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CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

GET them back, sir!" Mr. Hobbes, the new cadet, understands by this sharply accentuated order that he is to draw back and square his shoulders in approved military poise. Mr. Hobbes, being an ordinary young man, has always had a fair opinion of himself. He has heretofore considered himself as deserving of a certain degree of consideration. He has never recognized any higher power than his own wishes. Until the present moment his word has been supreme. Now that he is sternly and peremptorily ordered to "Get them back!" by a young fellow but little older than himself, he obeys, and squares his shoulders as well as he can; but it is with a sense of deep offense. He squares his arms, protrudes his chest, "sucks in" the lower portion of his body (that being the academic phrase), and plants his feet at the correct angle. He has thoughts of revolt. He could certainly thrash that haughty-looking little fellow in his spotless trousers and his general air of knowing it all. But a phrase of his father's comes to him, and his father is an old West Pointer:

"You must first learn to obey before you can learn to command."

"All right," says Cadet Hobbes, mentally. "I am going to be a soldier, and nobody shall fool me. I will put my pride in my pocket and take what comes. Let them haze me, if they will; I'll bear it. I came here to be a soldier, and a soldier I will be. Let them put on their petty airs; others, who have become great men, have borne the same, so will I."

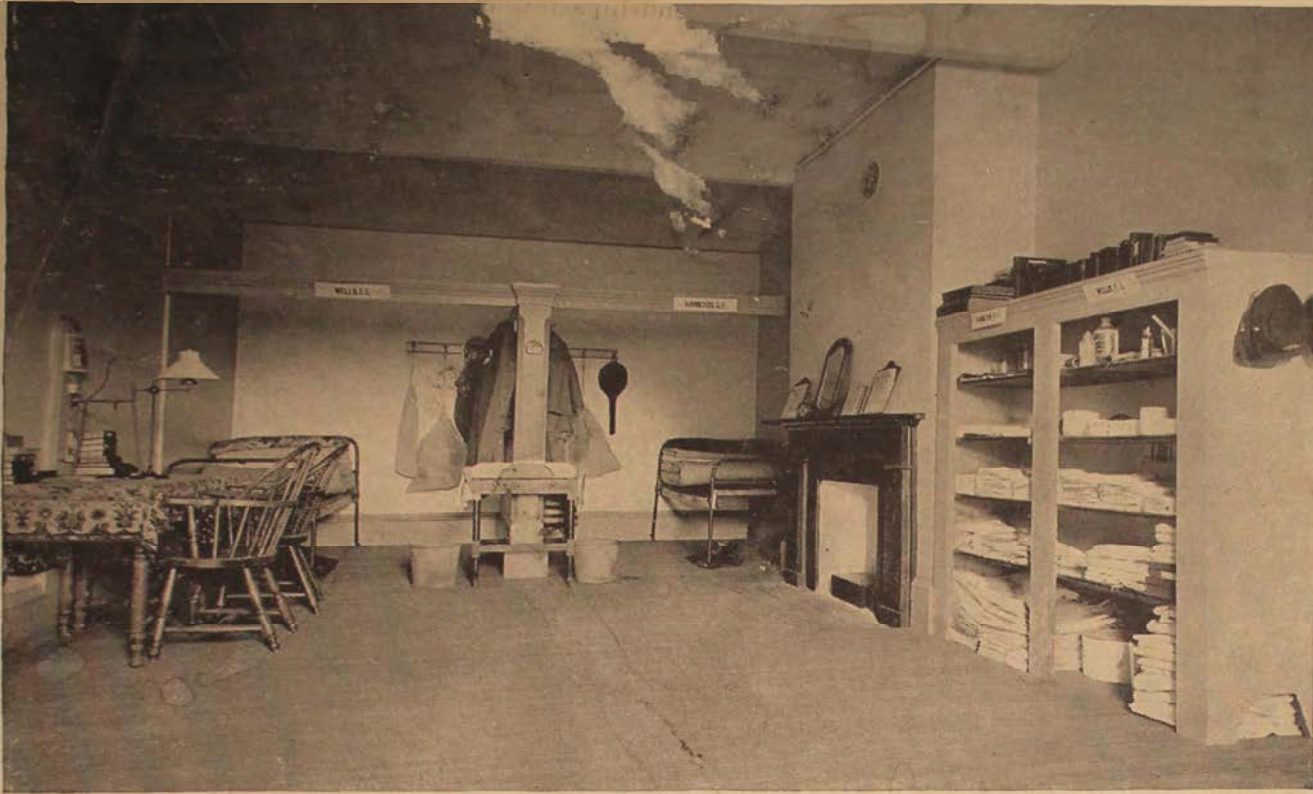
Arriving a few days before it is necessary to return

ally, Hobbes, who has an idea of the beautiful and is a poet in his way, spends his time wandering about the grounds and among the neighboring heights, enjoying the noblest scenery of mountain and river which the world has to show. The view up the Hudson has probably no equal, even on the Rhine itself: the German river lacks the width, the distance, the splendid expanses, the far-reaching vistas. The mountains, towering on either hand, mirror themselves in grand gloom in the broad bosom of the mighty stream below; small towns and villages cluster in the hollows of the hills, or straggle along the narrow shores; sloops and schooners lie on the surface of the river like lazy gulls; swift steamers, gay with bunting, leave trailing clouds from their tall pipes to float away and melt into the clear air.

"Surely," thinks Hobbes, "when our forefathers selected West Point as the spot where the nation's soldiers were to be trained, they had an idea of the poetry of nature. They certainly foresaw the grandeur and beauty of



VIEW UP THE HUDSON, FROM WEST POINT.



CADETS' ROOM.

these hills would have an educational effect not to be found in books, would convey an impression to the soldier-student that would tend to broaden and ennoble him." Hobbes may be inclined to sentiment, but he believes that men training for soldiership in the shadow of these mountains would find it hard to lie, or be guilty of a mean act; and he learns that, in the main, he is right.

Hobbes soon forgets poetry, however, and



CADETS OFF DUTY IN CAMP.



MOUNTED ARTILLERY DRILL.

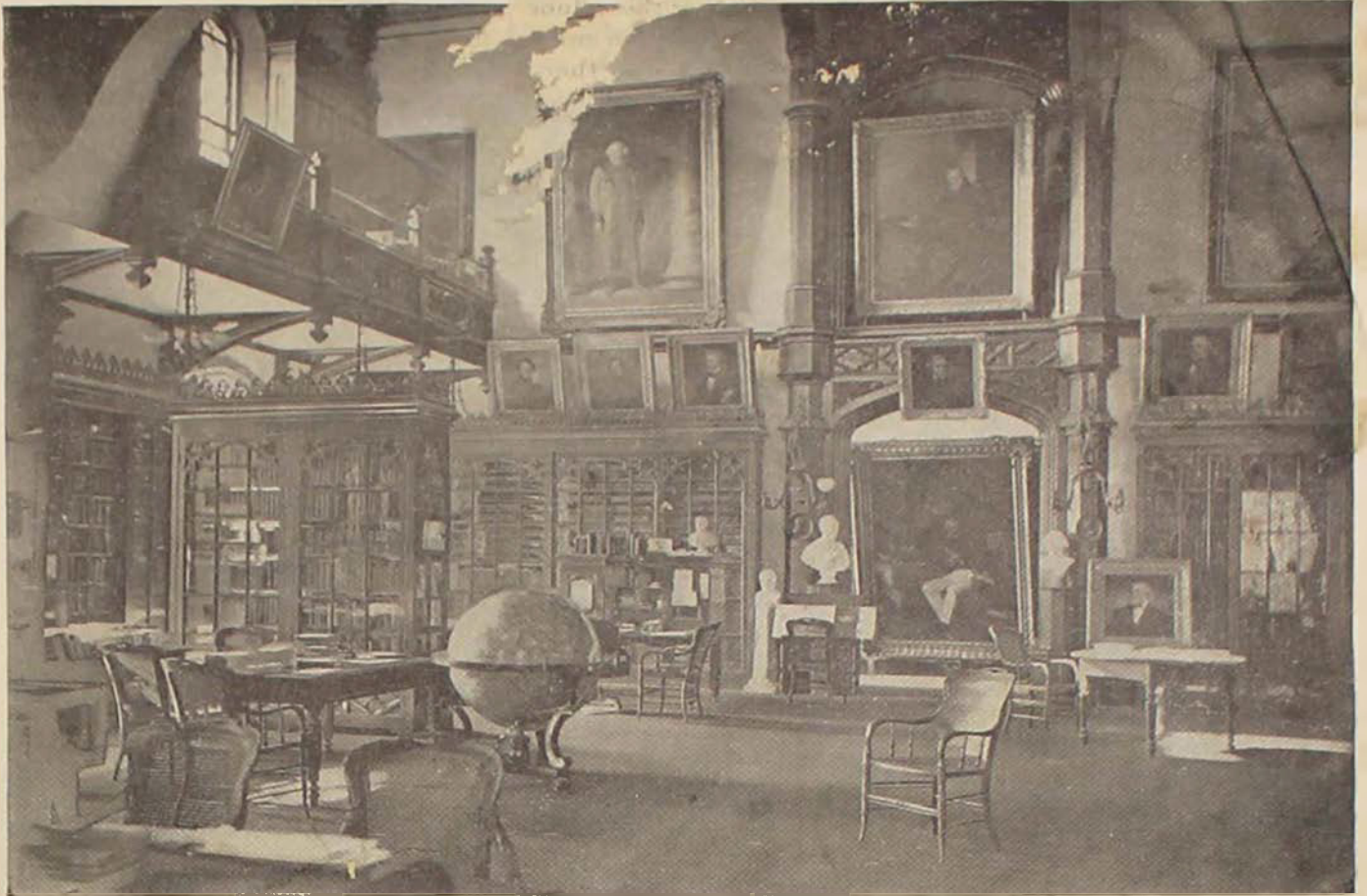
gets down to business. His first military act is to report to the adjutant of the post, and present his papers of appointment from his Congressman; which, being found satisfactory, his age, parentage, and former employment—known in cadet language as "previous condition of servitude," or simply "P. C. S."—are taken down by the proper persons. He is then marched to the Commissary, where his money is deposited, and his account-book is given him. He next goes to the barracks, "beast barracks," they are called,—"beast" meaning

one in the first stage of cadet life,—where he is assigned to a room with a companion. His first impression that it is a decidedly formal, cheerless place, wholly unfit for a fledgeling Lieutenant-General of the United States, he soon forgets.

The imposing Academy buildings and their fortress-like air excite his admiration

as an incipient soldier, and as he hears the martial airs, and watches the long lines of cadets in their smart uniforms, at parade, his heart swells, and he makes an agreement with himself to study like Aristotle, and to bear, like a hermit of the ancient days, whatever the older cadets may see fit to inflict. And he does bear his full share of the hazing which "plebes" still have to suffer. Not only hazing, in the usual sense of the word, but the experience which may bear another name, though it wears the same uncomfortable aspect; for the "plebe" seems to be regarded as proper game by the older classmen. Dancing about the raw sentry in sheets and pillow-cases, pelting him with decayed fruit and vegetables, dropping him into a wheelbarrow and

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blood is let out, and some sound
d,—as is often the case after a black eye

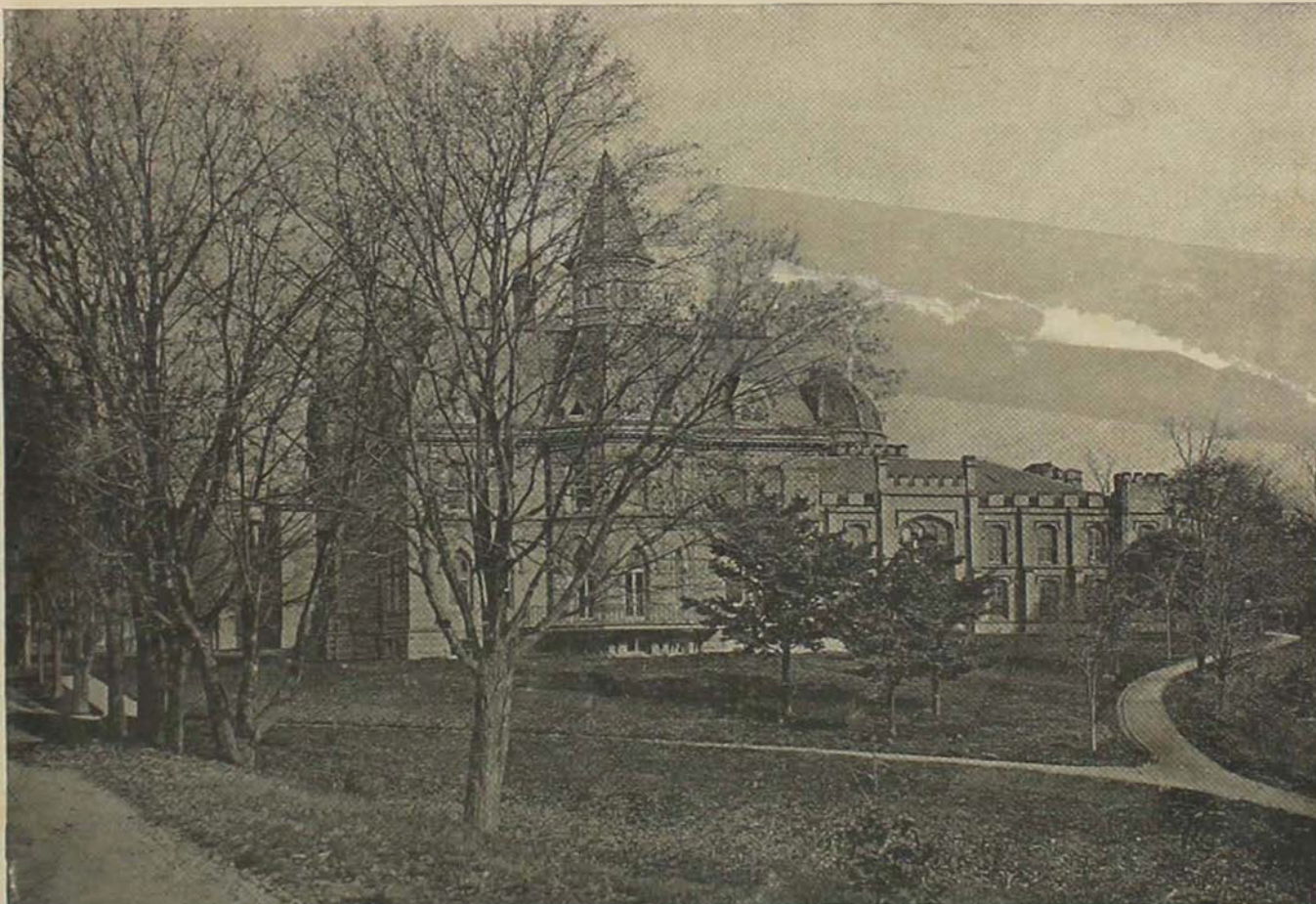


INTERIOR OF WEST POINT LIBRARY.

discharging him into a ditch, are some few of the experiences which the "plebe" must expect. Perhaps it may occur to Hobbes that he would like to wipe off some of the smear of

and a bloody nose have been respectively given and received.

From the moment of his return from the Commissary, Hobbes, with other new comers, is placed under the supervision of a cadet lieutenant from the first class and three corporals from the third class, detailed on special duty to take charge of new cadets. Since it is in the month of June, the battalion, excepting the second class, which is away on summer furlough, is in camp about two hundred yards distant from the barracks. From his position Hobbes can see the long lines of tents, and behind them, in the shadow of the great trees, cadets in the lightest of garments and covered only with the thinnest of sheets, lying about upon the turf, for it is a scorching day; and in his buttoned-



WEST POINT LIBRARY AND HEADQUARTERS BUILDING. REAR VIEW.

the rotten vegetables and the disgrace at the same time; and occasionally he is indulged, and there is a discreetly arranged

up jacket Hobbes perspiringly envies those happier mortals. Hobbes and the other new arrivals are alone in the barracks

with the cadet officers, who are themselves supervised by an army officer on duty at West Point. This officer oversees the more important features of the drills, leaving the minor details to the four older cadets. Hobbes finds that he must report whenever he leaves his quarters, and also that there are limits which he cannot pass even when off duty. Thrice

and other delectable things. Poor Hobbes may, perhaps, get a share, or may look on with watering mouth, unsatisfied. He has no money with which to contribute his share to these illicit pleasures. He has found that even every article of clothing that he is to wear must come from the cadet stores, that he must not expect to have anything else,

that every penny of cash he may have in his possession is regarded as contraband, and that if he should be discovered to have any he must turn it over to the proper authorities at once and without protest. He must also remain in camp unless excused for some strictly necessary purpose, while the first class men may leave whenever off duty, on reporting at the guard tent. In camp his guard tours are two hours long, while in barracks they last but one hour. In barracks a guard of twenty-seven men is



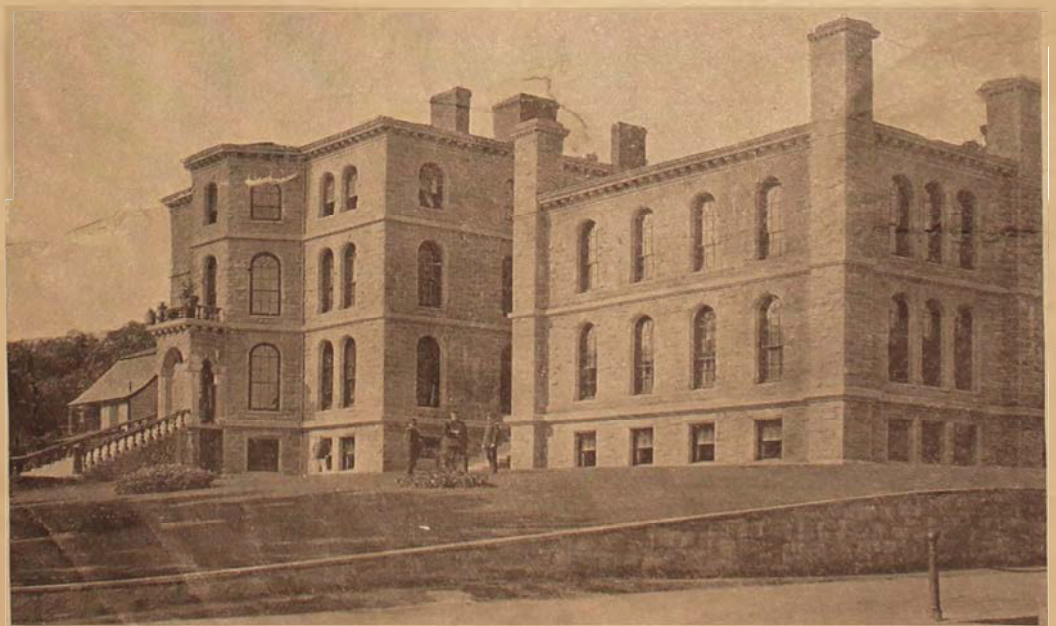
CADETS WALKING PUNISHMENT TOURS IN WINTER.

daily he and his fellow fledgelings are put through the drill, which begins with the "setting up" exercises, *i.e.*, motions calculated to develop the body and limbs. Hobbes is sometimes ready to drop with fatigue, and quite willing to fight with rage caused by the autocratic airs of his cadet masters; but he braces up and swallows his wrath.

New cadets must remain in their quarters most of the day, and in the evening from eight to half-past nine o'clock, at which latter hour they are expected to be in bed. Cadet officers visit their rooms with lanterns to enforce regulations. This continual supervision by persons but little older than himself tries Hobbes' patience, as do the orders haughtily delivered with the air of a little brief authority: he must "dig in" his shoulders back, "dig in" his arms, "extend" his head to his chin, "dig in" his heels, etc. Preliminary to the camp, where he and goes to parades in company to which he brings four, among the cadets are evenly distributed; and now his real miseries begin. Aside from the persistent teasings of the older cadets, he is either drilling or cleaning guns or accoutrements, or, perforce, amusing his tyrants. For instance, he is compelled to march up and down the company street, shouting: "I'm mad! I'm mad! I know I'm mad!" On another occasion, with six "plebes," he is made pall-bearer at the funeral of a rat, while one of the company blows "taps" on a cornet, as at a real military interment.

mounted each day, and is divided into three reliefs, each relief walking about one hour. A sentinel is posted in each division of the barracks to prevent visiting during study-hours, and to perform the usual functions of a guard on duty.

Hobbes discovers that until the June 12th which concludes his first year at West Point, he must use the terms "Mr." and "Sir" in addressing all upper class men, the same for-



THE CADET HOSPITAL.

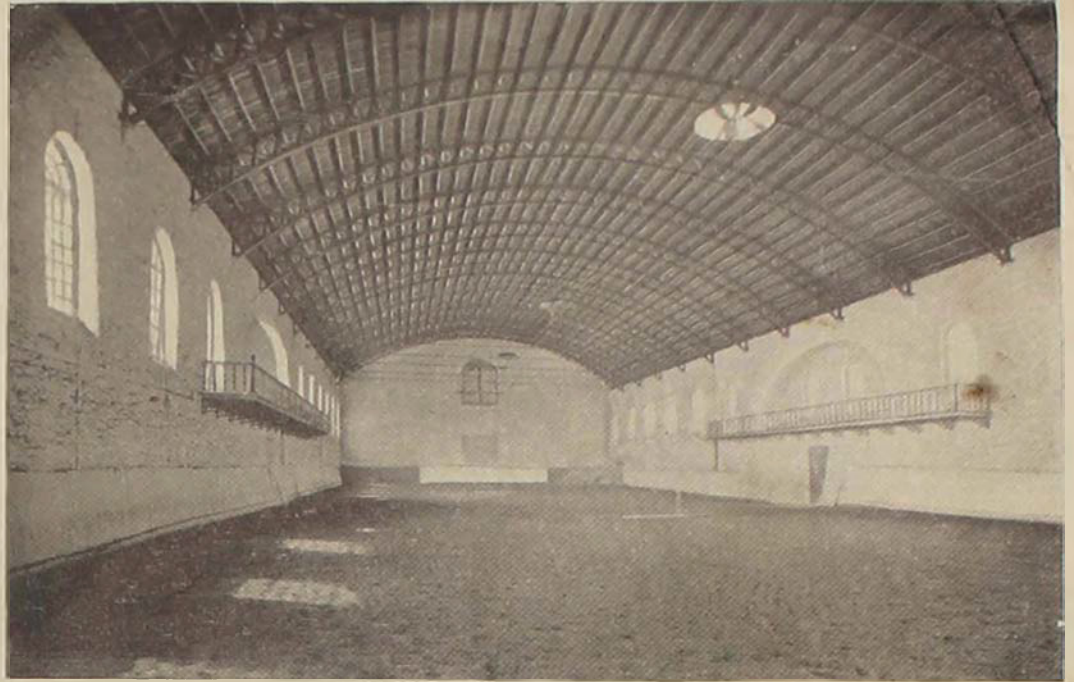
mality being unfailingly adopted toward himself. June 12th is a great day at West Point. On that day the first class receive their diplomas, and commissions as officers in the regular army of the United States, and leave the Academy for good. The past third class, or yearlings, now become second class, and, according to custom, depart to their homes on furlough.

The older cadets manage to "run in" cakes, lemonade,

Our cadet finds that his soldier duties vary from artillery drill to dancing lessons, with incessant infantry practice. The mounted artillery drill is a fine sight to an observer, and Hobbes takes pride in his own share in the stirring manœuvres. As time goes on, and he advances in his cadetship, both drills and studies take on a deeper interest and importance, together with spotless white duck trousers in place of winter gray. The Library, which Hobbes would once have shunned on general principles, as being the storehouse of those books which he regarded as nuisances bound in sheep and cloth, compact annoyances, calculated to restrict the liberty and the general rights of a growing lad, besides giving him headache and a weary back,—the Library has now an attraction for Hobbes. Its interior has an air of grandeur and dignity about it. The busts upon their pedestals wear an expression which he may either construe into cold and superb scorn of his ignorance and callowness, or into friendly encouragement. The exterior view of the Library, however, as seen rising with its peaked lantern among the trees, is a pleasant, rather than imposing, one. The edifice has about it no suggestion of solemnity or massiveness. It is, in a way, like the newly erected dwelling of some metropolitan millionaire. It is not at all in key with our ideas of the classic *académie*, situated though it be in a garden. I question if Plato and his friends would have tolerated that peak; and, in fact, I believe there would have been a general revolt among students and teachers. "But," says Hobbes, "like everything else American, it is practical, and answers its purpose."

Hobbes, though he has taken a vow to work hard and obey rules, occasionally gets into a scrape. He gets many demerits, particularly for carelessness, which is his besetting

sin. Vicious, or bad at heart, he is not; but it takes nearly his whole four years of sojourn at the Academy to acquire and firmly fix habits of order. He occasionally reads over the "blue book," which contains regulations for the guidance of the corps, and he observes that there are several



INTERIOR OF RIDING-HALL

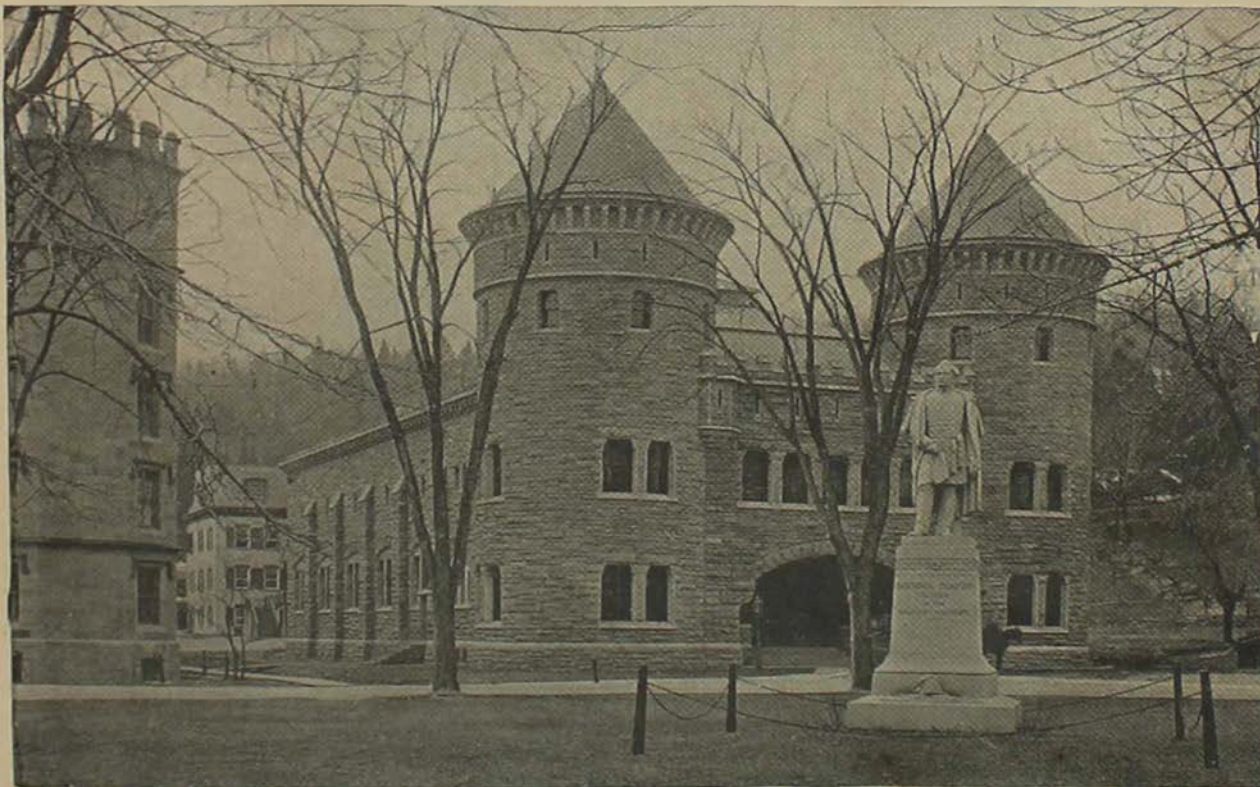
hundred reportable offenses of which the cadet is supposed to be capable; and with lamentable frequency Hobbes finds himself walking punishment tours, which in winter, when the wind whirls keenly about the quadrangle, making one's eyes water and one's ears sting, constitute punishment in real fact.

