this ain't no runaway," he answered, in a loud, scornful voice. "This here is jest a——"

But what Farmer Bradford considered it to be will never transpire. It may be written down in the book of unspoken thoughts, but we shall not know,—that is, in this division; for the quadruped, with a vicious twitch of her off ear, again shied up, and her hind feet once more coming in contact with the earth, away she went!

Tam O'Shanter, John Gilpin, the gallant rider of Black Bess, each and every one of them were eclipsed and put to the wall. Oh! the mad antics of those legs! And the ghastly tricks the moonlight played with their shadows! The trees snickered and nodded and tossed their branches in convulsions of amusement; one bold elm even went so far as to smartly switch Farmer Bradford across the cheek as the shay dashed by.

Oh! the mad merriness of it! On, on, on,—Snap! On, on,—but now only the quadruped and not the shay. In the middle of the dusty road were three objects in a helpless heap; the shay, Farmer Bradford, and Mariah. For an indefinite space of time it was a tumbled mixture; but finally emerged from the wreck a hatless man whose tan-colored face the moonlight and fright had blanched.

"I'll be doggoned, Mariah, but all this comes of bringing a woman along," the dust-covered man said in wrathful accents, cautiously feeling his limbs about the joints to see if they were all in proper working order. "Forty year have I driv this here shay,—*for-ty year*, I say,—and this here is the fust time I've met with such a doggoned upset. It'll cost good money to get this here put to rights. Why! that there dasher's clean gorn to the dogs, and——" He abruptly stopped, and fumbling under the shay dragged out his wife.

"It's my arm, Hanny," she moaned. "It's my arm. Oh! oh! Hanny!"

"By gosh!" he cried, seating her on the grass by the roadside. "This is too much! A noo dasher and a doctor! By gosh!"

There is always a grain of good in the worst trouble, and the grain in this particular instance was the fact that their home was not more than half a mile distant; so gathering his wife in his arms he dropped her into the shay, and placing himself between the shafts he trudged home through the dust and the moonlight. The quadruped stood placidly in front of the barn, with the remains of the harness hanging about her, as Farmer Bradford slowly dragged the shay over the weed-grown driveway.

And this is the true account of Mrs. Bradford's last ride in the shay.

Ten years went by. Time worked hard at the shay and the quadruped, and left deep year-marks on them. One

can down Time by keeping up with him; but woe betide the person or thing that lags behind. He sows seams in their faces and cracks in their surfaces. Renewal is his greatest foe. Keep your face washed, and your barn painted, and he slashes at you in vain.

The shay did not get a "noo dasher," but the old one, like Mrs. Bradford's broken arm, was patched up, and "Bout as good as noo," so said Farmer Bradford.

Ten years had gone by. It was a bright, warm day in June, and Farmer Bradford was in front of the barn punching the quadruped into the shafts of the shay. The quadruped was growing soggy and would not move now without much persuasion in the shape of punches, pokes, and occasional kicks.

"Hanny, dear," called Mrs. Bradford from the kitchen window as she saw him give the last punch and then proceed to tie the harness together with a fluffy-looking rope, "don't you think you'd better get old Jones to mend that there harness up right, and not fool with it that way any longer? It will surely be to your hurt, Hanny, if it ain't fixed up right and tight."

But he tied on, and gave no heed to his wife's solicitude for his welfare. With a weary sigh she returned to her dishes. "He was always that set," she finally cried out, wiping the moisture from the corners of her patient-looking blue eyes.

When Farmer Bradford carefully climbed into the shay, and had settled his round shoulders in the hollow, the quadruped gave two jerky jumps into the air, and the journey to the village had commenced. As the shay passed the kitchen window the quadruped was brought to an unexpected standstill, and both its joints and the shay's creaked. Farmer Bradford tapped with the butt of the broken whip on the window pane, and his wife, with a dish in one hand and a towel in the other, instantly showed a surprised and smiling face at the glass.

"Now look a' here, Mariah," called he, loudly, in his rasping, nasal voice, glaring at her savagely, "you jest wash them dishes and mind your own biz. Doan't you go fur to bussing yourself about me or her," jerking his head at the quadruped, "or this here shay. I have driv this here fifty year,—*ff-ty year*, I say,—and never had but one doggoned upset, and I ain't a-going fur to allow no woman fur to dictate to me how it's to be driv;" and in response to a slash of the lines the quadruped jumped, and the shay creaked down the weedy driveway.

It was a warm June day, and the maples and elms threw cooling shadows across the sun-swept road. The flies buzzed comfortably in the warmth, and one large blue-bottle attached itself to the harness and rode undisturbed to the village. It was a wicked, dangerous-looking blue-bottle, and kept one bulged eye on the quadruped's fat neck, and the other on the drowsy man in the shay, who nodded and bobbed as he was jounced over the stones.

On the return trip Farmer Bradford, in order to consult a brother farmer on the vital question of potatoes, had to take the same road that he had driven over the night of the catastrophe ten years before. By this time the quadruped and the fly were quite thick. The fly had journeyed over the quadruped many times, from stem to stern, searching for a thin spot in the hide, but without success; so, for the nonce discouraged, it had again taken up its position on the harness and was doctoring its feet preparatory to a renewed tramp over the old ground.

It was the first time that the road had been traversed since the accident; and the shay had no sooner groaned around the bend than the quadruped instantly pricked up its ears, and the blue-bottle, leaving its resting-place, began to buzz excitedly about her nostrils. Now whether it was the

memory of its moonlighted image on the road and the succeeding mad run home, or the tormenting buzz of the fly that unnerved the quadruped, will never be known,—it is so seldom that the reason for happiness is known in this world, it is only guessed at; but certain it is that she had not taken many jumps forward as was her manner of getting over the ground, when she suddenly shied up.

Farmer Bradford was in a half doze. He had been watching the fly in a hazy sort of way for some time; there was something about that blue-bottle that fascinated him. Sometimes, as he stared at it through his half-closed lids, it looked like a little blue imp capering up and down the quadruped's well-seasoned back, and he chuckled to himself as he saw the imp sitting on the harness sharpening its pitchfork for another attack on the hide.

It was at this juncture that the quadruped shied and jerked the lines from his relaxed hands. He was dashed along the sun-flooded road and under the trees that solemnly bent over him in the still air. It was a short, mad run. The quadruped plunged over a bridge, and they all lay in the shallow stream beneath.

How that blue-bottle fly buzzed!

"Get up! Get up! you niggard!" it screeched, whizzing its wings above the upturned face that the clear water rippled over. "Get up, get up! Get old Jones to mend your shay. You'll be hurt, Hanny.—You *are* hurt, Hanny.—You're drowning, Hanny! You're caught under the shay, and you can't move.—The shay that you've driv fifty year, you selfish niggard. . . . Where's Mariah? Where's Mariah? . . . I've got you now, Hanny; I'm old Jones,—I'm Davy Jones. Come along! I'm the imp. I'm the devil, the devil, the devil. . . . Where's Mariah? What have you done for Mariah, you old curmudgeon! all these dreary fifty years that she's slaved for you, cooked for you, washed for you, drudged for you? How much have you got tucked away in the bank? Hey? Seventy-five thousand? Seventy-five thousand? Who helped you save it? Mariah? Mariah! Hurry up and choke it out, my pitchfork is hot for you. I've got you now, Hanny. Mind your own biz. I've driv this here shay fifty year. . . . Where's Mariah? Mariah! Now see here, Hanny, I'm old Davy Imp Devil Jones, and I've got you; you're pretty near strangled, and your arm's broken and your ribs are cracked, but I'll let you off this time if you'll get Mariah a noo shay. . . . Will you buy? Will you buy? You will? You will? You will? Well, I'm old Jones, but I'll let you off this time. Here comes a man on horseback." And so buzzing the blue-bottle fly took himself off; but whether it was the blue-bottle fly that said all this, or the water that rippled into Farmer Bradford's ears, or the still, small voice within him, is another one of those mysterious things that we can never know.

The man on the horse galloped to the bridge, extricated Farmer Bradford from his shay and his perilous position, and thereby saved his mite of a soul from getting out of his big body; but the quadruped was dead,—dead as a mummy. Its neck was broken,—as broken as the shay that lies to this day in the creek and is a capital spot for fish.

Mrs. Bradford now drives in a tolerably fair-appearing wagon "most as good as noo," but the spirit for driving has left Farmer Bradford; and when Mariah drives the sprightly looking cob to the village, he takes his line and trudges to the creek to fish around his old water-soaked shay.

• MARY ADELAIDE KEELER.

FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF PORTRAITS GIVEN AWAY IN THIS NUMBER; see page 394. Send for the album at once and commence your collection.

Some Acclimated Japanese Fruits.

ALTHOUGH Japan can boast of infinite variety in its vegetation, it is said to be more deficient in fruits than almost any country of the temperate zones. Notwithstanding this fact there are some excellent varieties of Japanese fruit, a number of which have been acclimated in the United States during the past few years and are attracting much attention among those interested in any addition to the variety of our domestic products.

Among the most remarkable of these Japanese novelties is the *rosa rugosa rubra*, or the fruit-bearing Japanese rose-apple, a deciduous shrub of the most beautiful description, which, it is said, combines more attractions than any other specimen of flora in existence. It is neat and compact in form, growing to a height of five or six feet, with thick,



ROSA RUGOSA RUBRA.

One-half actual size.

glossy, large-leaved foliage, which possesses the advantage of being impervious to disease. It is said of this plant that "if it never produced a flower it would still be entitled to a prominent place on the lawn for the beauty of its foliage, which somewhat resembles that of the rose, but is very heavy, rich, and shining, remaining on until late in autumn."

The accompanying illustration gives the best idea of this beautiful shrub possible without the aid of color. The flowers are of a most vivid scarlet, are very fragrant, and borne in immense numbers in terminal clusters of ten or fifteen blossoms, which commence to appear in June, blooming continuously until severe frosts. Following the flowers come the prolific bunches of rich-looking scarlet fruit, about



DAI-DAI. WHOLE FRUIT AND HALF SECTION.
One-half actual size.

free from dark specks or cracks; rather pale orange in color; flesh, orange red, soft when fully ripe; seeds, plump, usually present; flavor, rich, sweet; quality, very good. As to the meaning of the name there is a difference of opinion even among the Japanese, some saying that it means 'big-big,' and others that it has reference to the resemblance of the fruit in shape and color to an orange."

The *yama tsuru* is described in an equally precise manner: In size it is small to medium, being from one and one-half by two inches, to two by three inches in diameter. In shape it is oblong, distinctly pointed and peculiarly inclined, one side being larger than the other. The stem is set on a slight elevation or cone, instead of in a cavity, as with most kinds of fruit; the surface is of a bright red color and perfectly smooth, the flesh being of a deep orange-color, very sweet and luscious.

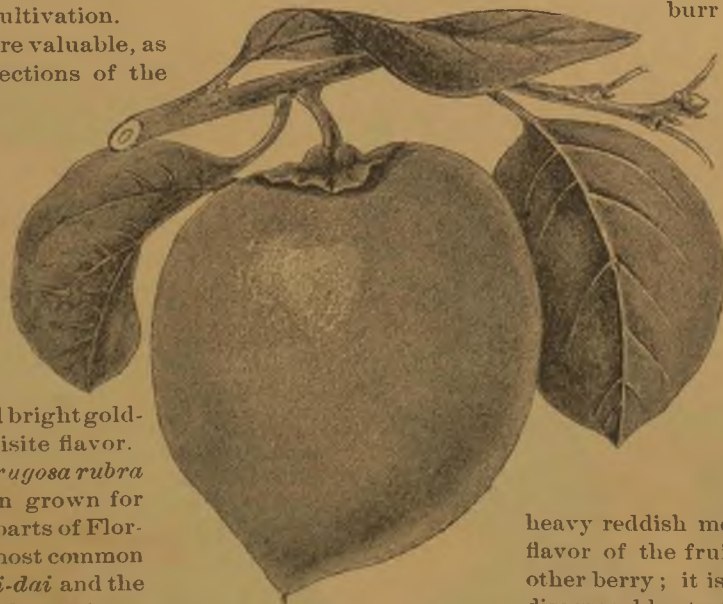
Over fifteen varieties of this fruit have been introduced into this country, and some from the more northern parts of Japan are expected, ultimately, to be suitable for cultivation in the Northern States, although they have been introduced at first in the South with a view to giving them a better chance. Some of these are of a winter variety, and some ripen much earlier than others. There are varieties of a high quality but producing small crops, others more prolific and suitable for popular use, while some are best adapted for drying or preserving.

Another importation from Japan is the wineberry, one of the most useful fruits ever introduced into the American garden. It is a scion of the raspberry family, and is hardy enough to withstand the rigor of a northern climate. It is, in fact, more hardy than either the American raspberry or blackberry, and stands alike the cold of a northern winter or the heat of a southern summer without the slightest injury. The foliage is of a dark green color on the outer side and silvery white underneath, the young shoots and branches being covered with a heavy, reddish moss. The fruit grows in large clusters of from seventy to a hundred berries. From the time of formation and bloom until they ripen these berries are enclosed in a burr, which is formed by the calyx covering them entirely. When ripe the burr opens, exhibiting a large, glossy berry of the brightest light scarlet color. The burr and stems are covered with a

the size of a jenneting, and of a pleasant, slightly acid flavor. It is delicious for table use, and makes excellent jelly. Florists declare the *rosa rugosa rubra* to be a most valuable addition to the list of domestic fruits, and recommend it as being unsurpassed for general cultivation.

Its hardiness renders it the more valuable, as it flourishes in the northern sections of the country, needing no protection whatever, and can be relied upon to produce both flower and fruit under all conditions. There are inferior grades of this shrub which do not bear fruit; but the genuine can be obtained at a reasonable price from the principal florists. The Japanese rose-apple *alba* is a shrub of a similar character producing beautiful pearl-white flowers and bright golden scarlet-flushed fruit, of exquisite flavor.

Next in importance to the *rosa rugosa rubra* comes the *kaki*, which has been grown for some time successfully in some parts of Florida and Georgia. Two of the most common varieties of this fruit are the *dai-dai* and the *yama tsuru*, illustrations of which are given. The *dai-dai* is thus described by Mr. William R. King, special agent of the department of pomology, Washington:



YAMA TSURU.
One-half actual size.



HALF SECTION. SEED.

heavy reddish moss, like a moss rosebud. The flavor of the fruit is entirely different from any other berry; it is juicy and piquant in taste, not disagreeably tart, but of a most delicate and luscious flavor which epicures assert is not only peculiar to itself but superior to that of all other berries. Its extreme juiciness renders it specially

desirable for making syrups and jellies, and it is the most prolific berry known. Its fruit is ripened early in July, but it keeps bearing for a considerable time. As a dessert

Size of fruit, medium to large, averaging nearly three inches in diameter; shape, round with but slight depression at base, a slight cavity at the apex; surface smooth and quite

fruit the wineberry is incomparable; and it retains its piquant flavor when cooked or preserved much more distinctively than either raspberries or strawberries. In fruiting time the bushes present a highly ornamental appearance.

Some of the drupe, or stone, fruits of Japan are extremely disappointing; an example being the cherry, which, instead of yielding a delicious harvest, expends all its strength on the beauty and fragrance of its blossoms, being to the Japanese what the rose is to western nations. A nice fruit of the plum variety, the *Photinia Japonica*, or Japan medlar, known to us as the Giant Loquat, has won its way to favor among American pomologists, and is grown in sufficiently large quantities through the South to be a common market commodity. It bears showy white flowers in pendulous racemes, during the winter months, and therefore cannot be cultivated anywhere but in the extreme South. The fruit resembles a small yellow plum covered with soft down, and is of a slightly acid but most agreeable flavor. It is put up in boxes like raspberries, and can be found during the spring months on sale in most Southern cities. Its culture is reported to have proved more particularly successful on well-drained, moist, and ultra-rich soils.

The varieties of the plum which have been introduced from Japan are so numerous that they have become quite common in various sections. A recent and very popular importation is the Satsuma blood,

which, being hardy, will probably thrive better in the North than some of the other kinds. The flesh of this fruit is solid, of a purplish crimson



JAPANESE WINEBERRY.
One-half actual size.

color from pit to skin, juicy, and of fine quality, the pit being no larger than that of a cherry. The tree is a vigorous grower, with brownish-red bark and lanceolate foliage.

The *elaagnus longipes* is another beautiful shrub from Japan, belonging to the olive family. It is of a dense, bushy growth, from five to six feet in height, the foliage being, like that of the wineberry, of a dark green hue with silvery underlining. In May the blossoms first appear, and the shrub is soon covered with a profuse mass of small, pale yellow blossoms. The berries, which are oval in shape like an olive but rather smaller in size than the common varieties, are ripe by the early part of July; and being of a bright scarlet color present a very handsome appearance. This fruit is available for use in the same manner as the cranberry, and the shrub therefore serves a



GIANT LOQUAT.
One-half actual size



SATSUMA BLOOD PLUM.
One-half actual size.

double purpose, as it is one of the most beautiful for ornamental purposes.

Some nut-producing trees from Japan have been acclimated on this continent which on account of their superior quality and prolific yield are becoming great favorites, and may appropriately be classed with the foregoing list of dessert fruits. A favorite kind of these is the *Sieboldiana*, a species of Japanese walnut, which grows wild in the mountains of Northern Japan, and easily adapts itself to the climate of any section of the United States. Our illustration is of a tree raised in this country, which gives an idea of the beauty and symmetry of its growth and the manner in which it fruits. For many purposes this species is said to



ELÆAGNUS LONGIPES.
One-half actual size.

that most of the varieties introduced can be profitably grown by the American cultivator. **LESLIE KANE.**



One-half actual size. One-sixth actual size.
JAPANESE WALNUT.

be superior to other varieties. It is easily propagated, grows with great vigor, matures early, bears when young, and is both more reliable and prolific than any other kind. The leaves are large and of a beautiful green hue; it bears long, pendent catkins, and clusters of flowers crowned with purple stigmas, at the same time, and the trees present a very handsome appearance. The nuts grow in clusters of fifteen or twenty; the meat is sweet and of superior quality.


Nothing finer than the Japan giant chestnut has yet been developed, the fruit bringing higher prices than any other in the market. The nuts are very large, and some of the burrs contain from four to seven nuts. This is among the finest of the Japanese varieties, and will be an acknowledged favorite as soon as it has been cultivated sufficiently for a supply to be general in the markets.

Altogether we have borrowed quite freely from the fruits of Japan considering her limited resources in this direction; and the reports of the Pomological Section of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, are authority for the statement



One-half actual size of nut.
JAPANESE GIANT CHESTNUT.

A Fortune By Palmistry.

ONSTANCE HAYDON was smitten with the craze for palmistry; her ideas were entirely bound by the lines of the heart and life, and the mounts of Jupiter and Venus.

She studied her subject deeply, consulted with all the experts in the art, and read many ponderous volumes on it. Naturally quick and clever, she soon established a reputation as a reader of character. She used her accomplishment, in the main, as a pleasant social one, as other girls play the violin or sing; but now and then it gave her a cruel advantage, as once when she told a rich pork-packer that she could not marry him because his hand indicated that he would have four wives, and she did not wish to court an early death by being the first.

This story was going the rounds when George Awkright first met her. He had decided that she was a silly, heartless little thing, and, though he soon forgot that opinion and fell under the spell of her sweet nature and magnetic cleverness, he refused to let his hand be studied. He seemed to have little curiosity regarding his future, laughed at the girl's enthusiasm for the study, and politely but firmly declined to believe that there was anything but vague generalities in her revelations.

He teased her until her faith became quite shaken, she lost confidence in herself, made mistakes, and began, eventually, to hate the very name of palmistry; however, she did not wish Mr. Awkright to guess his victory, and in their discussions the more she weakened at heart, the firmer she appeared on the surface.

One day they nearly came to an open rupture.

"Do you really mean to say," he said, at the end of a long argument, "that if you saw, or imagined you saw, in a man's hand that he was going to be a murderer or a bank robber, that you wouldn't marry him because you'd believe that was his fate?"

"I certainly should drop his acquaintance at once," she answered, firmly.

These discussions took a good deal of their time and society; they disagreed, but their attraction for each other was undoubted; they might quarrel and part in anger, but the next day Mr. Awkright would gravitate towards Constance, at a dinner or a dance, as though their ideas ran smoothly in a single channel. Perhaps, indeed, he found the girl more amusing than if they had.

One spring day they were both staying at a friend's country-house. In the twilight, when most of the guests had taken themselves to their rooms to snatch an hour's rest before dinner, Mr. Awkright found Constance curled up in a heap in a corner of a big oak settle in the hall; she had a novel and a box of candy beside her, but the book was unopened as she dreamily gazed into the fire of big logs that blazed pleasantly, for there was still a lingering chill of winter in the April air.

He sat down on the other end of the settle, looked at the title of the book, which he noted was not on palmistry, and displaced the box of candy with a masculine expression of wonder at a girl's destroying her appetite by eating chocolates at five o'clock.

"I've something special that I wanted to talk to you about," he said, "and I'm so glad to find you alone for a moment."

"I hope you are not going to tease, because I'm resting up for the evening. I won't let you stay unless you solemnly promise not to quarrel."

