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CHRISTMAS EVE.



ISSUED by the frost-cold lips of winter's snow,
That folds the chill earth in its pure embrace,
Rises the stately spire, but, far below,
Its shadowed cross the fitful moonbeams trace.

But now the frozen flakes fall thick and fast :
The storm-clouds gather in the silent skies :
Moonlight and shadow have from vision passed,
But in my heart love's shadow ever lies.

Flake upon flake, the gently falling snow
Has covered every tower and roof below,
Till its white sheen makes darkness almost light
And palely radiant gleams the winter night.

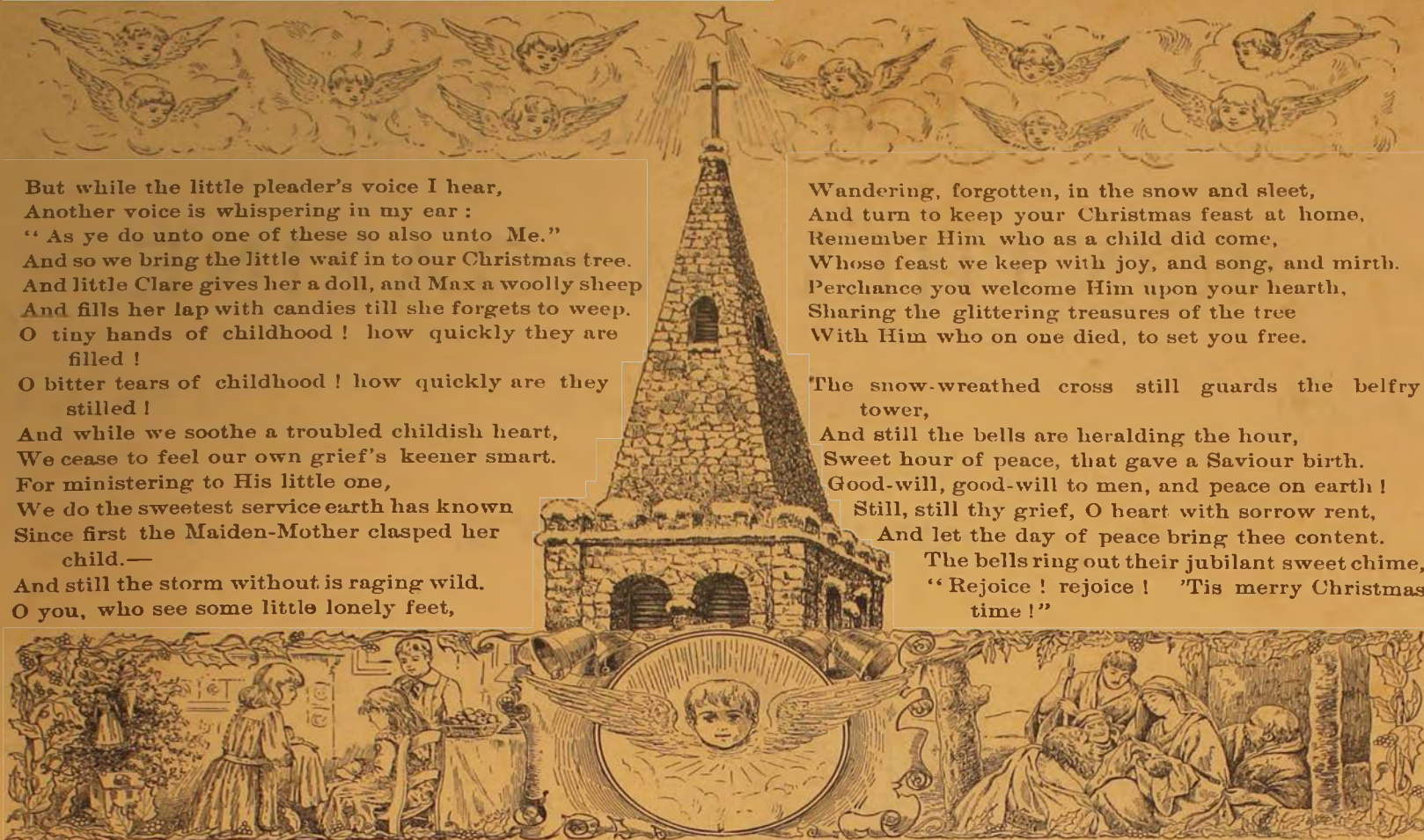
Hark ! hark ! a joy-peal of chiming bells
Forth from the cross-crowned tower in tumult swells,
Ringing glad tidings o'er the snow-clad earth.
'Tis Christmas Eve ! the time of joy and mirth.

O Holy Night ! O night of sacred peace !
Ring out sweet bells and bid all sorrow cease.

From every window gleams a festive light,
Sweet childish carols echo through the night,

And church and home are wreathed with flower and leaf ;
Only my saddened heart still throbs to grief ;
Yet through its pains a sweeter thought seeks birth
To welcome peace descending upon earth.
The children gather round their Christmas tree
And claim their gifts with careless, childish glee ;
Hark ! how their voices rouse our quiet home,
Singing, " From heaven above to earth I come."
To greet the Saviour-Child their carol rings ;
It is the children's feast that Christmas brings.
But looking from my window to the street
Without, in all the bitter cold and sleet,

A little child, a tiny girl, is there,
The snow-drops glittering in her golden hair,
As she stands wistful, in the streaming light,
And gazes, wondering, at the tree so bright.
But little Clare the stranger too has spied,
And runs in childish pity to my side.
" Oh, see ! the little girl, out in the snow.
Poor little thing ! She surely does not know
'Tis Christmas Eve. Oh ! let me bring her in ;
For see, she's crying, and her clothes are thin ;
She must be cold, but here 'tis nice and warm ;
Let's bring her in out of the cold and storm."



But while the little pleader's voice I hear,
Another voice is whispering in my ear :
" As ye do unto one of these so also unto Me."
And so we bring the little waif in to our Christmas tree.
And little Clare gives her a doll, and Max a woolly sheep
And fills her lap with candies till she forgets to weep.
O tiny hands of childhood ! how quickly they are
filled !

O bitter tears of childhood ! how quickly are they
stilled !

And while we soothe a troubled childish heart,
We cease to feel our own grief's keener smart.
For ministering to His little one,
We do the sweetest service earth has known
Since first the Maiden-Mother clasped her
child.—

And still the storm without is raging wild.
O you, who see some little lonely feet,

Wandering, forgotten, in the snow and sleet,
And turn to keep your Christmas feast at home,
Remember Him who as a child did come,
Whose feast we keep with joy, and song, and mirth.
Perchance you welcome Him upon your hearth,
Sharing the glittering treasures of the tree
With Him who on one died, to set you free.

The snow-wreathed cross still guards the belfry
tower,

And still the bells are heralding the hour,
Sweet hour of peace, that gave a Saviour birth.

Good-will, good-will to men, and peace on earth !

Still, still thy grief, O heart with sorrow rent,

And let the day of peace bring thee content.

The bells ring out their jubilant sweet chime,
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! 'Tis merry Christmas
time !"

HAVE YOU ANY SHIPS AT SEA?

My darling climbed upon my knee,
With fond, exulting laughter ;
" Papa," she cried, " you sweet papa !
'Tis you that I am after !
I want such lots of pretty things ;
Such toys, and books, and dresses ;
I want a bird with silver wings,
And dolls with golden tresses.

" And then, papa, you sweet papa !
I want a velvet bonnet ;
I want a dress of snow-white silk,
With tiny rosebuds on it ;
I want a house as high as me,
With chairs, and sofas, plenty ;
And then I want—Oh, let me see !
Of books, I want full twenty.

" I want— " but here I closed the mouth
With kisses and embraces,
And took between my open palms
The happiest of faces.
I said, while gazing in her eyes,
Where love in light lay basking,
" My darling, when my ship comes home,
You shall have all you're asking."

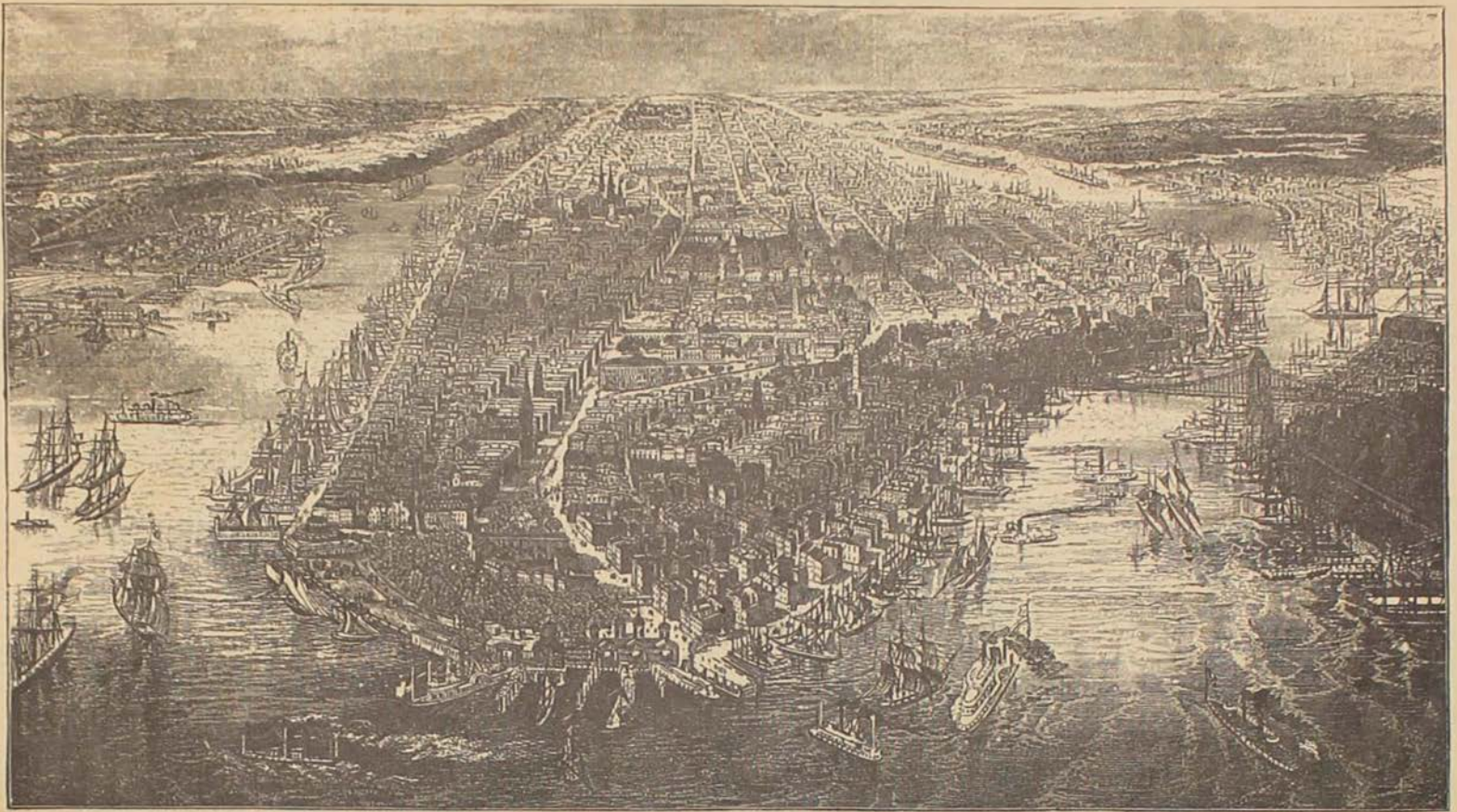
And when some days had passed us by
My darling grew contented,
Though of each visitor she asked,
To whom she was presented,
" Have you got any ships at sea,
Upon the boundless ocean ?"
And then she seemed to be annoyed
When laughed at for the notion.

One day I saw the little thing
Gaze far out to the river,
So far, so eager, from the sill,
She made my heart to quiver.
I caught her quickly to my arms,
And, just as quickly, chided.
" I'm looking for the ships at sea,
I don't know where they've hid."

And so it is through all our lives,
From childhood to our dying ;
We're always chasing ships at sea,
And ships are always flying.
We peril life, and faith, and all,
For cargoes always hiding,
And gaze far out for ships at sea,
Because we are confiding. J. W. WATSON

NEW YORK CITY.

THE HARBOR.

Hoboken
and
Jersey City.

North River.

NEW YORK CITY.

East River.

Brooklyn.

MY GOOD FRIENDS :—When I promised to write you some sketches of my trip to New York, and of the interesting sights in and about this great city, I did not imagine the pleasure I should find in it, nor did I realize the almost exhaustless resources of information that the subject affords. I think I shall never cease to regret that I have lived two-thirds of my allotted term of existence without visiting New York and studying the wonderful characteristics of this great conglomerate.

Among the strange, inexplicable things in life is the gregarious instinct which seems especially strong in what we might call the lower ranks of humanity, the inclination to herd in ignorance and misery, rather than scatter over the almost boundless expanse of this great country and enjoy at least the blessings of pure air and sunshine. There is always a comfortable living and good health for the man or woman who can till the soil, even in the most moderately intelligent way.

My journey was a succession of interesting incidents, many of which are worth relating ; but these I will reserve for some of the many hours of leisure which I hope we may yet spend together.

We had rainy weather the last day or two of our trip. It was one of those uncompromising, drizzly rains that suggest the confirmed whine of what I have heard you call the "professional invalid." The storm increased as we neared our journey's end, and when, at the call "All out for New York!" we left the train and passed into the great station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the beating of the tempest upon the roof was like showers of fine shot.

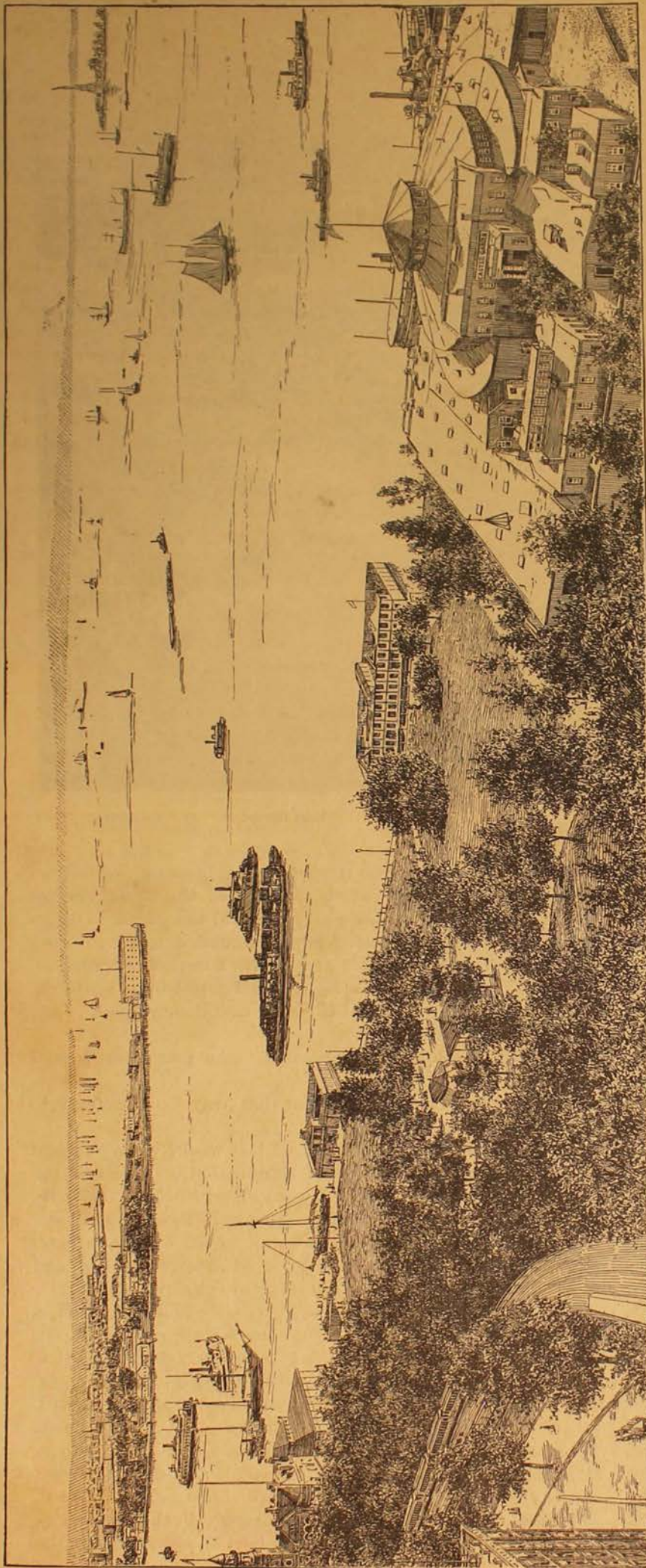
Above the noise of the storm I could hear the whistle of the boats on the river and the lapping of the water against the piers, and, chilled and weary, I asked the guard to direct me to the Bellmore Hotel, where I intended to stay during my visit. The man looked at me with a curious expression, and then, as though a new light had dawned upon his mind, he replied : "Oh, yes. Out through that door yonder. That hotel's in New York."

"In New York!" I exclaimed, "and pray where am I now?"

"You're in Jersey City. Out that way for the ferry to New York."

This recalled one of our chats of last week, when you said that by taking the route *via* Suspension Bridge and the New York Central Railroad, I would land in New York City instead of a neighboring State. You were right ; but I have really nothing to regret, as I have found an excellent hotel much further downtown, and have had many amusing and interesting experiences I might otherwise have missed.

The tourist who reaches Jersey City either late in the afternoon or between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, encounters a mass of anxious, struggling, hurrying humanity, each individual unit of which seems to be intent upon getting foremost in the crowd, many of them altogether regardless of the comfort, or even the safety, of their fellows. They are busy workers from the suburbs on their way to or returning from the great metropolis, a swaying, surging, restless tidal-wave of life. The ferry-houses are crowded, and double lines of the more anxious stand in the gangways. The tide is strong, the incoming boat is swept down the



Statue of Liberty.

Castle Garden.

NEW YORK HARBOR.

Free Swimming-Bath.

The Narrows.

Governor's Island.
Free Swimming-Bath.South Brooklyn.
Barge Office.

stream, rallies and comes up, striking the sides of the slip with such force that men and horses are thrown to their knees, the boat rocks and rolls, and the sides of the slip which are made of piles bolted and chained together, groan and creak dismally.

Scarcely has the boat touched the pier, when the more agile and adventurous men and boys leap to the gangway and rush through the ferry-house into the throng on the streets. The boats are often so crowded that men and boys clamber upon market-wagons and carts, to leave more standing room on the floor. Whence they all come and whither they all go, is a question asked alike about the throngs on Broadway and at the main ferries that feed the great city.

While crossing the Hudson River, or the North River, as metropolitans term it, I noted the piers of many of the leading steamship lines, and saw a number of large steamers in the distance, coming up the bay, and others, grim, smoky, and storm-beaten, sweeping majestically up to their piers, where crowds with eager faces awaited them.

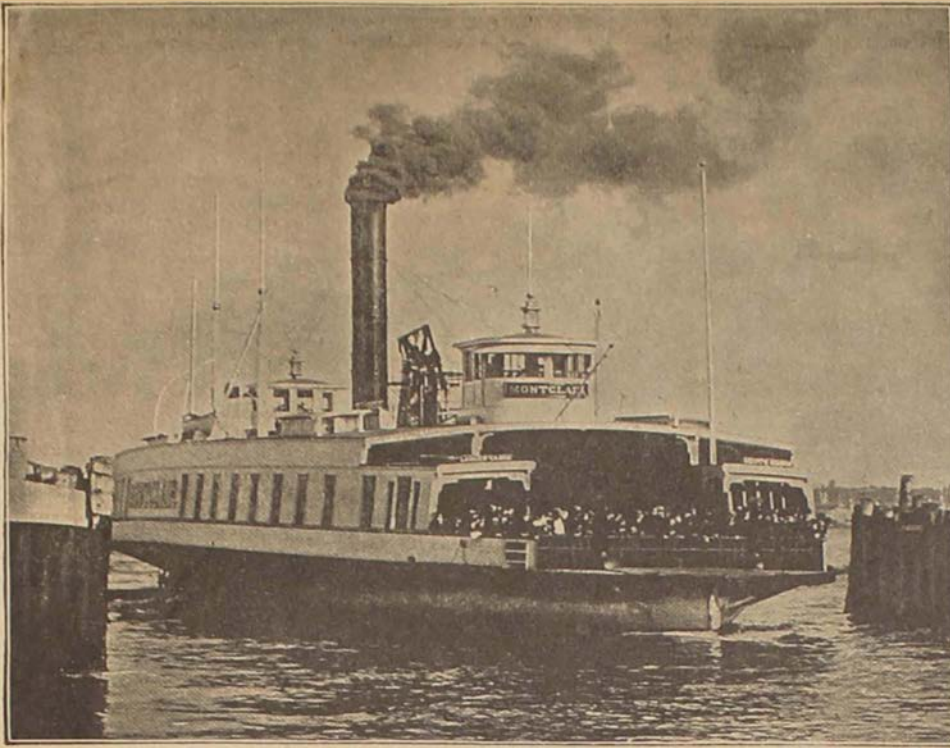
When I landed there was mud everywhere, and of that thick, pasty, adhesive sort that reminded me of the spot on Fatima's key, as rubbing or brushing seemed only to render the spots more conspicuous. I found that to make any progress along the streets and keep one's feet, is an accomplishment that comes only from long practice.

The weather cleared during the night, and in the morning no trace of the storm remained; even the mud had disappeared, and everything looked bright and enticing. So being thoroughly refreshed, and feeling quite my usual self again, I started out early on a preliminary tour of investigation, to get my bearings, as it were.

Do you remember reading in some of the New York papers, of the ease with which the confidence man singles out strangers in the crowd? I was somewhat amused when, after buying a set of views of New York City from a vender, and a morning paper from a small boy, I heard the *gamin* make some remarks in an undertone to a comrade, in which I caught the words, "just got here," and "way out West." I could only wonder on what he based his opinion, and speculate about the school in which the New York youngster acquires such precocity.

I preferred to begin my study of the city with the harbor and its surroundings. An attaché of the hotel had given me some hints, and I strolled down Broadway, and, in accordance with his instruction, entered one of the large, high buildings just above Battery Park, and took the elevator to the roof. From this point I had an unobstructed view of the bay, at once comprehensive and beautiful.

To the south and west of the city is the North River, with Pier A in the foreground. Stretching out until the shores of the further sides are almost obscured by the distance, is the harbor, large enough to hold the commerce of the world. The statue of Liberty is seen on the right in the middle distance, Staten Island and Fort Wadsworth are beyond, with the Narrows,



A FERRY-BOAT ENTERING HER SLIP.

between Staten Island and Long Island, dimly visible through the haze. To the left, and slightly nearer, is Fort Hamilton; and still nearer, bristling with masts and spars, and black with the smoke of countless chimneys, is the Brooklyn shore, presenting an almost solid front of piers, customs stores, and warehouses.

Almost directly in a line with the channel at the mouth of the East River, and situated about three-fourths of a mile from the mainland, is Governor's Island, an emerald in a dark setting, with a living rim of diamond spray made by the ever-dashing, beating waters of the ebbing and flowing tide. Governor's Island has been one of the most important military posts in the State, and is still so occupied. There is, however, at present much discussion as to the propriety of turning this island into a public park. It has most admirable possibilities in this direction, but it is quite doubtful if the plan will be carried into execution in our day.

On the mainland, in the foreground is Battery Park, the eastern portion of which has been invaded by the elevated railway, to the detriment of its beauty. The elevated railway lines from both sides of the city converge to a point directly at the doors of the Brooklyn and Staten Island ferries, and also connect with the excursion steamboat lines to Rockaway, Coney Island, and other points of popular resort in and about the lower portion of the bay and coast. The ferry which connects Staten Island with New York, furnishes, for twenty cents, a most delightful round-trip sail to many a poor mother and her baby, who find new life in the charming hour's trip and the stiff sea-breeze.

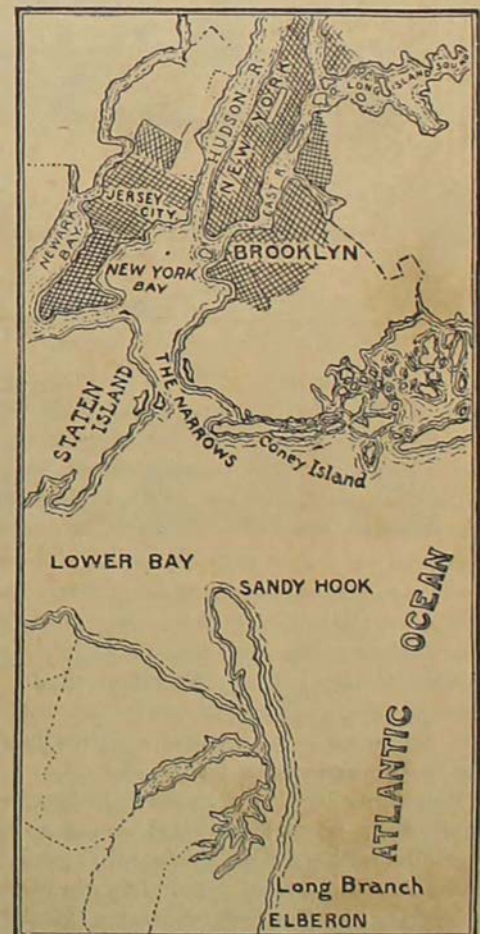
Of course you are sufficiently well acquainted with the topography of New York City to be aware that it is situated on a long, narrow island between the Hudson and East Rivers, the lower end of the island terminating in a point washed by the restless currents of the bay, which, with its clear blue waters, the islands that dot its wide expanse, the shipping that represents almost every known country, and the fleet of white-winged yachts anchored to the left beyond Governor's Island, makes a most charming scene, that is not excelled in the world. From the sketch you may gain a tolerably correct idea of the bay. In general contour the upper bay is somewhat in pear shape, the stem being repre-

sented by the Narrows, which you may discern nearly in a line with the left side of the old fort on Governor's Island. It is widest about midway of its length, and its waters are wonderfully clear and blue, considering that it and the North and East Rivers receive the drainage of a coast about sixty miles in length.

Descending to the street, I proceeded down Broadway to Battery Park. As I entered the grounds my attention was attracted by a group of emigrants in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. Several well-dressed men were actually fighting for the possession of a number of newly arrived Scandinavians, whose terror and consternation were plainly visible in their faces. They were being dragged by force across the park, each faction evidently bent upon victory regardless of the personal comfort or the property of their victims.

Can you imagine the agents of reputable railroad lines, themselves men of means, and probably of a certain amount of respectability among their fellows, taking part in a hand-to-hand scrimmage over a parcel of human beings whom they desire as passengers for their respective railroads? For this was the cause of the difficulty. It was suddenly checked, however, by the arrival on the scene of the Superintendent of Castle Garden with a number of police officers, who dispersed the crowd, and led the terrified emigrants back to the building which they had just left to take a little exercise in the open air. They were under convoy, but the man who had them in charge was powerless in the assault.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said the superintendent to a bystander. "A railroad transportation agent, a man worth two or three hundred thousand dollars, came into the building the other day, and right on the floor took a hand in a regular free fight for the possession of some of these people, to send over his line. They would drag them out under our very eyes. Oh, I tell you! eternal belligerence is the price of equity in cases like this, and we generally make short work of them. All sorts of evil-disposed people prey upon the emigrants, and only by the most untiring watchfulness can we keep them out of their clutches, and

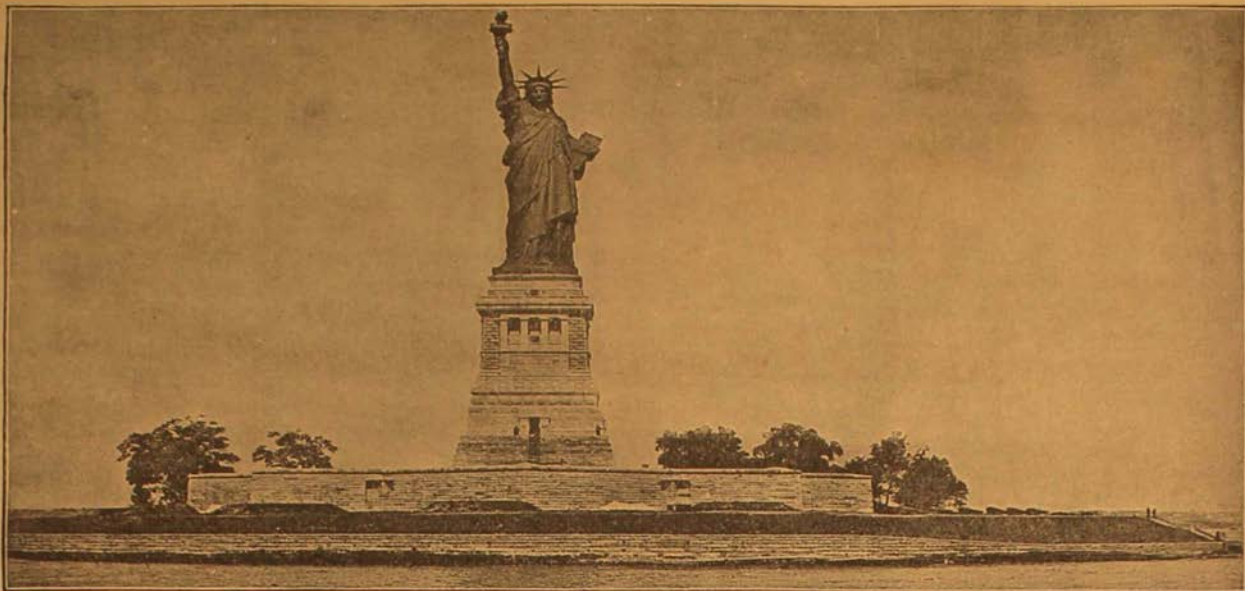


FROM NEW YORK CITY TO THE ATLANTIC.

ship off in safety to their destinations those who are bound for distant points."

I strolled across the Battery to South Ferry, and stood for a moment watching the crowded boats as they came into the slips. Staten Island is very thickly settled, and many of its well-to-do people do business in New York City, coming over about nine o'clock in the morning.

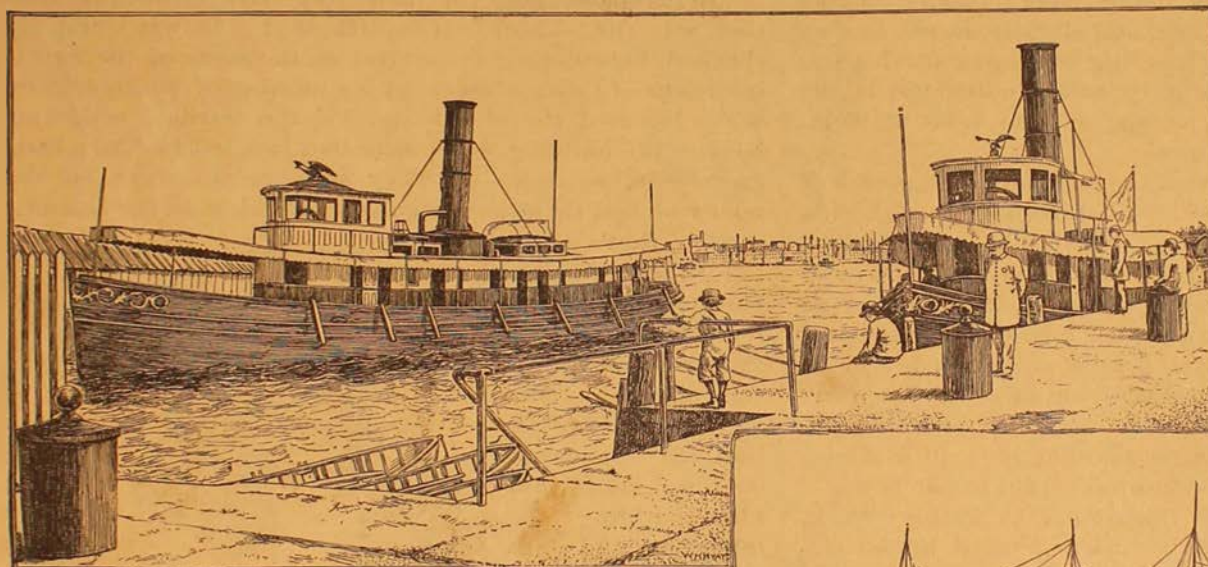
To the right of the ferry-house is a wide slip, on one side of which was a small, trim-looking steam-boat, and over the gangplank a number of elegantly dressed persons were passing. The boat had no visible name, and I supposed it to be private property, until the man in charge shouted, "All aboard for Governor's Island!"



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

and inspectresses who attend upon incoming steamers and look out for smuggled goods. The trim-built cutters lay gently rocking on the swell made by passing boats, steam up, and awaiting orders. They are well-kept and sleek-

looking, suggesting thoroughbred racers held in by bit and bridle, and waiting only the word of their masters; for their business is to pursue and catch transgressors of the law, and only a high rate of speed and first-class sea-going qualities can do this. There is no waste timber in these cutters, as any expert can decide at a glance.



REVENUE CUTTERS.

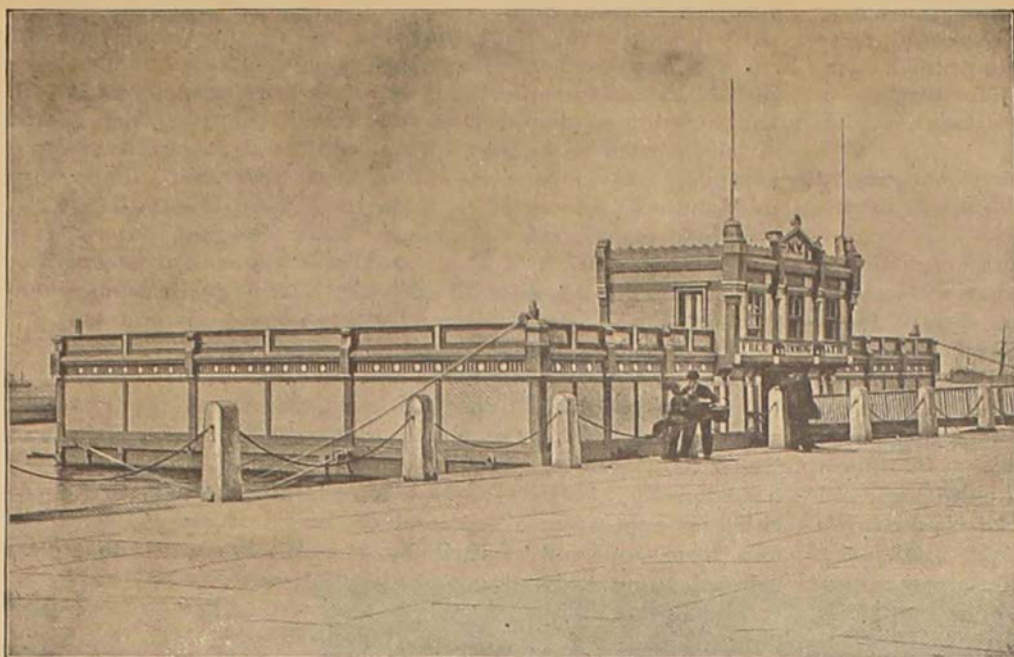
Not wishing to lose an opportunity for sight-seeing, I stepped on board, and we were soon dancing over the swell made by passing steamers and the heavy railway-transports that convey numbers of loaded freight-cars across the bay. Governor's Island is occupied only as a military post. Its principal attractions are the old, crumbling fort, the earthworks, and a small military museum containing some valuable Indian relics and curiosities, and the horse which carried General Phil. Sheridan on his famous Winchester ride. The skin has been admirably prepared, and the pose is as natural as though he stood sniffing the smoke of the battle afar off.

Returning by the next boat, I observed, as I stepped on shore, a couple of small steamers tied up on the opposite side of the same slip; and gratifying my curiosity, I learned that they were revenue-cutters belonging to the United States Marine Detective Service. They are long, slender, fast-sailing craft, and it is their business to convey to their respective duties the inspectors



A MASS OF SHIPPING, SOUTH STREET.

While almost every intelligent person is somewhat familiar with the ordinary customs laws and the duties of customs officers, probably there are but few who realize what are the



FREE SWIMMING-BATH.

duties of the harbor officers, and what it means to be connected with the United States Revenue Marine Service. Much interesting information was given me by Captain Smith, of the "Chandler," who has had a long and varied experience in the service, and possesses a fund of anecdote and reminiscence that makes him a most interesting companion.

The arrangement and equipment of this department is as nearly perfect as unlimited means and the best ideas of practical men can make it. With telephonic and telegraphic communications between all points within a radius of thirty miles, there is abundant opportunity to learn all that is going on in marine circles. The operator at Fire Island telegraphs the sighting of vessels from foreign ports, and then the task of the marine officer begins.

In the year 1790, almost the only thing possessed by the United States in the shape of a navy was the Revenue Marine Service. There were at that time ten vessels in the service, and these were scattered along the coast from Boston to Savannah. The number was soon afterward increased to fourteen, with seventy men to each vessel, some of the vessels carrying several guns. The officers of this department were among the most intelligent and valuable assistants to the Government in the war of the Rebellion, and their experience in the customs service made them keen and alert, and ever on the lookout for dangers and enemies.

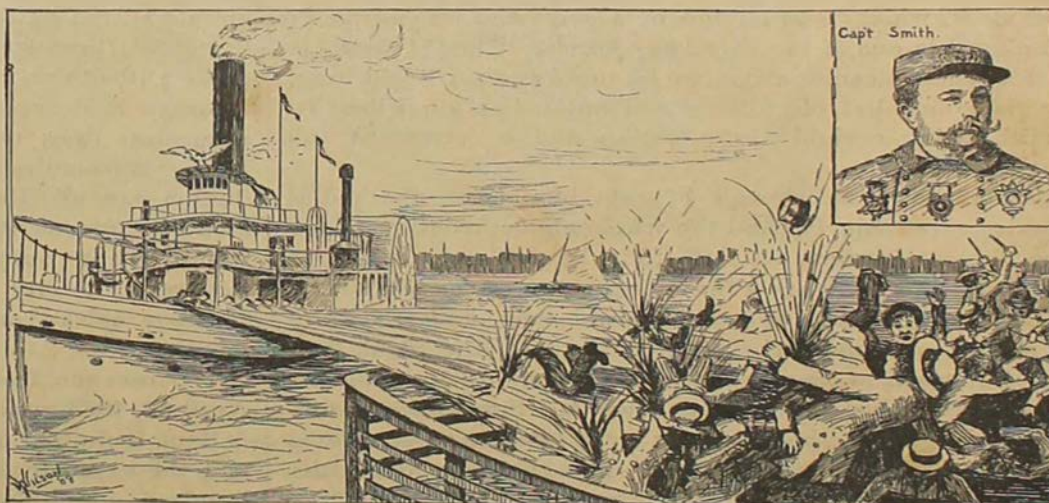
Of the forty vessels at present in this branch of the service, three are specially detailed for duty in New York Harbor. The "Grant" attends to all vessels and seamen in distress, and does what her amiable commander, Captain Davis, would call "general, practical missionary-work" among unfortunate mariners, and also helps the crews at the stations of the Life-Saving Service, in any emergency. The senior officers on the cutters have been many years in the service, Captain Smith being a regularly commissioned officer of the United States Navy. Such appointments are absolutely non-political, and are life positions. Changes of

administration do not affect them, nor are they held to account for their political opinions.

The offices of the Associated Press, the Barge Office, which is the headquarters of the Surveyor of the Port of New York and the Marine Service, and several minor buildings fill the space on the southeastern curve of the water front; while from this point to Castle Garden there is a long stretch of open space, with the solid masonry of the Battery wall surmounted by granite posts connected by strong chains which guard a very wide, paved promenade. Battery Park is a landscape garden with walks, trees, fountains, and flowers, among which are benches and seats by hundreds, which are occupied by women and children, and men who are out of work or who come from adjacent offices for a breath of the delicious sea-breeze that blows across the harbor. Several free swimming-baths are anchored off the Battery wall, and during the heated term there is a continuous line of warm and

wearry men, women, and children going in for a plunge or a splash in the salt water, and coming out refreshed and able to carry yet a little longer their burden of life in the crowded tenements that they call their homes. How they live in these dens, for they cannot be dignified by the sacred name of home, I will tell you in a subsequent letter. It is enough to say here that the half of their wretched condition has never been told.

To get a clearer idea of the bay and its approaches, I took the steamboat for Long Branch, which is, as you know, one of the popular summer resorts on the Atlantic coast. Passing through the Narrows, we came out into the lower



TURNING THE HOSE ON RIOTOUS EXCURSIONISTS.

bay, which is much larger than the harbor proper, and has the greater portion of one side open to the ocean. As we sailed oceanward, we passed Quarantine at our right, and on the left we had a fine view of Coney Island, which is without doubt the most popular seaside resort in the vicinity of New York City. The numerous booths, museums, shows, and catchpenny devices were plainly visible through a good field-glass, and I think I was quite as well pleased with a distant view as I could be by a visit.

Sandy Hook is a long point of land extending out from the New Jersey shore, about eighteen miles from New York, and forms a part of the inclosure of the lower bay. European and other steamers having persons of distinction on

board are often escorted by tugs or steamers as far out as Sandy Hook, and when such parties are expected from abroad, boats often go out to meet them at this point. Long Branch is further out, on the same shore. The outermost point for signaling incoming vessels is Fire Island, which is situated off the Long Island coast.

I did not land at Long Branch, and got back to the city in time for another stroll on the Battery, near which the steam-boat left me.

A few yards from the southwestern boundary of Battery Park, is a new pier, projecting far out into the water, and surmounted at the outermost end by a high, square look-out-tower, which commands a most charming view of the bay and its environments. This is known as Pier A, and is occupied jointly by the Harbor Police and the Department of Docks. On the upper side of Pier A, and between it and Pier 1, lies the police boat "Patrol," the mission of which is to keep order on the various craft that ply the bay and rivers, and to arrest all thieves and marauders found prowling about the water-front. The "Patrol" is used as a station-house, and has telegraphic and telephonic communications with the Central and all other police stations, and all of the usual appointments and equipments of a station-house, except prison cells. Prisoners are not retained on board the boat for any length of time, but are taken ashore to be locked up. The "Patrol" is the station-house of the 24th Precinct of the city, the jurisdiction extending over the rivers and bay, from nine miles southeast of Sandy Hook up to Mount St. Vincent on the North River, and to the mouth of the Bronx River on the Sound.

The police force on the "Patrol" consists of thirty-five officers and men. The hours, rules, and regulations are identical with those that govern the city police, save that they patrol in boats and always go out in couples, unless extra-hazardous duty is expected, when more men are detailed. The boats keep up their patrol until the ice in the rivers makes it impossible. The officers and men live on board the boat, each contributing a certain proportion to the mess, which is in charge of a *chef* who was formerly employed in one of the Broadway hotels. The "Patrol" is a side-wheel steamer about one hundred and sixty feet long, and is a model of cleanliness and order, Captain Elbert O. Smith being a rigid disciplinarian and a competent and trusted officer.

Since the establishment of this branch of the police service, river thieving and the wholesale depredations along the shores, formerly so numerous, have almost ceased to exist. Some years ago a favorite practice of the river-thief was to prowl about and locate a cargo, then, under cover of darkness, row under the pier, cut through the plank floor and into casks of sugar or molasses, receiving the contents in vessels placed in the boat beneath. Sometimes a sufficiently large space has been cut away to enable the thieves to remove entire crates and cases, and enormous quantities of goods have been lost in this way.

The regular service, while somewhat irksome, has its exciting and amusing incidents. Among the duties of the "Patrol" and its officers is that of preserving order on excursion and all other boats in the district, and also on the various piers.

Captain Smith related a most laughable experience he had with a crowd of roughs on an excursion barge in the river. Word was sent that there was trouble on the boat, and the "Patrol" hastened to the spot. The rioters gave no heed to the commands of the officers to disperse, and as the disturbance increased, the captain recalled the men and gave orders to turn the hose upon the howling mob. Eight lines of four-inch hose, discharging three thousand gallons of water per minute, were brought to bear upon the struggling,

fighting mass of humanity. "I have seen amusing sights," said the captain, "but that was one of the funniest in all of my experience. Drooping and dripping, each rioter picked himself up only to go down again and again before the torrents of water that we poured in upon them, for a single stream will drop a rioter as quickly as a blow from a catapult. I would rather have my firemen to disperse a mob than a platoon of policemen. There is but little fight left in a crowd after they have been knocked down a few times by the force of the water and thoroughly drenched. Landsmen would do well to adopt our plan in such emergencies."

The "Patrol" has frequently done valuable service in putting out fires upon docks and vessels, the fire equipment being exceptionally complete and effective. The cabins, saloon, and berths are neatly and tastefully fitted up, and there are excellent facilities for entertaining, this being occasionally necessary. Not long since the Governors of thirteen States were received on board of the "Patrol" at one time, and entertained by the officers and the Police Commissioners.

The Department of Docks has control of the entire water-front of the city. Through the courtesy of Mr. Matthews, one of the Dock Commissioners, I learned many interesting facts about the management of property along the water-front. As this is so different from anything that we have in our inland home, I fancy some facts about it will interest you as much as they did me.

The officers of the Department of Docks are three Commissioners, of whom one is President, and another Treasurer. The offices are located in the upper portion of Pier A, which is what is called a double-decker, and is eighty feet wide and five hundred feet long, and cost one hundred and eighty thousand dollars to build and equip. This seems a large sum; but Pier 1, next above it, which is comparatively but little larger, cost over one million of dollars.

The water-front of New York City, including the North River, and the East River and its islands, many of which are used for Charities and Correction, is about sixty miles in extent, three-eighths of which belongs to the city, and five-eighths to private individuals. Almost the entire river frontage is occupied by piers, the majority of the great steamship lines owning their own property, and others leasing it from the Department of Docks, under whose jurisdiction are all the docks, piers, bulkheads, and river-front improvements. Private individuals make their own improvements, subject to the approval of the Dock Commissioners. The city sometimes becomes possessed of water frontage by the condemning of property for streets or other purposes.

The revenue from this department for the year ending April 30, 1888, was about one and three-quarter millions of dollars, including rents from ferries and similar sources; and the expenditures for the same time were about seven hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Pier A brings in thirty thousand dollars per annum in rents, which is a very good interest on the original investment. Most of the ferries are leased from the city, and yield an enormous revenue. The expenditure of the Department of Docks is limited to three millions of dollars per annum.

Vessels of all sorts pay wharfage according to their size, weight, and business. Passenger-boats pay much higher rates than freight-boats or lighters. The lowest rate for wharfage is twenty-five cents for a day or any portion of a day, for the smallest boat, and some of the largest ocean steamers pay over one hundred dollars per day. It costs such steamships as the "Etruria," the "City of Rome" and the "City of New York" nearly one thousand dollars for wharfage alone while discharging cargo and reloading.

Owners of property on the water-front are required to build proper sea-walls, and to make provisions for the safety of their own and adjacent property. Failing to do this, the Department may build and improve, and hold the property liable for the cost of such improvements. Almost all of the property at the foot of the streets belongs to the city, as do all of the water boundaries of public lands, such as the Battery and other parks.

Below Pier A is a basin surrounded by a sea-wall in which are stone steps leading down into the water. A few yards to the south and east of this basin are the boundaries of Battery Park. This is historic ground. From this point the British embarked when they evacuated the city, and just above the park, toward Broadway, stood the house in which General Washington had his headquarters.

When the war of 1812 was over, and quiet had taken the place of anxiety, Battery Park became a popular resort for the public. Portions of the ground were leased for various tournaments, parades, and celebrations. The veteran showman P. T. Barnum made

this his circus headquarters. Castle Garden was used as an opera-house and ball-room, and many were the musical and social triumphs achieved under its quaintly-shaped roof. It was here, you know, that Jenny Lind sung.

Castle Garden was originally a fort, and portions of the old walls still remain. They are, however, so covered and surrounded by boardings and buildings, that the casual observer would not suspect the original purpose of the structure.

It was not until the year 1856 that

Castle Garden was used as a landing-place for emigrants. Previous to this date they disembarked at the piers of the various lines, and were, through their ignorance and confiding dispositions, an easy prey for vicious and avaricious persons of all sorts. The attention of philanthropists was attracted to these abuses, and after a time a Commission was appointed to investigate the condition of the emigrants, and, if possible, devise some system for their protection. Thurlow Weed was one of the original members of the Commission, and many of the leading citizens of New York took an active part in the work. The first office of the Commission was located in the City Hall, and later it was in Worth street. For a time emigrants were landed at the piers with other passengers, and sent first to the office in Worth street, and thence to Ward's Island, for safe keeping until homes and work could be found for them.

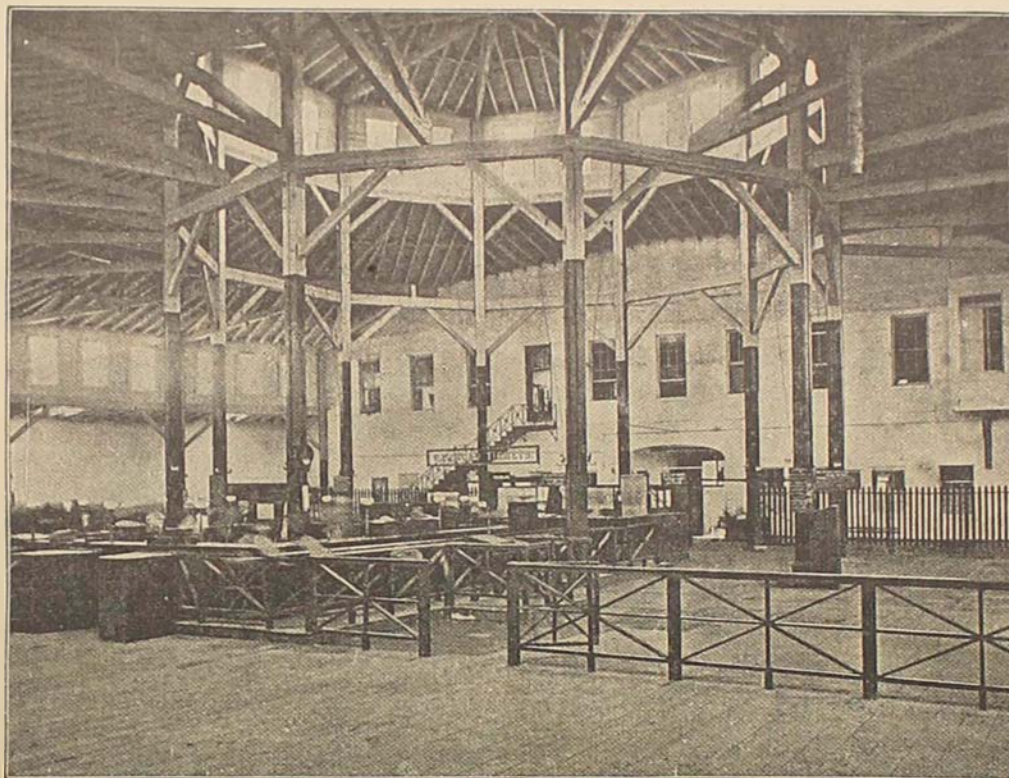
When the proposition was made to land all of the emigrants at Castle Garden, there was an outburst of indignation from various quarters. Frequenters of the park objected to its use for such a purpose, as the lower part of the city was still at that time the fashionable quarter. Bag-

gage-express lines and all common carriers protested, as such a course would interfere with their business. Those whose intentions were dishonorable were not slow to discover that the proposed course would take the emigrants more completely out of their power, and they united with the other objectors in raising an outcry, and bringing charges of all sorts of jobbery, fraud, and oppression.

In spite of opposition, the projected plan was carried out; and since that time, emigrants arriving by whatever line are taken from the ships on transports, and carried to Castle Garden, where they are detained, registered, and provided with temporary lodging-places until they are sent to their destinations, or resident friends come and claim them.

Much has been said of Castle Garden, its uses and its abuses, and the cruelties and extortions practiced upon ignorant and confiding emigrants. In order to satisfy myself on this point, I made frequent visits there, and carefully noted the management and regulations.

The interior of Castle Garden accommodates three thousand emigrants, and gives space sufficient for the offices and rooms necessary for the transaction of business. All incoming passenger-vessels are boarded by a Commissioner, who investigates the condition of the steerage passengers, makes notes of births and deaths that have occurred during the passage, and of all sick or diseased persons, and receives complaints of any ill-treatment from officers on board the vessel. The baggage is examined by the customs officers, and the emigrants are brought by barge or steamboat



INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF CASTLE GARDEN.

to the landing at Castle Garden, where they find all facilities for cleanliness and for supplying their immediate wants.

There are temporary hospitals for men, also for women and children. A restaurant supplies food at reasonable rates, which are fixed by law. The quality of the food is subject to rigid inspection, and all inferior or badly cooked dishes are promptly rejected. A cup of coffee and a roll cost five cents; milk, five cents per pint; and sandwiches, made with thick bread, good butter, and a generous supply of sliced ham, are seven cents each. There are waiting-rooms for friends, who can send in for new arrivals, whose names are called aloud; and many are the affecting scenes witnessed by the officials, who, although accustomed to such sights, must sometimes turn their heads and clear their throats before they can proceed with their duties.