Hobbes, like other human beings, has an occasional cold, or a touch of malaria, in fact, "gets all broke up," when he is sent to the hospital and submitted to the tender mercies of the surgeon. No shamming here; though Hobbes, as a

sensible and honest fellow, has never thought about it. When he goes to hospital you may depend upon it he is really sick.

Hobbes, still carrying out his original way

of making his money, has made a fortune in the stock market. He often hears pleasant allusions to his magnificent run when the West Point football team contested honors with the cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Hobbes has won the undoubted dignity of the best "half-back" in the school.



WEST POINT GYMNASIUM.



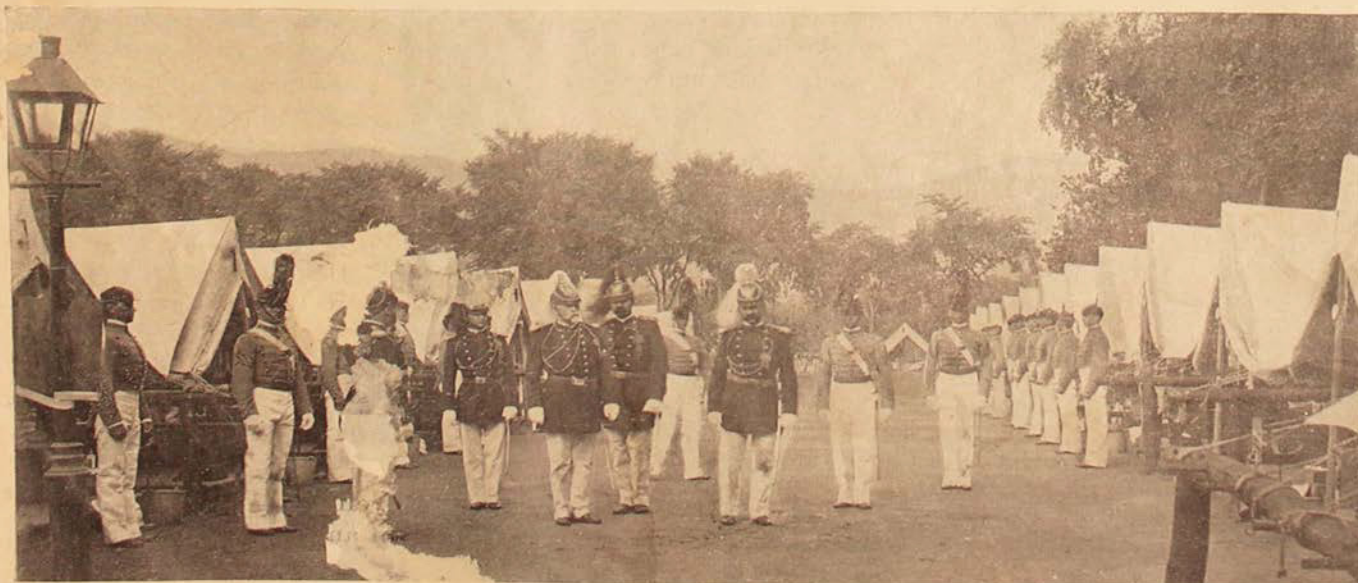
"FLIRTATION WALK."

The com- muscular
 ular t. which
 forms of his
 mib. education,
 important
 mental, has
 of Hobbes what
 might call a
 athlete is work
 the all
 no means the most
 onerous of duties.
 Though he had origi-
 nally small knowl-
 edge of horses, and
 had never ridden a
 mile in a saddle be-
 fore his coming to
 West Point, two
 weeks of practice
 banished all trepid-
 ation, and shortly
 Hobbes was one of the
 most daring horsemen

in the class. In fact, he is compelled to become a good rider; for at his first ride he is allowed a saddle, the second, crossed stirrups, the third, only a blanket, and then simply bareback. At the outset this bareback system not only racks his frame, but it causes him a good deal of what, were he not a cadet, might be called "scare;" but in the course of a very few lessons he recovers from his agitation, and rides like a Comanche. He has had his share of tumbles on the tanbark which covers the floor, but he is not a "goat;" and there always is a "goat," i.e., a cadet who, try as he will, cannot become a proficient horseman. Though, by the way, in cadet vernacular, anyone persistently deficient in any branch is a "goat." Ladies occasionally sit in the gallery to watch the feats in equestration, and their presence puts Hobbes on his mettle, and he rides like a centaur on such occasions. Perhaps he becomes what is called a "gallery rider," that is,



SECOND COMPANY AFTER RETURNING FROM FURLOUGH.

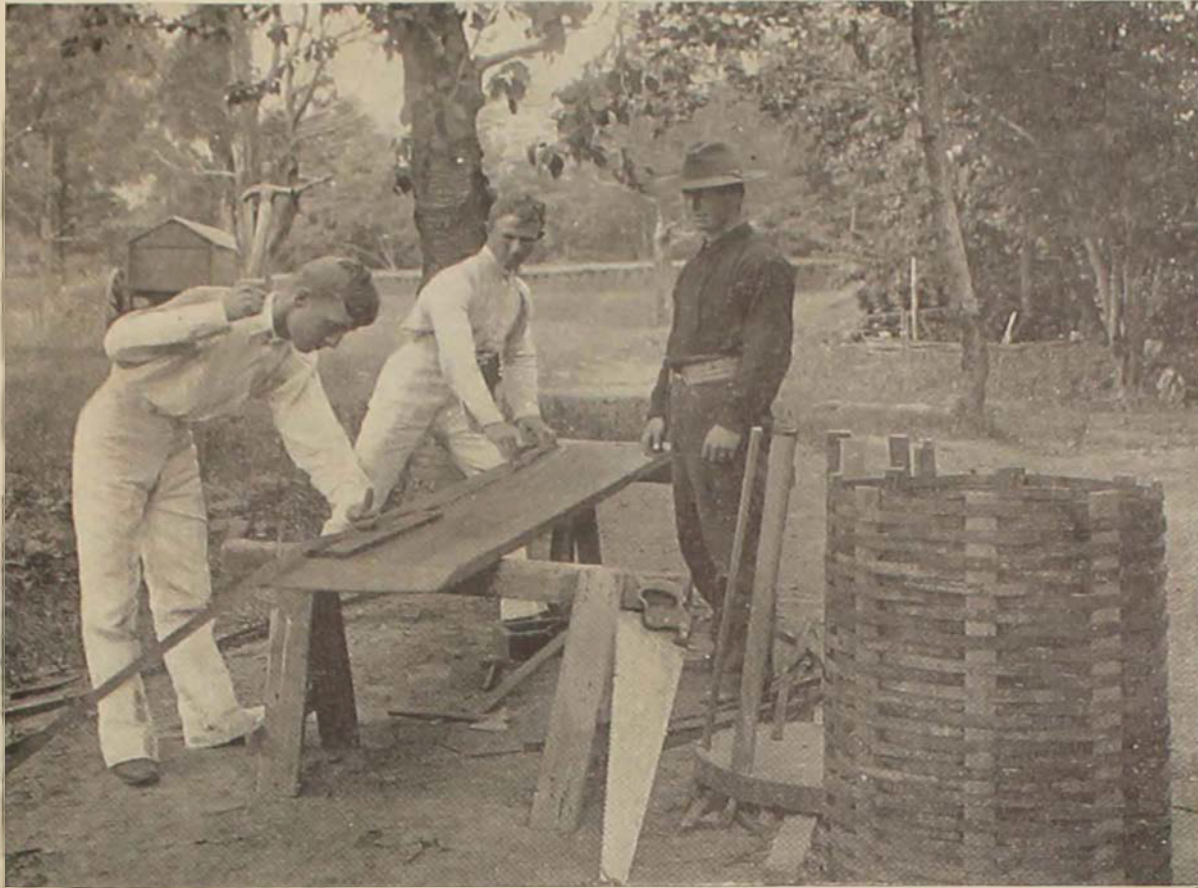


SATURDAY MORNING CAVALRY INSPECTION BY UNITED STATES OFFICERS ON DUTY AT WEST POINT.

a rider who, if he does not exactly ride to exhibit his skill before the audience which gathers in the gallery, at least does not object to their admiration of his fearless and dashing equestration. In the second class, he rides much on the plain instead of altogether in the riding-hall, as heretofore, exercising with sword and pistol like the doughty cavalier that he is.

Hobbes is likewise a clever gymnast; and one of his most pleasant memories is of the gymnasium, the edifice whose towers are capped with conical crowns resembling the ancient candle-extinguishers. In the fall and winter the cadets

sion, even when the snow is white below; though it is during the season of flowers that he is at his period of supreme fascination, irresistible, in fact, for Hobbes can be irresistible if he will.



ONE OF THE DRILLS OF FIRST CLASS MEN. MAKING GABIONS.

are at leisure for something more than an hour after four o'clock in the afternoon. This time is commonly divided between the gymnasium, informal sword exercise, and, perhaps, dancing, a band being provided for the purpose in the Fencing Academy. While Hobbes sometimes devotes this hour to a muscle-hardener in the gymnasium, as he mounts toward the first class and graduation he gives more and more of his leisure to the Library.

But—let it be whispered—another attraction, another charm, has by this time come into his life, and its name is—girls! So in that memorable region of arching trees, which make a twilight gloom in summer, and a dawn-like dusk in winter, that grove sacred to Venus, through which runs a path trodden by many a foot, slow dragging, that its owner may hear

more, or speak more, of those sweet nothings which, if they be falsehoods, Jove is said to pardon—in this spot, known as "Flirtation Walk," Hobbes may be found, not only while the leaves are green above, but, on occa-

with a mixture of pleasure and painful contemplation,—recollection of the "grinding" to come. All are gloomy when they reach the Academy again, and, despite regulations to the contrary, they



SIEGE GUNS.

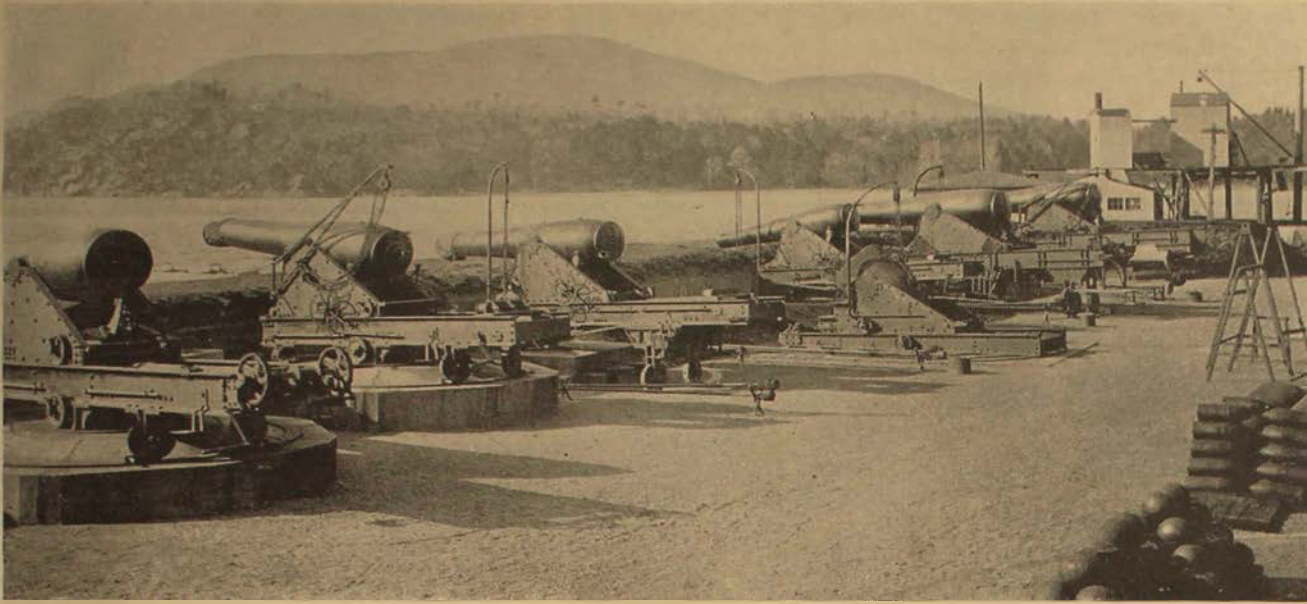
give utterance to the class with sonorous ferocity before reporting to the adjutant and donning caps and blouses once more.

Hobbes delights in the infantry drills. None more

About half of the members of his class continue to go out during the summer, performing society functions, while others remain in camp, drilling during the day and "dragging themselves around," or tormenting newly arrived "plebes" by making them "chew rope," perform "double step," sit on bayonets, rub up guns, and other such pleasant exercises as they themselves were made painfully acquainted with a year or two before.

Back in barracks, after the summer camp, and a year's "boning," as cadets call study, is ahead of him. The hops come twice a month, now, instead of thrice a week as during the summer, and only occasional band concerts are given. These are the only regular forms of entertainment possible for cadets, as there are no theaters, operas, or other ordinary popular amusements at West Point.

As his turn comes, though he finds it hard to be even in the best of his "cit clothes" for fit, about which he is particular. When he returns from furlough,



SEACOAST BATTERY USED IN DRILLING.

officers of the day. His military duty is thus lighter, while his studies are more difficult, though interesting. He finds supreme pleasure and profit in going over the campaigns of the great generals of the past, examining their details, and, very probably, discovering defects in them. Hobbes could now show Washington and Wellington where they erred, where they should have placed a battery and where a regiment.

erect, more soldierly than he at company inspection before dress parade.

As he progresses toward graduation he finds his drill expanding in various directions. He learns carpentering, battery-making, constructing of fascines and gabions. When Hobbes finally becomes a first class man he no longer walks guard tour as a private, but goes on as officer of the guard, while his classmates, wearing chevrons, go on as



"ONE HUNDRED DAYS TILL JUNE."



CADET BARRACKS IN MIDWINTER.

But it is with some awe, even yet, that he looks upon the army officers on duty at West Point as they appear equipped for Saturday morning inspection of the company. He feels small, somehow. These men are real soldiers; he is only a gosling. He involuntarily respects these stern visages and erect forms as of men who have won what he is only aiming at afar off.

Hobbes' battery-practice is one of the events of his career at West Point. The siege-guns seemed large, and their use next to one of the marvels of nature; but the grand "sea-coast" battery completely overturned his notions of moral and physical equilibrium. Still, with the persistence which, above all, goes to the making of a soldier, Hobbes shut his eyes, stood on his toes, and did his share of the firing. I don't think he closed his eyes after the first round or two,

when, it may be, he clapped his hands to his ears as well; and, notwithstanding, went around deaf as a post for hours afterward.

As gloomy and forbidding as the barracks appear, especially in midwinter, when the trees are denuded and stand with bare, skeleton arms pointing to the gray sky, and the lawns and paths, so pleasant in summer, lie beneath carpetings of deep and frozen snow, the young inhabitants, instinct with joyous life, vigor, and hope, pay little heed to the evil aspect of the outer world. What with study and constant occupation of mind and body, the days slip by almost unnoticed. The winter has passed away and the early spring has come again, and with it the regular entertainment given yearly by the cadets, "One Hundred Days 'Till June." Some of the lads clad in feminine garb make handsome and buxom girls. Indeed, it would be difficult in the

extreme to assert that these shy, demure young ladies, who act so sedately, and with so much modesty and feminine charm, are not what they pretend to be, at least until you see them behind the scenes, when the play is over, getting into trousers and jackets again.

Thus the life that makes the soldier has compensations for its hardships; and while the mental and physical fiber are hardened by toil of brain and muscle, there are hours of relaxation and amusements which the cadet does not easily forget, but remembers years afterward, perhaps while going his nightly rounds in the drear solitude of the plains, when at any moment, as he well knows, an arrow may close his career, or a volley flashing from the blackness may stretch him silent upon the turf; or, more happily, when his gray hairs are honored by the laurels of victory and a nation's gratitude.

A CADET.

A FAILURE IN DRESS REFORM.*

WILL tell the story, every word of it, and truthfully. I regard it as my absolute duty. If people laugh at us,—well, let them. We deserve it, I am free to admit. We meant no harm, of course. We were just a set of high-spirited girls, newly graduated and freed from the restraints of school life, overflowing with fun, and ready for any mischief. There was a spice of vanity in our folly. We desired to have it understood that we were not to be bound by the trammels of ordinary conventionality. We were to be a law unto ourselves, and to prove, not only that girls have rights which men are bound to respect, but also that we were able to defend them. We had some vague and general notions as to the "regeneration of the sex," "cutting of the bonds," "emancipation," and the rest of it. We even began a work, to be in six volumes, folio, calf, setting forth the superiority of women in the matter of brains, muscle, and endurance. We never got beyond the preface; not, mind you, that we are prepared to admit the contrary, even now. Not at all. But the world isn't advanced enough for some things. That is not the point, however.

Before I go any farther, let me tell you whom I mean by "we." There were three of us,—until we persuaded Aunt Jessie to become a partner in our schemes; namely, Gertie Grover, blond, serious, sentimental; Tody (short for Theodosia) Gates, tall, dark, stately; and, lastly, myself, slender, so-so as to looks, a sort of betwixt and between in every way, physically as well as mentally. As for Aunt Jessie,—well, she was just one's aunt, the good-natured kind, I mean.

Tody was our leader, as she had always been. At school it was she who devised every wild escapade, headed every revolt, and, as the slang goes, "put up all the jobs" which brought us before the president about once a week for reprimand and lecture. Tody herself always escaped, somehow. She had one of those sweet, frank faces which, nevertheless, betray no more of the possessor's thoughts than she chooses shall be known; eyes that looked at you so innocently and pleadingly that it seemed absolutely cruel to suspect her of wrong-doing; a mouth that smiled like a baby's, or trembled with an inaudible sob, according as she wished to win your good will or deprecate your wrath. In

a word, she was irresistible; but beneath the angel mask laughed the very imp of mischief itself. Withal she was a thoroughly good, self-respecting, strong-willed girl, incapable of a mean act, and the most loyal, self-sacrificing creature that ever lived. We all loved her; and I think, after all, that it was in her loveliness, her large generosity, and her abiding sense of honor, that her charm and the secret of her domination over us lay.

It was Tody who first suggested the plan, and of course we fell into it at once.

"I am sick," she declared, "of always being looked upon in the light of a fragile china image, liable to be broken at a touch, a thing to be protected, watched over, cared for, as if a breath might blow me away. If I wish to go anywhere, I must have an escort for fear some rude man might speak to me, forsooth! I must not be out alone after dark. I must not ride, drive, go a journey, do anything, in short, which, as a sentient human being, I might crave to do, without an armed retainer to scare off some fancied Croquetaine who is lying in wait to devour me because I happen to be a woman. I say I am sick of it. I am going to revolt. I mean to have my own way. I mean to show people that I can take care of myself, and I want you girls to join me. Will you?"

"Ye—es," replied Gertie, dubiously. "I—I suppose so."

"And you?" said Tody, turning to me, sharply.

"Of course, of course," I hastened to answer. "Certainly, Tody, I will go in for anything,—that is, anything proper, you know."

"'Proper'!" she rapped out. "There it is again. 'Proper'! I hate the word! You don't suppose I mean anything wrong, do you?"

"No, Tody, no," I said, hurriedly. "You know I didn't imply that."

"Humph! I should have thought you imagined I was proposing a house-breaking adventure by your scared looks. Get some backbone into your organization. Square your shoulders. Step out like a—well, yes, like a man. Be *something*, anyway. Don't be content to sit down in the corner of your parlor for the rest of your days, twiddling your thumbs, talking weak gossip, and drinking weaker tea. Up and at it! Show the world you have a mind and a body of your own, and that you can use the one and defend the other."

* The fine illustrations with this story are from photographs taken by Sarony, of members of the famous Lyceum Company, of New York.



"THE MUSCLE-HARDENING PROCESS."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Tody," I said, rather nervously, "I'm afraid. Whatever you say must be right, I know. Let us show the world that we have a body of our own, as you say, and a mind to fight it with,—at least,—of course,—naturally we'll do it, won't we, Gertie?"

"Rather," replied Gertie, determinedly. I had never heard her use slang before, and it quite inspired me. "Fire away, Tody."

"Very well, then," continued Tody. "They are always harping upon 'woman's weakness;' let us do away with weakness. Let us be strong,—physically, I mean. Let us abolish the hereditary nuisance of the escort. Down with the escort, say I. What do we want of a frumpy old man tagging about with us at every step? Not," she hesitated, and a slight tinge of color came into her cheek,— "not but that we might now and again choose a masculine companion for our walks and diversions. He is often useful and amusing, and—and—but you know what I mean."

"Of course we do," cried Gertie and I together. "Go on, Tody."

"My idea is this," said Tody, pacing to and fro before us where we sat. "We learned something of gymnastics at the Academy; let us now provide ourselves with proper dresses and apparatus, and go on practising until we are strong, real strong, you know. Then we'll ride and drive without groom or coachman; then we'll fish and shoot."

"Oh! Tody!" we cried in chorus. "Shoot a gun?—a real, loaded gun?"

"Yes, and why not? If men can do it, why not we? I know all about it, and I will teach you. You see," she took up an umbrella to illustrate her remarks, "a gun is a very simple thing when you once understand it. They have what they call cartridges, which are already loaded, first some shot,—venison shot, goose shot and—and other kinds,—then the wad, then the powder. Most guns are breech-loaders; that is to say, you put your cartridge in the

muzzle, and push it down until it comes to the breech, and then you fire it. Is it not very simple?"

We agreed that it was. Tody had a way of describing things that put them before you as clear as noonday. I declare I felt quite a hankering to have a gun in my hands and shoot something on the spot. When our meeting broke up that day we had formulated our plans, and we all three went to work with enthusiasm. We fitted up the room on the top floor of Tody's house for our gymnasium, and, providing ourselves with proper dresses, began the muscle-hardening process at once. Tody worked with a pair of Indian clubs, Gertie chose dumb-bells, while I took a calisthenic rod. We made wonderful progress; that is, Tody said we did, and I almost think I felt very strong myself. Anyway, I was dreadfully tired and could scarcely raise my hands to my head to do my hair in the evenings.

Next Tody taught us boxing. She knew all about it, and, besides, she had bought a book on the subject. It was delightful! My nose was sore for a week after Tody gave me what she called the "upper cut." I thought it was broken. They call boxing "sport,"—the gentlemen do, I mean. It is curious that I couldn't enjoy it as much as I felt I ought to, though I tried hard. But when my ears rang, my teeth appeared to be all coming out, my tongue was nearly bitten through, and all the breath was gone out of my body ("a rap in the bread-basket" Tody told me was the correct phrase for the dreadful blow which nearly doubled me up), I felt that one must have a natural taste for such things, and that I was lamentably deficient.

Tody's proficiency was marvelous. She showed us one day what she would do under certain circumstances. Her mother, who is a widow, had just returned from the Ladies' Flannel-Dispensing Circle, of which she is president, in company with dear old Doctor Dean, our rector. The doctor is a widower, by the way, and I shouldn't wonder—Tody thinks so, too, and approves; for he is just the sweetest,



"BIFF! BAFF! BANG!"

kindest old man that ever lived. It had happened that a car conductor had been rude to Mrs. Gates, and naturally she was much vexed. While we were discussing the matter in the parlor, Tody, who had overheard us, ran into the room in her gymnasium costume.

"Who was he, mamma?" she cried, rolling up her sleeves. "Just tell me who he was, and I'll settle him for you. I wish I had been with you, and I'd have given him one on his nob in short order, I can tell you."

"My dear Tody!" interposed Mrs. Gates.

"My dearest young lady!" murmured the doctor, with a shocked look.

"Yes," said Tody, squaring herself, and, as the phrase goes, "putting up her hands," "this is what I should have done. One, two, three! Biff, biff, bang! and your insolent conductor would have been in the mud."

"Gracious powers!" ejaculated the good doctor, casting up his eyes in horror.

"It is time," said Tody, disdainfully,



"AUNT JESSIE'S FACE WAS A STUDY."



"BEHOLD US THEN, ARRAYED IN SHOOTING-SUITS."

"that women knew how to take care of themselves."

And somehow, by what magic of word or caress I do not know, she managed to convert the doctor's frowns of reprobation to smiles of indulgence, and to win a kiss of pardon from her irritated mother. She did it, anyway, before she ran away to change her costume for more conventional habiliments.

Aunt Jessie's

first experience in the gymnasium was a disastrous one. She let a heavy dumb-bell, which she was handling as gingerly as if it had been a snake, fall upon her poor toe. Such an outcry as she made! She declared it was a judgment upon her for taking part in such wicked folly. She held her injured foot in her hand, caressing the bruised toe as one strokes the head of a restless infant. Her screams brought Will Grover, Gertie's brother, who was in the parlor, bounding upstairs, under the impression that the house was afire. We three girls scuttled into various hiding-places from which we could observe what occurred.

As Will entered, Aunt Jessie put down her foot and stood up, sobbing piteously. In broken tones she related her mishap, together with the sufferings we had compelled her

to undergo. Will soothed her with many kind words, offered to examine the hurt,—an offer hastily rejected,—proposed liniment, and finally, as a sort of universal panacea, put his arm about her waist and kissed her on the cheek. From our hiding-places we could observe the whole performance. Aunt Jessie's face was a study. She pretended to be very indignant; but I could see she was delighted, for she likes Will. She tried to frown, but she could not help smiling. She struggled, turned her head away, giggled and bridled, until we could restrain ourselves no longer, but burst into a simultaneous shout of laughter. Will looked astonished and a trifle foolish, for he had no idea

that we were present; and as for Aunt Jessie,—well, I always had respected her, but from that moment I positively revered her. The air of innocent amazement, mingled with virtuous anger, which she put on, would have made her fortune on the stage. She made some remarks about "silly chits" and "impertinent minxes," but in the end she had to laugh, too;



"UNBEARABLE LITTLE MONKEY!"



"AFFECTED TO KISS HIM, FRENCH FASHION."

and so did Will, who, however, went downstairs again in obedience to the imperative orders of his sister, after which we emerged, and getting about Aunt Jessie soon smoothed away the last traces of her irritation. From that day forward we never had any opposition from Aunt Jessie.

After six weeks of training in our gymnasium, Tody considered us in good condition for the next step in our physical and moral culture. I must confess that we did not take it without a good deal of opposition and argument; but Tody

had her way, as she always did in everything.