"Oh, I didn't come to tease, I wanted to tell you that you have made a new convert. You see, Miss Haydon, you've

talked so much to me about palmistry that at last I've begun to believe in it; and, do you know, yesterday I went to C — and had my hand examined."

The girl raised herself from the nest of soft pillows in which she was lounging, and scrutinized his face; he was evidently in earnest.

"What did he tell you?" she asked, eagerly.

Mr. Awkright stared gloomily into the fire.

"Oh, he told me a lot of stuff about the past that was true, but it's the future that's bothering me, Miss Haydon. I suppose if he told the truth about the past, he must be right about the future, don't you?"

"Yes," said the girl, "but what did he say about your future?"

"He said that I shall meet, at a country-house, very soon, the lady whom I shall marry; she is a widow, a blond lady of great musical ability."

"Oh!" said Constance. (She was not a widow, her hair was brown, and she could not play a note on any kind of an instrument.)

There had come down, on the afternoon train, a frail, blond lady, dressed in black, with a coquettish widow's bonnet, among whose paraphernalia Constance had seen a violin case. The fortune, if what Constance had heard of the fascinations of the charming Mrs. Daryl proved correct, might indeed prove true.

"The girl I love," continued Awkright, gloomily, "can't in the remotest way be called a widow; but since a widow is my fate, I suppose there's no use in my asking her to have me."

"Perhaps she doesn't believe in palmistry and would think you were extremely foolish to be guided by it."


"That's the worst of it; she does believe in it. She once said—"

"I don't care what she said," cried Constance, with a sob, "I hate palmistry! It's all nonsense! I know I made up half the things I used to say. Oh!" and she buried her face in the big cushions.

"There may be something in it, after all," said Mr. Awkright, a few minutes later, holding Constance's little hand in his big one, "because the touch of your hand tells me that I am going to marry you,—only I shall not wait for you to be a widow."

POLLY KING.

Society Fads.

HE musical stars that during the spring have flashed across the social firmament of New York shook the dust of our town lingeringly and with honest regret from their reluctant feet. The noble army of masculine minstrels, Poles and Frenchmen mostly, have not only been lionized to their hearts' content, but humored and petted by the pretty young women in a way that has quite turned their heads. There was Slavinski, for instance; he played to crowded houses, and was the guest of honor at numbers of beautiful dinners. There he met the pretty girls, who found him clever and agreeable. They flattered him more subtly than Cleopatra of Egypt, by a sort of reverential, worshipful attitude they took. They asked him to cosy little teas in the corners of their mammas' drawing-rooms. They talked to him quite scientifically of his art, of his great lifework. When at length, radiant with so much flattery, he would go to the piano, and in the firelight play strange, yearning pieces of music, the clever girls would snatch some piece of jewelry from throat or wrist, and beg him to keep it in remembrance of them and the most ideal afternoon of their lives. When

the great pianist did at length tear himself away from all the intoxicating adulation, he carried quite a little casket of assorted feminine jewelry with him. On one shapely wrist he wore a plain gold bar bracelet, and inside his stiff white collar a string of perfect pearls. These had been pressed upon him by a great lady for whose fair sake undoubtedly Slavinski gallantly promised to wear them forever.

THE attentions a young French violinist received has made him quite a rival of the pianist, for not only does he receive flowers and jewels from his *débutante* admirers, but his health is also watched over by them. The other day the violinist's secretary was sent for by a young lady who gives many delightful and costly private *musicales*. The violinist expected that she wished to engage him for some festival of the sort at her house; but judge of his astonishment when the secretary came back long of face and with a menu written out more suitable for an invalid than a robust young Frenchman. The tender-hearted young heiress felt sure her favorite musician looked worn and exhausted with his winter's concert tour, so she had consulted her own physician in his behalf, and for a week every morning from her own kitchen were sent the daintiest dishes calculated to tempt the most fastidious appetite. It seems, also, she strictly enjoined the private secretary to see that his employer was in bed by ten o'clock, had a drive in the open air every day, and was shielded from all unnecessary excitement; at which the secretary bowed to hide the smile of irrepressible amusement curling about his lips.

IN the spring there is not the least telling in what direction the fancy of the average young woman of fashion will lightly turn; and who could have foretold that a sudden desire to rush into print would be the latest fancy of the younger set? It is so, however. Every other pretty girl one meets has a big inkstain on her pen-fingers, and a tired little wrinkle in her forehead. Then by-and-by, over the teacups, she grows confidential, and, blushing, confesses that she has done a story for "The Fin de Siècle" or a poem for the "Lyre and Lute." It's a story about society folk, and very possibly a poem with love for its theme; and then she pours out her burning ambitions to be more than a society butterfly. Its all very fine, but there is much prompting of vanity and a secret yearning for notoriety behind all these amateur efforts that seldom do the little authoresses great credit.

FOR all ills that flesh is heir to, take the electric cure, the women are announcing to one another. By the dozens, nay the hundreds, they are flocking to the prettily appointed rooms of a certain Mrs. Somebody or other who started the clever electric boom, and jaded nerves are undergoing a toning up after the winter's round of heavy dinners, late suppers, and such like dissipations. Every idle woman, reasoned this wise Madam, who manipulates the electric button, has some cherished ailment or other; half of it, of course, purely imaginary, the other half the result of too much riding in carriages and faring off rich foods, and nothing she knows can pay her so well as to find a simple cure for all these ill feelings. The novelty of massage has worn off somewhat, and so she has appeared as the high priestess of a new sure cure.


It is delightful to see her treat the distinguished pretty patients who resort to her for relief. She has the daintiest little parlor and dressing-rooms imaginable, with clever maids in attendance. Her most popular office-hours are in the morning or late afternoons. Anyone who is to undergo treatment exchanges her gown and bonnet for a soft, pretty wrapper and easy little Turkish slippers, and the maid lets

down her hair. Then Madam the electrician, as the poor sufferer from headaches, indigestion, nervousness, or insomnia, lies on a downy divan among many pillows, talks over the symptoms of the case in a low, soothing voice, and gives the electricity as she judges best. Sometimes one gets it mostly in the soles of one's feet; again, a tiny stream of it on the top of one's head; and one is encouraged to take a little nap or lie for half an hour with closed eyes. When enough electricity has been taken, a maid brushes out one's long hair, rubs one a little, a face-bath with perfume is offered, and away one goes, soothed and invigorated, for a day's shopping, or a long drive and dinner-party.

A WOMAN of social standing has set the fashion for floral decoration in drawing-rooms this spring. She is a person who in London is asked to the exclusive little afternoons in Sir Frederick Leighton's, Watts', Boughton's, and Alma-Tadema's studios; and there she said she learned the art of using flowers as the ornaments of rooms. Only certain flowers are adapted to vases, and those must be both long-stemmed and graceful; more than this, flowers must never be massed, but two, three, or four only can occupy one vase, and that vase must in shape or color somewhat resemble the flowers it contains. For example, she began her series of tiny spring teas, on Tuesday afternoons, by using only tulips and daffodils. On tables and in niches, on mantel-shelf, bracket, and inside window-sill, small bouquets of these yellow flowers nodded gaily in long-necked yellow or green glass vases, in clusters of three and four, and on her tea-table were five vases; those that stood along the window-sill were in pots. She calls hers rational teas, because she never asks more people than she can entertain at one time; and she wishes them to come while the sunlight is still streaming through the long drawing-room windows, at the hour they drink tea in England. Another rather Oscar Wilde-ish idea she introduced at these teas: as she served the fragrant cups with her own hands and the masculine guests handed them about, she carelessly pulled the blossoms from the vases on the low table, and laid a flower on every saucer.

MADAME LA MODE.

The Widow's Match.

UT, Aunt Julia, I have promised to marry Dick in the fall. It is too late to break with him."

"A woman may change her mind any time—until she is married. And you will have no trouble about it. I will manage it for you."

"But I don't want it managed; and I won't marry Mr. Onderdonk. I just hate him!"

"Clara Mobylye! You must never hate a rich man."

"He's so *very* old."

"A strong argument in favor of marrying him."

"Oh! Aunt! How cold-blooded you are!"

"Cold blood is not guilty of one folly where hot blood perpetrates ten. I don't wonder you prefer Dick Darley. He is young, good-looking, talented, and is a gentleman. But—he has no money."

"He will be a lawyer, and he writes beautiful things. We have no fears of the future."

"I suppose not. Nor did Mr. Avide and I when we married on nothing. We lived in a small flat for seven years. I turned my gowns, dyed my gloves, re-trimmed my old hats, and did the housework when we could not afford to keep a girl. I saw myself a drag on my husband, and believed that he felt it. Our venture was a failure. Care kicked Love out

of the window, and even Courtesies sometimes perched on the sill, ready for flight. Fortune came at last, but by sheer luck, not because we earned it, or deserved it any more than thousands do to whom it never comes,—your own parents, for instance. I mean to save you from the folly which cost us so dear. Marry Mr. Onderdonk, and you will have an assured future holding for you all your heart can desire of dress, jewels, horses, carriages, superb home, amusements, society,—all the lovely, luxurious world that belongs only to the rich. Marry Dick, and you will plunge into a precarious existence of mean economies and privations, if not actual poverty; care will age you before your time, and you will realize, too late, that the struggle for mere life, in which your husband is involved on your account, condemns him to a hopeless future of mediocrity and toil; and perhaps he will tell you so, then. Now which marriage would be best?"

"Oh!" sobbed Clara. "I would never be a burden on Dick; I love him too well. Sooner than that, I would give him up altogether."

"A sensible decision; and you will see it so in the future, even more than now. Go and bathe your eyes, my dear, or you will not be presentable in case anyone should call."

"Dick will come; he said he would. And how can I see him,—with such wicked treachery in my heart?"

"Stop your crying, child. Crying makes wrinkles come. You will not need to see him. Leave everything to me."

Clara submissively went to bathe her eyes, but to stop crying was beyond her power until the cry had "cried itself out." The idea of rebelling against the domination of her resolute and forceful aunt did not once occur to her. Mrs. Avide placidly resumed her reading of the book that lay in her lap while she so cruelly demolished the poor girl's dreams of happiness. The widow, still on the sunny side of forty, was large, plump, creamy white, and possessed of no small share of beauty, though perhaps rather more masculine and forceful than most men would have deemed alluring to matrimonial intents. That she remained so long a widow was a fact she secretly contemplated with anger, and sometimes with poignant regret; and, really, it was absurd that she, with her ripe charms and substantial wealth, should wear "weeds," while a penniless chit of a girl like Clara—

Mr. Darley was announced, and she received him with *empressement*. After a little unimportant preliminary chat, she said to him:

"I have something serious to say to you. I suspect you of putting in Clara's little head some reprehensible ideas—about love and marriage."

"Do you mean that love and marriage are reprehensible ideas, Mrs. Avide?"

"Not always,—for those who can afford them; but *circumstances* alter cases."

"You emphasize the circumstances?"

"Intentionally."

"Ours are not at all hopeless."

"Everything at all dependent upon hope is practically hopeless. The word is delusive. Frankly, leaving hope out of the question, for it is not at all a resource, as you very well understand, how could you support a wife? Remember, Mr. Darley, I have nothing against you personally,—indeed, I like and respect you very much; but I must look out for Clara's interests."

"A tabulated statement of my resources, minus hope, would not, I fear, be impressive."

"Could you maintain Clara in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Perhaps not quite, just at first, but I hope —"

"Don't! Hope leads you to think you can discount the future, but you cannot."

"To leave out hope would blight all endeavor. One must either hope, or die. I have been admitted to the practice of the law, and hope to win fame and fortune by it; I am encouraged to hope for even more immediate good results from my literary work. Why," he continued, speaking jocosely, "I have written part of a drama, which, if I complete it to my own satisfaction,—which I doubt,—and find some influential actor who fancies the leading rôle,—which is not likely,—and together we induce some manager to produce it,—which is scarcely probable,—and I am allowed to realize anything from the representations,—which is of all things the most improbable,—will certainly make for me an enviable reputation as a playwright."

The widow laughed heartily.

"May I ask one question?" pursued Dick, returning to seriousness, and with a little trembling in his voice.

"Certainly."

"Does Clara share now your views of the situation?"

"Yes. She sees, though unwillingly, of course, that marrying you would be supreme folly, both for you and her."

The poor fellow forced a smile to his white lips as he replied,

"It is a rather sudden shock to me."

"Things only seem sudden because we have not looked at the causes of which they are the results. The unwisdom of your marriage with Clara has always been a fact."

"We were sentimental, perhaps, and neglected the practical side, which you see only; and, as the world goes, you are probably right. Disparity in fortune is doubtless perilous to marital felicity."

"No; not 'disparity,' but lack. There is no 'disparity' in this case. I have raised Clara as if she were my own daughter, with the tastes and habits of a rich girl, but she has not a dollar except what I give her. There is the trouble. Neither of you has anything. It does not matter whether the man or the woman possesses the fortune; but one or the other must have it."

"Nothing matters but the fortune?"

"Not much. Mr. Onderdonk has, practically, nothing to recommend him but his fortune; but, in the long run, Clara will be happier with him than she would be with you."

"So! You mean that she shall marry him?"

"Yes. He has asked me for her hand, and she will accept him."

"He is old as the moon."

"Past middle age, it is true."

"Ugly as a gargoyle!"

"He has not the beauty of youth."

"Coughs incessantly!"

"That must end,—somehow."

"Is stupid. Only his goggles shine in society."

"And his two millions."

"Ah! I forgot them."

"You should not. They give him the right to marry as he pleases."

Dick was silent a few moments. Then he said, rather huskily,

"Clara will return my letters, I suppose."

"Certainly. Excuse me a few moments and I will get them for you."

"Thanks."

She left the room. Dick's face was haggard and drawn by mental pain. He sprang up, paced the room nervously, and unconsciously made a gesture of despair. Suddenly he stopped, seemed to cogitate deeply, as one to whom a hopeful idea has suddenly occurred, brightened up, and even smiled. Mrs. Avide returned and handed to him a small casket, saying,

"You will return hers?"

"Within an hour; as soon as I return to my hotel. I—suppose—I had better not see her?"

"I do not think it would be best. It could do no good."

He glanced at the objects returned,—his letters, the engagement ring, some little trinkets and souvenirs. All had been given up. Laying the casket upon a stand he said, smilingly:

"So, that is settled; another page of life's history turned down. And reason is on your side, Mrs. Avide. It is clearly the duty of the impecunious to marry only the wealthy,—if the latter can be induced to consent,—or else stay single. It is a good idea, but not easy of realization, I fear. Under its rule bachelors will multiply. Take my own case, for instance. What could I offer to induce a rich woman to accept me?"

"You would need to offer nothing but yourself, Mr. Darley. Your talents and personal advantages give you the right to meet wealth on a plane of equality."

"They have, thus far, realized for me nothing more than hope."

"With such a fair chance as capital and freedom from domestic care would give you, hope in your case would be quite a justifiable element in the calculation. Under such conditions your success in life would be an assured certainty."

"Do you feel sufficiently convinced of that to invest upon it? In other words, will you sustain your theories of life by your action? We are both free now. You have said more in my behalf than I could venture to say for myself, and embolden me to ask you—will you accept the hand I now offer and be my wife?"

"Why!" the widow stammered, but with sparkling eyes, "this is very sudden, Mr. Darley."

"Things only seem sudden because we have not looked at the causes of which they are the results," he quoted with a smile. "I am serious in my offer. Will you accept me?"

"You are prompted by pique."

"Not more than by conviction of the soundness of your own arguments. And, even if I were, would I be any the less a good husband? Felicity depends upon financial solidity, not emotion."

"What would Clara think?"

"That I had been as wise as herself,—and more fortunate."

"But she might imagine I had schemed for this; and I have not."

"Why need we consider possible imaginings prompted by mere sentiment, and possibly resentment? Our happiness is what concerns us; and since we accept the same theories for its attainment, why shall we not enjoy it? It only depends upon your consent. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she answered, in a modest whisper, submitting to the chaste caress custom prescribes on such occasions.

"And our wedding shall be at the same time as that of Mr. Onderdonk and Clara?"

"If you so desire."

When Dick went away the widow rather wished he had said something about love; but that was hardly to be expected, "and," she reflected, "a husband without sentiment would at least be better than no husband at all."

Clara pleaded a headache and did not come down to tea. A messenger brought for the girl a bundle, done up in a brown paper with a rubber band around it. Mrs. Avide, rightly judging what it was, examined its contents to see if they included a letter from Dick. No; nothing but Clara's letters to him, a glove, and some faded flowers. She smiled contentedly and sent them up to Clara.

Mr. Onderdonk came. A weak old man he seemed to be,

walking feebly with the support of a cane, and coughing violently. Big, tinted goggles shielded his eyes, and with his untidily kept white hair and beard left little of his features to be seen. With a groan and an "Ouch!" he slowly deposited himself in an easy-chair in the most obscure part of the room, where the light would not hurt his eyes.

"Your cough is better, is it not?" remarked the widow, in a tone of such tender sympathy as a millionaire might expect.

"If so, I'm not aware of it," he snarled, querulously, in a sharp voice.

"Clara will be pleased to see you; and I am glad you have come, as I wish you to meet Mr. Darley, who will call."

"I don't know why I should meet that penniless scribbler."

"Please speak a little more respectfully of my future husband, Mr. Onderdonk."

"Oh! You've bought him, have you?"

"Sir!"

"I thought he was dangling after Clara. Rumor had them engaged, didn't it?"

"How absurd! He came to see me, not her. She, dear child! never had any thought of a husband before meeting you. You are her first attachment, and she would be heart-broken if anything occurred to prevent her marriage with you."

"Humph! The future is uncertain at my age, so I have ensured that she shall lose nothing but a husband should anything happen to me. I have made my will."

"An excellent idea, Mr. Onderdonk. I had thought of it."

"Yes; we old folks are likely to have similar ideas."

"We old folks,' indeed!" thought Mrs. Avide, resentfully. "Insolent old beast!"

"As I have no relations," he coughed, "to whom I care to leave anything, and don't encourage charities, I leave everything to Clara."

"Oh! how good! how thoughtful! how noble you are! I must go and tell the dear child. She will be so grateful for the beautiful affection prompting the deed. She is in her room. I will call her."

But before she had taken a step toward the door Clara entered from the back parlor. Tears were in her eyes, she carried an open letter in her hand, and when she spoke her voice trembled with emotion.

"You do not need to call me, aunt," she said. "I was there and heard all. I must speak. Oh! sir, I do not deserve such generous kindness, and will not be a party to deceiving you in return for your goodness. You must know the truth. I loved Dick very dearly, and I love him yet, and always shall."

"Why! What crazy things you are saying, Clara!" exclaimed the widow, in angry horror, gripping her arm with spiteful force. "Do not mind what she says, Mr. Onderdonk. She has had a nervous attack, and is light-headed."

"Let her alone," he answered, roughly, "I want to hear her."

"Indeed I am not light-headed, sir. I tell you the truth. But my aunt insisted so much, and said it would ruin Dick's future if he married me, and, though we were engaged, I gave him up. That I can do for his sake, but I cannot marry another man. It would not be honest for me to do so, when I shall always love Dick. I feel toward him now just as I did when I wrote him this letter which my aunt made him return to me."

"Let me see it," demanded the old man, taking possession and holding it close up to his goggles.

Mrs. Avide dragged her niece away to the farther end of the parlor, and there, in a savage whisper, overwhelmed her

with censure and reproaches, to which the poor girl could only respond, tearfully :

"I can't help it. I do love Dick, and will not deceive Mr. Onderdonk."

Had not the two women been so engrossed with each other they would have seen something surprising. Dexterously and rapidly Mr. Onderdonk unbuttoned his long, black surtout and threw it off ; with a circular sweep of his right arm over his head he made away at once with his white hair, beard, and goggles, casting all upon the floor behind him ; and sat transformed from the old man into Clara's lover. In her angry excitement Mrs. Avide said to the girl, so that he heard her :

"But, you little fool ! between both stools you come to the ground. Dick Darley does not love you."

"That's where you are wrong," responded a voice, unmistakably that of Dick himself, which made her stagger with surprise. Wheeling, she stared aghast at him and gasped,

"But—Mr. Onderdonk !"

"Has gone, leaving me to represent him," answered the young man, with a grin. "After reading Clara's letter he was in a hurry to go, and he never will return with any designs in which she can have any personal concern. But Dick remains, loving and steadfast to his Clara as she has avowed herself to him."

The happy girl, with a cry of joy threw herself into his arms.

"And," continued Dick, "we will return to the original programme, however unwise it may seem."

"But you are engaged to marry me !"

"On the day Clara marries Mr. Onderdonk, and so I will. But if that is not satisfactory, I am willing to let society arbitrate on your claims. I believe my old fellow-members in the Amaranth Dramatic Club will be delighted to know how well I impersonated old Mr. Onderdonk."

Mrs. Avide shuddered at the thought of society's laugh, and forced herself to reply, with a grim smile :

"Everything I suppose must be pardoned a lover, and I release you. My only claim shall be to see you and Clara do not suffer too much from marrying on a capital of hope."

J. H. CONNELLY.

Plants for Cemetery Use.

PLANTS for use in the cemetery ought to be free bloomers, good growers, able to get along with very little attention after planting, and, above all, hardy. A tender plant is out of place there, no matter how beautiful it may be, because most persons cannot give it the protection it must have in order to endure our long and severe winters.