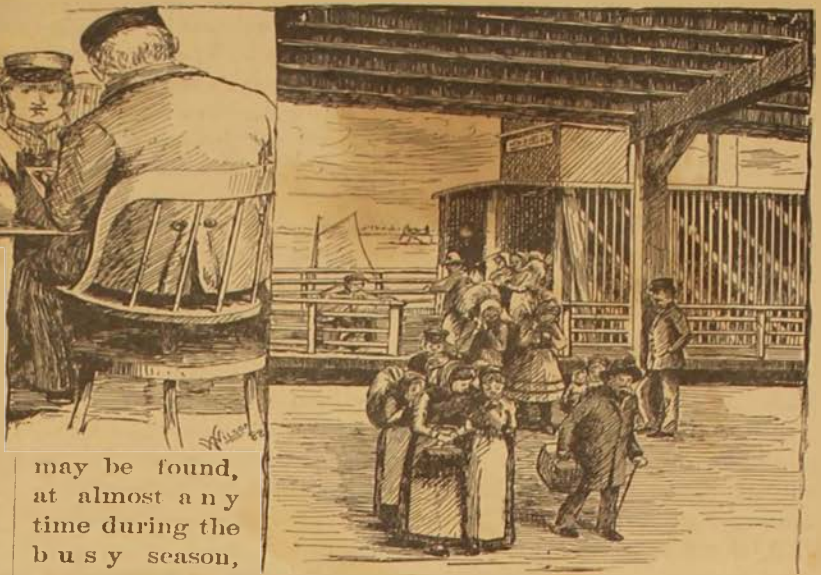
There are Labor, Information, and Boarding-house Bureaus, all governed by the strictest rules. The keepers of boarding-houses for emigrants are required to procure a license, for which they must pay twenty-five dollars, and they are held to the closest account for every boarder given into their charge.



REGISTERING THE EMIGRANTS.

All emigrants are registered, and as far as possible kept track of, so that inquiries made many months, and sometimes years, after their arrival can be promptly answered. Nearly five hundred thousand emigrants of all ages and nationalities arrived at Castle Garden last year. Of this number upward of twenty-nine thousand were met by their friends; four hundred and forty-seven unprotected children were received and forwarded to their friends; six hundred and fifty-six husbands received their wives and children; and six hundred and three parents received their children. The untiring care and gentleness manifested in dealing with some of the most careless, obstinate and stupid of these people, are among the most remarkable features of this institution. Unprejudiced observation could not but convince the most skeptical that, as far as the treatment of the emigrants while in Castle Garden is concerned, there is only commendation deserved.

There are, however, some outside matters that might be



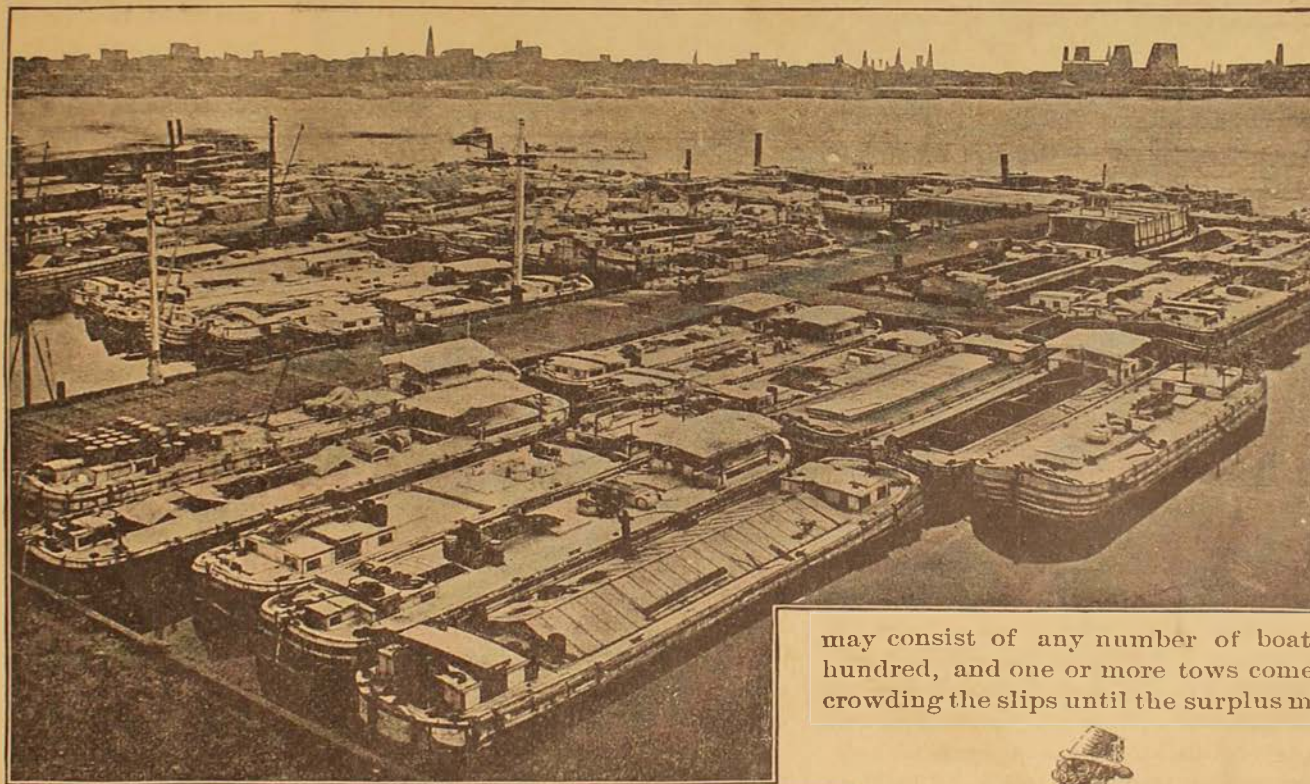
EMIGRANTS LANDING FROM A BARGE.

may be found, at almost any time during the busy season, from one hundred to three or

four hundred canal-boats, packed in so closely as almost to touch each other, and in some cases so close are they that they continually grind their oaken ribs upon those of their neighbors as they rise and sink with the tide.

Comparatively little is known by the public of these great feeders of the internal commerce of the State, for they are so slow, so snail-like, and so out-of-date by the side of

trains that make in twelve or fourteen hours a distance that the canal-boat can cover only by steady traveling, and under favorable circumstances, in seven to ten days. The canal-boats bring grain and produce from Buffalo and intermediate points, and take back cargoes of coal and general merchandise. From Albany the boats are brought down by tugs in what is called "tows," which



A MASS OF CANAL-BOATS.

may consist of any number of boats from twenty to one hundred, and one or more tows come down every day, often crowding the slips until the surplus must be towed elsewhere.

improved upon. It would seem that the Government has a sufficient number of unemployed vessels, and those that are in perfect working order, to enable it to dispense with outside steamboat transportation. There are too many opportunities for outside interference while the emigrants are in transit. A Government boat should receive them and keep them in charge until they are placed in the hands of the Commissioners, and then convey them to the trains when they are ready to leave for their future homes.

Among the interesting sights along the river-front are the canal-boats that are tied up in the slips opposite Jeannette Park, on the East River side, just above the Battery. Here



CANAL-BOAT NEWS.

A canal-boat of average size is ninety-seven feet long, seventeen feet six inches wide, eleven feet in height, and draws, when loaded, six feet of water. A boat of this size will carry eight thousand five hundred bushels of wheat, and give, in addition, space for a cabin for the owner and his family, another for the help, a stable for the horses, and room for all necessary hay, grain, and family stores. The cabins on first-class boats contain all of the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. There are berths on the principle of those on an ocean steamer, a cosy kitchen, pantries, presses, cupboards and drawers, and blooming plants in many of the windows. Some of the cabins have modern folding-beds and parlor organs. The sewing-machine is a regular accompaniment of the canal-boat, and well-stocked bookshelves are among the necessary belongings.

Many canal-boats remain in the slips in the East River during the winter, others tie up in small basins near their own homes. Inexpensive winter quarters are provided for them at Hoboken, on the New Jersey shore, and also at Brooklyn. The wharfage in New York is so high that many owners of boats prefer to winter elsewhere if possible.

The inquiry is sometimes made, "What kind of people live on canal-boats?" To find out for myself, I spent some time on the piers and the boats, and had several interviews with boat owners and their families. I found any amount of practical good sense among these people, and a degree of intelligence quite equal to that in ordinarily well-to-do communities. The majority of them own their boats, many own two or three, and a few are largely interested in this way, not only owning many boats, but warehouses and piers, which they let for general wharfage purposes.

"There are men," remarked one of the most successful boatmen, "who spend all of their lives on the canal, and die poor; but this is by no means the fault of the business. Such men are always found among strikers and malcontents, or they drink or gamble, or have 'tired spells' and lay off a few weeks, perhaps in the busiest season. All of the boat-owners learn their habits, and will not employ them except in cases of necessity. Then they grumble and declare that 'the life is a dog's life, and no man can get on in it except he is lucky.' On the other hand, a man who is industrious and sober can own his own boat in a few years, and be independent."

I thought, as I turned away, that it was the same old story. The lucky man is, all things considered, the one who learns his business thoroughly, and attends to it with promptness and fidelity. In the ranks of the unlucky are those who waste time, and assert that "anything is well enough if it will pass muster."

Strolling up toward the great Brooklyn Bridge, past the piers where masts and spars stand as thick as young saplings in an undergrowth, I could but wonder how many really lucky men there are—men whose prosperity came by accidental circumstances—among the host of successful merchants and mariners who own and manage this forest of shipping and the miles of canvas that cover it.

Faithfully yours,

N. S. STOWELL.

The next best thing to visiting a place, is to read about it and see good pictures of it. Indeed, from one point of view, the reader may be said to have decidedly the advantage of the visitor; for without enduring the discomforts or fatigue of the trip, one may enjoy the pleasant incidents and become familiar with the scenes and people described and depicted, and all the time have the best of the chronicler in the matter of expense. The letters we are now publishing, descriptive of New York City, have been written with special reference to the entertainment and information of the thou-

sands of our readers who have never visited the metropolis, and also to refresh the memories of those who have. They are not a mere catalogue of its buildings, streets, etc., but with the accompanying illustrations bring vividly before the reader the most prominent and best-known points of interest, as well as peculiar scenes and phases of life in New York, besides giving many interesting facts not generally known even to the average New Yorker; and the dweller in a distant home will, after reading these profusely illustrated letters, feel as well acquainted with the great city—its thoroughfares, its handsome streets and avenues; its public buildings, churches, colleges, schools, parks; its elegant flats and miserable tenement houses; the French, German, Polish, and Chinese quarters, and other distinctive and cosmopolitan features—as though having really made the visit in person. The handsome illustrative pictures will be from photographs and sketches by superior artists, and made expressly for us; and will include a vast number of interesting views and peculiar types.



Mary and the Child Jesus.

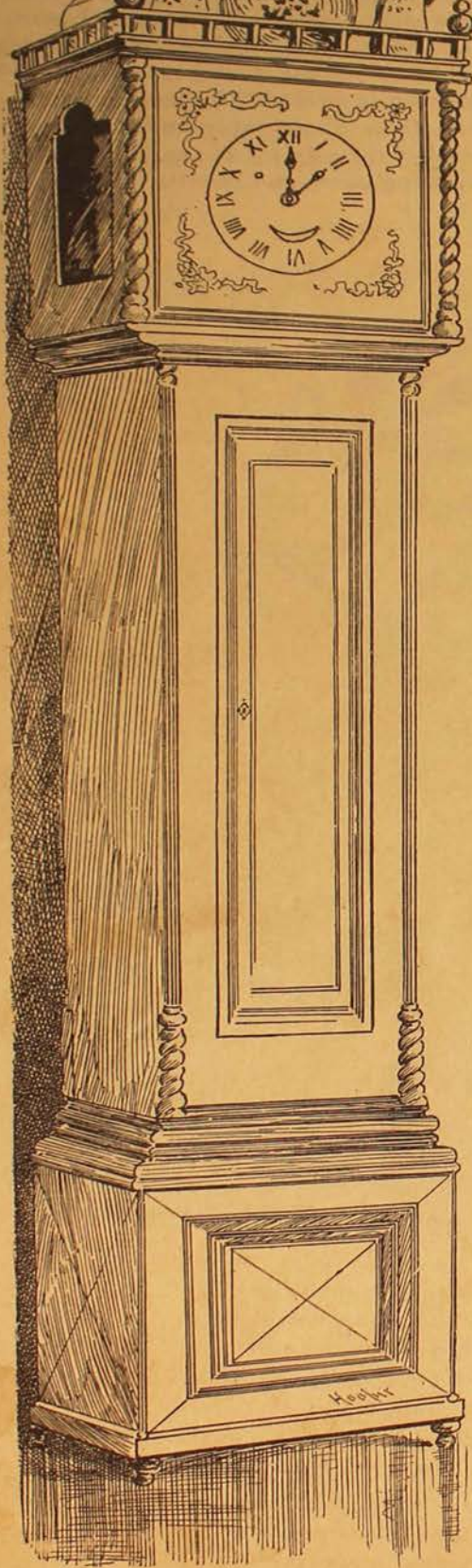
O BLESSED Maid! whose gentle heart
First felt the mortal thrills
Of that new life whose earthly part
Thine own with anguish fills.

Thine was the first supremest bliss
To mortal ever given;
Thy lips first pressed love's clinging kiss
On His whose word rules heaven.

Sweet Mary! Though they call thee blest,
The waiting nations prove
A rapture faintly thus expressed
By thy adoring love.

L. S. F.

A TIMELY TALE OF CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS
 BY PHILIP HOOPER



I AM old-fashioned, it is true, but no one can accuse me of being behind-time, with the hours marked so clearly on my face. But we will not *dialate* on this now. Talk of working eight hours a day—why, look at me! I work eight days a week, *strike* regularly, too; of course by the eighth day I am pretty well *run down*.

What changes, what contrasts I have experienced in my time! How this holiday season brings it all back. In the old, old days I never tired of timing Dorothy as she sat, artistically draped in a soft clinging gown, in

a high-backed chair at her spinning-wheel by the latticed window, with a big, cheerful fireplace filled with green boughs and flowers for a background.

This was his farewell call.



Who could deny her beauty after one gaze into the bronze depths of her ever-varying eyes, the pupils of which dilated at every change of expression on her piquant face. And when her crabbed old guardian aroused her ire, which, alas! was no unusual occurrence, her mild orbs would change to inky blackness, which was the signal for her worthy relative to seek the quiet seclusion of some distant room.

On this day, he having gone on a long ride, she was looking particularly sweet, as her happiness always increased with his distance from home.

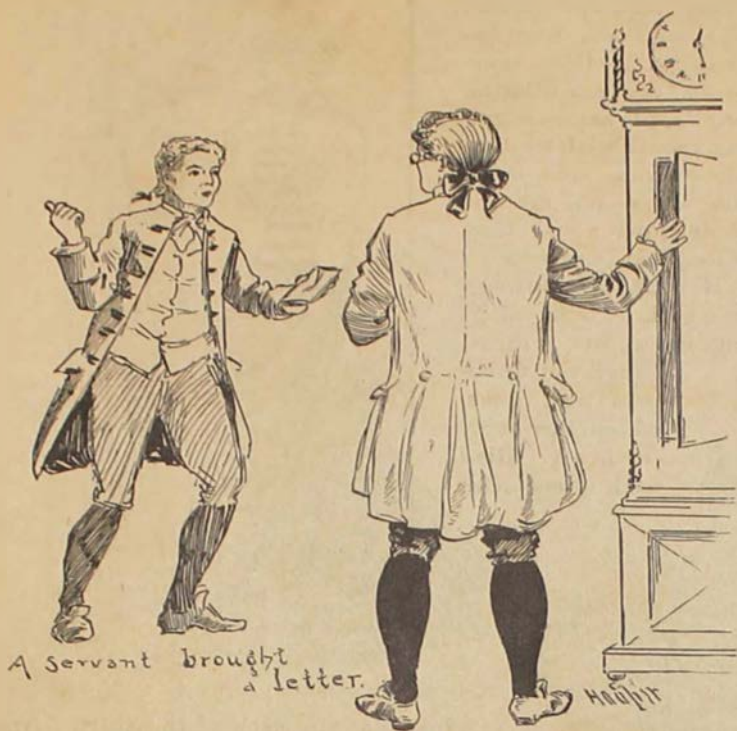
A shadow was suddenly thrown on the floor, and Ernest De Lancey's stalwart form darkened the doorway, but his handsome presence brightened the room—so Dorothy thought. His calls had been frequent of late, and were always followed by a storm from her guardian, who



Dorothy by the spinning wheel.

seemed to cherish a special dislike for this attractive young man.

But what a shadow fell on poor Dorothy's face when



A servant brought a letter.

she learned that this was his farewell call, it having suddenly become necessary for him to start on a journey which would take him away for months, perhaps years.

The first shock being over, she made him explain all about the trip, and with numerous questions unconsciously prevented him from speaking on a subject much nearer and

dearer to him than his unwelcome absence. Finally, at the first pause, he impulsively took both her little white hands in his gentle grasp and rais-

ed them—but in a second she had them free. Her guardian had suddenly appeared, and, for Dorothy's sake, De Lancey at once withdrew, his last words alluding to a future letter.

Months passed. Dorothy, with a look of patient waiting in her bronze eyes,—now so often dimmed by a sad mist,—sat spinning, as usual, day after day by the latticed window. The holiday season was now upon us, and her old guardian, one of those charming characters who of course never exist outside of fiction, a man who delighted in expending all his affability and politeness outside of his own family—this charming old gentleman had invited all the neighbors to a Christmas party.

On the afternoon of the day appointed for the festivities, as he was standing by my open case, winding me up, a servant brought a letter for Mistress Dorothy, saying it had just been left at the gates by a horseman.

Who could be writing to his ward? Ah! that handwriting was not unfamiliar—Ernest De Lancey! While thus pondering, he suddenly heard Dorothy's step. He hardly dared to deliberately destroy the letter, and in his indecision he abruptly threw the missive into the open case and closed the door; and by this act sweet Dorothy and Ernest De Lancey were forever separated.

During the festivities that night, after the Virginia reel, and while playing blind-man's-buff, a big six-footer, with his eyes bandaged, ran plump into me, and, with a crash, eight feet of clock was spread on the floor; and the next day the attic was considered good enough to hold the wreck.

Time passed, and there I lay, becoming gradually buried by the dust and cobwebs, and too *run down* to keep track of time. One by one familiar companions from downstairs were gathered about me; the brass andirons, the silver candlesticks, and the dear old spinning-wheel which Dorothy used to turn. From these old friends I heard of wonderful changes that were going on in the world,—of new ways of writing, of different ways of heating, and queer ways of sewing, also of great alterations in the old house itself, which accounted for the pounding that at times had shaken my shattered frame. But no news of Dorothy; and with that letter still in my case, rest was not possible.

Our long period of quietness was now seldom disturbed. A few chairs had joined us, but their opinions of what was going on in the world were valueless; they were so easily sat upon; they never formed any impressions of their own; they simply received the impressions of others.

I was longing for some bright objects, like the silver candlesticks or the brass fire-irons, to come among us, when, after an unusual amount of noise, an old Venetian mirror was thrust into our midst. The first thing it did was to cast reflections on us all. We saw at once it was cracked; in fact it was so shattered



Who could be writing to his ward?



He heard Dorothy's step.



While playing blind mans buff.

that it was hardly capable of framing a reply ; but, in its broken-up way, it gave us some idea of the great changes which were still going on. There had been marriages, deaths, births, and picnics. Why, hundreds, yes, thousands of days must have passed since my ex-

sing. Yes ! There was no mistaking the song ; and through the open door, raising the portière, in she came. She, at least, was unchanged ; the same bronze eyes and dilating pupils, the same charming mouth with its dimple on one side only, the same—no, not the same gown ; and they called her Dora now.

Her robe was no longer a soft, artistic, clinging gown, but a tight, though not unbecoming, dress, which, however, seemed filled with queer wire



— in she came—

hoops at the back of the skirt. And in place of the cheerful spinning-wheel by the latticed casement, there was a so-called sewing-machine by a big plate-glass window, and the dear old fireplace had been supplanted by an ugly steam heater ; but, notwithstanding these prosaic surroundings, Dorothy, or Dora, was as charming as ever, and this opinion was evidently shared by a gentleman who at this moment was ushered into the room, and, hurrying to her side, took both her little white hands in his gentle grasp and raised them—but in a second she

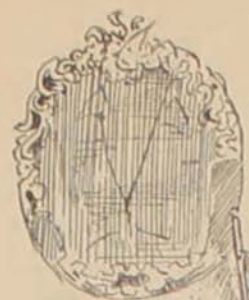
had them free. Her Boston visitor had suddenly entered, and the tableau between De Lancey Dyke and Dorothy—the tableau which somehow seemed so familiar to me—was ruthlessly shattered.

But this train of thought was interrupted by the entrance of a man who went to work on my more or less scarred exterior. While going through the operation of being glued, planed, riveted, hammered, oiled and polished, I was buoyed up by the hope that my unwilling secret, the concealed letter, would be unearthed. But no ; it was evident that the outside only was to receive attention at present.

Signs of the holiday season were on all sides, but not until the company began to arrive did I know it

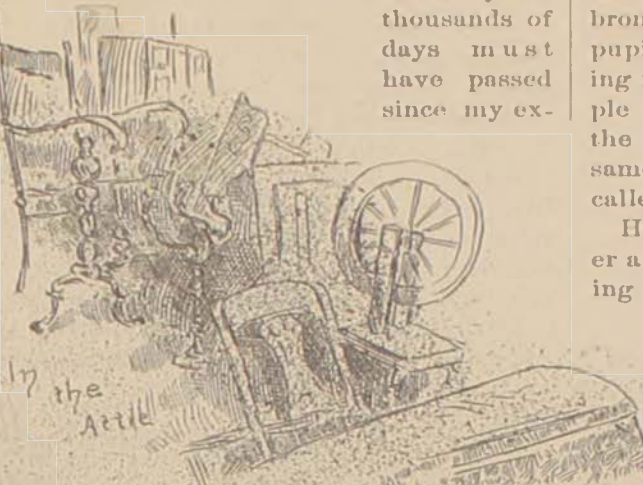


The tableau was suddenly shattered



ile from the busy whirl !

After another long period of quietness, merry peals of laughter gradually aroused us. Our dark, dusty den had been penetrated by two lovely girls. Yes, they must have been lovely for their voices to sound so sweetly in this dismal attic. We were all overhauled,—the candlesticks, the andirons, the spinning-wheel,—but their greatest joy seemed to be on finding me. I now gathered that one young lady was a visitor from a place called Boston, a city, I judged from her talk, much older and larger than London or Paris.



In the Attic



We were all overhauled

Soon after they departed, men came and we were once more taken into the daylight. When the dust was removed and we were rubbed and polished, how we all brightened up ! Once more they stood me up, perhaps a little shaky now, through a missing foot and other injuries received the night of my fall, so long, long ago. And all this time no one found the letter buried in the dust at the bottom of the case.

The Boston girl seemed so glad to see me that she did not want me to go. It was evidently her idea, this bringing us all into use once again. Ah ! How changed the house, the furniture, the people even !

Suddenly, in the hall, I heard the sweet old verses Dorothy used so often to



The Boston girl seemed so glad to see me



She was shut out of the room

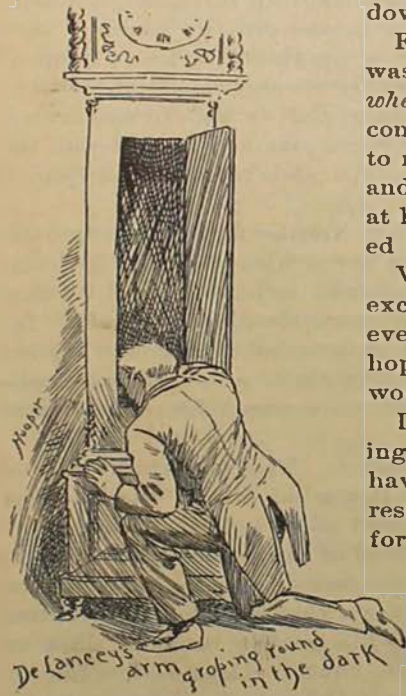
was Christmas Eve, and we were to have another party. How changed was everything since our last festivities! the costumes, the dances, the manners! Well, I was glad that I was not expected to go, for I was too paralyzed to even raise a hand.

Finally, after the music and dancing,—such dancing!—a new amusement was introduced, a kind of guessing game. Dorothy offering to be the first victim, she was shut out of the room; then a note, giving her instructions of a more or less ridiculous order, was written, and, after some discussion as to a hiding-place, it was eventually dropped into my case, where it fluttered

down into my dark interior. First, after guessing *what* it was, Dorothy had to guess *where* it was. This being accomplished, she firmly refused to reach into my dusty depths, and De Lancey Dyke, being at her elbow as usual, proceeded to get it out for her.

Who can realize the intense excitement which permeated every fiber of my old box at the hope that my unwilling secret would at last be exposed!

De Lancey Dyke's arm groping round in the dark must have touched a responsive cord, for with a loud whiz, which brought forth a few robust screams from the fair ones, some of my



De Lancey's arm groping round in the dark



Reading the old love letter

and De Lancey sprang back. But the hand he drew forth was not empty; it held the old, old love-letter.

On seeing the antique document, everyone crowded around, thinking it some Christmas joke, while De Lancey with difficulty read the faded address, "To Mistress Dorothy," and handing it to her it was slowly opened, and half a dozen eager, curious heads soon made out the contents, which proved to be an eloquent declaration of love, dated one hundred years ago, and signed "Ernest De Lancey,"—a letter, the non-delivery of which had forever separated two loving hearts.

At this point a ring fell from the folds of the letter,—a ring which was eagerly seized by De Lancey Dyke, who, in a rather excited voice, exclaimed, "Ernest De Lancey! Ernest De Lancey! Why, that was my great-grandfather, my mother's grandfather!" And before anyone realized it, he had his arm around Dorothy and the ring on her finger, and I think he kissed her right on that one dimple in the midst of the applause of the assembled company.

Oh! it was a great consolation to me, that after all its years of concealment the letter finally received a favorable reply. And as De Lancey afterwards remarked to his fiancée, "If this letter had ever reached your great-grandmother, why, just think! we'd have been cousins somehow, instead of—" and his words were smothered, in what sounded to me like a kiss.



Why, that was my Great Grandfather!

Our Christmas Cards.

(See Water-Colors.)

THE overflow of Christmas good-will finds no more simply eloquent expression, than in the sending of a missive with an appropriate bit of sentiment, and a suggestive picture, such as are embodied in the Christmas cards we offer our readers.

Having fulfilled their first mission, and carried joyous greeting to the readers of Demorest's, they may be sent still further, either simply as cards, or made up in some

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of the tasteful forms which are the fancy of the season. They may be cut out and gummed on satin-covered cardboard, edged with silk fringe and trimmed with ribbon. These satin-covered cards may be square, oval, or triangular, and fitted with cardboard supports at the back to make them stand up like easels. Or the cards may be used as covers for a note-sheet or two, on which may be lettered some verses. The cards may be laid on each side of the inclosure and holes punched through all, for the ribbons which are to tie the little pamphlet together. Further suggestions for preparing and mounting these or other Christmas cards will be found in "Home Art and Home Comfort."

THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

(Continued from page 13.)

CHAPTER III.

"A SPLENDID GIRL!"

OUTSIDE upon the balcony, which, as usual, was upon the ground-floor of the dwelling, and was embowered in a luxuriant growth of vines, appeared a little kitten which had evidently found its way up there from the garden. It came up to the open glass-door with innocent inquisitiveness, and, unfortunately, within Grip's range of vision.

The latter, who had an inherent enmity for the whole cattish race, sprung up with a furious bark, tore by Madame von Lasberg, flew past the terrified Alice and out upon the balcony, where a hot chase began. The frightened kitten, finding no way of escape, ran hither and thither, quick as a flash of lightning, with its pursuer after it; the panes rattled in the glass-door, the flowers fell in showers on the floor of the balcony as they were broken off, and above all the confusion sounded the piercing whistle of the baron and Erna's call. But the dog was young, and, as yet, untrained; he was fairly off on an exciting hunt, and he no more heeded their calls than—the hardened sinner does the salvationist's exhortations to repent.

At last the poor little cat succeeded in getting upon the balcony railing, and from there it sprung into the garden. But Grip was not going to let his prey go so easily; he jumped after her with a mighty bound which reduced the last of the carefully trained vines to a ragged, clinging ruin, and the next instant his frantic barks were heard in the garden, and, mingled with them, loud and terrified shrieks in a childish voice.

This all happened in less than two minutes; and by the time Thurgau had got out on the balcony to restore peace, it was already too late.

In the meantime an indescribable confusion reigned in the drawing-room. Alice lay in a nervous relapse, with closed eyes, Madame von Lasberg holding her in her arms. Elmhurst had seized and opened a large toilet-bottle, which he espied on one of the tables near by, and was wetting the fainting maiden's brow and temples with *eau de Cologne*; while the president, with very black looks, touched the bell to summon the servant. But in the midst of all these attentions, the three paused simultaneously at a sight which transfixed them. The young baroness—the Baroness von Thurgau—stood, poised on the railing of the balcony, but only for a moment; and then she sprung down, making a third in the garden below.

This was too much! Madame von Lasberg let Alice drop from her arms and sunk into the nearest chair herself; Elmhurst saw that he was constrained to go to her assistance also with cologne water, which he now administered alternately, right and left.

Below in the garden Erna's interference seemed necessary. The child, whose cry of distress had impelled her to leap from the balcony so suddenly, was a little urchin, who stood clasping in both arms the kitten which had fled to him for protection, and before him stood Grip, threatening and barking, but not offering to touch the youngster, who, almost frightened to death, was crying bitterly when Erna came up and seized the dog by the collar,

Meanwhile Baron Thurgau stood perfectly calm upon the balcony watching the course of events. He knew that the child was in no danger, for Grip was not actually vicious. But as Erna returned to the house with the greatly dejected miscreant, while the boy and kitten went on their way, the baron triumphantly preceded her into the drawing-room, and vociferated in his thunderous tones:

"I told you, Nordheim, that my Erna was a splendid girl!"

CHAPTER IV.

PRESIDENT NORDHEIM.

PRESIDENT NORDHEIM belonged to that class of men who have no one but themselves to thank for their prosperity. The son of a subordinate officer and belonging to a penniless family, he became a civil engineer, and lived in the closest and simplest manner until he brought out a scientific invention which attracted the attention of everyone interested in such matters. He was at that time taking charge of the construction of the first mountain-railway ever attempted, and the young and quite unknown engineer designed a new locomotive which would drag a train up the mountain side. It was a plan as ingenious as it was practical, and it bore away the palm from all other competitors, and was adopted by the company. They immediately purchased the patent which gave the inventor a capital that in his circumstances, and at that time, seemed a fortune; at any rate, it was the corner-stone of future wealth: for with it he himself joined the ranks of speculators.

Contrary to all expectations, Nordheim did not pursue further the career in which he had achieved such a brilliant success; strange to say, he seemed to have lost all interest in it, and turned eagerly to an entirely different field. He undertook the incorporation and financial direction of a great railroad company, which he brought to a flourishing condition in a few years, and thereby increased his own capital tenfold.

One undertaking led to another. The magnitude of his schemes increased with the increased means that he was able to command, and it seemed as if, indeed, he had now, for the first time, found the field of operations for which he was most peculiarly fitted. He was no dreamy, speculative enthusiast, who could brood for a year over the possibilities of some scientific discovery; his genius impelled him to engage in active life, to weigh, consider, and follow out to the most minute details all possible interests which could be made to serve his purpose, and to develop in all directions his extraordinary talent for organization.

The restless, busy man always knew who were the right men to choose, and which were the right places to put them in; he overcame every obstacle, discovered in everything some new source of advantage, and his energy served him as well as his good luck. The enterprises which had Nordheim at their head were sure to be successful; and as he became a millionaire his influence in every circle with which he came in contact grew to be almost unlimited.

The president's wife had died some years before. The loss had not deeply affected him, for it had not been an especially happy marriage. He had married when he was only an engineer, and his quiet, unpretentious wife did not

understand how to adapt herself to the growing grandeurs of the house, or to play the great lady as her husband desired. Besides, it happened that the son she bore him, and in whom he thought to bring up an heir who would fitly deserve his inheritance, died in childhood. A year later Alice was born; a delicate, sickly child, whose life hung by a thread, and whose apathetic nature was the exact opposite of her father's. She was his only daughter and heiress, and, as such, was surrounded with all that wealth could supply; but she had no further interest for him, and he was glad to leave her training and education in the hands of Baroness Lasberg.

Nordheim's only sister, who had lived with him, had given her hand to Captain von Thurgau, as he was then. Her brother, who at that time had just attained his first success, and was already considered a rich man, would have preferred some other suitor rather than this last scion of a noble house, who owned nothing but the ancestral home and a little strip of land up in the mountains; but the two loved each other with all their hearts, and there was no objection to the baron personally, so he did not withhold his consent.

The young married couple of course lived in very different circumstances from the brother's family; but they enjoyed a domestic happiness which was wanting amid all the wealth of the Nordheims, and their only child, the little Erna, was reared in the sweet sunshine of this love and happiness. Unhappily, Thurgau lost his wife after six years of married life; and the unexpected blow so completely overcame the kindly natured man that he felt it impossible to go out in the world again, and so bade adieu to it forever. Nordheim, who with his restless spirit and industrious activity could not comprehend such a resolution, combatted it vehemently, but in vain; his brother-in-law obstinately held to it with all the tenacity of his character. He quitted the service in which he had attained the rank of major, took his child and went with her to Wolkenstein Court, where, on a limited income and his pension, his simple needs were satisfied.

In consequence, a certain coolness grew up between the brothers-in-law; the conciliating influence of wife and sister had ceased, and the distance by which they were separated was not conducive to intimacy. They met less and less frequently, and wrote infrequently, also, until the construction of the new railway and the necessity for trespassing on Thurgau's property led again to a personal meeting.

CHAPTER V.

THE WARNING.

It was about a week after the visit to Heilborn, and Doctor Reinsfeld again was on his way to Wolkenstein Court; but he was not alone, for Chief Engineer Elmhorst walked by his side.

"I have never allowed myself to dream, Wolfgang, that fate would bring us here together," said the young physician. "When we parted, two years ago, you ridiculed me because I was going into this mountain wilderness which you preferred to get away from, and now you have come here yourself."

"To bring civilization into the wilderness," explained Wolfgang. "You seem to feel positively distressed about it. You have really settled down in the wretched Alpine village where I found you, Benno; I am only pursuing my profession here."

"Now I think you may as well be satisfied with your position," advised Benno. "Chief engineer at twenty-seven!—but it may not be such an easy one. Between ourselves, your respected colleagues are very indignant at this appointment. Take care, Wolfgang, you have lit on a wasps' nest!"

"Do you think I fear a wasp's sting? Besides, I have already encountered them. I have made it quite clear to these gentlemen that I do not propose to allow them to annoy me with unnecessary difficulties, and that they will have to respect my position. If they want war,—I am not afraid of them!"

"Ah! you were always a pugnacious fellow. I must say, it would not suit me to be always at swords' points with my surroundings."

"I believe that; you are just the same peace-making Benno, who cannot say an ugly word to anyone, and in consequence are maltreated at every opportunity by all your dear neighbors. How often have I told you that one cannot get on in life that way!—and one *must* get on."

"You are traveling with seven-league boots," said Reinsfeld dryly. "You are evidently the chosen favorite of the all-powerful President Nordheim, as he is called. I saw him again, when he was at Wolkenstein Court."

"Saw him again? Do you know him, then?"

"Certainly; I knew him when I was a boy. He and my father were companions and friends when they were young, and at that time Nordheim came to our house every day. How often I have sat upon his knee!"

"Indeed! I hope you reminded him of the circumstance when you met again."

"No; Baron Thurgau did not mention my name."

"And naturally you did not," cried Wolfgang, laughing. "That is just like you! But I must not let your negligence go unrectified; as soon as I see the president I will tell him——"

"I beg that you will do no such thing, Wolf," interrupted Benno hastily. "It is better that you should say nothing."

"But, why not?"

"Because—the man occupies a high station in life now; possibly he might not like to be reminded of the time when he was only a civil engineer."

"You do him an injustice. He is proud of his humble origin, as all intelligent men are, and he would not repudiate the memory of a friend of his youth."

Reinsfeld shook his head slowly. "I fear the memory would be a painful one. Something occurred after awhile—what, I never knew. I was only a boy, but this I do know, the rupture was complete. Nordheim no longer came to the house, and my father forbade his name to be mentioned; they were completely estranged."

"Then of course you cannot count upon his favor," said Elmhorst, disappointed. "From what I know of the president, he would never forgive a deliberate injury."

"Yes; he is inconceivably haughty and imperious. I only wonder that you get along with him. You certainly are not fond of humbling yourself."

"And that is just why he favors me. I leave fawning and cringing to those menial natures who may thereby sneak into some subordinate position. Who would really rise must hold his head high and rivet his gaze on the point he would gain, or else he will always have to creep along the ground."

"Then you surely must have some millions for the object you would gain," jeered Benno. "You were never modest in your anticipations. What would you really like to be? President of a board of directors, also?"

"Possibly; in the first place, only his son-in-law."

"I thought that something would come to light," exclaimed Benno, laughing loudly. "You are right, Wolf; why should you not settle yourself there as a son? It would be an easy berth."

"You think I am jesting?" inquired Wolfgang coldly.

"Yes; for I am not ready to believe that you are thinking seriously of the daughter of a man whose importance and wealth are almost fabulous. Nordheim's heiress will

have to choose only among counts and barons, unless she prefers a millionaire also."

"But perhaps someone may get ahead of these counts and barons," said the young chief-engineer quietly, "and that is what I am thinking of doing."

Doctor Reinsfeld suddenly stood still and looked at his friend apprehensively; then he made a gesture as if to feel his pulse.

"Then you are either crazy or in love," he returned, curtly and conclusively. "Everything seems possible to a lover, and the visit to Heilborn seems to have been fatal to you. Poor young fellow! what a sad state of affairs!"

"In love!" responded Wolfgang, while an infinitely scornful smile curled his lip. "No, Benno, you know that I have neither time nor taste to devote myself to thoughts of love, and still less now, when I—so do not look at me as if I were guilty of high treason. I give you my word, Alice Nordheim will not regret it if she gives me her hand."

"Well, don't be offended, but I find the whole scheme absurd," broke in the young physician, warmly. "You are young and talented; you have attained a position that hundreds envy you, that demands all your attention; the whole future is open to you, and you have nothing better to do than to run after a rich wife. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Wolf."

"Dear Benno, you do not understand," expostulated Wolfgang, who took the reproof very lightly. "You idealists usually do not seem to consider that one has to deal with life and with men. You will naturally marry for love, struggle laboriously in some little country village to get bread for your wife and children, perhaps be tormented with want and care, and at last go down to the grave with the elevating consciousness that you have remained true to your ideal. Now I am constituted differently; I will have all or nothing from life!"

"Then you will conquer by your own might!" exclaimed Benno, who was momentarily becoming more passionate. "Your great exemplar, President Nordheim, did likewise."

"Yes, but he was more than twenty years at it. We are climbing to the heights, up this mountain side, wearily and patiently, in the sweat of our brows. But look at that winged rascal!" He pointed to an immense bird of prey that was circling above the cliffs. "He flies to the very pinnacle of Wolkenstein in a few minutes. It must be beautiful to stand up there, to see the whole world at his feet, and to be so near the sun! I will not wait until I am old and gray! I shall go now, and leave you behind: sooner or later I shall attempt the flight."

He had drawn himself up to his full height, his dark eyes flashed, and his features grew tense in their energy of will-power. It was easy to believe that this man could undertake a flight of which the other could not begin to dream.

There was a rustling among the larches which grew above the road. Grip came dashing down the hill in great bounds, and hailed the young physician, wagging his tail frantically as he received his usual caress. Then his young mistress became visible through the trees, coming down the same way, over stones and roots of trees and among bushes and briars, and finally emerged from the thicket with glowing cheeks. Madame von Lasberg would have experienced a certain satisfaction if she could have seen how the bow of the young engineer was returned, coldly and distantly, quite as became a Baroness Thurgau, and with a half-contemptuous glance at the elegant appearance of the young man. Elmhurst wore to-day a light, becoming suit that somewhat approached the usual style of mountain dress, and was very

similar to that of his friend, but it looked much more distinguished upon him; he looked like a tourist of rank who was making a little *détour* in his travels. Doctor Reinsfeld, with his careless bearing, was much the loser compared with this slender, high-bred figure; his gray jacket and hat had been through several severe rain-storms, which had not beautified them, but this did not seem to bother him in the least. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he saw the young girl, who came up to him with her usual familiarity.

"You were coming to see us, doctor, were you not?" asked she.

"To be sure, Miss Erna," he assented. "Is all well at home?"

"Papa was not very well this morning," said Erna, "but he went out hunting just the same. I took Grip and went to meet him, but we have not seen him. He must have gone back some other way."

She joined the two gentlemen, who now left the mountain road and began to climb the steep path which led to Wolkenstein Court. Grip did not act as if he were very well pleased with the company of the young chief-engineer; he saluted him with an ugly growl, and showed his teeth in anything but a friendly way.

"What ails Grip?" asked Reinsfeld wonderingly. "He is usually so good-natured and sociable with everybody."

"I don't appear to be included in his universal love for everybody," said Elmhurst, shrugging his shoulders. "He has declared war against me several times, and his good-nature does not appear to hold good in all other cases, either; at Heilborn he made a great row in the president's drawing-room. Miss von Thurgau performed a really heroic deed to quiet a little child whom he had frightened almost to death."

"And in the meantime Herr Elmhurst stayed with the helpless ladies," mocked Erna. "I saw as I came back, how gallantly he flew from Alice to Madame von Lasberg, and scattered perfect showers of *eau de Cologne* over both of them. Oh! it was enough to make any one die laughing."

She laughed loudly and merrily. Wolfgang compressed his lips for a moment and cast an irritated glance at the young girl, but he replied with perfect politeness:

"You filled the rôle of heroine so perfectly that there really was nothing left for me but the service of which you speak. You saw for yourself that I am not a coward, when we met on Wolkenstein the other day, although, because of my unfamiliarity with the paths, I did not reach the peak."

"That you will never do," put in Reinsfeld. "The peak is inaccessible; even the most skilled mountaineer comes to a standstill before these perpendicular walls, and more than one has paid with his life for a too hardy attempt to scale them."

"Is the Alpine fay, then, so jealous of her throne?" asked Elmhurst, laughing. "She seems to be a very energetic dame, who tosses avalanches about as we do snowballs, and, like some heathen goddess, demands a certain number of men's lives as a yearly sacrifice."

He glanced up at Wolkenstein, which to-day bore witness to the significance of its name; * for while all the other mountain-tops were clearly distinct, its peak alone was encircled with a light floating cloud.

"You ought not to mock at it, Wolfgang," said the young physician, almost involuntarily. "You have not lived here through a whole autumn and winter, and you do not know our wild Alpine fay, the terrific elementary force of the Alps, that only too often threatens the lives and the homes of our poor mountain people. We have good reason to fear her here in her kingdom;—but you seem to be already quite familiar with the tradition."

* *Clouded rock.*

"Miss von Thurgau has been good enough to make me acquainted with the story of the all-powerful lady," said Wolfgang. "But really we were received very ungraciously at the vestibule of her mountain palace,—with a frightful thunderstorm,—and of a personal interview I certainly was not worthy."

"Take care, you may have it yet, and it will cost you dear!" exclaimed Erna, irritated at the sarcasm. Elmhorst laughed, with a superiority that had something offensive in it.

"My dear young lady, you must not expect much regard for your mountain sprites from me; I have come purposely to undertake to dispute ground with them. The workers of the nineteenth century are not accustomed to stand in awe of apparitions.—Pray don't look at me so defiantly. Our railroad is not going over Wolkenstein, and your Alpine fay will continue to sit undisturbed upon her throne. But she will see us from there taking possession of her kingdom and putting it in irons. However I do not wish to take your childlike faith away from you. At your age it is quite natural."

He could not have irritated his youthful adversary more than by these words, which so pointedly alluded to her as a child; it was the severest slight that one could possibly offer to a sixteen-year-old young lady, and it had its effect. Erna looked at him as scornfully and bitterly as if he had threatened to put her "in irons;" her eyes sparkled, and her tiny foot stamped the ground as she broke out in really childish spite:

"Now I just wish the Alpine fay would come down in a storm from Wolkenstein and show you her face once,—you would not want to see it a second time!"

With that she turned her back on him and fled, without troubling herself further about either him or Reinsfeld, over the meadow with Grip after her, and in a few minutes her slender figure and flowing locks, unbound again to-day, appeared in the doorway of the house. Wolfgang stood still and looked after her; the sarcastic smile still lingered on his lips, and his voice had a sharp intonation:

"What in the world is Baron Thurgau thinking of, to let his daughter grow up like that! She is totally unfit for civilized society, although she is well enough for these mountain wilds."

"Yes, she has grown up wild and untrained, like an Alpine rose," said Benno, whose gaze meanwhile was fixed on the distant doorway. Elmhorst turned suddenly at these words and looked searchingly at his friend.

"You are really poetical! Have you become inspired?"

"I?" queried Benno, surprised and considerably taken aback. "What ails you?"

"Why, I only noticed that you spoke in metaphor, which is certainly not your habit. Your 'Alpine rose' is yet a simple-minded child; you will have to train her."

There was more than a harmless raillery in these words; they had a scoffing, unpleasant sound, which evidently did not escape the young physician, for he returned shortly:

"Leave off joking and tell me what you are going to Wolkenstein Court for;—to speak with the baron?"

"Of course; but our interview will not be exactly of a friendly character. You know that we want the property for our railroad, that it has been refused to us, and that we must now employ our right of coercion, and I am going to inform him that the preparatory work will begin now, without delay."

Reinsfeld had listened in silence; but he had become very serious, and his voice betrayed a certain anxiety as he said, "Wolf, I beg of you! do not go to work with your usual recklessness. The baron is really not quite accountable upon this point. I have often given myself trouble enough to convince him that resistance is useless, but

he is positively entrenched in his idea that no one can or dare take his old hereditary castle away from him. He clings to it with every fiber of his heart, and if he really must give it up, I fear—that he will give his life with it."

"Why should he? He will become reconciled, like all unaccommodating men, as soon as he perceives the inevitable necessity."

"There will be a scene," predicted Benno. "Baron Thurgau is the best man in the world, but incredibly passionate and violent when he believes himself to be attacked in his inalienable rights. You do not know him yet."

"Yes, I have the honor to be acquainted with him and with his vehemence. He gave a striking proof of it at Heilborn, and I am perfectly prepared to expect the greatest possible incivility to-day. But you are right; the man is not to be held accountable in serious matters, and I shall deal with him accordingly."

They now reached the house and entered. Thurgau had arrived before them; his rifle lay on the table, and beside it a couple of moor-hens, the spoils of the day. Erna had already made him aware of the approaching visitors, for he showed no surprise at sight of the young overseer.

"Now, doctor," he cried, laughing, as he met Reinsfeld, "you do quite right to come and see how disobedient I am. There lie the evidences." He pointed to the gun and birds.

"Your countenance betrays you," responded Reinsfeld with a glance at the flushed, heated face of the master of the house. "And yet you were unwell this morning, as I hear." He made an attempt to feel the baron's pulse, but Thurgau caught his hand.

"There is time for that later; you bring us a visitor."

"I have taken the liberty to call on you of my own accord, Herr von Thurgau," said Wolfgang, coming up, "and if I am unwelcome—"

"As a gentleman, you are welcome; but not as chief engineer," declared the baron in his brusque way. "I am glad to see you; but not a word of your confounded railway, I beg of you, or in spite of all the rules of hospitality I shall show you the door. So now make yourself at home in Wolkenstein Court."

He pushed a chair toward the young man, and took his own accustomed place. Elmhorst at once saw how difficult his mission was, and he found that the caution which the circumstances demanded was a great drawback; but he must go through with it some way, and so he began in a pleasant way:

"I know already what a formidable enemy our work has in you. My official position is the unfortunate recommendation with which I come to you; therefore I have not relied entirely upon myself, but have brought my friend to the rescue."

"Doctor Reinsfeld is your friend?" interrogated Thurgau, whose respect for the young official seemed to have suddenly increased.

"My childhood's friend; we went to school together, and later studied in the same place, although at different professions. I looked up Benno when I came here, and I think we shall again be congenial companions."

"Yes, we live very sociably here, so long as we are by ourselves," remarked the baron, satirically. "When you came here with your cursed railroad, vexation begun; and when its engines come puffing and blowing up here, our peace and quietness will be at an end forever."

"Now, papa, you are breaking your own rules and talking about the railroad," cried Erna, laughing. "But you must come with me, doctor. I want to show you what my cousin Alice has sent me from Heilborn; it is so lovely!"

With the eagerness and impatience of a child that can hardly wait to show its splendid toys, she dragged the young

physician into the next room, thus giving the chief engineer a fresh opportunity to deplore her training, or, rather, her lack of training;—on this point he was in sympathy with Madame von Lasberg. What a way to go on with a young man, even if he were ten times the physician and friend of the family!

Benno cast an anxious glance at the two remaining behind, as he followed her. He knew what the subject of discussion would be, and he had not a great deal of confidence in the diplomatic powers of his friend; therefore he left the door open. If the storm should grow too fierce, he could interpose in case of necessity.

"Yes, it is not easy to avoid a disagreeable subject," muttered the baron; and Elmhorst, who wished to get the matter done with, agreed with him.

"You are quite right, Herr Baron, it is not easy to avoid it; and at the risk of your making good your threat and turning me out-of-doors, I must inform you of the communication which the railroad company have empowered me to make. The surveying and preparatory work at Wolkenstein Court cannot possibly be delayed any longer, and the engineers will therefore begin in a few days."

"They will let it alone!" commanded Thurgau wrathfully. "How often must I be compelled to say it? I will not allow anything of the sort on my property!"

"On your property? But the place is no longer your property," said Elmhorst quietly. "The company have owned it for several months past, and the purchase money has been at your disposal. Of course all that was settled long ago."

"Nothing is settled!" shouted the baron, whose irritation got the better of him. "Do you think I shall pay any attention to a decision that is a downright insult, and which your company obtained in some sneaking way?—God knows how! Do you think I will go out of house and home to make room for your locomotives? I shall not yield to a scrap of paper, and if——"

"Pray do not excite yourself so, Herr von Thurgau," interrupted Wolfgang. "There is really no necessity for you to disturb yourself at present, only the necessary preparations must be begun; the house itself may remain undisturbed for your occupancy until next spring."

"Very good!" smiled Thurgau, bitterly. "Until next spring! and what then?"

"Then it must come down."

The baron would have flown into another passion, but there was something in this cool tranquillity which seemed to curb his will. He made a brave attempt to control himself, but his face assumed a darker hue, and his breathing grew short and hurried, as he said in his harshest tones:

"It seems very clear to your comprehension? But how should you know why a man clings to his ancestral home! You belong, like my brother-in-law, to the age of steam. He has built three or four palaces, each more costly than the other, but he is at home in none of them. To-day he lives in one, to-morrow he sells it, and so he goes on.—Wolkenstein Court has been in the possession of the Thurgaus for at least two hundred years, and so it shall remain until the last Thurgau closes his eyes for ever, so——"

He broke off in the midst of his words, and seized hold of the table as if attacked by a sudden giddiness; but it only lasted a second. As if angry at his unwonted weakness, he shook himself and arose, while he continued with increasing bitterness:

"We have lost all else; we never have known how to pinch and bargain, and so one thing after another has gone. But the old home, the cradle of our race, that has never been given up; we have held on to it, through storm and want and trouble. We had rather hunger and thirst than let it go. And now your railroad comes here and wants to

level my house to the ground; to seize and take from me the rights of hundreds of years, which by all the laws of God and man are mine! You can only try; I say no!—and again, no! That is my last word!"

He looked, indeed, as if he would defend his rights through life and death, and anyone else would surely have given up to the passionate man, or postponed the settlement. But Wolfgang never thought of such a thing; he had undertaken to bring the matter to a close, and he pursued his way undeviatingly.

"The mountain has stood here longer than Wolkenstein Court," said he gravely. "And the forest trees are more firmly rooted in their native soil than you in your home, and yet they must make way for us. I fear, Herr von Thurgau, you have very little idea what a colossal enterprise our work is, by what means it works, and what obstacles it must overcome. We burrow under the rocks and forests, turn the streams in their course, bridge the ravines; and what stands in our way must come down! We battle with the elements and come off conquerors;—ask yourself whether the will of one individual can forbid us to go on?"

A momentary pause ensued. Thurgau made no answer; as the stormy breakers dash on the unresponsive shore, so his wild wrath seemed to break against the immutable calm of his opponent, who stood there before him with respectful bearing and firmly sustained the semblance of courtesy. But the clear voice had a hard, unrelenting tone, and the gaze which was fixed so steadfastly and coldly on the baron seemed really to fascinate him. He had hitherto been inaccessible to each remonstrance and persuasion; with all the obstinacy of his nature he had clung to his presumptive right, which seemed in his eyes as immovable as the mountain itself. But now for the first time he had a misgiving that his stubborn will might be broken,—that he had to deal with a power which had lain iron hands upon the mountain. He leaned heavily against the table and gasped for breath; it seemed as if his powers of speech had forsaken him.

"You may rest assured that we shall go to work with all possible respect for you," Wolfgang resumed. "The preparatory work which we are about to commence will scarcely disturb you, and you can remain quite unmolested during the winter; in the spring the actual construction will begin, and then——"

"I must go, you mean?" finished Thurgau, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes, you *must*, Herr Baron!" said Elmhorst coldly.