"Skirts," she said, "are the badges of slavery the world over. Look at those miserable Orientals, the men, I mean, with their gaberdines and long robes, the Hindus in their gowns, and the Burmese with their loose garments flapping about their nether limbs. Slaves, all. Now what is a skirt on an American girl but an emblem of her subserviency? And why? Simply because she has never had the courage to assert herself. Just so long as we wear skirts we shall be looked upon as the inferior sex. And justly, too. We can't walk nor run; we can't go up nor down stairs without grabbing a handful of clothes and twisting them about us in an ungainly fashion so that we can use our feet. Every time we get in or out of a car we are in danger of tumbling down. When we cross a street we must either be shepherded by a policeman, or risk being run over. Ridiculous! Now somebody must set an example. Let the reform begin with us."

"But what will people think of us?" I objected.

"Let them think what they like. Our characters and positions are above question. Of course we can't begin here in the city; our relatives have prejudices which must first be overcome. But when we get to Summerville, in October,

we can begin the good work there. I have planned the dresses for each of us. They will be coats, vests, and knickerbockers; in fact, shooting suits. We can have them sent down with our guns."

And they were, too; for Tody never promised what she did not perform. Behold us then, arrayed in shooting suits, guns in hand, starting for a day in the woods. When I first put my costume on I blushed at my own reflection in the mirror; and when it came to going outdoors in it, Tody had to take both Gertie and me by the arms and literally force us. The first living creature we saw was Carlo, the setter, and it really seemed as if his lips curled as he looked at us. But we soon got used to it, and it was delightful to be free from heavy, dragging skirts. The country people stared, at first, but they imagined we were only wearing some new city fashion.

Nobody, in fact, made unpleasant remarks, except that nasty little



"SHE SQUINTED DOWN THE BARRELS."



"WOULD YOU MIND LAYING THAT GUN ASIDE?"

Frenchman De Lorge, Will Grover's friend, who threw up his hands and squeaked out in his detestable falsetto,

"*Ah, ciel! que vous êtes drôles!*"

I was so angry and ashamed that I walked straight up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and threatened—you see what rapid progress we had made toward emancipation—to chastise him then and there. Unbearable little monkey! He imagined every woman he met was in love with him. So huge was his conceit that when, as he was going away, Mr. Torrence, Will's other friend who was stopping with us, pretended to be heart-broken, bade him farewell in a trembling voice, and affected to kiss him, French fashion, he took it all for genuine! Tody said she would like to keep him to have fun with and save the

cost of theater tickets. As for me, he disgusted me so that if he had stayed much longer I should have thrashed him,—I surely should.

Tody had read up on guns, and undertook to instruct us in the use of ours. It was delightful to see her handle her piece. By the deft way in which she opened the breech and squinted down the barrels, cocked and took aim, twirled it under her arm, and so on, you would have thought she had played with guns in her cradle. For my part, I was always afraid of mine, and never could fire it without closing my eyes and turning away my head. When Gertie fired hers the first time, it kicked in some way so that it struck her on the nose and swelled it dreadfully.

Will Grover gave us a good many useful hints, or, rather, he gave them to Tody. Will was in love with Tody ;



"GERTIE, PLAYING AND SINGING IN THE MOONLIGHT."

either, before it became evident that Mr. Torrence was deeply smitten by Gertie. In fact, one day, when a party of us were out shooting, he managed to get her alone and proposed to her. I had got some pebbles in my shoe and had stopped in a thicket to take it off, when the pair stopped not ten yards from where I was, so I saw and heard the whole, unsuspected. Mr. Torrence brushed off the top of a stump and invited Gertie to sit down, saying that he had something to tell her. Then he knelt by her side, and in a few, neat sentences put the important question.

"I will not deny, Mr. Torrence," was her reply, "that I like you very much ; but I was not expecting this, and I must have time to think it over."

"But give me at least a word of—" here Gertie thoughtfully swung her loaded gun toward him so that the muzzle pointed directly into his face. He gently pushed it aside



"DO PUT THAT CROP DOWN."

anyone could see that at a glance. That he did not approve of her plans was equally plain. But he never alluded to the subject except once, when he said, in his quiet way, that men loved and respected women chiefly for those softer and gentler qualities which they lacked themselves.

It was not long,

and went on,—“a word of hope, a sign, a hint that I may carry—ah—oop!” Round came the gun again, almost touching his nose. “Would you mind laying that gun aside? It is loaded, I know, and I see you have it at full cock.”

“Yes,” said Gertie, calmly, “I keep it so on purpose, in case I should happen to see a bird, you know. As I said, Mr. Torrence, I like you very much indeed ; but in view of the work we have undertaken, namely, the regeneration of women, I am not sure that matrimony is compatible with my aims and principles. But I think,—yes, I think I may bid you lope.”

“My darling!” he ejaculated, fervently, “bless you for—Great Scott!”

Gertie had sprung to her feet, and taking aim at a covey which had just come whirring into the glade, fired both barrels, scaring the birds away and startling Mr. Torrence almost into a spasm. At this point, having extracted the pebbles, I crept away unobserved, and left the lovers together.

That night I was awakened by the tinkling of a guitar ; and peeping through the curtain beheld Gertie, in a riding-coat and gaiters, playing and singing in the moonlight,—a regular trick of hers. She has a sweet voice, and sang admirably, though in subdued tones.

“Aha, miss!” I said to myself, “wait till you become Mrs. Torrence, and we’ll see if your midnight moonings and troubadour twangings are not stopped in short order. When you marry Ned Torrence you marry a master, or I’m much mistaken.”

The following day, on my return from a gallop by myself, Tody told me that Will Grover had proposed.



"WAIT TILL I HAVE ASKED YOU A QUESTION."



"HE NEVER UTTERED A WORD."

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know, I really don't know," she replied, walking about restlessly. I could see that she was greatly excited. Then turning to me, she continued, sharply, "Do put that crop down!"—I had been holding it behind my shoulders,— "and go and change that ugly riding-suit for something decent and respectable."

"Why, Tody!" I began, in amazement.

"Forgive me, dear," she exclaimed, kissing me repentantly. "I hardly know what I am saying, I am so worried and unhappy. The truth is, I do love Will, and I was so foolish and cruel." And to cap my astonishment, Tody, Theodosia Gates! whom I had looked upon as the strongest of the strong, rested her head on my shoulder and burst into tears. I petted and soothed her until she became calmer.

"It was this way," she continued. "We were walking together. I had my gun along, hoping to pick up a chance bird or two. We had been speaking of indifferent subjects, when suddenly he took a ring out of his pocket. 'This,' he said, 'was my mother's engagement-ring.' I asked him to let me see it. 'Wait,' he answered, 'until I have asked you a question. Theodosia, will you be my wife?' I confess I had rather expected something of the sort, so I was prepared. 'That requires consideration,' I replied. 'My husband must be strong, brave, high-minded, above the ordinary weaknesses of ordinary men. I believe you are all these, but I have never seen you tried.' 'Put me to the test,' he said. Then a foolish, wicked thought came into my mind. I broke a thorn off the hedge beside us. 'Give me your hand,' said I. Then, oh, Julia, how could I do it! I pierced it deep into his hand. I was looking at his face to see how he bore it, and didn't notice what I was doing. I saw his other hand clench and his lips contract, and something warm ran over my fingers. It was his blood! I had wounded him cruelly, but he never uttered a word of complaint or reproach. He quietly let me bind up his poor,

bleeding hand,—I kissed it, Julia, when he wasn't looking. Now, Julia, tell me what I ought to do. I am not worthy of him, I know; and, besides, he is opposed to these advanced ideas of ours. Tell me."

"Marry him," I said, promptly.

"And give up knickerbockers? I'll do it, dear. It was what I wanted to do, but was ashamed to."

At this point Gertie came in, looking at once happy and troubled.

"Tody," she began, hesitatingly, "Mr. Torrence has asked me,—I—well, I am engaged. There! You know how I respect your ideas, but you see I am not elevated enough,—in short—that is—"

"You are going to return to skirts and embroidery," interrupted Tody, laughing. "So am I."

Then we all three kissed and cried together, and had just the sweetest time talking matters over. For my part I was delighted to get my skirts on again, and so were the others; and we all admitted that we were heartily ashamed of our foolish escapade. Whether what Will Grover had said about it had any influence with me I am not bound to confess; but I do know that a woman can indulge in athletics without being unwomanly about it or making herself ridiculous. Tody says that Will says, "Modesty in a woman is her chief charm, and modesty is not slavery any more than prudence is oppression." And Will is right. Anyway, skirts are good enough for me; and they always will be for every womanly woman.

JULIA LOTIN.

Hopkins' Youngster.

HE was a very pretty child, with the customary bright yellow hair,—which would turn to brown in a few years,—and blue eyes that were even then on their way to becoming gray; but though she undoubtedly resembled Hopkins in many ways, she was not his child. Her mother and father had both died one winter in the South, more than a year ago; and Hopkins, being the child's uncle on its mother's side, had taken it for his own because there seemed to be no one else to take it. All Hopkins' people were dead, also, or abroad for indefinite periods; and remembering, with a shudder, the crudity of the child's father's relations, Hopkins knew his sister would never rest in her grave if he allowed them to bring it up. So he did a queer thing, as he was more than apt to do, and took the little girl to bring up himself.

Not that he attempted the thing single-handed,—that would have been too wild an undertaking even for Hopkins; he simply brought her home, and his faithful old housekeeper and her daughter took the little one in hand, while he treated her as if she were his daughter, and consequently was not bored by her presence a great deal.

She was three years old when she came to him, and inside of six months she was calling him "Papa" quite as if she had never had another such relative; and Hopkins, having a lurking fondness for children, rather encouraged her to do so, though pretending to himself that it annoyed him.

Very few of his club friends knew of his eccentricity in this case; but those who did, and who saw him driving with her every pleasant afternoon in the Park, smiled and murmured:

"There is Hopkins with his youngster. Queer chap, he," and passed on.

Now added to his love for children, Hopkins loved home life; and being a young man who had seen comparatively

little of that life, he naturally idealized what little he knew of it. When the youngster came to his house and made a broad beam of sunlight wherever she went, that idealization grew even larger, and he wished in truth she were his daughter, and that Katherine. But here Hopkins smiled and stopped thinking.

He was in love, of course. There had never lived a Hopkins in all the generation after generation of Hopkinses that had not been in that condition during the greater part of his life; but Hopkins was quite sure that though his ancestors had been ardent lovers all, none of them could have cared for their chosen ones as he cared for Katherine,—a fact which he imparted to them one night as he sat in the library and mused on the subject after the youngster was safely put to bed. And the only answer those respected ancestors made was to let a quiet smile spread over each and every one of their paint-and-canvas faces, and broaden in the firelight's pleasing glow.

But though their descendant was not ordinarily a coward, and quite as self-possessed as most young men of his set, when it came to saying those same fervent words to Katherine herself, he found it just a little more than he could muster courage to do. The awful possibility of failure stared him so constantly in the face that if he did not tremble in his physical knees when he thought of it, he undoubtedly did so in their astral counterparts. Yet whenever he went around the Square to see her, as he did very regularly now, he invariably started down the steps with the firm determination to ask her and have it over with; and he invariably came back with that strong resolve done up in splints, as it were, and a feeling of self-contempt, mingled with self-pity, embedded in his mind.

But one night—it was one of the nights when he did not go to see Katherine, and which had been spent with the youngster in an extremely noisy and romping, but entirely happy, manner—a great idea came to him; and the idea bearing upon the subject always uppermost in his mind nowadays, he began the next day to develop, and nurse, and enlarge it, and get ready to make it of use to him.

The next day but one, that idea having been made the most of, he came home early in the afternoon, and instructing Mrs. Higgins, the housekeeper, to put on the youngster's best bib and tucker, he ran upstairs to his room, where he found his own clothes properly laid out by his faithful man. In the course of an hour he reappeared, and at the foot of the stairs found the youngster waiting for him, looking exceptionally pretty in a dainty little gown he had not seen before.

"We will be back in an hour or so, Mrs. Higgins," said he, as they went out the door.

They found Miss Katherine alone; and as she came into the room and Hopkins rose to greet her, she ran quickly by him with a little nod, and falling upon her knees in a very girlish but pretty fashion before the smiling youngster, she cried:

"Oh! this lovely child! And she is really yours, Mr. Hopkins?"

Hopkins smiled. "All mine," said he, "by virtue of adoption."

Then Miss Katherine took the youngster upon her lap,—the prettiest picture he had seen for months, was that,—and they fell to talking of other things, while the child, with her big blue eyes upon Miss Katherine's face, listened thoughtfully to it all, and wondered why her "papa" looked so happy. And Hopkins' idea of a home life with Katherine at its head, meanwhile, grew strong and waxed exceeding great.

Ten minutes passed, and then, as Miss Katherine was asking the little girl about herself, the youngster suddenly straightened up, and looking at her thoughtfully, said:

"Yes, I loves my papa and my dolls and everyfing; but I loves you too. Won't you be my muvver?"

For a moment Miss Katherine's pretty face turned from rose to white and back again; but before she could make answer to the youngster's remark Hopkins had swallowed his fear and the crisis was passed.

"You hear what the youngster says, Katherine," said he, taking one of her soft hands in his and leaning forward. "I love you, too, dearest, and I want you for my wife. Do you think you could love me,—and be a 'muvver' to this little one?"

What her answer was is no matter now; but some time later, as Hopkins and his youngster were walking gravely, though how happily only she and Katherine knew, home again, the child looked at him for a moment, and then whispered up to him:

"And I said it right, didn't I, papa? Jes' like you told me to?"

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

A Tariffic Dream.*



AS a business man I was profoundly interested in the Tariff Question. I felt deeply, as a true patriot, that the foundations of our National fabric were cemented with sugar; that we could not exist, as a people, without sugar; that, in fact, sugar was the basis of our civilization. I studied the daily press diligently. Every night I took home with me a package of papers which I read until long after midnight, much to the discomposure of Mrs. Ambler, who is a woman of regular habits.

Mrs. Ambler is not always as patient as she might be, and she objects very strongly to my lucubrations after she has retired to her couch. She has no opinion of my intellect, and more than once has stated, in very plain terms, her belief that I know no more about Tariff legislation than her cat does. Sometimes I think she is right. She has softened the blow, however, by adding that, in her belief, "those frumps and frauds, there at Washington," know as little. Mrs. Ambler is a remarkable woman.

One night I had brought home a large package of papers, and had drawn my easy-chair under the gas-jet for a comfortable time with the subject which is to me more than fiction or poetry to ordinary men. I read on, conning those grand speeches, those noble debates, those splendid examples of forensic genius, until I felt that I, too, could mount the rostrum and pour forth bitter satire, magnificent eloquence, and scathing diatribes.

"Are you never coming to bed, Joshua Ambler?"

My wife's voice aroused me from my revery. I started up and saw Mrs. Ambler's night-capped head (Mrs. Ambler is sure that there are draughts in our sleeping-room). She was glaring at me fiercely over the headboard.

"Are you coming to bed before morning, or not?"

"Yes, at once, my love," was my hurried reply. "I was just finishing the speech of Senator —."

"Bosh!" was her contemptuous interruption. "Much you know about their speeches. Put out that gas! Do you not know the man has been here twice for his bill? Am I to bear the brunt of all your follies? Must I be deprived of my sleep because you want to moon over that stupid stuff that you can't understand any more than those other fools? Tariff! Much you know about it! Sugar! Get

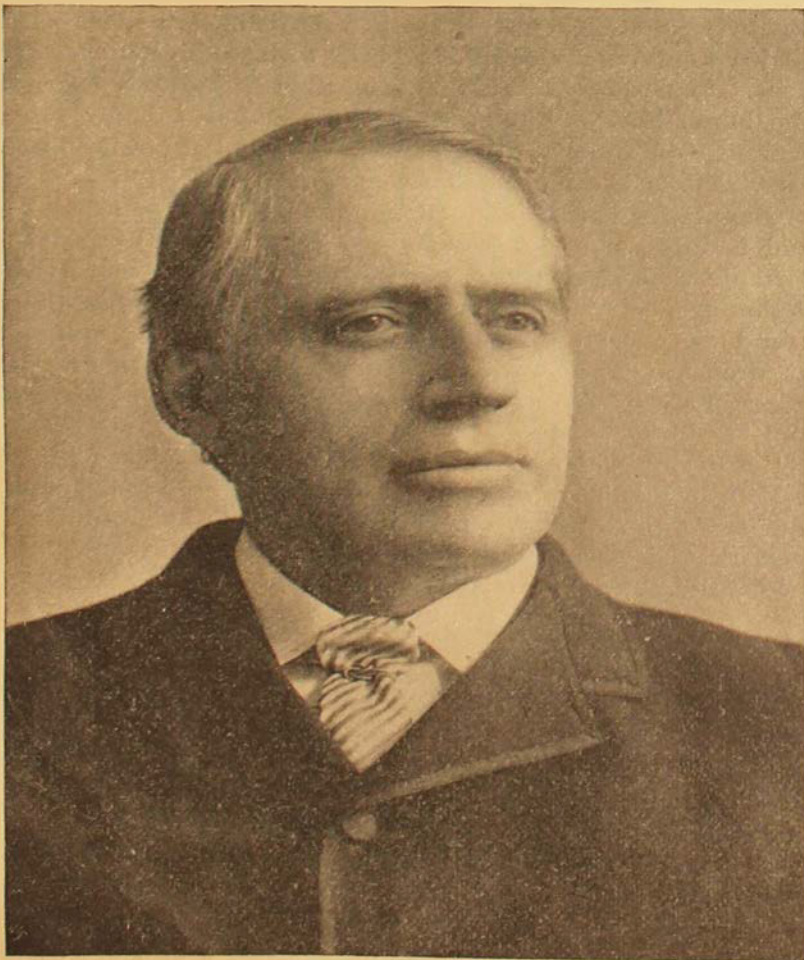
* The last five illustrations with this article are from composite photographs of the men whose names are printed beneath them.



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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

enough in your tea and coffee, and let that satisfy you. Come to bed, or —— ”



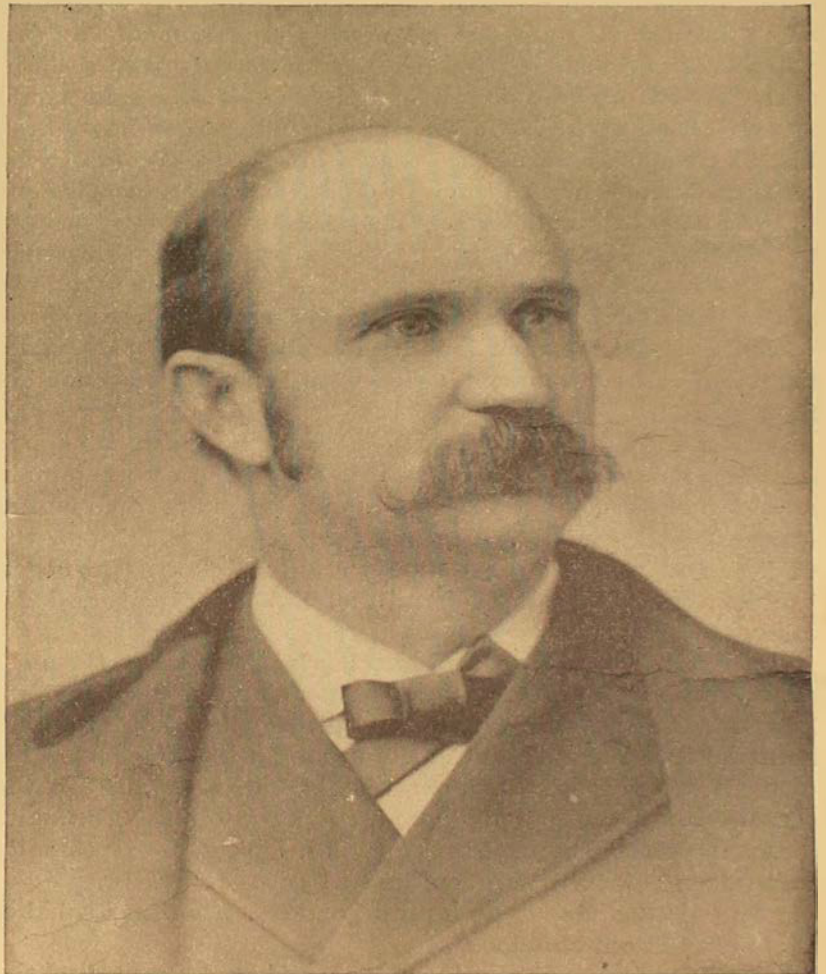
SENATOR GORMAN.

The frills of the cap shook so threateningly as they sank down out of sight, that I hastened to obey, and turning off the gas, undressed in the dark and pulled the quilts over my head. In three minutes I was sound asleep.

“We owe a duty to the country and the party that we can neither defer nor evade.”

I rubbed my eyes, stared in amazement, and rubbed my eyes again. Where was I, and what, in the name of all things wonderful, did it all mean? Instead of being in my bed at home, I was in a large, handsomely furnished apartment which I had never seen before; and instead of my wife in her night-cap, five gentlemen of imposing appearance were seated in various parts of the room.

The person who had just been speaking was a man of stout figure and dignified presence, whom I recognized immediately as the Chief Executive of the nation. At his right sat a large, florid gentleman whom I identified, from having



SENATOR HILL.

seen his portrait so frequently in the papers, as Senator Gorman. The small gentleman on the left of Mr. Cleveland was Mr. Hill, of New York. A little in the rear was a delicate-featured man, whom I presently made out to be Mr. Wilson, while somewhat removed from the remainder of the party, with a sarcastic smile upon his frank, clean-shaven face, lounged Governor McKinley, of Ohio. A conference or discussion of some sort was apparently in progress, though Mr. McKinley, I thought, was rather an observer of, than a participator in, what was going forward.

While I was still staring at these figures and wondering if, after all, my wife was not right in her oft-repeated assertion that I was out of my senses, Mr. Cleveland resumed :

“The country looks to the party now in power to fulfill its obligations and its promises. It is an inconsistent absurdity that the wool of the farmer should be placed upon the free list, and the protection of tariff taxation be placed around

coal and iron. I repeat, gentlemen, it is time that this question was settled, and settled satisfactorily."

"Satisfactorily to yourself, you mean," interrupted Senator Gorman, with a flushed and angry face. "You will permit me, Mr. President, to observe that this is the first time in the history of our country that the Chief Executive has, directly, at least, interfered with the legislative branch. And I, for one, with all respect, sir, say that I will not submit to dictation."

"Sir! Sir!" began the President, losing his temper, "I do not understand——"

"Permit me, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Hill, in a conciliatory tone, "to pour oil upon——"

"Coal and iron," sneered Mr. McKinley, from his distant seat.

"If I might suggest," observed Mr. Wilson, "it would be well to leave these questions to the general conference between the two branches——"

"Upon the troubled waters," continued Mr. Hill, who during the controversy had been endeavoring to be heard. "My client, if Mr. President will permit me to call him so for the moment,——"

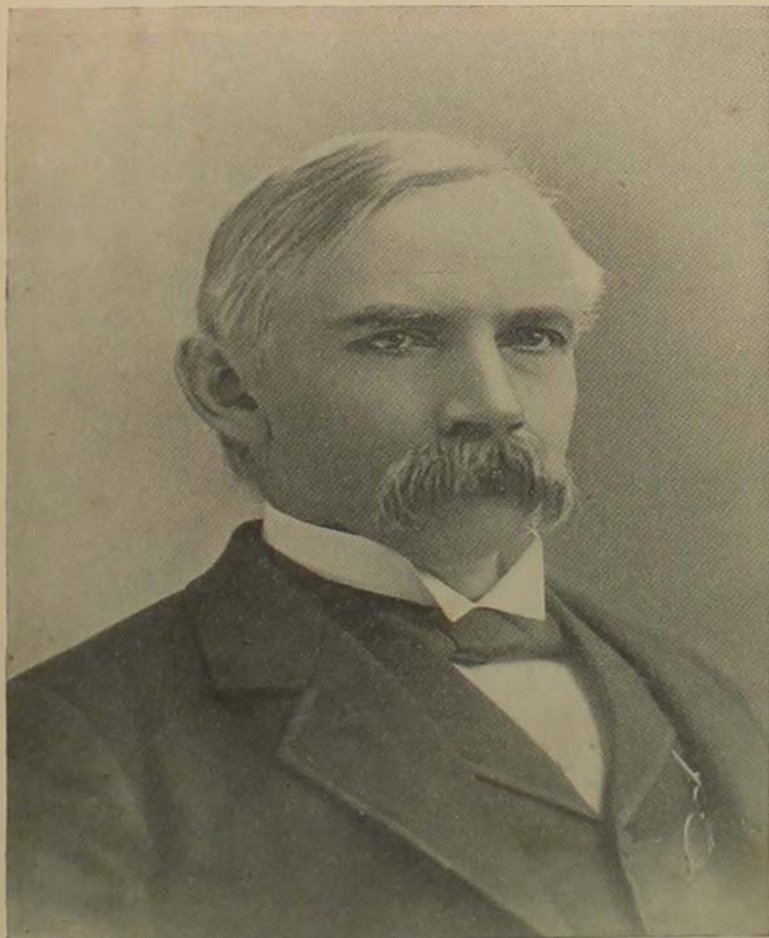
"I will not be dictated to," exclaimed Mr. Gorman, "and I assert that this attempt to throttle legislation on the part of the Executive——"

"Sir! Sir! I cannot——"

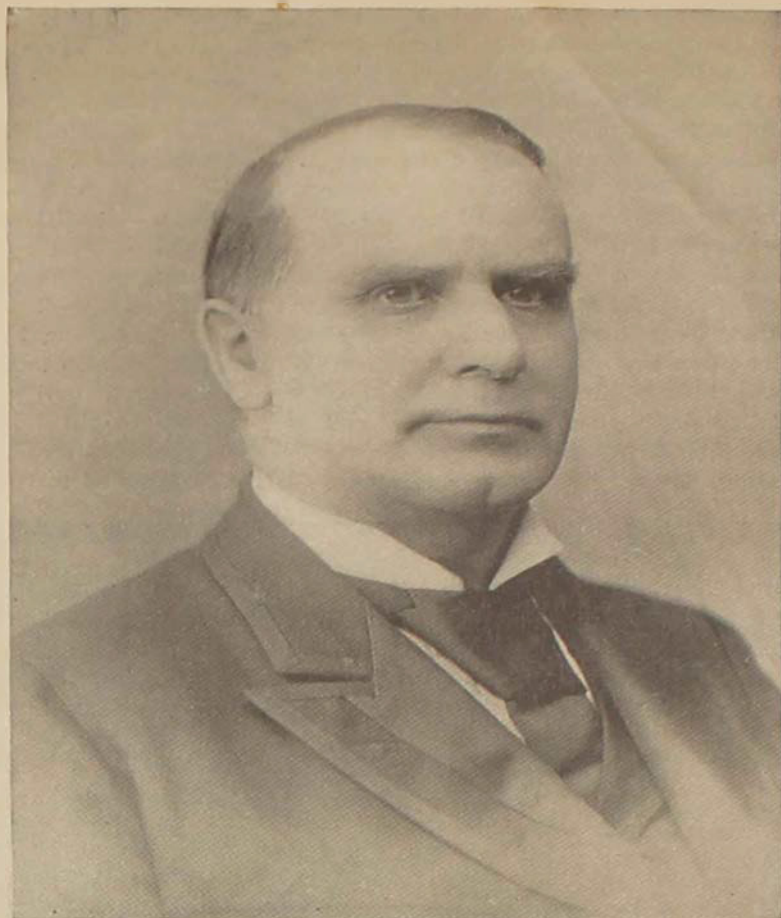
"Allow me to say one word——"

All four were now talking together and gesticulating violently. Mr. McKinley had stepped forward, as if the better to hear, and, I fear it must be added, judging from the ironical smile upon his features, to enjoy the scene.