These requirements necessarily limit us in our selection. We have but few plants that are free bloomers, robust enough to get along with but little care, and perfectly hardy. Let me say, just here, that I am not one of those persons who consider no flower suitable for cemetery use unless it is white. I believe all colors are appropriate there. God made all colors, all flowers ; and they are appropriate anywhere where the use of a flower is justifiable.

Among the shrubs the hydrangea is perhaps best adapted for cemetery use, because it is so extremely hardy, and because it is a very late bloomer. It is also very profuse in flowering. These qualities give it a place near the head of the list, if not quite at the head. Success with it is reasonably certain if it be planted in a rich soil and grass

be kept from choking it. It has a much more symmetrical habit of growth than most shrubs if left to take care of itself, and this is another point in its favor. If one has a large lot, I would suggest planting several hydrangeas in a group. The effect of half a dozen plants placed so close together that they seem to be one great plant when developed is very fine. The result is much more satisfactory than where the same number of plants are scattered about the lot.

Deutzias gracilis and *crenata* are very desirable shrubs. They are not large growers, therefore care should be exercised in planting them. Never make the mistake of getting them in the background. Give them a place near the front of the lot, where their beauty can be fully displayed. These are much more effective if grouped than when planted singly.

The weigelas are medium-sized shrubs. They form a rounded, compact plant if cut back somewhat during the first year or two, and are more effective planted singly than most of our shrubs are. There are several fine varieties in rose and red, and one good white sort which can be used very effectively in combination with the red, because of the contrast it affords.

The old purple lilac is admirably adapted to cemetery use on a lot where there is no tree and where a large shrub would be effective as a substitute. It is one of the most beautiful of all our shrubs, blooms early and profusely, and is entirely able to take care of itself. It can be made to take on a tree form if thought best, by allowing but one stalk to grow ; but I prefer to grow it as a shrub, because that seems to be its natural form. The Persian lilac is a more graceful variety than the old sort, because of its slender habit. Its flowers are very beautiful, but hardly as sweet as those of the other. There is a white lilac that would be pretty were it not for the fact that its flowers are produced so far down among the terminal leaves of the branches that they are half hidden by them. It is not so free a bloomer as the other sorts named.

The Japan quince, or *cydonia*, is a very charming early bloomer. Its flowers are a rich, shining scarlet. It is a somewhat low grower, therefore should have a place in the foreground.

One of the most beautiful shrubs for the lower belt of the Northern States is *exochorda grandiflora*, introduced a few years ago from China. It becomes a neat, compact bush eight or ten feet high, and by pruning can be made to take on almost any desired shape. It is extremely beautiful. Its flowers are borne in loose, pendulous racemes on slender branches that bend gracefully beneath their burden of bloom. Before opening, each flower looks like a bead of pearly whiteness, so round and perfect is it. On opening, it shows a delicate tint of green in the center, which, by contrast, makes the white of the petals seem purer. This plant is somewhat rare as yet, but as soon as its great merit becomes fully known it will be a general favorite ; it is also called *spiraea grandiflora*. I hardly think it hardy enough to be depended on at the extreme North, though leading nurserymen claim that it is. I have one growing on my grounds, but it is given protection each season. I have been too afraid of losing it to experiment with it in order to fully test its hardiness. South of Chicago it is doubtless entirely hardy ; and well established plants may succeed farther north. The *spiræas prunifolia* and *Van Houttei* are excellent shrubs of low growth. Both are white.

One of the most desirable plants for cemetery use with which I am familiar is, strange to say, but very little known. Why it is not more extensively grown I cannot say. It is perfectly hardy ; it has pretty evergreen foliage, and beautiful pink flowers borne in clusters at the ends of the branches. It blooms at intervals during the season. For front rows it

is very desirable, being of low, spreading habit. Its name is *Daphne mezereum*. I think it is somewhat difficult to propagate, and this probably accounts for its scarcity.

The best white rose for cemetery planting is Madame Plantier, a most profuse bloomer, entirely hardy. The *rugosa* varieties, with their rich, crinkled foliage, are very pretty, as the seed-pods are quite as effective as flowers.

Among hardy perennial or herbaceous plants, the *Achillea* is a general favorite because of its constant flowering habit. It is very hardy. The flowers are small, but borne in such clusters all over the plant that a brave show is made by them. They are pure white, and double.

The anemone (*Japonica*) is an old favorite, as it well deserves to be. It begins to bloom in September, as a general thing, and continues to flower until cold weather sets in. *Alba* is pure white, with yellow center; *rubra* rosy purple. Both these varieties are single. A new variety has been recently introduced under the name of "Whirlwind," that is quite double. It is evidently a chance seedling from *A. alba*, and it must prove a grand acquisition to the list of desirable plants for cemetery use.

The herbaceous spiræas are among our most beautiful plants. *Palmata* bears great, plume-like spikes of most graceful, delicate flowers on stalks that lift them well above the foliage. This variety is bright rose. *Alba* is pure white. These are very effective when planted together.

The perennial phloxes are very desirable because they are so self-reliant. They do enough better with good care to make it well worth while to give it, but they can get along very well with next to no care, and on this account they should be widely planted by those who cannot give much attention to plants on the cemetery lot. They are wonderful bloomers, continuing until very late in the season, and we have no plant making a greater show of rich and delicate color. The rose and carmine varieties are finest; and there are several good white varieties that can be used with them.

There are two varieties of phlox *sublata*—commonly called moss pink—that are very suitable for cemetery use, because of their low growth. They form a cushion of foliage almost completely covered with flowers. One variety is pure white, the other, rose-colored.

Coreopsis lanceolata is a very pretty yellow flower. It is

most effective when planted with flowers of other colors, yellow giving tone to the group that it can gain in no other way. A few yellow flowers have the effect on other colors that sunshine has, and no garden is complete without them. This plant is very hardy, and blooms through the entire season.

Some of the early spring-blooming bulbs should be planted on every cemetery lot; snowdrops and crocuses will open the season almost as soon as the snow vanishes, and the narcissus, hyacinth, and tulip will bridge over the interval between them and the early annuals. Lilies are charming plants for the cemetery, but one must confine his selection to the hardier sorts, like *speciosum album* and *rubrum*. What a magnificent plant *Lilium auratum* would be for this purpose if it could be depended on!

In locations where there is considerable coolness and moisture, the Japanese iris succeeds admirably. Its range of colors is wonderful; one gets the idea that a rainbow has got tangled up among the plants. The lily of the valley succeeds under similar conditions.

It is impossible to give advice that will be of much value in regard to the arrangement of plants on cemetery lots, because conditions differ so widely. In order to give intelligent advice, one must know the size of the lot, its shape, and general outline. About the only general advice that can be given is, avoid the mistake of over-planting, that is, planting so many shrubs or plants that the lot will have a cluttered-up, crowded look; and concentrate your plants in groups, rather than scatter them all over. Group them at the side or back. If the lot is large enough to admit of it, have several groups; but on a lot of ordinary size one large group is quite enough. The same rule holds good here that applies to the lawn; there should be a broad stretch of beautiful sward in order to secure the most pleasing effect. Break it up by planting shrubs all over it, and its charm is destroyed; therefore, group your plants in such a manner as to leave a large portion of it free, and the beauty of both will be heightened by the effect of contrast and distance. A lot planted in this manner looks as large again as one of the same size on which the shrubs have been evenly planted all over its surface.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our Girls.

Helen's Gift.



WHAT I am going to tell you happened during Helen's holiday visit in the city; and the temptation came in such an unexpected guise that she did not, at first, recognize that it was a temptation at all.

The fact that her slender wardrobe was not to be compared with those of her friends Rita and Madeline Stratton did not trouble her in the least,—Helen was too sensible for that,—and she was so bright and full of tact, and entered into everything that was proposed with such genuine enjoyment and good spirits, that she won all hearts. Even Tom said she was the nicest girl he had come across in a long while,—“no fuss nor frills about her,”—which was high praise from that young gentleman considering he was nineteen years old, at Columbia, and rather given to looking down on girls of sixteen or seventeen. But departing from his usual exclusiveness in this instance, he and his mother's young guest became good friends, so good that Tom found

himself talking to her with a feeling of freedom and interest that surprised himself as much as it pleased his sisters and Helen.

Coming in one afternoon from taking a violin lesson,—she was making use of every minute of her time in the city,—Helen ran into the library and knelt before the bright open fire to warm her fingers before going upstairs to dress, and to look for Rita and Madeline, whom she expected to find in their room. The sound of voices, however, from the parlor, which was divided from the library by heavy portières, soon assured her that her friends were there entertaining some late callers, so she opened her coat and settled herself on the tiger-skin rug to indulge in some castle building in the dancing, ruddy flames. Presently some sentences spoken in the other room made their way to Helen's far-away senses.

“She's the dearest little thing,—though after all she's not so little, either,—and so fascinating! She has perfectly bewitched us all, even Tom,” said Mrs. Stratton's voice.

"I'm going to hand Cousin Henry over to her when he comes. I am curious to see if she can fascinate him," put in Rita's laughing voice.

"If she can make an impression in that quarter she must indeed be a remarkable young lady." This was in a strange voice, the caller's. "Is she so pretty?"

"She's got a sweet little face," answered Rita, warmly, "and if she were dressed handsomely she'd be one of the prettiest girls in our set; and with her charming manners she'd be sure to be a belle. Doesn't she look sweet in that pink gown of hers, mamma?"

But Helen heard no more; she sprang to her feet with scarlet cheeks, and stealing noiselessly out of the library flew up to her room in a whirl of astonishment and delight. They meant *her!* She was the only one in the house who ever wore a pink dress; and they thought her "fascinating"! "bewitching"! She, a mere girl of sixteen! And pretty, too!

Helen went over to the mirror and looked closely at herself. The clear pink and white of her complexion, the pretty waves in her thick brown hair, the curves of her well-shaped mouth, and the brilliancy of the brown eyes that shone back at her from her mirror had all been seen before, many a time, but never as now; and the thought that gave her most pleasure to dwell upon was that she was more than pretty,—fascinating! bewitching! Ah, that appealed to an unsuspected weak place in Helen's character. She would rather be a fascinating, bewitching girl, she thought, going over the words with delighted persistence, than a pretty one. How perfectly delightful to have people think and speak of one as a most charming and agreeable girl,—fascinating! bewitching! And who was Cousin Henry? Was he so very difficult to please? Well, let him be; all the more satisfaction would it be to have him agree with Mrs. Stratton and Rita's opinion. What would mother and the brothers and sisters at home say when they heard what these clever society people thought of her? A little feeling of home-longing which had lurked in her heart all day now fled away, and Helen sang softly as she put on her pink gown to go down to dinner.

A few days after this Cousin Henry arrived. In confidence, just before, Rita had told Helen, quite unaware of what the latter had overheard:

"Cousin Henry is really a very nice fellow, he's so thoroughly good and all that, you know, but he is dreadfully hard to entertain. He seems to find no pleasure at all in ladies' society. Maddy says he fairly exhausts her, so he usually falls to me; and I begin to feel the need of a change, too. Do help me talk to him, Nelly, and if you can get him to talk back or show any interest whatever in anything you say, you'll give us a great surprise and we'll owe you a vote of thanks."

"Certainly I will," said Helen readily.

So when Rita introduced a rather short, thick-set young man who had a bored expression on his broad, honest-looking face as "my cousin, Mr. Chadwick," Helen gave him an engaging little smile, and entered into conversation with a bright friendliness and ease that seemed at once to arouse a slight degree of interest in her *vis-à-vis*.

All through the evening she devoted herself to Mr. Chadwick's entertainment. With delicate tact she discovered his liking for animals,—horses and dogs,—and drew him on to tell her of his summer's experience on a ranch in Colorado. There were other guests at the house that evening, who engaged the attention of the family, but Maddy found an opportunity to whisper to Helen, "What magic do you possess? I've never heard him talk so much before." And Mrs. Stratton gave her a meaning smile when Cousin Henry bluntly expressed his surprise at the swiftness with which the evening had passed.

Helen ran up to her room in a flutter of gratified vanity, though she did not once recognize it as such. She told herself that her elation came from having put her own feelings aside to please her friends, while in reality, at the bottom of her heart, she exulted that she, a school-girl, had succeeded where they, versed in all the arts of society, had failed. She was very tired; it had required quite an effort to keep up that appearance of deep interest. There were really not many points in common between Mr. Chadwick and herself,—she liked Tom ten times better; but as she recalled the gradual melting of his bored indifference into pleased attention, and finally his slow eloquence over the joys of ranch life, her heart swelled with the consciousness of power.

It was certainly delightful to be able to make people like one, she thought, and then again mistook the glow of pride which pervaded her for pleasure that she had been able to relieve her friends of the task of entertaining a tiresome guest.

"I suppose I ought to look after him while he's here, so as to relieve them," was her last waking thought.

That Cousin Henry could overcome his aversion to ladies' society was made very evident during the next fortnight; for discovering that this was Helen's first visit to the city and that her stay was limited, he endeavored to crowd as much enjoyment as was possible into each day. With Mrs. Stratton's help he got up the most charming little parties to visit picture galleries, the horticultural show, the theater, and, one memorable evening, the opera. On all these occasions he made no secret that they were gotten up for Helen's enjoyment, and put himself out to gratify her slightest wish with a readiness that astonished his relatives, the Strattons, and flattered Helen's vanity immensely.

There were times, however, when she grew very tired of Mr. Chadwick's ponderous attentions; times when she felt like calling him, as Tom did, "an unmitigated bore;" times when she grew weary of simulating an interest which she did not feel. Then she would convince herself that she owed it to her kind friends to help them entertain their uncomfortable relative, and redouble her efforts to please, completely deceived as to her own motives,—until the night they went to the opera.

Helen wore her best white gown; it was very simple, but very becoming. Mr. Chadwick had sent her a bunch of beautiful yellow roses, and she wore some fastened in the front of her dress. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement; her brown eyes shining; she looked and felt happy. How could she help it? That afternoon had come a letter from home, from father, giving permission for her to extend her visit a week longer as Mrs. Stratton had asked; and everybody was so kind, and the music was so exquisitely sweet!

A pleasant, somewhat wistful, light came into Mr. Chadwick's eyes as they rested on her happy face, and the lines softened about his heavy mouth. If he had expressed the thought uppermost in his mind just then it would have run something like this: "Nice little girl to have in the house, honest as the sun!" and an unusual emotion stirred the organ situated under the left side of his vest.

As he left the Stratton party at their own door he said to Helen, in one of his stage whispers:

"I've arranged with Mrs. Stratton to make up a party to drive tomorrow afternoon. I hope, Miss Helen, you'll let me take you in my dog-cart? Daisy Bell can go like the wind."

Tom brushed impatiently past to open the front door, and Helen's answer was not audible.

She paused on the threshold of her door after leaving Rita and Madeline, hearing Tom's voice in the hall below.

She wanted to speak to him. In a minute or two he came springing up the steps, and with a gruff "Good night" made as if to pass her; but Helen had been wishing for such an opportunity as this for several days past, and now she came forward and held out her hand.

"Why, Tom," she said, in her bright, friendly way, "it seems an age since we've had a talk together; and you wouldn't even look at me when you came into the box this evening. What's the matter? Now tell me; you know we promised we'd be honest with each other as real true friends should be. Anything wrong at college? Do tell me."

Tom had been edging away toward the upper flight of stairs, but the look of genuine distress on the sweet little upturned face appealed to him, and he turned back.

"Do you really want me to tell you the truth?" he demanded. His hands were stuck in his pockets, there was a portentous scowl between his straight black eyebrows, and a sternness in his tone that surprised Helen.

"Why, of course I do," she said.

"What do you think of Mr. Henry Chadwick?" began Tom, with sudden politeness and what seemed to Helen like entire irrelevance. "Do you like, respect, and admire him? Is he a person with whom you would crave to spend the balance of your days?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Helen with involuntary energy.

"Do you care more for him than for any other male biped of your acquaintance? Would you be willing to marry him?" pursued Tom, eyeing her keenly.

"Not for the world! I'd die first!" Helen cried, earnestly throwing out her hands. "Don't ask such silly questions, Tom. What ails you to-night?"

"Well," said Tom, slowly, "I *am* disappointed in you. I thought you were different to the common run of girls, but I find you're just like the rest of 'em,—as big a humbug as any of 'em."

"What have I done to deserve such a speech?" Helen looked at him with such bewildered, reproachful eyes that Tom felt ashamed and then got provoked at himself for feeling so.

"'Done'?" he repeated, arching his eyebrows. "Oh, nothing at all uncommon; only when a girl talks about the 'higher mission of woman' and her 'elevating influence over poor weak misguided man,' and so on, it's rather a surprise to see that same individual flirting for all she's worth with the first idiot that comes along."

"'Flirting'! I!" cried Helen, in a tone of astonished indignation, the angry blood rushing headlong to her cheeks. "How dare you say such a thing, Tom Stratton! I've never flirted in my life. I *despise* a girl that does such a thing."

"Oh, come now, I like *that*," Tom addressed the bronze gas-fixture above Helen's head with mocking incredulity. "Well, if you don't call it flirting, pray under what head would you classify the smirks and smiles and devoted attention that you've been bestowing on that idiot Chadwick?"

"You are extremely rude," said Helen, in an offended tone, drawing herself up proudly. "I have entertained Mr. Chadwick to please your mother and sisters."

"Oh, you call it entertaining, do you?" mocked Tom. "'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'" Then with sudden wrath he added, roughly, "You can't fool me that way, Helen. I'm ashamed of your trying to do it. To act as you've done lately, smiling at a man as if you adored him, hanging on his words with breathless interest, going out with him, wearing his flowers, and all that sort of thing, when in reality you don't care a copper cent for him, is as barefaced flirting as can be done. I'll bet you what you like, Chadwick thinks you like him immensely, and that he has only to ask and he'll have—"

He had more to say, but the change in Helen's face made him pause. She had grown very pale and there was a frightened, deprecating expression in her eyes quite new to them.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, breathlessly, "I didn't mean to flirt. I never thought of such a thing. Do you really and truly suppose *he* thinks that I care—?"

"He's a big enough ass to think it," Tom began, with unnecessary vituperation, then he added, honestly, "any man would, Helen."

"Oh, he must know right away that I don't care for him," Helen said, anxiously, "but how shall I ever manage it, Tom?"

"Tell him yourself," was the blunt reply; and seating himself sidewise on the banister Tom swung his foot with a great show of indifference.

"Oh, indeed I couldn't! *I couldn't!*" Helen spread out her hands with a quick, emphatic movement, and turned her head away.

"Of course you 'couldn't,' that would be terrible!" mocked Tom again. "You could do the mischief easy enough, but you haven't the moral courage to come out and set things straight.—Tell you what it is, Helen, deep down in your heart you don't want to lose Chadwick's good opinion. And after the way you've talked to me about moral courage! I declare, I'll never believe in another girl." He got off the banister and walked towards the stairs.

"You're very, very hard on me," Helen said, unsteadily; but Tom only answered "Good night" in his gruffest tone as he shut his door.

That was a most unhappy night for Helen. The scales had fallen from her eyes; with deep shame and contrition she realized the true motives which had actuated her for the last few weeks. Not the desire to help or relieve her friends, but vanity, love of admiration, a craving for the good opinion of those with whom she came in contact, had influenced her in her behavior to Mr. Chadwick. She, Helen Keith, who had been so carefully brought up, so honorably trained, had let her miserable love of power lead her into doing the very thing she so much despised in others. Now that her eyes were opened, Helen was very honest, even severe, with herself; she felt that every word Tom had said was deserved,—not the least part of her humiliation was the loss of his good opinion,—and in default of a wiser counselor she determined to follow his advice and explain the true state of things to Cousin Henry. Tomorrow she would do it while they were driving; but even as she came to this conclusion Helen shuddered and wondered if she should ever have courage enough to carry it out. She shrank from confiding in Mrs. Stratton or the girls,—they wouldn't understand. Oh, how she longed for her mother's wise, tender counsel. She would be ashamed of her daughter, but all the same Helen felt sure of her sympathy and help.

Very little sleep was hers that night, and it was a pale, as well as silent, little maiden who sat beside Mr. Chadwick in the tall dog-cart the next afternoon. All her bright spirits and vivacity were gone; the mere thought of the dreadful disclosure she intended making almost turned her sick, and as Tom's words came back to her she fairly disliked, nearly loathed, poor Cousin Henry, who, all unconscious of what awaited him, was in excellent spirits. With unusual expansiveness he talked on all sorts of subjects, trying to beguile Helen into conversation, but without success. Daisy Bell's beauty and swiftness, the lovely scenery, the gay little dinner at the country inn, gave Helen no pleasure; and she was thankful when the cavalcade started homeward again.

It was when the drive was nearly over, and Helen was getting sick with the fear that she might not be able to say what she had planned, that her opportunity came. Mr.

Chadwick suddenly said a few earnest words,—the remembrance of which always humiliated Helen,—and then she told her story. Not in her usual graceful, fluent manner or with the perfect tact that was natural to her, but in a shy, honest, shame-faced way, with broken sentences and hot tears of remorse.

For all his awkwardness and dullness and conceit there was something noble in Henry Chadwick; though undoubtedly surprised, and deeply hurt, with cause for displeasure, not one word of reproach did he utter, nay, more, in his clumsy way he tried to soothe Helen's distress, and that hurt her most of all. Oh, how utterly ashamed she felt!