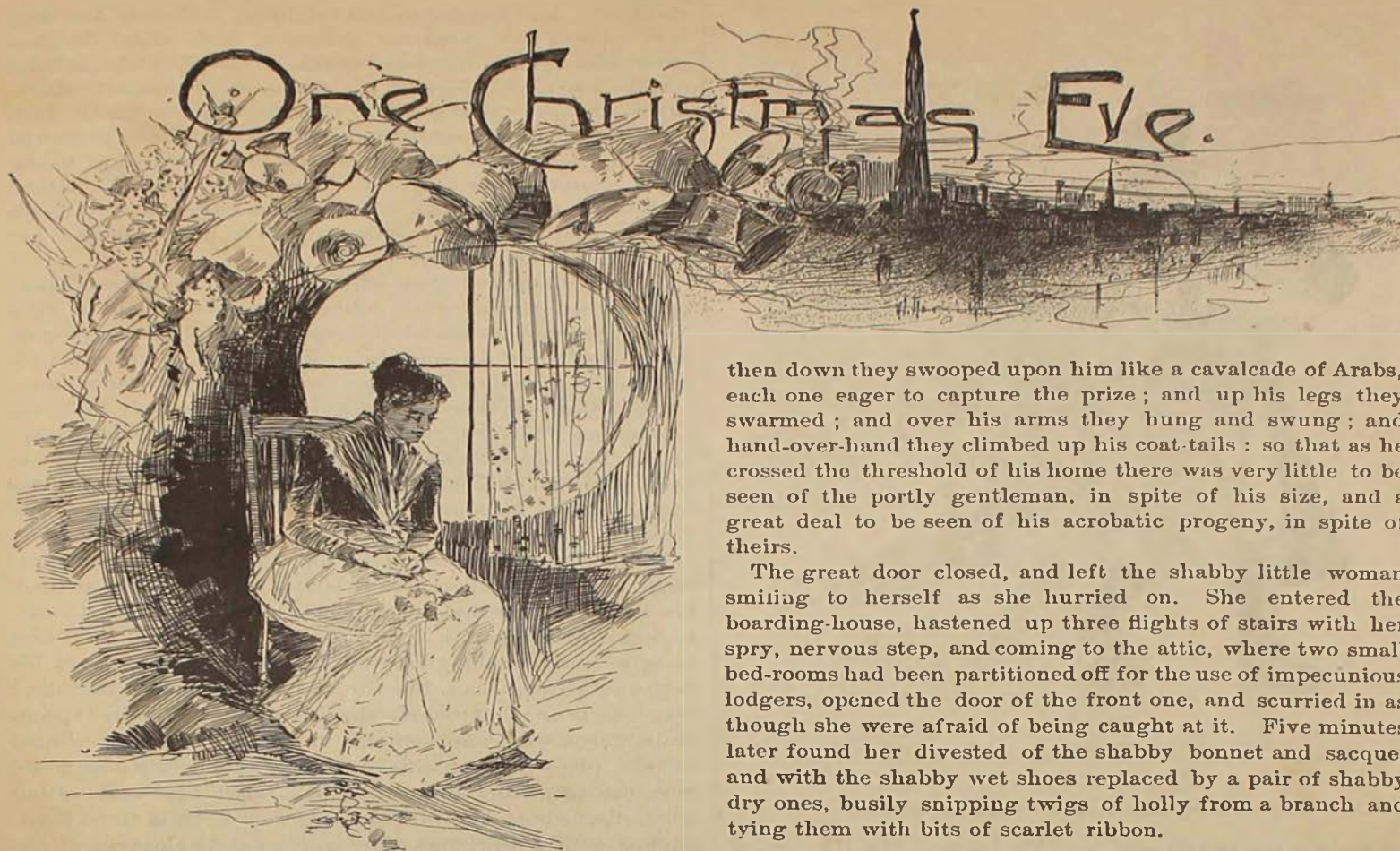
The fatal word, whose truth he nevertheless realized, deprived the baron of the last remnant of his self-command; he burst out with a violence that was frightful to witness, and really raised a doubt as to his accountability.

"But I will not!—will *not*! I tell you!" he broke forth. "You may remove the rocks and the forests, but I will not get out of the way. But look out for our mountain, that it does not suddenly slide down and knock all your buildings and bridges into splinters! I would like to stand by and see the whole cursed work go to pieces! I would——"

He did not go on, but clutched at his breast with both hands, as if choking; the last word died away in a hollow groan, and then his mighty frame, as if felled by a lightning-stroke, dropped to the floor.

"For God's sake!" cried Doctor Reinsfeld, who during the last stormy scene had appeared in the doorway of the adjoining room, and now rushed forward. But Erna was before him; she reached her father first, and flung herself upon him with a heart-rending cry. Then springing up in sudden fury she turned upon Wolfgang. "You have killed him! You have killed my father!"

(To be continued.)



then down they swooped upon him like a cavalcade of Arabs, each one eager to capture the prize; and up his legs they swarmed; and over his arms they hung and swung; and hand-over-hand they climbed up his coat-tails: so that as he crossed the threshold of his home there was very little to be seen of the portly gentleman, in spite of his size, and a great deal to be seen of his acrobatic progeny, in spite of theirs.

The great door closed, and left the shabby little woman smiling to herself as she hurried on. She entered the boarding-house, hastened up three flights of stairs with her spry, nervous step, and coming to the attic, where two small bed-rooms had been partitioned off for the use of impecunious lodgers, opened the door of the front one, and scurried in as though she were afraid of being caught at it. Five minutes later found her divested of the shabby bonnet and sacque, and with the shabby wet shoes replaced by a pair of shabby dry ones, busily snipping twigs of holly from a branch and tying them with bits of scarlet ribbon.

IT was a double house; even in the dusk of this Christmas eve that was evident, for all the windows of one side were lighted and staring smartly into the street like so many eyes—from the round-lidded one set Cyclops-fashion in the attic, to the wide-awake ones in the basement, where the blinds were up and a maid-servant conspicuously clearing a long table of its dinner perquisites and setting it for the next morning's breakfast, so that he who ran might see; while the other half was dark, save for the flicker of fire-light in the window of the room in the second story, which must have been the nursery, from the number of little heads crowded up against the frosty panes, revealed ever and anon by the winking light. You see, one was a boarding-house; and the other was a home.

Just as a shabby little woman with her hands full of small paper parcels turned in towards the steps of the boarding-house, a sleigh came jingling gayly up, and a gentleman, tossing aside a black fur robe, leaped out with rather an agile step for so portly a figure, and picking his way sprucely across the icy pavement began to ascend the steps of the other. He bore himself somewhat pompously, and searched in his pocket for his latch-key with a "monarch-of-all-I-survey" air, heightened in effect by the colored coachman who dismounted and followed behind fairly tottering under the weight of a pyramid of boxes and packages piled high above his shining beaver. But the search for the latch-key was an empty form and nothing more; for the portly gentleman had scarcely planted one well-shod foot upon the first stone step, when the front door flew open, as if its owner had touched a secret spring, and a troop of children came frisking out, dancing gingerly on their tip-toes for fear of the light fall of snow, and shaking their hands up and down with cold and excitement.

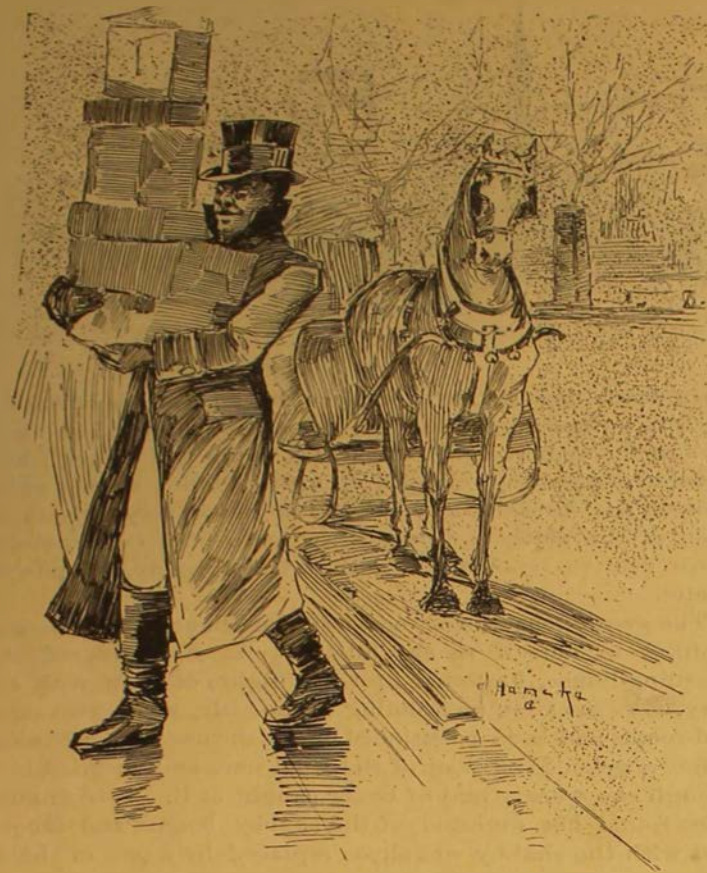
"Papa! papa! papa!" they screamed in chorus; and



"JUST A SHABBY LITTLE WOMAN."

"I'll put them at their places down in that dismal dining-room," said the little old maid, among whose oddities was this one of talking aloud to herself; "they may be suggestive. At least it's a wee spark of Christmas, and I may manage to fan up quite a blaze before night, who knows?"

And she snipped and tied, and Christmas ditties went jiggling in her head, and neighborly thoughts made pleasant



"THE COLORED COACHMAN FOLLOWED BEHIND."

lines about her mouth, and her eyes beamed like the eyes of a good mother. An odd place for neighborly thoughts, you may well say; for each individual in this house—this "collection of units"—was as completely sundered from every other individual in it, or out of it, for that matter, as if they rose and dressed and fed themselves and went to bed in different solar systems; always excepting the little old maid Miss Nellie (she was never called anything but "Miss Nellie").

For there was not one in that little world of alien souls that did not love Miss Nellie; there was not one who had not confided a trouble to her sympathetic bosom. The irascible editor had come to her with the scurrilous attacks upon his reputation; the old lady in the false front had wept out her woes upon her shoulder, in a manner far from false; the pretty young girl, who wrote on a type-writer and battled single-handed with the problems of a work-a-day world, came to the kind little body for motherly counsel and homeopathic remedies—the only ones Miss Nellie gave in paltry doses; the middle-aged couple, who were known to differ frequently and loudly, brought their quarrels to her for arbitration; the gallant Major, who had been in the army, and loved



"AND SHE SNIPPED AND TIED."

the ladies, had begged her to brighten his lonely lot with the light of her perpetual presence, and when she had given him a gentle refusal, had taken it nobly with his hand on his heart, and dogged her footsteps persistently there after; the poor young clerk, who had the other attic bedroom, and couldn't manage to pay for that, and who borrowed money of her and never paid it back, but was always meaning to, came to her in fits of desperation, when he talked recklessly of ruin, and a revolver as the only possible quietus, and went away with courage in his step—and her last dollar in his pocket.

Thus it happened that while all these neighbors' doors were closed against each other, they were open to Miss Nellie; perhaps the secret of it was, that while she gave sympathy she never demanded it. To be sure, there was a rumor in the annals of the house that Miss Nellie had a story, but the idea that there was any element of tragedy in it was scouted as ridiculous;—why, you had only to look at her bright blue eyes and smiling mouth, and to listen to her brisk step and cheery voice, to convince you that *that* was impossible,—“absolutely and egregiously impossible, my dear sir!” as the Major used to say.

While the little old maid sat there busied with her simple work and kindly thoughts, a sound suddenly smote upon her lonely silence that made her heart leap into her throat. It was the noise of a heavy body falling, and her first thought was that the young clerk had at last carried out his desperate threat,—cut his throat, perhaps, and fallen dead upon the floor; but before she had time for further speculation there were more sounds of confusion, which seemed to take place just outside her door, and before she could cross the room and open it, it had burst ajar and swung wide, disclosing—but no! she was not a child to be hoodwinked with a Christmas dream, for surely she was asleep and dreaming! surely, surely, pinch her arm as sharply and rub her eyes as diligently as she would, she must be asleep and dreaming! Only to think of an old maid in her forties, standing there in her own ten-by-twelve bed-room and thinking she saw Santa Claus looming in the doorway!

But what would you have? Was not the light from her lamp flooding full upon him, and was it not an unmistakable old gentleman, rotund of figure, in a long fur-coat dashed with snow, and a round fur-cap set on locks quite as white, and a venerable beard sweeping downward beneath two ruddy cheeks and a rubicund nose, and—conclusive evidence!—peeping over his shoulder a bulging bag, from which stuck odds and ends of toys and irresistible packages with the most fascinating knobs and excrescences and bewitching protuberances, that would have made one scream with excitement had one been forty years younger?

“Sir,” said the simple old maid, “you have made a mistake.”

“Yes, madame, I *have* made a mistake!” growled the furry old gentleman, fairly bristling with anger, “and somebody else has made a mistake! And the next time they leave scuttle-doors open for a trap for innocent people, they’ll hear from me, or I’ve made another mistake! Bless my soul! Bless my soul!”

This pious ejaculation burst from the old gentleman’s lips with the fury and explosiveness of a piece of profanity, as he tried to take a step, and, in doing so, fell up against the door-post like a child learning to walk.

“I’ve fractured my knee-pan!” he cried querulously, “and I’ll sue you all for damages,—dan—dam—damages!” he repeated, as though it did him good to fire it off like so many peas from a pop-gun.

“I’m sorry,” said Miss Nellie in her soft little voice. “Let me help you into a chair, sir. I’m so very sorry it happened!”

She took him under the arm, and imagined she upbore his great frame as it lunged across the floor and fell into her rocking-chair, which creaked and groaned with the unusual burden of flesh.

"Who left that trap-door open?" demanded the irascible old fellow, turning an angry eye on her.



"IT WAS THE NOISE OF A HEAVY BODY FALLING."

"Mercy on me, sir!" cried his little hostess, suddenly clasping her hands on her heart and looking scared and aghast; "I just remember that I did it! I was beating out my rug, and I was unexpectedly called away, and—I forgot it!"

She felt like a two-year old culprit standing there before his inquisitorial eye, and she would have been glad if a trap-door had suddenly opened and let *her* down into the next story without a second's warning.

"I suppose you'll say I had no business to be promenading on your roof;" the venerable gentleman went on with dignity, conscious of being in rather a ridiculous position, which might be taken advantage of. "I hadn't, I'll admit. You see, I rigged up as Santa Claus, and stole up on to the roof; and Piggins—that's the nurse—was to bring the children up into the play-room,—that's the attic,—and I was to appear through the trap-door; instead of which I took a turn on the roof while I waited, and appeared through a trap-door that wasn't in the programme at all."

There was a twinkle in his eye as he said this, that made his resemblance to the ideal St. Nick absolutely faultless; but at the same time that she noted this, Miss Nellie was tracing through the false hair and beard the likeness to her respectable and pompous neighbor; and then when it came over her suddenly that he was sitting there in her own little room, in her own little rocking-chair, talking to her face to face for the first time in a quarter of a century,—he, Guy Holbrook,—with the same voice and the same eyes and the same lips that had once told her that—oh, dear me! dear me! she just sank right down in a little heap on the floor, and dropped her face in her hands and burst out crying.

"Bless my soul! what's the matter?" cried the poor man, suddenly smitten with contrition. "What a brute I've been, to be sure! You see, my knee almost drove me frantic for a moment there; but it's all right now, just as good as new, and it doesn't make a particle of difference anyway. So dry your eyes, my good woman, and be so kind as to call a servant, and I'll rid you of my unwelcome presence at once."

"My good woman" did dry her eyes, and was on her feet again, the same shabby, unromantic figure of a little

gentlewoman that she had ever been; and had come walking straight over to Guy Holbrook's chair, and put a frank hand on his shoulder, and looked him squarely in the face with her true blue eyes, that were always the honestest eyes in the world. For she was not a heroine in a novel; and it was very ludicrous and unromantic,—very, very unromantic!

"There was once a girl named Nellie—" she began, with a catching laugh in her voice, quite like the girl-laugh of that same youthful Nellie.

"Nellie? Nellie?" said the old man ponderingly, as though he were recalling an elusive memory.

"Who lived in this house, which wasn't a boarding-house then, but a home," went on the smiling woman, "and was rich and happy. And there was a boy named Guy,—a slender boy with curling hair and roguish eyes,—who was supposed to live in the other half of the house, but was always in this, and who whistled and teased from morning to night, and was happy, too."

"Yes—yes—" said the listener thoughtfully, pulling his beard, and recalling the memory of the boy named Guy.

"And they grew up and loved each other, as they always had," went on the narrator simply, "and they would have married each other, but they quarrelled; and both being as proud as Lucifer, they parted without forgiving each other,—he to go out West to a ranch, she to spend six weary months in foreign travel. She came back then to the old home, but month after month went by, and there was never a word from the ranch in the West. And year after year went by, and strangers lived in the other house, and Nellie's parents died, and she lost her money, and she sold her home, and was sorely cheated,—as she always was, being a very stupid old body,—and she took for a home one little room up under the eaves, and lived there contentedly; but she could not forget. And she heard that he had married a wife in the West, quite late in life. And one day he brought the wife and a troop of children back to the old home; but it was never the same Guy to Nellie. He had forgotten, too,—men do forget,—and when he met her one day he looked her in the face and turned away, and never knew. This cut her to the heart; but when she went back to her little room she looked in the glass and saw that she was old. And she used to love to sit in her room and listen to the little voices laughing in the other house; or to sit in her window and watch the fragile wife going out to her carriage, and the flock of little children frisking in and out; or she would stop and speak to them, for they were friendly little creatures, with bright, beguiling eyes; and one day, while she sat in her window, the funeral carriages drew solemnly up to the house, and the wife was taken away for the last time. And she longed to tell him she was sorry for him; but she did not dare. And whenever Christmas came she longed to tell him that the fault had all been hers, and beg him to forgive her; but she remembered that he had forgotten it all, and held her peace."

Forgotten it all! forgotten it all! Yes, men do forget, and no doubt he had forgotten; but *now*—why did the hand that pulled the white beard tremble like the hand of an old, old man? And what were those bright drops filtering down among its silvery strands? Surely it could not be this simple tale of a boy named Guy and a girl named Nellie, that so moved and shook him!

"My child," he said at last, quite simply,—as though he were really the aged saint and she the youthful Nellie of those days he had forgotten,—"my child, kneel down here where I can look at you."

When she was kneeling in front of him, he took her face between his hands and looked at it a long, long time in

silence, reading every lineament, every line,—and remembering.

“The same blue eyes,” he said finally; and then he suddenly put her by, and rising hurriedly, hobbled to the door.

“Put on your cloak and come home with me!” he commanded, almost gruffly, from the doorway.

As she hastened to obey, and slipped on the shabby old sacque “that was plenty warm enough if you walked fast,” and tied on the shabby bonnet over her gray-streaked hair, he leaned against the door-post and let his eye rove round

the little apartment. Whether it was the meagerness of furniture therein, or the make-shift little economies, or the



“HE TOOK HER FACE BETWEEN HIS HANDS.”

poor attempts at something akin to beauty, or whether it was the shabby little figure that moved cheerfully about in its sorry environment, and came briskly toward him with a bright smile under the old bonnet, or whatever it was that touched him, it is certain that as they halted down the three flights of stairs arm-in-arm together, the drops were glittering again down the strands of the snowy beard.

* * * * *

The nursery fire leaped up the throat of the chimney; the nursery, basking in its ruddy glow, was a place of delicious chaos; little three-year-old was having a bath in a tiny tub right up by the fender, and squirming and squealing under the merciless hands of a capped and spectacled old nurse, who held tyrannical sway in this little kingdom, but whose authority, like that of all tyrants, was flouted the moment her back was turned; a cat, bunched up snugly on the rug, was blinking and watching this strange manner of ablution, so different from her own. Numberless little Holbrooks, in various stages of undress, were kneeling and hopping and sprawling and rolling about on the nursery floor; some of the older ones, in pinafores or short jackets and knickerbockers of ridiculous dimensions, sat demurely by the fire waiting for a call from an old gentleman who is supposed to make his *début* down the chimney; a sufficient number of stockings were hung in conspicuous positions about the room to persuade one that Mr. Holbrook was the father to a family of young centipedes; there was a steamy smell of soap and of scorching linen and of evergreen, in the air; and old Nurse Piggins added the last touch of

comfort by crooning a cosy, cheerful, canty Christmas-song through her nose.

And it was at the door of this room that Miss Nellie stood with the white-bearded St. Nicholas, gazing in at the homely scene with shining eyes; for the little lonely woman thought she had never looked on anything more beautiful. And when they were discovered lurking in the shadow, and when the entire clan swooped down on them with a cry of “Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa Claus! Hooray!” and when the little hands



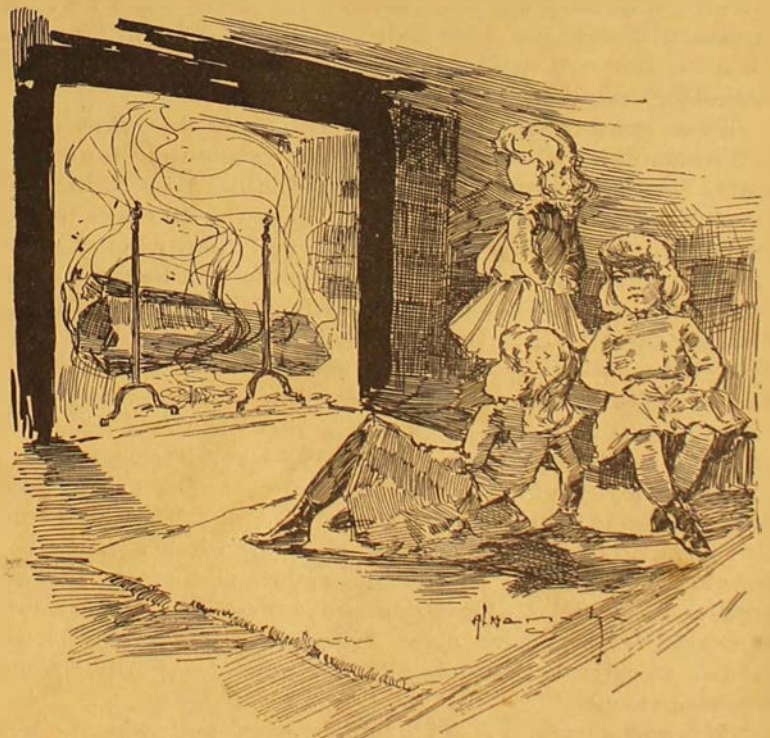
“THEY HALTED DOWN THE THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS ARM IN ARM.”

clung to her, and the confiding little arms stole about her neck, and the baby lips pressed her faded cheek, and the lovely young eyes looked fondly into hers, which were bright now with something like the brightness of tears,—oh, then was the supreme moment of Miss Nellie's life!

Even in the happy future, when the little woman, no longer a lonely old maid sitting in the round-lidded window of the boarding-house, looking down at other people's happiness, but a little wife with serene eyes, watching at that window where the nursery fire winked and flickered, hedged in with little arms, and surrounded by a constellation of little heads, and beset with little voices,—even then this Christmas Eve was never eclipsed or dimmed of its luster; but shone on along the path of her peaceful life like the pure Star that shone in the East over the cradle of a Child.

* * * * *

What! didn't I tell you how they kept Christmas Day at



“THEY SAT DEMURELY WAITING.”



"WHEN THE PLUM PUD-
DING CAME ON."

the boarding-house? How all the individuals got up on that day of good-will, and opened their respective doors gingerly to take in their boots, and found that unwittingly they had been following the good old German custom and had exposed themselves to the weakness of getting a gift, each in his boot, or, in the case of the ladies, to having it tied to the handle of their hot-water pitchers; and how they suspected an impecunious little woman in the other bed-room; and how they came one by one in their independent, individual fashion to the Christmas dinner, and were coaxed into a smile by the twinkling bits of holly—Christmas holly—at their plates; and surprised into a laugh at the magnificent proportions of the Christmas turkey, and actually plunged into unheard-of hilarity when the plum-pudding came on; and how by special invitation they came shyly into the parlor after the Christmas dinner was over, and found it transformed into a bower of spicy-scented greens, and blushing in the light of a monster of a "Yule clog" blazing and sputtering away on the hearth like a good fellow; and how they suspected "a certain somebody" again (but never suspected who had helped her in her cheerful deeds); and how there was a sprig of mistletoe on the middle chandelier, which was the cause of more mirth, and many tactics and military manœuvres on the part of the Major, and much blushing,—entirely irrespective of the fire,—on the part of the ladies; and how Miss Nellie sat at the jangling old piano and played an old-fashioned jigging tune in an odd, old-fashioned way, while "all hands" took partners for the Virginia reel,—the irascible editor leading off genteelly with the old lady in the false front, and the indigent young clerk prancing after with the pretty typewriter-girl, and the middle-aged couple sidling amicably hand in hand down the middle and back again, and the Major bringing up stylishly with the bouncing landlady and putting in more pigeon-wings and fancy flourishes to the square inch than any mortal who ever stepped out to the



"AND HOW MISS NELLIE SAT AT THE JANGLING OLD PIANO."

tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel!" What! did I not tell you all this?

Well-a-day! the Christmas fire is burning low, and the lights are out in the great double-house, and the sounds of merriment are hushed, and the Day—that dear Day of "peace on earth, good-will toward men"—is over, dead and buried with the dead Past; but I wot there was a blaze kindled that night that'll not burn out so soon, and lights that'll brighten the way for many a long day, and sounds of merriment that'll go echoing on through years to come,—carrying onward the refrain of old Nurse Piggins' song:

"Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry."

W. L. FALCONER.

How We Did During The War.

IT may sound irreverent for me to say that we girls had a jolly good time during the war; but the simple fact that most of our amusements resulted in providing our loved ones at the front with good cheer, is proof sufficient that we intended no disrespect by our jollity, and were not disloyal to the cause.

It has been said that the women of the South became demoralized during the civil war. This is both a false and an unjust accusation, and could only have been uttered by those entirely ignorant of the exalted and honored positions accorded to many of them during the civil strife. It is true, our surroundings compelled us to ignore all conventionalities; but the noble deeds of daring and self-sacrifice performed by daughters of the South, will always be remembered.

Attending sewing-societies, participating in tableaux, lotteries, and fairs, all for the benefit of the soldiers, constituted most of our "good times." The sewing-society of our neighborhood held its weekly meetings at Mount Zion Church, three miles distant from father's plantation, and it was too laughable to see us girls setting out every Thursday morning for our "Mecca," as mother called it.

Each of us was mounted on a condemned horse or mule (these condemned animals were the refuse of both armies), with one of our little brothers perched up behind as a body-guard, and a mammoth carpet-sack hanging from the horn of the saddle. The saddles were held on the scrawny backs of these miserable objects by means of strong thongs of raw-hide, and our steeds were guided and controlled by ropes and raw-hide bridles. They needed no restraining influence, however; the point was to get them to go at all.

Their crippled movements were accelerated as much as possible by means of old steel spurs securely buckled to our heels and applied with vigorous kicks to their flanks. Each of us also carried a bundle of tough, lithe switches to be used as a motive power in front, while our brothers were each armed with a stout cudgel with which to harass the rear. Yet with all of the seinstruments of torture our progress was still slow and tedious. The children used to say they had much rather walk than to *beat* their way.

Our sacks contained the garments we had carried home the week previous to be made and returned at the next meeting. On these occasions we were costumed in our palmetto hats, home-spun dresses, home-knit gloves, home-spun riding-habits, and, indeed, home-made everything, even to our bamboo hoop-skirts.

When we arrived at Mount Zion, the little boys would dismount first, and then, by dint of a great deal of jerking and pulling and pushing, our "war horses," as they facetiously

termed our steeds, were brought up beside a convenient stump, in order that we might reach *terra firma* once more. When a score or so of these dejected-looking beasts were hitched to trees and available swinging limbs, they presented a most lugubrious as well as ridiculous appearance. We had one consolation, however, in the premises: we were not afraid of anyone purloining our horses in our absence; our return trip was always based on certainty, as far as the possession of our horses was concerned. At noon we enjoyed our luncheon under the wide-spreading live oaks, all clothed with the richest and greenest foliage, and from whose friendly branches hung long, graceful streamers of Spanish moss, in solemn picturesqueness; and as we lunched we chatted and laughed and discussed the all-engrossing topic of the day, "the cruel war."

All the material that we could rake and scrape and make in the neighborhood was taken to the church at our weekly meetings, to be fashioned into such garments as we thought were most needed by our soldiers. In the evening we would gather up all the unfinished sewing, pack it in our sacks, and adjourn the meeting until the next Thursday.

When we had finished a good quantity of clothing, hats, caps, warm socks, gloves, and comforters, we would pack them in boxes, and commission some gray-beard belonging to the "stay-at-home corps" to carry them by private conveyance to the nearest railroad station, which was seventy-five miles distant. Transportation in *ante-bellum* days was by steamboat on the Mississippi River; but the blockade had now shut up this means of egress, and consequently our only mode of transfer was by private conveyance.

Every community in the State conducted a sewing-society on a similar basis, and in this way our brave soldiers were supplied with most of their clothing. The so-called Government furnished them with very little of anything, and only of the poorest quality, after the second year of the war.

I remember well how exasperated the members of the "Mount Zion Sewing-Society" were at the fate of one of their very choicest boxes of clothing. This box had been prepared with unusual care and self-sacrifice, and was intended as a Christmas present for the "Mississippi Rifles," the company that volunteered from our immediate neighborhood and in whose ranks stood most of our loved ones.

I sacrificed my very last French merino dress, and converted it into two warm overshirts for the young man whom I eventually married. I embroidered his initials on the under side of the collar, with strands of my own brown hair, and placed the last "bought" handkerchief that I possessed, with my monogram embroidered in the corner, accompanied by a dainty little note written on *real* writing-paper, in the inside pocket, where no eyes save his own, as I thought, would see them. Other girls prepared similar mementoes for their particular friends, and the married ladies parted with many of their very last possessions for husbands and sons.

This offering of love and duty was consigned to the custody of Caleb Hawkworth, one of the stay-at-homes. He was instructed and paid to carry it to Iuka and hand it over to the "Rifles," who were camped at that place. Instead of obeying orders, the unscrupulous wretch took our box to Corinth, and sold the precious contents to the highest bidder, for specie, and pocketed the proceeds. Then he came home with a great story about having been attacked by jay-hawkers, and robbed, not only of his goods and chattels, but of his wagon and team. He also sold his conveyance so as to give greater plausibility to his story, and tramped back home. The rascal actually scratched his face and hands and tore his clothes to give an air of truth to his statements.

Fortunately for him, the extent of his perfidy was not found out until after the surrender; then, as all parties had

agreed to forgive and forget, and the returned soldiers did not feel belligerently inclined anyway, he escaped the punishment he so justly deserved. But the finger of scorn was ever pointed toward him in after years, and even his children suffered obloquy in consequence.

Our lotteries, tableaux, and fairs afforded us much enjoyment, yet there was the deepest earnestness pervading each project. Everyone did all possible to crown our efforts with success, and we always succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes.

The first lottery we had during the war was arranged in this wise: A committee was appointed, to whom the citizens gave all the articles, which were often valuable, that were to be drawn as prizes. These were all numbered; tickets were then sold, and the prizes drawn by those holding tickets with numbers corresponding to those marked on the articles.

Father donated a mule and a bale of valuable cotton. Mother gave complete sets of the works of Audubon and Sir Walter Scott, handsomely bound. One of my sisters gave a beautiful silk quilt, the work of her own deft hands; another presented a lovely crimson-satin sofa-pillow, elaborately embroidered. I donated two of my handsomest oil paintings, companion pieces, representing the wooing and the wedding of Hiawatha. The younger children each gave a handsomely bound copy of one of the poets. Every family in the vicinity gave as liberally.

We realized five hundred and fifty dollars on this occasion, net profits, and invested the proceeds in cloth from the nearest woolen mills, which were situated in the northern part of the State. This cloth was made into clothes for the volunteers of our county. A like method was pursued throughout the State of Mississippi; and but for the Southern women, the Southern soldiers would have suffered much more severely for the want of clothing than they did.

We had great difficulty in finding substitutes for the youthful male element necessary for our tableaux. We pressed the old men and little boys into our service, but still sometimes there were laughable and palpable incongruities. For instance, no stretch of the imagination could ever picture Romeo, Glaucus, or Ivanhoe as old, gray, and decrepit; but as such they sometimes appeared on our boards.

We also experienced much annoyance for the want of pins wherewith to arrange the drapery of our statuary and the costumes of our figures. Every pincushion in the community was squeezed or ripped open in search of pins and needles that had slipped through the outside covering in by-gone days, and were still embedded in the wool or hair composing the cushion. The pins were all straightened, new points were ground on the needles and they were supplied with sealing-wax heads, and with these, and by tacking with thread, we managed to get on very well.

Yet with all their shortcomings, the entertainments given with such earnest and hearty good-will for the benefit of our soldiers, will always be remembered by the participants as "delightful occasions."

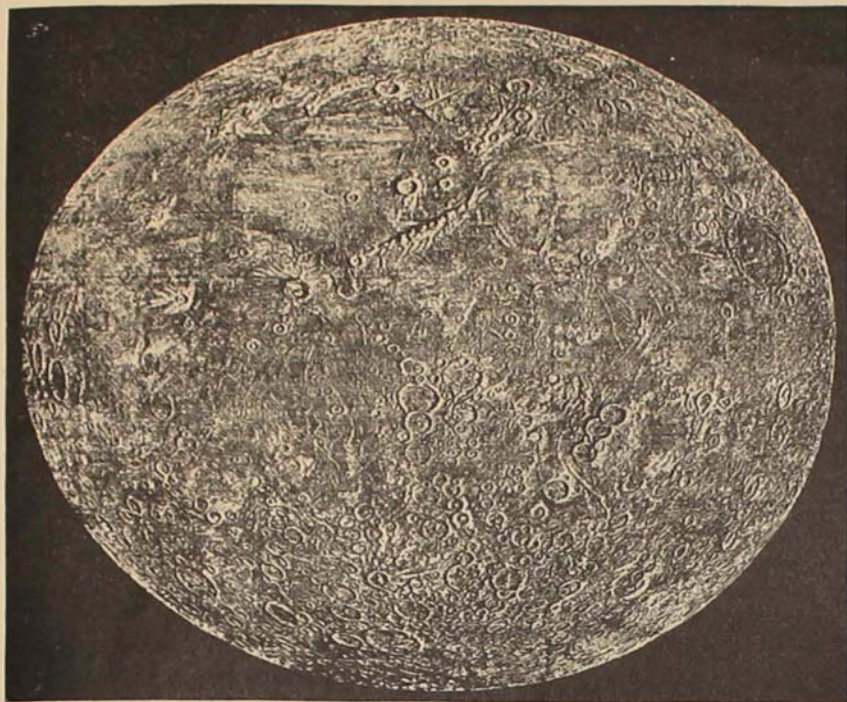
When I was a girl I possessed a very keen sense of the ludicrous; and although my heart bled for the sufferings endured by the soldiers still I could not suppress a smile at their appearance on their arrival home after the surrender, and even when they had resumed civilian's dress, their appearance was not much improved, as their apparel was of anything but a fashionable style; but we were glad enough to have them back in any garb.

The hard times of the war have become only a memory; but sad thoughts ever mingle with the remembrance of even the happiest hours of those troublous days, and the lessons of economy and self-denial then learned can never be forgotten by those who suffered and endured.

SOUTHRON LADY.

A Voyage Through Space.

THE MOON.



1.—THE MOON'S SURFACE.

“Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy.”—SHELLEY.

YOUR present astronomical flight only goes as far as the little neighbor sphere which, like a faithful servant, follows the earth on its way through the ocean of space. We are all, to a certain extent, quite familiar with this orb; for when the sun retires beyond the western horizon, the moon diffuses its light over the dark blue vault of heaven and casts a soft radiance over earth's landscapes.

We are also well acquainted with the moon as the poetical and mythological impersonation of Night, the “chaste Dian” whose kiss, “unasked, unsought,” is nightly bestowed upon the sleeping earth (the Endymion of the myth). We are, indeed, very familiar with the moon as the favorite of the poets since the Hebrew king compared the fairest of beauty to her fairness; and the mysterious influence she is well known to exert upon the tides of the earth's seas may be compared to the almost equally occult attraction the moon possesses for all imaginative hearts.

But we propose to become yet more intimately acquainted with her “celestial highness.” It is, comparatively speaking, but a short distance to the moon—only about 238 818 miles! But what a trifling distance is two hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighteen miles, astronomically speaking! Only a step in the universe. A cannon-ball would traverse it in nine days; a rapid railway-engine in seven months. The distance is only thirty times the diameter of the earth, so that thirty earths, piled one above the other, would make a bridge to the moon—that is, if they stood still. A trip to the moon would be no longer than ten voyages around the earth. Many sailors, travelers, and postal-messengers have traversed a greater distance than that which separates the moon from the earth. A telegram would reach there in the course of a second. The sun is four hundred times further off, and the nearest fixed star is one hundred thousand times more distant. We may,

therefore, say that the moon belongs to us,—we have it almost at our elbow,—it is a province of the earth.

Aristotle and other ancient philosophers taught that the moon is quite unlike the earth; that she is a smooth, crystalline body reflecting light like a mirror, and that the dark shadows upon her surface are the reflection of the continents and oceans of the earth. But when Galileo directed his telescope towards the moon, he discovered and recognized the true conformation of the lunar surface; yet, even then, his contemporaries, while admitting that the telescope he had constructed showed objects which appeared like mountains, still maintained that the surface of the moon is smooth. They argued that there exists a transparent or crystalline shell, filling up the cavities and outwardly perfectly smooth, as Aristotle taught. But Galileo's reply was of equal value to the objection. “Let them be careful how they provoke me,” he said; “for I can erect on their crystalline shell invisible crystalline mountains ten times as high as any I have yet described.”

But these apparent inequalities, the nature of which was so disputed by the ancients, are clearly distinguishable by the telescopes of to-day to be mountains and plains, as Galileo discovered them to be by his own imperfect instrument.

When magnified, the inequalities on the moon become quite apparent, especially near the terminator, or light-boundary of the crescent or gibbous moon. At the first quarter, the terminator indicates that portion of the moon over which the sun shines, and where the elevations throw great shadows. The terminator shows uneven and jagged against these elevations, and there are also observable bright points of light; these are the highest peaks of the moon mountains, which are already lighted by the rays of the rising sun, while the lower hill-sides and surrounding valleys are veiled in deepest shadows.

But for a sufficient knowledge of the nature of the moon's

surface we must have a considerable magnifying power. The most cursory glance at No. 1 will show the peculiar formation of the moon's surface. At first we are surprised



2.—THE LUNAR CRATER COPERNICUS.

surface we must have a considerable magnifying power. The most cursory glance at No. 1 will show the peculiar formation of the moon's surface. At first we are surprised

at the wonderful multiplicity of ring-shaped or crateriform figures. Near the edge of the moon these appear rather oblong, because they are seen from the side. Even the great, comparatively level plains which appear like dark spots to the naked eye,—they are especially noticeable in the northern hemisphere and compose at least one-half of the actual surface of the moon,—even these repeat the circular form in their outline.

These wide expanses are called seas (Latin, *mare*), as the *Mare Serenitatis*, or Sea of Serenity, etc., because in earlier times it was believed that they were covered with water. But that these so-called seas are not seas, has long been discovered, for there are no fluids in the moon, and its plains are great, apparently level, surfaces, which the sunlight shows encircling the mountain shapes. They are usually gray, or neutral-tinted, regions, while some exhibit a greenish tint. A pale red tint is observable in certain places, while there are other regions of purest white.

The circular-shaped inequalities on the moon appear in all sizes; a single one occupies a very large part of the moon's surface, while the smallest are so small that the most powerful telescope must be used to see them. They lie especially thick towards the south pole, and were compared by Galileo to the "eyes" in a peacock's tail. All these ring-shaped mountains are designated by the common name crater, but usually they are divided according to their size into different groups.

The largest of these are called walled or bulwarked plains; they are not quite regular, the inner plain is usually flat, but often bounded by intricate mountain masses. These walls, which, as a rule, are of medium height, seem to be built over with a new formation, and the wall-plains belong apparently to the oldest formation on the moon.

The next group includes the ring-mountains, which are extraordinarily numerous. They are more regular and smaller than the walled plains, being from ten to fifty-six miles in diameter; the circular wall, which often is very much indented, incloses a shell-like cavity, in which, as a rule, stand one or more central mountains, whose summits never attain the height of the ring-wall. Usually the sides of the ring-walls are apparently smooth, sometimes more rugged, but very often terrace-shaped.

The smallest of the mountains are designated as craters; they range in size from ten miles wide to scarcely visible hillocks and saucer-shaped depressions or pits, and they are so numerous, that it would be difficult to decide whether the sky had more stars than the moon had craters, or *vice versa*. They all are alike, including the ring-wall, the central mountain or mountains within the ring-mountain, the terraced inner-wall, and the flat crater-floor.

This remarkable predominance of the circular form cannot

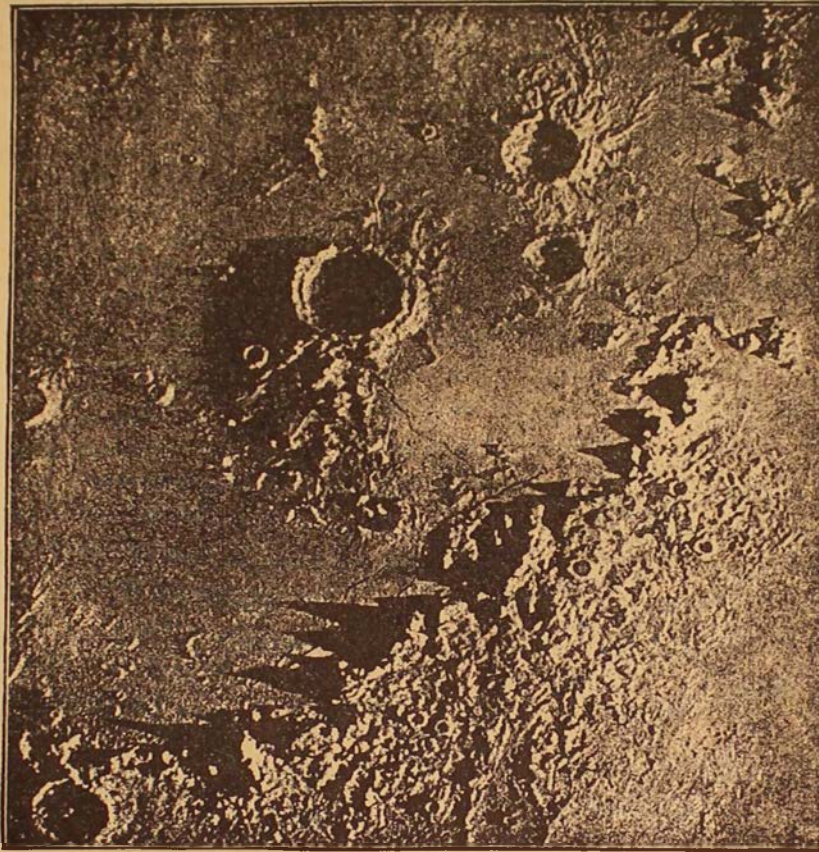
be accidental; we must seek its origin in some volcanic convulsion of nature, which was the cause of eruption in the great so-called seas, which were upheaved by successive explosions, creating in more or less numbers the hundreds of ring-mountains and the thousands of craters which give the lunar landscape the appearance of a surface covered with blisters or with strings of pearl beads.

Mountain ranges, such as are upon the earth, are rare upon the moon; the most apparent to the eye is the enormous chain of mountains in the northern hemisphere, which is known as the greater Apennines* (about as far north as our Alps). I must here remark that the most important formations of the moon are named after some of those of the earth, or, at least, they have been called so by astronomers and scholars. On the earth, however, mountains are the rule and craters the exception; while on the moon the case is reversed. Isolated mountain-peaks are rare on the moon.

It has been observed that all these forms are designated as craters; but it must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between them and the craters of earth. The latter are depths in separate mountain-peaks, and their level is high above their surroundings. The moon-crater, on the contrary, is, as a rule, much deeper than the moon's surface, and its outer wall is often only one-half or one-third as deep as its interior. Another essential difference is the size; while the craters of the earth measure feet, those of the moon often measure miles; one of the largest ring-formations in the moon has a diameter of one hundred and thirty-five miles.

Before we pursue our travels across the moon's surface any further, let me correct an error which is very widespread; it is commonly believed that the best time to

observe the moon through a telescope is at full moon, when that half of the moon which is always turned toward us is illuminated, and one would naturally conclude that it would be possible to observe much better. In one sense this is so, but the advantage is not great. It is the variations in light and shade which give the moon-landscape's character, and by the aid of the shadows many things are discovered which cannot be distinguished in the full light of the sun. When, however, the moon is a slender sickle, either shortly before or after the new moon, the sunlight strikes obliquely across that portion of the moon's surface which is then visible, and casts long shadows; then is the best time to view the moon through a telescope, for all parts of the moon are seen best when close to the terminator, the edge of the dark part of the moon. At full moon the sun's rays fall directly over the middle of the moon; there are no shadows thrown here, and in the other regions the heights are obscured by their own shadows.



3.—THE LUNAR APENNINES, ARCHIMEDES, ETC.

* See No. 1, north of the equatorial diameter of the moon's disk.

Let us begin with Copernicus (No. 2), one of the most magnificent ring-mountains of the moon. It is fifty-six miles in diameter, and its noble ring of terraces is over 12,000 feet above its crater-floor. A mass of ridges leans against its interior walls, and it has a central mountain 2,400 feet in height. The terraced ring-mountain in some places rises into distinct heights separated by ravines. Around it are seen a number of lesser craters. Select one of the smallest of these craters and you will have one not far from the size of the crater of Vesuvius.

It is difficult for us earth-dwellers to comprehend that the depression in Copernicus has a diameter of fifty-six miles. We read that a whole army was encamped in the once quiescent crater of Vesuvius, and that one of the extinct volcanoes in the vicinity of Naples was used by an Italian king as a zoological garden; and although we may not have seen a volcano, we may yet have a very good idea of one. But one can hardly realize that there is room on the moon for a crater fifty-six miles in diameter. We must imagine a mountain amphitheater, or a circle of mountains, with opposite sides as far apart as West Point from New York City.

The shadows which the mountains of the moon cast are perfectly black and their outlines sharply defined; where the shadows fall nothing can be seen of the landscape, for deepest night reigns. While on the earth the light-radiating atmosphere illumines the surrounding neighborhood of any object, although the sun's rays do not fall directly upon it, on the moon, no such thing is possible, for there is neither air nor water upon the moon; at any rate not an atmosphere which can be compared in any way to that surrounding our earth, where a total annihilation of light cannot take place.

It is partly by means of these black shadows that the height of the moon-mountains may be measured. This height is not very great proportionately, although many mountains of the moon attain the same height as the highest peaks on the earth,—from 25,000 to 30,000 feet,—which is rather surprising when the sizes of the two bodies are compared. The diameter of the earth is nearly four times that of the moon. A journey around the moon is only six times the length of Norway. The entire surface of the moon does not exceed that of North and South America; the half that we see is only about twice the size of Europe. It would take forty-nine moons to make a sphere as large as the earth, and sixty-two million moons to make one the size of the sun. Unfortunately we have not the material necessary to practically demonstrate the fact. The reader will have to take our word for it.

The mountains on the moon are, proportionately, four to five times higher than those on the earth; the highest lying in the vicinity of the south pole. It is consequently a necessary corollary that the height of the moon-mountains can only be measured with reference to their immediate surroundings and not by a common level, as "above the sea," which is the standard of height on the earth. If the earth, also, was without water, the mountains would be propor-

tionately higher, for the sea in some places is over four miles deep.

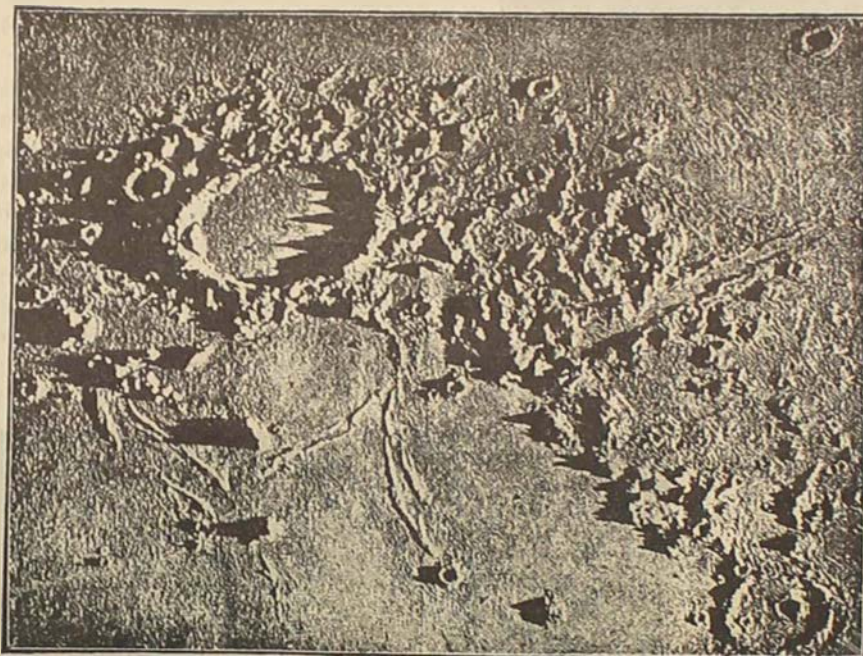
The illustration No. 3 shows us the region of the lunar Apennines, an immense range over five hundred miles long, with exceedingly steep mountains of more than three thousand peaks, one of which attains a height of 20,000 feet,—a mountainous region whose wildness and extent far exceed anything of a similar nature on the earth.

Nothing could be comparable with the magnificence of this landscape when observed through the telescope shortly after sunset. The long, coal-black, sharply defined shadows of the turret-shaped peaks of the Apennine chain run fully ninety miles across the plain, and north of these yawn the enormous black abysses of the three large ring-mountains, the greatest of which is called Archimedes. All around are countless smaller craters, rocky peaks, hillocks, and walls, lying in silent calm before the observer, whose vision traverses this panorama of a strange world as if he were floating over it in a balloon only a few miles above it.

And yet if we could view this landscape in another way than that to which we are confined, seeing only a bird's-eye view, the sight would become yet more imposing, and inspire

us with much the same feelings which the Himalayas and the Alps excite. The lack of atmosphere and the consequent effective contrast between blended light and coal-black shadows, must bring out wild and fantastic scenery that we can scarcely imagine. But, unfortunately, we are limited to viewing the mountains and valleys, so that the mountain peaks do not have their actual value. There is as great a difference as there is between looking down on a city from a balloon or in taking a promenade through its streets.

The landscape in No. 3 shows also a number of the

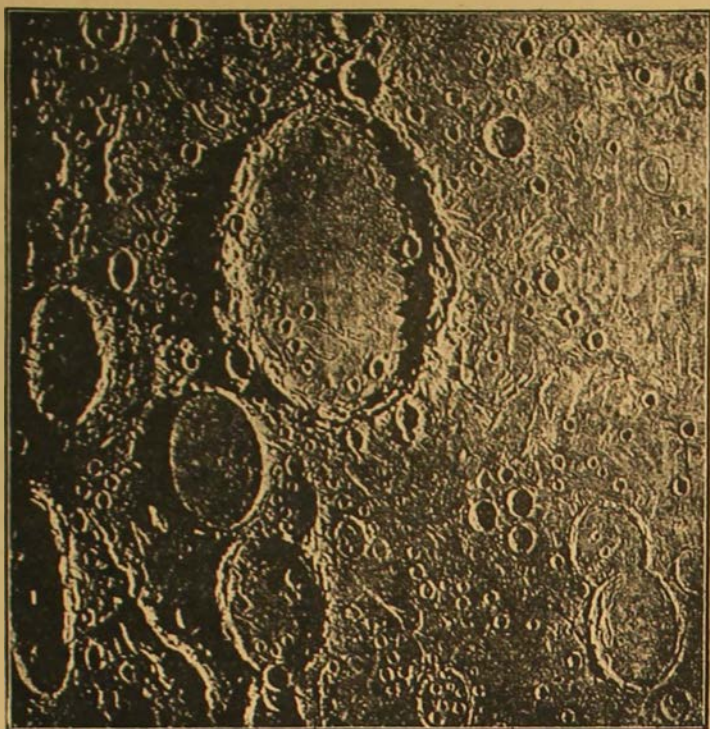


4.—THE RING-MOUNTAIN PLATO.

clefts or *rills*—peculiar fissures or rifts that gape in the soil. Such rills, as they are called, exist in great numbers all over the moon, although it is for the most part difficult to discern them. They are, on an average, about a mile wide, are perfectly straight, and undoubtedly are very deep. There is no formation comparable to them on the earth.

There was a time when men believed that they were artificial constructions—canals or dikes—which the inhabitants of the moon had built; for, as the great astronomer Kepler thought, the ring-mountains were inhabited by Lunarians, or moon-dwellers, who found shelter in the encircling shadows during the long moon-days when the sun shines uninterruptedly for three hundred and fifty hours. But when the moon was brought nearer by the great telescope, the fantastic idea of the supposed existence of these Lunarians, or Selenites, as they were also called, had to be given up.

In earlier times a great deal of trouble was taken to discover in the moon features analogous to those of the earth. So it was concluded, from the circumstance that one of the moon's plains had a green shimmer, that it must be covered with vegetation. But these analogists forgot that the moon had no air, without which vegetation cannot exist; they forgot that while the vegetation of earth is chiefly green,



5.—WARGENTIN AND SCHICKARD.

it does not therefore follow that it must be green in the moon also. In short, the moon is not a copy of the earth.