And then a most remarkable thing occurred. Was it due to my own mental confusion, or to the manifestation of some occult power? Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill had suddenly become one person! There were both faces, yet neither.



REPRESENTATIVE WILSON.



GOVERNOR MCKINLEY.

The characteristics of each were visible, and yet somehow it was a new individual that stood there waving its arms and shouting:

"The country looks to us—my client Mr. Cleveland—has not my whole course been plain before—consideration for the income tax which I have frankly—advocated—principles—tariff—sugar—iron——"

Then the compound figure disparted as suddenly as it had united, and there stood the two gentlemen, in their former positions.

While I was still wondering at the startling phenomenon I had witnessed, Mr. McKinley had somehow got inextricably mixed up with Mr. Wilson, and the strangest mélange of contrary opinions was issuing from—shall I say its, or their, mouths?

"The reduction of tariff on all—the vast interests of the country require fostering, and—protection, as heretofore—has not the country grown richer—from free trade which has always been—a Republican principle—coal, iron, and—figureheads—and even Englishmen—should be—stale eggs and decayed cabbages—as everybody knows—the death of the Democratic party would be—a subject for unextinguishable laughter—to every good Democrat.—Admit free steel rails and—small children—use tobacco and arsenic—at two cents per pound. This subject has become mixed—with sugar——"

By this time my head was literally swimming, and I drew a deep breath of relief as I saw the dual figure resolve itself into its component parts again. But my satisfaction was short-lived; for on turning toward the President, I saw, to my alarm, that he had become hopelessly entangled with Mr. Gorman, and that the composite being was engaged in a violent quarrel with itself.

"I have a record as—an obstruction to legislation.—My voice has ever been—'wind that bloweth where it listeth,——"

and no one listened or cared—for iron and coal—the people's food supply,—and to be dictated to by—a man that dare not do his duty is—sugar, sugar, nothing but sugar.—When was it known before that the Chief Executive could—steel rails and railroad ties—the vote of men honestly determined to do—the utmost mischief—I am now too old to stand—on my head be it—a ton of iron ore converted into—free wool,—and then to be told that I am a—Canadian sheep.—Shall I be—punched with rivet holes—I am—President—Gorman—and I glory in being—considered a fraud by—my constituents who—interfere with the sacred rights of legislation—”

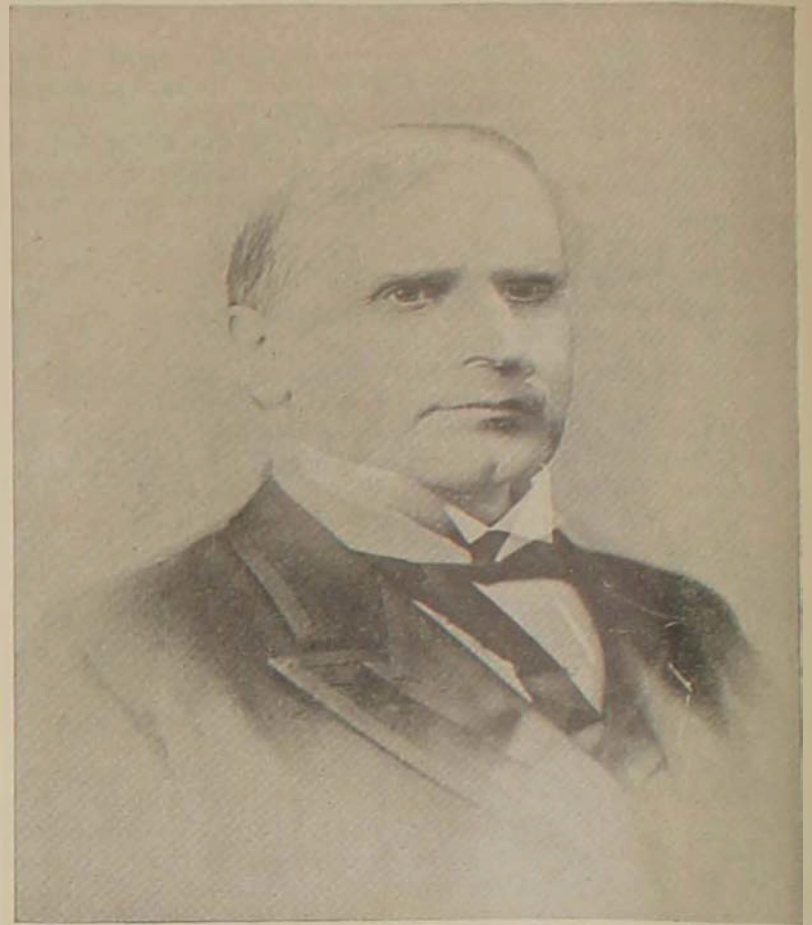
At this point another amazing change took place; for, by the same mysterious alchemy, Mr. Wilson became absorbed into the combination, and now there were three men amalgamated into one. I felt my head going, but I still had strength to listen to the wildly incoherent stream of words which issued from the common mouth, a jumble of tariff-



MR. CLEVELAND-HILL.

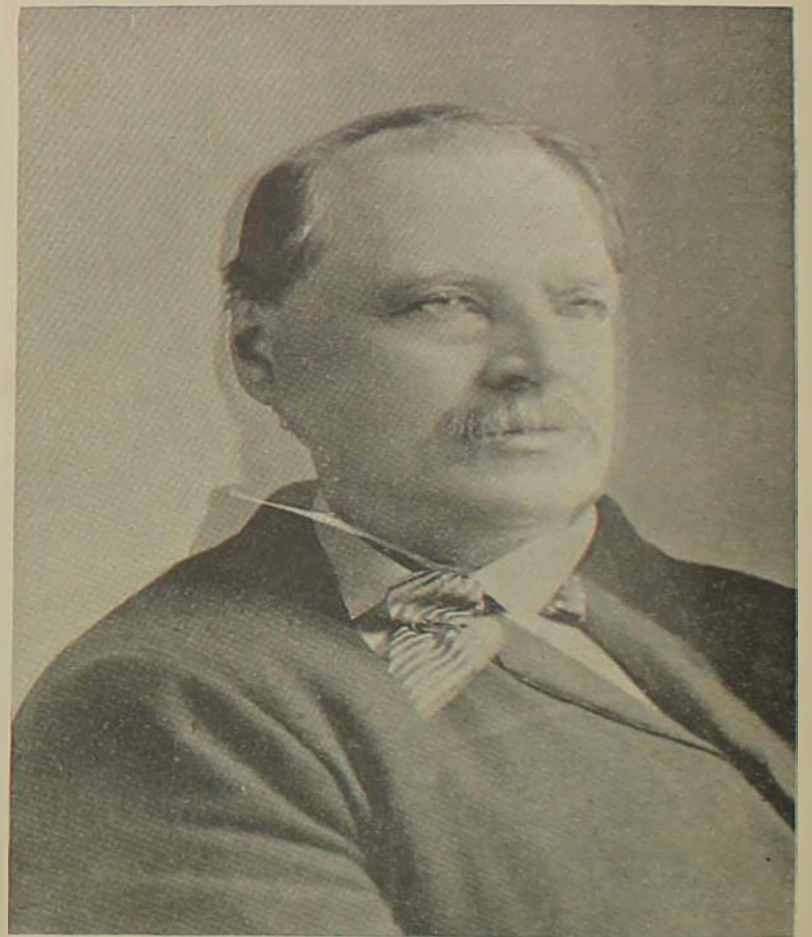
reform, iron and coal, sugar trusts, dictation, obstruction, bills, income-tax, Executive interference, party principles, and patriotism, until I could fairly have cried out in an agony of spirit. I do not know really what I should have said or done, had I not been literally stricken dumb and motionless by a yet more awful and astounding manifestation.

How it was accomplished, or exactly when, I could not have said; but, behold, *all five had become one!* Yes, it was so; stare, strain, and rub my eyes as I might, there was now only a single person in the room beside myself. It was a fearful thing to look upon, this quintuple being, this face resembling each of the five, yet like neither, this Frankenstein monster which gazed at me through five sets of eyes, which spoke with five pairs of lips, which shook a fist five times multiplied, and strode about upon five pairs of legs. And the words it uttered! the jargon of malapropos phrases, self condemnations, bitter objurgations, attacks and defenses,



MR. WILSON-McKINLEY.

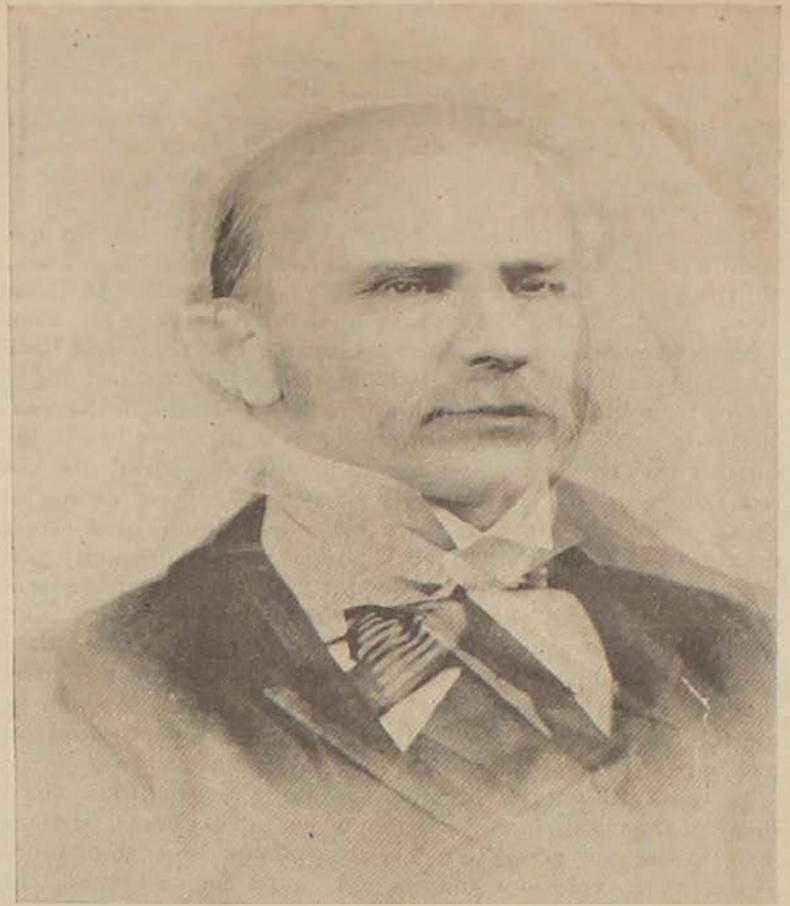
oratorical periods clipped off by bursts of sarcastic laughter, accusations hurled into its own teeth and repelled with



MR. CLEVELAND-GORMAN.



MR. CLEVELAND-GORMAN-McKINLEY.



MR. CLEVELAND-GORMAN-HILL-WILSON-McKINLEY.

forensic scorn and wrath! May heaven forefend that I should ever meet with such another experience!

As I gazed, crouched together in my corner, trembling in the very ecstasy of fear and wonder, it seemed that the very soul within me shriveled and contracted in the presence of this dreadful thing. And all the while that nameless shape quarreled and shouted, waved its arms, and pounded the desk, until my emotions, so long controlled, got the better of me; with a wild cry I sprang forward, and, with the small remains of pugilistic science still left as a memory of my youth, I began to strike out savagely at that demoniac compound. I was mad, I knew I was; and I was filled with all a madman's frantic glee. With each blow I delivered, I shrieked:

"Tariff! Sugar! Steel rails! Trusts! Party principles! Patriotism! Confusion! Obstruction! Fire and fury!"

Aye, and under my blows the composite figure began to disintegrate and separate. I could see the various personages dissolving out of the compound, when—

"Joshua Ambler, in the name of common sense, what *are* you about? You have torn the pillow-case to shreds."

"An attack of nightmare, my love," I said, meekly.

"So I should say," was the sarcastic reply. "You have been pommeling that pillow for five minutes, shouting something about 'tariff' and 'sugar' all the time. Take my advice, Joshua Ambler, and let that rubbish alone."

"Yes, my dear," I said, mildly, "I don't suppose I am fitted to comprehend the questions involved."

"Who is?" asked my wife

JOSHUA AMBLER.

HOW TO PLAY THE GUITAR WITHOUT A MASTER.

THE Spaniards aver that their national *guitarra* is the direct descendant of the Roman *cithara* celebrated by the Latin poets. Doubtless the stately Horatia, leaning from her vine-shadowed casement on the Pincian Hill, listened to the soft chime of Varro's *cithara* with much the same emotions that stir the gentle bosom of Juanita of the modern time, seated in her Moorish balcony, while Roderigo, afloat upon the moonlit waters of the Guadiana, sings the melting lays of Andalusia to the accompaniment of his guitar.

The weak tinkling, which commonly passes with us for guitar-playing, is an insult to a very estimable and expressive instrument. Many persons appear to think that when they

have passed a broad blue or pink ribbon about their necks, and have mildly twanged a few tunes, with an assortment of hobbling anomalies, supposed to be fandangoes and boleros, they have reached the extent of the possible. As most of us know it, the guitar is insipid and colorless. Adepts on the piano and violin are apt to look upon it either as a toy for the amusement of young ladies, or as a relic of romantic barbarism; the reason being that good guitar-playing is rarely heard out of Spain, and not too frequently even there.

The author of "The Young Ladies' Mirror," published in 1831, observes: "The guitar is not strictly a musical instru-

ment, but is intended rather to reveal the graces of the performer's person. A pair of slim, creamy hands, tastefully decorated with a few gems, show to great advantage. . . . The eyes should be upraised, the features composed in an expression of subdued melancholy, and the whole figure poised in an attitude of poetic sentiment." Such instructions may have produced pretty pictures, but certainly, also, excrable performances.

"A wretched wooden box," wrote Kirkwood, in the middle of the last century, "which has taken all the town. All the young fools, of both sexes, play the guitar in these days. Child's folly! You may hear it everywhere!" Poor Kirkwood was a maker of harpsichords; and there had been "so mad a running after this trifle, that a harpsichord might scarce be sold; since madame and miss do naught but scream ditties to such dreadful strumming as was never heard before." But Kirkwood was a man of resources, and did not rest at invectives. He quietly purchased several scores of cheap guitars, and gave them to ballad singers and street musicians, teaching them a few tunes; and, "presently you might not walk a hundred steps but you meet a sturdy rascal or a ragged wench bawling to a guitar." Kirkwood's plan worked to admiration. "Those who had interest in the guitar as a fashionable toy,—and, forsooth! who played it for the playing's sake!—seeing it thus degraded, threw it aside in mortal disgust;" and worthy Master Kirkwood went on making harpsichords, and also a respectable fortune.

In truth, the guitar, while lacking the wondrous flexibility of the violin, is still capable of beautiful effects, particularly in the way of brilliancy, richness, and breadth of tone, as well as in expression,—always, it must be understood, in competent hands, not necessarily "slim" nor "creamy."

While the beginner does not require an expensive guitar for initial practice, it would be false economy to purchase one of the cheapest sort, which are worse than worthless, for they are not only feeble and harsh in tone, but so defective in mechanical details as to be scarcely practicable at all. In the course of a few weeks the back of such an instrument will be found to have cracked and separated from the sides; the finger-board will have sprung out of line, and the bridge, pegs, and frets will have become displaced. From the start, the soft brass ratchets of the keys will have been useless for tuning with any degree of accuracy; and, in short, the whole mechanism will have proven so bitter a disappointment that the student's ambition must be robust indeed to support the test.

A fairly serviceable guitar may be purchased for from ten to fifteen dollars. Inlaying and other ornamentation add to the expense without contributing to the tone value of the instrument. Choose a large, rather than a small, model. The lines should be clean and graceful; the back slightly convex, or, at all events, never concave; the face free from checks or rifts, the sides solidly glued to back and face, and the finger-board true in line with the axis of the body. Above all, make sure that your keys are of steel, or, at least, of hardened brass, and that the ratchets engage closely upon the spindles; for if your keys slip, you will never be able to tune your instrument. This is a very important point.

You may judge fairly of the tone of a guitar by laying the back against your ear and tapping lightly with your fingernail upon the face. A bland, resonant murmur indicates a good instrument, while a chatter, or a flat sound, betrays the worthless one. When you have become an initiate, a touch or two upon the strings will be a sufficient test.

Even the best and costliest instruments suffer in our climate, and must be carefully protected from damp and extremes of temperature. Therefore, keep your guitar in a tight cloth or felt-lined case, in a closet away from stove or heater. Use a woolen rag, with a trace of oil, to clean it; never water.

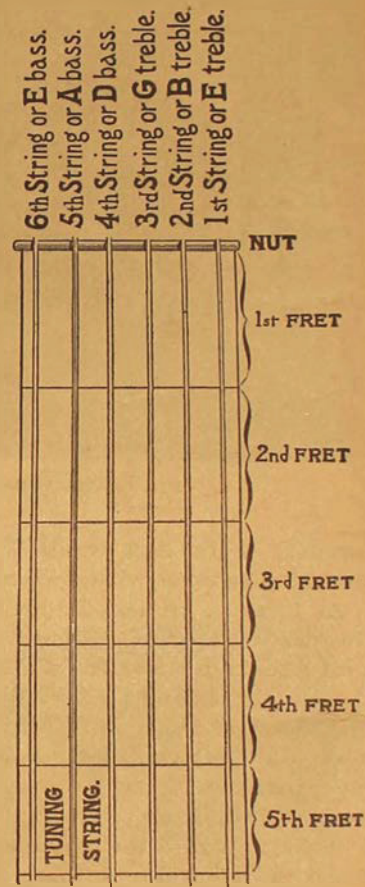
It is assumed that the student has a sufficient knowledge of the rudiments of music to begin the study of the guitar intelligently. A series of articles on "How to Sing Without a Master," published in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, August, September, and October, 1892, will serve to enlighten him, if necessary, in the elementary and general principles of the art. We shall, therefore, proceed directly to the instrument itself.

The beginner must first familiarize himself with the mechanism of the keys, the strings, and the frets. He will observe, at the start, that there are six strings: the first three from the right are of gut; the other three of silk, wound with wire. The first string, *i. e.*, the thinnest string, on the extreme right, goes into the spindle of the lowermost key on the right side of the key-frame. The second goes into the one above, and the third, into the topmost spindle. The fourth, or first wire-wound string, goes into the upper spindle on the left; the fifth, into the middle spindle; and the sixth, or largest, into the lowermost spindle on the same side. Having passed your strings about the pegs in the bridge, below the sound-hole, pressing the pegs well home, thread them through the holes in the spindles, draw them up stiffly, leaving at least three inches of free ends beyond the spindles, or they will slip when you come to tune them.

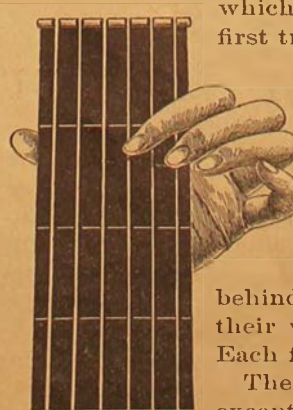
The strings are arranged in the following order, the guitar being held face toward you: Beginning at the right, the strings are, the 1st or E treble, 2d or B treble, 3d or G treble, 4th or D bass, 5th or A bass, and 6th or E bass. The finger-board is divided into spaces, decreasing toward the sound-hole, by fret-bars, commonly of brass. In playing or tuning, the finger is placed *between* two of these fret-bars, never *upon* them (see No. 2); the note of the string being regulated by the bar below the finger. This is called "stopping," or "touching," the strings. When the "first fret" is mentioned, the space between the "nut," or ridge over

which the strings pass to the keys, and the first transverse metal strip on the key-board, is indicated. The "second fret" is the space between the first and second fret-bars: the "fifth fret" is the space between the fourth and fifth fret-bars, etc. (see No. 1). The string, when untouched by the fingers, is called "open." The fret-bars, by the pressure of the finger behind them, shorten the strings, increase their vibrations, and so raise their tone. Each fret makes a semitone on the string.

The guitar is tuned by fourths, with the exception of the 3d or G string, which is tuned a *third* below the 2d or B. Application of the natural scale, or key of C, will



1. ARRANGEMENT OF STRINGS AND FRETTS.



2. STOPPING, OR TOUCHING.

Bass or Silver Strings. Treble or Gut Strings.

6th str. E. 5th. A. 4th. D. 3d. G. 2d. B. 1st. E.
 E F G | A B C | D E F | G A | B C D | E F G A
 a fourth. a fourth. a fourth. a third. a fourth.

3. THE NATURAL SCALE OF THE GUITAR.

show the relations of the open strings and frets. The student having a knowledge of the elements of music will find no difficulty in understanding this point, especially when aided by the illustration No. 3.

E A D G B E

TUNING STRING. C F

B E A

G C F D G

B

A D G E A

4. TUNING BY FRETS.

The 5th or A string having been brought in unison to the A tuning-fork, or the middle A of the pianoforte, the finger should be pressed upon the same string at the fifth fret, which will give D, or the 4th string. The finger upon the fifth fret of the 4th, or D, will give the G, or 3d string. Now press the fourth fret of this string to obtain the B, or 2d string, this interval being the third above mentioned, and the fifth fret of the 2d string, to find the E, or 1st. Finally, tune the 6th, or E bass, to the 1st, but two octaves lower (No. 4). The learner will speedily acquire facility in tuning the instrument by chording the open strings by ear, which is much the most satisfactory way.

In playing the guitar do not grasp it as if you intended to use it as a weapon, but let it lie chiefly upon the right thigh, after the manner of the illustration 5, with no more support from the hands than will serve

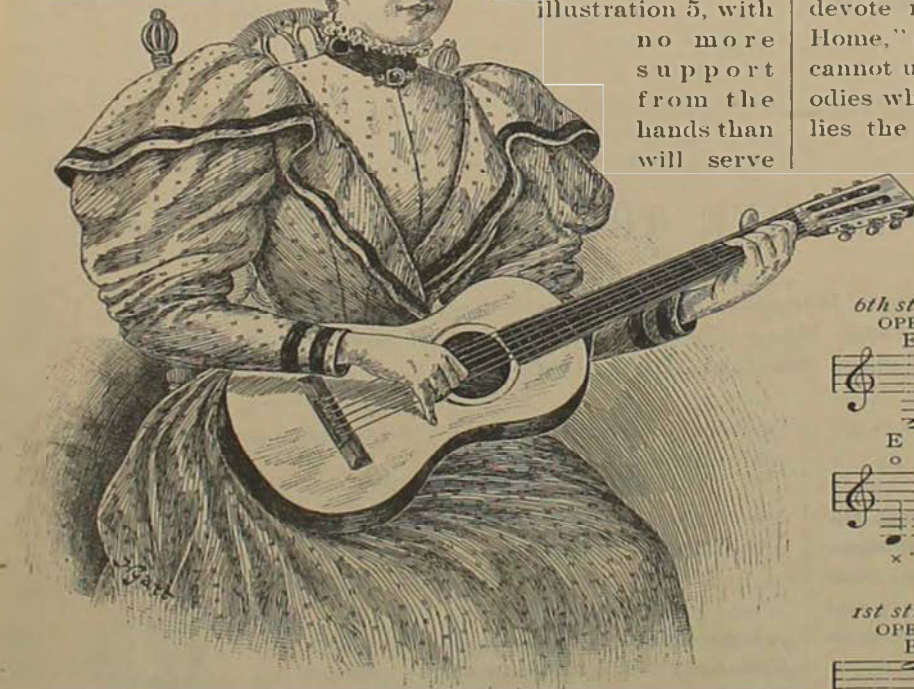
(this is, of course, the initial position), while the forefinger reaches over the finger-board at about the first fret. Grace follows as the inevitable result of good playing; a harsh, clumsy performer will assume a slouching position, while a true artist takes a natural, easy pose, by instinct. The fingers must fall comfortably, and without straining, upon the first three strings, and, being moderately spread, upon the first four or five frets; thus, by a simple curve of the wrist the whole keyboard may be controlled, transversely as well as longitudinally.

The right arm crosses the face of the guitar, resting upon the upper edge. The hand is placed below the sound-hole, supported by the little finger. The thumb should command the three bass strings, *i. e.*, the 4th, 5th, and 6th, while the first, second, and third fingers curve about the gut, or 1st, 2d, and 3d strings, upheld always upon the little finger. In the simpler compositions the thumb "touches," or strikes, the three wire strings, with a strong, quick, sidewise pull. The first and second fingers strike the gut strings, alternating the fingers at each stroke. The third finger for the most part is used in chords, or other special modifications, which need not be dwelt upon here as they are commonly indicated in the score to be performed.

By shifting the position of the right hand across the face of the guitar, to or from the sound-hole, the player may modulate the tone of his instrument, softening or strengthening it at will. The nails should be kept well trimmed and not allowed to scrape or rattle on the strings. As with the bowing of the violin, good guitar-playing depends very largely upon the touching of the strings with the right hand. In some cases it is necessary to strike the 2d and 3d strings with the thumb, and the 4th and 5th strings with the first and second fingers; for instance, in chords, arpeggios, and in complicated melodic passages. In these instances the thumb notes are indicated by double tails.

The learner should provide himself with a good guitar "Method," such as Carcassi's, for example, which may be had of any retail music-dealer. He will, however, find no benefit from any of the cheaper "Primers," which devote more space to "Yankee Doodle," "Home, Sweet Home," and popular tunes, than to solid instruction. We cannot urge too strongly the danger of learning to jingle melodies while neglecting the practice of scales. In the former lies the certainty of failure; in the latter, the certainty of, at least, commendable artistic performance.

Since both tone and precision depend upon the correct use of the fingers, a regular system of fingering has been adopted. The following signs are



5. PROPER POSITION FOR HOLDING THE GUITAR.

to balance it in a vertical position; or, preferably, a trifle inclined toward the body.

Hold the neck raised toward your left shoulder, and control it with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. Let the thumb reach well over, between the first and second frets

6th string OPEN. E	5th string OPEN. A	4th string OPEN. D	3d string OPEN. G	2d string OPEN. B	1st string OPEN. E
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1st string OPEN. E	2d string OPEN. B	3d string OPEN. G	4th string OPEN. D	5th string OPEN. A	6th string OPEN. E
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G F E | D C B | A G | F E D | C B A | G F E
 3 1 0 | 3 1 0 | 2 0 | 3 2 0 | 3 2 0 | 3 1 0

6. FINGERING WITH OPEN STRINGS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.

in general use to indicate the fingering. The left hand : O, open string. 1, first finger. 2, second finger. 3, third finger. The right hand : . first finger. . . second finger. . . . third finger. x thumb. (See No. 6.)

The simple progression of notes, beginning at E bass, and running to E treble, as illustrated in the natural scale (No. 4), is not the only progression which may be used. The leading note may be made at any fret,—for instance, at the second fret

the instrument, as best adapted to its mechanism and its tone quality. The five positions in question are the 1st, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 9th. The appended exercises (No. 7) should be practiced until facility in all five positions is acquired, and until the student can “shift,” or pass swiftly and correctly from one to the other.