Two days after Helen went home. Rita and Madeline accompanied her to the station, and waved their adieux as she passed through the gate. Tom she had not seen that day, and there was a little sore feeling in Helen's heart as she settled herself in her seat in the train. She and Tom had been such good friends; but now he did not think enough of her to even bid her good-by, he was so disgusted with her behavior. Helen's cheeks burned and tears blinded the eyes which stared out of the window.

Just then somebody came along and sat down beside her.

"I wish you good-by, Miss Keith," said the new-comer; and there, in the same seat, almost breathless from the haste with which he had raced over from the college, was Tom! He told Helen he had bribed a good-natured gateman to let him through, and after a few cool, polite remarks, which came strangely from Tom, he rose to go.

"Good-by," he said, indifferently, holding out his hand.

"Good-by," answered Helen. Then, shyly, "I spoke to Mr. Chadwick, Tom, as you advised me to do."

"No! did you?" and down dropped Tom again with an entire change of manner. He listened with the deepest interest to all that Helen told him, then as she finished he said, quickly:

"I told you the other night that I'd never believe in another girl. Well, I won't; I'll just keep on believing in the same one that I did before, for you've acted splendidly, Helen, like a regular little trump! And, I say, I—I—behaved rather badly the other night,—like a great rough bear. I know I did, but you see, I hated to think you were just like the rest of them. Now I know you're not. Do you forgive me,

Nelly? Are we good friends again?" He held Helen's hand very tightly, and looked anxiously at her, his eyebrows away up in the air.

"Take down your eyebrows, Tom," said Helen, laughing. "It's all right, and I'm thankful you warned me. True friends have that privilege, you know."

Then the guards shouted "All aboard!" Tom gave Helen's hand a parting shake and swung himself to the platform, and off glided the train.

The first night she was at home Helen told her mother the whole story of her sad mistake and its consequences.

"And is it wrong to want people to like one?" she asked, anxiously, in conclusion, "and to try to win their liking? Because I have that feeling all the time, mamma, even with little children."

"No, my darling," said Mrs. Keith, tenderly, "no feeling that God has put into us can be wrong; wrong only comes when we ill-use or abuse what should only be put to a good purpose. In fact, I think your kindly interest in your fellow-creatures and your ability to make them like you are qualities to be cultivated and to be thankful for. You know, dear, I believe that every human being has a 'gift,' a talent,—some of us may have more than one,—and that we are all responsible for the good or bad management of what has been entrusted to us. Now, daughter, I think that your pleasant manners and your ability to win liking, perhaps love, wherever you go, are your 'gifts,' and splendid ones, too. If nobly and unselfishly used, to help and encourage your fellow-creatures to be better, stronger, purer men and women, you will be of the greatest value and benefit to all who know you; but if you put your good gifts to an evil use, to further worldliness or vanity or love of power, it is perverting a good thing, and then will you become a hindrance instead of a help, and have very much to answer for some day. Which shall it be, Nelly?"


"Oh, mamma, for good, surely," cried Helen, earnestly. Then with the color deepening in her sweet young face she added, humbly,

"But I shall have to be on guard all the time, or I may fall into mischief again. It is so easy to mistake one's own motives."

BARBARA YECHTON.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Venetian Bent Iron Work.

F anybody should tell you that from a few bits of wire and a sheet or two of stovepipe iron cut into narrow strips, you could, with the aid of a few simple tools, make a table lamp, a screen, a match-box, or any number of other useful things, in all probability you would think he were joking; but a glance at the illustrations with this article will dispel any doubts.

Every one of these pretty and useful objects can be made of wire and narrow strips of thin iron fashioned into shape and design with the fingers and a pair of pincers to bend the very small curves; nor are these all the objects that can be made from such simple materials. They are only a very few suggestions of many useful and attractive ornaments that can be made to decorate the home; and were it not for the limited space, designs could be given for picture frames, easels, photograph stands, watch cases, glove and necktie boxes, collar and cuff holders, chandeliers, umbrella stands,

whisk-broom holders, in fact, an almost unlimited number of useful and pleasing objects.

This class of work is generally known as "Venetian Bent Iron Work," and originated in Italy, principally at Venice, where for years pretty and useful objects have been made by the native women and girls. It is only within a comparatively short time that it has become so popular in this country, and now many little articles of decorative furniture may be obtained, particularly in the lamp-shops, as it is very useful and desirable in connection with all kinds of lamps.

It may perhaps seem a difficult matter to make a screen like No. 1, a candlestick like No. 7, or a table lamp like No. 14, but it is not. Practically it is very simple work; and after you once acquire the knack of bending scrolls, to make any object you wish will require but time and perseverance to accomplish your desire.

The tools necessary to work with are one flat and one round-nosed pair of pliers or pincers of medium size, a



FLAT-NOSED PLIERS.



ROUND-NOSED PLIERS.



METAL SHEARS.



TABLE VISE.



1. SCREEN FOR LAMP.

three-cornered file five or six inches long, a pair of stout scissors or light metal shears, and a small table vise. The last is not a positive necessity, but is very useful to hold bits of wire or bands of iron while bending them into desired shapes.

The materials needed are several sheets of stovepipe iron of the best quality, which can be purchased from a tinsmith for a few cents each; a few yards of several different sizes of soft iron wire, the smallest about the size of linen thread, and the largest about the size used for telegraph connections, or

nearly one-eighth of an inch in diameter. The large size will serve for the framework to which the scrolls of sheet-iron are attached with light wire or little bands of the same material, as the case may be. Some black paint will also be necessary, with which to coat the iron and give it a good finish, as otherwise it would become a dirty brown color after a short time, and would have a tendency to rust.

To make a screen like No. 1, cut one of the thin sheets of iron into narrow strips about one-eighth or three-sixteenths of an inch wide; then on a piece of smooth brown paper draw a six-inch square, and inside of this a smaller square of four inches, thus leaving an equal space of one inch all around between the outer and inner squares. Draw a circle four inches in diameter inside the smaller square, and in the center of this a still smaller circle measuring one and one-half inches in diameter. Having now drawn the rib or framework lines, fill in the scrolls and finish with the top scrolls. This drawing will be a full-size working-plan, and over it the narrow strips of iron can be bent in the forms indicated by the lines.

Be careful when bending the scrolls to get them even and nicely formed, as otherwise the finished piece of work will not look well. It will be necessary to use the round-nosed pliers to bend these scrolls, and after a little practice it will be an easy matter to bend them accurately.

To form a scroll like A, bend a strip of the iron with the fingers in the form of a U, or to look like 2A; then with the round-nosed pliers begin and curl one end in as shown in 3A. Continue curling the strip in until one side is perfectly formed like 4A, and treat the other end in the same manner, until the finished scroll is made to look like A.

The scrolls and bands of iron should be fastened to each other with short pieces of the same material; but if you find it cracks or breaks in bending, it will be necessary to use soft sheet brass or copper of the same thickness and about the same width as that used for the scrolls and other parts. The brass or copper will not break, but will bend easily, and when painted black it will look the same as iron.

The binding is done by bringing two flat surfaces together and securing them firmly with a little metal band as shown in B and 2B. With the flat-nosed pincers squeeze the little band tightly over the united scrolls where it binds them, to make a tight union.

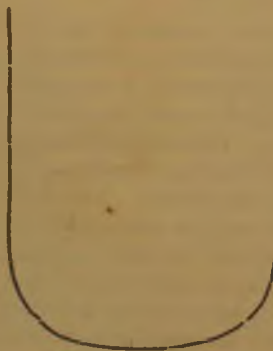
When working out a design in iron and two surfaces touch, it is best to unite them with a band, as it adds both to the strength and appearance; but if the scrolls should be very small and they touch other equally small scrolls at many points, you must use discretion and not overcrowd them with too many bands.

The framework of an object is always the first thing to make when carrying out a design, and to it all the ornamental scrolls are to be attached. For the screen No. 1 the first thing to make is the six-inch square, then the four-inch one, next the circle four inches in diameter, and last, the small inner circle one and a half inches in diameter. After having made these of the thin narrow strips of iron, form the scrolls (see A) that fit in the corners between the outer and inner squares, and then bend and fit the snake pattern (see C) that fills the remaining space between the squares. Whenever any riveting is required to join the ends of sheet iron, always use copper tacks as they will bend easily and flatten readily under the tap of a small hammer. Holes through which to pass the tacks must first be punched through the sheet iron with a sharp-pointed awl and a mallet.

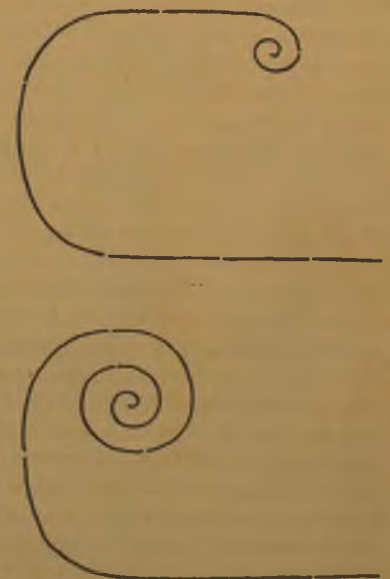
Next fasten the large circle inside the smaller square, and make the four rings that fill in the corners; then make eight scrolls and bind these together inside the large circle, and enclose the small circle in the center. The top part and scrolls are next to be made; then make the binding around the sides and bottom of the screen, and fasten it to the outside frame of the screen with fine iron wire. This binding is made of soft iron wire of medium size, that is, a little larger than an ordinary pin. Take a round lead pencil and wrap the wire around it, and when you reach the end of the pencil shove it back through the coil formed, and continue winding



A.



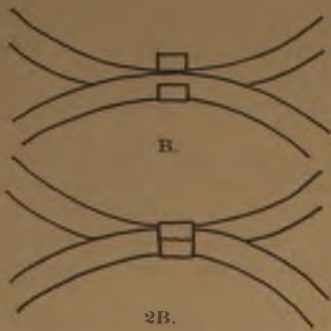
2A.



4A.

METHOD OF MAKING SCROLL.

it round and round until you have made a solid coil seven or eight inches long. Remove the pencil, and by taking hold of both ends pull the spiral coil out about twenty



2B. METHOD OF BINDING.

inches long and then fasten it to the screen as described. This makes a pretty and serviceable border around such a piece of work, giving a finished appearance.

Having completed the iron part of the screen it must then be painted black. The best black coating for iron is known as Berlin black; but as it cannot be bought at every paint or hardware store, a

good substitute that can be made in the following manner will answer very well. At



C. SNAKE PATTERN.

a paint or hardware store purchase a small can of ivory black ground in oil; it will be thick, and must be thinned to the proper consistency with equal parts of Japan dryer and spirits of turpentine mixed together. Do not use oil, varnish, nor any other medium to thin the paint with, as it will neither work well nor dry so quickly. The paint when thinned should flow nicely and be about the consistency of rich milk, and should be applied to the iron with a soft brush in thin coats. Usually two coats will be sufficient for an article that is to remain in the house; but if it is for an outdoor lamp or anything that will be exposed to the weather it must first be painted with a coat of red lead, and over this, when dry, three or four successive thin coats of the black should be applied.

This screen should be backed with colored silk that will harmonize with the black iron; the silk is, in reality, the screen proper, the iron grille-work being but the frame on which to stretch it. The silk when hemmed around the edge should be just six inches square, and is to be fastened to the iron-work with black sewing-silk. When finished, the screen may be suspended from the edge of a gas-globe with a small wire hook, or it may be hung against a lamp-shade and will prove a very convenient and useful object to shield one's eyes from the direct rays of a bright light when reading.

No. 2 is another suggestion for a pretty screen of iron and silk. The upright piece of the standard is to be made from a piece of wood, and should be three sixteenths or one quarter of an inch square; or a piece of stout round iron wire of about the same thickness may be used. The standard should be eighteen inches high, and near the top two scrolls are to be made fast from which to suspend the screen. The four bottom scrolls, or feet, made from the narrow strips of iron, can be easily bent into the shape indicated in the drawing, and should measure about six inches high, and two of them, when fastened to the upright directly opposite each other, should measure about five and a half inches across at the widest point. A good size for the screen is six inches square, or six inches wide and eight inches high. It should be backed with silk, as described for No. 1. The border around the outside of the outer frame can be made of a narrow iron strip bent into form with the round-nosed pincers to look like C.



2. STANDING LAMP-SCREEN.

No. 3 is an idea for a hanging match-box that when finished and painted black will make an attractive bit of useful ornament hung against a light wall. Five or six inches will be high enough for it, and the box should be made sufficiently large to accommodate a quantity of matches. To prevent the matches falling out at either end, line the box with some material such as black crinoline or a stiff silk of a red or greenish color. 3D is a side view of the match-box, showing how to finish the design at the side; it also gives an idea how far out the box should project from the wall. The framework of the box should be of stout wire; but the back part that rests against the wall and to which the box is fastened is made of narrow strips of iron.

No. 4 illustrates how an ordinary drinking-glass can be decorated with a framework formed of iron scrolls and suspended by chains, made of the same material, from a gas fixture, and serve as a receptacle for burnt matches. A collar of iron wire having three or four eyelets twisted in it should be made to fit around the upper part of the glass, and another to fit around the lower; between

these two collars the scrolls are to be fitted and fastened. A frill made of iron strips can be fastened all around the bottom, and the three or four suspending chains are formed of links made of the iron strips as shown in E. These chains are to be caught together at the top by a ring made of stout iron wire, to the top of which a hook can be fastened. The iron should be painted with two or three coats of black.

No. 5 is a suggestion for something similar to No. 4, but instead of being used for burnt matches it may be utilized to hold a small growing plant. The glass part is an electric-light globe of opal or pink twisted glass, that can be bought at any gas or electric fixture store. The upright and the extension arm of the bracket are to be made of large iron wire and well braced with scrolls worked in design as shown in the illustration. This bracket may be fastened against a window casing where the plant will get the sunlight. All the iron should be painted black; and the parts around the glass globe should receive first a coat of red lead, as otherwise the moisture might cause the scrolls to rust.



3. HANGING MATCH-BOX.

No. 6 is for a candlestick and shade. The candlestick framework is made of strips of iron one quarter of an inch wide; there are four scroll sides and feet made fast to a centerpiece of wood one quarter of an inch square, to the top of which the candle socket is tacked.

The socket is made from sheet iron like the pattern shown in F, and after bending the ears up to form the socket, each ear in



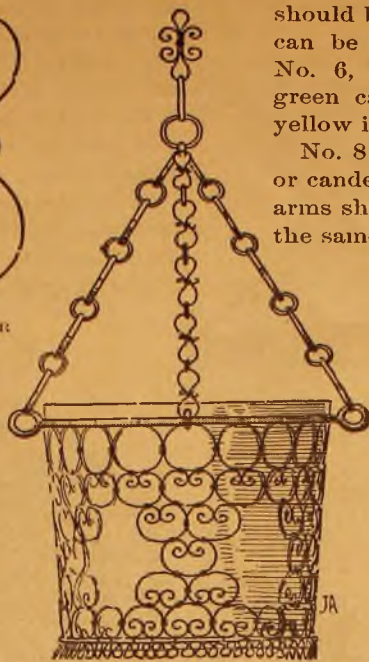
3D. SIDE VIEW OF MATCH-BOX.

turn can be curved so that in the finished socket the candle will fit snugly. The shade is formed of scrolls built up from a hoop of stout wire, and decreases in diameter toward the top. The strips the scrolls are made of should not be more than one eighth of an inch wide, and the scrolls should be small and very nicely made. The iron shade will look well lined with colored silk, and should be supported above and fastened to the candle by means of a canopy supporter, which can be bought at a lamp-store for a few cents. It will be of brass, but will look like iron when blacked. A silk fringe around the lower edge of the shade will add to its appearance.

Another candlestick, somewhat more elaborate, is illustrated in No. 7. To make it get a common tin candlestick and take the bottom off, leaving the stick part, or socket, which is to form the upper part of the candlestick. Bend four scroll sides and bind them all together at two or three different points to the socket, with metal bands. The inside edges of the large bottom scrolls are also to be fastened together by a metal band; a short piece of wood one quarter of an inch square serves as a centerpiece against which to bind them. A good height



E.
LINK FOR
CHAIN.



4. HOLDER FOR BURNT MATCHES.



5. FOR GROWING PLANTS.

should be about eight and a half inches. A canopy shade can be made for it of the same material described for No. 6, or it may be used without. Pink, red, or light green candles harmonize well with the black iron, and yellow is very effective.

No. 8 is a suggestion for a four-armed candle standard, or candelabrum, holding five candles. There are but two arms shown in the drawing, but the other two are to be the same. The socket holding the center candle is made fast to the top of the square piece of wood that acts as a centerpiece and to which the side scrolls forming the arms and legs are fastened. This standard should be made about ten or twelve inches high, and constructed in the same manner as described for No. 6.

A suggestion for an odd hanging lantern is given in No. 9, the top and bottom being of thin sheet iron held apart by four upright bands of the same material. Between these uprights a grille-work is to be formed of narrow strips of metal bent into circles of various sizes and securely fastened to one another by means of small metal bands. The links of the four hanging chains are made of narrow iron strips, every other link being a circle, and suspended from hooks at the ends of the arms, made of stout iron wire, that project in four different directions from the top of the lantern. This lantern may be arranged to receive a small oil lamp or a candle, and should be about twelve or fourteen inches high by eight or nine inches in diameter.

No. 10 is another design for a lantern that may be suspended by a chain from the ceiling or hung on a bracket. It is very simple to construct, being made of thin sheet iron and bands of the same material. A cylinder of glass, either clear or colored, may be used to good advantage in carrying out this design, and should fit just inside the framework of bands. It is so simple that an explanation is hardly necessary, as the illustration shows very clearly how to construct it. A good size for this lantern to accommodate an oil lamp is

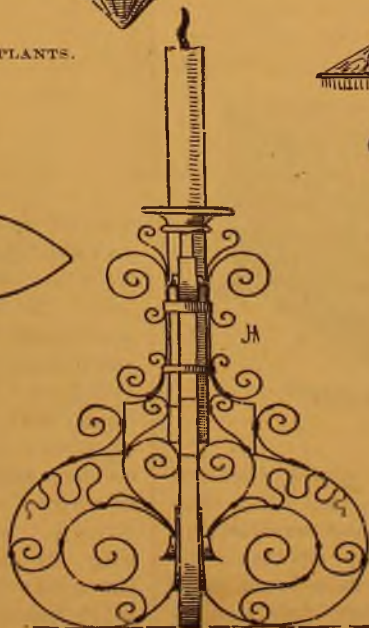


6. CANDLESTICK.

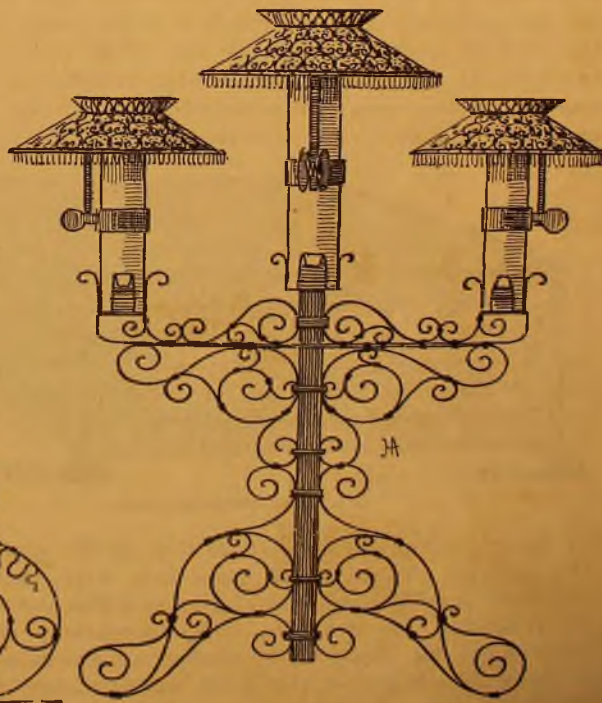


F.
PATTERN FOR
SOCKET.

for this candlestick is from ten to twelve inches. If ten inches high, it should measure across at the widest part about seven inches; if twelve inches in height, the width



7. CANDLESTICK.



8. CANDELABRUM.

fifteen inches in diameter.

No. 11 is lantern, but 9. Make four

high to top of roof, and nine inches

still another design for a hanging considerably more elaborate than No. 9. frames, each eight inches wide and



9. LANTERN.

eleven inches high, of stout iron wire, and fill them with the indicated design worked out in narrow iron strips; when they are all completed fasten them together, forming a square. Then make a roof of thin sheet iron, cutting out from each side six triangular pieces of metal to allow draught for the lamp; fasten this roof to the grille sides, and to the top of it secure a suspending ring made of stout iron wire. The bottom to the lantern should be a disk of iron with a round hole in the center sufficiently large to admit the lamp that is to be placed within. A circular disk a trifle larger in diameter than the hole should be secured to the bottom of the lamp and arranged so it may be held to the bottom of the lantern by means of a keeper riveted to each side of the round disk and corresponding to two made fast to the lantern bottom.