A typical landscape is shown in the vicinity of Plato (No. 4), a great ring-mountain which has a wall 8,000 feet high, that throws its shadows, like the towers of a gothic church, far across the inner plain. This mountain is remarkable, for it has a very small crater and no central mountain.

The hills which lie southwest of Plato are the Alps. Here is situated the remarkable Alpine valley. It is over seventy-five miles long and about four and a half miles wide, and composes an immense flat rock-cut surrounded by Titanic rocks which rise over 10,000 feet at the highest point.

In the southern hemisphere of the moon lies, amid a group of craters, ring-mountains and cliffs, a great ring mountain which is called Tycho. It is distinguished, not so much for its size and shape, as for a system of bright or light-colored streaks, which radiate in extraordinary number from it in all directions. This singular cloud of bright streaks, related to the crater as a center, extends over an immense district fully one-fourth of the moon's surface, and doubtless extends toward the south, far upon the unseen hemisphere. These singular bands of light, seen only in their full splendor when the moon is full, are then visible with a very small telescope. Similar, but lesser, systems of bright streaks radiate from several other of the larger ring-mountains, as from Copernicus, the ring of which, when vertically illuminated as at full moon, sometimes looks like a string of pearls.

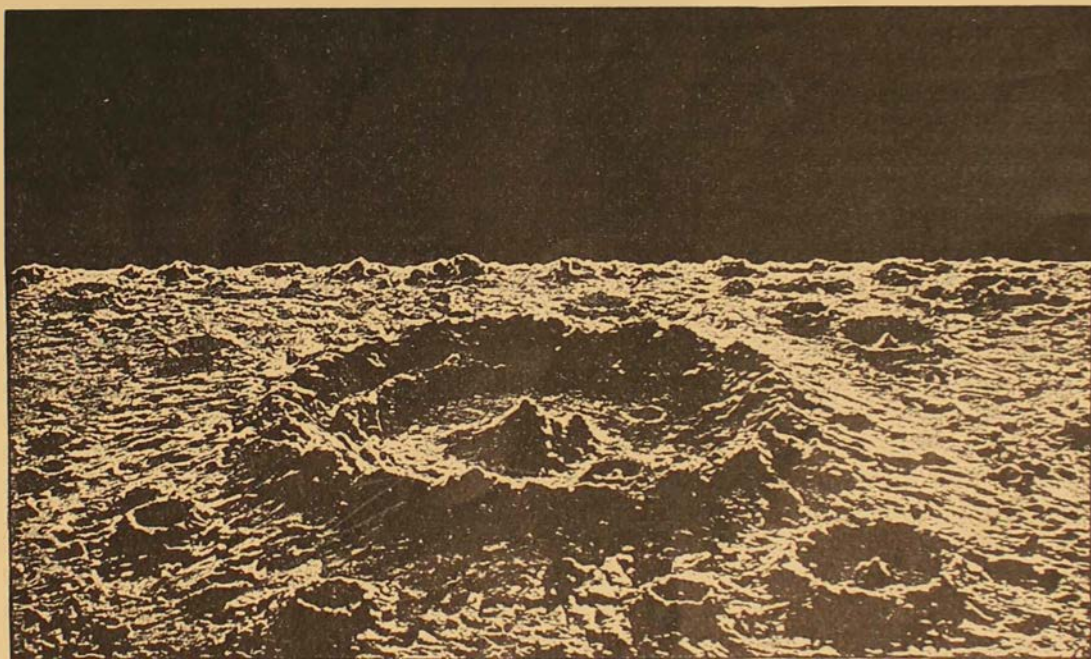
These bright streaks are neither elevations nor depressions; they lie at the same height as their immediate surroundings, and they never cast shadows; their course or direction is not interrupted by the elevations they cross, for they extend alike over craters, ring-mountains and plains, and crater cavities. What they really are, is not

easy to say. All the hypotheses advanced lack rationality. The question remains unsettled, whether they are composed of some substance shot up from the interior of the moon which reflects the sun's light very vividly.

When the ring shapes, as in the landscape depicted in No. 5, appear oblong, it is because this region which lies near the edge of the moon is seen obliquely; in reality they are the usual circular forms. Wargentín, which lies to the left, is one of the moon's unique formations. It has been compared to a flat cheese; but it would have to be a mammoth cheese, for it is fifty-six miles wide. I trust none of my readers will misunderstand this comparison and accuse me of trying to make them believe that the moon is composed of a substance resembling cheese,—to say nothing of green cheese, though an allusion has been made to the green tint of a portion of the lunar surface.

Wargentín is a ring-mountain filled up to the level of its encircling walls with some lava-like substance which has hardened. One sees traces of its formation here and there along the edge of the ring-wall, which rises slightly above the interior level. North of Wargentín lies the magnificent ring-formation Schickard, whose enormous diameter of one hundred and twenty-two miles is strongly contrasted with the sixteen lesser craters which lie without the ring-wall. Schickard is so large that any one standing in the center of its crater-floor could not distinguish its encircling wall, 10,000 feet high, against the curvature of the moon's surface, while anyone from the highest peak of the ring-wall could not see the mountains on the opposite side.

All of the moon landscapes hitherto described include the characteristics of the normal lunar-crater (No. 6), which is typical of all the ring-shaped formations of the moon. Let us suppose that a traveler on the moon is approaching one of these ring-mountains. He stands before its steep overhanging walls and precipices; he ascends, and at last reaches its highest peak. An inconceivable view extends



6.—NORMAL LUNAR CRATER.

before him, but he also finds that there is no mountain plateau here, where he may rest after his wanderings. The mountain forms a cavity, the floor of which lies far below the surface of the moon. He must descend the yet steeper precipices of the mountain's inner wall, traverse the crater-floor, which perhaps is fifty miles wide, and then, when he reaches the cliff-terraces of the mountain wall opposite, he must again climb thousands of feet before he can say that he has been over the mountain.

However, the mountain-climber would find his task much easier than on the earth, for a person of average strength and size could easily spring four or five times his own height, since the gravitation which gives weight to living creatures and all other objects on the earth's surface, is so much less on the moon's. A man on the moon would only weigh one-sixth of what he did on the earth, although he preserved his usual size and powers.

It is evident from what we have seen, that these peculiarities of physical condition—these undeciphered traces—on the moon's surface, show it to have been the scene of many and great volcanic convulsions, and that to these are attributable the countless great and small crateriform or ring-shaped appearances which characterize the moon's surface and show it to be wholly different from that of the earth. For two centuries and more the moon has been observed closely, and studied by astronomers and scientists, but no other evidence has been obtained than that the moon is apparently "a dead and useless waste of extinct volcanoes."

Its features of volcanic action, as discovered by telescopic scrutiny, will be treated of in a subsequent "visit to the moon."

Christmas Carols.

MISS DALTON had lighted her student-lamp and arranged all her books of reference in position on her study-table, in preparation for her evening's work, when three sharp little scratches on the outside of the door announced to her ears the presence of the three young ladies of the household who call themselves "The Three Kitty-Kats' Club." She arose from her seat a little reluctantly, be it confessed, to let them in, as she had hoped to have a quiet evening to herself.

"We're not going to make any apologies for disturbing you, Miss Dalton," began Kitty Wood, the youngest and pertest of the trio, her dark eyes sparkling and her rosy cheeks aflame with her warm interest in the subject in hand. "No, indeed," she continued, "we haven't come to disturb your brain, we're going to give it a stimulus,—help you, in fact. You've been so awfully kind to us girls so many times in our distress, that when Doctor Bird told us you were in a strait hunting up all sorts of quaint old things for your Christmas work, why we just—"

"Yes, Miss Dalton," interrupted Katherine Derwent, "we've been delving like beavers for a week, in order to assist you in what little way we could; and so if you will kindly allow us to contribute our mites—"

"We will present to you a few little curios," continued Kate Grant, as Miss Derwent paused for breath, "which we have gotten together on the subject of Christmas carols, cheer, and that sort of thing; and if there be anything of interest in our collection, why, here!" and each girl held up a little packet of closely-written pages.

"My dear girls! How kind and thoughtful of you!" exclaimed Miss Dalton, when she finally comprehended the gist of the matter. "Of course I shall 'be glad to examine anything you may have found,' as the editors say; and I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate the kind-hearted interest that has prompted your help. No, remain," she continued, as the girls made a movement toward leaving the room. "I would like each one to read to me her communication; you shall all have a voice in my 'Christmas Carol.'"

"A pantomine part in the Christmas play, you mean," said Miss Derwent.

"Or a finger in the Christmas pie," laughed Kitty Wood,

"for my carols are all about 'good cheer';" and she sang out gayly:

"Let's dance and sing and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

"Well, as you please; perhaps the French would say it better, in this case, '*chacun à son gout*,' therefore as your article promises to be 'tasty,' Kitty, we will have your course served first."

"But grace should come before meat; and as Miss Grant's carols are of a religious order, why should she not read first?" replied Kitty, feeling a little shy over her reading.

"No, it will be better to close our service with a sedate air after all the merry-making songs; so, Kitty, you may begin."

Whereupon Miss Kitty opened her paper, looked a trifle conscious and timid, but read out clearly her contribution toward the Christmas article:

"Centuries ago, carols were sung at the Christmas festivities of 'mirth and princely cheare,' in 'merry Carleile,' by King Arthur and his gallant Knights of the Round Table, where

'They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores;
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, minced pies, and custard.'

"One of the oldest carols of that period, which was sung by the Knights in chorus, as the servants carried the boar's head on a pewter plate decorated with holly and rosemary slowly up the banquet-hall, ran as follows:

'The Bore's head in hand bringe I,
With garlans gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merily,
Qui estis convivo
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.'

"The religious carols of the early period of Christianity are few in number. Among them is one which, besides its ancient dress, is distinguished by a rude pathos and beauty; it is found in one of the oldest folios, and is as follows:

'My soul and lyfe stand up and see,
Quha lyes on ane cribe of tree.
Quhat babe is that so gude and faire?
It is Christ, God's own sonne and lire!

'Oh, God! that made all puir creature,
How art thou becum so whyte and pure,
That thou on hay and straw will lye
Among the asses, oxin, kye!

'And were the world ten tymes so wide,
Cled o'er with gold and stanes of pride,
Unworthy zit it were to thee
Under thy feet ane stane to be.

'Oh, my deir hert, young Jesus sweit!
Prepare thy creddill in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.'

"Later on, we get glimpses of a Christmas largesse to the poor and needy, and the carols and ballads of the times then sing lustily:

'The poor shall not want,
But have for relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon,
Minced pie, and roast beef.'

"And, later still, at the stately ceremonies of good Queen Bess' day, when with games and dancing they made merry, we have them caroling at their banquets:

'Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly.
Eache roome with yvie leaves be drest,
And every post with holly.'

' Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning ;
The ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.' "

Kitty finished her paper, and, looking up, said, " Now, Katherine, I believe your contribution follows."

Miss Derwent then began her reading :

" As early as the twelfth century we have accounts of the spectacles and pageants by which Christmas was welcomed, and of carols sung. At the court of Henry II., and through the reign of Henry VIII., there were jousts and revels, with songs and dancing at that season, until, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, throughout the length and breadth of the land the festival of Christmas was a jolly, joyful one. At that period Christmas plays were introduced, and Ben Jonson's ' Masque of Christmas ' was presented at court. In it the *dramatis personæ* were ' Roast Beef,' ' Plum Pudding,' ' Minced Pie,' ' Wassail,' and other good cheer, all of whom sang carols in honor of the day. Now, too, the Yule log had its carol :

' Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas log for the fireing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And dance to your heart's desiring.'

" Games and gifts and Christmas charities were associated with the festival. ' Waits ' were sung at midnight by peripatetic minstrels, and carols trolled in the early morning hours by men, women, and children, on the streets, and ' Holly,' ' Evergreen,' ' Ivy,' and ' Mistletoe ' had a voice in the merriment :

' May gladness, unity, and love
Descend upon us all ;
And when green boughs adorn the house
And glisten on the wall,
Read well the emblematic leaves :
" Since human life hath been,
Virtue survives cold wintry age.
And Truth is evergreen." '

" In the early days of Charles I., court pageants at this season were presented with splendor and brilliancy, the king himself, as well as the queen and her ladies, taking part in the masques and plays at Whitehall. King Charles himself was the author of several carols and roundelays which were sung at these festivities. But soon following these gay rejoicings there came a strong reaction, and the Puritans began to lift up their voices against the pagan pageantries and ribald songs celebrating the blessed Christmas-tide. It was at this period, and later, that the carol grew into a song of praise and joy, the refrain of which is always :

' Rejoice ! our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning ! ' "

Miss Derwent laid her paper down here, and motioned to Miss Grant to proceed, which she did as follows :

" The earliest of all Christmas carols, that sung by the angels at the Nativity,—' Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men,' is of all the most beautiful. One of the earliest poetic renditions of it is found in an ancient folio of the Church :

' When Chryst was born of Mary, free.
In Bethlehem that fayre citee,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
" In Excelcis Gloria ! ' "

' Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
And sayd, " God's Son is born this night,
In Excelcis Gloria ! ' "

' This King is coming to save mankind,
Declared in Scripture so we fynde ;
Therefore this song have we in mind,
" In Excelcis Gloria ! ' "

" Many of our greatest poets have written Christmas carols. Goethe, Coleridge, and Herrick have contributed some beautiful songs of the season to our literature. Milton's ' Hymn of the Nativity,' however, is conceded to be the grandest of them all. Therein the ' Helmèd cherubim and sworded seraphim ' sing out in a glorious chorus :

' Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so ;)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.'

" There is a curious and beautiful superstition among the peasantry of the Old World, that when the clock strikes twelve on Christmas Eve, all dumb animals celebrate the nativity by a rude carol in their different forms of animal speech. The cock crows out loudly ' *Christus natus est !* ' the ox bellows ' *Ubi ? Ubi ?* ' and falls on his knees ; the lamb bleats ' *Bethlehem* ' ; the ass brays ' *Eamus* ' ; and the bees hum the hundredth psalm.

" Behold ! 'Tis Christmas eve,
And the old clock in the tower
Rings out its joyful tidings on the winter's midnight hour.
The whole wide world awakens, rouses up to gladly see
The dawn of that most holy day,
The Christ's Nativity !
The cock crows loud and lustily
From out his high shrill throat,
' *Oh ! Christus natus est !* ' and then the ox and cow and goat
Fall prostrate on their knees, and cry, ' *Oh ! Ubi ? Ubi ?* ' (Where.)
The lamb for answer bleats out low,
' In Bethlehem, 'tis there ! '
The ass brays hoarsely, ' *Eamus !* '
(Let us go and quickly see.)
While from a thousand hives there comes the humming of the bee,
' Oh, make a joyful noise unto the Lord,' they sweetly sing,
A wingèd earthly choir who chant
The praises of the King !
The wide, wide world from East to West
From North to South, a song
Sings ' Jubilate ! ' ' Gloria ! ' until it floats among
The hosts of angels whose sweet praise heaven and earth now fill
With ' Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, sweet peace, good will ! ' "

Closing her paper with the above original verses, Miss Grant said a little timidly :

" And now, Miss Dalton, in addition to these ' notes ' which I have collected for you from other sources, I have a few original ones of my own—in music—to offer you, a little Christmas Carol, which may be of some use ; if you would like it, you are very welcome."

Miss Dalton rose from her seat ; she had listened attentively to the different papers read, and saw that there was much valuable material for her to choose from.

" Girls," said she, and her voice was a trifle unsteady, " I can never find words to express my thanks to you for your loving, thoughtful kindness and assistance in this matter ; I was hurried in my work, and you have lightened the burden of research which was necessary for me to make it satisfactory. Come ! let us go downstairs and sing this carol with organ accompaniment. It shall be my voice of thanks to you all."

They went quietly downstairs to the music-room, and to Miss Grant's playing sang the four-part carol. Next day, at the breakfast-table, the boarders all declared they had

dreamed of cherubim and seraphim the night before, to the music of the new Christmas Carol, and soon all were practicing it with hearty good-will.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Tempo di Marcia. Con spirito.

All hail, all hail un - to the day, When un - to us was giv'n, A glo - rious gift from
 God's own hand, His bless - ed Son from heav'n! Sing out, O stars and seas and skies! Make mu - sic while ye
 may; Sing, "Glo - ry to God!" Sing, "Glory to God! and peace on earth, Good-will, on Christmas day!"

All hail, all hail unto the day,
 When unto us was given,
 A glorious gift from God's own hand,
 His blessed Son from heaven!
 Sing out, O stars and seas and skies!
 Make music while ye may;
 Sing, "Glory to God! and peace on earth,
 Good-will, on Christmas Day!"

A royal gift we all receive,
 For unto all He came,
 To bring glad tidings to each heart,
 And every soul reclaim.
 Then ring out gladly every voice,
 This carol while ye may;
 Sing, "Glory to God! and peace on earth,
 Good-will, on Christmas Day!"

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

Our Girls.

Pleasant Reading for "Seven Times Two."

FICTION—Continued.

IT chanced one day that a newspaper man rode in a street-car beside a pair of lively school-girls, who chattered away to one another, something like this:

"What are you reading, Mame?"

"Oh, I'm reading Tolstoi."

"Now isn't he splendid?"

"Just splendid!"

"Isn't Anna Karenina just too lovely for anything!"

"Isn't it though. But William Black's books are the ones I cry over."

"Aren't they perfectly lovely!"

"Thackeray's are splendid, too."

"Indeed they are! Just splendid!"

And so on through a long list of stories, which, though they differed from one another utterly in style, purpose, and character, were indiscriminately pronounced to be either "lovely!" or "splendid!" Then that wicked eaves-

dropping newspaper man laughed, "and a scornful laugh laughed he;" and he wrote an account of the conversation for the "Detroit Free Press," and everyone who read it laughed, too.

There is a moral for "our girls" in my little tale, and it is this: when a book pleases you, try to find out wherein its charm lies.

If you have had opportunities of seeing pictures, or if you have heard them talked of by young friends who pursue art studies, you know that each artist has a specialty. One is known as a figure painter, another excels in portraiture, another represents flowers with wonderful skill, and yet another is famed for his representations of natural scenery.

Sometimes an artist not only confines himself to painting landscapes, but he is famed for the fidelity with which he represents some one beauty of the landscape. He excels in portraying mist or foliage or sunshine, and as people generally enjoy doing what they do well, he puts that which he paints so cleverly into most of his pictures. Thus, Gifford could represent with wonderful skill the effects of sunshine

in a hazy atmosphere ; so in all his paintings the distance is veiled in golden mist, as it is in Indian summer.

In like manner each writer has some special power ; and a book which is worth reading at all has some one or perhaps more than one excellence. Let us try to find out what this is. By so doing we will increase our power of enjoyment, and be enabled to speak intelligently of what we read, and not say of everything " perfectly lovely ! " or " perfectly splendid ! " like the girls who excited the newspaper man's derision.

Perhaps the writer excels in power of description. Is this the charm of the book you are reading ? When the author tells how the room or face or landscape looked, do you seem to see it ? Portrayal of character may be the excellence of the work. Do the people in it seem real ? It may be that my reader has a schoolmate or companion who resembles one of the heroines. Imagine her placed in the circumstances described in the story. Do you think she would behave as the girl in the book does ?

Sometimes the story is nowise remarkable, but along its thread the writer has strung thoughts as pure and precious as pearls. A book recommended in a previous paper, " Only a Year, and What It Brought," has, I think, this charm. Sometimes the people in the book meet with no remarkable adventures. Nothing more happens to them than might occur to any of us any day in the week. Our interest is held, not so much by the narrative itself, as by the wit or power or grace with which it is told.

Perhaps you find among your own friends that one can describe some very trifling occurrence,—a country walk, or a meeting of the sewing-society, or an interview with a peddler at the back door,—and can tell the little story so brightly that everyone who listens is amused. And another, though giving an account of something that ought to be of much greater interest,—a trip to Europe, or the Presidential Inauguration,—somehow fails to entertain the hearers so well. Writers differ from one another in the same manner, though not in the same degree ; for unless a writer can tell his story passably well, his productions will never be printed at all.

The way in which an author says what he has to say, is called " his style." Jean Ingelow has, I think, the power of telling even the most trifling incident with peculiar grace and charm ; and her " Stories Told to a Child," mentioned in the last paper, are doubly entertaining on account of their style, at once simple and poetic.

So you see a writer may please us by the vividness of his descriptions, by his skill in the delineation of character, by the interest of the narrative itself, by the lovely thoughts he suggests to us, or by the skill with which he has clothed his ideas in language at once strong and beautiful. It is rare for one person to have all these gifts. Indeed, a special endowment in one direction often implies lack of power in another direction.

This is the reason of the literary partnerships of which we often hear nowadays. Two authors agree to compose a story together, and each undertakes to write that part which he or she can do best. Perhaps the one who supplies the plot is lacking in the power of expression. He can " make up " the story and tell it to a fellow-worker, who in his turn clothes it in graceful and charming language for us. Or it may be that one can describe landscapes and skies so that we seem to see them ; and another can write sprightly conversations. Those two could together produce a delightful book of travels, and suit one another as well as Jack Spratt and his wife did.

So our first question about a book is, " How does it please ? " Our second is, " What is its purpose ? " For almost every good and clever story has been written with a

purpose. The writer may desire to convey religious truth, as Mrs. Prentiss has done in her beautiful stories ; or the narrative may be meant to show us how people lived and thought in long-ago days, as Mrs. Charles' books and " Conlyng Castle " do ; or it may be written to enlist our sympathies for people who are misunderstood or oppressed.

Grace Aguilar's beautiful stories have the last object in view. She was a Jewess with great love for her own people. Her father was driven from Spain by religious persecution and fled to England, where Grace was born. Even in that civilized land, and so recently as fifty years ago, Jews were so down-trodden and despised (as they are to this day in some parts of Europe) that if I were to tell you about it you would scarcely believe me. So Grace Aguilar tried to awaken kinder feelings towards her race by telling Gentiles about the lives and homes of the Jews, of their love for each other, for their nation, and for their God, and of their patience under wrong. She must have had at least a measure of success in this aim of her life, for just before her death she received from the Women of Israel a testimonial of love and gratitude.

And how does one find out the purpose of a book ? Generally by a thoughtful perusal of it ; and then the preface is almost certain to tell us what the writer's aim has been. So I hope every one of " our girls " will make it a rule *always* to read the preface. If you turn to it after perusing the book, you will find it more interesting and easier to understand than it will seem if read at the outset. It is often full of references to incidents and characters in the book, so that to one who is unacquainted with the story it may seem dry and perplexing.

Grimm's " Popular German Tales," Andersen's " Wonder Stories," and " The Arabian Nights' Entertainments " have not been mentioned hitherto, because I have taken it for granted that " our girls " already know and love them. These books are precious possessions of which one never tires. Andersen's fame rests upon his stories and tales. He was at first unconscious of his own witchery, and when these little prose poems were put forth upon the world the author modestly called them " Stories Told to the Children." But it was soon found that when Andersen had a tale to tell, all were willing to be " children " that they might listen ; so subsequent editions of the book were called " Stories for the Household." Andersen has written a number of lovely tales for growing boys and girls, which are bound under the title of " The Sand-Hills of Jutland."

Grimm's " German Tales " have not only pleased thousands of children, but learned men have thought them worthy of careful study. They have been handed down from father to son since the inhabitants of Europe were savages. Many of them are older than Christianity itself, and students of folk-lore have found beautiful meanings in them. The brothers Grimm, who collected and wrote them for us, heard them from the lips of aged peasants, dwellers in sleepy little villages in wild and remote parts of Germany. One edition of the book has a fine preface by the great English essayist John Ruskin, which the seniors of the household will enjoy.

Probably there is no need to speak of those exquisite little books compiled by the poet Whittier, " Child Life " and " Child Life in Prose," which one never can outgrow. " The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," by Mary Cowden Clarke, is also in great demand at the public library, and perhaps my girl readers already know and enjoy it. It introduces us, in a series of bewitching stories, to those famous women who are known, and many of them loved, half the world over. Mrs. Clarke breaks off her narratives where Shakespeare begins his. We find ourselves too much interested in these heroines to wish to bid them farewell.

and are glad to follow their fortunes in Lamb's "Tales from Shaksepeare," where we can read how they all "turned out," and what became of them.

"The Sunshine of Greystone" is a lovely story, earnest but not "preachy," and suited for Sunday reading. In it the writer, E. J. May, teaches us the power of influence. Nora Perry, whose poems are so popular, has written a number of charming short narratives which are bound all together under the title of "A Flock of Girls."

"A Dog's Mission" is recommended enough when we say it is by Mrs. Stowe. The first story, for there are several in the book, tells us of a forlorn old maid who has quarreled with her brother, the only relative or friend she has in the world, and feeling dismal and lonely, richly earns the name which she bears in the neighborhood, "the cross Miss Avery." The real hero of the tale, "a little silver-colored dog with soft dark eyes," adopts her for his mistress, discerning, with that insight which dogs and babies seem to possess, that a tender heart is hidden away somewhere behind the surface crustiness. Through a series of events, which you must read as Mrs. Stowe tells them, this little dog is the means by which the lonely woman is reconciled to her brother, and becomes happy, loving, and beloved.

The Sunday-school library may contain a cluster of stories entitled "Ministering Children." Our mothers used to delight in these, but they are now undeservedly neglected. They are both pleasant and helpful, showing how, without taking vows, dressing in black, or forswearing becoming bonnets, we can all be veritable "sisters of mercy."

Girls are amused no less than their brothers are with the "Story of a Bad Boy." "If any one has not read that book," says Rideing, in "The Boyhood of Living Authors," "I advise him to do so at once." Except that some names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's own boyhood that it might almost be called an autobiography. Most of the adventures are from real life. There is a wonderful pony in the book, also from real life. Rivermouth, where the hero and his comrades have such good times, is Portsmouth, N. H.; and Tom Bailey, "the boy who would do nothing mean, cruel, or vulgar, though he was as ready for mischief as any of his fellows," is Thomas Bailey Aldrich, now among the foremost of American authors.

In "Being a Boy," Charles Dudley Warner tells his own early experiences. He began life as many eminent Americans have done, on a farm. His reminiscences of old times in New England are most entertaining. There were old-fashioned winters then, and the snow-plough, drawn by four yoke of oxen, broke its way through the streets. Christmas was called "a Popish holiday," and keeping it was thought "as wicked as card-playing or being a Democrat."* Easter was unheard of. He tells us of the old "meeting-house," chilly and bare, with the tithing-man, rod in hand, hovering about the aisles, an ever-present terror to juvenile evil-doers. Mr. Warner describes the awful sensations of the scapegrace who sees the tithing-man bearing down upon him, with a vividness which makes us think he has "been there himself." "That luckless and graceless boy," he says, "feels the guilt ooze out of his burning face." This book will amuse the whole household.

Life in western New York forty years ago is well described in J. T. Trowbridge's "Jack Hazard Series." "If anyone has succeeded in representing the average American boy in fiction," says William Rideing, "it is Mr. Trowbridge."

"Some of the Jack Hazard stories, especially 'A Chance for Himself' and 'Doing his Best,' are faithful descriptions of the farm life and scenes in which I was brought up," he

said to me, one day; "the kind of school I sometimes went to (more's the pity!) is exactly pictured in 'Doing his Best,' and 'Peach Hill Farm,' where so much of the action of the story takes place, is merely a fancy name for my father's farm in Ogden."

"The Hoosier School-Boy," by Edward Eggleston, portrays life in Indiana about forty years ago, when that region was practically as far "out west" as Montana is now.

Life at a great English school is described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," which girls enjoy as well as boys do. This also is, in all the main points, true. It is really a history of the boyhood and youth of the writer, Thomas Hughes, well-known as an author, and as the founder of the English colony in Tennessee, which he has named after his loved school. East, Tom's friend and fellow-sinner, a thoughtless, harum-scarum, but chivalrous and lovable little fellow, is drawn from life, and the gentle, sensitive Arthur, whom Tom protects from the bullying with which he is sometimes threatened in that wilderness of boys, is a noted English divine.

"What Might Have been Expected," by Frank Stockton, is a juvenile, and an excellent one. "Nan," "Mildred's Bargain," and "Jo's Opportunity," by Mrs. Lillie, will interest and charm all the girls. The latter tells of a sweet girl's mission of love to an outcast child; and if you wish to know how she came to undertake the work, how she carried it on, and how she was blest in it, I refer you to Mrs. Lillie, who tells it all better than I possibly could.

War times in the South are vividly described by Sherwood Bonner, a gifted and charming Southern lady, who died in the full flush of beauty, youth, and literary success. "Suwanee River Tales" contains three of her delightful stories. The first, "Grandmammy," describes the surroundings of the author's own childhood. "Grandmammy" herself being a sketch from memory of "the faithful nurse who was loved and mourned as an old friend." The quaint diction of the Southern "darkies" is admirably reproduced.

Very amusing is the next story, "Four Sweet Girls of Dixie," especially where we read of the frolic which was so unexpectedly quenched by the alarm "the enemy! the Northerners!" The beaux stampeded, the belles scattered like frightened chickens, the musicans withdrew with as little ostentation as possible, and the uninvited guests feasted on the forsaken supper. The preface of this book girls will read without urging; it is the story of Sherwood Bonner's life, as interesting as any tale she has written. We wish it were as glad.

A most beautiful story, which both older and younger readers enjoy, bears a title which has suggested the motto of the King's Daughters, "In His Name." Romanists say scornfully, "Where was your faith before the time of Luther?" But, as E. E. Hale tells us in this book, there were many Protestants in France four centuries before Luther arose. They hid their belief for fear of persecution, but were bound together by ties of love, pledged to help each other all they could, and made known to one another by a password, as Freemasons are now.

In the story it is necessary to fetch a wise doctor to a loved child lying at death's door. A faithful servant rides fast and far to fetch him; his way is beset with difficulties so that he could never accomplish his tasks at all, were it not for the help given by fellow-believers whom he meets on his journey. When in deep perplexity he asks help "for the love of Christ," some brother in faith is always at hand ready to give it, giving also the beautiful countersign, "and in His Name."

Whether the great doctor was fetched in time to save the suffering girl, Mr. Hale will relate in his own strong and simple style. This book is particularly suited for Sunday

* Rideing.

reading, and indeed it would be well to defer the enjoyment of it to some leisure day ; for when one has commenced it, it is almost impossible to lay it aside unfinished.

"Illustrated Science for Boys and Girls," in spite of its grave title, seems to belong to the jovial company of story-books. It is a series of tales in which we are told in clear, cheery fashion of the origin and manufacture of things in daily use—combs, umbrellas, brooms and crockery. Surely we should know something about familiar friends like these;

yet most people are ignorant of how such things are made, where the materials come from, or what manner of folk they are whose deft hands have fashioned such useful articles for us. The chapter headed "How Newspapers Are Made" is as interesting as a fairy-tale. After reading it we look at the morning paper with profound respect, for we see that it is really quite as wonderful as Aladdin's lamp—a modern miracle of promptness, accuracy, ingenuity and knowledge.

E. M. HARDINGE.

Sanitarian.

How to Have a Beautiful Complexion.

THE WAY TO LIVE LONG AND BE HAPPY.

WHO does not admire a clear, beautiful skin ; a delicate rose-tint, fresh as the morning, coming through a soft, velvety texture ; the rose and the lily combined ? Many a girl would give much to possess the secret of getting and keeping a good complexion. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in the manufacture and purchase of cosmetics—"skin beautifiers," with the loveliest names on the labels. Ladies, young and old, try one and another of these popular compounds, and after endless experiments and vexatious disappointments, they wake up to the mortifying fact that what was once a reasonably good, wholesome complexion, has been exchanged for one that is rough, coarse, and harsh-looking ; or it has actually become bilious, pimply, and blotched. After these trials and failures there seems to be nothing for it but to continue the use of a powder of some sort, in order to cover up defects that are unsightly, if not positively repulsive.

I know a lady who, having resorted to various articles which her friends recommended, finally fell greatly in love with a very much advertised "Cream" for the complexion. It was perfection ; it filled up the objectionable creases that time (or strong tea) is apt to leave on the face ; it made the skin smooth to the touch, and it kept it from chapping ; in fact, the new article was "just lovely !"

Not having much faith in face-cosmetics in general, nor in the judgment of every lady who uses them, especially when she is bent on cheating Time and risking the results, I requested this particular individual to favor me with a sample of the delectable "Cream." I received it, took it to a chemist for analysis, and in a few days called to ascertain its constituents.

The chemist, who was also a druggist, looked at me sharply, as much as to say, "Have you been using this stuff ?" I answered his silent inquiry by assuring him that though I had not employed it, a friend of mine had done so. He then put a verbal inquiry : "Had the person who used it shown any signs of paralysis, or other unusual symptoms ?" I thought not ; but why did he ask this question ? "Because," said he, "it (the cream) is not only an active poison, but it contains a small quantity of a very powerful and deadly drug."

I opened my eyes in astonishment. "What is it, pray ?" He explained to me the tests that he had made,—all of them reliable,—and informed me that the cosmetic in question was pure calomel, with a trace of *corrosive sublimate* ! ! My friend was shocked when I stated these facts to her.

Now, ladies, the object of this communication is not to discuss face powders or creams,—though I must say I have very little love for them,—but to give you some hints on the art of not only preserving a good complexion, but producing it, even after the first bloom of youth has shown signs of fading ;

and the rules that I shall give you will apply to both sexes. I could tell you of a gentleman who was past sixty when I last saw him, and whose skin was entirely free from wrinkles or other blemish ; it was as soft as an infant's ; it had that velvety "feel" which is seldom met with except in very early life, and then only in rare cases.

The secret of this fine texture of skin was in the man's habits of life, and especially in eating. Let me tell you something about it. For more than thirty years he had righteously abstained from all gross foods ; in fact, his diet consisted chiefly of fruits (these mostly in the natural state) and farinaceous foods, with a few plain vegetables. He ate bread made from the whole grains, and mushes of the same ; but he did not use condiments of any description,—not even salt and sugar. Neither did he partake of animal foods. Indeed, he would be considered by most people as an extremist in diet ; he was also a physician. He used to say that if persons wanted to have a smooth, fine skin, they must give it no unnecessary work to do ; that condiments were trash which the system could not make use of, and that if they were taken into the blood, the skin would do its best to throw them out. He also detested pork, lard, "fried" dishes, fine-flour bread, and cakes ; these latter he called "a conglomeration of things unwholesome." Many a lady, I am sure, converts a naturally smooth skin into one that is greasy-looking and full of pimples, by the frequent use of gravies and butter. Salty grease, in any shape you choose to take it, is bad for the skin.

I know another gentleman (also a physician), who is now past seventy. His cheeks are still fresh and rosy, and though born of delicate parents, he bids fair to see one hundred years ; I am sure he has not known a day of sickness in thirty years. He lives in London, and is, I believe, in some way connected with the Vegetarian Restaurants in that city. He does not, I am told, use any animal products except milk, and this in very moderate quantity. He bathes freely, is extremely temperate in all his habits, and uses little or no condiments.

Let me tell you, too, of a lady, now past fifty, whose cheeks still have the roses in them, and whose skin is as smooth as a baby's. I knew her when she was first married, and I never saw a finer complexion than she had. It was perfection itself ; clear as sea-shell or some beautiful flower,—the pink and white tints blending together. No little child ever had a lovelier skin. The habits of this lady were of the simplest : plenty of fresh air, enough bathing for cleanliness, and frequent out-door exercises. Her diet was chiefly of fruits, grains, and fresh vegetables, with no tea or coffee, and with scarcely any condiments. She has always slept regularly, eight hours in the twenty-four. She, too, ought to live to be a hundred. She has scarcely had a sick day in thirty years ; she is the mother of growing daughters, and these also are the picture of health.

Now, young ladies, and middle-aged as well, if you want

to keep your good looks, or to regain "lost possession." I would recommend that you observe righteously the following rules.

I. Cultivate an amiable disposition, beginning early; for if a child (or young lady) habitually frowns or distorts the features in any way, Nature will begin to make a record of that fact, which by-and-by it will be hard to erase. Mark me, I do not ask you to put on that expressionless air which some people assume; we do not want to obliterate character. And just here let me say that this is one trouble with powder or paste; it takes away what is, and puts nothing in its place; in short, it converts the face into that of an idiot, so far as expression is concerned. Let the face tell of love, hope, inspiration, happiness; and also of thoughtful energy, kindly interest, and a certain degree of womanly strength.

II. Attend to the general health; pain, and frequent bad feelings are apt to leave their ugly traces behind them. Full hours of refreshing sleep, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, with good intervals of rest between the hours of labor, either mental or physical, will greatly lengthen out the season of youth, and even restore lost beauty. Another thing is necessary in this connection. In the arrangement of the clothing, give plenty of living room; let the air circulate freely between the skin and the clothes. This will secure good circulation, and enable the system to throw out impurities from the surface.

III. Keep the skin in good order. This means attention to bathing; it also, means a great deal more. All the bathing in the world will not make a soft and pretty skin if there are certain impurities trying to work their way out from the blood to the surface of the body. The work of purification must begin from within,—the center. First of all, look to it that the entire alimentary tract is kept in fine working order. The teeth must be in good repair, clear and every way in excellent condition; and the best way to effect the latter, is to give them work enough to do. Use sufficient hard bread to keep the scurvy off them, and also to prevent their getting loose and falling out. It is the slop-fed cow that has her teeth drop out.

Next, see that the bowels are kept free (this is of primary importance), not by taking purgatives, which would only make a bad matter worse, but by using fruits freely (raw fruits, if you can get them), a certain amount of coarse bread (good Graham and other kinds), and by leaving off condiments. Throw candy and other harmful stuff to the dogs,—though the dogs will not eat them; live on plain foods, and but few kinds at a time; and do not allow yourself to eat between meals. Avoid hot foods and drinks, or anything that stimulates; drink only pure water (or unfermented fruit-juice), and take plenty of fresh, juicy fruits. These latter are the best "correctives" in the world; they are also anti-bilious,—particularly the acids and sub-acids, which always come at the time of year that we need them most.

IV. Avoid highly concentrated foods of whatever kind. Preserves, jellies, and jams can never take the place of the natural fruits (raw), or even of those plainly cooked. Neither do corn-starch, arrow-root, fine flour, and other starchy preparations compare with the whole grain products in point of healthfulness; they are too far removed from Nature, and what Nature requires. Nor can I recommend canned meats, fish, and the rest, with their spices, etc.; fresh meat would be far better,—but not too much of it, particularly in warm weather.

Some recent revelations in the matter of diet, particularly animal foods, tend very much to disgust one in regard to their use. It has been known for a number of years, that rare meats are oftentimes dangerous; that trichinæ abound

in pork; that the tape-worm is often found in beef, and sometimes in pork and mutton; and that if these parasites are not killed by heat, they may cause the death of the eater. And now comes a later authority, Dr. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, who says he has found worms, big fat ones, coiled up along the back-bone of fishes; and that there are other "living things" in lobsters, oysters, etc. If these researches continue, it looks as though we might have to give the whole of the flesh dishes a free pass.

But what has this last to do with pretty pink complexions or damask cheeks? Let us not now wait to inquire, but only add a word of caution about the use of soap, particularly toilet-soap, which is said to be manufactured, oftentimes, out of substances of very doubtful quality. Look well, then, to the brand (there is a great difference in them), and use as little soap as possible, especially on the face. A handful of fine oat-meal, or even wheat-bran, is said to remove dirt, and to leave no deleterious effects. Certain it is, that the too frequent use of soap or any alkaline substance will tend to create dandruff, and injure the texture of the skin.

Another word or two and I am done. Do not forget, ladies, that exercise taken daily in the open air is essential to both health and beauty. Look at the English women; what clear, beautiful complexions they have! Such fine color; and how well they preserve it, even to old age! But then they make it a duty to walk; eight or ten miles at a time is nothing to them. And they ride, too; some of them even follow the chase. There is, in fact, no substitute for plenty of fresh air, daily, if one wants to retain the bloom of youth, and to have good, uninterrupted health.

Indolent people have thick, sluggish blood (often there is a predominance of fat), and a bad odor about the body. This is particularly true of persons who eat large quantities of animal foods, and especially butter. This latter substance decomposes easily, forming butyric acid, and gives a strong, unpleasant odor to the excretions that pass out through the skin.

Keep the blood pure by full inhalations of fresh air, abundant exercise, and a simple diet. Do not neglect this last. It will not do to eat in excess or the waste of the system; the sewerage of the body must be maintained in good working order. There should be no clogging up, either in the digestive apparatus, the circulatory system, or the organs of depuration. If this happens, there will be poisons retained in the system, and the blood will become foul. A thick, bilious condition of the blood means cold hands and feet, torpor of skin, a sallow complexion, or roughness and pimples. It is better to thin out the blood a little by tart or sub-acid fruits; this will cause it to circulate more freely throughout the fine net-work of capillaries.

Attention to these simple matters in our habits of daily life will not only be the means of securing good complexions and retaining the freshness of youth, but it will preserve the health, as well. In other words, it means long life, happiness, and comparative freedom from ills.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

PURE AIR.—Do not be afraid to go out of doors because it is a little colder than usual. The cold air will not hurt you if you are properly protected and take exercise enough to keep the circulation active. On the contrary, it will purify your blood, strengthen your lungs, improve your digestion, afford a healthy, natural stimulus to your torpid circulation, and strengthen and energize your whole system. The injury which results from going into a cold atmosphere is occasioned by a lack of protection to some part of the body, exposure to draughts, or from breathing through the mouth.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Holiday Novelties.

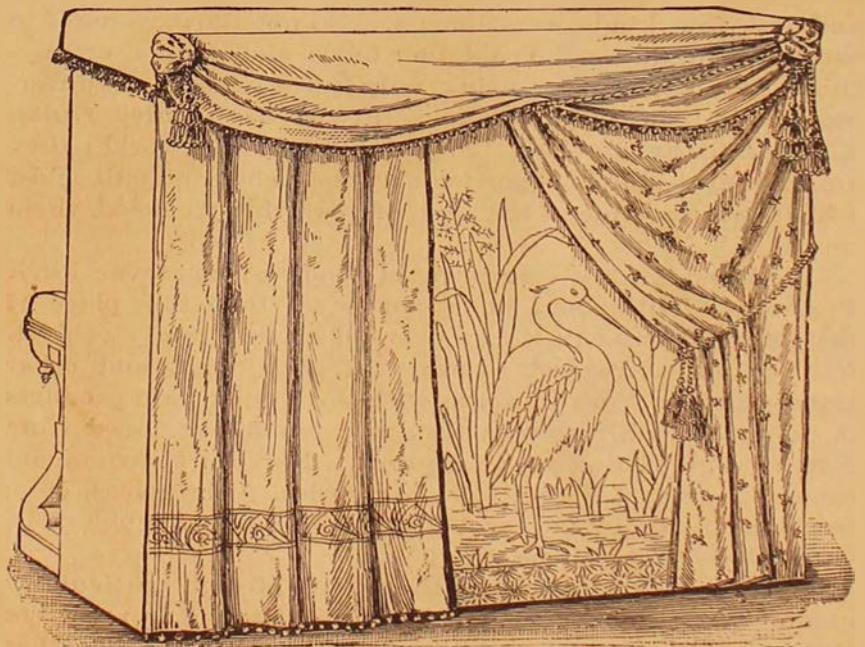
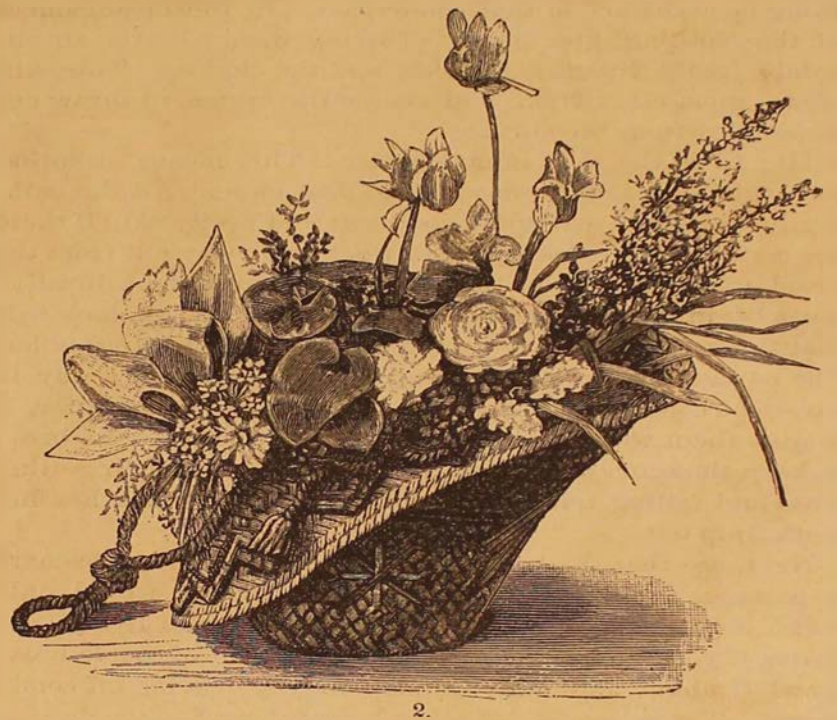
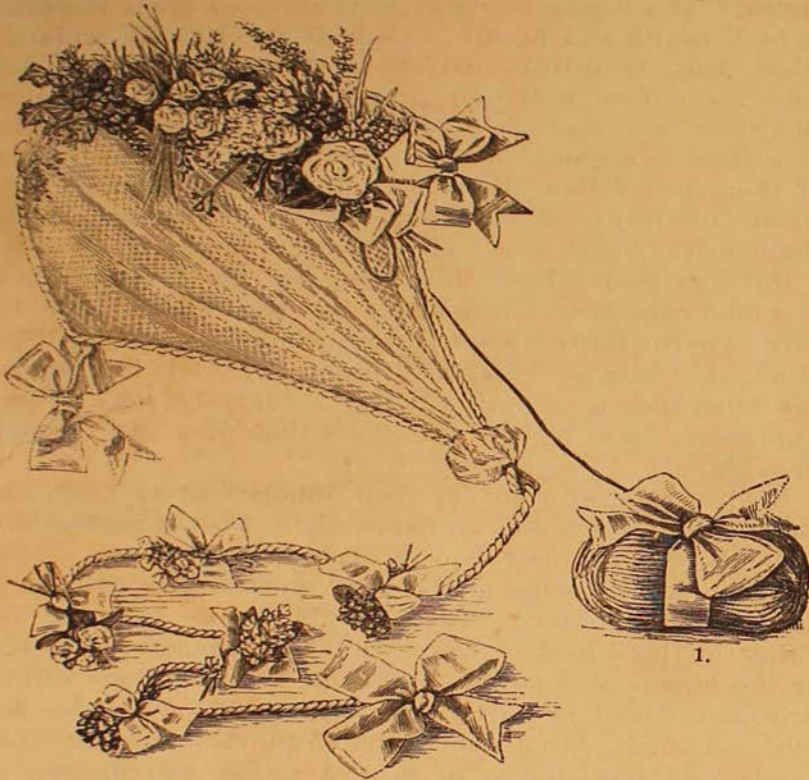
No. 1.—A pretty favor for a Christmas or New-Year compliment. It is a kite made of net over a wire frame, which can be very easily arranged. The outside is a drapery of *point d'esprit* net sewed on plainly except at the extreme end, where it is plaited in to form a puff. The edge is outlined with a white silk cord, which also forms the tail of the kite, and is tied at intervals with bows of white ribbon holding small bouquets of flowers. The ball of twine is represented by a ball of cotton wound on the outside with pink knitting-silk and tied with white ribbon. A handsome bouquet of natural flowers is put on the outside of the kite. For a lasting ornament to use as a lamp-screen or a fancy wall-decoration, the flowers can be artificial; and the kite is pretty with any color of cord and ribbon.

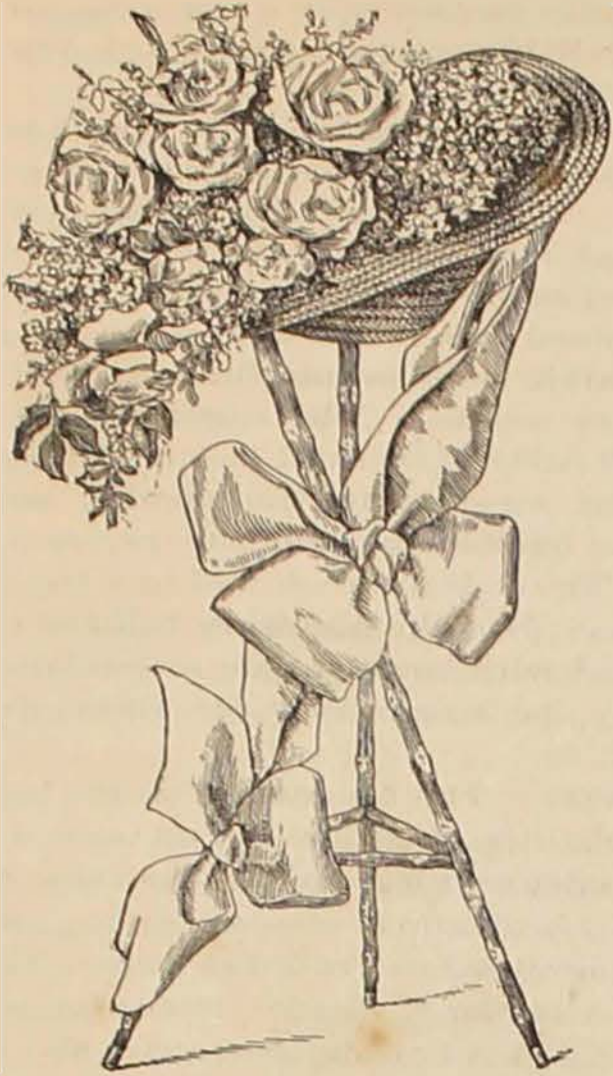
No. 2.—Flower basket or *jardinière*. This basket is a large, coarse straw hat arranged to hold a pot of flowering plants or as a receptacle for cut flowers. The hat is worked

in cross stitches, as shown in the illustration, with colored worsteds, and a tin can is set inside the crown. Holes are made in each side, through which the cords are fastened to hang the basket up by, and also by which the hat itself may be fastened to the inner receptacle. A bow of crimson ribbon is set on at the side where the hat-brim is reversed. Cut flowers may be substituted for a potted plant, or artificial flowers and grasses used instead, which will make a more lasting ornament.

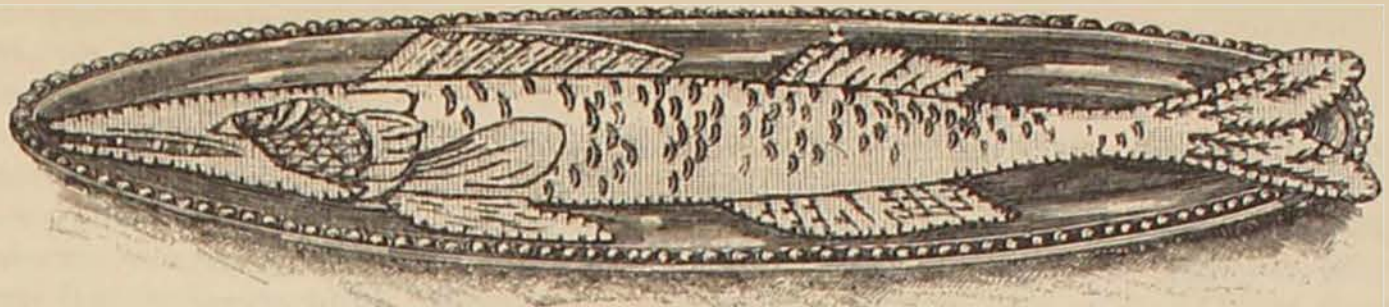
Nos. 3 and 14.—Our illustrations give the detail of embroidery and completed work of a lovely toilet-cushion. It is made of white satin with designs colored in pale blue Paris tinting worked with veining stitches in blue silk and outlined with Japanese gilt thread. The cushion is trimmed on two edges with a full jabot of plat Val. lace, and on the other two with a heavy white silk cord, and has pompons at three corners. The third corner is finished with a white satin ribbon bow.