But for a considerable time the learner will be fully employed in compassing the problems of the first position, or simple progression, in familiarizing himself with the mechanism of the guitar, its elementary principles and effects, together with tuning, fingering, running scales, and practicing simple exercises.

As an almost imperceptible step from a clear idea of the capabilities of the guitar in the first principles, the other positions follow, together with the formation of chords, harmonics, and arpeggios, the smooth gliding of the fingers from fret to fret, without lifting, giving the tone something of the fluent sweetness of the violin.

In a magazine article it would be impossible to enter into the minutiae of guitar playing, or to give any considerable exercises for practice. The student possessing a fair knowledge of the rudiments of music will find the suggestions here set down sufficient to start him aright; then, with the aid of a good instruction-book, and zeal, he should become a performer of merit proportioned to his natural aptitude for the art. A conscientious and intelligent master would, of course, be preferable; but unhappily, not every teacher is either

competent or sincerely devoted to his pupils' success. Moreover, a teacher of any sort is not always to be had. It is, therefore, the purpose of this article to afford such assistance as may guide a beginner. His own love for the instrument, patience, and hard work will do the rest.

C. L. HILDRETH.

7. TABLE OF THE FIRST FIVE POSITIONS.

on the E bass string, and go on across the finger-board in the proper succession of the gamut, without employing the open strings at all. These changes of progression are called “positions,” and they add immensely to the efficiency of the guitar. There are twelve such positions recognized on the guitar, though only five are commonly included in compositions for

SHALL BOYS AND GIRLS RECEIVE THE SAME EDUCATION ?

PERSONAL opinions, given specially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, by the Presidents of the University of New York, Union Theological Seminary, Packard's College, Young Men's Christian Association of New York State, Board of Education of New York City, Vassar College, and Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

DR. H. M. MACCRACKEN, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

IN answer to your questions, “Should girls attend the same schools as boys?” “Should girls receive the same training as boys?” let me say, that if you mean to include under girls and boys only children less than fifteen or sixteen, I should say to the first question,



“Yes; if it be more convenient than for them to attend different schools.”

To the second question, “No, not precisely, for girls should be trained to housework and the accepted womanly occupations; boys to work with car-

penters' tools and the like. As to mere text-books, I should make little difference.”

DR. THOS. S. HASTINGS, PRESIDENT OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

I would let girls have all the education they want and can take. Educational opportunities should be open to them. But girls should have domestic education before advancing so far in scholastic or academic education as to feel themselves superior to learning how to sew, and how to make bread that is light and sweet.



S. S. PACKARD, PRESIDENT OF PACKARD'S COLLEGE.

Two questions seem to be involved in your inquiry : Shall boys and girls receive the same education? and, Shall they be educated together? The latter may, in your thought, include the other. Strictly speaking, no two persons ever



"receive" the same education, though they may have the same teachers and study the same books. This is plainly enough shown in the different attainments of the members of the same college classes. So the question would seem to narrow itself down to the form, Should boys and girls have equal educational opportunities? To this I say unreservedly and unqualifiedly, Yes. There can be no question, of course, as to opening to young men all sources of knowledge, the only doubt about the girls being

whether they can stand it, or whether they will make proper use of all they may acquire.

My private opinion—and my public opinion, as well—is that, at the worst, the boys have greatly the advantage of the girls in the struggles of life, the whole system of education and of treatment being based upon the fallacy that girls must be taken care of, while boys must care for themselves and for the girls. I call it a fallacy because it is. It is a very pretty sentiment, and would be lovely in practice if it were put in practice ; but it is not, and there is where the injustice comes.

And when it comes to the matter of earning a living, I say that the boys have three chances to the girls' one. It is only within the last ten years, since the first introduction of the typewriter, that the girls have had any hold on a profession or a calling ; and even this they have had to fight for, and have won it as the Britannia won her victories, by having better sailing qualities. There is no sentiment, and really no economic impulse that helps to fill the down-town offices with girl stenographers ; it is simply a matter of putting the right person in the right place. And the young man who complains of being crowded out only proclaims his own folly and lack of manly qualities. So set me down as saying that there is nothing taught in the schools anywhere, to anybody, that should not be as accessible to girls as to boys.

Next, Should the boys and girls attend the same schools and recite in the same classes? Yes. Why not? The very asking of the question is a sufficient reason for thundering the answer into the public ear. I have not time nor you space to give the reasons ; but they are much plentier than blackberries. And then I speak from fifty years' experience,—fifteen as a co-pupil with girls, and thirty-five as a practical promoter of co-education. If you should ever want my reasons they are "on tap."

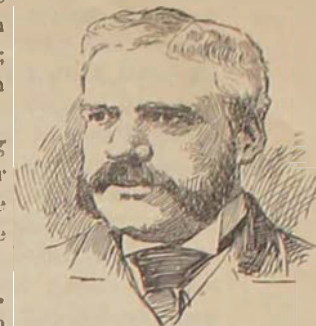
EDMUND P. PLATT, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
Y. M. C. A. OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.



In reply to your question, we look upon boys and girls as equal in brain and ability for almost every sort of work except manual labor. Girls should be equipped with such training as the schools and colleges afford, that they may have an even chance in the race of life. For home and social positions this training is specially important, as their influence in many ways exceeds that of the boys.

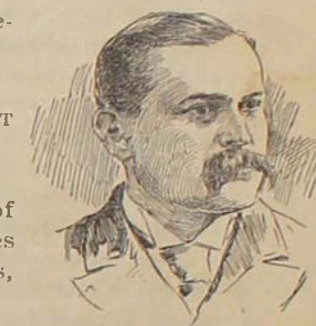
CHARLES H. KNOX, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

There is one reason, above all others, why a girl should receive the same training as a boy, namely : The vast majority of teachers in our schools are women. Now these women received in girlhood the same education as our boys ; if they had not, how could they now teach the boys?



A girl in this country can be anything she determines to be, if she devotes her life to the object ; why not, then, concede the right and justice of co-education of the sexes?

The new compulsory education law, which increases the required age from fourteen to sixteen years, includes both boys and girls. Never before in the history of this great city have the schools been as numerous, the attendance as large, the standard and methods as advanced, or the discipline as superior, as now. Could this progress have been made, or can we go farther, if we discriminate between the education of a boy and a girl?



REV. DR. JAMES M. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT
OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

Put me down as decidedly in favor of offering the same educational advantages to both sexes. I'm 'way off in the woods, so can't very well go into detail now.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF LELAND
STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

The question, as I understand it, is threefold : Shall our boys and our girls receive exactly the same training? If not, shall they receive an equivalent training? In either case, shall they be taught in the same schools or colleges?

To the first question, as thus stated, I should answer, No. To bring about the best results, no two boys or girls should receive exactly the same training ; and the studies and drill of girls as a class should diverge more or less from that given to the average boy. The essential quality of the training of the future will be individuality. In the ideal school, high or low, the work should be adapted directly to the needs of the individual pupil. The weakness of the public schools of today is in the large degree that the pupils are simply parts of a system. There is a course to go through, its details cut and dried long before the pupils were born. Over this course they must travel, regardless of their individual powers or needs. It is no wonder that the great majority, even of the bright ones, drop out by the way. In the public Grammar Schools and High Schools the force of tradition and the need for economy still keep the students, all, boys and girls, whatever their needs and aspirations, in nearly the same beaten track. The private preparatory schools keep to the line of tradition even more closely than the public schools, and for nearly the same reasons. In the latter part of the High School course, some room for play of choice is allowed. The value of individual training is, however, scarcely yet appreciated, and the student must still follow one of two or three beaten tracks, or leave the course. The introduction of manual training and of laboratory work in the sciences is doing a good deal to meet individual needs ; but a great deal more must be

done before our High Schools really "prepare for life," whether they "prepare for college" or not.

The question asked seems, however, to refer to higher, or college, education. In this grade there is, in my judgment, no excuse for a prescribed curriculum, and no valid reason why any student should follow a pre-arranged course. It is possible for each student, with the advice of his teachers, to devise a better course for himself than any pre-arranged course can ever be. The programme of the University is like the bill of fare of a great hotel. The best instruction in every line should be provided; no student can go over the whole list, and each must choose for himself. There is no absolutely "best" study or series of studies; each one must ask, "What is best for me?"

And the choice of teachers is more important than the choice of studies. Work under the best teachers. A great teacher never fails to leave a great mark on every young man or young woman with whom he comes in contact. Boys and girls should therefore not receive the same education. Even in the same schools their training should differ most widely. Each one as an individual should receive what is best for him; and in any college worth the name, this best can be found, and the student will be left to find it.

Shall boys and girls receive an equivalent training? In other words, Shall the work of girls be as severe and serious as that of boys should be? By all means, Yes. There are mental and physical differences, but these are not differences of superiority or inferiority. The value of thoroughness for girls is as great as for boys. No sound system of education of women can be based on the assumption of the inferiority and natural levity of girls.

Shall boys and girls go to the same school? This is, in a degree, a matter of taste. For my own children, Yes. If a school is good for the one, it is good for the other. I am a thorough believer in the good effects of co-education in higher education. Boys behave better, think better, and have more rational views of life, if they are not isolated from women. Girls are more serious and earnest, and do stronger work and of less hysterical quality, when they work in the same classes with boys.

Co-education has come to stay. It has no evil side, and leads to no bad results. In the institutions devoted to the higher education of men and women there is no intelligent opposition to it, and no question of its good results.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

The Outcome of an Episode.



H, if you please, sir, hold my baby just one moment! I see someone on the platform I want to speak to."

The handsome, fashionably attired young man, buried in his newspaper, actually gasped with consternation as, in utter disregard as to whether he "pleased" or not, he found himself in undisputable possession of a soft, warm, animated bundle, that had been hastily placed upon his lap by the woman who was just disappearing out of the car door.

"Here, madam, I protest——!"

But "madam" was gone,—and he was almost alone in the car, with the obnoxious, squirming mite of humanity upon his knee. He gazed at it helplessly with a mixture of awe, embarrassment, and rage, that was ludicrous enough. So it seemed to strike a bright little woman who came in with others who were boarding the train. She took in the situation at a glance, seemingly, and her eyes—very pretty brown eyes they were, too—held a gleam of amusement,

and about her mouth there was the faintest suggestion of a smile. The unfortunate victim saw it, and the red in his handsome face grew deeper; he bit his big mustache savagely, and felt strongly inclined to hurl the squirming and now wailing infant at the offending young person's head.

The conductor passed through the car, and the persecuted man explained, in no gentle terms, the imposition practiced upon him. But the conductor treated it as a good joke. "The mother will be back, doubtless, in a few minutes. It's a good one on you! Pretty rough. Ha! ha!" he laughed, and passed on.

"Poor young man!" said an old lady, stopping and peering over her glasses at the victimized young fellow. "You have little experience in the care of infants, I fear. Your wife, doubtless, is deceased, or she would——"

"Thunderation, madam! the child is not mine!" cried the miserable victim, crimson with rage and mortification. "The conscienceless mother left it with me without so much as asking 'by your leave.' Take the youngster, I beg of you! if you are a woman."

The old lady backed off in alarm.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! The mother might never return."

"Great Cæsar!" He had never thought of such a possible contingency,—of such a terrible situation!

Chester Wynn sank back with a groan and wiped the perspiration from his aristocratic countenance. What if some of the members of his club should be on the train! He would never hear the last of it,—that he, Chester Wynn, one of the richest, most careless, pleasure-seeking men in New York, the pet of the dear four hundred, should be in such an absurd and ridiculous predicament! It was unbearable.

The baby was screaming vociferously. Broad grins and winks were exchanged among the masculine portion of the passengers. Great heavens! The train was pulling out from the station, and that unprincipled woman had not yet returned! He was the helpless victim of the most villainous fraud!

The baby's screams rose above the din of the departing train.

"Give it some paregoric!" said one man, jovially.

"Catnip tea!" laughed another.

"A hot foot-bath!" suggested a third.

"I'll throw it out of the window, pretty soon!" cried Wynn, furiously.

"For shame!" said a sweet, clear voice, with a ring of indignation in it.

Wynn turned hastily. She of the brown eyes was at his elbow, but the amusement had vanished from her eyes, and they flashed slightly with indignation.

"At least, the poor baby is not to blame," she said, severely. "Here," in a gentler tone, "give it to me; perhaps I can aid you in quieting it."

Wynn looked a little ashamed, but there was a great relief in his face as he said, gratefully:

"You are most welcome to it, madam, and you place me under great obligations. Five minutes longer and I should have been a subject for a lunatic asylum." With a sigh of relief he placed the baby in the strong young arms held out for it.

"Did you ever hear before of such an outrage being practiced upon a man?" he asked, indignantly.

She smiled slightly but did not answer, being busy trying to quiet the screaming baby. She held it to her tenderly, and laid its soft little face against her own, speaking in soothing, caressing tones. The action called Wynn's closer attention to her face. It was an exceedingly attractive face, piquant, bright with youth and a sweet, wholesome freshness, but having a suggestion of earnestness and strength

that attracted and impressed the man who was studying it with mingled feelings of gratitude and curiosity.

He decided, after a searching glance, that among all his acquaintances there was not another face like this one. In all his easy, self-complacent, pleasure-loving life, he had never seen in any woman's face that which he felt, rather than saw, in the face of the young woman before him.

Wynn was exceedingly critical where women were concerned: but about this young woman who had come to his rescue there was nothing to offend his fastidious taste, either in person or dress. And how patient and tender she was with that obstreperous infant! Wynn felt a throb of sincere admiration for her. But the child refused to be pacified. Just then its pretty nurse looked up with a resolute expression in her brown eyes.

"This child is hungry!" she said, in the most practical way imaginable. "Did the mother leave no satchel nor anything?"

Wynn colored slightly, and almost smiled,—she was such an unusual young woman.

"Heaven knows," he said, ruefully. "I know she left—the baby!"

His companion smiled in spite of herself at his dismal tone.

"No," said Wynn, after a fruitless search, "there seems to be nothing."

"Then either you or I must get off at the next station and get some milk," said the matter-of-fact young woman, decisively.

"Oh, I beg of you, don't go!" cried Wynn, so imploringly that she laughed outright.

"Are you afraid I would not come back?" she asked, smiling.

"I shouldn't blame you if you did not," he said, smiling a little himself. "You were the only woman in the car who was womanly and generous enough to come to my aid," he added, gratefully.

"Thank you," she said, curtly. "I do not care for compliments."

He looked at her curiously. This was a strange young woman, certainly.

"You may open my traveling-bag and get a cup you will find there. You will have to get the milk if I do not,—and yet," she added, severely, "I do not know whether I ought to trust you out of sight."

"You do me an injustice," he replied, earnestly. "Do you think I would desert you after having come to my aid in so generous a manner?"

He took the bag as directed, and in getting the cup his eye fell upon a card with the name "Madge Blanchard" engraved upon it, and also the name of a prominent New York newspaper. So this bright, practical little woman to whom he was so greatly indebted was one of his pet aversions,—a newspaper woman.—was she? He stole a very sharp look at her, which she did not see, being busy with the baby, who was using its lungs to their utmost capacity, and its voice drowned even the clatter of the train. Most of the men cleared out for the smoking-car to escape the ear-splitting din, and Wynn longed to follow them; but, to do him justice, he did not for an instant contemplate doing so.

The abused baby's voice arose in a high crescendo.

"The child will kill itself!" cried Wynn, raising his own voice to be heard above the screaming little one.

"Poor little baby!" answered his companion in distress. She looked worried, and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek.

Wynn was conscious of a desire to say something to comfort her, but not wishing to publish it to all the passengers in the car he contented himself by shouting, at the top of his lungs:

"The train is stopping. I will be back in a few minutes."

Then he bolted for the door, and a few moments later the aristocratic and elegant Chester Wynn might have been seen, hatless, rushing along in the most undignified manner, the sole end and aim of his present existence the procuring of milk for a screaming infant!

He was gone so long that Madge Blanchard's face was hardening into severe disapproval, when, just as the train was pulling out, he appeared, breathless and panting, but bringing the milk.

"You see I am not entirely untrustworthy," he said, quietly, when the baby was greedily drinking the milk and quiet was restored. "You might write a three-volume novel," he added, meditatively, "and call it 'The Man Who Came Back.'"

She flashed him a glance so full of significant amusement, that he realized suddenly how completely he had told upon himself, and his face flushed guiltily.

"Oh—er—you see it was purely accidental, but I happened to see your card, and so knew you were a wielder of the pen. Here is my card," handing it to her.

"Thank you," she said, quietly.

Both were silent for an instant. Wynn was watching the pretty gloved hand that held the cup so patiently to the little mouth. A drop splashed on the dainty glove.

"Let me hold the cup; you will soil your gloves," said Wynn, with surprising good-nature.

Madge Blanchard's eyes as she raised them to his face showed something more nearly like approval than he had seen in them before; but a moment later they were gleaming with mischief.

"Thank you. I can appreciate the struggle such a proposal must have cost you; but I think baby will be better satisfied if I hold it."

"I don't blame him," answered Wynn, gallantly. "Just tell me, please, what I am expected to do with this youngster."

"What do you expect to do with it?" she asked.

"Hand it over to the chief of the police, who will advertise it," replied Wynn, promptly.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" she retorted, indignantly. "I will keep it myself first!"

"You!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "What on earth would you do with it?"

"Take care of it!" she said, shortly. "I support myself, and I can support this little outcast rather than see it given over to rough men."

"Pardon me," he returned, earnestly, "but you must be crazy to think of it. Is it not hard enough that you must work for your own living, without taking an additional burden?"

Her lip curled and her eyes blazed with sudden scorn.

"*Must* support myself!" she cried, indignantly. "Please understand that I *like* to support myself. I am young and strong, why then, pray, should anybody support me? I despise useless, aimless people, especially men, who have no higher aim in life than to be ornaments to society!"

Wynn looked disconcerted; her words stung him. Never before had his own idle life seemed so pitifully aimless and unworthy. She despised men who aspired to nothing higher than being ornaments to society! What else was he but this very sort of a man? Did she in some way know it? Impossible! He had never seen her before. Yet stay! She had his card, and did not everyone in New York know his name? He looked up suddenly, with very determined eyes.

"You said that as if you had a purpose in saying it," he said, quietly, but the flush had not all faded from his face. "I suspect you know that I am one of those very useless men you spoke of."

"Pardon me," she said, a little gravely, "you forget that

you are an entire stranger. See! we have reached N—. I stop here, and I have decided to take the baby with me."

"You are a very decided sort of young woman, are you not?" he returned, smiling, but looking a little disturbed, nevertheless. "You give me the uncomfortable feeling of having shifted my own misfortune upon you. Will you not give me your address, and allow me to call and learn the outcome of this episode?"

"I hardly think it necessary," she replied, politely, but in a manner that forbade persistence.

"But—but—I may never meet you again," said Wynn, suddenly possessed by an overpowering reluctance to let her go.

"Probably not," she answered, quietly.

"Confound it! Was there ever another such practical, imperturbable young woman?" he wondered.

"At least," he said aloud, "you must allow me to carry the youngster off the train for you."

"Yes," she said, mischievously, "you may have that pleasure."

Wynn laughed good-humoredly as he gingerly took the baby she held up to him. When she had reached the platform she held up her arms for the little one.

"Bertie darling, if you could talk you would thank the gentleman for taking such excellent care of you," she said, demurely.

"What!" exclaimed Wynn, "you know his name?"

"Certainly," she replied, coolly, "I named him myself. I thank you, sir, for your goodness to my brother's baby!" and throwing him a bright, mocking smile over her shoulder she vanished in the crowd.

Wynn remained rooted to the spot, his face a study in its blank amazement and chagrin.

"Sold!" he muttered, with a short laugh of mingled wrath and amusement; but if daring Madge Blanchard could have followed him to a seat in the "smoker," she would have seen his face convulsed with laughter. "By Jove! it was the neatest thing yet!" he exclaimed; "but if I don't get even with her my name isn't Chester Wynn. Her sister saw her on the platform and must have sent her to take the infant on home, while she stopped over, for some reason or other. But why did she play such a joke on me? Could she have known who I was from the first?" he wondered, as her words, "I despise men who aspire to nothing higher than being ornaments to society," recurred to him. "I could swear that was it," he muttered. And he was right.

Madge Blanchard had said impatiently, more than once, that Chester Wynn's name and face had met her at every turn, ever since she first came to the city. He did not know her, but she knew him well, by sight and reputation, and considered him a young man who was in sad need of a good lesson; and when she saw upon whom her impulsive sister-in-law had inflicted her baby, she had enjoyed the joke too keenly to terminate it at once.

"Hello, Wynn! how came you to be carrying that kid for Miss Blanchard? No need to ask how *she* came with it; everybody knows her independent ideas," cried a voice at his elbow.

"Hello, Gordon! and who the dickens *is* Miss Blanchard?" asked Wynn, with great interest.

"Why, upon my word! Don't you know? She's the California heiress," answered the newcomer, dropping into a seat. "Worth a cool million, and yet a newspaper woman. The absurdity of it! Actually supports herself, and endows orphans' homes and old ladies' rests with her money. Sent about a hundred broken-down sewing-women to the seaside for two months this summer. Brother lets her do what she wants to with herself and her money. Of course her profes-

sion and eccentricities in general make her impossible to our set."

"She's better off out of our set," returned Wynn, emphatically. "So is any other woman, or man, either."

"Great Scott! Have you lost your senses?"

"No," growled Wynn, "I am just finding them!" Then as the train stopped he hurried away with a curt good-by.

"Noble girl!" he muttered to himself as he walked hurriedly away, a strange softness in his eyes. Suddenly he stopped stock still and set his lips firmly together.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, decisively. "I will not rest nor leave a stone unturned until I have accomplished it!"

A few days later Madge Blanchard was much astounded, and not a little embarrassed, to meet Chester Wynn at the office of the newspaper on which she was employed; and her astonishment was not diminished when she was told that he had asked for and been given a position as reporter on the same paper. A day or two later he met her on the stairs, and barred her way.

"You see I have grown weary of being only 'an ornament to society,' and have decided to make something of my life," he said, quietly. She blushed prettily but regarded him with defiant eyes.

"It is a good resolution," she replied, calmly. He made no move to let her pass.

"Are you not a little ashamed of the shabby joke you played upon me that day?" he asked, seriously, though his eyes were laughing.

She had the grace to blush.

"It—it *was* shabby of me. I was almost sorry for it afterward,—I am quite repentant now. Will you not let it pass and forgive me?" and she held out her hand frankly.

Wynn found her softened manner and pretty, deprecating smile very enchanting. He took the daintily gloved hand with surprising readiness, and looking steadily into her eyes said, deliberately:

"I will absolve you on one condition; there is only one reparation that I will accept."

"And that?" she asked, wonderingly.

"And that," he replied, quietly, "is that you marry me."

"Sir!"

"I am in sober earnest. Listen; on that memorable day when we first met, you aroused me from the moral lethargy which has made a useless idiot of me, you showed me what an empty, useless thing my life was. I vowed then that I would make you my wife, or no other woman should ever have that place. Will you not give me permission to try and win your respect and love?"

She hesitated an instant, the color coming and going in her face.

"I could hardly prohibit your *trying*," she answered, with a faint smile.

"And I may come and see you sometimes, may I not?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, confusedly, "I hardly know why you should. There is really no excuse for it."

"Well, I might come—to see the baby!" said Wynn, gravely, but his eyes were dancing.

Madge smiled in spite of herself.

"Why, yes,—you might. I suppose, considering the unusual amount of interest you displayed in it the other day, it is natural you should feel interested in it yet."

Then they both laughed.

"Does that mean that I may come?" asked Wynn, earnestly.

She hesitated an instant, and then raised her eyes bravely to his face.

"I think it does," she answered, gently.

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

A Model Romance.



MISS CONSTANCE CLAXTON, with a far-away look in her deep eyes, sat in her boudoir buried in thought—and pillows. Theosophy, Buddhism, occultism, were light and airy subjects compared to the problem with which her whole being struggled. She was planning a design for a wedding gown!

Not that her wedding-day was settled. No. Constance was not as yet even engaged; but with unerring feminine instinct she well knew that at a moment's notice she could name her future husband, and the day. It was simply a matter of encouragement on her part.

Among her numerous unrejected suitors was a diffident, but persistent, wooer, Mr. Monroe Mooreland, an artist. Not so young as some of the other aspirants, but, perhaps, for that reason a more formidable rival; and, what was of no small importance to Constance's practical mind, he was almost

the only man on her list who had made a favorable impression on her maiden aunt, and this relative was the gilded power behind the throne.

Miss Dorothy Dummer, the aunt in question, was in the habit of leaving her native haunts in the quiet and picturesque village of Skowhegan, Maine, every winter, and spending some three months in the whirl of New York society, at the same time looking after some of the city property which she possessed. As the time for the annual visit was approaching, Constance decided to have things culminate so as to announce her engagement as soon as her aunt arrived.



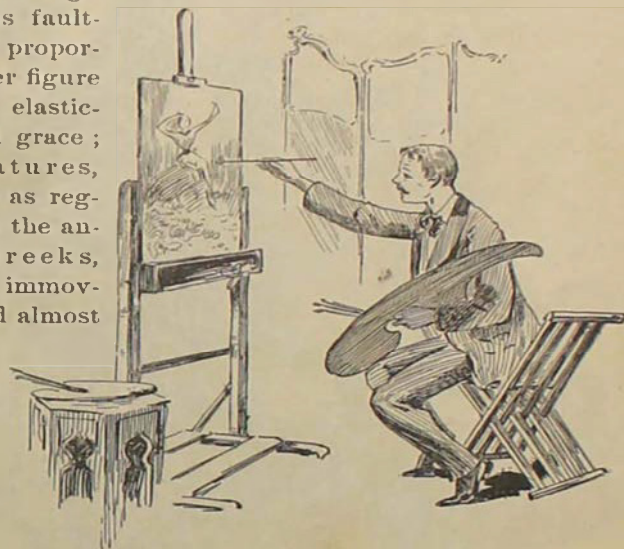
MONROE MOORELAND, with an expression of intense nervousness about his sensitive mouth, was on his knees at the feet of his model. It was two years now since they came from Paris together, and since that time they had been inseparable.

The influence of this model could be discerned in all his

work. Though she was faultless in proportion, her figure lacked elasticity and grace; her features, though as regular as the ancient Greeks, were immovable and almost



"SHE WAS PLANNING HER WEDDING-GOWN."



without expression; but her endurance in posing was inexhaustible, and her patience seemed superhuman. Hour after hour, and day after day, she could be depended upon to hold the same position without a murmur; and to an artist in this country, where reliable models are so scarce, this was no slight consideration.

At this moment her willing, but rather hard, unsympathetic hand was laid in Monroe's fervid palm. There was an awkward pause, awkward at least to Monroe, who seemed a trifle confused and embarrassed, but Sappho, the model, betrayed not the slightest discomposure. With her fan against her cold cheek she patiently waited. Finally, after several stammering attempts at an eloquent declaration of eternal love, after halting, faltering, and stuttering, he suddenly arose from his knees in disgust with him-



self, seized pen and paper, and proceeded to arrange his speech in writing.

After the customary interruptions from brush-peddlers, photograph-agents, and city-directory men, the declaration was finally composed, blue pencilled, and edited to his satisfaction; then, throwing himself with studied impulsiveness at Sappho's dainty feet, he grasped her patient palm, and placing his notes on the floor, where he could refresh his memory when necessary, he poured forth an outburst of

mass of Titian hair swept over his shoulder, and, before he could free himself, the studio door swung open.