No. 12 is for a small candle lantern and bracket. The total length of the bracket should be eighteen inches, and it should project from the wall a distance of eight inches. A good size for the lantern is ten inches high, not including the suspending ring, which is to be made fast to the top and fit over the hook at the projecting end of the bracket; at the widest part it should measure seven and one half inches square, not including the scrolls, and three and one half inches square at the bottom. The upright and



13. HANDKERCHIEF-BOX.

projecting rib of the bracket, as well as the outside frame of the lantern, should be of stout iron wire, and after they are made it will be an easy matter to fill in the scroll design by following the drawing. The appearance of this little lantern can be improved by placing a pane of colored glass in each side inside of the grille-work; amber, light red, or pink are pleasing shades in combination with black iron.



10. LANTERN.

The bottom of the lantern can be arranged so a candle may be passed into it and held in place.

No. 13 is for a handkerchief box to be made of stout iron wire, narrow strips of iron, silk, wood, and claw feet. No. 13G illustrates the arrangement of scrolls for the cover, as it is not possible to show the top clearly in No. 13. A good size for this box is ten inches square and four inches high, not including the claw feet, which will raise it up another inch or so. Four frames should first be made of stout iron wire, each ten inches long and four high, and then filled in with grilles, as shown in the illustration. When the

sides are finished, fasten them together with wire so they will form a square, and make a bottom of thin wood not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. This bottom can be fastened to the lower rib of each panel with wire passed through small holes made all around in the wood, close to the edge, with an awl. Under each corner of the box a claw foot is to be screwed fast to the wood bottom. Several different sizes of these feet can be bought at hardware stores where they sell cabinet trimmings; they will be brass, but will look like iron when they

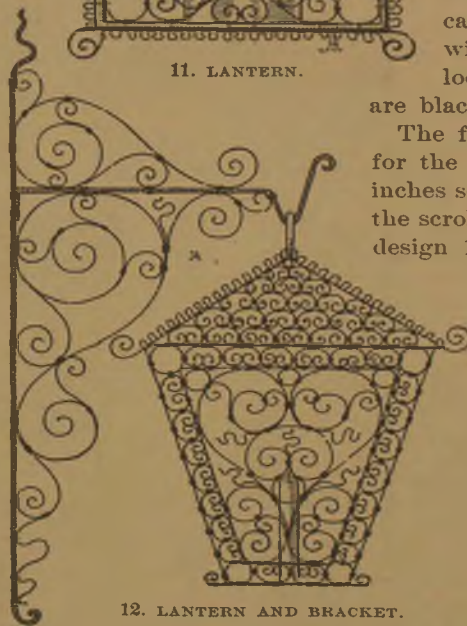
are blacked.

The framework of iron wire for the cover should be ten inches square and filled in with the scroll-work as shown in the design 13G; the outside of the

frame may be finished with a frill of iron made from narrow strips, as shown in C. The cover may be fastened to the box with two or three bands of metal, or with wire passed around the ribs once or twice and the ends twisted together; these will serve as



11. LANTERN.



12. LANTERN AND BRACKET.

hinges, and also to hold the cover in place on the box. To finish nicely and make the box complete it should be lined with silk of some pretty color, such as orange, sage green, pearl gray, or any of the reds that will harmonize with black. The



13G. COVER FOR HANDKERCHIEF-BOX.

living may be shirred and caught to the iron framework with black sewing-silk, and a pad of pasteboard covered with silk can be glued to the bottom, thus making all the interior of the box of silk.

A handsome and substantially made table-lamp is illustrated in No. 14; although it will require some time and perseverance to make it, the result will repay the trouble. It will be necessary first to purchase a good-sized metal lamp fount and burner, with a tripod to support a shade twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. A central draught burner is preferable to the old style duplex, and can be bought at any large lamp-store. The size of the grille box is governed by the diameter of the fount, so if it measures six inches in diameter, a good size to make the box will be seven inches square and ten high, not including the claw feet; these will raise it up an inch or so higher.

The four sides are first to be made and fastened together, forming a square. A wood bottom is then to be made fast to it, and to the under side the claw feet are to be screwed, one under each corner. The

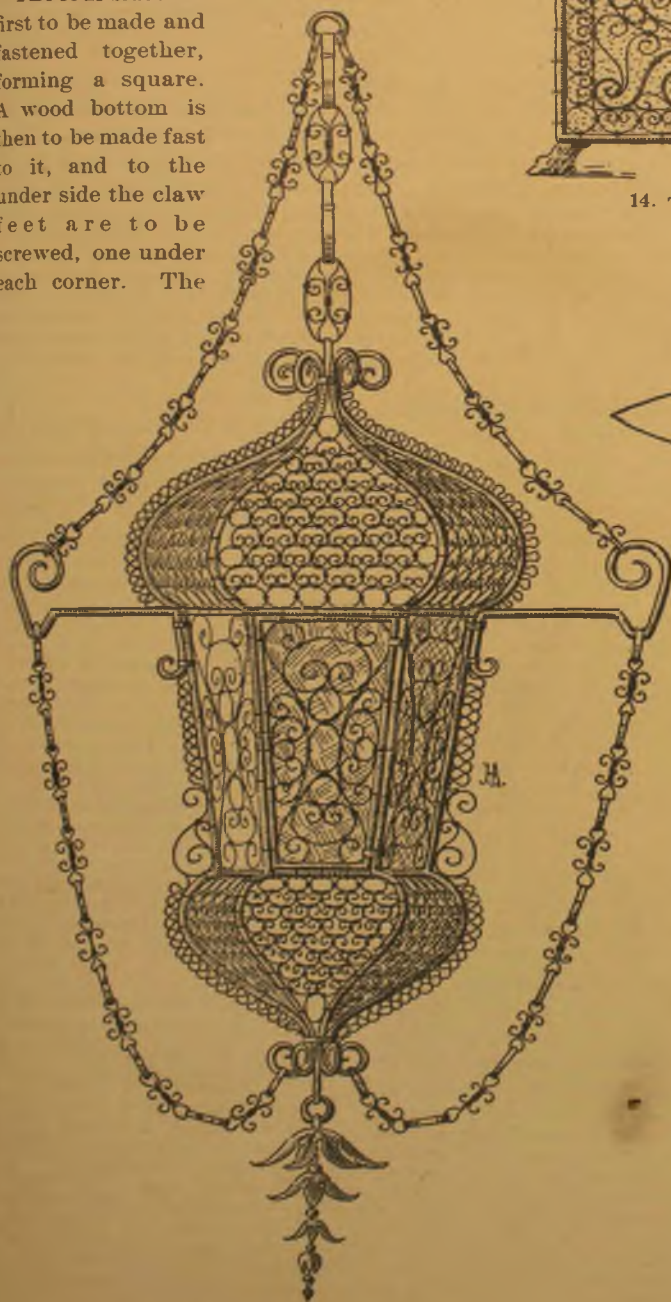


14. TABLE LAMP.

top is the next thing to make. This should be a square frame with a round one inside just large enough to hold the metal fount and prevent it from falling through into the box. The spaces in the corners can be filled in with grille-work to correspond with the sides in design. The shade is then to be made of narrow strips of the iron bent into scrolls and fastened together. A large hoop is first formed of stout wire, and from it the grille-work is built up tier after tier until the top is reached, when another wire hoop will be required, and on top of this a ruffle of iron is added to form a finishing crown.

All the metal parts, including the lamp fount and burner, should be given two or three coats of the black; and to finish the lamp nicely the shade and grille box should be lined with silk. Fringe around the lower edge of the shade will add to the appearance; and when completed this lamp will form one of the most attractive and useful odd bits of furniture about the house.

No. 15 is for a Moorish hanging lamp or lantern, and can be made almost any size from twelve inches to three feet high. The framework is of stout iron wire, and all the grille-work is made of narrow strips of iron ranging from one eighth to one quarter of an inch wide, according to the size of the lantern. There are but two lines of chains shown in the drawing, but there should be a line to every rib or angle of the frame, as it is a six-sided affair, consequently there should be six sets of chains. The six flat sides of the lantern should have panes of colored glass, and one section is to be arranged as a door that can be opened to allow a lamp to be passed within.



15. MOORISH HANGING LAMP.



H.

PATTERN FOR INVERTED LILY.

The drops at the bottom in the form of inverted lilies are cut from sheet iron and bent into proper shape with the fingers. A pattern for them would look like H; three of them will be in this form, but of various sizes, while the bottom one can be made from a pattern like F. It will be much easier to make this lantern by following the lines of the design than to work from any explanation, as an illustration conveys a clearer idea than pages of explanation.

Any person possessing some mechanical ability and perseverance should be able to make all of these pretty and useful objects. As you work new ideas will constantly suggest themselves, and in carrying them out you will spend many pleasant hours.

J. HARRY ADAMS.

HAVE you started your Portrait Album yet? The handsome album that we will send you for forty cents, which includes express charges, is, notwithstanding its cheapness, a beautiful book that when filled will contain a collection of portraits that could not be bought for \$200.

The World's Progress.

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

The Supreme Court.

The appointment of Senator White by the President to the vacant place in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the prompt confirmation of that appointment by the Senate, once more completes the number of Judges, and the Court can now sit with a full bench. Very soon after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States the Court concluded that the people would be best satisfied with their decisions on political or constitutional questions by having the argument heard before all the judges and the decision of each judge separately rendered. If there was any difference of opinion the decision of a majority of the judges would become that of the Court and the other decisions would be merely dissenting or individual opinions, of no legal force, but valuable as illustrating what the majority of the judges did not agree to. This practice of hearing constitutional questions before a full bench only has continued, and for this reason the struggle between the President and the Senate has seriously delayed the real business of the Court. The other questions which come before the Court and are heard before any number of the judges, though not less than a majority of the whole number, are rather consequences of the peculiar form of our government than such as involve great questions of constitutional right. By this care in hearing the great questions the Court has deservedly earned the highest esteem throughout the civilized world.

Ballot Reform.

Suffrage is attracting attention in a practical way in New York State, and as New York does, so the rest of the country is likely to do. The trials of McKane and other violators of the election laws have been common news in the papers, but the efforts of the Legislature and of the approaching convention to revise the Constitution may not be recognized as only second in importance. Just now the effort to introduce the Australian ballot-system is leading to reliance upon details and records more than the honesty of election officers, and now the inevitable American inventor has appeared with a voting machine on the principle of that one which tells your age when the handles are manipulated as directed. To this might be added that other one which takes your picture as you pull the knobs. Something of this kind was suggested in derision of all reform, twenty years ago, in the Constitutional Convention of another State. The interest in honest elections is not likely to pass away like fire for want of fuel, for agitation has already begun to change one of the fundamental things about our government by giving the people a direct vote on many subjects of legislation. Thus, if the people voted for free trade, Congress could not pass a tariff law; or if the vote prohibited liquor selling in any town, the Legislature could not pass a general license law. Such a change would be in the way of true local self-government, but would be useless as long as ballot-box stuffing continues. One extreme of free balloting is where a voter steps up to the poll and declares his choice aloud. That has gone out of fashion, on account of the fraud and violence attending elections. The other extreme is a ballot so secret that the voter cannot recognize his own ballot after casting it, with the opportunity for someone to change it without fear of discovery. It is not enough to steer a middle course, for it has not become common to disfranchise a voter who cannot read; and providing for the assistance of the illiterate voter opens the door for downright purchase and sale of his vote at the very instant he is preparing his ballot.

Public Pawnshops.

As Americans recognize the duty of every person to have some care for his neighbor, it is not remarkable that public opinion is moving rapidly towards approval of public pawnshops, instead of regulating the rates charged by those who make a profit by lending to the unfortunate. A few years ago there would have been great opposition to any such interposition by the State, on principle; but now the economy of such a method of assisting the unfortunate appears to be uppermost in the public mind, along with the usual robust Americanism that the thing can be abolished if it is not successful. Meanwhile, philanthropic gentlemen in New York are seeking for the necessary authority to carry on the pawnbroking business at the smallest possible rate of profit, and upon their success or failure will depend whether the public moneys are to be loaned in this way.

There seems to be no doubt that there must be ample capital. The ordinary pawnbroker excuses his rates by the want of sufficient capital, so that he must borrow himself to be able to lend. In fact, when money is hardest to obtain, either from the sale of investments or borrowing, is the very time when the pawnbroker is the busiest.

Schoolhouse Flags.

During a recent trip to this country the Earl of Meath was so impressed with the display of the Stars and Stripes on many of our schoolhouses that he has donated fifty pounds to the London School Board for the purchase of flags for their schoolhouses. The Earl was an observing man, not a mere enthusiast, for he noticed, while in this country, that some school-boards wished to inculcate a divided patriotism by flying various flags along with the Stars and Stripes; so the condition of the Earl's gift was that no flag save the Union Jack should be used. The School Board so heartily approved the patriotic purpose as to appropriate additional money for flags, all agreeing that patriotic sentiments were of real value to the national defense. Of course those who read the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign cannot avoid admitting the value of sentiment; but not many are aware that the great Bismarck, only a few years ago, declared the strength of America was, not in its marvelous wealth, but in the vivid enthusiasm of the people for their country. It is also a curious piece of European history, that the forced union between Norway and Sweden, in 1815, was made possible, in part, by Norway's receiving a national flag. During the many preceding centuries the Norsk flag was merely the Danish red with a white cross; and although the Swedish yellow was mingled with the blue of the new flag, the people had a flag, a symbol of brotherhood with other nations. Now they think the yellow should be struck out, even if by bloodshed; and some day a European war may follow over a color in the Norwegian flag.

A Penny-in-the-Slot Gas Meter.

Perhaps the one last result of these hard times will be the remedies for waste, enriching both inventors and users. There is nothing American in denying oneself the use of comforts; in fact, electric lights and bath-tubs are better assurances of public order than thousands of policemen. So the public are offered by progressive gas-companies a meter with a slot arrangement, by which a quarter's worth of gas may be purchased right in one's own kitchen, and another and another, as long as there are quarters to drop in the slot. This meter was designed to encourage flat-dwellers, especially, in the use of gas for cooking, in place of coal. Whether this attachment for gas meters will prove popular or not, time alone can prove; but it seems a step in advance.

Registering Pet Animals.

While the dog tax is familiar enough, it has not availed to prevent in any way the levying of blackmail by stealing pet animals, and a tax on cats has scarcely been thought of as protection against midnight concerts. New York City is now to set an example to all the rest of the country by registering both cats and dogs, so that any untagged bow-wow or pussy shall be immediately liable to arrest and a speedy termination of life's troubles; while the registered cats and dogs are to be escorted home like lost children. As this new law has been secured by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, success in New York will mean its adoption in other cities where the long-suffering owners of pet animals have had no real protection against licensed dog-catchers as well as thieves and blackmailers who grabbed up cats and dogs for the reward expected. This feature is quite aside from any cruelty, and interests every person whose fears or sympathy could be worked on by skillful sharpers. Practice in stealing cats and dogs has already emboldened the thieves to carry off children and even the bodies of the dead, and there is no reason why one's wife or husband should not be held for ransom,—indeed, why stealing rich people out of sleeping-cars might not prove more profitable than robbing the express-cars. Popular interest in societies for the prevention of cruelty ought to be greater than it is: for who can tell how far any mean and vicious man or woman will go when once started on the broad and easy road downhill?

Dynamite Outrages.

The bomb-throwing and café-wrecking so often the burden of European news are not half understood this side of the Atlantic. We have some such outrages because we have people amongst us of intense selfishness. In their view, there must be destruction to clear the ground for better things. But then we have the great antidote of public opinion freely expressed and unfettered by any slavish regard for what our grandfathers thought. Perhaps our greatest conservative force is unsparing ridicule. That is almost a crime in the old world, and prophets of evil predict it will be so here when the vivacity of youth is outgrown by our people. Still, such prophets overlook the difference between contemptuous ridicule and good-natured reproof or dissent; and good nature easily goes hand in hand with good living. The Czar might sleep easily if Russian anarchists were not martyred in Siberia, but penned up and fattened like show cattle for a country fair. Why not?

Our Flag at Rio.

While Americans are not warlike, the great bulk of the people would like the flag to float on every sea as the symbol of true liberty to every oppressed man or woman. That feeling was gratified when our fleet of new warships was cleared for action in the harbor of Rio. This was not a threat to destroy the homes of innocent people in revenge for some one's evil doing, or to obtain some unfair business advantage. War vessels of the rebels attempted to interfere with American commerce in violation of international law, and after great forbearance were informed, not only at the cannon's mouth (for that was not enough), but by a shot as well directed as usual in our navy, that law must prevail. Since that shot—and it was only a little gun which discharged it—there has been petty annoyance such as rowdy boys inflict upon policemen, but no further need to support the flag with loaded guns. British men-of-war used to be prompt to load their guns, and even destroy towns, for such interference with commerce. At Rio they have done nothing, though accused of thereby favoring the rebels in a desire to restore the empire. Instead of a shot such as the Detroit sent into the impudent Brazilian, the British and other foreign war-vessels have not even protected their own merchantmen; and finally a Britisher, with more sense than pride, applied to our admiral for protection while obtaining water, and behind the broad stripes and bright stars of the Yankee flag took in that necessary liquid. This made the far-away editorial lions of England roar and roar again, and then figuratively chew their tails (now America is too rich and too friendly with Russia, and even with Germany and France, for any old-time threats), and then the excitement died out. Nor did it rise again when an ingenious German shipmaster asked the American admiral for protection against the theft of his cargo unloaded into barges and still lying beside his ship. The granting of this request would have embarked our ships in a general lighterage business, for the harbor was full of ships waiting to unload, and our admiral refused, without complaint by anyone save the disappointed German. But the effect of the Detroit's shot still remained, and in a little while the rebel fleet was compelled to surrender for want of that outside assistance which could not be had without a breach of international law. There was Uncle Sam's big fleet to keep the law, and so the officers and big fighters among the rebels fled to Portuguese and French war-vessels and were carried away without further fuss. Just before the fleet surrendered, an election for President of the Republic of Brazil was held under unusual conditions; the prevailing martial law was suspended to allow a freer ballot, and the candidate favored by the government party was not a military man; thus the excuses for rebellion were cut away. There appears to be very little doubt that the rebellion could have succeeded, without regard to any causes for its commencement, only by a restoration of a monarchical form of government. Several European nations would have been interested from family relations between their sovereigns and the restored family of Dom Pedro; and of course Great Britain would have benefited commercially. But the strength of our fleet and the seeming indifference of the European navies were always present towards the last to the leaders and schemers in Rio de Janeiro. A similar fleet at other family differences in South America will gradually produce that wholesome regard for an American which appears necessary for the peace and prosperity of this hemisphere.

Consumption as a Dangerous Disease.

Last September the Michigan State Board of Health began to require notice to the local health-officer of the location of persons suffering with consumption and tubercular diseases. This action is similar to that taken about twenty years ago in relation to scarlet fever. The notice is required to be given by the physician in charge or by the householder, and results in the neighbors of the premises where such disease exists receiving pamphlets explaining how to restrict the spread of the disease. The result of twenty years' enforcement of such rules relating to scarlet fever is thought to have cut down the death-rate one half, as there has been intelligent cooperation in isolation and disinfection. This action in relation to consumption has not yet reached any positive results. In January of this year the Philadelphia College of Physicians conceded that disinfection and isolation were advisable; but did not recommend that they be compulsory. The interference of the State Board of Health is, however, justified by the large number of the poor who have no regular physician, and who do not know the danger they are carrying to others and how readily it may be avoided. Then, too, there are the people who will expectorate anywhere, without the slightest regard to their neighbors, and rather think they are asserting their rights in this way. As the Michigan plan appeals for popular support, it is confessedly a halfway measure; but even as such it is believed that every year the lives of fifteen hundred persons can be saved in that State.

Household Motors.

Sewing-machines, and even washing and wringing machines, in private houses, have frequently been looked after by inventors of small motors, and a very practical spring-motor appeared some years ago. But the trouble of winding and the considerable cost prevented its use. Then came the cheaper and less troublesome water-motor, without plumbing but compelling the operator to keep the sewing-machine and the water-motor reasonably near a stationary washstand, bathtub, or some such exit for the waste water. Of course with a little care this

objection might be overcome; but too many operators would prefer to use the treadle rather than to stop and connect rubber tubing and turn on and off the water. Now the electric motor seems most likely to come into general use, as even factories are demanding separate motors for each sewing-machine. Instead of running by a large motor thirty or fifty sewing-machines, each starting and stopping independently of the other, it is found cheaper to supply each machine with a small motor and a key (or switch) to turn on and off the current. When these little factory motors are made in large quantities they will not only be cheap in price but perfectly safe to handle, and no family need fear to use such a machine, whether supplied with power from a battery in the house or through a wire from some electric company. There are still improvements to be made to diminish the number of parts and for the protection of the machine from careless use, and these might delay the invention of a good motor if it were to be sold only to families. With assured sale to factories, inventors and capitalists now have the necessary incentives.

Lord Rosebery.

The new premier of England is in some respects a remarkable man. Probably no leader of a political party was ever more generally respected and personally liked by those violently opposed to the principles he advocates. A man of wide human sympathies, he has always been prominent as a friend of education and everything that means progress for the race. He has rendered great service to the municipal interests of London as chairman of the London County Council; working tirelessly and spending time and strength in an apparently thankless task, as none but his immediate family knew anything of the labor involved. His overwhelming success in every public office has been only what his country, Scotland, which has had faith in him from the beginning, has expected. He has been known to wish he were a commoner, not from any hostility to his order, but because he felt his high rank and titles were a handicap to him in his efforts for the reform of time-honored abuses, war against which he could more effectually wage in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords.