No. 4.—Arrangement for an upright-piano back. It is

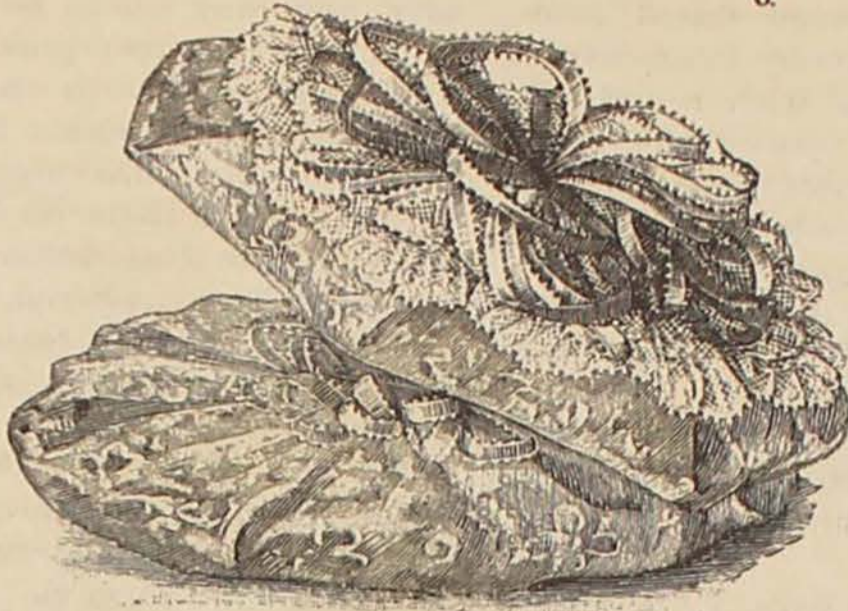




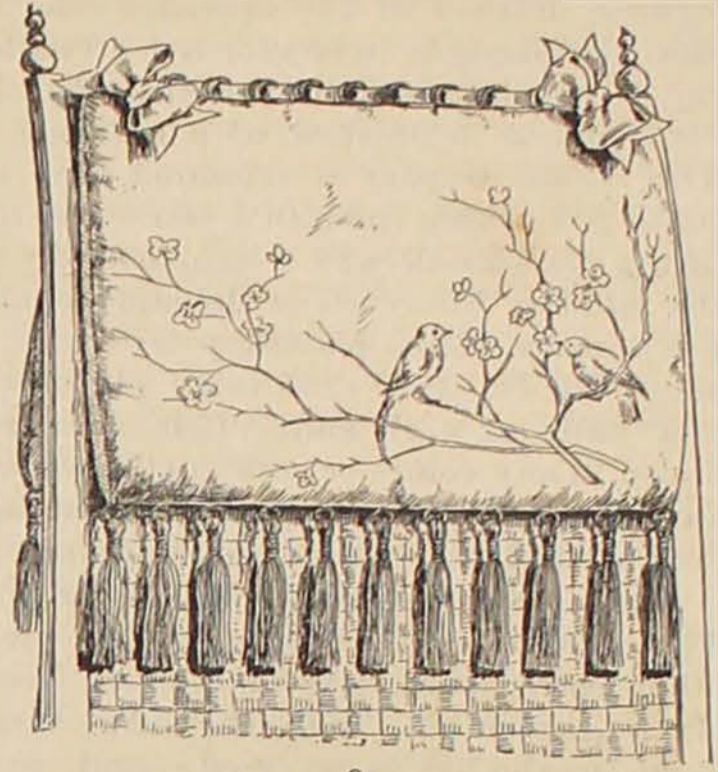
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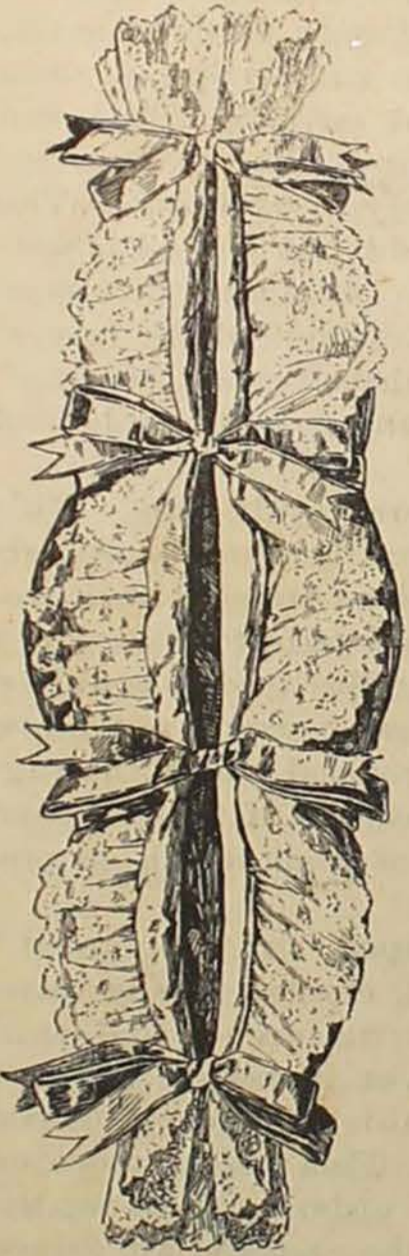
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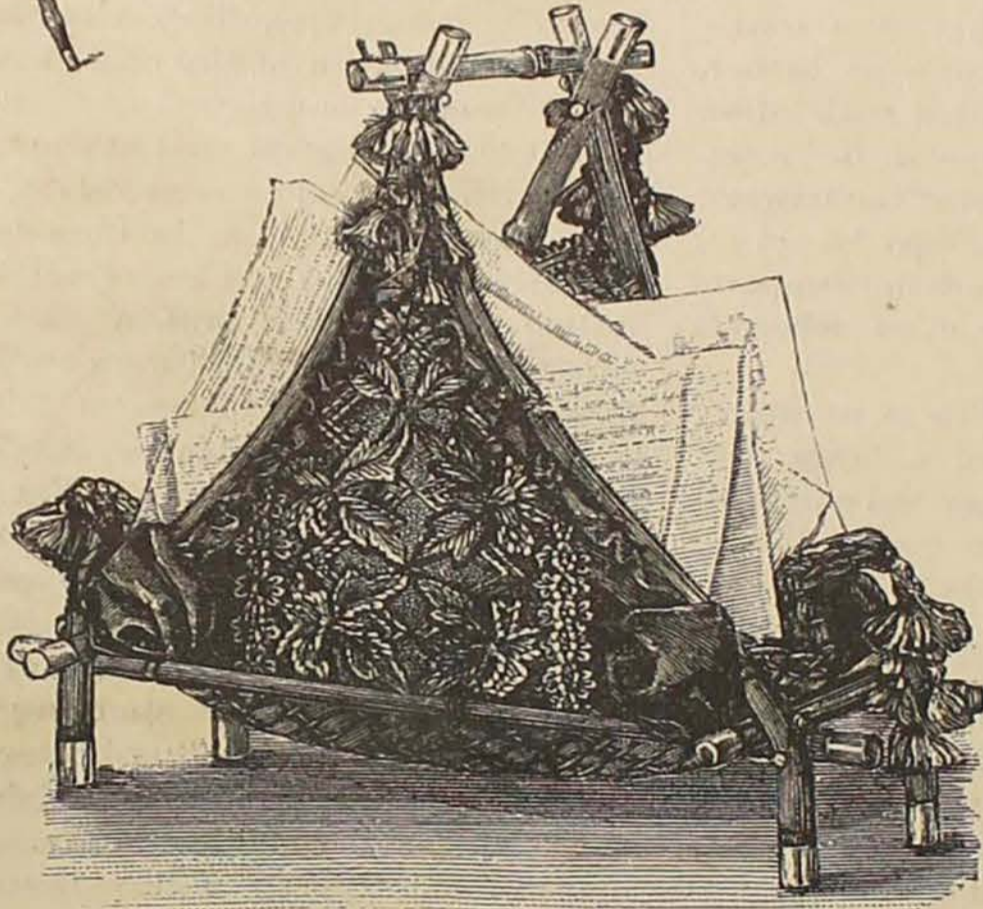
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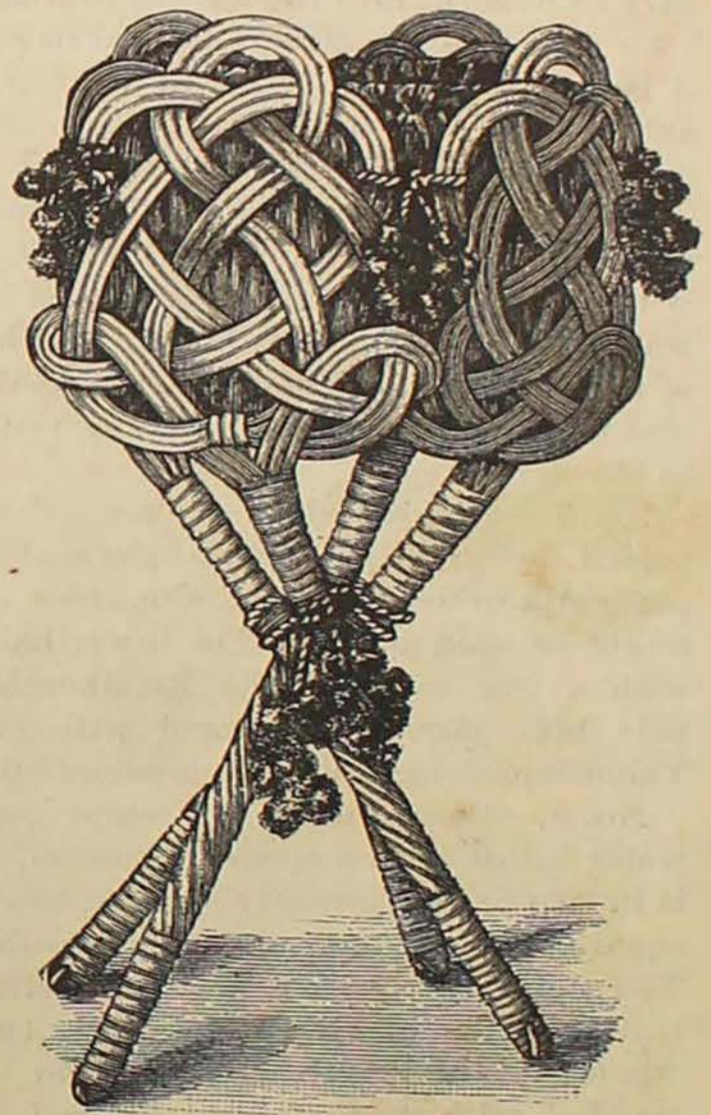
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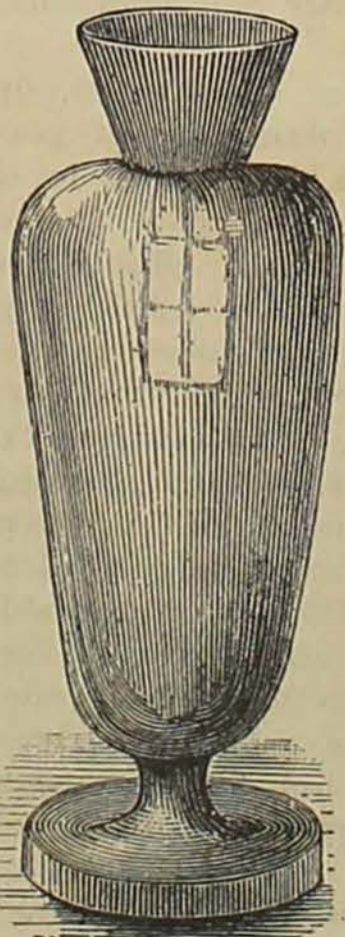
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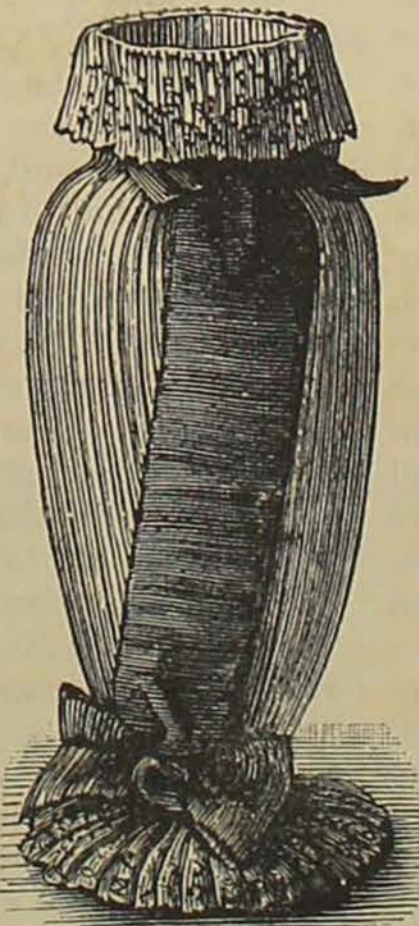
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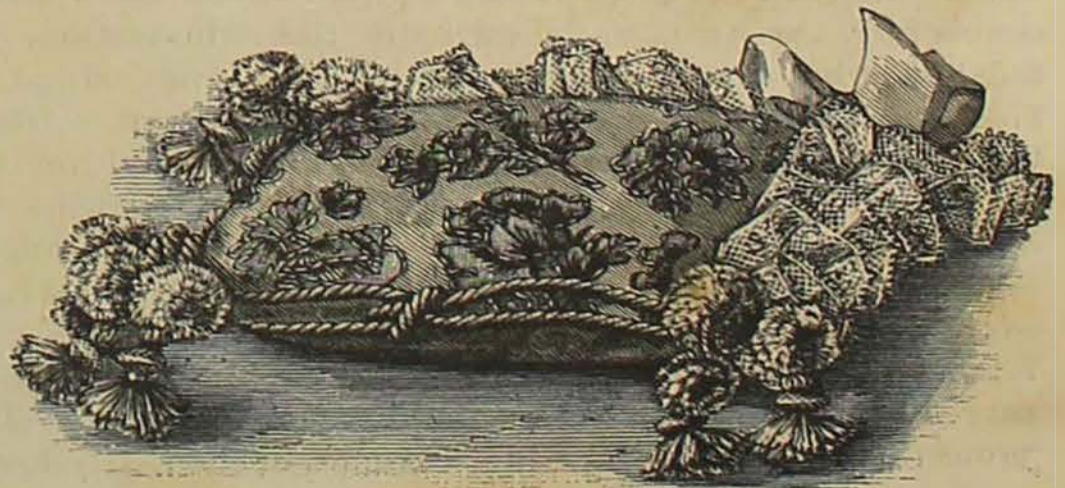
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12.



13.



14.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

so much the custom to set upright pianos out in the room, that an arrangement of this sort is really a necessity to many. The design although pleasing is easily arranged. The decorated panel may be, as illustrated, one of the richly gilt black satin panels to be found in Japanese and Indian art-ware stores, or it may be a painted or embroidered panel of silk or satin. The plaited side-drapery is of copper-red India silk with a band of gilt embroidery, and the figured drapery of the opposite side is cream-tinted India silk with designs in copper-red. The lambrequin across the top is of plain silk draped like the side, with a red silk cord, and it is finished with a fringe of spaced silk balls. The whole drapery is mounted with curtain rings upon a brass rod which fits into a screw-eye at each end of the top of the piano-back, and is supported by two screw-hooks near the middle. The ends of the lambrequin are caught up over the corners of the piano-top with the silk cord. The slip across the top is of dark olive plush edged with a fringe of silk balls at each end. This arrangement can be reproduced in any colors or combinations preferred, and could be varied somewhat by using a straight lambrequin, or a gathered instead of a plaited side-drapery.

No. 5.—Fancy standing basket, or *jardinière*, for flowers. The standard may be made of canes tied together, or of any other convenient rods or sticks. The basket is a coarse straw garden-hat, with the brim turned up,—or rather, down, as the hat is reversed,—and can be filled with either artificial or natural flowers. If the latter, it will be necessary to fit a tin into the basket to hold water for the flowers. Or a potted plant, either natural or artificial, may be set in. A pale green ribbon is tied at the top of one of the supports and one end carried down to where the three meet, where it is tied again in a large bow.

No. 6.—Fancy cover for a fish-platter. This is of heavy white butchers' linen, cut out in the shape of a large fish, with the scales and fins embroidered in Turkey red cotton or wash silk. The edge is finished with a close button-holing of silk or cotton. This is easy to make, and is very convenient to lay under the fish when served, to prevent it sticking to the dish.

No. 7.—Handkerchief sachet. Our model is very easily copied, being only a circular piece of damask silk, for which plain silk or embroidered Congress canvas with silk lining might be used as well. The lower half of the sachet is made with a bag to hold the handkerchiefs. The material is pale blue *damassé* trimmed with cream-colored imitation Valenciennes lace and cream-colored picot-edged satin ribbon.

No. 8.—Chair-sachet of white *peau de soie* painted in water-colors with a spray of flowers, and birds. The sachet is in two parts, precisely similar, made nearly eleven inches square, being about half an inch wider than they are long. The material required, therefore, will be about one yard and three-eighths of silk, unless it is twenty-two inches wide, when half the length will do. The two sachets are lightly wadded with perfumed cotton, and at the top and bottom are sewed medium-sized curtain-rings covered with gold-colored silk, button-holed or crocheted over. Through the upper rings of each piece is run a gold-colored satin ribbon connecting the two, as shown in the illustration, and finished with a bow at each side. The lower rings are finished with gold-colored silk knotted in to form a fringe. Other materials or decoration may be substituted for that described; embroidery, or Paris tinting and outline embroidery may take the place of the painting, on almost any material. The sachet when finished is hung, as illustrated, over the back of any straight-top chair, and is especially intended for use on the handsome chairs with fancy gilt or carved wooden backs, whose delicate finish needs a slight protection from the disfiguring scratches of the richly-beaded

jet-trimmed wraps of elegantly dressed callers; or it can be used as a head-rest on the tall high-backed chairs with low upholstered seats and narrow paneled backs.

No. 9.—Stocking-sachet of crimson satin. The length is not important, as it depends upon whether the stockings are folded over once or twice. It is better to fold them only once, however, or the sachet may be made long enough to hold them at full length. Two breadths of satin are necessary, and they are to be joined in a lengthwise seam, then lined with pale rose-pink surah, with an interlining of wadding perfumed with sachet powder. The edges are bordered all around with a full ruffle of Oriental lace, and then the side edges are brought together in the middle, but turned over a little on the outside to form the revers as shown in the illustration. The ends are each laid in a triple box-plait firmly secured, that gives the necessary fullness to the sachet, which is fastened with bows of pale rose-colored ribbon. Other colors may be substituted for those described.

No. 10.—Newspaper basket. The foundation of the basket is of strong bamboo sticks tipped with silver on the ends. The length of the curved sticks which outline the sides of the basket and form the feet is about twenty-two inches, and they are bent down about eight inches from the ends. The sticks are held together with long, slender, silver-headed nails; the bottom of the basket is half-a-yard square and of plaited rushes, and is tacked to the sides of the frame so that it will "sag" a good deal in the center. The sides are covered with dark copper-red velvet, lined with farmers' satin, and almost covered on the outside by a wide stripe of satin of the same color. The velvet is put on rather full, and pulled out to make puffs at the corners. The satin stripe serves as a foundation for an embroidery in appliqué. The figures are cut out of brown frieze and put on with herring-bone, feather and cross stitches in olive and four tones of copper-red filoselle silk. For the veinings of the leaves, Japanese gilt (a gilt-paper-covered thread) can be used. The ends of the basket are ornamented with cords and small tassels of silk.

No. 11.—Work-basket made of willow rug-beaters. This convenient and pretty standing basket is very easily arranged with four of the rug-beaters such as are sold at house-furnishing stores, and a bag of dark red satin to hold fancy work, suspended inside the top. A similar basket could be made of three small willow beaters, but it would not be so convenient a size. The cords which conceal where the rug-beaters are strongly wired together, may be of twisted wool or silk; and the little ball pompons, of wool or silk, as preferred.

No. 13.—Vase for cut flowers, draped, or "costumed." No. 12 shows the plain vase of glass, crystal, or any ware, about sixteen and a half inches in circumference and thirteen and a half inches high. To cover it, take a piece of surah or *crêpe de Chine*, which should be about fourteen inches wide and a yard and a half long. This width exceeding the height of the vase is necessary in order to allow for the curvature of the neck. The ends of the material are joined together in a seam, and an edging of lace three inches wide is then sewed on each edge, top and bottom. This done, the material is fluted or laid in fine plaits to fit it to the vase. In sewing on the lace, be careful to put the upper row on wrong side out so that the right side will fall over like a collarette (see No. 13). At the very top of the *crêpe* or surah which comes to the extreme edge of the vase, and where the lace is sewed to the edge of the goods, a strong thread is run in to hold the narrow heading in place. Then take about one yard and a quarter of faille or satin ribbon, tie one end of it around the neck of the vase and make a bow, leaving an end long enough to reach to the foot of the

vase, where it should be secured with a stitch or two. Then take a second piece of ribbon, about five-eighths of a yard long, and tie it with a bow around the lower part of the vase, the foot of which is completely covered by the flounce of lace. Vases of lesser size can be draped in this way, and any one living near a pottery where unfinished jars and vases of any kind of ware may be procured, can make a very handsome ornament without much trouble or expense.

Holiday Gifts.



HAT shall I give Fanny or Frank for Christmas?" is a question which is echoed in all keys and with manifold variations at this season, when to give somebody something is one of the pleasures which perplex us.

The answer ought not to be difficult; for when one strolls through the glittering marts of our metropolis and views the array of beautiful things piled and hung on every side, or displayed artistically in show-windows, there would seem to be no doubt that there was just the right thing for everybody to be found among the assembled treasures;—the only difficulty is in the selection. There are so many pretty things,—an *embarras des riches*,—some that it would take the purse of a Fortunatus to buy, and many within the reach of the majority.

Before the shop-windows there is always a crowd, looking and making mental selections among the objects displayed. The young man on a slender salary is thinking of what he can buy for a suitable present for his sister,—or it may be somebody else's sister,—and his selection is only made difficult by the infinite variety, not only of articles, but also of the variety in one kind of article.

Perhaps there is no one thing so susceptible of variety as a fan, or so generally pleasing in all its varieties; and no lady can fail to be pleased with one, from those beautifully plumed with white or colored ostrich-tips and mounted on costly sticks of tortoise-shell, pearl or ivory, to the more inexpensive fans with painted gauze, *crêpe*, or satin mounts, and prettily carved and gilded wooden sticks. A fan *châtelaine* of oxidized silver or gilt is also a pretty present for a young lady, and vinaigrettes and smelling-bottles are in great variety. Such a gift, if pretty, is always acceptable, as salts and perfumed essences are very useful in traveling and at sea. Odor bottles, singly, of cut crystal glass or in perfume cases of plush lined with satin, are pretty gifts, and may be offered by a gentleman to any lady to whom he would like to present something for personal use, and not run the risk of having his offering of regard returned to him as being too costly for the lady to accept. The pretty *bon-bon* cases naturally suggest a desirable gift for a young lady known to have a "sweet tooth," and afford an opportunity for dulcet speeches, if the donor presents the sweet offering in person.

For the friend of known literary tastes, either lady or gentleman, an odd or unique paper-cutter, a pretty box for postage-stamps, traveling or desk inkstands or cut-glass inkwells would be appropriate. Besides, there are all styles and prices in blotting-cases, portfolios, writing-desks, gold pens with mother-of pearl or rubber holders, and pencils. Give your "blue-stocking" friend a pretty blotting-case by all means, but remember there is danger of such an one being as over-supplied with such articles as the popular young clergyman is with slippers.

Sometimes, also, the possessor of artistic or musical

tastes would just as soon accept a gift which did not bear any reference to his or her talent, although such a present is a delicate compliment in itself. We recall in this connection the poor little heroine of Mr. Hardy's charming story "A Pair of Blue Eyes," who when her Harry, as a test of her devotion to musical art, offered her a choice between an expensive selection of classical sheet-music and "the prettiest pair of ear-rings to be found in Bond Street," after much hesitation and struggles between her love for music and her purely feminine tastes, finally, with a tear or two because she couldn't have both, chose the latter.

The flight of time, never so palpable as at the holiday season, is pleasantly recalled by the gift of a pretty calendar, which may be offered to brother or sister, father or mother; and there are many other things, such as a nice umbrella, opera glasses, card-cases, thermometers, and various library fittings in bronze, brass, or leather, lap tablets for sketching and writing, and *papeteries*, or pretty boxes fitted up with paper and envelopes for correspondence, which are suitable gifts for anyone.

In the home circle the first to be thought of are grandma and grandpa. All the children could club together and give grandpa a handsome cane, or, if there are not enough of them to make this an object, Fanny could make him a spectacle-case or a foot-rest, which he would prize far more than anything which could be purchased; while Frank, if he possessed any mechanical ingenuity, could make a pretty carved or scorched wooden frame for a calendar clock. A night-lamp, an embroidered cover for his favorite periodical, or a velvet cap for his head are all appropriate gifts, to say nothing of the time-honored dressing-gown and slippers. Grandma will appreciate a pretty fancy bag for her knitting or crochet work, or a handsome chair-cushion, usually called a slumber-roll, to hang on the back of her chair and support her head when she sits down and rests—not one of the children dare say she dozes—after dinner.

To mamma the daughter may offer almost anything that a lady could use or admire. The only thing is that where the mother has many affectionate children, "mamma has everything already." But a new set of toilet-bottles filled with her favorite perfume, or a mouchoir case with one or two really pretty handkerchiefs, is a gift that may be renewed every year. The son may like to give her any of the pretty trifles in silver, which are serviceable, lasting, and either inexpensive or costly, as preferred. A long-handled button-hook in chased or oxidized silver, a handsome shoe-horn, a silver *châtelaine*, or a set of tablets,—each is appropriate.

It is perhaps the little ones who find the greatest difficulty in selecting a present for mamma and papa: their hands can do so little, and their hearts would bestow so much. Let auntie or elder sister help the little girl to fashion a pretty toilet-cushion of satin and lace, or to make a selection among the many fancy trifles for the bric-a-brac cabinet or toilet, such as a tiny bisque or porcelain figure or flower-holder. A hand-mirror framed in celluloid is a pretty and inexpensive gift, and if the little donor can embroider in cross-stitch well enough to work a motto on a piece of ribbon to tie on the handle, such as "Here you see what's dear to me!" or something similar, the effect will be improved.

For papa there are pretty shaving-cases made of strips of painted celluloid that inclose the necessary papers, which may be hung up beside the dressing-stand. Or a pretty watch-charm of dark silver, a set of hair-brushes, or any pretty necessary toilet-article. A gold tooth-pick or a nice cane or umbrella would be a suitable gift from a son.

Then there are always books; and the genuine book-lover will take more delight in a well-selected volume chosen with special reference to his or her tastes than in almost

anything else ; and there is perhaps no other one thing that will be so long and so carefully cherished for the giver's and its own sake.

For the children it would be useless to catalogue the multiplicity of dolls, toys, and picture-books, almost any one of which is sure to gladden the heart of any child. Besides, this is trespassing on the domain of Santa Claus. But there is the baby ; everyone wants to give the little darling something. A string of amber beads, gold or silver sash and handkerchief pins, silver feeding-spoons, and rattles with bells, are all pretty presents for the little autocrat. A toilet-set with ivory-handled brush, puff-box, comb and rattle in a pretty box, is a gift which baby's mamma will appreciate as well as the favored little recipient.

Christmas Suggestions,

FROM PREVIOUS NUMBERS OF DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

THE gift most prized by many is the one upon which loving hands have wrought, and so imparted some of their own individuality. Such tokens are often more carefully cherished for the giver's sake than those which have a much greater intrinsic value.

While not everyone can perform marvels in embroidery and lace-work, yet almost anyone can make up some pretty trifle such as those illustrated and described in our department of "Home Art and Home Comfort." A glance through the back numbers of the Magazine for 1888 will repay the Christmas worker.

The waste-paper basket illustrated in the February number is easy to make, and even the busy school-girl will find it possible to finish one in an evening or two for papa or brother to hang by the side of his library desk or study table.

The more ambitious needle-worker will find many suggestions in "Varieties of Needlework," in the April number, which illustrates different ways of ornamenting the little doilies which are used for dinner and luncheon service. A set of prettily decorated doilies is an acceptable gift to any lady who is a housewife. The cushion represented in connection with the same article is also a pretty and suitable present for mamma, auntie, or grandma, and may be made more or less elaborate, according to the fancy-worker's taste and ability.

Brother and sister could make a co-operative gift, and divide the labor on the dainty bric-a-brac table illustrated in the May number, which is one of the newest and most effective pieces of furniture to display dainty pieces of silver or other unbreakable bric-a-brac. Those of artistic taste will find the painted and embroidered chair-scarf pictured in the June number, a piece of work which will afford ample opportunity for the exercise of their artistic skill ; and the glass lamp-screen in the July number is also a pretty and artistic bit of work. This, however, may be made by anyone with the least artistic perceptions, as the accompanying description affords suggestions for doing.

Pretty trifles of personal adornment are much liked for gifts from one lady to another, as from sister to sister, or between intimate friends. The collarettes and bows described and illustrated in the Fashion Departments of the September and November numbers are charming presents ; for what prettier compliment can a lady pay her friend than to offer her something which is not only for her own especial use, but also a tribute to her beauty ? One of the pretty fancy aprons shown in the October number would be a

welcome gift to the dainty-fingered embroideress, and they are so easily made, and so effective for the labor required, that it is no wonder they are so popular as Christmas gifts, to decorate the tree and afterwards the recipient and wearer.

Fancy-work for every grade of ability and skill will be found among the designs for lamp-shades in the November number, and any one of them would make a pretty present. Our young lady friends who are so often puzzled to know "what to give to a gentleman friend," might try the experiment of presenting him with a pretty lamp-screen, made by the fair hands of the donor ; and if he were the least bit inclined to be studious, or to read at home of evenings, the gift will be most welcome, and perhaps be a blessing indeed to tired eyes worn with poring over account-files and ledgers.

How to Make Christmas Cards.

WHILE pretty Christmas cards are readily obtainable at the holiday season, the handsomer souvenirs mounted on satin, or silk, or with some fanciful arrangement are often too expensive for some who wish to send a number of such pretty reminders to their friends. But it is not very difficult for anyone accustomed to doing fancy work to mount the pretty painted or lithographed cards in various devices, so that they lose their individuality as cards, and become a part of a dainty Christmas favor.

Two cards may be laid back to back and tacked together with a ribbon bow at diagonally opposite corners, or they may be gummed together, with an edging of silk fringe between, and finished with silk cords to hang up as a banneret or lamp-screen. The fringe may be made by raveling out a narrow ribbon, and anyone who can do drawn-work can make a very elaborate fringe by working a row or two of drawn-work embroidery at the upper edge. The fringe should not be too wide ; an inch-wide ribbon will do for a drawn-work fringe, and half an inch wide for plain.

A fanciful idea is to tie a number of little silver or gilt bells with narrow ribbon along a card, cutting out a space below for them to swing in. Such a card should contain an appropriate quotation or verse, or the maker could letter it on in fancy letters if she possessed the faculty of imitation.

A pretty bookmark may be made with two small cards and a piece of ribbon. Make a flat sachet of a piece of ribbon the exact size of the cards used, put a little sachet powder into it but no cotton, and fasten or gum one of the cards to it. Gum the other to the ribbon, having fringed out the ribbon ends, and then with colored floss-silk stitch the upper and lower edges of the cards together with very coarse but perfectly even stitches, so that the sachet and ribbon are inclosed between the backs of the two cards.

The plain cards themselves may be embellished as with frosting or gilding, which is easily done. Simply put on carefully a thick layer of gum, and then dust with diamond-powder for a snow or ice effect, or with gilt or colored glitter for gilding, bronze, etc. In a landscape scene, stars may be added by gumming on small brilliant stones which are obtainable for the purpose. Pearl beads are sewed on in clusters as a suitable decoration for some cards, and have a pretty effect.

These suggestions apply to all illuminated cards, and also to those we present to our readers with this number of the Magazine. In using water-color cards, the "ragged edge" effect, fancied by some may be produced by folding the paper just inside the edge of the card, creasing it very lightly, and using a pencil as a paper-cutter.

Chat.

CHILDREN figure prominently in the wedding cortege this season, and pink is by far the most popular color for bridesmaids' dresses, although some affect pure white for all the ladies in the procession, even to the flowers; but while the latter is very pretty and appropriate, it lacks the element of effectiveness imparted by delicate colors harmoniously blended. At a recent house-wedding the only bridesmaid was the five-years-old sister of the groom. She looked like a little fairy dressed in rose-colored tulle, and preceded the bridal couple and held the bride's bouquet during the ceremony. At another, the maid of honor was the bride's four-years-old sister, dressed in pure white and carrying a basket of white roses which she scattered before the procession; the two bridesmaids wore Empire dresses of pink surah trimmed with Valenciennes lace. At another charming wedding, the bridal party was preceded by the bride's little nephew, who, attired in a white satin blouse and black velvet small clothes, and carrying a wand nearly twice as tall as himself, acted as master of ceremonies, removing the ribbons across the aisle as the party approached the chancel. Following him were six ushers, and after these two bridesmaids wearing toilets of pink satin-striped drapery-net and carrying baskets of pink roses. The rendering of the wedding hymn from Lohengrin by a choir of thirty women's voices accompanied by trumpets, was an innovation at one fashionable wedding, which was very impressive. There were four bridesmaids, all dressed in white tulle skirts and white satin sashes and bodices, but carrying bouquets of pink chrysanthemums, and having their coiffures ornamented with small bunches of the same flowers.

* * * * *

THE migratory couple with numerous offspring, who hit upon the plan of making their olive branches serve as a sort of historical record by bestowing upon them, in addition to a favorite baptismal name, the name of the State and the surnames of the Governor and Lieutenant-governor, and those of the principal officers of the town or city where they happened to be born, had a precedent, so far as the number of names is concerned, in the family of the Hon. and Rev. Ralph William Lyonel Tollemache-Tollemache, which enjoys the distinction of bearing the largest number of Christian names of any family in the United Kingdom, not excepting the Royal family; for his thirteen children boast just one short of one hundred names between them. The reverend gentleman has been twice married, but his first wife seems to have succeeded in keeping her spouse's weakness within bounds; the second wife, however, came of a family after his own heart, and bore the name of Dora Cleopatra Maria Lorenza Orellano-y-Revest, and her children revel in a multiplicity of prænomens. Their eldest son exists as Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache, while one of his sisters is known as Miss Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache. Many of these appellations are duplicated among their brothers and sisters, and it would appear to be a sufficient education for their earlier years to learn the list of their names.

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SAYING "smart" or spiteful things at the expense of other people's feelings does not pay; and those who fall into the habit of doing so, soon find their circle of friends growing narrower. It is always better to have friends than enemies; and if you cannot make people happier, do not take upon yourself—either to gratify a petty spite or to gain a reputation for being frank or "bright"—the self-appointed mission of holding up their faults or foibles to ridicule. Each of us has faults or personal vanities, and in correcting our own we shall probably find ample occupation. It is not always possible to join the Mutual Admiration Society and be a good member, but at least one can always hold one's tongue.

* * * * *

ROCHEFOUCAULD said: "You should never remind a woman how old she is, but she should never forget it."

What Women are Doing.

There are now twenty-eight women studying at Columbia College.

Twenty-four women have graduated as lawyers in Michigan, this year.

Miss Farr, a graduate of Colby University, Maine, is Professor of Greek and Latin at Osage College, Iowa.

Miss Myrtie Furman has been elected instructor of elocution in Swarthmore College. She carries on her work successfully, although she is blind.

Mrs. Ira McLane has been awarded the Government contract for running twenty-three mail-routes in Dakota for the next four years.

Mrs. Kate Richmond, of Shullsburg, Wis., owns extensive lead mines in the State, and has introduced new methods of mining, which are contributing to their value.

A Brooklyn woman is an undertaker and embalmer. It was her husband's business, and she took it up after his death, and is making money at it.

Mrs. Parks, of the Surveyor's staff of women inspectors, now represents the Surveyor permanently at Castle Garden, New York. She is one of his most efficient officers.

The Empress of Japan is a hard student of German, Russian, French, and Italian; and it is said that on certain days in the week Japanese is a forbidden language in her presence.

Mme. Goloutzov, a Russian lady, has rendered valuable service to the science of topography by her studies of the mountains of Toumka. Geographers hitherto knew little of this region of Asiatic Russia.

Miss Mattie McGrath, of Baton Rouge, La., is a practical job printer, and has a large printing establishment, and receives work from all parts of the State. She is also a great favorite in Baton Rouge society.

Miss Amanda Delmas is one of the most successful sugar-planters in Louisiana. Being thrown on her own resources, she undertook the management of the plantation that belonged to her, and personally inspects the gangs of workmen.

A branch of the World's W. C. T. U., with twenty-two members, has been organized in Paris by Mrs. Roberts, of Philadelphia, recently arrived from London, where she was sent by the Baptist Missionary Union to represent it at the World's Missionary Conference.

Some ladies who are fond of riding have taken to the occupation of exercising ladies' mounts. Horses are often carelessly ridden or overridden by grooms; and when they are intended to carry a lady, they cannot be too carefully accustomed to the flapping of a habit, which so often frightens them.

Miss Effie A. Southworth, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and of Bryn Mawr College, has been appointed assistant mycologist at Washington. Mr. B. H. Galloway, chief of the section of Mycology, U. S. Department Agency, has the distinction of appointing the first woman to a scientific post under this Government.

Miss Olive Schreiner, who writes over the pen name of "Ralph Iron," is an English governess, who was born at the Cape of Good Hope, of mixed German and English parentage. She was left an orphan at eleven years of age, and her recent successful novel, "The Story of an African Farm," is said to be largely autobiographical.

Miss Sorabji, the Indian "girl-graduate," who recently took a brilliant degree at the Bombay University, is a Christian. She is a daughter of the Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, of Poona. Her mother, who was lately in England and won many friends, conducts the Victoria High School at Poona, and is on the staff of the Indian Female School Society.

A unique Congress of Women will be that held next year in Paris to celebrate the centenary of the great revolution. For three weeks the congress will be a national one; after which, for eight days, women from all parts of the world will be invited to take part. It is stated that twenty-five thousand women will be invited for the meeting on July 22.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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

Sir Morell Mackenzie's Book.

The premature appearance, in America, England, and Germany, of the contents of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book upon the disease and death of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, created a sensation almost equal to that excited by the famous physician's startling assertions as to the hopeless incompetency of the German faculty in attendance upon the illustrious patient. While Mr. Mackenzie is exceedingly indignant at the disclosure and consequent violation of the exclusive rights of publication, which he had already disposed of and for which he refunded the money paid to bind the contracts, his annoyance is nothing, apparently, compared with the wrath of the German doctors, who, it is reported, will bring suit against Sir Morell Mackenzie for libel, inasmuch as he says, most unequivocally, that their repeated blunders cost the Emperor his life. The Empress Frederick, as the widow of the late Emperor is now called, has written a letter to Dr. Mackenzie vindicating his treatment; and as this appeared simultaneously with the disclosure of the contents of Dr. Mackenzie's book, in which he, besides his charges against the doctors, asserts that Prince Bismarck incited them to entrap him into a doubtful declaration of the nature of the Emperor's disease, it is thought to prove a conspiracy against Bismarck's character. In the mean time, Prince Bismarck has a bad attack of the gout, and altogether there is rather a warm state of affairs in German official circles. The charges which the German physicians will have to oppose in their suit are: first, Dr. Mackenzie's assertion of their incompetency; second, the assumption that Dr. Gerhardt's treatment brought on cancer; and third, that Professor von Bergmann virtually caused the Emperor's death by forcing a canula down a false passage in his throat. Dr. Mackenzie's book adds nothing to the previous accounts of the late Emperor's last hours, and besides the charges which are the subject of such burning controversy, the book is mainly of interest to professional and scientific men.

The New Cathedral.

Among the most conspicuous objects in New York city are the beautiful, slender spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street, on which the marble crosses have lately been placed in position, completing the Cathedral—thirty years after the laying of the foundation stone. Exquisitely ornamented, yet in severest taste, these graceful spires springing from majestic bases, tower above everything in the city, and seem to pierce the sky with their tiny crosses crowning their pinnacle. The towers which support the spires are square for the height of one hundred and thirty-six feet, where they change into octagonal lanterns which are fifty-four feet high, above which are the spires, over one hundred and forty feet in height, making the total height of each tower and spire almost three hundred and forty feet. The towers are divided into three stories, the first having portals with crocketed gables ornamented with tracery and shields, the latter containing the arms of the United States and the State of New York, over which are balustrades of pierced tracery. The ground plan of the Cathedral is that of a Latin cross with nave, choir, or sanctuary, and transepts, each divided into a central with a clerestory and two side aisles, by thirty-two magnificent clustered columns of white marble, from which spring the arches which support the walls of the clerestory. The dimensions are: Interior length, 306 feet; breadth of nave and choir, 96 feet, exclusive of the chapels, and 120 feet with the chapels; length of the transept, 140 feet. The central aisle is 48 feet wide and 108 feet high, and the width of the side aisles, 24 feet, and their height 54 feet. The original plans were drawn by Mr. James Renwick, in 1853, and adopted by Archbishop Hughes, by whose direction the design was reduced in its dimensions to the present size. There are many larger cathedrals in Europe, but for purity of style, originality of design, harmony of proportion, beauty of material, and finish of workmanship, this Cathedral stands unsurpassed, and is a proof that American architects and American artisans can produce work which will bear critical comparison with that of the architects and artisans of the Old World.

Spiritualistic Frauds Exposed.

At a recent exhibition in the Academy of Music, New York City, held for the purpose of exposing Spiritualistic frauds, the greatest blow ever dealt to modern Spiritualism was given in the

confession and explanation by the famous Fox Sisters, of the real nature of the so-called "spirit rappings" which they introduced. Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane, the widow of the great Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, at this meeting demonstrated how the raps were produced by a muscular action of the great toe, which she and her sister had practiced as children for their own amusement, and afterwards at the instigation of an older sister were induced to exhibit to a mystified public. Nearly everyone knows the story of the wonderful Rochester mediums, and their mysterious rappings, which inaugurated a new era in Spiritualism. The lightning-like rapidity with which this new phase of communication with an unseen world spread everywhere was marvelous. The greatest intellects of the time did not disdain to consider it thoughtfully. Women like Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Barrett Browning gave the whole power of their minds to its consideration and discussion, and not a few intelligent men and women became enslaved by the attractive delusion. The explanation the Fox Sisters now give is not entirely new, for long ago consultations of experts had concluded that the so-called "spirit rappings" were produced by a partial dislocation and restoration of the joints, a sort of ventriloquism of the knuckles. Like most perplexing things, when once explained it is very clear. The rappings are simply the result of a perfect control of the muscles of the leg below the knee, a control which can only be obtained during the earlier years of childhood. Faith, however, is not easily dispelled, and many of the believers and advocates of Spiritualism still cling to their beliefs and denounce the confession of the Fox Sisters as an untruth uttered for the purposes of self-interest. Yet only the most hopelessly prejudiced could fail to perceive the truth of this disillusionment of what has been for years the most gigantic and cruel hoax of the nineteenth century.

Samuel J. Tilden's Will.

Judge Lawrence has decided that the disputed clauses in the will of Samuel J. Tilden providing for the establishment and maintenance of a free library and reading-room in the city of New York are valid. The question at issue was a contention that the gift was void because it is entirely within the discretion of the executors whether they will give anything to the Tilden trust, which is an incorporation to be the beneficiary of the gift named. The suit was brought by George H. Tilden against Andrew Green and others, and the recent decision of Judge Lawrence is not regarded as final, for it is extremely likely that the case will be appealed, and New York will have to wait a while yet for her generous bequest, since the law's delay will indefinitely postpone a final decision and settlement.

France's Alien Residents.

The decree of the President of the French Republic requiring the registration of alien residents will be productive of a great deal of trouble to the strangers settled in Paris. It will be necessary for all foreign colonists to have not only passports, but papers of all kinds to show who their fathers and mothers were, where they were born and when, and almost as many details as are required for the publication of banns of marriage in France. This decree does not, however, affect the tourist for pleasure, and the good Americans who aspire to see Paris before they die need not fear the official decree of the French Government, which is intended to put a check upon immigration. There has been a notable increase in the immigration into France of late years, which is somewhat remarkable in a European country, especially in view of the fact that the total population of France has not materially increased in the past thirty-one years.

African Territory.

The British East Africa Company has acquired an extent of African territory reaching from the coast across the equator to Victoria Nyanza, including an area of about seventy thousand square miles. Germany has acquired an adjacent area of nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles between the British line and the river Rovuma. In this district the natives are now in revolt. But Germany and England have not yet settled the question of an additional two hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles to the southwest, although by a recent treaty they have endeavored to define and limit their territorial possessions on the east coast of Africa. Italy now is attempting to secure a portion of the desirable African territory in order to found a colony on the Zanzibar coast, and bases its claims upon an alleged indignity offered to the Italian Government in the person of its consul. With England, Germany and Italy competing for territory at such close quarters, international dissension would seem to be almost inevitable. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the European governments should seek to possess themselves of such valuable territory; for in the highlands of Masailand and along the coast there are fine districts favorable for agriculture and cattle-raising, and also access to the interior and the equatorial provinces, yet nominally under the control of Egypt, where Emin Bey is still surrounded by foes.

Early Christian Sculpture.

The South Kensington Museum has recently become enriched by some rare specimens of early Christian Art, sent from the Boulak Museum in Egypt. Among these treasures is a portion of a fresco in alto-relievo, or high relief, representing Christ and the Apostles. There is no attempt at grouping, the figures being arranged in line and separated by a simple ornament. Around

each is a nimbus, that around the head of Christ having a cross inside the circle. This fragment was found at Akhmin, in the town of Said, and is supposed to belong to the period of Theodosius II. or Marcian. Besides the sculptures, including several sepulchral slabs, there are some casts, among them a very crude one of the Virgin and Child, and a small bas-relief representing St. George and the Dragon. In this a survival of early Egyptian art is noticeable.

Ruins of a City in Texas.

During the survey of the Kansas City, El Paso and Mexican Railroad, the surveyors came across the ruins of the city of Gran Guivera, known already to the early Spanish explorers, but seldom visited by white men of the present day. These ruins at Gran Guivera are of gigantic stone buildings of magnificent proportions, and built in a very substantial manner. One was four acres in extent. Every indication around the ruins was evidence of the existence here at one time of a dense population, although now it is forty miles from water. To the south lies the lava flow, called by the local population, the Molpais. It is a sea of molten black glass, which has cooled, retaining its ragged and fantastically shaped waves from ten to twelve feet high. It is about forty miles long, and from one to ten miles wide. For miles on all sides the country lies buried in fine white ashes, to a depth as yet not reached by any digging. No legend exists as to the destruction or abandonment of the ruined city, but one of the engineers of the surveying party advances the theory that Gran Guivera was in existence when the terrific volcanic eruption took place which so desolated and burned up the surrounding country. The secrets of the early civilization of prehistoric America elude our possession; yet that such a civilization existed, we have abundant proof. The many mysterious ruins in Central America may yet yield some information of the people who built and inhabited them, and perished, leaving no satisfactory memorial of their existence.

Minerals of Utah.

Besides that immense, limitless magazine of salt, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and the precious metals, there are other curious and valuable deposits among the mineral resources of Utah, which if worked would be found almost inexhaustible, and add largely to the wealth of our country. There are some recently discovered veins of alum which are eighteen inches thick and several hundred feet in length, of dazzling whiteness, and almost perfectly pure. Natural mineral wax, or ozokerite, a rarity elsewhere, is found in Utah in great quantities. It is a perfect insulator, and would probably be a valuable insulating material for electrical appliances. Besides this, it is proof against air, acid or water, and thus would be of value for many purposes. Gilsonite is a similar discovery, and contains about eighty per cent. of carbon or pure asphalt. Beds of niter have also been found, and quantities of sulphate of soda, blown on shore from the Great Salt Lake at certain temperatures. Hundreds of tons are often piled up in this way in a single night, and might be used in producing sal soda and carbonate of soda, at a very trifling expense.

Italian Emigration.

The objection to the influx of Italian emigration to the United States seems likely to be lessened, since another line of steamers is about to be established by the Netherlands American Steamship Company, to run to Rio de la Plata, in South America, and Italian emigration to the Argentine Republic will be thus greatly facilitated. Two vessels of the Red Star Company, of Antwerp, have been purchased for the purpose, and the new service will be inaugurated before the end of the year. The rapid development of progress in South America is attracting much Continental immigration, and our shores will doubtless thus be less thronged with undesirable accessions to our population, than at present. There exists much dissatisfaction in our country at the overplus of Italians; although we are apt to consider ourselves somewhat indebted to an Italian, one Christopher Columbus, who was first assisted by Government authorities to emigrate here. Possibly, however, if the aborigines had had any idea of his coming, they might have taken some measures to prevent it.

The Last of the Great Eastern.

An inglorious end is the destiny of the leviathan steamship, the Great Eastern, which has been beached on the shores of the Mersey, to be broken up for old iron. Through the thirty years of her existence, ill-fortune seemed to attend the Great Eastern, from her first attempted trip in 1859, when she had to put back on account of the explosion of a steam-pipe, by which a number of persons were killed and injured. She made several trips across the Atlantic as a passenger and freight steamer, but the receipts were unequal to the enormous expenses. In 1865 she seemed to have found her vocation,—to lay the submarine telegraph cable between England and America. This work occupied her for some years; but when there were no more cables to lay, she was relegated to idleness and sent to Sheerness, where visitors were admitted to view her interior, at a shilling a head. Finally, she was sent on her last voyage to the Mersey, where she was beached on the Cheshire shore near New Ferry, to be broken up. Her ill-fortune seemed to follow her even during this last trip; for she encountered a gale which compelled the tug Stormcock, which was towing her, to cast her loose, but the weather finally moderated and she was towed to her last berth. The Great Eastern was planned by Mr. Brunel, and built by Mr.

Scott Russell, to make the voyage to the East, around the Cape, without having to stop for coal, and was originally intended to carry 3,000 passengers, and a large cargo. She was 692 feet long, 83 broad, the depth of her hold was 24 feet, and her registered tonnage, 18,914 tons. She was fitted with both paddle and screw engines, carried five funnels, each 100 feet high, and had a coal-bunker space of 10,000 tons. She was built at Millwall, and her launching, which was accomplished with great difficulty, cost \$300,000. There are many who doubtless would have preferred, were it not for the loss of life involved, to have heard that the Great Eastern had met with some more remarkable fate, and succumbed to a gale or been driven ashore in a storm, rather than to have been dismantled with the hammer and sold in fragments for old iron.

Carriage Road to Pike's Peak.

A new attraction to Cascade Cañon is a carriage-drive to the summit of Pike's Peak, which was formally opened a month or so ago. It is not only a safe and convenient route, and not by any means a mere trail or wood-road, but it affords a view superior in extent and grandeur to all others obtained from the old trails or roads. It is as much of a roadway for carriages as can be made in climbing the Rocky Mountains, and from Cascade to the summit the drive is seventeen miles and takes five hours. From the hotel the drive is up Cascade Cañon, through wild and romantic scenery; and about eight miles up it passes through Glen Cove, an imposing amphitheater with a grassy pit traversed by two streams. Near by is the precipice, 2,500 feet high, called the Devil's Leap, and a balanced rock, which may be swayed by a touch of the hand, yet is twelve or fourteen feet in width and four feet thick. The Hayden Divide and Grand View are twelve miles from Cascade, and here the traveler is stopped in his journey by the magnificent prospect of the great plains stretching eastward. Colorado Springs lies at his feet, Pueblo, fifty miles to the south, and Denver, seventy-five miles to the north.

Spun Glass.

Nearly all the fairy marvels of the past have been realized by the scientific inventions of our materialistic age, which, if they rob romance of its charm, and make us discontented because there no longer exists the unattainable, at least contribute to comfort and luxury. Cinderella's slipper has lost its prestige of impossibility, in the face of a new invention of a noted silk manufacturer of Lille, France, who has achieved a process of spinning and weaving glass into cloth. The warp is silk, and the pattern is woven in glass threads, extremely fine, requiring fifty or sixty strands to make one thread of the weft. The process is slow, for it requires twelve hours to produce one yard of cloth. The material is exceedingly beautiful and comparatively cheap, but is more suitable for portiere-draperies and hangings, than costumes. An apartment decorated with cloth of glass would certainly be as brilliant as anything the imagination could conceive or artistic skill devise.

A Substitute for Glass.

The Westminster Aquarium in London has recently been re-roofed by a translucent material called pliable glass, which, in effect, is not glass at all, but a sheet of clear varnish, the base of which is linseed oil, coating a web of very fine iron wire. There is no resin or gum in the varnish, and once it has become dry it will not change, either to harden or become sticky by the influence of heat and damp. This new material is said to have the advantage of glass as a roofing for "crystal" buildings, since it is economical in every way. It will not break or show injury if a man should happen to drop a ladder or himself upon it. The sheets measure ten by four feet, so that very few joinings are necessary. The material can be cut with a pair of shears, and be nailed in place by any ordinary workman, so that a glazier is not required; and curved surfaces can be covered with no more difficulty than flat, and the sun's heat does not pass through very readily, so that no awnings are needed. Possibly, however, this latter quality would not recommend it as a covering for conservatories, hot-houses and other places where glass is used with a view to obtaining the heat of the sun as well as its light.

An Electric Dog-Cart.

The Sultan of Turkey has had an electric dog-cart made for his own use, and it was recently exhibited at a skating-rink in London. It was built by the Messrs. Immisch and Co., of London, at a cost of \$1,000. In appearance it resembles an ordinary dog-cart with the shafts removed. The motor, which is placed in the center of the body of the vehicle, is of one horse-power, having a current of twenty amperes, with an electro-motive force of forty-eight volts. Motion is communicated to one of the hind-wheels by means of a small pinion on the main shaft of the motor, which shaft passes upward through the footboard and terminates in a handle, by means of which the carriage can be easily guided. It is provided with an ordinary foot-brake, and the motor can be reversed so as to back the vehicle. The power is stored in twenty-four small accumulators of special type, occupying a space under the seats, and which are said to be sufficient to propel the vehicle at a speed of ten miles an hour for five hours. The carriage is really serviceable, and, not merely a curiosity. It is made of walnut and light wood, and the cushions of brown cloth are embroidered with the Turkish Imperial crest. It will carry four persons, and weighs about eleven hundredweight complete.

Household.

Comparative Housekeeping.

IX.

HOW TO SET THE TABLE ON FIFTY CENTS A DAY FOR EACH PERSON.

Course Dinners.

MANY excellent housekeepers have a sort of idea that course dinners are extravagant: a greater mistake was never made. They entail a little more trouble, a little more thought,—that is all. This fact impressed me a good deal the other day when I dined in a very modest circle in New York City, in a quiet family home, every member of which is a bread-winner, and where it was difficult to realize that the expenditure of even five cents is a matter for serious consideration.

The dinner set before us was simplicity itself, and would come within the reach of the most modest purse; for it consisted of the plainest materials, and owed the distinction I give it solely to the way in which it was served. The dinner service was in itself a revelation to me when I learned that the pretty plates and dishes were absolutely inexpensive, and had been collected by one of the daughters at odd times, just as she happened to catch sight of them on bargain counters.