Turning his head his eyes looked upon the amazed features of Miss Constance Claxton's wealthy aunt. For a second, which seemed like an hour, there was a dead silence, during which he felt as if the lay figure clutched him like a nightmare; a thrill of life seemed to have touched the wooden form, her warm breath seemed to fan his embarrassed cheek.

With an exclamation of horror Miss Dummer backed out of the door.

"The infamous wretch! This is no place for us!" he heard her say; and among the remarks which followed he recognized Constance's voice, in a tone of remonstrance.

With a mighty effort he hurled the figure from him and rushed wildly into the corridor. He was too late. His visitors had disappeared.



"AT SAPPHO'S DAINTY FEET."

eloquence expressive of undying love, and pressing Sappho's hand to his lips, pulled a sparkling ring from his pocket and forced it on her taper finger, at the same time throwing his right arm around her symmetrical waist and raising himself to press a fervid kiss, when—

Rap-tap-tap! sounded on the brass knocker.

In his excitement he never knew how it all happened; but Sappho seemed to fall upon him, one of her ingeniously jointed arms twined itself around his neck, while her rich



CHAPTER III

BEFORE Mooreland could decide what course to pursue, other callers came; but as soon as an opportunity occurred he began letter after letter to Constance. Each one was torn up, however, and he impatiently waited till evening. Then he hurried to her home; but his ring was answered by a stony stare from the usually urbane butler, who in-

formed him that Miss Claxton and Miss Dummer were "not at home." Unluckily, during the moment the doors were open, he saw that the drawing-rooms were brilliantly lighted, and Constance was seated at the piano.

For an hour he wandered aimlessly up the avenue; then rushing into a messenger office he wrote the facts, though the explanation looked so ludicrous when put in black and white that it almost made

him smile. In his nervousness he misdirected the envelope; unaware of this error, he hurried to his studio to wait for an answer.

The darkness of his studio was lessened by a ray of light from the opposite building, which struck a glittering object in a corner of the room. Before turning on the gas his curiosity led him to investigate the cause of the brilliant gleam, and with a shudder he discovered it was the diamond engagement-ring still on the wooden finger of the lay figure. His first impulse was to wrest it off; but his efforts were vain. He then turned on the light and worked long and patiently; but the ring could not be made to move.

A horrible feeling came over him that the finger of the model grew warm and soft in his grasp; he even imagined he felt the jointed fingers press his own fevered palm. Realizing that

greater effort would break the delicate gold band, he threw himself, wearied and nervous, on the couch, and dropped into a restless slumber, starting at every sound, with the vague idea that a messenger-boy had brought an answer from Miss Constance. But, alas! it never came.

the baron was constantly in their company. In Paris, his knowledge of the city made him invaluable; and his attention to the two ladies became very marked.

Though Miss Dummer had, in the course of her well-preserved years, received many chances to "worse" her condition, she had never before met a man with the baron's charm of manner and numerous attractive traits. It was wonderful how her stern New England features relaxed and softened under a Paris bonnet; and she herself was astonished at her own reflection in the mirror when arrayed in a Worth costume. We all develop under approval and admiration; and the baron surrounded her with a dense atmosphere of both.

But Miss Constance was not neglected; and it required great penetration to decide to which the baron was the more



Two weeks after the episode in the studio Miss Dorothy Dummer and her niece were in Paris. The aunt, who never did anything by halves, had determined to take Constance entirely away from the polluted atmosphere of Mr. Mooreland; and having plenty of money and good health, notwithstanding an unmentionable number of years of New England life and pie, Miss Dummer thought this was a favorable occasion to see something of the world over the water.

On the steamer, among the few acquaintances they made, was a no longer young, but very pleasing, German baron. In order to distract Constance and take her mind as much as possible from her late "affair," Miss Dummer gave a warm welcome to this charming traveling-companion, and

attentive. To give the baron full credit, he had not, as yet, received an answer to his anxious inquiries at Bradstreet's regarding the property of the two ladies.

Suddenly, business complications made it necessary for Miss Dummer to return to New York. Expecting to be away but a short time, she left her niece with friends in Paris.



ONE morning, as Mr. Mooreland was passing down Broadway, he found himself face to face with Miss Constance



Claxton's aunt. Yes; notwithstanding the charming bonnet and the stunning Worth costume, she was still recognizable.

Perhaps her sojourn in Paris had made her more liberal in her ideas; anyway, she accorded the artist a pleasant recognition, and he seized this, his first opportunity, and gave the inside history of the studio episode. They even went to the studio together, and Sappho and Mooreland repeated the situation which had caused all the trouble.

Miss Dummer's remorse at her mistake was unbounded, and her apologies profuse. Before leaving the studio

she began a long letter explaining everything to her niece; but so many plans were proposed and discussed that the letter was never finished. At one moment Mooreland proposed to return with Miss Dummer to Paris and give Constance a surprise; and again, the aunt thought of cabling for her niece.

Mooreland found Miss Dummer's sympathy most pleasant, and in order to enjoy more of her company he persuaded her to pose for one of his paintings; so she arrayed herself in one of her new Parisian gowns, and its big, black, bulging sleeves, and long, simple, silken train met the approval of the painter.

Her foreign trip had mellowed her New England ideas and rendered her more capable of enjoying an artistic *atelier* and its surrounding atmosphere, and she found it very restful, after tiresome talks with her lawyer, to sink into a big chair in the calm and quiet of Mr. Mooreland's studio.

At first, naturally, the conversation was all of Constance, excepting when Miss Dummer gave dissertations on the attractive and charming characteristics of the baron. Of course, she missed the baron's light and airy compliments about her peachy cheek and liquid orbs; but it was Mr. Mooreland who first made her realize that her honest New England hand was as beautiful as a Grecian statue's.

Thus time flew by on painted wings.

Finally, realizing that business would require her presence in New York for some time, she decided to write for Constance to return. The letter was written in the studio during her "rests."

"There!" she exclaimed, as she waved the pages of wet ink in the air,—having learned better than to look for a blotter in a studio. "There! We will have Constance with us in a week."

A crash followed her remark. Sappho had fallen full length upon the hardwood floor.

As Mooreland and Miss Dummer assisted her to a chair again, the obstinate engagement-ring, which no effort had been able to remove from the wooden finger, suddenly slipped into Miss Dummer's hand; but at this moment a messenger, who had entered during the excitement, presented a cablegram for Miss Dummer. It read:

"DEAR AUNT:

"The baron and I were married this morning. Letter by mail.

"CONSTANCE."

A profound silence filled the studio.

It was Mooreland's voice that broke the stillness.



"MISS DUMMER—DOROTHY—WON'T YOU SEE IF THAT RING FITS YOUR FINGER?"

"Miss Dummer,—Dorothy,—" he faltered, "won't you see if that ring fits your finger?"

It fitted.

The next letter to Constance from her aunt simply contained cards, on one of which was printed:

Married,
Miss Dorothy Dummer
to
Mr. Monroe Mooreland.
New York, December 6th, 1893.

WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.

"You Sha'n't Have It!"

(See Water-Color.)



OUR full-page water-color given in this number will appeal especially to all lovers of the cunning little tricks of the wee ones. From the expression on the faces it is an open question which will get to enjoy the coveted bowl of bread and milk,—the baby or the pug. Baby at least has the advantage of possession. Aside from the subject, the delicate coloring in the picture is most skillfully arranged, and the whole picture is decidedly decorative in effect. The artist has succeeded in giving a most natural position to the defiant little one determined to protect her luncheon even from her best friend, whose look of surprise at the unexpected fit of selfishness is almost human, and yet such as we often see in these intelligent pets. On another page in this number the picture is shown as it will look, save as to color, when placed in one of our tasteful frames.

Pap's Wife.



HAT in the name of all that is weird and mysterious is that?"

Night had closed in dark and cold. The wind came whistling and sighing over the mountains and through the pines in a way that, to one experienced, indicated a storm. John Maynard, in his light buggy, on a lonely valley road in North Carolina, hungry, tired, and with a weary horse, had concluded not to attempt to drive on to Shelbyville until morning; and, under the supposition that he would find a dwelling of some kind, had turned his horse up a steep, stony, narrow lane, on either side of which lay a low snake-fence. Having reached the first "rising," the horse paused of his own accord for a breathing-spell, and John, peering about him into the darkness in a vain effort to discover some signs of a habitation, became aware of a small light in a patch of woods on his left. It was not the light from a window of a house, for it was small, and moved along slowly in a dancing, uncertain way for a short distance, then remained stationary.

"A will-o'-the-wisp in the dismal swamp, perhaps," John muttered. "Anyway, I intend to find out;" and he got out of the buggy, jumped over the fence, and made his way as rapidly as possible in the direction of that curious spot of flame.

He felt, as he stumbled along in the darkness, that he was doing a foolish thing in thus gratifying his curiosity, and he was conscious of a slight shock when, at last, he reached the light; for it came from a small lantern which stood at the head of a solitary grave enclosed by a low picket-fence of rough stakes. It was marked by a plain slab of wood, on which was painted, in big, black, crooked letters,

"SARAH,
AGE, 68."

John Maynard stood looking at it a few moments, wondering by whom the lantern had been put there, and for what reason. As he turned away he saw a small box at the foot of the grave. He picked it up and pulled off the slide-cover, disclosing to his view a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, and a ball of gray yarn with four rusty steel knitting-needles thrust through it.

"Well! This certainly beats anything I ever saw before!" ejaculated John as he put the box down again and walked back to his horse and buggy in the lane.

He drove on for about half a mile, and was beginning to wonder if he would be obliged to spend the night in the woods, when the barking of a dog told him that he must be near a dwelling of some sort; and a few minutes later he perceived a two-room cabin standing in the middle of a small clearing. Before it burned a small fire of pine brush; and as he stopped his horse at the bars which did duty for a gate, a lank, yellow-and-black hound came bounding down from the cabin, barking loudly.

"Halloa!" shouted John, at the top of his voice; and "Halloa, yerse'f," responded a thin, sallow woman in a coarse homespun dress, as she appeared at the door of the cabin, a short-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth.

"My good lady, I'm looking for a place to stay overnight. Can you accommodate me?" asked John, in his most ingratiating tone of voice. "I can't very well sleep out in the woods, you know."

"W-all, neow, stranger," responded the woman, in a drawling voice and without removing the pipe from her mouth, "the ole man en the gals hev gone up in the head of the cove ter singin', en they jist hain't anyone hyah but me; but if ye'll 'light, I'll do the best I kin fer ye. Ye'll

latter look atter ye own stock. Jist ye tek him down ter the barn, en ye'll find plenty o' roughness en some nubbins o' corn; en when ye git through jis' come in the big house hyah, en I'll go outen the little house en cook ye some supper."

"Have you got a lantern?" asked John.

"No, I hain't. Pap he's got one, but he don't let nobody lay a finger on it. I'll put a light outen the fence, though, en ye kin see by hit, I reckon."

Reaching up to a little shelf near the door she took down a knife and a piece of fat pork, from which she cut a generous slice. Laying it in a tin plate she carried it out to the fence and set it on a post. Then, taking a half-burned stick from the fire in the yard, she lit the pork, and left it to burn smokily in the wind. By this light John took his way to the barn, found the "roughness" and corn, and made his wearied horse comfortable for the night.

Returning to the house, he sat down on a splint-bottomed chair just within the doorway, until his hostess came to the door of the little shanty in the rear to summon him to supper.

"Neow, come aout en git a bite," she said.

He followed her into the "little house," which was used solely as kitchen and dining-room, the cooking being done at an open hearth, before which was a frying-pan, an old iron tea-kettle, and two brown stone crocks. In the middle of the room was a pine table, its appointments being of the commonest and cheapest description. The crockery was thick and heavy, and badly chipped; the knives had crooked bone handles, the forks were two-tined, and a tin tomato-can served as a coffee-pot.

"Neow jist go over in the corner thar en rake Tige off'n that stool," said the woman, referring to a large yellow dog sitting on a puncheon stool in a corner of the room, "en draw up. On this side ye'll find pickles, en on t'other, ingurns. Jes' cut butter en make a beginnin'. We're mighty people ter live at home, hyah. Won't ye hev some o' these greens on yer plate? They're powerful well short-ened. Will ye hev short sweet'nen' or long sweet'nen' in ye coffee? Some likes it one way, en some ernothe'."

John, who had a decided "sweet tooth," said he preferred "long sweetening," thinking to secure an extra allowance of sugar; and was rather dismayed when the old woman took up a small iron spoon and put into his cup two spoonfuls of sorghum. But he said nothing in protest, fearing to offend.

"Neow, jist reach en take; ye're sittin' handy," said his hostess.

John was so hungry that he was able to make a hearty meal upon the coarse fare provided for him, and, having declared himself highly pleased with everything, was told to go into the "big house" again while the old woman washed the dishes and "breshed about a bit."

As he crossed the narrow space between the two houses, an old man with long white hair came slowly across the yard from the smouldering fire, and, entering before him, took a seat by the hearth.

"Thar's another cheer over thar by the bed, stranger," he said, nodding to John.

He was a sorry-looking old man in his patched, faded, homemade clothes, and with his wrinkled, sallow face, faded blue eyes, and long white hair; and he was evidently not given to loquacity, for after his remark about the chair he kept silent, staring into the fire in a dreamy way, his withered hands clasped tight together.

The woman—who could not have been over fifty years of age, though she looked much older—came in presently and sat down in a stiff wooden chair on the opposite side of the hearth from John.

"Why don't you take the rocker?" John asked, glancing

toward a big rocking-chair with a soiled patchwork cushion, which stood near the one window.

"She can't," spoke up the old man, quickly, a sudden flash in his faded eyes. "That's Mam's."

John looked inquiringly at his hostess.

"Ye mustn't pay no heed ter him; he ain't jist right in his mind," she said, frankly. "Mam, she died hyah a spell back,—goin' on four months, I reckon; en Pap, he ain't ben jist right since. He tuk on fearful when she was laid out. He couldn't 'pear ter sense it that she wouldn't come back no more. He's mighty tryin' sometimes. He won't let nobody set in that thar cheer, en he goes reg'lar every night ter set a light on Mam's grave. Mam she was a gret hand ter have a light soon's it war dark, en Pap he ain't forgot it."

John nodded.

"I saw the light there," he said. "I wondered what it meant."

"There cayn't nobody git him outen them notions," went on the woman. "So we uns jist let him be. It don't hurt nobody."

"Yes, it's better to let him have his own way," John said.

Soon after this the small household retired, John being told to go "up ladder," where he'd find a shakedown which he would have to share with Pap.

Having become accustomed to strange bed-fellows during the year he had been traveling in the interests of a tobacco house, John took this information philosophically, and was soon in the loft, under him a big feather-bed, and over him a thick patchwork quilt of the log-cabin variety. The wind whistled through the chinks in the roof, and "Pap" was extremely restless, tossing and turning, and muttering to himself in a way which would have driven John wild had he not been so desperately sleepy. But as it was, he was soon in the land of dreams.

Was it a dream, that some time during the night he heard the rain dashing against the roof, and someone moving about the loft? Did he dream that he heard a thin, weak voice say:

"I'm a hurryin'; don't ye be skeered, Mam. Pap'll be thar. Pap ain't goin' ter let nothin' tech ye"?

He knew the next morning, when he awoke at daylight and discovered that his bed-fellow was not beside him, that it couldn't have been a dream; and as soon as possible he made his way down the ladder to find out if Pap were below.

The woman was hanging the kettle over the fire she had just built, but Pap was not to be seen.

"Sakes alive! Ye don't mean ter say Pap went out in the night!" she cried, when she heard John's story. "Ef that don't beat all! He's gone down ter Mam's grave, I reckon. Mam she was that skeered of a storm, she was like ter go crazy."

"We'd better go after him, I think, and the sooner the better," said John.

"I reckon we had. Pap's mighty tryin'. He ought not ter do me this way."

Beside the lonely grave in the wood they found him, holding over it a battered, dilapidated umbrella, drenched to the skin, and muttering words of comfort and protection to the ears of the dead wife who he could not realize was deaf, forevermore, to his weak, quavering old voice.

They had some difficulty in inducing him to return home.

"Mam'll be skeered of the storm," he said, over and over. It was his only argument.

But they got him home at last, and his daughter put him to bed, with a bottle of hot water at his feet, and half a dozen quilts over him.

"I reckon he's in for a spell of sickness," she said to

John when she went out to let down the bars for him as he was about to drive away. "I reckon when my old man en the gals gits back I'll send for one o' them town doctors. This hyar doctor in the mounting is mighty good on neuralgy and toothache, but I reckon he wouldn't know jist how ter tackle Pap."

But even the "town doctor's" efforts proved unavailing. Two weeks later, when John stopped at Shelbyville on his return trip, he made a point of finding the medical man who had been called to attend poor old Pap, and learned that the old man had died after an illness of only four days, and that his grave had been made beside that of the wife he had loved with such pathetic fidelity.

FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

What is Theosophy?

THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA AND REINCARNATION.

IN dealing with theosophy, the uninitiated must be content with that portion of its exposition which is purely exoteric, or open to the public; only vague hints of the esoteric, or hidden, knowledge, which is claimed to be in the possession of the higher theosophic cult, may be gathered from the published works, or from the oral teachings, of the authorities on the subject.

So far as may be known, the doctrine of Karma, if not the central tenet of theosophy, is, at least, one of its most vital articles of faith. Karma has been variously defined as retribution, punishment, or reward, a settlement of accounts in the world to come, and divine vengeance. In fact it is neither of these, while partaking of all. It may be called the immutable balance of things; or, yet more accurately, cause and effect. Sin, being an infraction of certain laws of universal existence, brings about, of itself, the results of all broken laws. Right living, being in accordance with the law, is followed by the results of all law abiding, *i. e.*, peace, contentment, comfort, and self-satisfaction. Mere negative obedience, however, to certain moral rules would not constitute Karma.

Fully understood, the laws of existence lie upon a very high plane. To do good to others, to unselfishly sacrifice one's own interests to the welfare of our neighbor, to forgive injuries, to practice moral rectitude, to be pure in act and thought, to elevate and ennoble one's ideas, to love mankind, as well as all living things, to avoid injuring even the lowest of human beings or the most loathsome of animals, to strive constantly and earnestly toward that higher life, whose yearnings, however faint and suppressed, we all, even the worst of us, feel in our souls,—these create good Karma. Whereas the opposites, selfishness, immorality, cruelty, vengefulness, meanness, and a yielding to the downward or degrading tendency, which exists side by side with the aspiring tendency in humanity, would generate bad Karma.

But Karma neither begins with this world nor ends with the one to come. It has always been, and always will be, for any individual. Within certain limits, our thoughts and deeds here are the children of an infinite line of ancestry. These are modified by that degree of free will which is permitted to the soul, aside from the conditions of its previous existence. Hence, ultimately, no matter how heavily the sins of a past life may weigh upon us, it is possible for us to make good Karma, and thus advance along the upward path. Humanly speaking,—for the cycles of being, as included in the theosophic cosmos, comprehend ages that

stun the intellect,—we do advance; though ultimately, and after a period that is almost eternity, we come around though the circle and chain of circles again and yet again. In actual fact, an uninitiated inquirer cannot grasp this truth,—we are of course quoting the theosophic authorities,—but must be led up to it by degrees.

It will be apparent, then, that with the doctrine of Karma is linked that of reincarnation. Theosophic reincarnation, however, is a very different thing from the popular conception. Man, according to theosophy, is a very complicated structure, being made up of seven elements or principles to which, for the sake of a fixed nomenclature, Sanscrit terms have been assigned: 1, the body, or Rupa; 2, vitality, or Prana; 3, astral body, or Linga Sharira; 4, animal soul, or Kama Rupa; 5, human soul, or Manas; 6, spiritual soul, or Buddhi; 7, spirit, or Atma.

We shall not endeavor to understand the finer distinctions and relations between these various elements, which the initiated student may discern, but take them, so to say, in the rough. The body, a mere combination of flesh, bone, and blood, speedily separates into its component chemical parts after the change called death. The vitality, or Prana, exists as simple force,—the power, for instance, which a contracted muscle has to strike a blow,—the capability, by motion, to reveal the presence of some kind of life or energy. This force, says the theosophist, is in its way indestructible; since if you bury the body plants will grow from it, or if you burn it, power may be developed from the gases of combustion. The astral body, or Linga Sharira, is an ethereal duplicate of the physical body. At death it is set free from the physical body, and under some special condition—we are always repeating the statements of the theosophical authorities, it must be understood—it may even be temporarily visible to the external sight of living persons, when, of course, it is taken for the ghost of the departed individual. Such an apparition, however, has no life or consciousness, and is merely a picture, without substance.

These three lower principles are altogether of the earth; but the fourth, the animal soul, or Kama Rupa, belongs to man's higher nature. It is the will which guides the lower principles, while it also influences the fifth, or next higher, principle, the human soul, or Manas. This last is the seat of reason and memory. The sixth principle, the spiritual soul, or Buddhi, yet imperfect in our present state of development, we can only know by glimpses in those very highest aspirations toward the highest and noblest things which we sometimes feel in mere hints and unformed yearnings. The seventh principle, spirit, or Atma, that which is a part of the perfect and divine, is yet more imperfect in us, though we are rising toward it in our progress through the cycles of reincarnation and spiritual growth. This principle, lying semi-dormant, or rather, perhaps, embryonic in man at this stage, is his share of the Godlike, that which, in its ultimate perfection, as he mounts from one plane to another, will blend him with the absolute divine from which he started, and to which, after cycles of change and development, he will return. If the reader finds any difficulty in comprehending this system, we may say that the theosophist will tell him that so grand and complicated a scheme cannot be understood at a glance, but "requires earnest and arduous study, which is rewarded with a perception of a wonderful truth."

Madame Helene Blavatsky—a remarkable woman, certainly, whether we accept the opinion of the disciples of theosophy, or that of her opponents—is regarded, and justly, as the great apostle of the theosophical movement in Europe and America. Her character was strong, coarse, irregular, and magnetic, almost beyond precedent, not only among women, but among human kind. Her books are monuments of

patient research,—that much must be admitted. Her footnotes and references prove a most wonderfully exhaustive delving into the byways of literature. Her assertions are bold, her arguments acute. This, too, must be granted. Beyond that her work is largely a debatable land where controversy may do battle, with more or less bitterness, according to the temper of the adversaries. No common, petty charlatan could have produced such works as "Isis Unveiled," or "The Secret Doctrine." If a *conscious* fraud, she was certainly the most singular product of an inquiring and doubting age. While admitting this much, let us not disguise the fact that her claims so far exceed the limits of the probable that the broadest liberality must lean toward the side of question.

For example,—we cite merely a few of the most salient points,—she asserted that she had become the pupil of a strange and well-nigh marvelous brotherhood dwelling among the secret fastnesses of the Thibetan mountains, Mahatmas, or Arhats, who, by exceptional purity of life, concentration of thought, and perhaps special privilege of birthright, are possessed of knowledge beside which the extremes of our Western science are the merest infant primers. From these beings—for are they not more than men?—she obtained the exposition of the doctrine which is now called theosophy, though, as is truly observed, many of its tenets were known before, and chiefly as curious and unprofitable speculation. She had remarkable occult powers. She held communication with the Mahatmas at great distances. A chime of bells called to her out of the air when such communications were desired. She could dematerialize solid substances, and materialize them again in remote places. She could send and receive messages by a mysterious astral telegraph. Statements like these were, and are still, made by reputable persons who resided in the same house with her. But whatever her status may be, as charlatan or apostle, no reference to modern theosophy would be complete without some reference to her. It is Madame Blavatsky's exposition of which we are here endeavoring to give some brief sketch, though it is essentially the same with that of Sinnet and other authorities.

Space allows us only a mere glance at some of the tenets of the creed. At death the human entity separates; the three lower principles are abandoned by that which is really man himself. "The body, the physical vitality, and its astral counterpart" lose their connection with the four higher elements, which pass into the world just above our own. This world, while *above*, is really not different in *place* from the earth plane. "To spiritual things, positive situation is not important. States of being have no relation to physical states."

The spiritual part of man then passes into a condition called Kama Loca, a sort of dream state, where still another change takes place, "the lower remnant floating off," and being lost, while the higher, the real sentient, thinking Ego, passes into a state of felicity,—Devachan. In this state "all the superior phases, even of sensuous emotion, find their appropriate development." We find and love those whom we have loved. If we have been poets, musicians, or artists, we continue such in higher planes. Gross and evil things are not present in Devachan, because we take with us into that state only the better portions of our complex identity. "To suggest a whole range of ideas by means of one or two illustrations: the soul in Devachan of a man who was passionately devoted to music would be continuously enraptured by music; the person whose happiness of the higher sort has been wholly centered in the affections will miss none of those loved in Devachan." It is also admitted that there are entities so gross and vile as not to be admitted into Devachan at all. Such entities, after a period in Kama Loca,

are reincarnated at once, without any Devachanic rest or happiness, and allowed an opportunity of development. A few, and but very few, entities are so utterly worthless as not even to be reincarnated again. Having not the smallest portion of the higher principles, at death they are practically dissipated.

After the period of Devachanic repose, said to last from ten to fifteen centuries, the entity becomes reincarnated, in whatever station the Karma of its previous existence will allow. After a series of such reincarnations, the individual,

with the race to which it belongs, rises to another and higher cycle, and thence, after almost incalculable ages, through cycle after cycle, to the condition of pure spirit, Nirvana, the highest. Out of this, after æons and eternities, the wave of life, begins over again at the lowest round, and again mounts up to the perfect, the unconditioned. Thus all existence is progress around a mighty circle, to a point of rest, and onward again forever. Such is a rough outline of theosophy; and even if only a dream, the scheme is not wanting in grandeur.

GEORGE EVANDUS.

Our Girls.

Honor.

HONOR BRIGHT signed her name at the end of a school report which she had just finished, and then, heaving a little sigh, remarked to a companion who sat at the desk near and was engaged in a similar occupation, "I almost regret sometimes that my parents did not give me a different name."

"Why?" was asked in surprise.

"Because the one they gave me brought with it such a weight of responsibility. I feel that I must be Honor Bright in nature as well as in name."

"Then I suppose I ought to have a sticky, tobaccory nature," the friend rejoined.

Honor laughed merrily. "What can you mean, Virgie?" she inquired, looking at her companion with eyes from which the seriousness had all departed.

But the face that was turned toward her was still as grave as before. The fact was, this demure maiden who sat beside Honor Bright seldom laughed herself. She had a way of making the drollest, most unexpected remarks, and could bring smiles to the longest of faces, but she would remain as calm and sober as a dignified judge.

"Why, don't you see?" she returned, as she signed her name to the report, "Virginia Spaulding Merrick. Virginia savors of tobacco. I have seen it hundreds of times on the papers of tobacco that my father's workmen have around them. And then of course you have always heard of Spaulding's glue. Isn't that name sticky and tobaccory enough to disgust anybody? I'd leave out the middle one—it's of no use—only Mr. Harding insists on having it signed that way."

They were not fully fledged teachers, these two young girls, but were merely undergoing a six months' probation at the training-school. The rules there were very strict, and they were anxious to comply with every one; for they knew that their prospect of getting a position depended to a great extent on the principal's recommendation. At the end of the six months there would be a vacancy in one of the nearest schools, and that was to be filled by the graduate having the best record in the training department. Honor was exceedingly anxious for the position. Her mother had made many sacrifices to keep her at school, and she wanted to relieve her of expense as soon as possible.