A man of brilliant wit and ready tact, without the least trace of affectation, Lord Rosebery is as popular with "the masses" as with "the classes;" his purity of purpose and uprightness of character have never been questioned by his bitterest opponent; and all who come in touch with him, whatever their rank, recognize as a governing principle of his life the universal brotherhood of man. He is the idol of the Scottish people, who call him "the uncrowned king of Scotland."

The Political Situation in England.

England's new premier interests Americans less as a contrast to Gladstone, than as a mile-post in political progress. That conservative land belies its conservatism by all manner of radical schemes to revolutionize the suffrage, the land tenure, the almost inborn class feeling, and the fundamental principles of all laws. Old-fashioned Tories and Churchmen look across to America and sigh for our steady progress, while even the most radical of the Liberals seriously contemplate the States Rights theories of the fifties and dream of a federation between Ireland, Scotland, Australia, and all greater Britain with the England of pre-Reformation times. The most curious suggestion, as it is the latest, is an arrangement for an allied British and American Navy, chiefly on the score of economy to each country, though somewhat appealing to American patriotism by offering to leave the Western hemisphere to our domination.

Kossuth.

The death of the great Hungarian leader recalls not only his own visit to America forty-odd years ago, but also the previous visit of Lafayette and the popular enthusiasm over both men. Lafayette had fought with the heroes of our Revolution, while Kossuth had not been born until two decades after our Independence, yet to this day Kossuth holds the affection of the American people. While we share with the English the honor of having saved his life when the Hungarian rebellion against Austria collapsed in 1849, it was one of our new steam-frigates which bore Kossuth away, as our nation's guest, from Turkey, where he had taken refuge. It is a curious coincidence that our new steam-frigates of that day were as superior to European war-vessels as our new ships of today are now believed to be. Of course, our national affection for Kossuth is in a sense purer than for Lafayette, for Kossuth fought none of our battles. His native land and its freedom engaged all of his attention. His knowledge of English came to him sixty years ago, from lonely prison hours when he had been forbidden all other reading, and was suffering punishment for revealing the true condition of his country. It was this intense patriotism and thorough belief in republican institutions which stirred the American heart. After the war of 1866 between Germany and Austria, Kossuth lost all hopes of seeing the freedom of his native land, and refusing to live in his own country while joined to Austria, he has died an exile whose influence may yet bring his people to self-government. The impressive demonstrations over his death may not result in any great change, for Hungary lies a neighbor to Russia and Germany, whose rulers would rather dismember the land than see a republican form of government so near to broken Poland on the one hand and the Greek principalities on the other.

What Women Are Doing.

Mrs. Orr, of Youngstown, O., is engaged with her husband in the undertaking business.

Mrs. Martha Strickland, a lawyer of Detroit, lectures on parliamentary law to parlor classes of women in Chicago.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, an American colored woman, is delivering temperance lectures in England, under the auspices of Lady Henry Somerset.

Mrs. Yates, of Onehunga, New Zealand, has been made the first woman Mayor within the limits of the British Empire.

Mrs. Gladstone has just passed her eighty-first birthday, and her vitality is as remarkable as that of her husband.

Mrs. L. C. Dwinell, of Colorado Springs, has been appointed by the Governor of Colorado a member of the board of trustees of the Deaf, Mute, and Blind Institute, at Colorado Springs.

A bi-monthly paper called "*El Futat*" ("The Young Woman") is published at Alexandria, Egypt. A Syrian lady, Miss Hind Noufal, of Tripoli, is the editor, and all the contributors are women.

Mrs. John Rockefeller and her daughters spend vast sums annually on charities of every description. Miss Alta Rockefeller supports and superintends a private hospital of her own for women, at which she has entertainments given every week to interest the invalids.

Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore, who armed, clothed, and equipped the first Maryland regiment in May, 1861, and afterward nursed the soldiers of the command through an epidemic of typhoid fever, has been elected an honorary member of the Maryland Line.

Lady Butler, who is better known in this country as Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of the famous "Roll Call," is living at Aldershot with her husband, Gen. Sir William Butler, and their five children. Lady Butler is painting a picture for the Royal Academy, the subject being Waterloo.

Miss Mary Philbrook, of Jersey City, who is the first woman in New Jersey to apply for admission to the bar, first became interested in law while type-writer and amanuensis in a lawyer's office, where she had access to legal literature. She is only twenty-three years old.

Fourteen young women of Indianapolis laundries, by putting their small means together and borrowing the rest of the money, established the Union Coöperative Laundry two years ago. They now own a plant valued at \$4,000, clear of incumbrance, and the business is one of the most prosperous industries of the city.

Mrs. Ann S. Austin, who was lately elected mayor of Pleasanton, Kan., a town of a thousand inhabitants, is described as an Ohio woman of New England ancestry, a bright, intelligent person, and blessed with tact. She has been prominent in social, religious, and political work, is a State officer of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and an active woman suffragist.

The Railway Commissioners of Victoria, N. S. W., claim that they have effected a saving of fully £10,000 by placing women in charge of railway stations. Their services have given general satisfaction; and although two hundred women are now in charge of stations it is intended to increase the number. When heavy work has to be done, men are sent from the nearest main station.

About three hundred women lately held a meeting at Sinai Temple, Chicago, to organize the Chicago Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. H. Solomon, President of the Council, set forth its purposes as follows: To awaken Jewish women and men to a better knowledge of their religion, by means of study in the council and by exerting an influence upon the Sabbath school; and to promote preventive philanthropy. Several prominent rabbis were present.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt likes to fit girls for self-support. Through the pastors of the foreign missionary churches in out-of-the-way corners of New York she learns of girls of ability who only need a start. This she furnishes by sending the girl \$500. One girl thus helped fitted herself at a cooking-school for the position of a *cordon bleu*; another went to a training-school for nurses; another studied art. Every year at least ten young women are thus started in life.

Chat.

A lovely country wedding which is set for the first of June augurs well in name, at least, for the future happiness of the prospective bride and groom. It is to be a clover wedding, the sweet white and pinkish-purple blossoms of the clover with maidenhair ferns being used lavishly to decorate both the dear, old-timey church, and the spacious rooms, wide halls, and broad piazzas of the bride's summer home, where she has elected that this important day in her life shall be celebrated. She will thus be surrounded by her nearest and dearest friends, and not be exposed to the merciless curiosity of the city rabble of well-dressed folk, who ought to know better, but who throng the sidewalks contiguous to churches whenever the awning at the door announces a wedding, and even rush into the street and surround the bride's carriage for the sake of a peep at their victim. Many friends from town will go out to the "clover wedding," and they will be met at the station—three miles distant—by flower-trimmed hay-racks and other rustic vehicles, which will convey them to the church. Instead of the traditional wedding-march when the bridal party enter, the children of the Sunday-school, where the bride has taught every summer since she was in her early teens, will sing a carol written for the occasion. Eight young girls who form the bride's class in Sunday-school are to be her maids, and will wear gowns of sheer India lawn trimmed with many rows of Valenciennes insertion, and ivory-white moire ribbon. Their picture hats of shirred lawn will bear nodding clover-blossoms, and they will carry parasols of white *chiffon* which when closed will look like shower bouquets of clover. A sister of the bride will be her maid of honor and wear a gown of accordion-plaited *chiffon*. After the ceremony there will be dancing on the lawn, and the bride's table will be set under a clover canopy on the wide piazza. Every pleasure and delight of a lawn *fête* will be prepared for the entertainment of the village and town folk bidden to the feast, but early in the afternoon the bride and groom will quietly start in a phaeton for some little adventures of their own.

The coaching days are here again, and judging from the lively interest manifested and the many novel projects, financial depression has not touched the fortunate holders of the ribbons. All the well-known men who have been identified with coaching in this country and abroad are interested in the present schemes and have drawn in new men. With the coaching trip from Paris to London—the coaches crossing the treacherous channel on a special steamer—well established, it is safe to conjecture that the next thing will be a tally-ho running from London to Washington. The mere matter of crossing "the pond"—by some respectful but old-fashioned folk called the Atlantic Ocean—will be nothing with a private "greyhound" yacht to ferry the jolly crowd over. They will land, of course, at Elizabethport, hallowed by Washington's departure, and tool gayly southward on the macadamized roads of the near future to the capital of the western world. With prophetic eye we see the great trans-continental boulevard stretching over mountains, prairies, valleys, and plains, and hear the merry coaching-horn as the glittering coach with its gay crowd speeds on its way between New York and San Francisco.

The chic bridal-bouquet is composed of a number of small ones corresponding to the number of bridesmaids, is tied with wide white ribbon of which there are several streamers, each ornamented with a cluster of flowers, and in one section is hidden a ring which is said to possess a mystic influence. When the bride leaves her attendant maids to don her going-away gown, she pauses half-way up the staircase, and loosening the confining ribbon tosses the nosegay among the maids; and happy is she to whom Fate awards the ring, for she will be a bride within a year. The ideal bridal-bouquet of the moment is composed of white orchids and white lilacs.

Spring flowers are now the favorites for table decorations, and crocuses and daffodils, tulips and daisies, hyacinths and lilies of the valley, and primroses and violets are used in profusion. When there are small tables, each has its special flower and color, and the effect is very artistic. For betrothal dinners and bridesmaids' luncheons it is *de rigueur* that the floral decorations be pink.

Sanitarian.

Correct Walking and Breathing.

TO all persons interested in the progress of the race towards physical perfection there is much food for thought in the spectacle presented on every occasion which draws great throngs of people together. By actual count of a crowd on any of our city streets it will be found that not two people in one hundred hold their bodies correctly, walk well, or breathe properly. And these habitual actions are fundamental steps in progress or deterioration, and an infallible index to the culture, character, and physical health of the human being.

A celebrated French physiognomist was wont to declare that he had but to follow persons and imitate their walk, gestures, and facial expression, to diagnose accurately their general characteristics, and especially the emotions of the moment. Now if we realized, always, when mingling with our fellow-beings, that "he that runs may read" even our most secret thoughts, we should certainly put a guard upon ourselves that the thoughts might be such as we should not be ashamed to acknowledge if they were proclaimed from the housetops. If you doubt this statement, you have but to mingle with the crowd and imitate pronounced walks and gestures, to be fully convinced of the truth of the theory; and you will also be deeply impressed by the physical and mental effects thus produced.

Par exemple, assume a slouching gait, let the body fall heavily over on one hip, drag one foot after the other, drop the outer corners of the eyebrows and the corners of the mouth, and, presto! you will instantly feel completely demoralized,—a wreck, utterly unfit for the slightest mental or physical exertion! As you pursue your investigations you will be amazed by discovering how frequently the human being appears but a huge lump of semi-inert matter with a countenance expressing as nearly a mental vacuum as Nature can tolerate. These are cases of heaviness of mind acting upon the body, and that, in turn, depressing the mind, till the condition, if not disease, closely approaches it; and the person is an easy victim to any and every contamination that is in the air.

It were an easy matter to cite examples innumerable, similar to the above, of how-not-to-do-it; but it is not a pleasing nor a profitable study except as a warning, and we have pursued it far enough for that purpose. Much more practical will it be, and far more interesting, to study correct methods of walking and holding our bodies, and you will find the examples of how-to-do-it pleasant and even fascinating.

The first error that many people, especially women and girls, fall into when told to hold the figure erect is to thrust out the chin and tip the shoulders back, which gives the abdomen disagreeable prominence and leaves a positive cavity in the back. Besides being very ungraceful, this throws the body out of balance, strains the spinal column, and entails great fatigue (the spine is, perhaps, one of the most habitually abused parts of the human body). When we rise to walk the whole body should be thrown into a state of general tension which brings all the muscles into vigorous action, and so perfectly balanced that every part does its work without perceptible strain. In this balanced position the lips, chin, chest, and toes come upon a line; the shoulder, hip, and ankle joints are also upon a line, and the shoulder-blades project only a little beyond the heels. In this position the body acquires its greatest ease, and every muscle performs a maximum of labor with a minimum of waste and consequent expenditure of force.

When walking, accustom yourself to frequent intervals of *conscious* breathing; this is of the utmost importance, for no involuntary action of the body is habitually so carelessly performed—so almost shirked—as this one, and upon no other does our health so largely depend. The great majority of the human race keep their lungs in a state of semi-starvation; and diseases and ailments manifold can be traced to this cause alone, since the very act which deprives you of life-giving oxygen also returns to the arteries impure blood weighted with poisonous carbonic acid.

If the lungs be properly inflated, this act alone gives to the body a buoyancy greatly increasing the pleasure and lessening the exertion of walking. Of course a mincing or languid step must be avoided. Take a free and firm, but light stride, balancing the upper part of the body alternately upon each hip—but without swaying it perceptibly—and giving the impetus forward with a slight spring from the ball of the foot. Naturally, at first, the mind will have to direct these motions; but the body responds delightfully to right ways of doing things, and if the exercise of walking can be taken where there is much of interest to divert one, it will be found a great advantage, for this ready and cheerful response of the entire body when its muscles are thus called into harmonious action imparts a sense of exhilaration which will make you feel more like a bird than anything else can till flying-machines are accomplished facts.

The lungs have their own muscular power, which, unfortunately, is not more than half developed. The simplest preparatory exercise is full, deep breathing; draw in a long, deep breath, expanding the chest as fully as possible without straining either lungs or muscles. Retain the breath thus taken while you count ten; then as slowly as possible expel it. This conscious breathing will soon enlarge and strengthen the lungs, and the more frequently you can make this a conscious action the better for your lungs and health.

An efficacious remedy for obstinate cases of insomnia is to lie flat upon the back and inhale and exhale deep, long breaths; take thirty or forty of them, then turn on one side—preferably the right—and sleep will come before you know it, unless you have the pernicious habit of taking your work to bed with you. The facility with which we can rest and recuperate from great fatigue, either mental or physical, depends greatly upon our power of dismissing thought and encouraging a state of vacuity. It is a question of habit, but one which is in everyone's power to acquire; and of so great value that it is worth more than a slight effort to win.

Remember in all breathing exercises that Nature's avenue to the lungs is through the nostrils; provision is made in the nasal passages to catch impurities and foreign substances which if carried to the lungs, as when breathing through the mouth, might cause serious trouble. The very best time to practice lung gymnastics is in the morning before dressing, and again at night, for the body should be free from all restraining clothing. Stand erect, with chin down, and rise upon the toes as you inhale, hold the breath a few moments so that the air may act on the whole surface of the blood, nourishing it and at the same time taking up impure gases, then expel it forcefully and as completely as possible, coming down upon the heels at the same time. Five minutes of this work night and morning will work wonders.

If a proper carriage of the body be retained in all the ordinary duties of life, whether sitting or walking, it will be found to greatly minimize the fatigue of daily duties. It is the throwing double work on some muscles by leaving others in idleness that causes more than half the pain of back and limbs which women suffer. If you walk up stairs properly, with figure erect, legs and joints flexible, and breathe properly, it is a healthful exercise which cannot harm even a feeble woman.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

Household.

Flower Luncheons.

JAPAN and things Japanese have been so widely studied during the past twelve months, that the art and culture of this unique people have made a decided impress upon some of our fashions and ways of doing things. Notably, it is felt in the revolt against the crude and inartistic fashion of decorating our houses for festal occasions with flowers which were forced entirely out of season. It had the recommendation to the *nouveaux riches* and those crazy for novelty of being so expensive that but few could follow it, and gave to their displays a pronounced stamp of luxury and extravagance. But now good taste will have none of it; ostentation must take a back seat; beauty must be the first consideration, and in so far as possible make one forget its cost.

Although flower luncheons are no longer a novelty, they have by no means lost favor; and ever the ingenuity of woman is devising some novel combination or feature which gives to the occasion all the interest and enjoyment of practically a new thing. A *mi-carême* luncheon, which celebrated a birthday and did honor at the same time to some out-of-town guests, elevated to popular favor the modest crocus and snowdrop. The crocuses were of all shades of purple and lavender and also white, with just here and there a yellow one, shining like rays of sunshine through summer clouds. They were arranged in a mass, with their own leaves, just as if growing, in the center of the table. The cloth was of finest twilled linen with a wide border of Spanish drawn-work above the fringe; and the border of the table-center showing around the flowers was a dainty embroidery of delicate fern-fronds and pearly snowdrops on sheer white linen. There was much cut glass on the table, and the principal service was white-and-gold china of a simple, delicate pattern; but the salad set was decorated with maiden's-hair ferns, an *entrée* was served on violet china, and for the dessert an exquisite set of orchid plates was used.

A spray of snowdrops and a purple crocus tied with lavender ribbons was placed beside every cover, and this was the only use of ribbons on the table. The guest cards were little celluloid hands holding clusters of the same flowers, and so designed that they could be used afterwards as book-marks.

The hostess of the day has a dislike to the uncanny appearance of food in unnatural colors, so but little attempt was made to carry out the color scheme in the menu. The Frenched lamb chops had little frills of mauve *crêpe*-paper around their bones; the salad was of delicate purple cabbage and chicory, and the mayonnaise which masked it was tinted with damson-blue and carmine, which make a beautiful mauve. The mauve sorbet had crystallized violets frozen in it, and both the sorbet cups and the finger-bowls were of amethyst glass with dainty borders of gilding.

There are vegetable and fruit colorings that can be used with perfect safety to produce almost any desired color. Apricot coloring and saffron will tint anything yellow; apple-green or spinach will color green; for red, carmine, alone or mixed with apricot coloring, and cherry red will give almost any desired shade; all of these are harmless and tasteless, and can be used without hesitation. Mayonnaise can be colored red by beating into it a small quantity of raspberry jelly.

A charming luncheon given on Easter Monday to the maid of honor and bridesmaids of one of New York's fairest brides was all a golden glory of yellow daffodils; they

greeted you in the entrance hall, shone from every dark corner and secluded niche, and in fact irradiated the whole house. The table napery was all of purest white except the oblong table-center, the irregularly scalloped border of which was formed by a wreath of daffodils embroidered with yellow floss. In the center of this, resting upon a mirror plaque, was an old blue Delft bowl filled with the joyous blossoms; at the corners of the table-center were tall, slender crystal vases holding clusters of daffodils, and narrow yellow satin ribbon was tied carelessly around the tops as if holding the flowers in place, and then was twisted around the base and fastened in a loose knot. At every cover stood a small Baccarat vase with a cluster of daffodils, and the guest cards were tiny banners of yellow satin ribbon with a poetical quotation and name in silver, suspended from silver arrows which could be withdrawn and used as hairpins. The bride expectant wore a gown of daffodil-colored *crêpon*, but her mother carried out the harmony of the blue Delft bowl in a quaint gown of oddly figured blue-and-white China *crêpe*, looking as if she had stepped down from the curio shelf of some old Dutch collector.

It was easy in arranging the menu to run through the gamut of yellows without doing violence to one's preconceived conception of the colors of things. Half a shaddock—grape-fruit—picked apart, sugared, etc., and then put back on its skin was the appetizer served before the amber-colored *bouillon*. Broiled salmon with *sauce tartare* followed this; then came breaded lamb-chops with yellow tomato sauce, and asparagus on toast with yellow cream sauce. The *entrée* was chicken croquettes with Béchamel yellow sauce, preceded by orange sherbet. The salad was lobster and celery on a bed of chicory; and the ices for the dessert were in the form of various yellow fruits, bananas, nectarines, limes, and lemons.

Two clever girls who celebrate their birthdays in May with luncheon-parties will utilize the fruit blossoms in bloom at the time. If Jack Frost does not unkindly interfere with plans for the first, peach-blossoms will be used. With her own hands this young maiden has decorated a dessert service and *entrée* set with peach blossoms; and Fate cannot be so unkind as to spoil her plans for their dedication. A cut-glass bowl will be filled with the blooming branches for the center of the table, and midway its length on each side will be placed tall opal glass vases holding a few branches arranged *à la* Japanese. For the second luncheon, cherry-blossoms are to be used, and all the decorations, souvenirs, etc., will be Japanese. The dining-room has Japanese decorations, and opening out of it is a delightful morning-room where things Japanese have full sway; and here tea will be served after the luncheon, in dainty blue Heizen cups of the so-called hawthorn pattern, which is really cherry blossoms. These cups will be souvenirs of the pleasant occasion.

Those who have the run of the woods could find nothing lovelier for a late-in-May luncheon than the shy, proud trillium, familiarly known as wake-robin, or wood lily. These arranged with wild ferns would be lovely for a green-and-white luncheon, and a menu for these colors is very easy to arrange. A wild-flower luncheon would be charming, using together the delicate blossoms of hepatica, anemone, and violets. The stately flowers of our hillsides and mountains, too, the rhododendron, laurel, and wild azalea—called May pink in New England, and wild honeysuckle in the South—are well adapted, in skillful hands, for most effective decoration. The first two are specially commended for the dinner or luncheon table because they are odorless; and so many people are most unpleasantly affected by strong perfumes that the wise hostess bars out many lovely flowers on account of their very sweetness. Hyacinths and most lilies should never be placed in the dining-room.