The simple menu, however, concerns us now. Celery cream soup was followed by beef *à la mode* with tomatoes and potatoes and string beans, and chicory salad with a thick dressing (not mayonnaise) came next, as a separate course, to be succeeded in its turn by apple compote with cream. Fruit (apples and grapes) formed a center-piece on the round table, and the whole effect was charmingly simple, artistic, and refined.

Now it is obvious that so simple a dinner came well within the limit we are now considering, of \$1.25 for five persons. The beef *à la mode* was made of leg of beef, costing six cents a pound, and the celery cream owed its existence to a pint of milk and the cuttings of a head of celery. It would be very easy to make this simple dinner the text for a larger expenditure, using, for instance, stock for the soup, and porter-house steak for the beef *à la mode*; I instance it only as showing that a tasteful arrangement of table routine and attention to detail bring a course dinner within reach of far less well-furnished purses than that of the hostess who can afford \$1.25 as a daily outlay for one meal.

A terrible source of extravagance in ordinary households lies in "indefiniteness" in ordering. I was asked the other day by a lady whose means I know to be very limited, and whose family circle varies from day to day from a round dozen to perhaps three or four, to call at her butcher's and order a roast of mutton.

"How many pounds?" was my natural question.

"Oh!" was the reply, greatly to my astonishment, "just say the usual quantity!"

I of course did as I was asked, mentally considering that I no longer wondered at her difficulty in making both ends meet. And as I go daily to my own butcher and take note of the women I hear ordering or buying, I find that hers is by far the more usual way. It is no longer a matter of surprise to me that household expenses mount up.

This impression was emphasized by another recent experience, when I in my turn asked a friend, who is decidedly economical in ideas, to order a single pound of round steak for me. She did it with great reluctance, and then, as an

excuse, told me that she *did not like to ask* the butcher for so small an order.

"My way," she explained, "is different; I know they always cut more than I order, so I order less than I want, by a pound or so, and that brings it about even!"

I could not help exclaiming at such a method of doing business. "Suppose," I said, "you want a yard of ribbon. Are you ashamed to ask a shopman to cut it off? Do you have to order buttons and linings in the same vague way?"

"Why, of course not! 'The idea!'"

"I confess I see no difference; but even many older and more experienced housekeepers are guilty of this ridiculous weakness, and will order a steak or joint *about* so and so many pounds. Experience is the only true guide; and out of my own experience I can assure every woman in the land that if she demands exactitude of her butcher she will get it, and his respect into the bargain. German housekeepers are far, far beyond any American ones I have so far met with in this respect, and they bring their thrifty home notions with them to this country; and in this fact we may find one reason, if not the whole reason, of their comfortable capacity for quietly growing rich.

"But what," I dare say my reader is asking, "has this to do with course dinners?"

A very great deal, I can assure you; for it is just this piece of wisdom which makes it possible to have style and comfort combined, plenty of everything, without the scrimping which distinguishes miserly households, or the waste of thoughtless housekeeping, and yet aspire to the elegance and refinement of wealthier homes.

I would recommend all young housekeepers to set out with this ideal, a simple, elegantly served dinner in a modest home, and this for more reasons than one. Firstly, because it is sure to attract and please the husband, if he is once assured that it costs no more; secondly, because it prevents that hurried eating which is an American trait, and distinctly injurious; thirdly, because it gives every woman the opportunity to show a refined and cultivated taste, and will soon prove to her satisfaction that she need never be ashamed to see an unexpected guest, or hesitate to entertain one richer than herself. She need not "ape" style, but she can secure it by simply being refined in her tastes and orderly in her methods.

One objection I have heard urged against course dinners in small households, which amuses me a good deal. I am told it makes more washing-up, and that with only one servant this is an important consideration. Well, it certainly need not make any extra dishes necessary if people will follow the French or English fashion (which in the best circles is now also American fashion), and not use individual vegetable-dishes, but have the vegetables of each course served on the plates. I know nothing more disenchanting at a dinner than an array of sauce or vegetable dishes round each plate, and they certainly are not necessary with a course dinner.

I can easily imagine how many housekeepers will protest against the banishment of individual vegetable-dishes, especially in view of extra occasions, as, for instance, Christmas dinners and festivities; but I must hold my opinion in spite of them, and remark in confidence that my Christmas dinner, which I hope will be considered a good one, will be served without any, although it will comprise:

Oysters on the Half Shell.
Ox-tail Soup with Fried Bread.
Roast Turkey, Garnished with Sausages. Cranberry Sauce.
Celery, Brussels Sprouts, Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Ham. Cauliflower with White Sauce.
Plum Pudding. Mince Pie. Fruit. Coffee.

I am not sanguine enough to expect to get my Christmas dinner for the sum of \$1.25; but I am quite prepared to cover the whole expense of the week's dinners, including

that of the festive occasion, with the allotted sum of \$8.75. As this can only be done by a fairly rigid economy, I venture to give a sort of outline of such a week's menus, each one to be served as a course dinner.

This being the season when heavy soups, stews, and hearty foods are most admissible, the economical house-keeper saves a good deal by considering the claims of lentils, beans, and peas, all of which make excellent winter soups. Mock turtle, too, can figure advantageously upon the family table; and made with lean veal and the thin part of pork instead of calf's head, will be found to be very inexpensive.

Christmas day falls this year on Tuesday; and bearing it well in mind, the dinner for Sunday and Monday of the holiday week must be as simple and inexpensive as possible. For instance, we might have for

<p>SUNDAY. Vegetable Soup. Roast Rib of Beef (4 lbs.). Mashed Potatoes. Turnips with White Sauce. Lettuce Salad, Simple Dressing. Bread and Butter Pudding. Cheese.</p>		<p>MONDAY. Bean Soup without Stock. Cold Roast Beef. Cold Slaw. Saratoga Potatoes. Fried Corn Fritters. Mayonnaise Salad. Apple Dumplings. Cheese.</p>	
<p>TUESDAY—CHRISTMAS DAY: as above.</p>			
<p>WEDNESDAY. Tomato Soup. Cold Turkey. Cranberry Sauce. Potato Purée. Boiled Beets. Simple Salad. Pancakes or Apple Fritters. Ramaquins.</p>		<p>THURSDAY. Oyster Soup. Roast Mutton shoulder, Onion Sauce. Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Carrots. Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing. Sliced Christmas Pudding. Grated Cheese with Celery.</p>	
<p>FRIDAY. Carrot Soup. Round Steak (3 lbs.), Stewed with Mushrooms. Fried Potatoes. Spinach or Brussels Sprouts. Celery Salad. Batter Pudding. Cream Cheese with Water-cresses.</p>		<p>SATURDAY. Lentil Soup. Boiled Mutton (knuckle end of leg, 3 lbs.), Caper Sauce. Horseradish. Cabbage Stewed in Milk. Lyonnaise Potatoes. Egg Salad. Corn-Starch Pudding with Preserves. Cheese and Butter. Fruit.</p>	

There is no reason why coffee should not be included in these suggestions for dinners, except the simple one that in houses where it is possible, coffee should be served, *not* as an accompaniment to dinner, but about half an hour later, in the parlor. This gives but very little extra trouble, and is always effective.

It may be noticed that in the suggestions made in this article, chicken has been omitted; but this is only because the Christmas dinner involves extra expense. Otherwise, there is no reason why the housekeeper whose limit is \$1.25 should not have chicken in some form or other once or twice a week, even at winter prices. It is all a matter of management.

With such a series of menus there will of necessity remain in every careful household many possibilities for the suppers of the week; but we have reserved the sum of 75 cents for the later meals, for the reason that in so many homes the gentlemen of the household have a hurried dinner in the middle of the day, and require something more than a dainty supper in the evening. Therefore our next article will bear upon the question of substantial suppers limited to an expenditure of 75 cents for five persons.

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

Dainty and Ornamental Dishes.

Oranges Filled with Jelly.—This is one of the fanciful dishes which make a pretty appearance on a supper-table, and are acceptable when much variety is desired. Take some very fine oranges, and with the point of a sharp knife cut out from the top of each a round about the size of a silver quarter; then with the small end of a tea-spoon or an egg-spoon, empty them entirely, taking great care not to break the rinds. Throw the rinds into cold water, and make jelly of the juice, which must be well-pressed from the pulp and strained as clear as possible. Color one-half a fine rose-color with prepared cochineal, and leave the other its own color. When it is almost cold, drain and wipe the orange

rinds and fill them with alternate stripes of the two jellies; when they are perfectly cold, cut them in quarters, and arrange them in a dish with a few sprays of green around them.

Hickory-Nut Macaroons.—Make frosting as for cake, and stir in enough pounded hickory-nut meats, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands, and form the mixture into little fanciful shapes. Place on buttered tins, allowing room for the cakes to spread, and bake in a quick oven.—A. J. P.

Bachelor's Buttons.—These delicious little cakes are prepared by rubbing two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour; then add five ounces of white sugar; beat an egg with half the sugar and put into the other ingredients; add almond flavoring according to taste; roll little cakes in the hand, about the size of a large nut, sprinkle them with broken lump sugar, and place them on tins with buttered paper. They should be lightly baked.—A. J. P.

Jenny Lind Dessert.—Make a small hole in the side or end of a number of egg-shells, and through these pour out the eggs. Fill the empty shells with hot corn-starch pudding flavored to taste. When cold, break off the egg-shells, serve on small saucers, and surround the egg-shaped forms with jam or different colored jellies. If you wish to have a variety, divide the pudding in two parts, and add to one a table-spoonful of grated cocoa-nut, and to a second one a table-spoonful of grated chocolate. In this way the eggs will be of different colors. Sugar and cream flavored with vanilla make a very nice sauce with this pudding.—A. J. P.

Cocoa-Nut Cakes.—Grate one cocoa-nut fine; put it in a porcelain dish or kettle, and place it over the fire, stirring constantly until it is nearly as dry as flour; then add a coffee-cupful of powdered sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a froth. Mix well, and make into cakes the size of a silver dollar. Place on buttered sheets of paper, and bake till slightly brown.—Mrs L. H.

Nesselrode Cream.—Shell and blanch twenty-four fine Spanish chestnuts, and put them to boil in three-quarters of a pint of water. When they have simmered from six to eight minutes, add two ounces of white sugar, and let them stew very gently until they are perfectly tender; drain off the water, mash them to a smooth paste, and press through a fine sieve. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in three table-spoonfuls of water, and add cream enough to make half a pint. Stir in two ounces of sugar and a tea-spoonful each of lemon and vanilla extract,—rather more of the vanilla than lemon,—and boil up. Mix half a pint of unboiled cream with the chestnut paste, strain the other into it, and work all together until it becomes very thick; then stir into it a handful of dried cherries cut into quarters, and about two ounces of candied citron cut into small dice. Press the mixture into a mold which has been rubbed with a very little of the purest salad-oil, and in a few hours it will be ready for the table. Both kinds of fruits should be dry when used, and the cream stiff enough to prevent them from sinking to the bottom.

Swiss Trifle.—Flavor a pint of rich cream with lemon and cinnamon, and take from it as much as will mix smoothly to a thin paste with four tea-spoonfuls of fine flour; sweeten with six ounces of white sugar. Put in a new saucepan, and when it boils stir in the flour, and simmer for four or five minutes, stirring it gently, but constantly. Pour it out, and when cold mix with it, by degrees, the strained juice of two lemons. Cover the bottom of a glass dish with macaroons, pour over these a part of the cream, add another layer of macaroons, pour over these the remainder of the cream, and ornament with candied citron sliced thin. It is better to make this the day before it is wanted for the table.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 151.

WHILE color is the key-note to the fashions of the season, the always lady-like and almost universally becoming all-black costume has by no means been entirely abandoned, and the partiality for it is again so decidedly shown that it bids fair to regain its former popularity. The handsomest black costumes are made of brocaded silk in combination with plain faille Française or *peau de soie*, the brocade used for a polonaise with accessories of plain silk or handsome jet, or both in combination, and the skirt of the plain silk, usually, but not always, disposed in broad plaits in front and wherever it is visible. Brocaded silk and plain velvet are also used in combination, the plain goods always for the skirt.

A Directoire polonaise, or one with little or no drapery, is preferred to a basque for these toilets, which owe their effectiveness to richness of material and perfection of fit. One very handsome toilet has a polonaise of large-figured brocade over a faille skirt heavy with jet embroidery, and has for garniture on the polonaise, an exquisite scarf-vest of real Chantilly lace, which the wearer can dispose in any becoming way by the aid of small jeweled pins, and handsome *motifs* in floral design of finely cut jet, which are placed on the shoulders and sleeves. These separate *motifs* are preferred to passementeries for handsome toilets.

Cashmere or serge combined with silk or velvet is used for some of the newest black toilets, and severely plain redingotes of fancy-woven woolens are used with plain skirts of faille or armure silk. A compromise is a polonaise of black woolen goods over a colored silk skirt.

The fancy for the use of black trimming on colors is noticeable in the new tea-gowns, which are made in cashmere or camels'-hair of light colors and trimmed with numerous rows and bows of black moiré ribbon. Tea-gowns have a less negligée effect than formerly, and are in many cases simply Empire dresses, with round plain or full waist and very full skirt of plain breadths, either with or without the long, broad *pans*, or sashes, which are sometimes arranged one at each side, like a panel, and two in the back, all slightly gathered at the top, falling quite to the foot of the skirt, and sometimes finished with a handsome fringe.

Faced cloths and camel's-hair serges in light tints are now used for the purpose, and the bordered silks seem specially appropriate for those made in Empire style. Dainty tea-jackets made of soft silk or wool and lavishly trimmed with lace and ribbons, that can be worn with various skirts, are preferred by many ladies to the more elaborate tea-gowns.

The taste for strong contrasts is carried out in using fur trimmings, as in other fashionable garnitures, and black furs, such as Alaska sable, lynx, black bear, fox, marten, and the cheaper furs dyed to resemble those which are more expensive, are used on colored cloths and brocades, while the light colors, such as the gray, blue, silver, and other fancy fox-furs, are used on black.

All-fur garments, such as seal-skin jackets, Newmarkets, and paletots, are usually trimmed with dark furs of the more valuable qualities, and one of the most elegant of such garnitures is a sable-tail trimming, which is very rich and more effective than the plain band, although it is also more susceptible of injury. Mink-tail trimming is used both on garments of mink or seal-skin, and always furnishes a pretty contrast with the rich warm brown of the seal fur.

Carriage wraps are preferably in paletot style, and very long. A handsome garment of this class is a long paletot of dark green beaver-cloth, with "bell" sleeves flaring widely at the wrist. The garniture is a band trimming of cock-feathers down the front and around the neck and sleeves, and a heavy green silk cordelière is tied in front. A long boa of cock-feathers gives the last touch of unique elegance to this garment. To wear with it is provided a charming little toque of green velvet, which has the crown covered with a piece of white cloth pinked-out and adorned with an appliqué embroidery of stamped green cloth forget-me-nots, sewed on in "powdering." A gilt ornament and an arrangement of fancy feathers is the trimming.

A new embroidery seen on some of the imported dresses is of silver thread on scarlet cloth bands, used to trim dark blue, green, and brown dresses. This embroidery is done by Swedish peasants, whose holiday gowns are always trimmed with it.

For information received regarding furs, thanks are due to C. C. Shayne; for costumes and wraps, to Stern Brothers; and for children's dresses and hats, to Best & Co.

Lace Evening Toilet.

A CHARMINGLY simple model, especially designed for tulle, *point d'esprit*, Brussels, Mechlin, and other lace nets that are so fashionable for dancing toilets. The illustration represents white tulle with white satin ribbon for garniture, long gloves of white undressed kid, and a fan of white and palest blue ostrich-feathers.

We do not furnish patterns for this model. The lining, or foundation, is white faille. The plain gored foundation skirt is finished at the foot with a full plaiting, and over this is the lace skirt, made of straight breadths, and measuring from four to five yards in width, according to the thickness of the lace. This is gathered and sewed to a belt with the foundation skirt, with more fullness at the back than in front. The front drapery is arranged with a straight, very wide breadth, the sides and top plaited so as to bring it into the shape represented, and so that it will fit across the front forward of the front gore-seams of the *basque*. The loops and ends of ribbon are sewed on the skirt (on one side only) so that the edge of the drapery will lap a trifle over them, and it should be tacked lightly to them, but so that it will not appear as if fastened.

The pattern of the "Almedia" *basque* (which was given with the June number) is used for the faille lining. This has a plain point back and front, and the neck can be cut low, as illustrated, or in any shape fancied. If a high neck be preferred, the front of the "Almedia" might be copied as it is illustrated, the middle of the front laid in fine plaits and carried up to the neck, in which case a *ruche* of lace, or a ribbon with a bow at the back, would be substituted for the collar; or the plaiting can be cut off at any desired height and the collar omitted altogether. For the toilet illustrated, the back of the waist is covered plainly with doubled tulle (one thickness of the ordinary nets will be sufficient), and for the front the lace is draped to suit the figure, the fullness extending only to the front gore-seams. For the sleeves, the upper part of those shown in the "Almedia" *basque*, cut a little fuller, is used. The design is also susceptible of various other modifications to suit individual needs.

FOR evening wear, a pretty novelty is the *boa* of roses, made of pink, red, or yellow roses, strung together closely without green leaves.



Lace Evening Toilet.

Ladies' House Toilets.

(See Page 120.)

FIG. 1.—This handsome toilet is made of plum-colored bordered camels-hair of light quality, and *moiré* silk of the same color. The colors in the border are old-gold and emerald green with a slight admixture of red. The patterns used are the "Feretith" *polonaise* and a plain foundation skirt, the latter made of the *moiré*. The *polonaise* is made of the woolen goods, with bordering on the bottom of the front drapery, on the bottoms of the flowing sleeves, and

forming the revers; and *moiré* is used to face the front drapery so that it will show in the *jabots* at the sides, for the puffs in the sleeves, and for the standing collar and *cravat*.

The *polonaise* is alike at both sides, and is novel and very stylish in design. In front the effect is of a *basque* and drapery, and the full effect on the hips will be found very becoming for slender figures. The back view is shown on page 121. The sleeves are particularly dressy and stylish, but coat-sleeves can be substituted if preferred.

The model makes up stylishly in one material throughout, but is most effective made in a combination, as velvet and silk or woolen, the former for the skirt and accessories; or woolen with silk of any kind, and if liked, a contrasting color may be introduced. Particulars regarding the patterns will be found on page 130.

FIG. 2.—A handsome toilet arranged with the "Isaline" *polonaise* (given in the October Magazine), and a plain foundation skirt. The front of the skirt is made of copper-red Venitienne *armure* silk with a velvet-figured border in dark brown. The *polonaise* is of copper-red all-wool *Henrietta*, with accessories of brown velvet. This is modified from the original design by the omission of the drapery in front, the inner revers, and the sash at the back; and by slashing the outer front from the bottom nearly to the waist-line and lacing it to about half-way

down with brown-and-gold cord with tassels, and leaving the front gore-seams open to about the same height, thus allowing the skirt to show through. The back pieces form a pointed *basque*, to the bottom of which the skirt part is attached.

Suggestions regarding the adaptability of the model, and full particulars about the pattern will be found in the October Magazine.

GREEN is at present the most popular color for cloth dresses.

Eulala House-Jacket.

THE graceful simplicity of this design recommends it for one of those semi-negligeé garments that are such a comfort on a cold winter morning, or in the afternoon, for that matter, when one does not care to assume a too close-fitting dress. By the use of bright-colored woolen goods in combination with surah or India silk in a contrasting color, and embroidered galloon for trimming, it can be made as dressy as desirable. The illustration shows quite bright red cashmere, with blue galloon embroidered in cashmere colors, and blue India silk for the full vest and the fronts of the collar and cuffs.

The design is almost tight-fitting, cut with side-gore and side-forms, and has two box-plaits in the back of the skirt, the side-ruffles extending only to the side-form seams. By omitting the full vest and the trimming which outlines it, the front is left perfectly plain, and with these changes it can be used for the most practical purposes and all washable materials. For full directions about the pattern, etc., see page 130.

Olivera Basque.

SUFFICIENTLY dressy for expensive goods, this design can yet be modified to make it suitable for the simplest fabrics and most practical uses. It is represented made in emerald-green Venetienne armure silk, the vest and front of the collar of velvet-figured silk, the designs in gold and green velvet on an emerald ground, the revers ornamented at the top with small gold buttons, and similar buttons on the front and back with simulated button-holes of gold cord.

By the omission of the revers and the belt-pieces, the basque becomes a plain pointed shape very short on the hips, and is quite simple enough to be made in flannel or any other inexpensive material. The vest may be of a contrasting goods, but even this is not necessary; it can be of the same as the basque,

and either left quite plain or trimmed with braid. The belt-pieces suggest an excellent plan for lengthening a basque that is too short-waisted. Full particulars about the pattern are given on page 130.

Armenia Redingote.

(See Page 122.)

A THOROUGHLY protective garment, that can be suitably made in all the heavy seasonable materials, and in lighter qualities for spring and autumn use. It is an almost tight-fitting redingote with demi-wide sleeves, to which are added long, pointed shoulder-pieces which give warmth, and graceful effect. In making, these can easily be omitted, and the garment will still be fashionable in style; but pointed sleeve effects are very popular this season. The use of the ornaments at the points is a matter of fancy; a very heavy cloak for very practical uses will be better without them.

The illustration represents striped black-and-white cloth of medium weight, finished with a single row of machine-stitching near the edges, carved black horn buttons, and passementerie ornaments of heavy black cord on the sleeves. The design is also stylishly made in plain black, blue, very dark green, or red cloth, with fancy braiding up each side of the front, on the collar, and in pyramid shape in the corners of the shoulder-pieces. See page 130 for full particulars about the pattern.



Ladies' House Toilets.

FERLITH POLONAISE. GORED SKIRT. ISALINE POLONAISE.

(See Page 119.)

ies, etc., is only seen on very light materials, such as the drapery-nets and gauzes, which are draped over plain-colored silks or satins, but not used as garnitures.

Beata Sleeve.

(See page 123.)

A PARTICULARLY becoming and stylish sleeve for a house dress, that is especially adapted for a combination of goods, although when made in one material it is still very pretty. It is especially effective made in silk or wool with velvet, or plain silk with moire. See page 130 for particulars about the pattern.

Dinner Dresses.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the present season's fashions is the prevalence of the fancy for green, lettuce-green, pea-green, the beautiful vivid Empire-green, which differs very slightly from the old-fashioned apple-green, sage-green, and olive, and a number of vague, mysterious shades which might be called green or gray, according to the beholder's perception of tints, or color-sense, so to speak.

Among fashionable dinner-dresses this fancy is particularly marked; for many of the handsomest, if not all of green, combine that refreshing color with some other favorite color, as copper-red, Venetian pink, *bois-de-rose*, or black.

The styles are chiefly the Directoire designs, which are in straight effects, with long, plain polonaises with coat-backs or with very plain draperies. These garments are not, however, called polonaises; they are known as Directoire coats. The sash effect is noticeable also in connection with these straight coats and draperies, and handsome ribbon sashes or single breadths of the dress material are arranged to fall loosely at the side, or in plain sashes at the back.

The greatest elaboration is noticeable in the arrangement of the front, which has collars, revers, vest-pieces and full pieces pulled-out and tucked-in and caught-up and drawn-down in the most bewildering complication of plaits and puckers and folds that an innocent, simple-looking piece of surah or cashmere will submit to, and these materials, of all others, are most tractable under such treatment. Still another idea is the use of the Madonna folds, and these are crossed on the back sometimes, as well as in front.

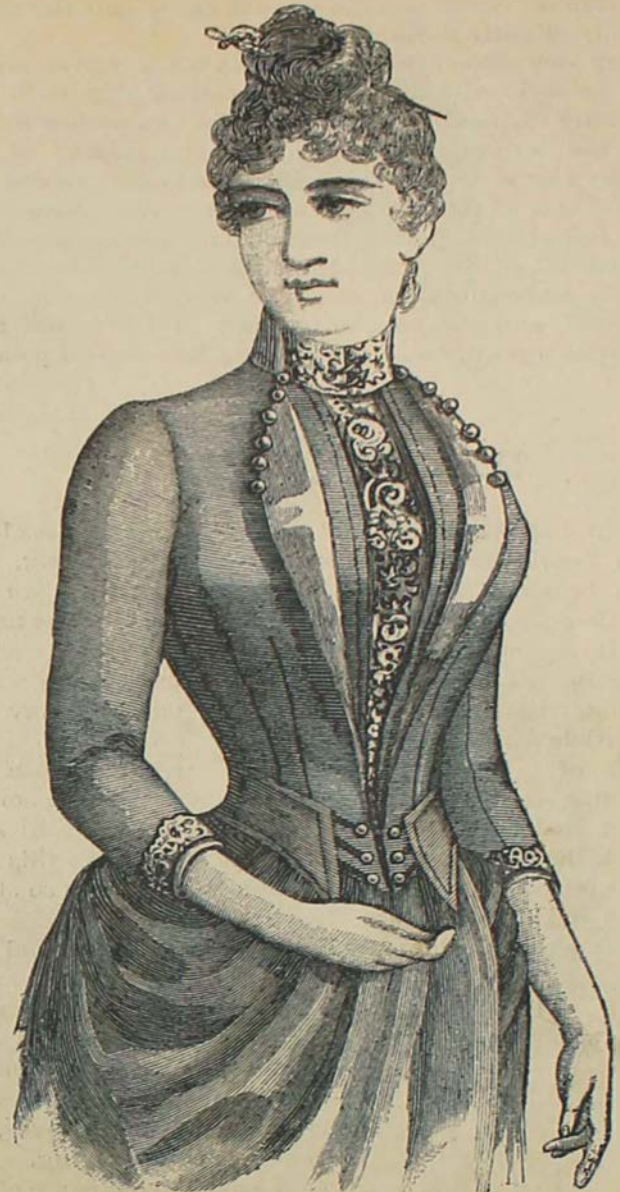
A quiet-looking but elegant dinner-dress is of sage-green silk-and-wool Henrietta draped over faille Française exactly



Ferelith Polonaise.
BACK.



Eulola House-Jacket.



Olivera Basque.—FRONT.

matching it in color. The underskirt is perfectly plain, but has a panel of dark green velvet at the right side, the lower edge of which is finished with an indented trimming of gilt passementerie. The basque is finished with a velvet vest, and has bands of the Henrietta cloth laid in flat plaits

and crossing each other just below the shoulders on the back of the waist. The ends at the back are finished neatly and terminate at the waist, and those in front are brought around and end under the vest.

Another handsome dress of the same material is trimmed with macramé guipure embroidery in wide bands, placed uprightly upon the skirt. Still more elegant is a costume of rich Empire-green *peau de soie* with Directoire coat and revers. The sides have slender panels of dark invisible green velvet, and the drapery at the back falls in straight accordion plaits held at



Olivera Basque.
BACK.

the back of the basque so that the inner edges only are sewed fast.

Occasionally a trained robe is worn for an exceedingly dressy occasion, but this is rare. The train is a long plain

court-train of velvet or satin in such cases, and the corsage is usually slightly *decollété*.

A very rich dinner-dress is of plain black velvet made in Directoire style with a panel of pale silver-gray faille Française richly embroidered with black jet in a bordered design across the bottom and up one side. A flounce of black Chantilly lace is draped in loopings across the top and down the front side of the panel. The black velvet basque is cut out in leaf-shaped points forming an open square in the neck in front, which is filled in with a chemisette of silver-gray silk embroidered in jet. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and the basque is short in front, but at the back forms a postilion of overlapping leaf-shaped points.

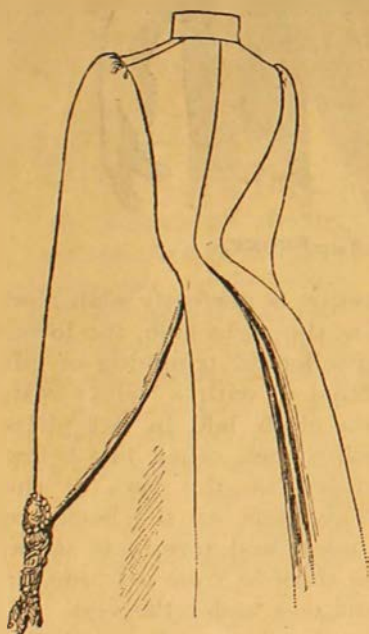
Muffs, Boas, Capes, etc.

ROUND, ball-like muffs, and long, fluffy boas, of seal-skin, natural beaver, and otter, black lynx, natural lynx, black marten, bear, fox, and less expensive black furs, are worn with either seal-skin or cloth garments, and it does not follow that the muff and boa must necessarily be seal-skin because the jacket or paletot is. It is usual, however, to match the trimming fur with the muff and whatever other small article of fur is worn.

Scarfs of seal-skin or other furs are often worn with close-fitting cloth jackets, and the jaunty little shoulder-capes of seal-skin, otter or natural beaver are still liked, although the extra piece *par excellence*, that is, in this case, most preferred, is the long, graceful boa which is so stylish on a tall and slender figure.

The expensive sables are most liked in additional furs, and then the black bear and fox furs, the latter in many varieties; seal-skin is a standard fur, and after this natural beaver and otter, especially in fur caps, hats, gloves, and gauntlets for driving. The more expensive furs are closely imitated in many qualities, although for a muff or collar the price is not so high, even in a good fur, that one need to take an imitation.

One of the most preferred fancy furs of the season is the black Persian lamb, a beautiful, curly, glossy fur, resembling somewhat the manufactured astrakhan. Muffs and stoles of this fur are worn by young ladies, and it is extensively used as a trimming-fur, especially on children's garments. Chinchilla fur is always liked for children's use,



Armenia Redingote.

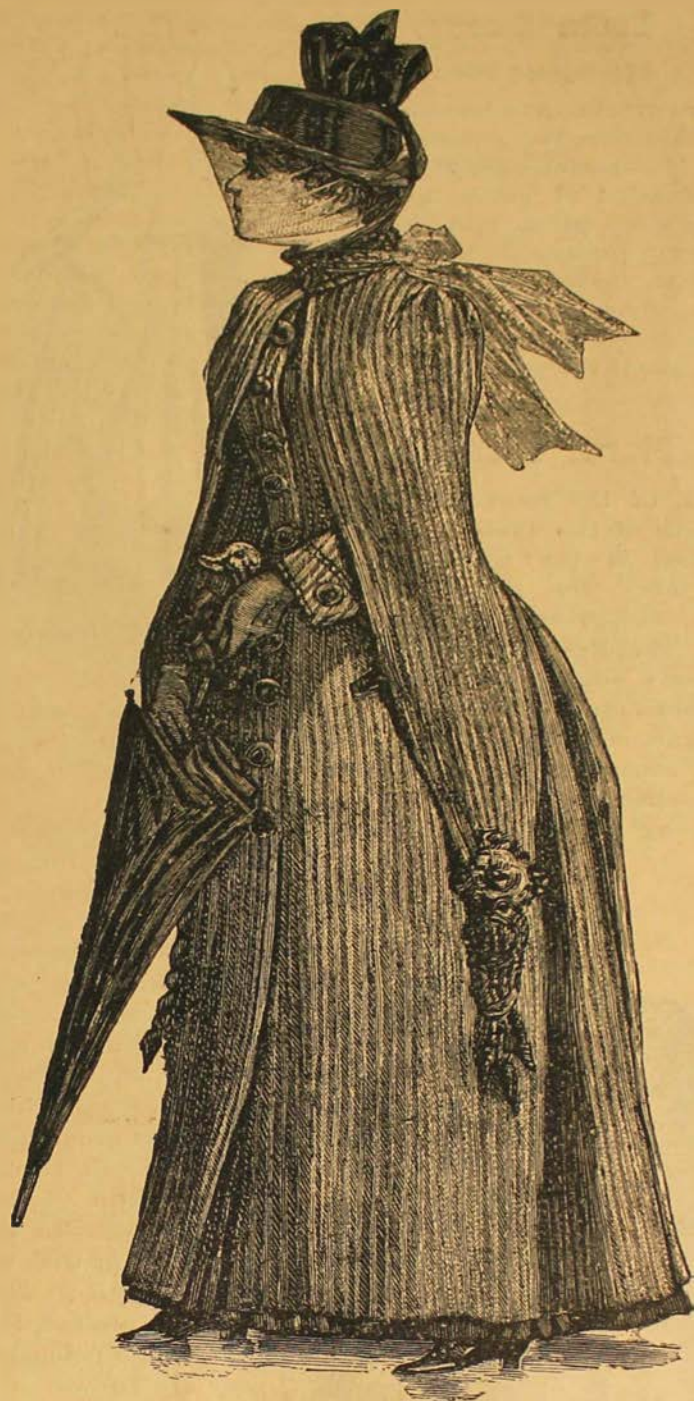
BACK.

(See Page 120.)

and small round muffs of gray chinchilla are usually selected for smallest girls.

SMALL side-combs of tortoise-shell set with brilliants are exceedingly popular. They are used to catch the puffs or coils of hair down to the head at the sides.

THE Empire slippers are a novelty imported from London; they have very pointed toes and quite low heels, and are cross-gartered on with narrow satin ribbons sewed to the sides. They are brought out in all delicate shades of satin.



Armenia Redingote.—FRONT.

(See Page 120.)

Seal-Skin Garments.

THE most popular jackets of seal-skin for ordinary wear are short, close-fitting, and single-breasted, with no trimming at all. Next to these in price and popularity are the longer sacques, from thirty-six to forty-four inches long, and either plain or fur-trimmed. The new styles of sacques are somewhat unique. They are short at the back, and the fitted fronts extend nearly to the bottom of the dress in square or pointed tabs finished with one tail or a fringe of little tails. The sleeves are either the plain coat-sleeves or the dolman sleeve with wide cuffs.

The seal-skin matinées are similar-shaped garments, but much longer, and are either plain or fur-trimmed, and to wear with a handsome costume are the most dressy of seal-skin or seal-plush garments. The seal-skin visite resembles the matinée somewhat, but has not the long tabs in front, only coming down to about half the depth of the dress skirt. Natural beaver, colored beaver, Alaska sable, lynx, or otter furs are used for trimming such garments.



Beata Sleeve.
(See Page 121.)

The long seal-skin paletots and New-markets, covering almost all the costume, are liked for coldest weather, and the French paletot with its dolman-shaped sleeves is remarkably well-adapted for stout figures, giving them a graceful appearance. Seal-skin, however, possesses some of the qualities of velvet in its shadings, and, so to speak, "eats up the light," so that it does not increase the apparent size, but rather the reverse. The long garments have also an advantage of not requiring a very elaborate street costume, and yet a lady can always be handsomely dressed.

The seal-plush garments, in similar styles to those described above, are quite as elegant in appearance, though much less costly, and they are said to have also the merit of retaining their original appearance longer than the veritable seal-skin.

Braid Trimming for a Street Jacket.

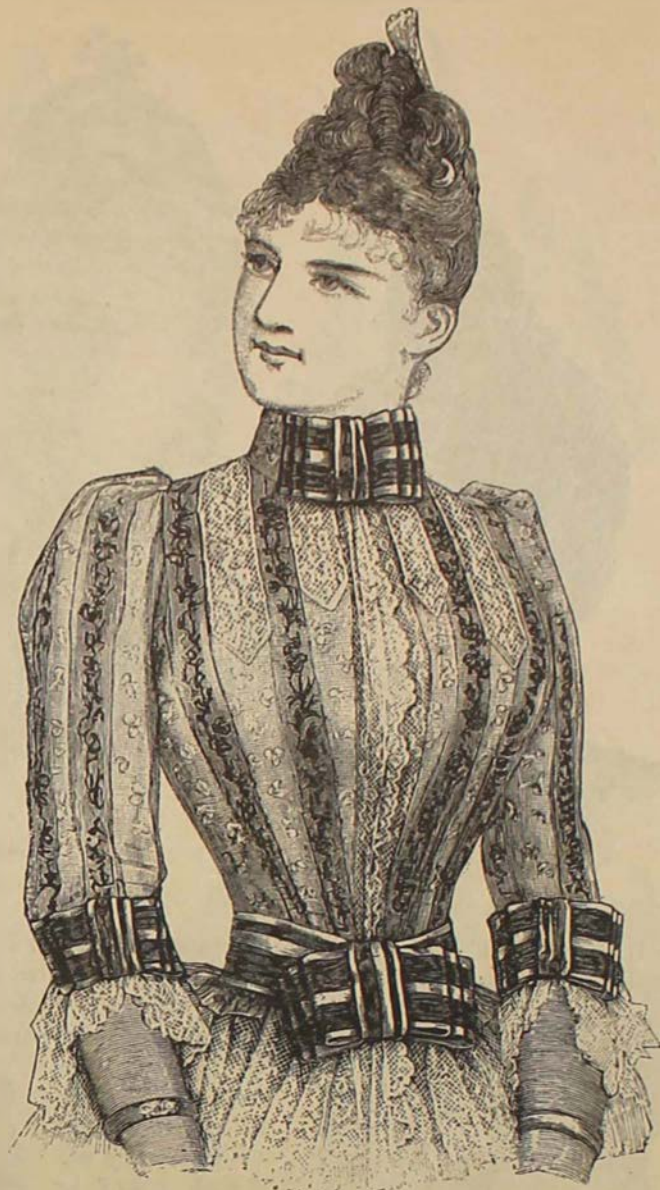
THIS illustration shows a very effective and fashionable design for braiding a jacket of a simple shape, like the "Abergeldie" (given with the April number), which can have the front cut straight across instead of as illustrated; or the "Avisa" basque (shown in miniature in the May number), with the plaits omitted from the back; or, for a miss, the "Chandos" jacket (given with the May number), with the seam closed all the way down the back. Wide braid outlined with soutache, or numerous rows of narrow braid set closely together with the soutache where illustrated, can be used for the purpose; and any ingenious person can easily modify the design to suit individual taste or necessity.

Ribbon Garniture for Waist.

WE do not furnish a pattern of this waist, but give the illustration to show a new and easy method of using ribbon as an accessory to a round waist, which may be perfectly plain, or full, as shown by the cut. Ribbon from three to



Braid Trimming for Jacket.



Ribbon Garniture for Waist.

three and one-half inches wide can be used for the purpose, and the arrangement can easily be copied. The ribbon might be used for the collar also. A fancy ribbon is preferable, but plain ribbon in a becoming color will be quite effective.

Ladies' Coiffures.

(See Page 124.)

NOS. 1 AND 4.—Coiffure of knotted strands. This can be arranged with natural or additional hair. In using an extra piece, a switch twenty-one inches long will be needed. Fasten the hair tightly on top of the head and arrange so that the front hair is drawn slightly over the back. Divide the switch into two strands and tie them loosely together in several knots. Fasten the comb to which the additional hair is attached, into the twist of hair on top of the head, and arrange the knotted strands as shown in the front view (No. 4), so that they will form loose puffs. The front hair is curled lightly.

NOS. 2 AND 3.—These represent the front and back views of a coiffure which with the use of a switch of additional hair can be arranged with very little or even quite short hair of the natural growth. Part off a strand of hair at the back, and comb all the rest to the top of the head and

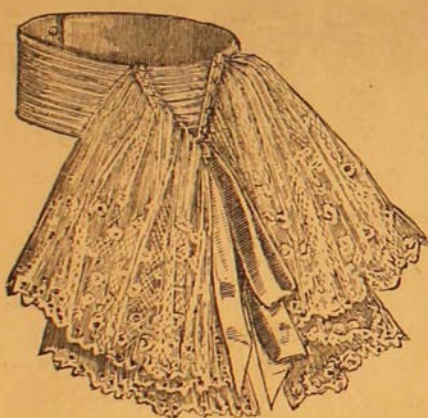


Ladies' Coiffures.

(See Page 123.)

roll it into a puff. Then fasten the comb to which a full switch of additional hair sixteen inches long is attached, under the puff. Divide the hair into two strands,

and cross one over the other as seen in the front view. Each half is then arranged as a puff, and the strand left in the neck drawn up between the puffs. In case the natural hair is too thin to supply this strand,



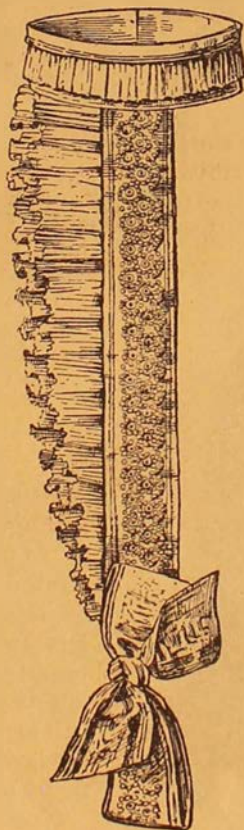
No. 1.

a curled piece may be pinned on at the back between the puffs. The short locks on the temple are curled, and a handsome comb completes the coiffure.

Dressy Accessories.

No. 1.—Cravat-jabot of *crêpe lisse*. The plain standing collar, which fastens at the back, is of white silk covered with bias folds of plain *crêpe lisse*. The jabot is composed of two ruffles of wide cream-colored lace, gathered at the top to the width of the collar and headed with narrow white satin ribbon. These edges are set on the collar in V-shape, as illustrated, with loops of white satin ribbon at the point.

No. 2.—Collar and jabot that can be worn over any plain waist or basque. A band of cream-colored Irish point that reaches from the neck to the waist-line serves as a heading for a double jabot of pale blue *mousseline de soie*



No. 2.

laid in fine plaits, and at the bottom is a bow made of blue moiré ribbon with one loop covered with Irish point. The collar is of white mull almost covered by a plaiting of blue *mousseline de soie*.

No. 3.—Ribbon-garniture for standing collar and cuffs, that will "dress up" a plain dress very effectively. This pretty arrangement is made with two widths and colors of ribbon, a leaf-green faille ribbon about two inches wide, and a mauve ribbon about three inches wide. The green is laid over the mauve so that the latter will show on each side. The two ribbons are then folded so as to make a point in front, and arranged at the back in a full bow with loops, as illustrated. The trimming for the sleeve is carried straight around and the ribbons arranged in a similar bow.

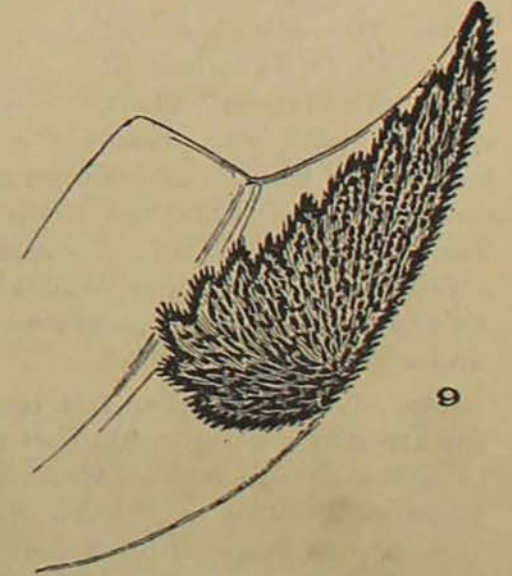
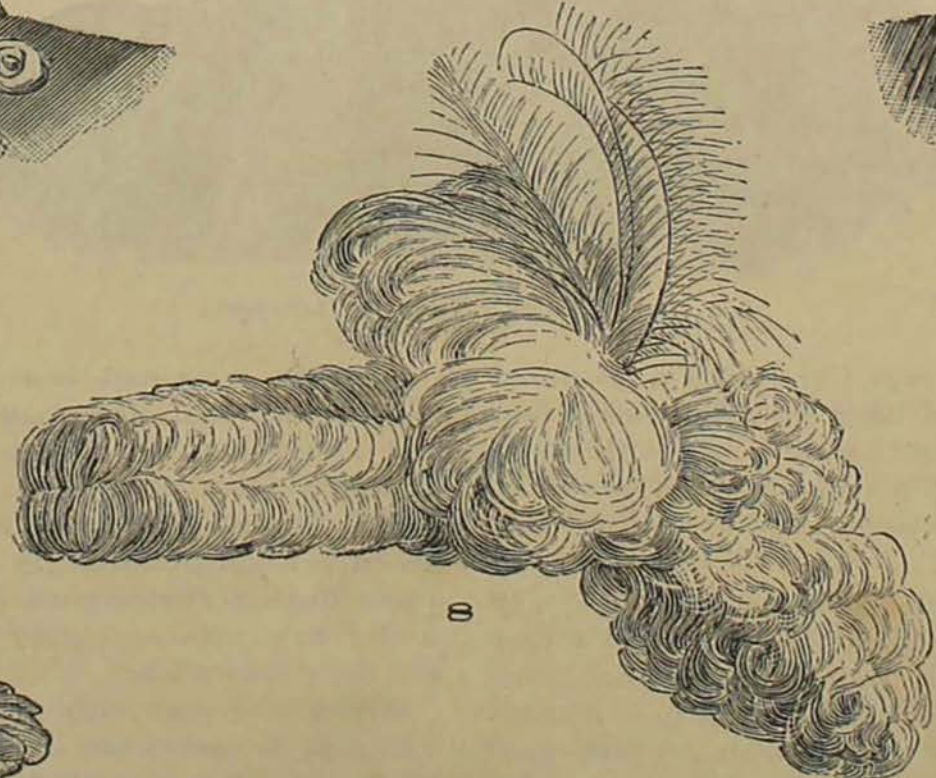
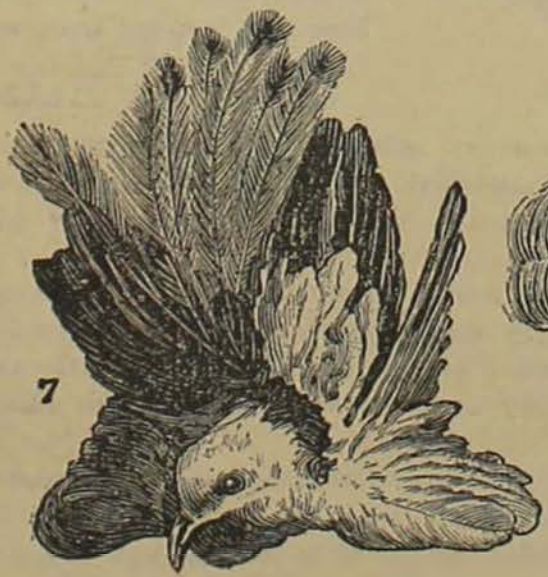
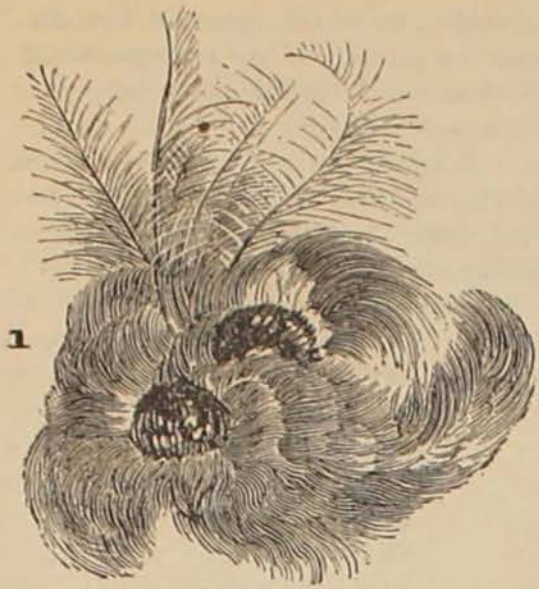
Winter Millinery.

No. 1.—Pompon and aigrette of canary-colored feathers for a very dressy or evening bonnet. The central ornaments are tufts of dark green lophophore feathers, which contrast beautifully with the bright yellow.

No. 2.—Dark brown felt hat, with a low, square crown, and a rolling brim faced with velvet of the



No. 3.



Winter Millinery.

same color. The trimming is a band and a full tied bow of gilt-edged brown ribbon, and two gilt goose-quills.

No. 3.—Ornament of black and white wing-feathers with a black bird's head. This is a suitable trimming for either a hat or bonnet.

No. 4.—Round hat of dark navy-blue felt, with a low crown, and a wide brim bound with blue faille ribbon. The trimming is satin-edged blue faille ribbon arranged in graceful loops, and two black-and-crimson plumaged birds.

No. 5.—Wing-feathers and aigrette for a bonnet-ornament. The feathers are of the black, glossy plumage of the rifle-bird, and the aigrette is white.

No. 6.—Low-crowned black velvet hat with a straight brim—broad in front and very narrow at the back—around which is laid a wreath of black ostrich-feathers. The remainder of the garniture is composed of a full, long-looped bow of black faille ribbon.

No. 7.—Peacock and pheasant plumage are combined in this effective ornament. The fancy feathers are arranged in little wings around the bird's head, and the aigrette is of peacock's eyes.

No. 8.—Garniture of white ostrich-feathers for a dressy hat or bonnet. The band is of ostrich flues, and if used on a bonnet encircles the edge; if on a hat, it may be around the crown, or laid flatly on the brim.

No. 9—Illustrates the manner of placing the jetted or feathered Mercury wings on a bonnet with brim in Directoire style. Two of these wings are always used when arranged thus.

No. 10.—Bonnet of black velvet trimmed with gilt-striped black ribbon and gilt tinsel lace. The rim of the bonnet is edged first with a gathered ruffle of lace and then with a band of gilt beaded net. The crown is a full, lengthwise puff. The ribbon is arranged in full loops under the pointed brim, next the hair, and directly on top, and strings of the same are tied under the chin.

No. 11.—Olive-green felt bonnet. The crown is low, and the front is a wide, rolling brim, across which a fancy plume of pheasant feathers is arranged. A cluster of red and green feathers is set on at the left side, and the garniture is completed with loops of olive velvet ribbon, which is also used for the strings.

Fashionable Jewelry.

THE latest styles in pins recall the old-fashioned brooch-shape, although they are not so large or so conspicuous, and are more often a single enameled flower, or a spray of tiny blossoms, such as sweet-peas, forget-me-nots, or the lily of the valley. Single daisies, single pansies, and passion flowers, enameled in the natural colors of the flower and often sparkling with a diamond dew-drop, or glowing at the heart with a diamond center, are very popular.

The very newest pins, however, are tiny circlets or plaques of white enamel set with diamonds or Arizona garnets, beautiful red stones which glow like coals of fire at night and look like rubies in the day-time, without any of the purplish tint of the ordinary garnet.

Small pins, used for cuff-pins, or on the bonnet strings, or to catch the lace at the throat, are set with these garnets, or with green and red garnets, or with tiny jeweled butterflies and other insects. When used for cuff-pins they are not chosen in matching pairs, but in odd pins near the same size.

Ladies' watches are about the same size, and the open-face watches are more popular than the closed hunting-case. They are daintily enameled in Watteau designs, and worn with short fob-chains from which depends an ornament in cube, ball, or locket shape, more or less ornamented and set thickly with diamonds or jewels, or only a tastefully finished bit of gold, or gold and platina.

RICH cut-out gilt appliqués are used for trimming opera cloaks and handsome cloth dresses.

Children's Hats.

FRENCH felts and beavers with round or square low crowns and stiff brims, in dark colors, green, red, brown, and navy-blue, are the most dressy hats worn by girls under twelve.

Soft flexible felts with wide brims which can be caught up in various picturesque ways, as were the Leghorn hats worn during the summer, are selected for the little ones under five. Natural gray and brown and all dark shades are the colors used.

For school wear, various fancy turbans and caps made of material to match the dress or coat are liked. The "Tam O' Shanter" cap of cloth is a favorite school-hat for older



No. 10.—Black Velvet Bonnet.

girls, and for smaller children, the fanciful turbans, with the material shirred or caught in some fanciful way over the crown and finished with a band of velvet or fur, are most used. Ribbon strings wide enough to protect the ears from the cold are tied under the chin.

The favorite shape for misses' dressy wear is of French felt or clipped beaver, with a straight, stiff brim, wide in front and sloping off very narrow at the back. It is bound with hatters' binding of wide corded ribbon, and trimmed with full clusters of satin-edged faille ribbon loops, and one or two wings or a cluster of tips.

A contrast of color is better liked than a match for the trimming; thus, green felt or beaver is trimmed with black ribbon and mixed green and black feathers, and *vice versa*. Brown is trimmed with red and brown, and navy-blue, with red-striped blue ribbon. The red hats of clipped beaver, which are very popular, are usually trimmed all in black, with black velvet ribbon loops in bunches, and black tips. A face trimming of ribbon loops often finishes the under brim of these wide-brimmed hats.

Girls of fourteen wear the Alpine hat of black or colored felt, with ribbon bands and tiny wings, or high loops of ribbon. The white felt Alpine hats worn by these young ladies are usually very simply trimmed with a wide band of white corded ribbon.

The babies wear cunning little hood-like caps of embroidered white surah, warmly lined, with wide strings of embroidered surah to tie in a large bow under the chin. The "Tam O'Shanter" shape with full ruche of lace around the head, and ear-lappets, is often used for boy babies, and is really more becoming than the close cap to most baby faces.



No. 11.—Olive-green Felt Bonnet.

Girls' Dresses.

CASHMERE, flannel, cheviot, and tricot cloth are the materials used for the everyday dresses of small girls, and they are usually a more or less elaborate variation of the Gretchen dress, with full or plaited skirt and plain or tucked waist.

Nearly all of the dresses for girls under five are made with puffed or full sleeves, which give the little wearers a very quaint appearance. Tucks, feather-stitching and herring-bone stitching in colored floss silk, and smocking,

or honey-combing, with contrasting colors of silks used in the points, are the favorite modes of decorating them, and the use of ribbons as an ornamental finish gives great variety to otherwise simple styles.

The colors used are cardinal, green, blue, and brown, and fancy mixed colors in cheviots and broken plaids; and with the guimpe effects a contrasting material is often employed, such as blue with brown, white with cardinal, red with green, and old gold on old blue. These styles are not exclusively confined to smaller girls, although worn by them almost exclusively. The Jersey and sailor styles in tricot cloth are liked for play-dresses, because they do not show wrinkles, as many of the cloths and flannels do.