"Why should you worry about living up to your name?" Virgie went on. "After all, there is very little honor in the world, and those who are loosest in regard to this matter get along best, I think."

Both were very serious now.

"Then you do not believe that 'Honesty is the best policy'?" Honor asked, anxiously. She was beginning to love this bright companion, although she had known her only a few weeks, and she was shocked to hear her express such an opinion. She had been taught to have the very strictest regard for truth, and it pained her to find it lacking in others. Besides, Virgie was such excellent company that she had a decided influence over her friends, and Honor feared what that influence might be if the girl really felt the sentiment that she expressed.

"Not a bit of it. Do you?" Virgie inquired.

"Yes, I believe I do," Honor returned. "It seems to me that although dishonesty may triumph for a while, like murder, it will out in the end."

"I'm not so sure about that. Now, for instance, we are supposed to be in our classrooms at eight-fifty, and we are expected to keep a true account of the time that we enter. Yet I know that many of the training-school girls always put down eight-fifty whether they are in their rooms at that time or not. Isn't it policy for them to do it? Who will be any the wiser? If they were counted late it would go against their record."

"I would rather be counted late than dishonest," Honor answered, emphatically. "If no one else knew it I should know it myself, and I prefer to have a clear conscience. And then I think we can avoid either disgrace by making an effort to be always early."

"But if you *had* to be late some morning, what then?"

"I hope I should be honorable enough to mark it so, even though I suffered in consequence. You would too, wouldn't you, Virgie?"

"I don't know. The temptation is so strong. But if you really feel this way, why need you worry about being like your name? You won't disgrace that, with your principles."

"Because it seems to me that sometimes it is so difficult to be strictly true. Do you never, when off your guard, find yourself saying something that isn't exactly so, or exaggerating a little, even without meaning to do it?"

"Well, now that you speak of it, I remember that I have done so; but I hardly think I should stop to worry about it. Come, let us go; it is four o'clock, and time we were at home instead of in these halls of learning. Know you not at this hour the dignified mice do congregate and discuss the mighty question of scattered crumbs?" and Virgie Merrick sailed out of the room with an air that completely upset Honor's gravity.

As the weeks passed and the girls became better acquainted, Honor discovered that her new friend had a greater regard for truth than would appear by her remarks. Once

when Virgie expressed a sentiment similar to the one mentioned in the beginning of this story, Honor remonstrated :

"You give people an idea that you are not truthful," she said, "and you are as much so as anybody I know."

"Yes, I have been taught to be," Virgie responded, lightly ; "but, mind you, I can't admit yet that it is the best policy, and if I were severely tempted I don't know what would be the consequence."

The end of the term had arrived. Honor was starting out from home for her last day at the training-school. By the door she met her eight-year-old brother.

"See, sister," he said, pointing to a much-worn shoe, "my toe is well enough to be out now."

"Never mind," she answered, laughingly, as she bent to give him a good-by kiss, "they'll be sick enough to be in if I get that position."

"And will you get me shoes like Ned Harper's, sister?"

"Of course, if you like that kind best."

"And mamma a new dress? You said so, you know, and I never told that secret to anybody."

"Yes, mamma a new dress, if—but there comes my car, pet, and I must catch that, or be late;" and in a few moments Honor was seated by Virgie in the car that had taken them for the past six months to the door of the training-school.

"For the last time," they said gravely to each other ; but their faces brightened with the thought that their record had been perfect.

"The position is yours, without a doubt," Virgie remarked, gaily.

"Why so? There may have been others, and, besides, you stand the same chance that I do."

"All the others have been either late or absent, some both, I heard Mr. Harding remark to the commissioner ; and he also said that you were the best teacher in the training-school. My ! what has happened? I thought I was in the middle of next week."

The exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the car, which made nearly all of the standing passengers lose their equilibrium. Then there was another which gave everybody a hard shake, and the car stood still with one end considerably higher than the other.

"We're off the track, and no mistake," remarked Honor. "I hope we are not kept late ; that would be a catastrophe. How the car is packed this morning. Are any of the other girls here? Yes, there is Annie Hunter."

"If it weren't so far we might get out and walk," said Virgie.

"That would hardly do any good, for the car would overtake us. See, the men are getting out to help, and it will soon be on the track now."

But it was an ugly hole that the wheel had gone into, and it required much tugging, pulling, lifting, and shoving, to get it in place again. The girls waited anxiously, and every minute seemed an hour.

"Do you think we would be excused if we were late?" asked Honor. "This isn't our fault."

"I don't know. Once when Mary Ridley was late and she blamed the car for it, Mr. Harding said she ought to have taken an earlier one and made allowance for delays."

But finally the car was in place and was rushing along as if trying to make up for lost time. It reached the school just as the nine o'clock bell stopped ringing, and by the time the girls reached the principal's room, where the record book was kept, it was five minutes past nine by the clock.

"Mr. Harding isn't here," said Virgie, hurriedly, and in a low tone. "Don't spoil your record, Honor. Think how much depends on it. Put down eight-fifty. I'm going to

He'll never know, and we can hurry to our rooms before he gets upstairs. We couldn't help the delay of the cars."

Honor went up to the principal's desk followed by her friend. She opened the time-book, picked up a pen, and then hesitated. As Virgie had said, so much depended on this record. The girl thought she had never been so sorely tempted. Would it be very wrong to yield just once? She had counted so much on getting the position. For little Ned's sake, for her mother's sake,—and yet it was that mother who had taught her to love the truth.

"I can't do it, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "it must go against me," and she wrote down "9:05."

Then Virgie took the pen. She meant to save her own record, anyhow. She had started from the house at the usual time, and would have been in school early but for the car. She dipped her pen in the ink, and then her real sense of right and her friend's influence won the victory, and she, too, wrote down, "9:05."

Honor gave a sigh of relief.

"After all, more depends on our being true," she said, with a sweet smile, and they slipped away to their rooms.

At ten-thirty, the time of the morning recess, Mr. Harding called a meeting of the teachers.

"Young ladies," he said, "I have been looking over the records this morning, and I find that two of you have been perfect with the exception of today's time. That lateness will be excused. It was caused by the car getting off the track, and it was off long enough to make the excuse a legitimate one. I know, for I was on the back platform of that car and had to help lift it on the track. In cases where a little delay has been said to cause lateness, and I have inquired into the matter, I have discovered that the tardy teacher had taken a late car, and I could not excuse her. Miss Merrick, Miss Bright, Miss Hunter——"

He stopped a moment here and examined the record more closely. "Miss Hunter, I thought you were on that car?" he continued, in an inquiring tone.

"I—I—was," she stammered.

"Then will you please explain how it is that your time is marked eight-fifty?"

The girl addressed looked embarrassed and said nothing.

"You are all excused with the exception of Miss Hunter," Mr. Harding added, gravely ; and as the other girls turned away, Virgie took Honor's hand and whispered :

"You darling girl! see what you have saved me. I can thank you best, I suppose, by admitting that 'Honesty is the best policy ;' but I know you would be honest always, simply because it is right to be, and without stopping to consider the 'policy' of it."

"But tell me, Virgie, didn't you feel a satisfaction in having done right, even before Mr. Harding told us this? I did."

"Well, I think—yes, I *know* I did," was the earnest reply.

S. JENNIE SMITH.

After Harvest.

THE harvest now is over, and the sheaves
Lie dusky-bounden on the granary floor.
Across the breezy meadow-lands no more
The gleaners wander out on golden eves
To gather fallen ears ; but forest leaves
Are fiery crimson that were green before,
And squirrels gather in their winter store
Where here and there a breath of autumn grieves.
Thus as I wander o'er the lonely scene,
And stop to listen for hushed melodies,—
Only the fitful wailing of the breeze
Where birds have carolled 'mid their cloisters green,—
I ask the meadow-lands and forest trees
If they are sad at thought of what has been.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Work for October Evenings.

AS the days begin to shorten and the evenings grow longer, we naturally look about for something that is useful to do and yet pretty and attractive to have about as we draw around the lighted lamps and the cozy fire which give such brightness to the otherwise somber time of year. There is no surer way of making it a dreary season than to continue the idleness of the warm summer nights when we no longer feel the enervation which they beget. So we close the blinds, draw near the family table, and while one reads aloud, the deft fingers of others fly swiftly and prettily back and forth, weaving decorative articles of various kinds to brighten the house and please the fancy during the months that we are shut indoors.

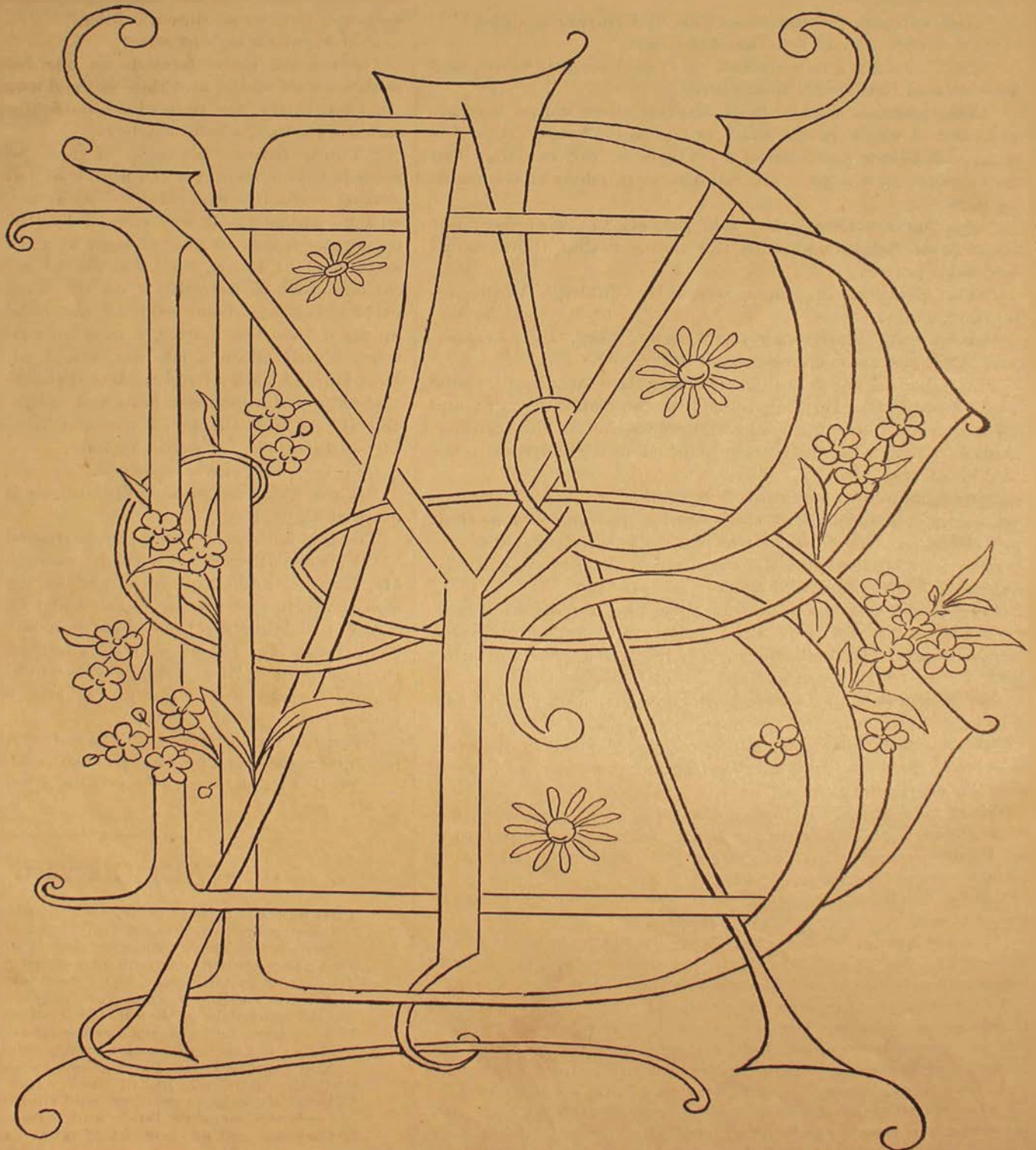
In much of such work the delicate and tasteful design here given cannot fail to be useful, since it is suitable, with proper modifications, for such a host of desirable things, not only for household decoration, but for personal use of the family, from baby to grandma.

The monogram, which we give in working size, is especially appropriate for use upon things in which baby has an interest. Its dainty blanket, to use either for the carriage or cradle, can have no prettier decoration than the graceful letters intertwined with the tiny blue forget-me-nots. These blankets are made of almost any

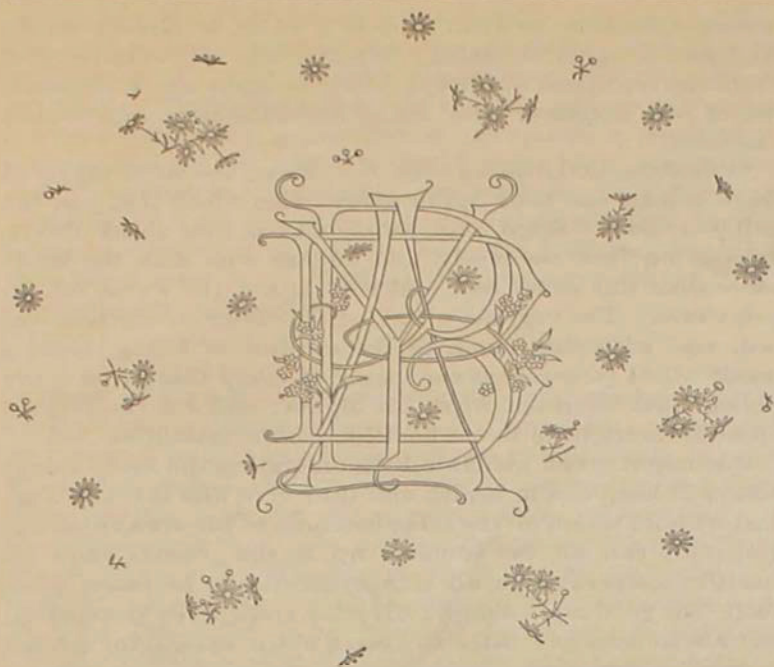
material that one may choose, provided it is soft and delicate and suitable to come into contact with the tender skin it is intended to protect. For light use, simply to throw over baby in a warm room, *crépon* or soft silk may be used; or, if something warmer be needed, merino or a fine quality of flannel will answer the purpose.

When woolen material is used it is pretty to line it with silk; and the silk blankets are often lined with wool, though it is perfectly appropriate in either case to have both sides of the blanket of the same material, or to have it unlined. The edge of the blanket is usually finished with lace; but it is very dainty to have a loose button-hole stitch of the colored silk around the edge, or to bind it with narrow ribbon.

The daisies are intended to be scattered about over the blanket and around the monogram, as shown in the miniature illustration; but if a less personal or a less solid decoration



MONOGRAM FOR BABY BLANKET. WORKING SIZE.



EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR BABY BLANKET. VERY MUCH REDUCED.

than the monogram be preferred, the daisies are quite sufficient in themselves, and may be as thickly scattered about as the taste dictates, though it is rather the fashion now to have only a few delicate sprays.

We give one bunch of the daisies in working size, showing the flower from almost every point of view; and using this as a model, various combinations may be made from the other designs given, so that every cluster of the pretty flowers may be different, or they may lie about singly, which is the manner of arrangement followed in the Dresden work, that still retains its popularity, and ought certainly to remain in favor since it is so dainty, and is artistic aside from any passing fashion.

The designs should be worked in wash silk, or, if on flannel, and heavy work is wanted, it may be done in fine wool. The silk will, however, always be more effective. The

petals of the daisies should be white, and the center yellow; or the petals may be yellow and the center brown. The leaves are green, the buds green with white tips, and the stems a darker, slightly brownish green. The forget-me-nots have blue petals with a tiny dash of yellow for the center.

The leaves, buds, branches, and petals may be worked with whatever embroidery stitch one chooses, the kind being determined by the material used and by the heaviness desired in the work. The center of the daisy is effective done in the round seed-stitch; but any other rather full stitch will answer.

The baby blanket is only one of the many places on which these floral sprays are suitable for use. They are charming on decorative linen articles of nearly all sorts. On dressing-case covers they are pretty in colored wash silks or in linen, the cover itself being made of either coarse or fine linen, according to taste. On carving cloths and doilies, which should be made of fine linen, the finer the prettier, it is better to use white silk. Color is sometimes used, but white is now considered slightly more elegant for table use.

For hemstitched linen covers for the small tea-tables, or small tables in bed-chambers, the colors are prettier; though white silk or linen may also be used there. Pin-cushion covers in silk with a spray of forget-me-nots across



SPRAY OF DAISIES. WORKING SIZE.

the center are very effective; while on linen the daisies show with better effect. The designs may also be used on sofa pillows when made of plain material, and on the perfumed pads now so much used to line the drawers of dressing-cases or the baby's basket. These pads are quite as often made of cheese-cloth as of silk or other expensive materials.

M. J. M.

Sanitarian.

Comfortable Living.

WHEN we say that one has a comfortable living we are usually understood to mean that one has money enough to live upon, if he lives moderately, without an absolute necessity for daily work. But as a matter of fact one can be so equipped with money, may, indeed, have enough to live luxuriously rather than moderately, and yet have anything but a comfortable living. While a good supply of the necessary medium of trade may add greatly to our comfort, it can only do so by lessening our care and thus relieving us of one very powerful cause of mental and physical ill-health; and no matter how much money one has he cannot live in comfort unless he has, at least, a fair degree of health of both mind and body.

This is all so generally recognized that one wonders every one does not seek every means in his power to keep himself in perfect health, instead of bending all his energies towards filling his purse; that he does not keep his mind alert for every new idea concerning the cultivation and

maintenance of health, instead of destroying that most valuable possession in his race after dollars.

And the wonder does not cease when we consider that, aside from accidents, it is easier to preserve health than to make money; that health brings its own reward, while money has to be traded off for something that we think will give us health and comfort before it can be enjoyed; that it is quite possible to earn enough money for all needs except those of vanity, and still maintain good health; and that the ordinary rule of life among energetic people is to sacrifice, or, at least, run every risk of sacrificing, health, and consequently comfort, in a wild scramble for what we fondly think we can purchase comfort with. We are so fond of getting everything through the middle-men that we will not even take the comfort that is furnished us by nature, but throw it away as something hampering us in our efforts to make money to buy it.

The same error is made by those of us who are not actual money-makers. We sacrifice the greatest comfort of all in our mistaken endeavors to live well, to dress well, to

have what we call a comfortable home. Indeed, women, almost more than any other class, suffer from nervous prostration with its attendant evils, due entirely and directly, not to work which maintains health, but to worry which they permit themselves to have in the struggle to live a comfortable life.

And how shall this comfortable life be lived? It does not mean a life of laziness, for there is nothing more conducive to ill-health and discomfort than idleness. A moderate amount of work is the best exercise one can take; so it is not necessary to neglect either the money-making or the housework, but simply to carry them on with the slightest possible trouble and injury to one's health. In short, comfortable living means, simply, moderation in all things.

Above all things don't fret over the inevitable; nothing so undermines the health and unfits one for comfortable living, and not only is harm done, but no good comes from it. A lack of composure means a lack of strength; and the best way to meet the annoying things of life is with composure, which will permit all our energy to be directed towards righting the wrong. An immense amount of physical strength is wasted in fretting; whereas it does not take any great strength of will to overcome the habit, and when it is overcome we have gone a long way towards assuring ourselves of a comfortable living.

Avoid all excesses in regard to sleep: that is, one should see that he has sufficient sleep to thoroughly recuperate from the work of the day, but not so much as to weaken and enervate the body. Much has been said of the value of sleep, and one certainly cannot hope to live a comfortable, healthy life who deprives himself of the necessary amount of it, and gives out more of his vitality by day than he gets back at night; but much may also be said on the other side. Too much sleep makes all the functions of the body sluggish; and while it may not work evil so rapidly as too little, yet it will result, finally, in a torpid liver, imperfect circulation, and a dull brain.

The quantity of sleep must be determined by the temperament and the occupation of the individual. A nervous person needs all he can get, but usually cannot take more than seven hours; a lymphatic person can often sleep as much as ten hours, but should restrict himself to eight, unless there appears some special reason for his having more. Other things equal, a man who works hard physically requires more sleep than one whose habits are sedentary. Experiment will show one how much he needs; and when he has learned that let him heed the information if he wants to accumulate the necessities for comfortable living.

Regularity of habit is another requirement of the comfortable life. Not that one should live like clockwork, which is impossible for anyone with a lively imagination and any originality. Regularity is sufficiently followed if one takes his meals at nearly the same hour every day, sleeps nearly the same number of hours each night, and works nearly as hard one day as another. But enough irregularity to give variety is conducive, rather than destructive, to health. Don't be immoderate in the desire for regularity, don't worry when you are temporarily thrown out of the usual routine; but remember, always, that your comfort is just as much disturbed by irregularities of temper as of any other sort.

One thing that, if not a necessity, is at least conducive to comfortable living, is hardly appreciated even by those who most need it. This is the need of having some time each day entirely alone. It is impossible to live comfortably without composure of mind, and there is no way of securing it so surely as to spend a short time each day (and a long time is even better) in silence, and free from interruptions. It is soothing to tired nerves, and strengthening to a tired mind. The person who does not like to be alone, who does not even

strongly desire to be alone once in a while, is already on the highroad towards ill-health. It is the only way to have relief from the confusion of always being in some one's presence, which will, sooner or later, either affect the nerves or weaken the mind.

Wherever, or however, you live, then, see to it that you have at least one hour out of every twenty-four that you can call your own. Some busy people may at first think this is impossible; but we rarely find anyone who does not waste more than this every day, and who is not the worse off for the waste. The very act of taking this hour strengthens the will and adds that much to the comfort of living, since a weak-willed person is at the mercy of every thing and every person that encroach upon his rights; and not the least of these is the right to live a healthy, comfortable life.

One might go on indefinitely enumerating the many things that will keep one in health and thus give him the one comfort without which all the other comforts of life are as nothing. But they can all be summed up in the general rules for health: temperance in all things, asceticism in none; plain food, but good and enough; exercise enough to strengthen, but not to weaken; baths to keep a clean, open skin, but not to tax one's strength; and composure of mind and body.

The means for comfortable living are not to be found in money alone. Its value is only in somewhat increasing our facilities for acquiring and keeping the comforts of life. If we would spend it in purchasing conveniences which would lessen the cares of life instead of adding to them, we could more appropriately say that one has a comfortable living when he has plenty of money; but we should always bear in mind that the only possessions which really give us a comfortable living are a healthy body and a sound and contented mind.

MARTHA J. EVANS.

Society Fads.



LITTLE terrier, with an abnormally large head and a mere *nuance* of a tail, and coarse, iron-gray hair standing in sort of scant half-curles all over his long, low body, is the very most recent and precious acquisition of the society girl. She tells you she had him especially imported for her delectation from Scotland, and that she gladly paid five pound, ten, for his homely little dogship; all because, you know, small, wire-haired canines are, in milliners' language, the *mode* this season. Of course no one knows the reason; and some finikin persons dislike to touch the shaggy Scotch terriers, because, in spite of many washings, they rarely look clean. But if a pretty girl can cosset a pug, there is no good reason why she shouldn't pet the distressingly plain little terriers she buys at so high a price. So strong is the demand for wire-haired dogs that the great, gawky, ferocious Russian wolf-hounds are being bred for rich purchasers. They are muscular and intelligent, as are all these queer-coated dogs, and are able watch dogs; yet, for all their virtues, they are kept on the lawn for picturesque effect, while Master Scotchman finds a cosy nook in the corner of a soft, lace-clad arm. Next in order of favor among dog-loving women is the wire-haired fox-terrier; and all these animals wear collars of gray or dark red leather, bearing four separate silver plates. On one is engraved his name and the name of his mistress' country-house; on the second, the date of his birth; on the third, appears his mistress' coat of arms; and on the fourth, his mistress' own name.

MORE than ever does the American girl affect dogs. She often owns six or eight, and teaches them all to gather about

and follow her directly she steps outside her door. They trot at her heels, whether walking or riding; and next in importance to the dogs, when she takes an airing on foot, is her stick. She never walks without one; and usually it is a yellow bamboo rod, not very large, but flexible, tapering to a point, and topped with a polished silver knob bearing her engraved initials. Ostensibly the stick is for support in walking, to keep the dogs in order, and, perhaps, for defense; in reality it is a great deal of a nuisance, but it's a fad, lately over from England, and earnestly cherished by the seriously fashionable.

HERE is a good old custom that this summer has enjoyed revival among young women of the smart set. Not a girl this season went away for a sojourn at seaside, in Europe, or the mountains, who did not carry an embroidery-bag filled with the materials for dainty needlework. Every idle moment was made profitable by an added rosebud laid in faultless stitches in a charming tea-cloth, or an elaborate and difficult monogram worked beautifully in richest pillow-case linen or table napery. By the time for homeward flight not a girl but will carry in her trunk what the most fastidious housekeeper would reckon as a valuable and luxurious addition to her linen-press.

"What's it all for?" you ask. "For her mother, a friend, to sell at a charity fair?" Not in the least. It is all for herself, for her future housekeeping, for the great day when she gives her heart and hand into another's keeping. Like her great-grandmother of busy fingers and thrifty head, she is laying up beautiful treasures for the blissful future state. Some of these girls are engaged and are working like beavers to have done what they call "a honey-moon set." That is, complete sets of house-linen to use the first month. This includes pairs of everything, and squares, centers, doilies, and cosies, lavishly and exquisitely decorated in true-lover knots, forget-me nots, and such suitable emblems. Girls who are not engaged, and see no very immediate prospect of becoming so, are among the most industrious, doing even their tablecloths already. It's a revival of the old German custom, if I mistake not; and working away at her embroidery, even the spinster of uncertain age finds a new meaning in her needle and a sentimental impetus to her pretty labors.

"DECIDEDLY smart! and an emphatic improvement!" is the verdict of the women over the new summer costume that their brothers and sweethearts have adopted from their English cousins. This includes the knickerbockers of ample proportions, the ribbed Scotch stockings, and short, loose coat, in which, for lo! these many years, the doughty Britisher has been tramping Scotch moors, fishing in Norway's streams, and generally disporting himself. Only this year, however, has the American lent himself to these togs in which the women pronounce him a great improvement on his old self. Now, once having tried the foreign dress, the American feels quite unable to lay it aside; and in the most formal country-houses, where parties of ultra-fashionable guests come and go, the men wear their knee-trousers for all occasions. In the morning they appear for breakfast in gray homespun knickerbockers, heavy gray wool stockings, knitted, perhaps, in a gay design of blue or scarlet points, pigskin high-laced shoes, a sack coat and waistcoat of homespun, a pink or blue cotton shirt, white silk tie, and no jewelry save a watch and heavy silver link cuff-buttons. This he is privileged to wear till the time arrives for dinner-toilet, which must consist of black trousers and stockings, black patent-leather Oxford ties, white shirt, and an evening waistcoat with

round-tailed evening-coat. So attired he is welcome at dinner, for dancing, or whatever frivolities the evening may bring forth; and not a woman but agrees he is a far more graceful and picturesque object than ever he seemed in the commonplace evening-dress of the city.