For a purple luncheon, the purple and lavender rhododendrons could be beautifully arranged with the gracefully drooping wistaria; and later in the season that lovely flower, which not even fashion has given the place it ought to hold, the *fleur de lis*, could be used with quite as charming effect as orchids, at a tenth of the cost of this millionaires' pet.

During late spring and early summer the wealth of garden shrubs offers an almost endless resource to the decorator at modest cost; and as the summer advances there is an embarrassment of riches, so it is neither difficult to carry out any color scheme nor to devise something original. The best effects are gained by selecting one, or at most two, flowers; and if two be chosen they should harmonize, not contrast. It is well, also, to work with a curb rein, as it is very much easier to err on the side of over-elaboration than on that of simplicity.

A lavish use of wide ribbons and silk scarfs is always in doubtful taste, and—for all small mercies we are devoutly thankful—it is pleasant to record that the dreadful plush center-pieces and table runners are things of the past. The general choice for all napery is pure white, though the very expensive cloths enriched with insertions of Venetian guipure or Spanish drawn-work are usually underlaid with colored silk. Occasionally tea or luncheon cloths are chosen of the silk damasks, which come in all delicate colors; but generally color is reserved for the dainty table-centers and d'oyleys which are embroidered with flowers in their natural colors, and when matching the flower used for decoration give effective aid in enhancing these.

E. A. FLETCHER.

“I'm a Daisy!”

YOU are a “daisy,” that is clear!
 I think you know it, too, my dear.
 The way you clutch that bunch of toes,
 And pucker up your infant nose,
 And smile at me with all your might,
 Your dancing eyes just full of light,
 All tell me quite as plain as day
 They named you in the proper way.
 Your title 's not of queen nor king,
 To call you “Daisy” 's just the thing. T.

The Discontented Man.

HE grieved because the times were hard,
 And everything went wrong;
 Such weather would his trade retard,
 The butter tasted strong,
 His coffee never looked quite clear,
 And everything he bought was dear.
 In fact, from early dawn till night
 He gloried in his woes;
 No earthly thing was ever right,
 And all his friends were foes.
 But this fact most his patience tried:
 His wife was always satisfied!

WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

Love's Barrier.

(See Full-page Gravure.)

THE charming picture which we reproduce this month bears with it a suggestion of fresh and fragrant May mornings on breezy uplands and heaths with the musical bay of the hounds resounding in the air as they career in full cry after the fleeing Reynard.

But it is quite evident that though horse and dogs are quite ready for the meet,—nay, restive and impatient under the dallying of their youthful master,—that the gallant youth is more intent on hunting hearts this morning than hunting foxes. The courtly but jealous old father will find his effort to make himself an effective barrier futile, for “Love laughs at locksmiths” even, and here it is quite evident that the very hounds are bristling with a sense of the old gentleman's hostile emotions towards their beloved master, and are quite ready—no fox being in sight—to make him their quarry.

A Prize of \$100 for Photographs.

A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

THE 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.

A Puzzle Prize.

THE publisher of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for the best puzzle sent in between now and May 1, 1894. The puzzle must be original, that is it must not have appeared before in any publication, although it is not essential that it shall have been invented by the party sending it in. Many excellent puzzles which have been originated for private amusement would afford a vast amount of fun for the general public if they were published in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. Some of these, indeed, may be of the simplest character and yet possess elements of interest. We invite all those who know of any puzzles of this kind, which have interested or amused themselves or friends, to send in a description or drawing of them in competition for the prize. Contributions which are meritorious but do not take the prize will be accepted and paid for at regular rates. Of the contributions which do not win the prize, those arriving earliest will stand the best chance of being accepted and paid for.

Puzzles.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE objects shown represent seven words to be arranged in the form of a diamond. Commencing at the top, each word contains two letters more than the preceding one until the fifth. The fifth and succeeding words each contain two letters less than the preceding word. Arranged in this order, the central letters of these words, when read downward, spell the name of a great naturalist.



HOW MANY FISH ARE REPRESENTED IN THIS PUZZLE, AND WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES?

THE BLACKSMITH'S BILL.

A MAN had five pieces of chain, each containing three loops, which he wished to have welded into one piece of chain. He took them to a smithy and asked the price, which was twenty-five cents per weld. The bill was rendered for seventy-five cents. How was the chain welded?

A RURAL SCENE.

If U will this tree & Look U will the C the come the meadow woods river YY men planting pppp.

(This is a sentence when correctly read.)



A DAY IN MAY.

To solve this puzzle, first find the names of objects in the illustration, and place them one under the other. The first and last letters of the words will form the name of a day in May.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

I'M a word of five letters but spoken with two;
I'm often an object of hate;
Yet the dead and the living
Are sure to be giving
Submission to me, soon or late.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

- I. Take IV (Ivy) from 4; nothing remains.
- II. There are twelve birds: Crane, Laughing Jackass, Dipper, Goose, Kite, Turtle Dove, Kingfisher, Rook, Toucan (two cans), Bunting, Trumpeter, and Daw (door).

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 455.

THE modes of the spring which are distinctly the smartest are marked by a decided conservatism and refreshing simplicity. While the distinctive feature of most tailor-gowns is the natty waistcoat,—oftener than not adding a touch of bright contrasting color,—there is a severer but less mannish style which omits both waistcoat and chemisette, the corsage lapping to the left and buttoning from waist to shoulder, thus giving no place for lappels or revers; a six-inch basque, flaring moderately, and extending only to the front darts, is sewed on at the waist line, and all the seams are strapped,—that is, a very narrow bias of the cloth is laid over the seams and stitched on both edges. The skirt seams also are strapped.

There is more license in the length of coats than ever before; the most prevalent style is that worn all winter, which reaches nearly to the knees. But this is suited only to those favored women who are “divinely tall.” Little women find a twelve-inch length more becoming, while some prefer them no longer than eight inches. The most ultra style of all is the long “paddock” coat, cut anywhere from ten to five inches shorter than the gown. These are usually double-breasted, the skirt either lapping—but never fastened—or cut away just to meet, with wide revers but no shoulder collar, and showing a chemisette and trim necktie at the throat. The Prince Albert coat is similar to the paddock, but is knee length, and has wide, turned-back cuffs. Often the cuffs and revers are faced with moire.

The feminine world is not so agitated on the subject of skirts and their cut as at this season last year, and the only result of the crinoline craze which abides with us is the increased fullness of the bottoms of our gowns. Even the effort to introduce straight back-breadths has met with but partial success, as they are confined exclusively to thin and washable fabrics. There is still great variety in the cut of gown skirts; few or many gores, and the circle, being still used, according to material or the taste of the wearer. For all walking-gowns the aim is to secure a skirt that will flare well at the foot just back of the hips and hang in even flutes, or *godets*, behind, clearing the ground all around. Fanciful

trimmings are confined to house and evening gowns, those for the street being severely plain, or having only a flat trimming.

The skirts of tailor-gowns measure from three and a half to four yards, and are cut walking length; they are lined with silk, with or without crinoline, or simply faced, and frequently the seams are stitched on the outside, or strapped. In addition to the perfect fit and correct outlines of a tailor-gown, a distinguishing charm is the admirable finish, the neat pressing and stitching.

Elaboration of make and trimming are reserved for silks, grenadines, and *crépons*, and the myriad of dainty summer fabrics, upon all of which the modiste still lavishes her ingenuity in devising unique and odd effects; but all these dressy gowns are intended for social functions. Contrasts are not so daring as last season, and a relief note of black, in narrowest pipings or trimmings, or loops and bows of ribbon,—velvet or moire,—is added to everything and anything. Black moire, especially, is making up for its long dethronement by an unprecedented popularity.

As a rule it may be said that shoulder trimmings have been decidedly moderated; and on some gowns they are entirely omitted. Sleeves continue large, but are no longer enormous; there is great variety in their cut and in the arrangement of puffs, and more attention is given to finishing the wrists than for several seasons past. Buttons, also, are coming in sight again, and the fronts of Eton and other jackets have rows of them on both sides,—either small ones, close together, or large ones at wide intervals,—with loops of silk cord, and they can be fastened snugly together or left open, according to convenience. On woolen fabrics and linen and duck outing-suits, pearl and horn buttons are used; but on silks, and all fancy stuffs, richly chased or cut metal and jeweled ones are seen.

Trimmings have lost nothing of the dazzling shimmer and glitter which mark the fashions of this *fin de siècle* period, and in years to come will be a feature of its revival. Galloons thickly sewn with *paillettes* are the most popular finish for an edge, and come in widths from a quarter to four inches. In black and steel the wide bands are suggestive of armor. Very smart dinner and evening gowns are of black satin or moire, veiled with black *chiffon* or lace, embroidered with steel beads and *paillettes*.

Afternoon and Reception Gowns.

Two attractive models are here shown, suitable for afternoons at home, receptions, calling, and for church wear. The gown on the standing figures—which give both front and back views—is of tan-colored faced-cloth combined with



PRESTON BASQUE. (BACK.)



Afternoon and Reception Gowns.

CORNELL BASQUE. CAMERON SKIRT. PRESTON BASQUE. MERLIN SKIRT.

moire of a lighter shade. The skirt—the “Cameron”—is illustrated and described separately; the basque is the “Cornell.” It has a French back drawn smoothly over a lining with the usual number of seams; the cut-away fronts are fitted with one dart in each, and the full vest of moire gives the effect of a blouse. The basque is the favorite circle shape, slashed at the back. Black *crépon* combined with moire would be handsome made in this fashion; and it is a good design for remodelling last year's gowns.

The other figure shows a gown of heliotrope *crépon* combined with cloth of a lighter shade, and trimmed with black braid. The skirt is the “Merlin,” a five-gored model, illustrated and described in Demorest's for November, 1893. The corsage—the “Preston”—flares slightly over the hips, and shows a wide back, although the lining has all the usual seams. The bertha is in circle shape. A bias band of cloth headed with braid finishes the bottom of the skirt, and the yoke and lower parts of the sleeves are also of the cloth,

braided. Other pretty combinations are tan with brown, cadet blue with navy blue, and fine checked wools with dark velvet or moire. For descriptions of patterns of the “Cameron” skirt and the basques, see page 440.

A Waistcoat Basque.

THE reluctance of many women to put so much money in the regulation waistcoat and still have a garment that could not be worn without the coat, necessitating a blouse to wear with the skirt in the house when coat and waistcoat were discarded, has stimulated the tailors to invent a new waistcoat with sleeves and back of the same goods as the front, which replaces the blouse for house-wear. It is made of any rich silk, corded and shot, or with checked and *broché* effects, and is lined with silk or satin. The back is exactly like the back of a man's waistcoat, without side forms, and held in across the back with straps and a buckle. (See illustration of back.) If desired to use this simply as a waistcoat, the sleeves can be omitted and the back made of lining. The pattern—the “Blaisdell” basque—is commended also for all heavy cotton or linen fabrics, to be worn with a skirt to match, and it is pretty in any of the light woollens. For description of pattern see page 440.

A Modish Design.

A FANCY figured *crépon* is the fabric of this pretty gown; it is a mixture of brown and gold tints with olivegreen. The skirt of our model, gored all around but quite



BLAISDELL BASQUE. (BACK.)



A Waistcoat Basque.

THE “BLAISDELL.”

full in the back,—made by the “Merlin” pattern, a five-gored skirt illustrated and described in the November, 1893, magazine,—is lined with green silk, and untrimmed except for the finish of a piping-like fold of green silk around the bottom. The basque—the “Riga”—is fitted trimly with the usual seams, and is slightly pointed in the

back, as in front; the full vest is of the same goods as the rest of the basque, and the revers and cuffs and edge of basque are finished with a piping of green silk. For description of pattern see page 440.

Just a Little Protection.

THERE are days even in summer when a light wrap is needed, and the "Elton" furnishes a model very desirable for this purpose. It is as convenient as a circle to adjust and remove, and is dressy and becoming; the ends are fastened at the sides. Made in camels'-hair or silk it can be trimmed with ruching of silk or lace; or the yoke could be of silk covered with lace, and the cape proper of lace flounce.



Just a Little Protection
ELTON CAPE.

ing; or it could be made of net over colored silk, with ruchings of net for a finish. It is a dainty, simple wrap, that anyone could make easily. The pattern is described on page 440.

A Spring Traveling-Gown.

GRAY-and-blue mixed cheviot is the fabric of this smart gown, and the simplicity of its lines commends it for all the light spring woolens for everyday wear at home or traveling. There is no trimming, all the edges being finished with rows of stitching. The skirt is the "Merlin," described in Demorest's for November, 1893. The basque—the "Hustache"—is of the popular length which ladies find so much more convenient than the very long

garments, the skirts of which are ruined if kept on in the house. It is double-breasted, fastening with two large pearl buttons, and open at the throat to show a chemisette of blue-and-white thread-striped lawn. The back is in the still popular "umbrella" style. For full description of the pattern see page 440.



A Modish Design.
RIGA BASQUE.

Commencement Gowns.

WHITE is of course the first choice for these gowns, which are of supreme importance to young girls, connected as they are with a very happy event in their lives. The economist who looks upon white as an extravagance because not suited to many other occasions is advised that if a soft wool be chosen, or a simple lawn or dotted Swiss, it can be worn all summer for church and little visits.

The assortment of charming fabrics for these gowns was never so varied, but the simpler they are made the better. In wools nothing can be prettier than *crêpons*, which come in great variety, costing from sixty cents a yard up. The skirts of these may be perfectly plain, or trimmed with rows of satin or moire ribbon; a single narrow ruche or a ruffle of ribbon directly on the bottom, and a ruche of white surah, cut bias and frayed on the edges, are other simple and effective trimmings. For the home dressmaker single skirts also are advised, for they are quite as modish as draped or double skirts, and the latter require skillful fingers to adjust them properly.



A Spring Traveling-Gown.
HUSTACHE BASQUE. MERLIN SKIRT.

The round bodices for such gowns are slightly full over a fitted lining and have vertical rows of lace insertion or ribbon with full ruffles falling over the sleeve-puffs, or else they are made with yokes and have full berthas of lace or ribbon-trimmed ruffles. The waist is girdled with ribbons, carelessly folded, and tied in odd, squarish bows in front, at one side, or in the back, and may have long sash-ends or not, according to fancy.

Gowns of mull, lawn, and dotted Swiss, are trimmed with lace-edged ruffles or frills of lace and many rows of insertion. A sheer India lawn has two overlapping, five-inch ruffles, edged with narrow Valenciennes, round the bottom, and a second skirt, almost as long as the under one, cut in deep points at the bottom and finished with a ruffle of lace four inches wide. It is looped slightly almost at the waist, on one side, and fastened with rosettes and ends of ribbon depending from the waist. The sleeve-puffs are banded with lace, and finished at the elbow with ruffles. The full bodice—without lining—crosses in front in surplice fashion, and a Marie Antoinette fichu is worn over it. The V at the neck is filled in with a chemisette of lace and tucked lawn.

More girlish are the waists with shirred or tucked yokes opening in the back, and these are specially pretty for dotted Swiss, which makes useful and becoming gowns for all summer. There is a fancy for trimming these gowns with the



With a Modestly Masculine Air.
TROUVILLE COAT.

The Latest Skirt.

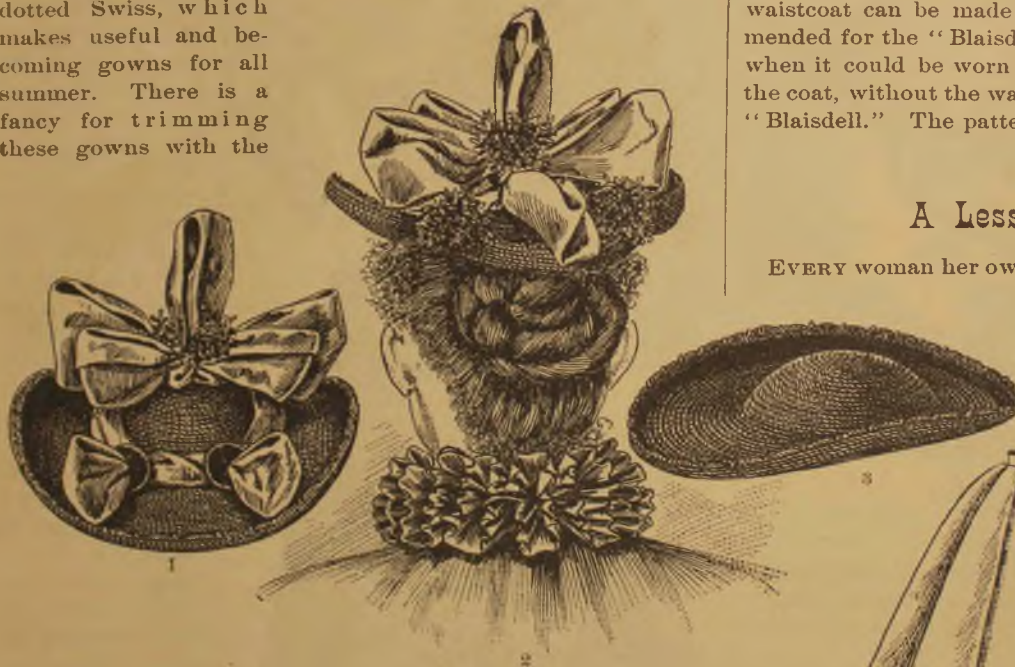
IN this modish skirt we have another concession to the strenuous efforts which are being made to drive our favorite plain skirts from the stronghold they occupy. The new model—the “Cameron”—has six gores and is without a seam in the back, where the fullness is held in two flaring box-plaits, kept in place by tapes across them on the inside. A triangular gore is inserted in each front and side seam, at the bottom of the skirt, and if a contrasting material be used for these the effect is of another skirt showing through slashes in the outer one. Some smart black gowns have the gores of black moire or of *miroir* velvet; with tan-color, brown or green is effective; with dark blue, red or light blue; and with gray, navy blue, plum color, or black. With changeable fabrics, the most becoming color of the mixture is the best choice. For description of pattern see page 440.

With a Modestly Masculine Air.

THIS jaunty coat with its stylish waistcoat is one of the favorite models of the season for a garment to wear with various skirts, or to complete a costume of wool for street or traveling use. It is somewhat shorter than previous models, has a modified “umbrella” back, and the fronts may be secured with a button over the bust. A blouse-waist or a basque may be substituted for the waistcoat; but the smartest suits have a waistcoat with front of silk, piqué, or marseilles, with which is worn a linen chemisette and tie. The waistcoat can be made all of the same material, as recommended for the “Blaisdell” basque, and have sleeves added, when it could be worn in the house without the coat; and the coat, without the waistcoat, is a good one to use with the “Blaisdell.” The pattern is fully described on page 440.

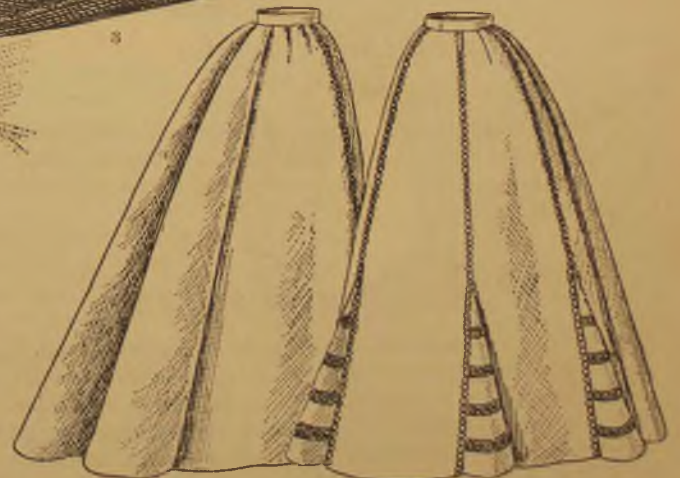
A Lesson in Millinery.

EVERY woman her own milliner is a condition that oftentimes would be very desirable; but there is no reason why any woman should not be her own milliner on occasion, for example, when so simple a hat as the one



A Lesson in Millinery.

Oriental yellow laces; and, except for commencement, when it is best to leave all color to be given by flowers, they are brightened and varied by having several sets of ribbons of different color. Yellow and lavender are especially effective, and, at the moment, the most *chic*. Accordion-plaiting has lost nothing of its prestige, but, on the contrary, seems even to gain in favor. Dainty gowns of cotton *crépon*, mull, organdy, and dotted Swiss, have all their fullness pressed in fine plaits just as children's gowns have been prepared for the shops for several seasons past.



The Latest Skirt.
THE “CAMERON.”

illustrated is to be trimmed. With the illustrations on page 436 and the following description the veriest amateur can acquit herself with honor, and evolve a stylish hat.

The hat shown is one of the most popular shapes of the season. It is of fine black straw with a fancy straw edge, and is trimmed with full bows of black, satin-faced moire ribbon, jet rings, and black chrysanthemums having yellow centers. No. 3 shows the untrimmed hat; No. 1, the front view of trimmed hat; and No. 2, the back view, trimmed, and how it should be placed on the head. Two and three quarter yards of ribbon three and a half inches wide will be required. Cut a piece of ribbon thirty inches in length; fold it down the middle its entire length, secure one end at the back of the crown, bring the ribbon around the crown toward the front, and eight inches from the fastened end draw the ribbon through the ring to form a loop three and a half inches long; twist the ribbon across the front of the crown for a space of three inches, then draw it through another ring for a loop of the same length as the previous one, carry the remainder of the ribbon around the crown and fasten at the back. Fasten the rings and loops so they will not slip. The jet rings can be dispensed with and a knot of ribbon substituted to secure the loops, if preferred.