For dressiest wear, fine French cashmere and silk-and-wool Henrietta cloths made up with surah guimpes and puffs are used. A charming little dress is of Empire-green Henrietta with two rows of white feather-stitching around the bottom; the waist is tucked and feather-stitched diagonally across one side of the front, while the other is finished with a crescent-shaped revers of velvet fastened at the right with a bow of white ribbon. The full sleeve is tucked to the elbow and forms a puff below, and has a wide cuff of velvet.

Costumes for misses are of cloth and flannel, elaborately or simply braided or trimmed with braid ornaments, for ordinary wear. The favorite colors are dark green, blue, brown, and garnet, and the braids used are nearly always black. The two-piece dresses are the most used, and the waists are either plaited blouses, plain or tucked waists with sashes, or simple basques. The skirts for misses under fourteen are not elaborately draped, but usually are in some arrangement of wide plaits.

A very pretty school-suit is of dark hunters'-green cloth, with a plain skirt trimmed around the bottom with a border of braid ornaments, and arranged with a curtain drapery falling in points at each side. The blouse waist is plaited into a braided yoke, and the coat-sleeves are finished with braiding.

For dressy occasions, velvet, velveteen, plush, and cloth combined with faille Française, surah or satin, are made up in styles somewhat resembling the Directoire models worn by ladies. A remarkably handsome dress is of cardinal plush and satin, with coat back and plaited skirt. The coat

is of plush and the skirt of satin, with V-shaped ornaments on the vest, of gilt-embroidered passementerie on white chenille. Still more elaborate dresses are made up with full sash-draperies of surah tied in a large bow below the waist at the back.



Iza Coat.

THERE can hardly be a more comfortable garment devised for a girl under eight years of age than the "Iza" coat, and the design is especially popular this season, made in heavy cloth, blue, red, brown, dark green, with perhaps the cape, cuffs, and belt of plush or velvet of the same color, or all of the same goods. The waist and sleeves are lined with silk to facilitate its being put on and taken off easily, and the fronts of the skirt are faced with silk. The same model is used for plush; and for *demi-saison* it can be made in lighter goods, and the cape omitted. See page 130 for particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.



Martia Dress.

Martia Dress.

FOR a school dress or one to be worn frequently under a wrap, this is a specially suitable design, and simple models of this sort are now chosen for quite dressy purposes. For this season it is very prettily made in flannel or serge of a becoming color, with feather-stitching of silk in the same or a contrasting color. It can also be made in cashmere or all-wool Henrietta cloth, which would be more

dressy, and a broad sash of silk added if desired. The back is the same as the front, and the skirt is quite long. The sizes furnished, and full particulars about the pattern are stated on page 130.

Elveda Redingote.

MADE in dark red, blue, green, or blue cloth, with the plaited front of silk of the same color or black, and trimmed with black soutache put on in a simple pattern, this forms a very becoming garment for young misses. It is almost tight-fitting, and the cape is arranged so that it may be worn or not, as preferred. The design can be further simplified by

substituting a plain front for the plaits. The model is suitable for any season of the year, according to the material used for it. For sizes furnished, quantity of material required, etc., see page 130.

Jeanne Costume.

IN this charming costume, four materials are combined: emerald-green all-wool Henrietta cloth, surah and velvet of the same color, and white serge. The Henrietta cloth is used for the coat, which has collar, revers, and cuffs of velvet; the vest and skirt are of the serge, the latter having a broad band of velvet on the bottom; and the surah is used for the shirred and plaited panels on the skirt. At the back the coat is laid in broad box-plaits, and is open up the middle, showing the velvet-trimmed white skirt through the opening; and the fronts are held together by green faille ribbon. The hat is of green velvet trimmed with green ribbon bows and a white plume.



Elveda Redingote.—FRONT.

This model, though very dressy, especially so in the material described, is susceptible of modifications that will make it suitable for quite practical purposes. The panels can be omitted and the skirt made entirely plain, of velvet, for example, in which case the vest would also be of velvet; it could be made of quite heavy serge throughout, and the front of the skirt, the vest, collar, and cuffs braided with black soutache or trimmed with rows of braid; coat-sleeves might replace the full style; and if still greater simplicity be desired, the outer fronts can be omitted, and a simple straight or pointed belt substituted for the ribbon bow.



Elveda Redingote. BACK.

With these modifications it will be quite simple enough for a school dress; while as represented, it is dressy enough for any occasion that a girl under twelve years would be likely to need it for. Full directions, etc., about the pattern will be found on page 130.



Jeanne Costume.

“Where is My Pattern?”

WE are continually receiving letters asking the above question, and almost invariably, upon looking into the matter, we find the non-arrival due to carelessness on the part of the writer.

We receive innumerable “Pattern Orders” with no name or address written upon them. These can often be traced, when a complaint arrives, by the postmark on the envelope; but it is amusing to read in the letter of complaint, “Where is my pattern? I know I have made no mistake,” etc., and many will not believe they have been so careless as to forget to sign their name or to mark the pattern desired, or to inclose the two-cent stamp for each “Pattern Order,” or have omitted some other essential detail.

Our friends will be doing us a great favor if they will *always* write when anything ordered from us fails to arrive. We assure them it will *never* be any fault of ours if they are not eventually satisfied, as our business is so systematized that the fault is not likely to happen in our office. Oftentimes it is some fault with the Post-Office; but, whatever it may be, if they will write to us, we will see that it is set right, for it is to our interest to satisfy everybody.

Extra Patterns.

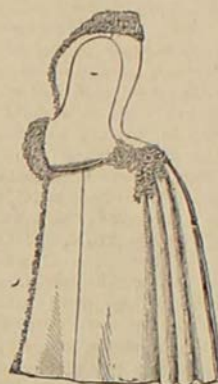
If you wish an extra pattern, and have no “Pattern Order” on hand for which the time has not run out, an extra Magazine may be purchased in your neighborhood and a “Pattern Order” thus obtained; or you can inclose 22 cents (the price of the Magazine and two cents for the postage on pattern) to us, designating in your letter what pattern you wish. We will then cut the “Pattern Order” out, and send you the Magazine and pattern by return mail.



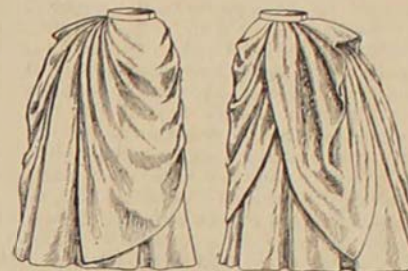
Anina Wrapper.



Justina Basque.



Attalia Pelisse.



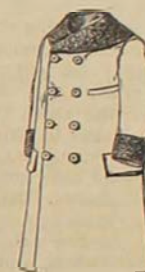
Justina Drapery.



Isanthe Coat.



Caranina Visite.



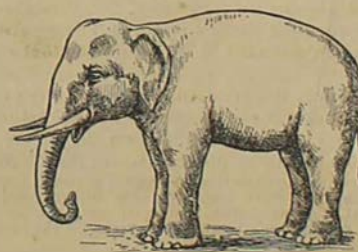
Oscar Overcoat.



Rabbit.



Katia Coat.



Elephant.



Lettia Costume.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 130.

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

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.

FERELITH POLONAISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and two pieces of the front drapery. The notch in the front edge and the one in the bottom of the front of the waist, show where the left front is to be cut off. The revers is to be placed on the front in a line with the row of holes. The cravat is made of a piece of silk doubled to the width of the collar. The top of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The upper part of the puff is to be tacked inside the lower part of the sleeve, at the row of holes. The lower part is to be gathered into a band of the necessary size, and then looped by three plaits on the upper side. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the back on the inside and then tacked to the lining of the side form. The two clusters of plaits at the top of the extension on the back of the back piece, are to be matched to form a burnous plait that is to hang loosely on the outside. The remainder of the top beyond the burnous plait, is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside. The drapery is to be closed down the middle of the back, and the front edges are to be tacked to the underskirt where they fall naturally. The pieces of the front drapery are to be joined; the twelve holes at the side nearest the top, denote six plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The next two holes denote a side-plait to be turned toward the back on the outside, and the four holes beyond, denote a box-plait to be laid on the outside. The top of the apron forward of the plaits is to be held a little full, and this part and the three first plaits are to be sewed to a band that is to be worn inside the front of the basque; back of this, the top is to be sewed or hooked in a reversed manner outside of the basque, and so that the clusters of holes in it and the basque will match. The arrangement can be easily seen in the illustration of the back. A medium size will require nine yards of goods twenty four inches wide; and six yards of silk will be sufficient for the front breadth, side gores, and facing for the skirt, for facing the front drapery, and for trimming the waist. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

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

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

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

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

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side-gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

JEANNE COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Inner front, plaited front, outer front, side form, back, collar, cuff, sleeve, one-half the skirt, and one panel. Lay the plaited front in three plaits turned toward the middle. Turn the outer front back in a line with the holes, to form the revers. Gather the sleeve top and bottom between the holes. Join the extensions at the side-form seam, and lay them in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. Lay the extension on the back edge of the back piece in a plait turned toward the front on the inside, and leave it open down the middle. Shir the top of the panel, lay it in plaits below, and place it on the skirt between the rows of holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top, and have a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight

years will require three and one-quarter yards of plain goods twenty-four inches wide for the coat, three yards of contrasting material for the skirt and vest, and one yard of velvet to trim the skirt and for the revers, collar and cuffs, and one yard and a half of silk for the panels. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

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

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

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

JUSTINA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve. Turn the back pieces under so that the clusters of holes will match. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder-seam. 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.

JUSTINA DRAPERY.—The pattern consists of 2 pieces: The entire front and half of the back. The edge of the apron marked by twelve holes is for the left side. These holes denote six upward-turned plaits, that are to be tacked to the foundation skirt where they naturally come. Baste the gores in the top and fit them before cutting off. The holes to the right of the gores denote three overlapping plaits to be turned toward the middle of the front and joined in the belt. Cut the back drapery whole down the middle, and lay the top in a box-plait in the middle with three side-plaits on each side turned toward the front. Gather the lower part below the hole, draw it into the space of two inches and then attach it to the end of a tape nine inches long suspended inside from the middle of the belt. Five yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the drapery; and seven yards additional for the valance and panel. Pattern a medium size.

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

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

CARANINA VISITE.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, sleeve, and collar. Lay the back piece so as to have the effect of a box-plait on the outside, and lap the front edge over the front so that the holes will match. A medium size will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and four and a half yards of fur. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LETTIA COSTUME.—The pattern consists of 15 pieces: Front, plain vest, full vest, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve of the basque; half of the back, piece for the left side, and the entire front drapery; and half of front, one side gore, and half of the back breadth of the skirt. The front of the basque is to be turned back on the outside in a line with the holes to form the revers. The full vest is to be gathered at the neck and waist line, and drawn in to fit the plain vest. If undersleeves are to be used, cut the sleeves off as indicated by the holes. The side of the front drapery marked by six holes is for the right side, and the holes denote three upward-turned plaits that are to be tacked to the underskirt where they naturally come. The holes at the top denote two plaits to be turned toward the left on the outside. The notch in the top indicates the middle. The drapery for the left side is to be laid in two plaits at the top, turned toward the front; and the back edge is to be laid in three upward-turned plaits that are to be attached to the skirt to match the back edge of the apron on the other side. The top of the back drapery is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the back on the outside, and then tacked to the back piece at the place marked by the cluster of holes. The front edge is to be laid in four upward-turned plaits and tacked to the side form at the cluster of holes. The seam between the side gore and side form is to be joined only as far down as the notch. The space on the skirt, on the right side, can be covered with plaits, or left plain, as preferred. The size for eight years will require ten yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make all of one material; or, three and three-eighths yards of velvet for skirt, collar and revers, five-eighths of other goods for the full vest, and seven yards for the drapery and basque. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

ISANTHE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Front, side form, back, skirt, strap, pocket, two revers, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The holes in the pocket match with those in the front. The cluster of holes in the strap matches with the cluster in front. Five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the size for ten years. Patterns in size for 10, 12, and 14 years.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

WE will suppose you are in the city of New York on this grand occasion when the chiefs of the clans meet here for the first time in National Convention. They have appropriated for their five days' meeting the Metropolitan Opera House, the most commodious place of the kind in the city. We pay them a visit. What a magnificent auditorium, and how well filled! The parquette is occupied mostly with the delegates from the various States, each State with its President at the head; and the States are found by the bannerets tied with white ribbon, placed in the ends of the seats up and down the aisles. The boxes around are filled with visitors, mostly from the city and the neighboring cities and towns, and some from a distance. Back and above them, the vast audience daily throngs the galleries to witness the doings of this wonderful gathering of representatives of the largest organized body of women in the world.

In a group near the platform are the National Superintendents of the forty various lines of work which they carry on under the name of Temperance. On the platform, surveying and directing all, is the chief, Miss Willard, with her secretaries, messengers, and general officers around her, the distinguished visitors, and the participators in the ceremonies for the time being; and here we shall find the lady whom in this present article we delight to honor.

Mrs. Stevens has been for five years the assistant Recording Secretary of the National Union, the only State President now among the general officers. Her duties here require but a small part of her time, so, possessing good executive ability, she performs these, and then devotes her time during the remainder of the year to her State.

So quietly and unobtrusively does she work on, carefully and continually taking notes, filing papers, and furnishing any required information to the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Woodbridge, to the reporters and others, that you would

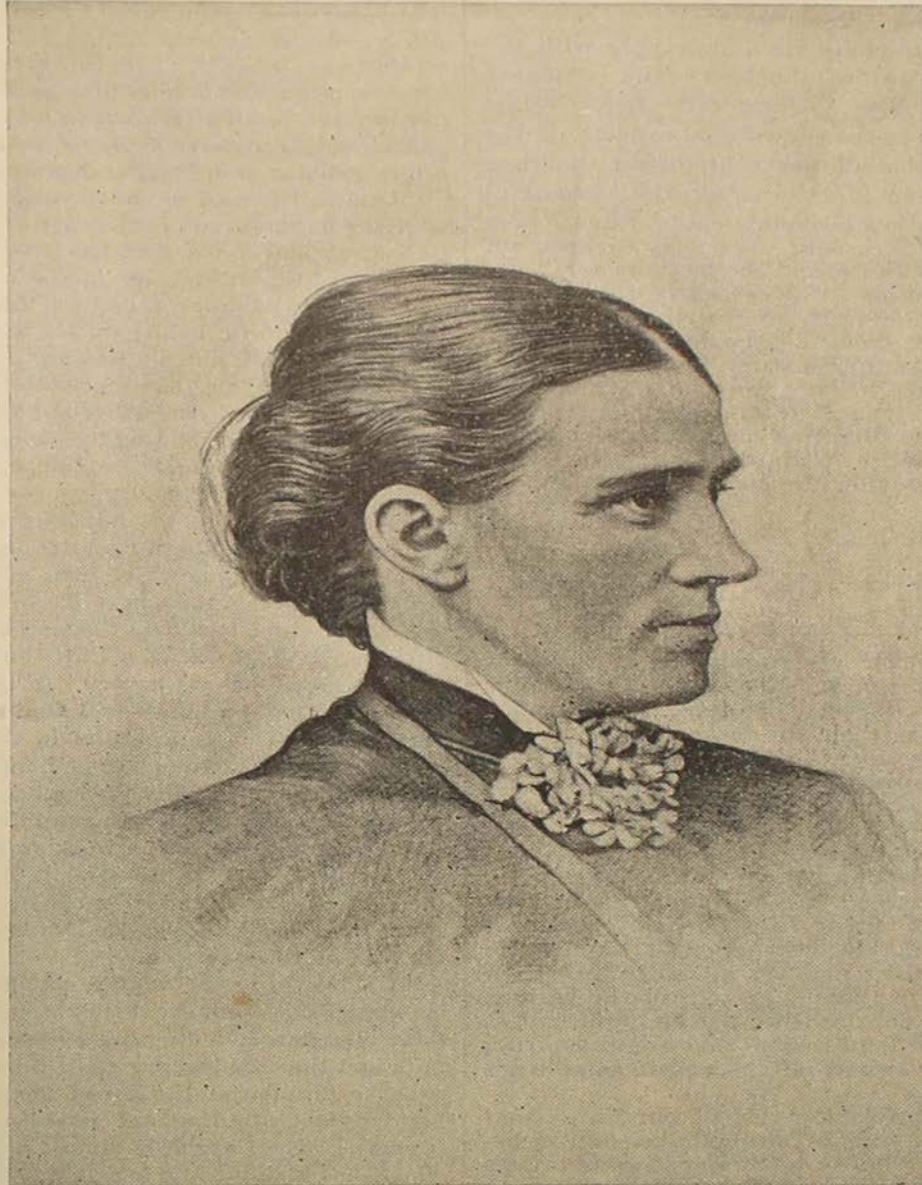
hardly notice her among the more stirring galaxy, unless your attention was called to her specially. If we should address her now, she would answer but briefly, scarcely looking up, so intent is she on catching every word that falls, every motion made, every vote counted. There you see the woman, true to her work, with no thought of self to interfere. If you should speak of Maine, she would lift a quick, intelligent glance; perhaps she would appoint an interview. We will take the appointment and visit her in her own "pine-tree" State, chatting as we go.

She is a native of Maine, and loves her State, and works for it intelligently and faithfully. She was left an orphan early, and finished her schooling and went into that larger school of teaching, at sixteen. At twenty-one we find her married and living in Pennsylvania; but she soon returned to Maine, and was living with her husband and little daughter in Stroudwater, her present home, when the tocsin of the Western Woman's Crusade swept over the land, and its music reached her ears. When the first meeting of this kind was called at Old Orchard Beach, she was there.

She at once engaged in the work, led on by purely philanthropic motives; for her family, like that of many another worker, was free from any immediate taint of intemperance. She aided in the organization of the State Union in 1875. She was its treasurer for three years, and then she was elected its President, a position she has occupied up to the present time. No other State Presi-

dent has held that office so many years. The majority of the Unions in the State have been organized by her, and she has visited nearly all of them. The work has developed surely and prosperously under her fostering care.

All these years she has served without one cent of salary. The collections she sometimes receives for speaking are turned into literature and other helps for the work, while she spares neither time, money nor energy in its prosecution. Her little phaeton, driven by herself or her young daughter, puts in a daily appearance in Portland, in the suburbs of which she resides. It flits about from W. C. T. U. headquarters to her husband's place of business, to the depot for some visiting notable who is to lecture in the State, to the



L. M. N. Stevens

Temporary Home for Women and Children, a State institution of which she is one of the principal patrons, or to the Maine Industrial Home for Girls, where she is much beloved by the inmates as their personal friend. Many a reformed man owes his redeemed life to her direct efforts. The out-cast and the down-trodden especially seek her aid, as that of a sure sympathizer. She ever reaches out her hand to

"The cause that lacks assistance,
And the wrong that needs resistance."

Time would fail to tell the many deeds of private benevolence with which her life is strewn. She does not talk about them. Her main aim is to do them.

Her mind, however, is specially fitted to grapple with the legal phases of the liquor traffic; "a brave and womanly coadjutor of Neal Dow," Miss Willard calls her. While she has given notable help to the educational aspects of the work, the legal have occupied a larger share of her attention. She was a central figure in Maine during the successful campaign for the Constitutional Amendments. She is ever alert for all the numerous devices of the enemy to head off the law in that prohibitory State, and she has won for Temperance many notable victories. She evidently considers it her honest duty to interest herself for the proper government of her country, and in doing so she favors the work and the platform of the Prohibition party.

Just at the moment of this writing, we find an acknowledgment in the "Union Signal," from Chairman Dickie, expressing his pleasure that Mrs. Stevens had heroically assumed all the expenses of Miss Willard's late lecture-tour in Maine, and personally provided for her compensation.

JULIA COLMAN.

No Pestilence Equal to the Liquor Traffic.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

AN epidemic of yellow fever is certainly one of the most serious episodes of recent times. Men, women and children in our Southern States, especially in the extreme South, become panic-stricken, leave their former homes and property in trepidation, and flee from the plague as if their lives were menaced by an earthquake; and yet here, in our own city, right under our own inspection, there is a cruel devastation of life going on, which, for horror and danger, far surpasses any yellow-fever pestilence ever known.

There is no need of microscopic demonstration or examination about this terrible scourge; it is accompanied by self-evident facts that are practically illustrated by the most flagrant crimes and a wholesale destruction of human life right in our own community; and yet we go to and from our homes, and attend to our business and all the various branches of our social and political life, perfectly regardless of the awful desolation and fatal results that are transpiring almost within sight of our own dwellings, and in some cases in our own homes.

It is one of the inexplicable marvels of our times, that while the increased consumption of alcoholic poison has become so common that the whole community is more or less involved in its ravages, yet most of the people seem to act as if this were a matter of course, that need not concern or disturb them; in fact, this plague is treated as if it were an evil of the past ages, or so far distant from our own knowledge that its results could never reach our homes or interfere with our personal comfort.

But the truth will and must be met, and the people ought to be fully aware of the awful consequences that will follow the continued use and toleration of this most seductive and exhilarating poison; if we do not soon become aroused and shake off this terrible monster that now threatens to choke our moral life, the people will find themselves involved in all the horrors of anarchy and the final destruction of everything that is now worth living for.

And this is no mere chimerical idea, or the result of an extravagant estimate of the consequences that may come out of this horrible traffic; for we have only to give a careful attention to the terrible and ghastly array of statistics that are furnished by the slums of our cities, to become thoroughly convinced that we are standing on the brink of a threatening volcano whence streams of burning lava may at any moment belch forth to destroy every vestige of our present civilization.

From the Prohibition Record.

MR. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST BEFORE THE LEGION OF THE CROSS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

THE vast number of people who filled the entire inclosure set apart for an auditorium at the Crystal Palace, were in session when Mr. Demorest was given a seat on the platform, and soon after Cardinal Manning entered, when there was a suppressed buzz of appreciation of his presence. As the Cardinal passed, a friend introduced him hurriedly. When he took charge of the meeting he announced that Mr. Demorest, from America, who was known to be greatly interested in the temperance movement, was present, and would now address the audience.

Mr. Demorest commenced by saying that he was taken by surprise, and was entirely unprepared to give a formal address; "but," he continued, "I am before the fathers, mothers, brothers, cousins, aunts and uncles of a nation from whom we received our inspiration for all the earliest civilization we have in America, and although we have come three thousand miles, we find ourselves at home even here, and among our near relations.

"I am also pleased to find that the Catholic Church in England is giving us this grand illustration of her interest in this the most important movement that has ever occupied the Church since the time of Christ's advent in the world. Our interests in both countries are so nearly allied on this great question that in this respect at least we belong to the same family. In America we are concentrating and organizing political forces with such zeal and enthusiasm for the extermination of this monster evil, the liquor traffic, that we will soon find the people through our legislative halls demanding its entire Prohibition (cheers), which will include the manufacture, sale, and importation of this poison of alcohol as a beverage.

"The dark clouds of intemperance are now showing clear patches of the blue sky of Prohibition, and these rifts in the clouds show the silver lining which gives evidence of a bright future for our country, when the sun of Prohibition shall shine in a cloudless sky, as shine it will, in the very near future, with a grand and glorious development of a Christianized and nobler civilization than the world has yet known. (Cheers.) Prohibition is coming as sure as the sun shines and God reigns. (Cheers.) My faith takes hold of this expectation in the words of St. Paul, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for; yes, and more than that, 'the evidence of things not seen.'

"We have only to exercise our faith, do our duty with our political opportunities, and the work is done. Every man who puts his conscience in his vote—and it is only by votes we can make the liquor-dealer tremble—must be inspired with conscientious conviction that he is personally responsible for the influence of his vote on this question.

"I think I do not venture much in saying there are people enough in this audience if they would combine their intelligence, their energies, and do what they are capable of doing, if their faith and their zeal were put in this work with a determination, to make Prohibition the law of the land in the very near future. London and all England could not withstand their power. (Cheers.) The Church is almost omnipotent in this good work when she chooses to do her duty. (Cheers.) Give me the influence of the Catholic Church, and we could have Prohibition within one year; or let the women of the Catholic Church combine, and nothing could withstand them. (Cheers.) The influence of you women is like the sway of an avalanche—when you will you will, and when you won't you won't. (Cheers.) In spite of the men, Prohibition will be found at the front; and so we men are largely dependent on your determination.

"In America we have two hundred thousand noble, courageous women who are heart and soul in this work, and our constant expression is, 'God bless the W. C. T. U. for the inspiration they give us, and the heroic work and influence they are exciting in this grand cause for God, home, and humanity!'

"Every woman in the Catholic Church should take the earliest opportunity to join this noble band of women, and through their combination they can exert an influence on the votes of the men that they cannot in any other way. (Cheers.) Our cause goes onward, and if we all do our duty, victory will soon perch on our banners, and the development of our country to a higher Christianity will make the whole world rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." (Great cheers.)

A Great Convention of Women.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLING OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

BY JENNY JUNE.

It was the nineteenth of October, and one of the cloudy mornings, not misty with sunlight behind it, but threatening, when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met for the first time in the city of New York, to celebrate their fifteenth birthday. It was just fifteen years since Mrs. Judge Thompson started in Hillsboro, Ohio, the outdoor praying crusade which laid the foundation of the present widespread work; and Mrs. Thompson was present, with the identical Bible and hymn-book used on the first memorable occasion, when the war was opened against the saloons. But instead of her little band of personal friends, she stood face to face with a delegation of four hundred, representing an army of two hundred thousand women, and upon a platform graced by the representative women of the city and country.

The building was no little room or hall in a back street, but the Metropolitan Opera House, a center of the highest fashion; and what was of much greater importance, possessing one of the finest auditoriums in the world, of five thousand seating capacity. The floor of this magnificent edifice was reserved for the delegates, who came from Alaska, from Oregon, from Dakota, from California, from Canada, from South Carolina, from farthest East to distant West, and from our own tropics to the uttermost North. Above the ground floor the galleries rise in tiers, horse-shoe shaped, so that all face the stage. These are divided off into boxes, until the "family circle" is reached; and all of these boxes and most of the seats, except those reserved, as before mentioned, for delegates, were sold before the doors were opened.

The scene upon the opening morning was a surprising and must have been a most gratifying one to those who had taken the initiative in the somewhat risky experiment of holding a great moral convention of women in so busy and expensive a city as New York. The vast building was literally packed. Tier above tier rose the sea of heads, from the floor to the dome, and hundreds of ladies found standing-room only, during the long day and evening sessions of the entire Convention.

And what did this great multitude come to see and hear? Not stars in the dramatic and musical world, but middle-aged women, plainly dressed, many with sachels in their hands, but with the light of a strong and earnest purpose in their thoughtful eyes and in the lines of their intelligent faces. Seated in the auditorium of one of the five great opera-houses of the world, or moving about its stage, where Wagner's masterpieces have been sung, they were as quiet, as self-possessed, as free from all apparent consciousness of anything but the work in hand, as if they had been in their own parlors; and they exhibited a readiness of resource, a knowledge of parliamentary order, and a business-like ability and dispatch which compelled admiration, and might serve as a model to male political conventions.

The chairman of the Committee on Decoration was Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest, and the arrangement of the decorations was most striking and effective. Surrounding the auditorium were eighty-four draped flags, alternating with the shields of different States. On the stage were banners of the W. C. T. U., seats for superintendents and guests, and in the center a table with a jar of white roses, before which sat the leader of the host, Miss Frances E. Willard, unquestionably the greatest woman organizer of this age of organization. In front of the table a row of dwarf palms stood as sentinels to guard that which was most precious; and on one side, to the right from the stage,

was stationed a quartet band consisting of young men and women in equal proportion, all White Ribboners.

Beside the fair and tranquil face of the President it was easy to recognize the grand proportions of a truly grand woman, Mary A. Livermore, the still erect figure of Miss Clara Barton, and others almost equally familiar to the world of philanthropic effort. Mary T. Lathrap was there, said to be from Michigan, but as well-known to New York, and well-called the "statesman" of the W. C. T. U. There was Mrs. Burt, the leader of the W. C. T. U. for this State and city, and Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, the beloved of the "Y's"; and among men, the famous father of the Temperance movement in this country, Neal Dow, General Clinton B. Fisk, the energetic advocate of Prohibition, and at different times during the sessions appeared other eminent men connected with the Temperance work, and specially with the later Prohibition organization. Among these ex-Gov. St. John, Prohibition nominee for the Presidency in 1884, Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of this State in 1885, on the Prohibition ticket, and General Fisk were singled out, with Neal Dow, for Chautauqua honors. These consist of a silent salute, by the slow lifting and lowering of the white handkerchiefs of the assembled membership of the W. C. T. U., and it is very striking and effective.

Still more impressive was the reading of the "Crusade Psalm" (the 146th), by Miss Willard and Mrs. Judge Thompson in concert, the assemblage responding with mighty evidence of the intense feeling that moved them. There was some preliminary business, principally in relation to the reading of petitions and memorials to the Convention, which were finally referred to a committee.

In the evening, the address of welcome was made by Mrs. Mary T. Burt, President of the New York State division of the W. C. T. U., and this was followed by another on behalf of the Prohibitionists, from General Clinton B. Fisk, who received a Chautauqua salute. The response was made by Mrs. Livermore in an eloquent address in which her sympathy for the Prohibition party was strongly indicated.

The feature of the first day was, however, the annual address of the President, Miss Frances E. Willard, which was a marvelous effort. It reviewed the history and growth of the W. C. T. U., the largest and most complete, the most thoroughly equipped and effective woman's organization in the world, and the only one that girdles it. In relation to Prohibition—the "Prohibition party" movement,—and the affiliation declared by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, her voice gave forth no uncertain sound. She said: "We are the only Temperance Society that has specifically declared its loyalty to the Prohibition party, and we are to-day the strongest and most successful society in Christendom. Our Woman's Temperance Publication Association outranks all others except the chief Prohibition party paper itself, 'The Voice,' our powerful friend and ally. The liquor-dealers know that a triangle of forces is fast surrounding them, and it is composed of the churches on one side, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union on another, and on the third, of the 'Third party.' The temperance reform requires a party that is calm of pulse, sober and steadfast of purpose, and whose members would bolt on any issue under the sun sooner than on that of Prohibition."

Neal Dow, in a subsequent speech, declared the Woman's Christian Temperance Union "the only Temperance Society the liquor-dealers are afraid of." He said: "They approve of the 'Good Templars,' 'Sons of Temperance,' and all those who talk temperance and then go away and vote for men in the liquor interest."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's voice and presence in the Convention exerted a powerful influence on the side of the

affiliation of the W. C. T. U. with the Third party. She frankly confessed her early doubts, but said they had been removed; and eloquently portrayed the grandeur of the meeting and the mingling of two mighty streams of influence like the W. C. T. U. and the "Third," or Prohibition party, which she likened to the magnificent confluence of the waters of the Platte and Columbia rivers.

The second day, Saturday, was mainly devoted to the reading of the reports of Superintendents of Departments, which included the work among colored people, lumbermen, soldiers, sailors, and railroad employés, and the methods used to reach these various classes, and also those confined in prisons, and jails. Some of these reports were highly interesting and suggestive; specially may be mentioned those of Mrs. J. R. Nichols, of Indiana, and Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island. Much interest attached to the report of Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of Nebraska, on legislation and petitions; Mrs. Bittenbender being an equal partner with her husband in his law office, and recently (the third woman) admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court.

In the evening (Saturday), the young ladies, or "Y's," entertained the audience; and on Sunday evening, Bishop Fallows preached before a grand assemblage, on the "Ecclesiastical Emancipation of Women." His argument was a most convincing one. He showed clearly that the texts applied to the subjection of women had been perverted by being specialized; that women were subject only as all are made subjects and servants, one to another, the highest most of all. He described the work done in churches, its faithfulness and fidelity, and asked why their "voice" should be permitted in all directions and all departments but one, that one the single place which confers honor and emolument.

On Monday morning the annual election of officers took place, resulting in an overwhelming majority for Miss Frances E. Willard for President, and the re-instatement of the other officers of the National Board for the ensuing year. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap presided over this portion of the proceedings with her accustomed ability, but the re-entrance of Miss Willard, as the again-elected president of the National Organization after ten years of service, was the signal for an almost unprecedented demonstration. The entire house rose, the women waved their handkerchiefs, the men cheered wildly; many of the women shed tears, and all seemed anxious to testify their love and loyalty.

It is not possible in the brief space allotted to this hasty sketch of the proceedings, written on the eve of going to press, to even summarize the growth and development of the W. C. T. U. during the past few years. The Society has printed during the past year upwards of sixty million pages of reading matter, and its receipts have grown in six years, from one thousand dollars to upwards of twenty-one thousand dollars. New York has the largest State membership, twenty-one thousand; Pennsylvania next, Illinois third.

Among the interesting incidents of the Convention was the presentation of a National banner to the W. C. T. U., by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known philanthropist. The banner State this year, or that which exhibited the greatest pro-rata of increase, was not a State, but the Territory of Dakota.

Monday evening brought the largest gathering of the whole session. Thousands stood in rows, tier above tier, and were rewarded by stirring addresses from Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of Missouri, and the always brilliant and ready Mary T. Lathrap, who never misses her mark. Tuesday was largely devoted to business and to unfinished work, and practically closed the largest and most successful annual meeting ever held by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Socially, the great gathering wound up by a magnificent reception given to Miss Willard and the newly-elected officers of the National Organization by Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest, at her residence on Fifty-seventh street, which Miss Willard, the "Organizer," as she has been aptly and truly styled, made her home during the Convention.

It is a matter of great regret that the W. C. T. U. Convention, wonderful not only in size and importance, but wonderful also in the general harmony and loving kindness manifest in its deliberations, should be marked by an exception which only served to emphasize the general rule.

Seated near the center of the hall was the small but fractious minority led by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, who has for four years dissented from the Prohibition party position assumed by the majority. Radically wrong in principle, pitifully weak in numbers, and peevishly unreasonable in methods, any other convention would have treated this minority with simple justice, silenced their clamors, and rid the deliberations of their interfering protests. But with great magnanimity the immense majority sat patient under all the bitter upbraidings voiced by Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Aldrich, and one or two others, like a gentle, patient mother dealing with a fretful child. And yet the following resolution—passed by such an overwhelming majority that the minority did not dare to call the yeas and nays—proves that the mother could be firm enough to adhere to a position once assumed, and that patient forbearance did not indicate weak surrender:

Resolved, That we re-affirm our allegiance to that party which makes its dominant issue the suppression of the liquor traffic, declares its belief in Almighty God as the source of all power in government, defends the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, recognizes equal suffrage and equal wages for women, demands the abolition of polygamy and uniform laws governing marriage and divorce, and aims to remove sectional differences, promote national unity, and insure the best welfare of our land.

This mother also showed that when occasion demanded she could chastise a child that proved disloyal as well as unreasonable; for the following resolution was presented by the Committee on Resolutions, and received enthusiastic demonstrations of unqualified approval, but action was not urged:

Whereas, Individual membership of the W. C. T. U. has never been and is not based upon the holding of certain political views; and whereas, the individual member is accorded perfect freedom of private opinion and private utterance of the same, we nevertheless recognize the fact that the action of the National W. C. T. U., in promising "to lend its influence to that party, by whatever name called, which would give the best embodiment of Prohibition principles, and would most surely protect the home," gives to our organization a policy which each member is in honor bound to respect; therefore

Resolved, That it is the sense of the National W. C. T. U. that no member should speak from the platform to antagonize our policy toward the party to which our influence is pledged, and that any member thus antagonizing our policy is hereby declared disloyal to our organization.

Perhaps Mrs. Foster never showed to greater disadvantage than in her attack upon Mrs. Mary Allen West, the editor of the *Union Signal*, the national organ of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. West in an able paper reviewed the entire controversy, and the discomfiture of Mrs. Foster was crushing. By a practically unanimous vote, the Convention indorsed Mrs. West's editorial conduct, and administered a telling rebuke upon her critic.

Gentle Frances Willard showed to marvelous advantage in her dealings with Mrs. Foster and her followers. While endeavoring to deal justly by all, her errors, if any, were on the side of too great magnanimity to the dissentients, and her sweet, conciliatory spirit made more conspicuous Mrs. Foster's overbearing demeanor and her questionable politician methods. It is more than likely that Mrs. Foster's power has been forever broken, and that future conventions will be free from her disturbing influence.

FOR 1889.

IT has always been our aim to make DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE the one indispensable periodical of its order, a high-class, entertaining, instructive, and truly useful FAMILY MAGAZINE; and the universal verdict, that it is now "the most elaborate, most complete, and most satisfactory Family Magazine published," assures us that we are attaining our aim, and inspires us to renewed efforts to maintain its high standard of excellence, and to make each succeeding number superior to its predecessor.

ARTISTIC FULL-PAGE PICTURES have always been a specialty of this Magazine, and this year we shall publish a series of most charming water-colors, which in themselves will constitute a collection of rare merit that could not be purchased for many times the subscription price.

Our list of contributors already engaged for the coming year cannot be rivaled, and includes, besides story writers of acknowledged ability, American and foreign writers of experience and wide reputation on all topics that will interest, instruct, or amuse in the family circle. Our present serial story, "THE ALPINE FAY," commenced with the present volume (in the November number), is, like all the other works of the well-known novelist, E. Werner, original in conception and elevating in tone, and increases in interest with each chapter. This will be followed by other continued stories selected for their literary excellence, their power and originality; and equal taste has been exercised in the selection of the shorter stories and poems, the biographical sketches, and the illustrated articles for which our Magazine is becoming so widely and popularly known.

The comprehensive articles about NEW YORK CITY, the first of which is published in the present number, will enable even the most distant of our readers to become fully as well acquainted with its highways and byways, its prominent features and peculiar phases, as a genuine New Yorker. The series will be copiously illustrated with artistic pictures reproduced from photographs and sketches made expressly for us; and no pains, enterprise, or expense will be spared to make these articles in every respect superior to anything of the kind ever published.

Later, we shall publish from our special correspondents in China, Japan, and other foreign countries, some interesting papers, profusely illustrated with characteristic cuts. In our travels, however, we shall by no means neglect our own country, but will give during the coming year a number of especially interesting papers descriptive of places not generally known or visited, and others relating to our industries, which will be entertaining for all, and especially instructive to the younger members of the family.

Our familiar articles on Astronomy will be continued, and in our "VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE" we shall again visit the moon, and then pass on to the sun and the planets; these papers, also, will be abundantly and superbly illustrated.

We shall continue and sustain the present acknowledged

excellence of our various Departments: "OUR GIRLS," to which the charming papers of E. M. Hardinge, on "Reading for Girls," are now attracting so much attention; "HOME ART and HOME COMFORT," in which we shall continue to illustrate and describe the newest ideas in fancy-work for home decoration or personal use; "SANITARIAN," to which Susanna W. Dodds, M.D., Dean of the St. Louis Hygienic College of Physicians and Surgeons, whose suggestive articles have elicited so much well-merited commendation, will be a regular contributor; "THE WORLD'S PROGRESS," which will be, as heretofore, a faithful record and spirited commentary on passing events; "WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING," and "CHAT," that will treat of women and their doings, and social, artistic and literary matters of seasonable interest; "HOUSEHOLD," which will be suggestive and helpful in a broad sense, and will continue to number among its contributors Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz-Rees, whose articles on "Comparative Housekeeping" have been read during the past year with so much interest and profit; and "CORRESPONDENCE CLUB," which, imparting such varied information, is almost equal to a library in itself.

The "PROHIBITION DEPARTMENT", which has been a unique and special feature of this Magazine, will still advocate in no uncertain tones the doctrines which are so conducive to the happiness and well-being of every family in the land; and a beautifully executed portrait and authentic biographical sketch of one of the State Presidents of the W. C. T. U. will appear each month, thus furnishing our subscribers with pictures of some of the noblest women of our age.

Our "FASHION DEPARTMENT" is unrivaled as a guide to the current fashions, and can always be relied upon for accuracy and fullness of detail, as well as for those practical suggestions which are of such material assistance to the home dressmaker; and more space is always given to this Department at the beginning of the seasons, when the fashions are the freshest, and of more use in the planning and arrangement of the wardrobe. Our PATTERNS, which we give FREE each month (an Order in each Magazine entitling the holder to a selection from among a large number), are still designed and modeled especially for us by the same capable and experienced artiste who has always prepared all the patterns ever furnished with this Magazine, and therefore need no further commendation.

In this limited space we can give only a partial idea of the wealth of literary, artistic, and really instructive material to be drawn upon during the coming year for the entertainment of our readers; but we feel convinced that our attractions for 1889 will prove superior to those of any year in our long and prosperous course of over a quarter of a century, and that the entertaining information to be gained from a careful reading of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE will constitute itself a liberal education in.

The volume commences with November and ends with October.

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CORRUPTION OF A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

AN OUTRAGEOUS THEFT has been committed in the office of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*.

Recently we discovered that one of our most trusted employees had been tempted to steal from our books and correspondence, lists of names of our subscribers and other patrons of this Magazine, to the number of about sixty thousand, to surreptitiously sell them to the Demorest Fashion and Sewing-Machine Company.

The discovery of this crime was a great blow to us, because this Company bears the name of Demorest, which, for nearly half a century, has sustained an honorable record, and was entrusted to them when Madame Demorest and W. Jennings Demorest retired from the pattern business several years ago, and sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to GERRIT S. and FRANK M. SCOFIELD, of Greenwich, Conn. (formerly advertising agents), who thereupon formed the above stock company, using the name "Mme. Demorest" in connection with the "Mme. Demorest Patterns" and the fashion sheets issued therewith, AS A TRADE NAME ONLY.

Publishers, especially, will appreciate the enormous damage that might be caused by the appropriation of our lists of names to be manipulated by another publisher, particularly where the public would be likely to be misled, by a similarity of names, to suppose, when they received a sample copy of a mere fashion journal published to advertise the pattern business, that it was DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Our confidential clerk stole these names for the above purpose. We therefore were compelled to commence an injunction suit against the Scofields and said Company, to compel them to surrender said lists of names.

This action was brought in the Superior Court of the City of New York, and a temporary injunction order was obtained by us, forbidding them to use or in any way interfere with the lists of names.

Our complaint charged that they purchased the stolen lists of names from our clerk, and that they persuaded him to take them, knowing the source of the names. This the defendants denied in their answer and affidavits, asserting that, while knowing he was our clerk, they did not inquire and therefore did not know the source of the lists, but supposed that he got them from some agency engaged in the business of furnishing names, and that he procured them in a lawful manner and had a right to sell them.

On the return of the order to show cause why the injunction should not be continued, the Judge appointed a referee to find out what names were furnished by our clerk to them, and ordered that they produce before the referee all the lists of names in their possession.

The referee, after taking considerable testimony,

reported that the lists of names upon one hundred and eighty-seven exhibits filed with his report were furnished by our clerk without our consent, from our books, papers, and correspondence, and were purchased by defendants; that they claimed to have destroyed or sold for waste paper the names not produced before the referee, but that they had purchased names so obtained to the number of upward of fifty-five thousand.

On the motion to confirm the referee's report and continue the injunction, the Judge, after hearing our attorney in favor of the motion, and the defendants' attorney in opposition thereto, decided that the injunction asked for be granted, and that they pay the expenses of the reference, to be taxed with costs.

Upon the objection by the Scofields' lawyer, that they should not be taxed for the expenses, the Judge says:

It seems to me that your clients are getting off very easy. They have done as dishonest a thing as I ever knew a man to do, and in a manner which no honorable business man would use; it destroys the very foundation upon which business is established. Suppose I live next door to a clerk from Tiffany's, and he comes home every night with a lot of silver knives and forks with Tiffany's name on them, and offers to sell them to me from time to time at less than the price of old silver; would anyone believe he came by them honestly? Your clients' claim, that they thought they were getting these names honestly, is absurd, and no one would believe them for an instant.

The Court thereupon directed our attorney to prepare and submit to be entered in the action the injunction order asked for, the expenses and costs of the reference to be duly taxed by the Clerk of the Court. This was accordingly done, and the defendants have paid such expenses as taxed, and have consented that, without the formality and cost of a trial of the facts, we shall be allowed to make the injunction perpetual.

A judgment has been entered against them accordingly, that they be perpetually enjoined and restrained from in any manner using the information derived from such lists of names, and that the lists reported by the referee be surrendered to us.

THE PUBLIC WILL UNDERSTAND FROM THE FOREGOING STATEMENT OF FACTS, WHY WE ARE COMPELLED TO EMPHATICALLY AND PUBLICLY DISAVOW ANY CONNECTION WITH THE DEMOREST FASHION AND SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY, OR WITH GERRIT S. SCOFIELD, OR FRANK M. SCOFIELD, RESPECTIVELY ITS PRESIDENT AND TREASURER, OR WITH ANY FASHION SHEET OR PUBLICATION BEARING THE NAME "MME. DEMOREST," THAT NAME BEING USED AS A "TRADE NAME" ONLY, BY THE SAID COMPANY, IN WHICH NEITHER MADAME DEMOREST NOR W. JENNINGS DEMOREST (PUBLISHER OF DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE) HAS ANY INTEREST.

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

ESTEY ORGAN
A HOME SOLACE
DEVOTIONAL HELPER
Estey Organ Co.
BRATTLEBORO VT.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
SENT FREE

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

Correspondence Club.

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

"DEAR DEMOREST:—Mrs. D. J. K. writes for advice in regard to training her boys, and you kindly offer the use of your columns for suggestions; I do not wish to advise, but would offer a few suggestions together with my experience.

"I, too, have three boys, the oldest thirteen, youngest seven, and like Mrs. D. J. K. have the entire care of them. Mine, also, are truthful, manly little fellows. It has been my constant aim to instil into their minds principles of honesty and integrity, to show them, by the example of other boys who have been led astray, the necessity of shunning evil companions. I have found the living example much more potent in impressing their minds than the teaching by precept; or, in other words, I have made use of moral object-teaching. Thus far I have reason to believe that my labor has been rewarded.

"As to methods for their amusement, there are many ways of keeping them employed. First let me say, I live in the country, or rather a country town, and all the many pleasures of country life are at command. They indulge freely in innocent sports, and have the privilege of having company of their own age often, and thus I know just what kind of companions are theirs, and can select such of their playmates for intimate asso-

(Continued on page 138.)



A Practical Christmas Present.

The number of bright women who no longer doubt that PEARLINE saves time, labor, wear and tear in all washing and cleaning, and is withal perfectly harmless, reaches millions—and increases daily—a fact proven by the consumption of the article, which is equal to two a year for every family in the land.

Every pound package of Pearline which you give away will enable a poor woman to do in half a day, washing or cleaning that would consume a whole day if done in the ordinary way, with soap; besides, the work will be well and easily done, and the things washed (as well as the woman herself) will not be rubbed to pieces.

We think most women would appreciate such a present. To prove all this, get a package of PEARLINE from your grocer, and wash or clean something by the labor-saving directions which are on every package.

Beware of imitations. 124 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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

Mason & Hamlin F. W. DEVOE & Co.

LISZT ORGAN.



THE LISZT ORGAN
(With Pipe Top).

OTHER STYLES at \$22, \$27, \$60, \$78, \$96, \$1.05 and up.

PIANOS.

MASON & HAMLIN do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim for their pianos that they are superior to all others. They recognize the high excellence achieved by other leading makers in the art of piano building, but still claim superiority. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in the year 1882, and now known as the MASON & HAMLIN PIANO STRINGER, by the use of which is secured the greatest possible purity and refinement of tone, together with greatly increased capacity for standing in tune, and other important advantages.

A circular containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and tuners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash or Easy Payments; also Rented. Catalogues free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,
154 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.), N. Y.
149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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

(Established 1852).

FULTON STREET,
Cor. William Street, NEW YORK,
MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent," or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

COFFIN, DEVOE & CO.,

176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

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

HANOVERS TAILOR SYSTEM of cutting, by actual measurement, embraces 50 diagrams of different garments, drafted directly on to the cloth, requires less material and gives greater satisfaction as applied to all forms. The best store in existence.

Life-size drafting with each system and rules so simplified that any person can use it without verbal instructions. One complete System by mail on receipt of \$2. Agents wanted. JOHN C. HANOVER, MASONIC TEMPLE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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

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

GOOD THINGS

become known by names. This is why our name "AUTOMATIC" has been appropriated by so many, to sell their inferior sewing machines. There is but ONE

GENUINE "AUTOMATIC" Sewing Machine.

You will avoid imposition if you refuse to buy any machine called 'Automatic' which has not upon it the W. & G. brass medallion here shown, which is our TRADE MARK.



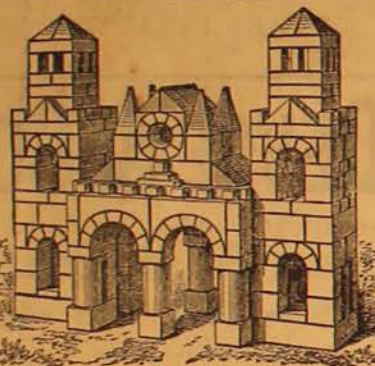
WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.,
658 Broadway, New York.
(SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST.)

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

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

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

THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST



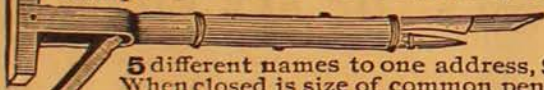
IS THE
"Anchor" Stone Building Blocks,

real stone, three colors. The BEST PRESENT for children and adults. For \$1.75 or \$2.00 a good average box.

Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.

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

Nickel Plated Self-Inking Pen & Pencil Stamp. Your name on in rubber only **25c**



5 different names to one address, \$1. When closed is size of common pencil. **PREMIUM NOVELTY CO., No. 20, Baltimore, Md.** Agents' Terms FREE with first order. Big Pay.

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

LADY agents easily make \$20 weekly, with MME. VALON'S new patented specialty for LADIES. Useful, dainty, unique! Sells at sight; often 2 or 3 in one house. EVERY LADY NEEDS IT. For sample & terms address EUGENE PEARL, 23 UNION SQ., N.Y.

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

THE AIR BRUSH.



Received Highest Gold Medal Award of Franklin Institute as a legitimate Art Tool. It is invaluable to crayon and water color portrait artists. Saves time, gives finest technical effects. Send for description. The use of the Air Brush is profitable, and will repay careful investigation.

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO., 110 Nassau St., Rockford, Ill.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DO YOU WRITE?

If so, and desire fashionable writing paper at reasonable prices, ask your stationer for **Boston Linen, Boston Bond, or Bunker Hill Linen.** If he does not keep them send us 3 two-cent stamps for our complete samples of paper representing over 250 varieties which we sell by the pound. **SAMUEL WARD CO.,** 178 to 184 Devonshire St., Boston.

Postage is 16 cts. per lb. Express often cheaper. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



CATALOGUE FREE.
BARNEY & BERRY SPRINGFIELD, MASS

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

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

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

(Continued from page 137.)

ciates as I judge are proper. They have their own little room, and there they keep their little treasures, which sometimes do seem to me 'trash,' but to them are precious, nevertheless.

"Mrs. D. J. K. says one 'has imbibed an idea that it is babyish to care so much about what mother says, or to stay so much indoors of evenings.' Just here is where she must use finesse, and exact implicit obedience. It is but the natural result of intercourse with the world. These ideas prevail in a certain class of boys, and her boys necessarily come in contact with them. It is for her to use her right to guide them by restraining and counseling. As you would protect them from bodily harm by any means, so restrain them from following any inclination toward bad habits, first by persuasive means, if possible, then by firmer measures if needful. Help them by your strength until their moral powers are so strengthened that they can act from the guidance of their own moral convictions.

"Training a child seems to me to be more than a telling to it of what is right. It also means seeing that it puts into practice the knowledge received, by which good habits are formed. If your children are accustomed to follow your teachings ordinarily, then they will yield to your will that they remain at home at proper times. Though they may not see just as you do now, as they learn more of the ways of the world their judgment will teach them you are right. I do not think this simple imbibing of an idea is so serious unless it is allowed to take root. Make yourself companionable to them, and interest them in your pursuits and yourself in theirs, and above all keep them employed; and by a little tact in filling their time, they will gradually give up the idea.

"It is difficult to say just what would interest your boys; boys in general are so vastly different. Study their tastes individually; and if one is inclined to outdoor sports, give him a reasonable amount of leisure to indulge in that amusement, and so with the others, as their tastes incline.

"One prolific source of trouble in the management of boys is the liberty of the streets, and to me this seems one of the most potent reasons of the difference, morally, so often found in the boys and girls of the same family. If boys were as carefully shielded from the contaminating influences found outside the home, there would be less trouble keeping them from learning evil ways. How often do we hear it said, 'They are boys, and must rough it and become hardened.' This hardening process is usually but another name for becoming familiar with evil. Keep them as free

(Continued on page 139.)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



(COPYRIGHT.)

SHE—Now stand perfectly still, and don't scold, for it's all your own fault. You will have to stand while I drape my dresses over you until you provide me with **HALL'S BAZAR FORM.**

HE—That's it! I knew there was something I wanted to buy for a **CHRISTMAS PRESENT.** There is nothing my wife wishes so much, and nothing I will enjoy giving her more than **HALL'S BAZAR FORM.**

HALL'S BAZAR FORM.

A household necessity, indispensable to ladies who do their own dressmaking. Adjustable to any size, and when not in use folds up like an umbrella.

The only form endorsed and recommended by all fashion publishers.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Complete Form, \$6.50. Skirt Form, Iron Post to which bust can be added, \$3.50. Bazar Skirt Form in case, \$3.00.

Send for descriptive Catalogue giving full particulars.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.
833 Broadway, New York.

We cheerfully recommend these forms and request our patrons when ordering or sending for circulars to mention this magazine.

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

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and Silk Fringe Cards, Slight of Hand Tricks, Recitations, Dialogues, Puzzles, Conundrums, Games, and how you can make \$10 a day at home. All FOR A 2 CENT STAMP. HOME AND YOUTH, CADIZ, OHIO.

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

Canfield Seamless Dress Shields



Only reliable Shield made. Have been worn by more than six million ladies. Sales five times that of any other Shield made in U. S. or Europe. **Beware of imitations.**

SAMPLE PAIR By mail, 25 Cents.

Pat. in U. S. and Europe.

CANFIELD RUBBER COMPANY,

86 Leonard St., New York.

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



Novelty Spool Holder.

WITH THREAD CUTTER ATTACHED. Fastens to dress button while knitting, crocheting, or sewing. Made of silvered spring wire. Fits any size spool. Every lady needs it. Sample 15c., 2 for 25c., doz. 75c. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. **STAYNER & CO.,** Providence, R. I.

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

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

(Continued from page 138.)

from contact with this evil as possible, until the good teachings have had time to take root and spring up, and there is less chance of the evil becoming predominant.

"If the moral atmosphere of the home is pure, if the life of those so closely related to them is lofty and noble, they will imbibe an idea of life that will be in keeping with the example set before them.

"Perhaps in the case of Mrs. D. J. K's boys there is too free association with other boys, and a closer discrimination in choosing their associates will correct the trouble.

"Very truly,
"Mrs. M."

"DEAR DEMOREST:—As you invite the recital of experiences of mothers in the training of their boys, I avail myself of the kind offer of your columns to send an 'open' letter to Mrs. D. J. K., hoping that perhaps my limited experience may be of some use to her as well as to other mothers who are anxious about the proper training of their boys,—one of the most important problems of the nineteenth century.

"I have not 'boys,' but I have two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight years. My husband and myself agree perfectly about the method of training, and we regard our two darlings as a sacred trust, for whose future well-being, morally and physically, we are responsible, as well as for their present health and happiness. The boy was very delicate from his birth until he was seven years of age; the girl has always been exceptionally healthy. The boy has naturally a very nervous and headstrong temperament, which, by firmness and decision from the very first, we have so governed and taught him how to overcome, that we hope by the time he grows up the present faults may become only the necessary will-power for success in business. The girl has a bright, sunny, equable disposition, but a very strong will; consequently there are occasional differences.

"They have thus far been companions in their studies and sports, which has had a tendency to make our boy less rough and boisterous, and made his sister more self-reliant. From their earliest years we have encouraged them to talk freely and confidentially with us, and no inquiry was ever regarded too trivial for attention, even if it could not be attended to at the moment; but we have inculcated habits of observation, and taught them how to reason for themselves, rather than depend too much on others.

"The early part of the evening is always their special time, when we have games, music, and reading aloud, books that will interest them, about which they are always encouraged to talk freely; and we have been astonished and gratified to find that already they are more interested in something treating of real persons and things, history and travels, and are learning to discriminate between a good story and a merely frivolous one. They have a room at the top of the house, which they have been allowed to arrange according to their own ideas, and here they have a sort of gymnasium, most of the devices their own invention, and are at perfect liberty to invite their playmates, and have a jolly good time.

"We have found that the close companionship is good for both; the boy is learning the necessary restraint, and the girl is growing self-reliant and quite independent in her ideas; yet she loves to play with her dolls and 'help' about the house, and he is a real boy with other boys in their sports.

"I believe that, generally, parents are not companionable enough with their children, and do not encourage their confidence sufficiently; but arbitrary rules are out of the question in their training, and I am beginning to learn that it requires discrimination and a fine tact to know how to deal with different dispositions, which



THIS SEASONING is made of the granulated leaves of fragrant sweet herbs and choice selected spices, having all the flavors that can be desired, thereby saving the trouble of having to use a dozen different kinds of herbs and spices in order to give the proper flavor. On account of the purity one tablespoonful is enough to season the dressing to an eight-pound turkey. Full directions with each can. If your Grocer or Marketman does not keep it, send 20 CENTS for large size can by mail, postpaid.

USED BY ALL LEADING HOTELS.

SAUSAGES FLAVORED with Bell's Spiced Sausage Seasoning will remind you of your old New England home. Price, twenty-five cents per lb. Send for Catalogue.

Beware of spurious articles put on the market by unprincipled dealers in imitation of Bell's Seasoning.

W. G. BELL & CO., SOLE MANUFACTURERS, BOSTON, MASS.

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

are often so varied even in the same family. But I am afraid I am trespassing on your valuable time and space although I feel that the subject of what is best for our children is an inexhaustible one. I am acting up to my lights, and of course think I am doing right; but nothing would please me better—and many other mothers also, I imagine—than to read in your columns the experiences and methods of some other mothers in the training of their children.

"Sincerely yours,
"Mrs. G. R. S."

We print with pleasure the foregoing letters received in response to that of Mrs. D. J. K., published in our October number, and hope that some other mothers will gratify Mrs. G. R. S. and us by relating their experience with both girls and boys. To the following letter, also, we invite replies:

"EDITOR DEMOREST:—I noticed the letter of Mrs. D. J. K. in the October number, and although I have never before availed myself of the advantage of your Correspondence Club, I

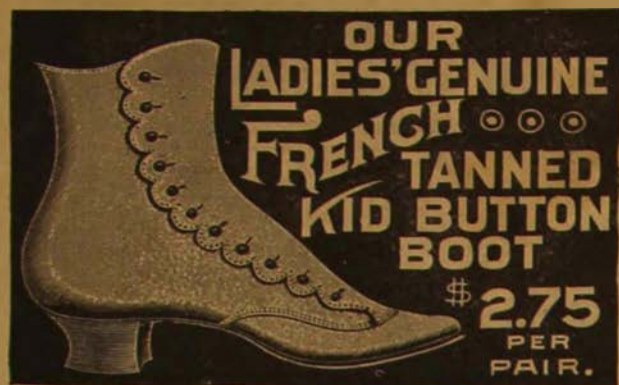
am encouraged to write on a subject that is very near to my heart. The training of the boys is undoubtedly an important matter; but to me, whose boys are all 'girls,' what to do for them is naturally still more important. The question we are now debating in our family is whether to send our two eldest girls away from home to complete their education. My husband wishes them to have the best advantages, and advocates their being sent to a school about a hundred miles away; but I naturally shrink from being separated from them, and having them removed from my influence just as they are budding into womanhood.

"I have several months to decide in, and if you will give some advice regarding it, or, as you have kindly offered your columns for similar communications, some of the mothers who have been placed in the same position will give their experience, I shall feel myself under great obligations.

"Truly yours,
"Mrs. R. V. C."

(Continued on page 140.)

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



OUR LADIES' GENUINE FRENCH TANNED KID BUTTON BOOT
\$2.75 PER PAIR.



OUR FAMOUS GENUINE KID DONGOLA KID BUTTON BOOT
\$2 PER PAIR.

Ladies, if you desire the most stylish, and in every particular the most satisfactory Boot for in and out-door wear, one that is fully warranted, and equal to any \$5.00 French Kid Boot in the market, write us at once, enclosing \$2.75 and 25 cts. to prepay express or postage, and we will send to any address one pair of our famous French Tanned Kid Button Boots, the stock of which is so tanned as to render them soft as a glove to the feet, but of great durability, and of a beautiful finish, giving the exact resemblance to the Finest French Kid, but are tougher, will not flake up, and will wear three times as long. This Boot, on account of its softness, is particularly adapted to tender feet, and is made in both Opera Toe and Common Sense Styles, in sizes 2 1/4 to 7, all widths.

The reputation of our famous Dongola Kid Button Boots is such that they need no comment from us, but suffice it to say, that for style, finish, and durability, they are unexcelled by any Ladies' Boot sold at retail for double the money. They are thoroughly made in the latest Opera Toe and Common Sense Styles, both for Ladies and Misses, in all sizes and widths. Each pair is warranted strictly as represented, and will be sent to any address upon receipt of only \$2.00, and 25 cts. to prepay express or postage. In ordering either kind, be sure to mention size and width wanted, and which you desire, and we will guarantee a fit. Also, if you will mention this publication, will send a beautiful white-handle button-hook, free, with each pair of Boots advertised.

As to our responsibility, we refer to the National Express Co. (Capital \$15,000,000), of Boston. These Boots are manufactured expressly for our trade through the mails, and can be had only by addressing

THE DONGOLA BOOT & SHOE CO., 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

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

40 Prize Medals.



FRY'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

BRISTOL AND LONDON, ENG.

Pure, Nutritious, Economical.

SAMPLES POST FREE on addressing

DANIEL BROWNE,

Rep. J. S. FRY & SONS,

Mercantile Exchange, Hudson and Harrison Streets, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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



THE BEST HOME PAPER In America.

Send your Address to the Press Company, Limited, Phila., Pa., and get a SAMPLE COPY FREE.

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

ALL FOR 12 CENTS!



CHRYSANTHEMUMS—By LIDA CLARKSON.

INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE

Is a finely Illustrated Monthly Magazine devoted to Fancy Work, Painting, etc. LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON, authors of *Brush Studies*, etc., are the editors. The following departments are leading features of the Magazine: *Brush Studies; Ladies' Fancy Work and Artistic Novelties; Easy Lessons in Drawing and Painting; Household Receipts; Home Needlework and Crochet; Household Decoration; Queries; Correspondence*, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We will send you a reproduction of this beautiful painting of CHRYSTHEMUMS, printed in the EXACT COLORS in which it is to be painted, also full instructions for painting it in both oil and water colors; also a sample copy of *Ingalls' Home Magazine* and our 1889 PREMIUM LIST, all for six 2c. stamps (12 CENTS). We make this liberal offer to introduce our Magazine. Address **J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, Lynn, Mass.**

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

(Continued from page 139.)

"EDITOR DEMAREST:—I need to know two or three things which I have no possible way of finding out, since there is no public library in our place, and I see very little of social, or rather society life. Can you tell me who the "Seven Sleepers" were? I have often heard it said, 'You make noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.'

"Also what is the prettiest way to trim a light gray cashmere wrapper for morning house wear? And what is the proper thing for me to say to a lady who calls on me, but with whom I have no previous acquaintance. We have been taking your book but a short time, but have become so attached to it that we think we could hardly do without it, and always look forward to its coming with the greatest of pleasure. Hoping you will not think me too inquisitive, I remain your admiring friend. HELIOTROPE."

According to a legend of early Christianity, the Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of the Ephesus, who, having fled from persecution to a certain cavern for refuge where they were discovered and walled in for a cruel death, were made to fall asleep, and in that state lived for two centuries. Their names are said to have been: Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Denis, John, Serapion and Constantine.

Trim your wrapper up the front and around the bottom with wide velvet bands of black, dark red, or navy blue, and if you like to add a little gilt or silver passementerie braid on the velvet, the effect will be very rich. Only the collar and cuffs need be thus ornamented. While silver passementerie is sometimes even prettier than gold, the gold does not tarnish so readily and wears better. In receiving a lady caller with whom you have no acquaintance, say, "I am so pleased to see you and become acquainted with you," and then when she replies in some way, if her answer does not lead up to any further conversation, speak of the weather, or some approaching or just past festivity, or some of the church or social matters in which you may have heard of her being interested.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—We are to have a wedding in our family, and I would like to ask a few questions which are not answered by Mrs. Hall's excellent article. In sending an invitation to a family containing one young lady and one daughter who is not grown, both of whom are to be invited, should the direction read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Blank and Family,' or should both or either daughter receive a separate invitation?

"In serving refreshments, should the guests be seated in various rooms and served, the dining-room being too small to accommodate any considerable number? It is to be a home wedding; should the immediate family receive the guests, or should they remain invisible until the time of the ceremony?

(Continued on page 141.)

There is a universal and perfectly natural desire among women to be beautiful, and those not endowed by nature with "the gift of beauty" often ask by what means they can acquire it. L. Shaw, the arbiter of fashion in styles of hair-dressing and other beautifying agencies, can best answer this question. See advertisement on another page.

To those of our readers who may want medals of any kind, we would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. N. M. Shepard in this Magazine, who has devoted nearly twenty-five years of his life to the manufacturing of Badges, Emblems and Medals. We were shown through his large establishment a short time since, and are pleased to say that he has the finest and largest assortment we have ever seen. Mr. Shepard has made several thousand Gold and Silver Prohibition Medals for us, and has given entire satisfaction. We can most cheerfully recommend his work for quality of finish and workmanship.

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



On receipt of \$2.50 will send you, express paid, a **KNAPP'S Pat. Folding Draping Stand**

These are made of tinned wire, having a folding base of new design and can be gathered into such compact form as to be easily carried about. When folded, goes into a box 3 inches square and 35 inches long. These forms can be used for the smallest misses' as well as the very largest ladies' skirts. The movement for adjusting is strong, simple and very quick of action. Their durability and extreme simplicity recommend them at a glance.

EVERY FORM GUARANTEED.
UNION FORM CO.,
No. 52 Fulton St., New York City.

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

(Continued from page 140.)

"Are the black lace boas illustrated in the November number, worn in the house or for the street?"

"Your magazine is prized in our home, not more for the general high moral tone which pervades it, than for its noble espousal of the cause of Prohibition.

"Yours truly,
"DEANIE."

It is quite proper to address the envelope to "Mr. and Mrs. Blank and Family." It will be quite right to serve the refreshments in the way you suggest; in fact, it is the best you can do under the circumstances. One of the ladies of the family, the mother, if possible, should receive the invited guests at a homewedding, even though the rest of the bridal party remain invisible until time for the ceremony. The black lace boas are worn with outside wraps, or to put around the neck at an evening company, when fearful of drafts or a chill after dancing.

"DEAR DEMOREST:—I write to you in perplexity. I wish to give a party for a charitable purpose, to be held in a public hall, and I wish to word the invitations so that the ladies invited may know that they have liberty to bring an escort, and the gentlemen each a young lady of their acquaintance. We have had 'Demorest' in the family for years, and like it better than any other magazine; there is so much to be learned from it.

"With good wishes, I am,
"Respectfully,
"Miss W."

You can only say: "The pleasure of your company (and escort) is requested, etc.," on the ladies' invitations, and "The pleasure of your company (and a lady friend) is requested, etc." on those for gentlemen, although such an invitation is somewhat peculiar. What if the gentlemen were to bring some lady who was not recognized by other members of the company? However, since it is for a charity, much of the usual etiquette may be dispensed with. But why not issue tickets of admission (printed if you like), reading: "Admit Lady and Gentleman," and have all the invitations uniform?

"DEAR EDITOR:—Will you please give in your Correspondence Club the model way of fixing up a bed? Is it necessary to have a bolster if two sets of pillows are used, or is it best to use a bolster and one size of pillows? Dame Rumor has it that the large square pillows are going out of style, and the smaller sizes of olden times, with their ruffled cases, after the fashion of our grandmothers, are once more in vogue. I wish to make some pillows, etc., as soon as possible, and if you will be so kind as to give correct measures, with some of your valuable suggestions, I will be greatly obliged to you.

"Yours truly,
"PERPLEXED."

It is usual to have a bolster and pillows, unless the large square pillows are used. The smaller pillows, with trimmed slips or cases, are now more used than the square ones with pillow-shams.

(Continued on page 142.)

THE STOVES AND RANGES
bearing this trade mark are to-day making more homes comfortable and happy than any other brand in existence. They are made in all styles and sizes, both for Cooking and Heating, and are sold at prices to suit the purse of the rich or poor.

Beware of imitations. Examine the trade mark closely, and see that you are not imposed upon.



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

OUR LITTLE ONES

\$1.50 A YEAR.

The most beautiful magazine for children in matter and illustrations ever published.

Sent on trial Three months for 25 cents. Single copies 15 cents.

RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.,

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



AND THE NURSERY

A Christmas Present that lasts all through the year.

A Specimen copy and Premium List sent to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp.

For sale by all Newsdealers.

36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

A PERFECT MATCH in Buttons for any garment can be secured by handing to any Dry Goods or Fancy Goods Dealer or to your Dressmaker scraps of any material you may desire, and ask them to send us. You will receive as pretty a button and the most perfect match you ever saw. As to cost, why! no more than you now pay for ordinary goods. If inconvenient to send as above then send direct to either of our factories 1,305 Arch St., Philadelphia, or 1,151 Taylor St., Springfield, Mass. Established 1866. F. H. Goldthwait & Co., Button Manufacturers.



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

THIS GREAT PREMIUM GIVEN AWAY.

OUR COUNTRY HOME the well-known literary and farm paper now in its 6th. year has already over 100,000 subscribers, and is without question the most popular farm and home paper in the United States. It is elegantly printed and illustrated on fine paper, and its contributors are the ablest and best in each department that money can procure. It has been our custom each year to offer some Great Premium, to secure new subscribers, knowing that when once a subscriber they will never leave us, and we propose to add 100,000 new subscribers during the next 6 months if money and enterprise will accomplish it. This year we offer the premium illustrated here. It has beautiful Gold Plated Engraved Hunting Cases, is a stem winder with patent adjustment stem winding arrangement with calendar, and tells the day of the month as well as the time of day. The crystal is Double Thick Polished Glass, and all the Cogged Wheels, pinion and bearings are perfectly made on the most improved and Expensive Machinery and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory. A Gold Plated Watch Chain, with fine imitation Gold Coin Charm goes with each. It is entirely new, having been patented Feb. 9th., and will not be sold by Watch dealers or jewelers. We own the patent exclusively and it can only be secured in connection with our paper. **HOW YOU CAN GET ONE FREE.** Send \$1.00 Money Order, Bank Bill, Postal Note, or Stamps for one year's subscription to **Our Country Home** and we will send it in a nice satin lined case, with Gold Plated Chain and Charm, as illustrated here absolutely free and post-paid as a premium. This offer is for new subscribers only, and cannot be accepted by those already subscribers or any other member of their family. Will not be sold separate, as this Great Premium is intended solely to secure new subscribers. We will not sell it at any price; we give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to **Our Country Home**, when it will be sent you safely packed, by return mail free as a premium. References: We have been so long before the public as enterprising publishers, that we are well-known to all newspaper publishers, and no doubt to most of their readers. Any Bank, Merchant, or Publisher can tell you of our reliability. **Our New Catalogue of Watches & Jewelry free to all.** Address,



Pubs. Our Country Home, No. 75 Fulton Street New York City.

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

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

CORNISH'S GREAT INSTALLMENT OFFER

\$100 (14 Stop) Organs Reduced to Only \$65.00,
Warranted for TEN YEARS. and sold for **\$35.00** Cash after 10 days' test trial,
 the balance of price, **\$30.00**, to be paid in
Monthly Installments of \$5.00 per month until

all is paid. STOOL, INSTRUCTION BOOK and delivery on board cars here FREE.

The above most liberal offer will last 60 DAYS, and is made simply for the purpose of having our Organs introduced in new localities.

— \$65.00 ONLY —
 READ DESCRIPTION GIVEN BELOW.

"CHIME" Style, No. 8,000 Organ.
 5 Octaves, 14 Stops, Sub-Bass, 2 Octave Couplers
and 2 Knee Swells.

CONTAINS 5 SETS OF REEDS, VIZ.:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| One Set Large, Powerful | Sub-Bass Reeds. |
| " Exquisitely Pure, Sweet | Melodia " |
| " Rich, Mellow, Smooth | Diapason " |
| " Charmingly Brilliant | Celeste " |
| " Pleasing, Soft, Melodious | Viola " |

Solid Black Walnut Case, well and substantially made, and elegantly finished and embellished with fancy frets, carved ornaments and gold tracings. Patent Triple Upright Bellows, which are superior to any bellows ever constructed. rollers, handles, lamp stands, music-pocket, sliding fall with lock, and all the latest conveniences and improvements.

HOW TO ORDER.

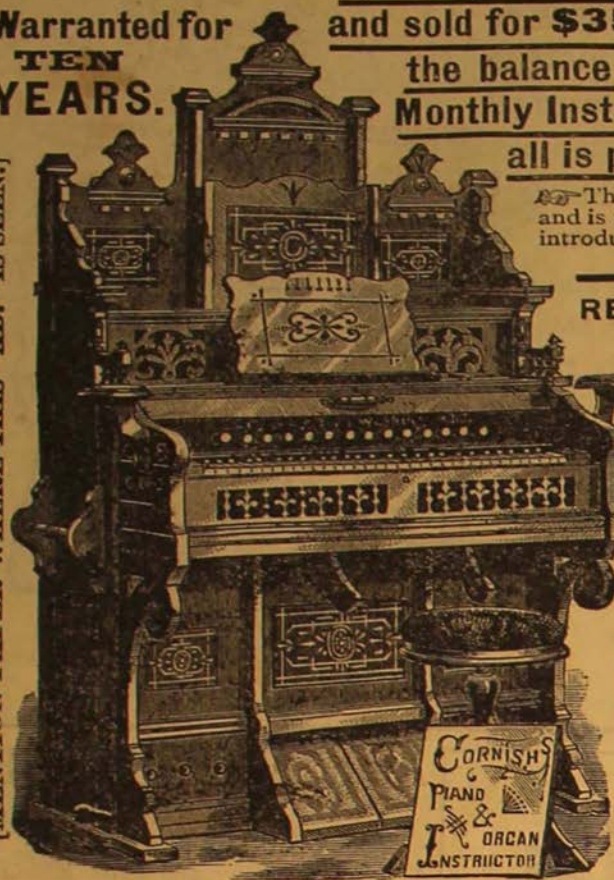
It is only necessary to send references as to your responsibility from any Banker, Postmaster, Merchant or Express Agent, and the Organ will be shipped promptly on 10 days' test trial.

REMEMBER that this will be a **SAMPLE ORGAN** intended to induce and influence other parties to purchase, and therefore will be the best Parlor Organ that it is **POSSIBLE TO BUILD.**

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
 Be sure and write to us. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.**
ELEGANT NEW ROSEWOOD PIANOS from \$200 to \$300, sold for half cash and half in \$10 monthly installments.

CORNISH & CO., WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

MENTION PAPER WHERE THIS "AD." IS SEEN.]



Height, 75 in.; Length, 48 in.; Width, 24 in.;
 Weight, about 350 lbs.

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

CHRISTMAS BOX FREE!

THE LADIES' WORLD is an elegant and refined periodical for ladies and the family. Each number consists of 16 large pages, 64 columns of entertaining and instructive reading matter and beautiful illustrations. It contains Serial and Short Stories, beautiful Poems, "Housekeepers' Department," "Ladies' Fancy Work," "Fashion Department," "The Family Doctor," "Our



Boys and Girls," "Mother's Department," "Etiquette," "Home Decoration," etc. Every lady is delighted with this charming paper. We desire to at once double its already mammoth circulation, and in order to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only **Twenty-five Cents** (postage stamps, silver or postal note), we will send **The Ladies' World for Three Months**, and we will also send to each subscriber, **Free and post-paid**, our new **Christmas Box**, containing all the following valuable and useful holiday presents: **A Package of Fine Assorted Christmas Cards**, beautiful imported goods, warranted to give satisfaction; **35 Perforated Stamping Patterns**, finest quality, on parchment, with which ladies may do their own stamping, for embroidery, etc.; **1 Perfume Sachet**, to be placed in bureau drawer, handkerchief box, or elsewhere—elegant and durable; **1 Ladies' Specie Pocket Purse** of fine grained leather, with nickel clasp and trimmings; **1 Copy "The Common-sense Cook Book"**, containing a large and valuable collection of cooking and other recipes; **1 Copy "How to Be Your Own Doctor"**, a valuable book, telling how to cure all common ailments by simple home remedies; **1 Fine Imported Japanese Handkerchief**, **1 Ladies' Glove Buttoner**, **1 White Bone Crochet Hook**, **1 Fine Button Hook** and **1 Ladies' Collar Button**. Remember, we send the Christmas Box, containing all the above, also our paper three months, for only 25 cents; five subscriptions and five Christmas Boxes will be sent for \$1.00. **Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.** We refer to any publisher in N. Y. as to reliability. Do not miss this chance! Address **S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.**

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

(Continued from page 141.)

The usual size is seven-eighths of a yard in length and twenty-two inches wide. It depends a good deal upon how full you make the pillows. From three to four pounds of feathers are generally used for the large pillows, and about three or three and a half for small ones. The bolster should measure the width of the mattress, and can be as wide and full as liked; there is no special rule. The width and size of the bed is the guide for measurement. For a three-quarter bed, the pillows need to be shorter than for a full width. It is a custom with some ladies to have two sets of pillows for each bed; two for use, and two incased in snowy embroidered or lace-trimmed linen slips "for show," and lay them aside at night.

"DEAR DEMOREST:—Inclosed you will find orders for four patterns which I would like as soon as convenient for you. I hope I will be more fortunate than when I last sent for patterns. I got some one else then to write, and as there was no signature put to the letter I looked in vain for my patterns. I found it out after a while, when it was too late (as I thought) to send again for the much-desired patterns.

"Please tell me through your Magazine how you think an outside garment, made after the "Isaline" polonaise, of the brown sample inclosed, would look. Do you think the silk a good combination for the brown woolen? If not, please suggest something, as I do want a garment like the "Isaline," and I think it far too pretty to be covered with another wrap.

"I enjoy your Magazine very much.

"Respectfully yours,

"Mrs. L. M."

The "Isaline" polonaise is not, strictly speaking, an outside garment, but part of a street costume in Directoire style, to be worn without additional wraps, except, perhaps, a boa of fur or feathers. The combination of dark brown shaggy serge and golden brown satin merveilleux would be very stylish made up after that design, and if you have a warm interlining in the waist part, and wear an extra underwaist of flannel or chamois, it will be warm enough to wear on mild days during the winter, and with a muff and a might be worn at any time; or you could trim it with fur bordering down the front, which would give it a very stylish air.

(Continued on page 143.)

Self-Pouring Tea and Coffee Pots.

Spouts don't stop up.

(ROYLE'S PAT)

NO BURNT HANDS

—OR—

ACHING ARMS.

No Lifting of Pot.

ENDORSED BY THIS PAPER.

Pours out the Tea by **simply pressing the lid**, as illustrated. Does **away** entirely with the drudgery of lifting the Teapot. **Saves at least 25 per cent.** of tea, or brews the tea proportionately better. Send for Lists.

Paine, Diehl & Co., Phila., Pa.



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

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
 The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604,
 351, 170, and his other styles,
 Sold throughout the World.

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

The Washington Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., PRESIDENT.

ASSETS, \$9,000,000.

The Combination Policy of the Washington combines Protection for a Term of Years, the Savings of an Endowment, and Permanent Insurance for Life.

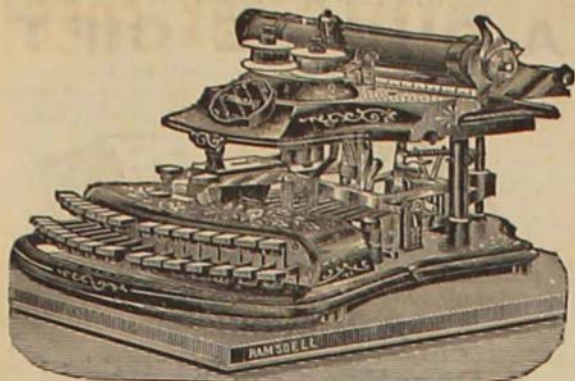
Say the amount of the policy is \$30,000. During 20 years the holder is insured for \$30,000. At close of period he receives \$30,000, cash, together with all accumulated and unused dividends; also a paid up life policy for \$15,000.

The policies of The Washington are incontestable, with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted. Address,

E. S. FRENCH, Supt. Agencies, 21 Courtlandt St.

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

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THE NEW MODEL CRANDALL TYPE-WRITER

(PRICE, \$75.00)

Unequaled for speed, accuracy, alignment, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter.

Change of type in five seconds; capable of unlimited variety.

Type seldom requires cleaning, and can be cleaned instantly.

Nearest to noiseless of any Type-writer.

Took award of merit at the New York State Fair, Fall of 1887.

Send for circulars and catalogue to

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Limited,

SOLE AGENTS, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

New York Office, 157 Broadway.

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

DR. WARNER'S
CAMELS HAIR
HEALTH UNDERWEAR
 FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Unequaled for Health, Comfort and Durability.

SOLD BY LEADING MERCHANTS.

WARNER BROS.,

359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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

PLUMP ROSY CHEEKS

KORIZA CLOTH removes Pimples, Black-heads, Wrinkles and Crows-feet. No Drug or Cosmetic but a harmless appliance (easily used), that restores, beautifies and preserves the skin. By mail, sealed 30c., 2 for 50c. J. P. BEERS, Druggist, New Haven Conn. (Est'd 1844.) Reference: any N. H. Physician. *Mention this paper.*

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



SEND A SLIP OF PAPER the size of your finger and 10 cents in silver for postage, etc., and I will mail you one of these Solid Gold Finger Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Emblems and Novelties, for Agents to sell. \$1.00 an hour can easily be made selling these goods. Address at once to CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

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

Singer Sewing-Machine
 To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send **FREE** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **FREE** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for \$923, with the attachments, and now sells for \$50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **FREE** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 275, Augusta, Maine.**

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

(Continued from page 142.)

"W. S."—Tennyson is the author of the following lines:

"An infant crying in the night:
 And with no language but a cry."

It occurs in the last stanza of the fifty-fourth part of "In Memoriam." To make a profile by shadow, hang up a sheet of white paper on the wall; then let the sitter approach as closely as possible to it, having a strong light on the other side, and turning the head so as to throw a shadow of the clear profile; then let the one who is making the profile draw a line around the shadow very carefully, following the outline. Cut the outlined profile out, and you will have a life-sized silhouette or profile, which may be copied in black with better effect. The same sort of picture may be produced by using tracing-paper over a mirror.

"D. D."—For a lady of thirty-five, with light hazel eyes and light brown hair, and of darkly pale complexion, a pretty opera-wrap would be of white shaggy cloth lined with rose-pink surah or satin, and trimmed with white llama fringe or brown ostrich feather trimming. Or if you do not care for any thing so light, a dark blue brocade velvet or satin wrap with dark fur trimming, would be suitable. The most becoming colors for a person of the above specified type to wear in combination with black, is the new shade of Empire green, which is almost the same as apple-green, or a bright shade of lilac. The best combination with your green-and-black invisible check cloth, would be a lighter shade of green worsted goods; and you could make it up after the model of the "Isaline" polonaise, as illustrated in a modified form in the present number of the Magazine.

"ELSINA."—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and are seldom over twenty feet high. The flowers resemble those of the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg we use to grate in sauces, etc., is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The Dutch formerly controlled all the trade in nutmegs. To keep up the price they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as high as a two-story house. But some pigeons carried a few of the nuts, which they like as food, into the adjacent countries, and the trees grew again.

"HEPSY."—Your sample is a good quality of black silk. It would vary in price from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per yard, according to where it is sold. It is American silk, and will probably wear tolerably well.

"KATE."—Dark gray or green cloth would combine the most effectively with your dark garnet velvet. It would depend upon which was most becoming to you. A rich dark green, not an olive tint, is the most fashionable combination with garnet.

"EMILY MAY."—Muffs are all made without any of the lining showing on the outside, and look like round balls of fur, rather than like muffs.

(Continued on page 145.)



Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels. Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

It's Easy to Dye

WITH

DIAMOND DYES



Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

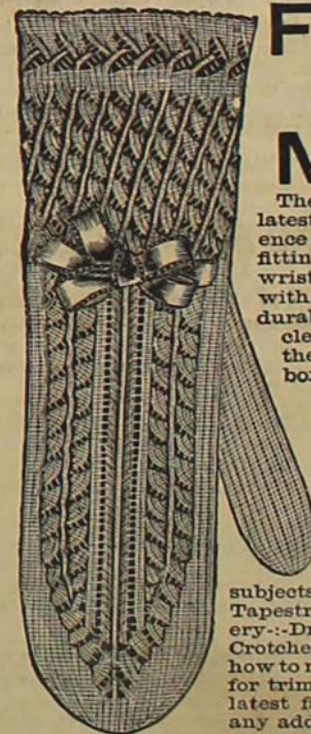
Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE **DIAMOND PAINTS.**

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

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



Florence Silk Mittens.

The engraving shows the latest style, made from Florence Knitting Silk in perfect fitting shapes and lined in wrist and back throughout with Silk; they make a most durable and fashionable article for ladies wear. Observe the brand Florence on each box as sold by dealers.

"Florence Home Needle Work" -1888-

is now ready. Contains 98 pages with nearly 250 illustrations. The subjects are Damask Stitches--Tapestry and Italian Embroidery--Drawn Work, Darning--Crotchet &c. It teaches ladies how to make **Solid Silk Braid** for trimming their garments in latest fashion. Book mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.

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

LADY AGENTS clear \$150 Monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment, for ladies only. Proof Free. Mrs. H. F. Little, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

THE BEST MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS AND THE FAMILY.

WIDE AWAKE, 1889.

J. T. Trowbridge.
Sidney Luska.
Andrew Lang.
John Burroughs.

Margaret Sidney.
Jessie Benton Fremont.
Susan Coolidge.
John Strange Winter.

Jean Ingelow.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Risley Seward.
Noah Brooks.

SERIAL STORIES.

The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. A splendid story, swarming with real Yankee young folk.

A Little Knight of Labor. By SUSAN COOLIDGE. History of a girl who set forth to "seek her fortune."

Five Little Peppers Midway. By MARGARET SIDNEY. The further history of the famous "Pepper" family. The best of Home Stories.

Sybil Fair's Fairness. By CHARLES R. TALBOT. A story of Washtubs and Steamboats, and four gay young people.

INGE, THE BOY-KING.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. A new dramatic ballad, illustrated by Howard Pyle.

SERIES OF ARTICLES.

Early Days in the Wild West. By JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. Tales of thrilling adventures, in all of which Mrs. Fremont was a participant.

Cookery in the Public Schools. By SALLIE JOY WHITE. Introduces the successful Boston experiment to other schools.

Children of the White House. By Mrs. HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON. The illustrated National articles.

Stories of the Famous Precious Stones. By Mrs. GODDARD ORPEN. Romantic true tales.

Daisy's Letters to Patty. By Mrs. WILLIAM CLAFLIN. Short Letters on Social Matters.

MISS RISLEY SEWARD'S TRUE STORIES.

I.—The Naughtiest Boy I ever Met. II.—My Grandfather with Commodore Perry. III.—Tom the Star Boy. IV.—A Statesman's Pets.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

I.—The Boy John Burroughs. By JOHN BURROUGHS. With Portrait at twenty. II.—"H. H." By SUSAN COOLIDGE. With Portrait of "H. H." in early life. III.—Pet Marjorie. By Mrs. F. A. HUMPHREY. With Portrait of Pet Marjorie.

REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES.

Yum Yum. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. Who Won the Toddlethwaite Prize? By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Who Ate the Queen's Luncheon? By SUSAN COOLIDGE. The Silver Hen. By MARY E. WILKINS. Bin. By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. Also short stories by Sidney Luska, Noah Brooks, and many more favorite writers.

NOTABLE ARTICLES.

By Major-General O. O. HOWARD, ANDREW LANG, EMILIE POULSON, E. L. H. WILLIS, Prof. O. T. MASON, Miss RISLEY SEWARD, and others.

Poems, Pictures, Puzzles, Post-Office, and Prize Questions.

ONLY \$2.40 A YEAR.

Full Prospectus and Illustrated Premium-List Free.

The Book, "Five Little Peppers and How they Grew," by Margaret Sidney, will be presented to every one sending a subscription for WIDE AWAKE together with one for BABYLAND, provided THREE DOLLARS is remitted at one time, DIRECT to D. Lothrop Company, to pay for the two subscriptions and postage and packing on the book. The subscriptions may be for yourself, or for others.

FOR THE YOUNGER YOUNG PEOPLE.

Babyland. 50 cents a year. Full of pictures, big and little, pretty and funny. Short stories and jingles, all in big type.

Our Little Men and Women. \$1.00 a year. Many pictures. Instructive and entertaining reading for youngest readers.

Sample Copy, any one, 5 cents; the four, 15 cents.

The Pansy. \$1.00 a year. Edited by "Pansy," author of the famous Pansy books. Intended for Sunday as well as week-day reading. Full of that wholesome and stimulating spirit that makes her books such favorites. For children from eight to fifteen.

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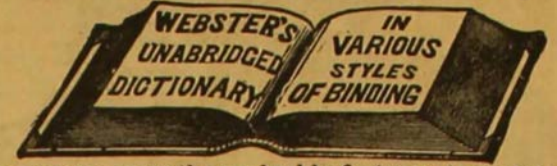
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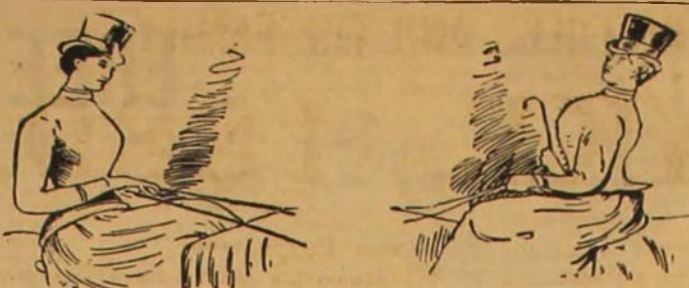
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(Continued from page 143.)

"MYRTLE."—The thrones for the king and queen at a children's Christmas entertainment can be arranged with two arm-chairs draped with red velvet or cloth, and set on a raised platform of boards covered with carpeting or a large drugget. Gilt-back reception chairs can be set on a dais made in this way, with a red drapery against the wall back of them. The king is dressed in Cavalier style, with black or any dark-colored velvet (velveteen or plush will do) knee-breeches, a short jacket with sash-belt and sword, and a long green mantle edged with ermine and suspended from the shoulders, trailing about half a yard on the floor, or much longer, and upheld by two little pages. The queen's costume should be of pale blue or lilac silk or satin, with embroidered or lace-trimmed petticoat-front, and pointed brocade waist with lace-trimmed elbow-sleeves and high standing ruff. The queen's train should be of the same material as the king's, but somewhat longer. If the fur is not obtainable, a very respectable imitation can be made of cotton wool with black worsted sewed on at the usual intervals. The royal chamberlain should be dressed all in red, with a red cloak, and a long staff wound with red ribbon and having a gilt ball on top. The style of his dress is not very much different from that of the king's, only that he wears a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat covered with red silk or muslin and having a long, drooping white feather in it. The dress of a Chinaman is a pair of loose, straight trousers, over which falls a perfectly straight, long sack-coat with wide loose sleeves. It is fastened down the front with cloth-covered buttons and loops. The hair is worn in a cue, and the shoes are Chinese clogs. The costume of an Egyptian lady is a full gown of white muslin gathered around the neck and girt around the waist with a silk cord and tassels. A loose, large-sleeved jacket of old gold brocade is worn over this, and the hair is worn flowing down the back, with a head-dress of white muslin, pinned as one pins a towel about the head for sweeping, with a square effect. A Swiss peasant girl is dressed with a short gray woolen skirt trimmed with rows of red worsted braid; a white full waist, and pointed black velvet bodice. The hair is worn in two braids, a la Gretchen, and a pair of large gold ear-rings, and a chain and cross around the neck are the ornaments. The Swiss peasant boy wears gray knee-pants with dark stockings and leather shoes. The shirt may be red or white flannel, with a black silk sash tied around the waist. A hunting-horn is slung at the side, and a rifle or fowling-piece carried on the shoulder. A black or gray felt Alpine hat with a peacock feather on one side, is the finishing touch.

(Continued on page 146.)

The Old Clasp.



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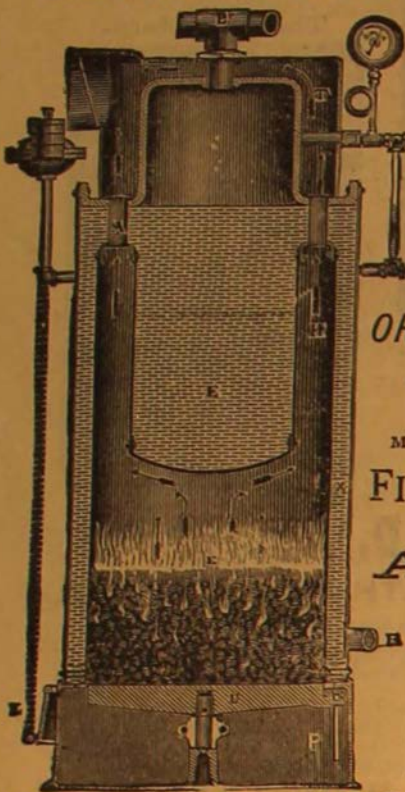
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(Continued from page 145.)

"SCHOOL GIRLS."—There are several biographies of Edgar Allan Poe, nearly all of which contain something like an analytical review of his poem "The Raven." The signification of the words you give, "Lenore," "maiden," "Raven," you will certainly discover by an attentive perusal of the poem. It was written at a time when Poe was agitated by forebodings of the death of his young wife and cousin, Virginia Clemm, although she is not to be considered the "Lenore" of the poem. That name was selected because it rhymed properly with the word "Nevermore," which is the recurring refrain and subject of the poem. The raven, "bird of evil," is the living embodiment, materialization, or palpable apparition of the dread contemplative idea of which "Nevermore" is the only word fitly expressive. This solution of the enigma may not seem perfectly clear to a non-poetic mind, or even to the poetic, unless they are familiar with the poem. Poe was endeavoring to express and illustrate the dismay with which the heart shrinks from the contemplation of its separation by death from the beloved, and the inevitable persistence of the fact of death, which can not be outreasoned or overborne by any defiance or struggle. No single fugitive poem ever caused such a *furor*; and yet for this masterpiece of literary art, which not only won fame for its author, but more renown for American literature than any other one work,—for this wondrous production of genius, Poe, at that time in the full flush of his reputation and intellect, received the sum of ten dollars.

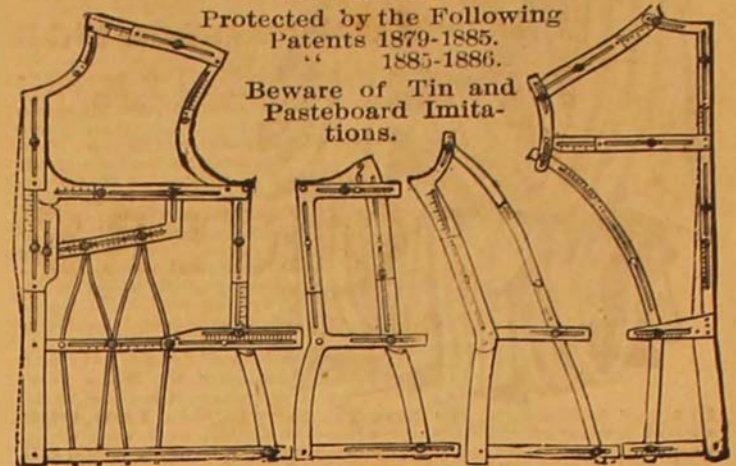
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(Continued on page 147.)

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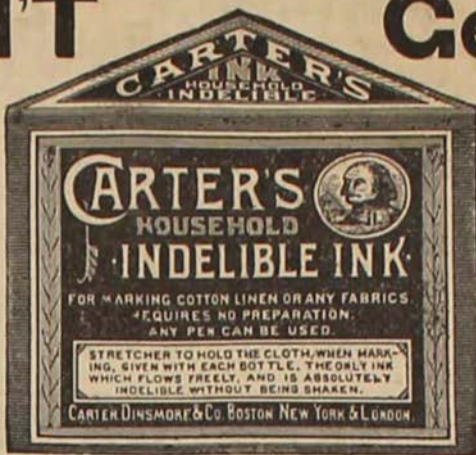
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(Continued from page 146.)

"WIDOW."—Black beaver-cloth made up like the "Faustina" mantle (illustrated in the November number) would be a suitable short wrap for a young widow lightening her mourning. Black fur could be used for garniture. The illustration of the model suggested shows an elaborate garniture of braiding, which can—and in mourning should—be omitted.

"LULA."—The pronunciation of the word "knabe," meaning "boy" in German, is knar-bai. The name "Knabe" as a patronymic is frequently pronounced as spelled, knabe, with the same vowel sounds as in the word, knave.

"WILLIE."—A similar quality of black woolen goods would combine most stylishly with your crimson cashmere. The "Castalia" jacket and "Celestine" drapery (illustrated in miniature in the November number) will be appropriate models. You might use the "Lovida" basque (illustrated in the same number) for the crimson basque to be trimmed with black, for a separate addition. With such a costume a hat would be more suitable than a bonnet. A turban-shaped hat with puffed crown of red surah to match the cashmere, or of the cashmere itself, and a full puffed brim of black velvet would look well; or a turban of black velvet, in style like No. 3, illustrated on page 60 of the November magazine, and trimmed with black and crimson ribbons arranged as shown in the illustration, would be very pretty.

"WALTER DE M."—The word ostracize, meaning to banish from favor or popularity by mutual or general agreement, is derived from the Greek word *ostrakon*, an oyster. Ostracism was a mode of proscription at Athens, where a plurality of ten votes condemned to ten years banishment those who were either too rich or had too much authority, for fear they might set up for tyrants over their native country. The introduction of this custom is attributed to Clysthenes, 510 B. C. The people wrote upon oyster-shells the names of those they most suspected; these they put into an urn or a box, and presented it to the senate. Upon examination, he whose name was oftenest written was banished. This custom finally degenerated into abuse, and those who deserved well were banished, as Aristides, who was noted for his justice, and it was abolished after a time.

"INTERESTED ENQUIRER."—You could use mink-fur trimming on your plush cloak; mink is quite a fashionable fur both for trimming and separate pieces, and if your mink muff and boa are not made in the fashionable shape, it might pay you to use the fur to trim your cloak. Feather or marabout trimming is pretty, and not expensive, for the same purpose. You do not say whether your peacock feathers are the breast or the peacock "eyes." If the latter, you could hardly use them for bonnet trimming; but the breast feathers make beautiful pompons and bands for millinery purposes, and you could use them, as they are very fashionable at present.

(Continued on page 148.)

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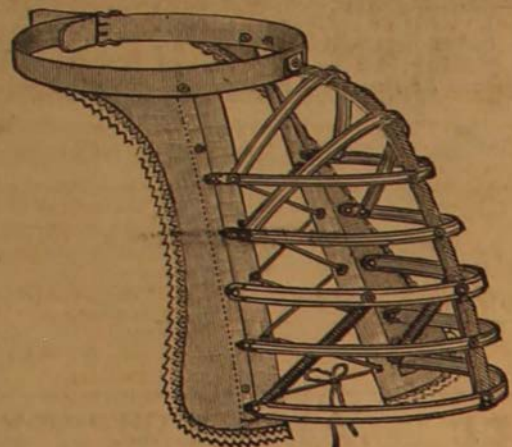
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(Continued from page 147.)

"MISS KITTIE V."—The official residence of the President of the United States is called the "White House" because it is painted white. That at least was the original reason; and as the name sounded well and seemed applicable, it has become a special designation.

"M. ELLIOTT."—A pretty cover for a baby's carriage or crib may be made of coral-pink and white eider-down wool knitted on large wooden knitting-needles three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Knit it in stripes eighteen stitches wide. First row: * Slip 1, wool forward, knit 1, repeat from*, end the row with knit 1.—Second row: Wool before the needle, slip it as if you were going to the purl the stitch,* wool over the needle, under it, and to the front again. Purl the two next stitches which lie one over the other together, slip the next stitch, as if for purling; repeat from*.—Third row: * Slip the stitch as if for plain knitting, wool forward, knit the two next together, repeat from*. Repeat these two rows until you have worked seven-eighths of a yard in length. Cast off the stitches. Join the strips together stitch by stitch, and knot a short looped fringe across the ends.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The wife of a State Senator, spending the winter in the capital where her husband's official duties call him, will, of course, need some outlay to provide a suitable and becoming wardrobe. A nice black silk—faillie Française—trimmed with jet is a really necessary costume; but for a very small person we would not recommend more than one or two black dresses. A crimson or garnet Henrietta cloth trimmed with black silk passementerie and draped over a black moire underskirt would be pretty. A black velvet wrap trimmed with jet beads would be pretty for dressy occasions. You could use various arrangements of ribbon and lace with your black silk for evening wear. A handsome evening-dress of steel-gray silk trimmed with silver tinsel would also be useful. Then you need a black velvet bonnet trimmed becomingly, for visiting; a more dressy bonnet of some sort, if you expect to attend many receptions, etc., and a hat for ordinary wear, with an every-day street suit of dark green or gray flannel or woolen goods. You would need at least three pair of gloves, and they would have to be renewed. You can get along very well with three or four dresses if you provide enough little accessories to freshen them up, and always wear irreproachable gloves and shoes. It is really better than to spend so much on elaborate costumes that there is no margin for the little trifles that stamp a lady's dress as tasteful and refined,—or the reverse.

(Continued on page 149.)

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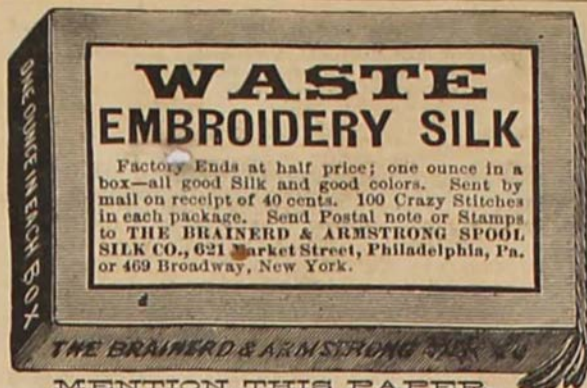
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(Continued from page 148.)

"MATE W."—The "frou-frou" panels are made of overlapping gathered flounces, usually narrow, of pinked-out silk. It is very easy to make one, but there is no arbitrary rule about the depth or number of the flounces or whether they are headed with a small ruching of pinked-out silk or not. One of the prettiest, seen on an imported dress, was composed of three flounces, about ten inches deep, of pinked-out silk, each headed with a full ruche of silk, pinked also. The panel is usually made about the width of the side-breadth or somewhat less.

"ETHEL VIOLET."—Your fluffy, curly, golden-brown hair certainly would look prettiest left unbound, as you say you wear it, and it is not unsuitable for a girl of fifteen to wear her hair in that style. Wear it so as long as you possibly can. You will have plenty of time to wear "done-up hair," and besides nothing is better for the hair than to allow it to hang loose. The Empress of Austria, who is a grandmother, still wears her abundant hair loose on her shoulders. A dress of garnet cashmere made up after the model of the "Sylvine" costume (illustrated in the November number), with a garnet velvet vest and cuffs, and a surah sash, would make you a becoming church dress for winter, or you could have dark green instead. Camphorated chalk is the best preparation for whitening the teeth, it is simply a precipitate of chalk and camphor, and can be obtained at any druggist's.

"ENGLISHWOMAN."—The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, on which the sovereigns of Great Britain are crowned, is now in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, in London. It is said to have been the pillow on which the patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel, when he saw the ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and beheld the angels ascending and descending on it." It was carried to Ireland, then to Iona, and afterwards to Scone, and brought to England by Edward I., though some Irish antiquaries maintain that the true Lia Fail is the upright stone which stands on the hill of Tara.

"MARCIA."—To restore your plush wrap which has become crushed from packing, let it hang near a steaming kettle until it is slightly damp. Then shake it out well and hang in a dry place, and when nearly dry, brush it well with a velvet whisk. This will partially restore the pile, and the wrap will hardly show its creases after wearing once or twice.

(Continued on page 150.)

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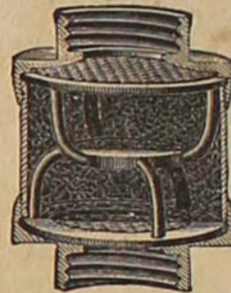
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Beware of Imitations.

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THE NEWELL COMBINATION BREAST SUPPORT, FORM, SHOULDER BRACE & SKIRT SUPPORTER



By its use the weight of the breasts is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shaped bust, free and easy movement of the body. Worn with or without corset. All deficiency of development supplied. Fleishy ladies find them a great comfort. When ordering send bust measure.

Mrs. C. D. NEWELL, 75 Madison St., Chicago. **AGENTS WANTED**
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(Continued from page 149.)

"UNINFORMED."—The original name of the Wandering Jew was Cartaphilus, and he was said to have been the porter of Pontius Pilate. The story is as follows: When they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment-hall, he struck him on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus! go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus, looking at him, replied, "I am indeed going; but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he became converted and took the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years falls into a fit or trance, from which he emerges to the same state of youth he was in when the Saviour suffered, about thirty years of age. This legend has been variously treated by several noted writers.

"Mrs. J. W. R."—The best finish for inside wood-work in the natural woods, is the hard oil finish, a permanent high polish which is easily kept free from dust, and in this respect much superior to the old method of finishing with oil, which attracted particles of dust and was very difficult to keep in good condition. Graining is not necessary on fine natural woods, and staining is better liked than graining. Some interiors are stained in imitation of California red-wood and finished with the hard oil-finish, with very pleasing effect. We would not advise you to attempt to do graining yourself. That is one of the higher branches of decorative painting; a successful grainer needs to know thoroughly the different woods he attempts to imitate, and nothing is less pleasing in interior wood-work than an inartistic piece of graining. It is done with two coats of paint, the upper coat put on after the other is dry, and slightly darker; while it is yet damp, it is scraped with a "grainer," a curry-comb-like implement which removes the paint in streaks. Stenciled designs for the ceiling and side-walls are pretty, and can be applied by anyone. The usual way of lessening the height of a ceiling is by the use of a dado or frieze. Wood-hangings, or finished veneerings, may be employed. The second-story ceilings are usually about six inches lower than those of the parlor floor. The average height for first-floor ceilings is nine feet, and for second story, eight feet six inches.

"Mrs. M. A. L."—You could trim your black with gimp; or do you mean passementerie, which is an elaborate gimp? A panel, as you suggest, of the trimming, and another trimmed with ribbon with the "Romelda" drapery would be pretty.

(Continued on page 151.)