Cut four pieces of ribbon, each ten inches long. Double each piece to form a loop; then lay two plaits in the ends, and after forming the plaits draw the ends tightly together and tack them securely. Place one of the loops in an upright position at the back, just on the top of crown; one, drooping toward the back edge of the brim, and tack the doubled edge to the edge of the brim; and the remaining two loops place on each side of the upright loop, resting them on the crown, thus forming a sort of windmill bow (see illustration No. 2). To cover the joining of the loops secure a chrysanthemum about them to give the effect of a rosette.

Cut from the remaining piece of ribbon fourteen inches, fold over one edge of the ribbon an inch its entire length, then bring both ends together at the middle of the length, and draw closely together to form two loops; cover the joining with a

the middle of back bend the upturned edge of the brim down on the brim, fasten in place with a chrysanthemum, and the trimming of your hat is completed.

Line the hat before commencing to trim it. Take a strip of lining silk five inches wide and about twenty-four inches long; sew



1. Straw Sailor-Hat.

one edge to the inside edge of the brim, holding the inside of the hat toward you so the sewing may be con-



2.



3.

4.

Modish Hats.

(See Page 438.)



5. A Picture Hat.

tight knot of ribbon, and secure this bow directly in front of the one at the back of crown, as shown in illustration 1. Three and a half inches each side of

sealed; then hem the other edge of the lining, and insert a ribbon so that it may be drawn up to fit the crown after the hat is trimmed.

This shape may be had in all colors and in different kinds of straw; many are shown with plain straw crowns and lace straw brims, others, mixed straw crowns with plain brims, and so forth. A very pretty hat of this shape, shown at one of our leading wholesale houses, is of écu chip, the upturned brim overlaid with heavy cream lace, and the trimming écu moire ribbon and pink crushed roses.

Modish Hats.

(See Page 437.)

No. 1.—White straw sailor-hat, trimmed with a band of black moire ribbon, and a bow of the ribbon and jetted cock's feather at the left side.

No. 2.—Black chip hat with low crown, trimmed with black lace, green velvet ribbon, and a full cluster of black plumes.

No. 3.—Hat of open-work black straw, with brim rolled on both sides and covered on the outside with white lace. Trimming of ivory-white moire ribbon, passed through a rhinestone buckle in front, and mingling with the lace in high loops on the left side; a large bunch of violets at the back.

No. 4.—Fancy straw hat—brown and yellow—with low crown and medium brim; trimming of green velvet, gold lace butterfly wings, and jetted cock's feathers, placed at the left side, the right having only a velvet band around the crown.

No. 5.—Picture hat for the carriage and receptions. The wide brim of white lace embroidered with gold threads is but lightly supported with wires, and surrounds a tiny crown of gold and pearl passementerie. Black feathers and aigrette, a cluster of mignonette and loops of black velvet form the trimming, placed forward of the crown.

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, trinnings, 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.—Walking-coat of black kersey, with sleeves and revers of moire.
- 2.—Chrysoptase serpentine brooch.
- 3.—Gown of silver gray *crépon*; stock collar and necktie of white *chiffon*.
- 4.—Reception-gown of purple-and-green *chiné* silk with overskirt of heliotrope *crépon*.
- 5.—House-gown of satin-striped black moire; revers and vest of white satin embroidered with *paillettes*.
- 6.—Scarf-pin set with a pearl and diamonds.
- 7.—Diamond cluster ring.
- 8.—Commencement-gown of white *chiffon* over India silk.
- 9.—Bridesmaid's brooch set with chrysoptase and pearls.
- 10.—Tailor-gown of iron-gray Scotch suiting; waistcoat, silver-gray silk with black polka dots.
- 11.—Tailor-gown of covert cloth; the jacket has broad coat-tails in the back; waistcoat of brown and black checked silk.
- 12.—A dressy gown of heliotrope *jeunesse* silk—accordion-plaited—with overskirt of wide cream lace.
- 13.—Dinner and reception gown of changeable moire—*ciel* and rose color—combined with accordion-plaited blue *chiffon*. Girdle of black moire.
- 14.—Visiting-gown of black moire and *jeunesse* silk, with yoke of embroidered white *chiffon*.
- 15.—Gown of blue duck braided elaborately with a pearl-edged white braid.
- 16.—Evening corsage of fancy silk *crépon*, combined with velvet and lace.
- 17.—Evening gown of white gauze over yellow silk. The style is commended for a commencement-gown.
- 18.—Fancy silk gown—green and rose color combined with dark green moire.
- 19.—House-waist of fancy silk, with girdle and cuffs of black moire.
- 20.—Crescent brooch set with diamonds.
- 21.—Bar chain brooch with bell pendant.
- 22.—Gold brooch set with pearls and chrysoptase.
- 23.—Black velvet gown with shoulder trimming of Venetian point.
- 24.—Walking-gown of blue serge; plain round skirt finished with stitching.
- 25.—Commencement-gown of white silk gingham trimmed with narrow bands of moire ribbon. The gloves meet the sleeves at the elbow.
- 26.—Commencement-gown of India mull with insertions and ruffle of Valenciennes lace.
- 27.—Pearl-set brooch.
- 28.—Matron's dinner-gown of black satin combined with heliotrope velvet and trimmed with black lace.
- 29.—Commencement-gown of white *jeunesse* silk over plain India silk; corsage of *chiffon*.
- 30.—Heliotrope silk *chinéed* with green and gold; trimmed with ruchings of the silk and white lace.
- 31.—Betrothal brooch set with diamonds.
- 32.—Tailor-gown of dark green faced cloth.



Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 440.

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

Misses' Hats.

(See Page 441.)

No. 1.—Black straw sailor-hat; crown banded with white ribbon; two large rosettes of black *chiffon* in front, which support sprays of orchid blossoms.

No. 2.—Young girl's hat of unbleached Leghorn trimmed with a very large bow of wide black moire ribbon at the left of the front, and a wreath of pink roses around the crown.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 438.)

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

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

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

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

HUSTACHE BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Two pieces of the front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CORNELL BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 15 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back, of lining; vest, outer front, revers, outer back, skirt, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, cuff, and epaulet. Gather the vest top and bottom, forward of the holes, and place the back edge to the row of holes down the front. Lay the epaulet in three box-plats on the outside, according to the holes, and place it to the row of holes across the shoulder. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and a half additional for the vest and epaulets. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

PRESTON BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, bertha, and three pieces of the sleeve. Place the bertha to the row of holes around the top of the waist. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and place the lower edge to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one half yard additional to face the yoke and lower parts of the sleeves. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BLAISDELL BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Two pieces of the front, side gore, back, strap, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. Fasten the straps in the back with a buckle. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

RIGA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, vest, revers, and three pieces of the sleeve. Gather the vest at the top, forward of the hole; and at the bottom, and draw it in as closely as possible. Place the back edge of the vest and the front edge of the revers to the row of holes down the front. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

TROUVILLE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, side gore, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve, of coat; and two pieces of the front, back, strap, and collar, of the waistcoat. The row of holes in the front of the coat shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. The holes in the collar of the waistcoat show where it is to be turned over. Fasten the straps in the back with a buckle. A medium size will require three yards of goods forty-eight inches wide for the jacket; and one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide for the waistcoat, if made entirely of one material. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CAMERON SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, two side gores, half of back, and two small gores for front and sides. Fit the darts carefully in the top of the front side-gores, lay a couple of shallow plaits in the second side-gores, and lay the back in two box-plats on the outside, according to the holes. Cut the front, side gores, and the four small gores, lengthwise of the goods down the middle; and the back, bias down the middle. A medium size will require seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ELTON CAPE.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Yoke, cape, and collar. Gather the cape at the top. A medium size will require three and a quarter yards of goods twenty-two inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

MINTA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back, of lining; full outer front and back pieces, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. Gather the outer front and back pieces at the top, forward and back of the hole in each, respectively, and place them to the row of holes around the waist. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. The size for fourteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

URQUHART COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, side gore, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve, of coat; and two pieces of the front, back, strap, and collar, of waistcoat. The row of holes in the front of the coat shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. Fasten the straps in the back with a buckle. The size for fourteen years will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

IMBINK DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 14 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back, of waist lining; outer front and back pieces, collar, bertha, three pieces of the sleeve, and three pieces of the skirt. Gather the lower edge of the outer front and back pieces, forward and back of the hole in each, respectively. Gather the bertha and place it to the row of holes in the upper part of the waist. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and place the lower edge to the row of holes across the sleeve. Gather the back and side gores of the skirt, back of the hole in the gore. The size for fourteen years will require seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

TRURO DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, back, outer front and back pieces, collar, two pieces of bretelle, three pieces of the sleeve, and skirt. Gather the outer front and back pieces top and bottom, forward and back of the holes in each, respectively. Place the bretelles to the row of holes across the shoulder, and match the notches at the lower ends with those in the bottom of the waist. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and place the lower edge to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered. The size for eight years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 6 and 8 years.

HENRITA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, bretelle, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The bretelle is to be gathered between the holes, and the front edge is to be placed to the row of holes in the front and back pieces. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three quarters of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

SERPENTINE BLOUSE-WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, two collars, and sleeve. The back is to have a casing for a drawstring in a line with the row of holes. The portion below this is to be worn under the blouse. The inner collar is to be laid in a triple box-plat on the shoulder; the back edge is to be joined in the back seam. The small collar is to be cut double and without a seam at the upper edge, and is to be laid in a triple box-plat in the middle of the back. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. To adjust the waist, tie the drawstring in front, under the fronts, then cross the fronts and tie the ends at the back. Cut the fronts lengthwise on the front edges. A medium size will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

NEWPORT BLAZER.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, cape-collar, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The

holes in the front show where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The cape-collar is to be laid in a double box-plat in the middle of the back. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require two and a half yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BOX COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, and cuff. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back for the revers. The row of holes in the back shows where it may be fitted with a seam, if preferred. Cut whole down the back if a seam is not desired. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and a quarter yards of goods forty-four inches wide, or two and three-quarter yards of fifty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ZADEL JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, band for neck, collar, pocket, flowing sleeve, and two sides of coat sleeve. The sleeves are to be gathered between the holes at the top. A medium size will require two yards of goods forty-eight inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard extra for the flowing sleeves. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

AVILA MORNING-DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Lining for front, outer front, side form, lining for back, outer back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front designate the middle, and show how far it is to be lapped. The outer back is to be shirred at the top above the row of holes, and should be drawn smoothly from the side form and tacked to the lining at or near the back seam, to give the effect illustrated. This fulness may be laid in a double box-plat on the outside, if preferred. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require thirteen yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BRIGHTON DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front and back of blouse, chemisette, collar, two pieces of the sleeve, and one half of the skirt. The chemisette is to be laid on the front so that the holes will match. The front of the collar is to be placed to the row of holes in the chemisette. The bottom of the blouse is to be hemmed, and a tape or elastic run through the hem to draw the blouse in to the proper size. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in box-plats, according to the holes. The size for six years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches. Patterns in sizes for 6 and 8 years.

MIXIE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, back, sleeve, and collar of gimp; and front, side form, back, bretelle, sleeve, and one-quarter of the skirt, for the dress. The gimp is to be gathered at the neck, forward and back of the hole in the front and back, respectively, and to have a draw-string at the waist line. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower part sewed to a band of the proper size. The bretelle is to be placed on the waist so that the holes will match. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for four years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the dress, and one yard for the gimp. Patterns in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

VEST, COLLAR, AND TWO PIECES OF THE SLEEVE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, one leg of trousers. The vest is to be placed under the front so that the holes will match. The blouse is to be hemmed at the bottom, and a tape or elastic run in the hem to draw the blouse in to the required size. The size for eight years will require three yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard additional for the collar and vest. Patterns in sizes for 6 and 8 years.

HILARIO SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff, of blouse; front, back, and two sides of the sleeve, of jacket; and front and back of one leg of trousers. The blouse is to be hemmed at the bottom, and a tape or elastic run in the hem to draw the blouse in to the desired size; or it may be finished with a narrow binding of the proper size. The sleeve for the blouse is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The holes in the front of the jacket show where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The size for six years will require one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide to make the jacket and trousers, and two yards and a quarter for the blouse. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

RICARDO SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Front, back, and two pieces of the sleeve of jacket; front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff, of blouse; front, and back of underwaist; and one half of plaits all turned one way. The blouse is to be hemmed at the bottom, and a tape or elastic run through the hem to draw the blouse into the size of the underwaist, or it may have a narrow binding of the required size. The blouse sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The holes in the front of the jacket show where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The size for four years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the skirt and jacket, and two yards and a quarter for the blouse. Patterns in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

SEFTON BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, collar, chemisette, belt, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. Lay the front and back in plaits, as indicated by the holes turned toward the middle of the front and back, respectively. The chemisette is to be placed under the front so that the holes will match. The size for six years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and one-half additional for the collar, cuffs, and belt. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

ERTH APRON.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Apron and shoulder strap. The front is to be shirred by three rows of gathers at the neck and waist line, and drawn in to fit, narrow straps being placed on the inside to hold the shirring. The size for six years will require one yard and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and six yards of trimming for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

A Remarkable Portrait Album.

(See Page 394.)

It costs too much time, trouble, and money to gather the pictures for ordinary publishers to undertake such an enterprise as our PORTRAIT ALBUM. Even the expensive Encyclopædias of Biography do not attempt to give a uniform series of portraits, but present a medley of large and small pictures, some steel engravings, some woodcuts, and a few reproductions from photographs. Our pictures (see the pages between 394 and 395), are specially made for the Portrait Album, all of the same size, and all the same kind, exquisite half-tones from superb photographs, making a fair comparison of faces and features a simple matter.

For Summer Days.

FOR any of the pretty prints, gingham, and the host of lovely cotton fabrics that children may be dressed in, this is a very desirable model; it is also good for woolens and silks, and a combination of materials adds to its effectiveness. All-over embroidery or lace could be used with all but the heaviest fabrics, and these are always pretty and becoming. The design is exceedingly simple, but it could



For Summer Days.
TRURO DRESS.

be made still plainer by the omission of the bretelles and the puffs on the sleeves. The pattern—the "Truro" dress—is described on page 440.

A Young Girl's Fancy Waist.

A CHARMINGLY youthful blouse of pale blue *crêpe* and Irish guipure. The front and back are alike; the full skirt is cut on, not added, and a belt of the *crêpe* or ribbon girdles the waist and holds the fullness in to the fitted lining which is given with the pattern. According to the fabrics employed the garment may be dressy or plain, and the pattern is very suitable for gingham, lawns, or mulls. For description of pattern—the "Minta" blouse-waist—see page 440.



A Young Girl's Fancy Waist.
THE "MINTA."

An Up-to-Date Costume.

FOR convenience, comfort, and becomingness, this is one of the best designs of the season. The skirt—the "Tadelford"—is a five-gored model first illustrated and described in Demorest's for June, 1893. The coat—the "Urquhart"—has the favorite "umbrella" back, and the fronts are cut so they may be buttoned at the bust, if desired. The waistcoat is entirely separate from the coat, and a blouse-waist or basque may be substituted for it when desirable. The model is especially desirable for woolens, and will be most effective with the waistcoat of a contrasting material. The illustration represents dark blue serge with waistcoat of dark red corded silk shot with white. Hat of blue straw trimmed with blue velvet and red aigrettes. For description of the coat pattern see page 440.

A School-Gown.

THIS charmingly simple gown for a young girl is commended for all light-weight woolens and cotton fabrics. As illustrated it is of pink-and-black cotton



2. Leghorn Hat.
(See Page 438.)



An Up-to-Date Costume.
URQUHART COAT.
TADFELFORD SKIRT.

THERE is a great revival of neck bows. The prettiest and most becoming are of plaited *chiffon*, often held by a long Rhinestone buckle, and extending in a fluffy mass both sides of the chin.



1. Miss's Sailor Hat.
(See Page 438.)

crêpon. The skirt is slightly gored, and finished with a simple hem; the corsage is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining, and the bertha surrounds the shoulders. Afternoon gowns of challie and India silk would be very pretty made by this model, and could be rendered quite dressy with trimming of ribbon and lace. For description of pattern—the "Irvine"—see page 440.



A School-Gown.
IRVINE DRESS.

A Strange Anomaly.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE right of protection is among the most significant and important claims the people have on the government. Without the benefit of protection, to our lives, health, and property, without assurance of a guarding care by those in authority, society would be a chaotic confusion of conflicting passions and vicious anarchy.

Protection therefore becomes an essential element of our civilization, both for the maintenance of our personal liberty and the security of our material interests, domestic tranquility and judicial security of all the rights that pertain to our common humanity being the basis of home comfort and the safeguard of all our relations to society.

Law can have no controversy with a just and peaceful enjoyment of personal liberty. Protection is not only an indispensable adjunct of civilization, home, and happiness, but without protection society could not exist. If not protected by lawful authority, our cities would become howling bedlams.

The personal debasement, anarchical tendencies, political knavery, debauchery of conscience, and the public and private outrages in the community that are constantly arising from the use of alcoholic beverages, make the demand for protection from this insidious and dangerous poison of alcohol one of imperative necessity. An indication of what terrible destruction follows the use of alcoholic beverages can be seen in the occasional outbreaks that occur under the instigation of a free use of alcoholic beverages in any public assemblage. But its most disastrous results are found in our homes, in the wreck of individual character.

If this poison of alcohol is so detrimental to the best interests of society, what must be said, what can be said, of such diabolical, such willful, disregard of the health, lives, and property of the community, as will tolerate, yes, even encourage, this most alluringly effective means to awaken the vicious passions of men, instigating them to perpetrate the most outrageous crimes and beastly outrages upon helpless victims,—which, if possible, does worse than this in making demons of even women and children, inciting them to commit the most damaging crimes, without a conscious knowledge of the injury produced or the enormity of their acts?

But what of such arrant hypocrisy as the justification and encouragement of these atrocious crimes by those who attempt to screen themselves behind a pretense of "non-partisan" or "gospel" treatment of this infamous criminality, or those who become so deluded in their blindness that even in their religious ceremonies they claim to use these intoxicating, alluring beverages as incitements to holiness in life, love to God, and purity of character? This is nothing short of blasphemy!

And what about the attitude of those who know the nature of alcoholic poisons and the terrible results of their use, and yet do not use the most effective means to prohibit this dangerous curse of liquor selling, but stand with folded hands, using lazy platitudes of "temperance" and "moderation," trying to ward off the shafts of truth and stifle the voice of conviction by pretenses of friendly efforts to promote religion and sobriety? And, worse than this, through their degenerated conscience illustrated in their votes, they fortify and give the best possible legal encouragement for the use and perpetuity of this infamous liquor-business.

It is one of the marvels of modern depravity that the people in their sovereign capacity as voters should so degrade their manhood as to be oblivious to both moral and political obligations, and prostitute their sovereign power of protection to throw around this demon of selfish cruelty, the

liquor traffic, a garb of legal respectability, using the forms of law to subvert the very object of law,—should even provide for their feasts these inciting beverages with their criminal tendencies, and use this poison as a religious emblem of good will and personal virtue, even perverting and quoting Scripture to justify this fraud and injury.

The use of this alcoholic poison and this moral insensibility to its effects are awful reflections on our human frailty, and are among the most unaccountable enigmas of our times. It would seem that the most demoniacal influences had taken possession of the people's minds, that their consciences had become so blinded and benumbed with vicious tendencies and so degraded with vicious indulgences that they had become insensible to all the claims of religion, the demands of virtue, and even their own personal happiness, irrespective of the well being of society.

Voters may well ask the questions: How can we atone for the terrible results of our delinquency or our wicked remissness on this great question in the past? How much misery and wretchedness could have been averted by a proper use of our moral influence and political opportunities? How many wives and children have suffered and died, and what terrible crimes have been instigated by this demon of intoxicating drink, and who are the parties responsible for these legalized allurements to crime and misery?

There is but one answer: The voter whose ballot sanctions in the most effective way and throws around this awful curse all the safeguards of law and protection. The legalization of the liquor traffic is a perversion of the objects of law, or, rather, a moral depravity that challenges the world for its enormity; and who can wonder that we are having our financial interests so paralyzed with uncertainty, our commercial industries depressed with idleness, and that every branch of trade is in a state of despondency, when the resources of the people are so largely used and exhausted by the vicious indulgence of an alluring, deteriorating poison,—a poison that reduces their ambition, their moral strength and their physical strength, to the lowest limit of human endurance.

A revolution is inevitable. Protection is demanded by every instinct of our nature and every interest of society. What we want and must have is Government Protection from that monster enemy, alcoholic poisoning.

The Most Effective Missionary Enterprise.

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

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Friends of humanity,—especially friends of the prohibition of the great curse of the country, the liquor traffic,—do not fail to send a club of subscribers for this monthly monitor for Prohibition. Get this obligation for doing good fixed on your mind and conscience. Conclude in this way to reach every family in your neighborhood, and get up such a blaze of enthusiastic indignation against the terrible curse that we shall find the whole community aroused to action. We are quite sure no other method will be so cheap or effective as the monthly presentation of such logical and interesting arguments on this question as we propose to give in THE CONSTITUTION.

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