SOMETHING new in the way of an open-air evening entertainment has turned up of late, and in the mountains, where good maple sugar, frequent moonlight nights, and a goodly number of young people can be found in combination, "maple cream" parties are, to put it mildly, quite rampant. The receipt for such a delectable entertainment demands the three ingredients above named; add to them a summer country-house with wide verandas, in front of which, on three poles, a porcelain-lined preserving-kettle is swung over a blazing fire. A number of chairs are placed on the lawn, and at half-past eight guests are expected in flannels, knickerbockers, and simplest gowns. Everyone wears a paper cook's cap and apron, carries a long, wooden spoon, and assists about the pot as skill or inclination may dictate. The pot contains maple sugar melted and boiled with a good deal of butter, and when this is properly cooked, every guest is expected to throw in a contribution of nuts of some or any sort, one handful picked out of the shells. With a long spoon the chief cooks, usually the chaperons, stir the delicious mixture preparatory to pouring it off into shallow wooden platters, while the young people dance about the pot, singing rhymes, popular, nonsensical, or witty, and directly the rich sugary confection has cooled fall upon it with hearty appetites. Then on the lawn all manner of old-fashioned games, as "feather," "prisoner's base," "hunt the slipper," "frog in the middle," and "Chickamee, chickamee, crany crow!" are in order, by fire and moonlight on the grass, until there is a little stately dancing in the drawing-room, and the maple cream party is over. The virtue of it is that everyone is quite sure of having a good time without formality; and between the young men and women, spoons, carved with their names, are exchanged as souvenirs. The result is very amusing for young people who desert New York's great functions and Bar Harbor's stately recreations, along with silk frocks and jewels, for a bit of wholesome fun before returning to the restraints of winter in town.

MADAME LA MODE.

In Our Daily Path.

SAY not, "Were I that man, or this,
I would create a world of bliss
For someone. I would upward lift
The saddest heart, and bring a gift
And lay it down at weary feet.
Oh, I would live to make life sweet
To such as in their sharp distress
Have said, 'Life is all bitterness.'"

Whate'er we are, whate'er our place,
God's gifts to us—his gifts of grace—
We may with all the suffering share,
Till faces smile with answered prayer.
Our very presence virtue hath
For those who daily cross our path.
If eyes are kind and hearts are true,
We can all blessed, good things do.
We need not reach out hands afar,
But drop our blessings where we are.

S. W. P.

Puzzles.

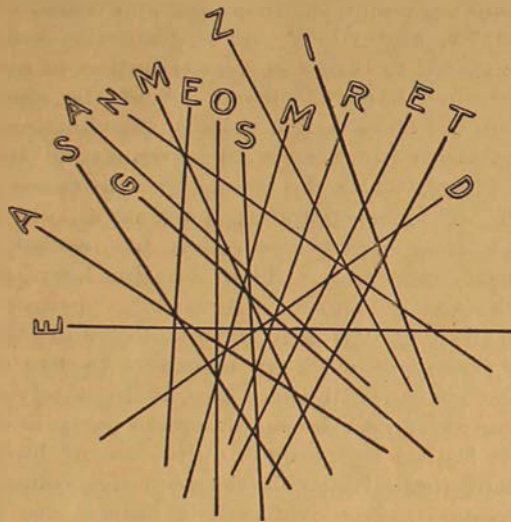
ENIGMA.

A word occurring more than one hundred times in the Bible :

'Tis very odd if used entire,
 Beheading makes it even.
 Curtail that and it will aspire
 To dwell in fairest Eden.

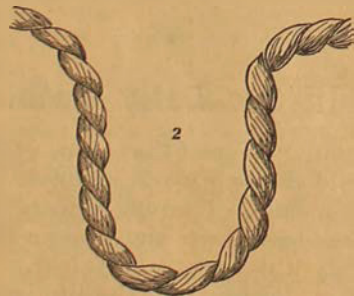
MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

0	0	0	Arrange twenty-four beans as in the illustration; observe that all four sides count nine. Add four more beans, without making extra piles, and still make the sides count the same.
0 0	0 0	0 0	
0 0		0 0	
0 0		0 0	
0	0	0	
0 0	0 0	0 0	



JACK-STRAW PUZZLE.

By proceeding in regular rotation from the point of one straw to another, find the name of something all find interesting.

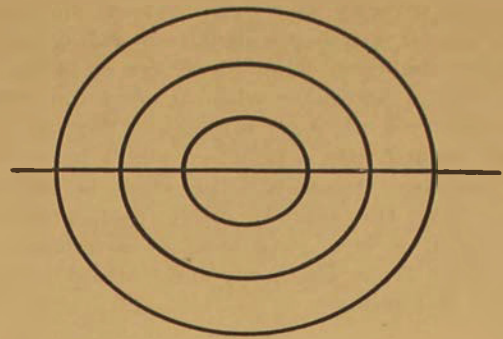


PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Describe the above illustration in a sentence of four words.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In rain, not in mist ;
 In shoulder, not in fist ;
 In thumb, not in arm ;
 In hurt, not in harm ;
 In storm, not in cloud ;
 In coffin, not in shroud.
 My whole, a town in New York will name,
 If you are so clever as to guess the same.



RING AND BAR PUZZLE.

This figure is to be drawn without lifting the pencil from the paper till completed, and without crossing or retracing a single line.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

I. Take C from cat and you have a t [80].

II. A YOUNG LADY'S WARDROBE AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

One day my little brother ran out in the yard, shutting the door with a noise that sounded like firing off rockets, and soon after I saw him *shooing* the chickens by turning the *hose* on them. They ran in all directions looking much *ruffled*. I *placed* myself at the window, *rapping* softly until I caught his attention. Then *addressing* him, I said it seemed a great *waste* of water, and asked if it did any good.

"Why, of *course* it does! Just look!"

But in turning, he sent the water in the kitchen window, whereupon out ran the cook making a great fuss. She was not looking *lovely* at all, for she had a *choleric* temper, and it took *but an instant* to give the small boy a *cuff* on his ear, saying, "I wish I could fasten you up with a *chain* and *padlock*! it would serve you right, you little scamp!" She shook him roughly and with a final *embrace*, let him go.

Hearing the noise, the coachman came out of the barn where he was trying to *repair a solid* steel hammer. When he learned what the trouble was he turned back, only saying, "Oh, *pshaw*! let him alone!"

Charlie ran off as soon as he was *free*, *fervently* determined to "get even."

He soon came back *bringing* a *bowl* of *powdered* soap, which he scattered on the wet walk, hoping to make the cook *slip*, *perhaps*, when she came out again. "There," said he, "I guess *that* will make her *spin*." But the cook had *watched* him through the window and now came out. She had in one *hand* *kerchiefs* which she was doing up for grandma, and a small *switch* in the other. She tried hard to catch him, but she was large and clumsy, and he was too quick for her and easily *escaped* without even a *scar* for her pains. He next went to the barn, where he found a *sack* of corn and amused himself building a *crib* on the floor with the cobs. He soon tired of that, and spying a can of paint on a high shelf, he reached it by climbing on a broken *chair*, *pinching* his finger as he did it. He next proceeded to put a *coat* of paint on the wall. The watchman tried to *prevail* on him to stop, but Charlie only *pursed* up his mouth, made a *fantastic* picture of the coachman, and soon took *his leave*.

The kitchen door was still locked, so he raised the window-*sash*, broke the fly *net*, and went to his room, where I found him later eating a *bon-bon* it was his luck to find.

III. One word.

IV. "Hear the tolling of the bells!

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought

Their monody compels."

The World's Progress.

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

The Abolition of the Senate.

Several times, of late, informal suggestions have been made, not only in the press, but in that legislative body itself, looking to the abolition of the Senate. Those who have offered such suggestions appear to have forgotten that there is nothing in our Constitution which would even allow the subject to be approached in any legal way. The Senate cannot be abolished, even with its own consent; neither can it be made the subject of a constitutional amendment. The Senate is a fixture, and was so intended to be by the fathers of the country, who wisely provided for its existence as a check upon the more popular body, and as one of the vital members of our legislative system. Would-be tinkers of our Governmental fabric should first inquire what scope is allowed them before heating their soldering irons, wasting mental charcoal, and expending vocal gas in expositions of ignorance of the first principles of Constitutional law.

The Defeat of Woman Suffrage.

The recent set-back to woman suffrage in New York, though a serious matter, is not necessarily fatal; but for the present it is final in the Empire State. "It would lower woman physically, mentally, and morally, to practice the franchise," asserted one objector. "And what of men?" interposed a supporter of the movement. "Men are injured by the liberty of free suffrage," was the reply. "In other words, then, free franchise is degrading and hurtful to the citizens of a republic? Will you kindly suggest the remedy? You may take your choice,—the popular vote, or a tyranny? And if men may indulge in it, why not women? If neither, then our century of history is no more than the record of a gigantic failure." Every advance in civilization has been like the march of the Spartans to battle, through a fog, and in doubt, liable to surprise, defeat, and even destruction. But as Pausanias won, so will every movement with right behind it win ultimately. Therefore the advocates of woman suffrage may rest quietly upon their oars, well assured that the Ship of State will not pass them, but that "time and the hour" will justify them.

Women in Corea.

If we are to credit what we are told of the status of women in Corea, we are confronted by one of the weirdest anomalies in the history of the human race. We are told that the woman has no name after she is married, but is spoken of as the daughter of her father, or the mother of her eldest son. She is lower than the veriest scullion-slave in a Turkish harem. She has no redress for any wrong in law; her father, brother, or husband being her judge or executioner upon the smallest opposition to his sovereign will. On the other hand, it is asserted that women in Corea are treated with a respect which utterly beggars the exaggerated reverence of the knights and troubadours of the twelfth century. No man, no matter what his rank may be, must touch her garment, or look a Corean woman in the face without bowing. The porters in the cities of Corea are all women, strong as Hercules, and enduring as Samson. If a noble of the highest rank meets a porter-woman in the street trudging under her load, he stands aside and lifts his hat reverently. If a common man were to meet a lady in the street and not bend his body, he would risk mutilation. If a man call upon a friend, he makes sure that the doors of the woman's quarters are shut before he enters. If a huckster stops at a dwelling to sell his wares, he gives notice so that the woman's apartment may be closed. It seems to us that the two sections of the story do not dovetail. If women in Corea are so revered, how is it that they are at the same time so despised? We believe that when we come to know more of the "Land of the Morning Calm," we shall find that women in that country occupy a position worthy of them, and that the stories of their anomalous subserviency will turn out to be exaggerated, at least. It is a mean country indeed, and one worthy of instant extinction, where the mother and wife are not honestly revered and respected.

The Dynamite Gun.

A gun capable of throwing from one quarter to one half a ton of dynamite from two to six miles is a terrible engine of warfare. Such guns this government is now placing at the entrances of our various harbors. Experiments have shown that a moderate-sized schooner can be hit at three miles' distance, and literally blown out of existence; so thoroughly, indeed, that all that was found of the schooner used as a mark was a portion of one mast, greatly

splintered, while the surface of the water for rods around was covered with small fragments and floating wreck, none of which was more than eighteen inches or two feet long. Even these fragments were torn into splinters and shreds. The whole craft had been blown into scraps scarcely larger than lead-pencils. Such a shell, pitched upon the deck of an invading iron-armored vessel, would wreck it and cause it to sink in from five to ten minutes.

Sky Scrapers.

The lofty buildings now in existence in our cities are as infants to grown men, as compared with the edifices in contemplation. Among other massive fabrics, a New York newspaper company has begun the erection of an office building, which is to contain forty stories, and is to rise to the height of four hundred feet. Swift and powerful pneumatic elevators are to furnish access to the many floors. Each elevator is supposed from its construction to be absolutely safe; its fall, were such an event possible, being rendered harmless by air cushions at the bottom. A building of such a height manifestly could not rest upon regularly constructed walls of masonry. Therefore the architects have devised a system of interbolting of the interior fabric so that the whole framework is entirely independent of the outer walls, the mass of the floors and supporting columns resting upon deep sunk bases in the cellar. Thus the outer walls bear only their own weight, and even in case of fire, could fire attack so impregnable a mass of steel and iron, the outer skin would in no way suffer should the inner portions of the edifice be entirely destroyed. On the other hand, should the walls fall, the interior—the organic portion of the fabric—would still remain intact, excepting such portions as might have been attached to the outer walls. We scarcely consider what forty floors mean. We have heard of the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, and the top of the pyramid of Cheops; but we have always looked upon such points of altitude as something just within the limit of fable. Now that we are to have actual buildings to whose fortieth floor we are to be borne by an elevator, we can only pity the Arab guide who "dashes down Crephrenes and up Cheops, for a single plaster."

The Value of a Life.

The anomaly in the law relating to railway accidents is about to be done away with in removing the limit upon the amount of damages granted for loss of life. Any sum may be awarded for a broken leg or a severed finger, but no more than five thousand dollars can be granted a penniless widow for the killing of her husband through the grossest carelessness on the part of a railway company. Quite recently the absurdity of the present law was exemplified in the award of twenty thousand dollars for a foot, while the highest limit of five thousand dollars was given for the life of a man who died horribly mangled after protracted suffering. The change of the law in New York State will unquestionably cause similar changes in other States where the like absurdity exists.

A New Trolley-Wheel Substitute.

The frequent slipping of the trolley-wheel from the electric conducting wire has been obviated by a contrivance just introduced on a German road. The wheel has been entirely abandoned, and in its place an oblong frame of wire has been substituted. The frame is supported by a double pole which gives ample lateral movement, and allows the frame to slip easily along the wire in any direction so that the frame is always in contact with the conductor. From its shape the frame can never slip off the wire, and the current is thus never broken, as is the case with the wheel system.

An Aluminium Violin.

It is characteristic of humanity that it should hope too much and despond too much. At one time, within the last decade, aluminium was to take the place of nearly every other metal used in the arts and trades. It was to supersede iron in strength and lightness, steel in endurance, gold, in watch casing, silver, in table ware, wood, in lightness, crockery, in non-corrosiveness under acid. It was, in fact, to be a sort of solid, metallic, universal alkahest, if the simile be allowable. That it has failed in some particulars, and that it has not fulfilled dreams as wild as they were gorgeous, seems to be the excuse for a violent and senseless condemnation of the metal in every aspect. The truth is, the isolation of metallic aluminium is one of the most valuable and wonderful processes of practical chemistry of the century. As an example of one of its uses, an aluminium violin was recently exhibited. Authorities on such subjects declare that its tone was pure, sweet, resonant, and noble. A performance was given upon an aluminium violin before an audience of *virtuosi*, and the general verdict was that aluminium will most certainly supersede wood in the construction of the instrument, and very possibly result in a remodelling of the orchestra.

No American Support for Anarchy.

A notorious English anarchist visiting this country for the purpose of forming anti-law leagues, declares, sorrowfully, that America is not ripe for the great work of returning to social and moral chaos. He was deeply hurt to find himself ignored by the working-people, and, as it would appear, warned off by a class too respectable to become organized law-breakers, and too sensible to spend their money to support vaporing humbugs in idleness. Let others of his class take the lesson to heart.

A New Peacemaker.

Half a century ago a great wrought-iron gun, devised by Lieut. Stockton, casting a shot twelve inches in diameter, exploded on board the U. S. Warship Princeton, killing Secretary of State Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, and several other important personages. This "giant," as it was called, performed the then unparalleled feat of piercing four inches of soft iron. It had been named the Peacemaker; the supposition being that its enormous projectile, weighing two hundred pounds, would overawe nations disposed to war with us. Its explosion, however, retarded the progress of gunnery; so much so, indeed, that even when the Monitor went to her famous duel with the Merrimac, during the Civil War, she was limited to fifteen pounds of powder to the charge. The new Peacemaker, which is now being successfully experimented with, fires only a thirteen-inch shot; but the shot weighs one thousand one hundred pounds, and pierces a mass of nickel steel armor seventeen inches thick. Whether we can justly call killing implements aids to progress, or not, is a question for casuists to settle; but the improvement in guns and gunnery has more than kept pace with the rapid advance in other departments of mechanics, during the past generation.

Arctic Exploration.

The search for the unknown has a fascination for humanity which can hardly be explained on general principles. Confessedly, nothing is to be gained by the searchers themselves, be the ultimate results what they may; yet at least three expeditions are now tempting the terrors of the Arctic seas. The Peary party has been devoting itself chiefly to exploration and observation along the route, without reference to reaching the North Pole. The Jackson expedition, on the other hand, is pushing direct for the extreme North, making all else subsidiary to the one supreme effort to reach the Pole, which is the most difficult and least promising line of Arctic exploration work. At last reports the Wellman expedition was making excellent progress. Nearly three centuries ago Barentz discovered Spitzbergen, which is further north, geographically, than the fields of most modern operations. In 1882 Lockwood reached 83° 24', the highest point yet attained, leaving an interval of nearly seven degrees, or almost five hundred miles, to the Polar center, yet to be passed. Yet when it is remembered that since Parry's attainment of 82° 45', in 1827, during fifty-five years of steam and electricity we have only made about forty miles northward, the outlook of Polar progress is rather disheartening. At the same rate it would require some six centuries more to reach the much-desired point.

Our New Cruiser.

The Minneapolis, having been exhaustively tested, proves herself to be the most perfect war-engine of her class. On her trial trip she made a long run at an average of 23.05 knots an hour, and 25.20 knots for a shorter run. The Columbia, her sister ship, made very nearly as good time; though through several improvements, notably in coal-carrying capacity, and in coal consumption, the Minneapolis has proved herself the fastest and most serviceable cruiser afloat. Her indicated horse-power is 21,000, which she fully developed. According to the new naval regulation, the builders, Cramp and Sons, will receive \$402,500 as premium for having exceeded the conditions of their contract. Taken as a whole, the Minneapolis is the finest cruiser afloat, England's crack ships notwithstanding.

Inoculation for Snake Bite.

It is certainly a remarkable circumstance that, simultaneously with the growth of a strong feeling, in the medical profession, against vaccination for small-pox, inoculation for certain diseases and accidents should have become a recognized element of treatment. To say nothing of Pasteur and his hydrophobic theories, we have inoculation for tetanus, for cholera, for consumption, and now, finally, for snake-bites. It is difficult for a layman to understand why, if the use of vaccination is attended with so many dangers, the practice of inoculation for cholera, consumption, lockjaw, and the rest, should be so beneficial. The investigation of snake poison reveals a curious fact, particularly as regards the cobra, that most deadly of serpents; namely, that the venom of the snake is so nearly like the white of an egg that it requires a very close quantitative analysis to detect the difference. A small portion of colorless fluid that is not affected by heat or cold, which yields little evidence of its deadly character, seems to be the death-dealing principle. Experiments in inoculation of the rabbit and dog have proven absolutely successful. The discoverer is now waiting for an opportunity to prove his discovery upon a sufficient number of human beings to establish it as a recognized therapeutic agent. The discoverer has a high position as an analytical chemist, from his discovery of the nitrate of cobalt antidote to prussic acid.

A Telescopic Water-Bed.

Astronomers have had great, and nearly insurmountable, difficulties, heretofore, in the planting of their telescopes upon immovable foundations. In some cases, the pier destined to support the tube has been built from a point twenty, and even thirty, feet below the surface, yet it has been found to quiver and shake so that for scientific purposes, the telescope was regarded as practically useless. The most recent suggestion for the overcoming of this serious difficulty is the supporting of the whole great mechanism of the telescope upon the surface of a tank of water, by means of a sufficient float. Experiments

tried with several smaller-sized instruments prove that the jar and quiver, hitherto so annoying, are by this method totally eliminated, the water acting as a sort of seismic spring. It remains, however, to be seen if the great four-foot refractor, now being constructed, can be mounted in the same fashion.

Contagion from Laundries.

Investigation of the causes of contagion points to the fact that laundries are a source of the conveyance of certain diseases. Several cases of small-pox have been traced directly to a public laundry where the linen of a patient had been taken for washing. Such carelessness is criminal and is deserving of punishment. The movement now on foot for the sanitary inspection of laundries, under the law, is a commendable one, and it is remarkable that such inspection should not have been instituted before. Ordinary lavatory processes are not destructive of disease germs; and during a visitation of any of the microbial plagues, the dissemination of infection from such centers would be nearly incalculable in its evil results. Doubtless the mysterious spread of cholera, two years ago, in Hamburg, Germany, which seemed to defy every sanitary defense, could have been shown to have been due to laundries. Stringent laws regulating the laundries in our cities, cannot be too speedily enacted.

The Cutting of the California Redwoods.

The destruction of the most magnificent trees in the world, the California redwoods, continues with unabated vigor. Companies have been established for the cutting of these Titans by steam-machinery, and it may be predicted with mathematical certainty that not a single one of these magnificent examples of vegetable life will be left in existence in a very few years. Logs fifty to sixty feet in circumference are common, and a single tree will cut more timber than an acre of dwarf Eastern spruce or cedar. The boards and planks sawn from one of these monster trunks are peculiarly sound, straight-grained, and free from knots and flaws. Steam logging in the redwood forests is wonderfully profitable, hence the extinction of the species, covering but a limited area originally, is a question of a very short time.

Girl Missionaries in China.

One of the most satisfactory reports from foreign missions received in a considerable time is that detailing the success of the girl and women missionaries in China. Their work has borne richer fruit, considering their number and opportunities, than that of the men in their older establishments and wider fields. They have labored indefatigably and boldly, yet with such tact and prudence as to have won the respect of the people and the protection of the local authorities. Letters received from them put a curious complexion upon the reports of outrages and sufferings undergone by missionaries which so constantly appear in the press. The writers of these letters state that the complaints formulated against the Chinese are always exaggerated, and frequently without foundation in fact. They add that thus far they have been treated with uniform kindness, that in no instance have they been annoyed by the populace, but that, on the contrary, they have been aided in many ways, even by those who refuse to give ear to their teachings, or to permit their wives and children to be instructed.

Mars Again!

Will they never have done with our unhappy celestial neighbor? Now, it is older than the earth, and therefore most probably has a civilization nearly angelic in its development. Again, it is cut up into innumerable double canals and seas, and therefore its population is most likely amphibious, or, at least, aquatic. Again, it is subject to such changes of temperature, by reason of its orbital eccentricity, that its people must be provided with epidermis like felt, three inches thick, to withstand the climatic variations. Now, finally, we are informed, by an American astronomer, that Mars has no atmosphere, and therefore no life, as we understand the term; while almost simultaneously comes the report from a European observatory of the discovery of a very dense and very deep atmosphere. What are we poor lay folk to believe?

Cure of Lockjaw.

The cure of lockjaw by the injection of serum from animals previously treated and rendered immune appears to be meeting with wonderful success. Professors Giusti and Bonaiuti report what seem absolute and infallible cures. According to the statements of these two celebrated surgeons, lockjaw is now and hereafter rendered harmless. The most remarkable feature of the cases was the complete and rapid success of the treatment, even in patients whose sufferings had not been even alleviated by the ordinary measures.

Timber-Cutting by Electricity.

One of the most recent adaptations of that ubiquitous agent, electricity, is the felling of forest trees. The process proves, after ample testing, to be not only well-nigh perfect, mechanically speaking, but cheaper, by far, than the old method of sawing. A slender platinum wire is passed about the trunk of the tree to be felled, and a current of electricity is sent through it, turning the wire to a dazzling white heat. The enormous heat, combined with the slight pressure necessary, causes the wire to pass through the wood almost as easily as a knife does through cheese.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji is a member of a prominent law firm in Bombay, India.

The Names of one hundred women appear on a Louisiana list of persons producing sugar and receiving bounty thereon.

Two Young Women at Mount Vernon, N. Y., drive delivery wagons, and attend to their business with diligence and despatch.

Signora Teresina Labriola, a daughter of Professor Homonyme, of Rome, has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Rome.

Dr. Jessie M. Weston, who was recently graduated from the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, has been elected to the medical staff of the Connecticut State Hospital for the Insane.

Lady Somerset is as indefatigable a worker as Miss Willard. During the last year she held 115 meetings, 27 conferences, travelled over 8,000 miles, and spoke in twenty counties to about 200,000 people.

Miss Alice Moore, of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the few women who have made a "century" record on the bicycle. A "century" run means to ride a hundred miles in a day.

Miss Anna L. Hawkins, who was graduated from the Maryland Institute recently, is the first woman to receive a diploma in the architectural division, and will make a profession of architecture, for which she has shown decided talent.

Miss Cora Dow, of Cincinnati, is the owner of three drug-stores in successful operation in that city. She is a graduate of the Pharmaceutical Department of the Cincinnati University. She employs six registered pharmacists and four assistants, visits each store every day, and supervises every detail.

The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry is churchwarden of the Anglican Church of Machynlleth, in North Wales. Two other peeresses hold similar offices in England, namely, the Dowager Lady Heathcote, for North Ealing, in Hampshire, and the Dowager Lady Hindlip, for a church in Worcestershire.

Miss Emma Farnsworth, of Albany, N. Y., has been awarded a medal on work exhibited at the photographic Salon at Paris, two medals in England, two in Toronto, one in India, and one at the joint exhibition held in Philadelphia last year, being the only woman thus honored on that occasion.

Mme. Yoer, who, upon the death of her husband, a reporter for the French press, took up his work and has conducted it with marked enterprise, is one of the best-known figures in Paris. In her rounds she is accompanied by a great white poodle called "The Doctor," who permits no one to trifle with his mistress.

Dr. Anderson Brown, one of the foremost women physicians of England, has established an industrial farm for inebriate women. The test of the practicability of outdoor life as a cure for drunkenness will be made under the auspices of the Women's Temperance Association. Fruit growing, poultry raising, gardening, bee keeping, and butter making will be among the branches taught.

Mlle. Louise Nikita, the fascinating American *prima donna* whose magnificent voice charmed visitors at the Columbian Exposition, is in Paris, where she went from Russia at the invitation of M. Ambroise Thomas, and has been engaged for three seasons at the Opéra-Comique, the engagement to continue until June, 1896. Her *répertoire* will include "Lakme," "Mignon," "Manon," "La Traviata," "Mirielle," "Le Barbier de Seville," and "Les Pêcheurs de Perles;" and should "I Pagliacci" be given, Mlle. Nikita reserves the right to create the rôle of "Nedda."

Miss Ida Platt, of Chicago, recently graduated from the Chicago College of Law, has received a license to practice law at the bar of Illinois. She is the first colored woman admitted to the bar of that State. Miss Platt is about thirty years of age, is a woman of marked ability, an excellent shorthand law reporter, a proficient in music, French, and German, and graduated from the Law College with honors. A student's standing must be as high as 85 to graduate, but Miss Platt's marking was 96, being 11 above the required number.

Chat.

Barefoot women are supposed to be oftener seen among the peasants of Europe and the lower classes in our own country than anywhere else; but this may all change before long, since Dame Fashion has set the seal of her approval upon the custom, though as yet she would confine it to the privacy of my lady's *boudoir*, or to very informal and semi-private mornings in the drawing-room. The fad originated in the treatment of the celebrated German physician, Knief, who, among other things, required his patients to take a run in their bare feet every morning, no matter what the weather. He was successful in his practice, and it became fashionable to go to him, and hence to adopt his methods. Madame Sara Bernhardt, it is said, spends her mornings, either when alone or when receiving visitors informally, in her bare feet. In two of her plays she appears barefooted, though part of the time her feet are tied to sandals. It is unnecessary to say that this fashion is not likely to be adopted by any but women who have pretty feet. It has already resulted in greater attention being given to the feet, and many persons have their toe-nails trimmed and polished as carefully as they do their finger-nails. There is something to be said in favor of the practice, since it hardens the feet and renders them less sensitive.

Yachting has come to be a fashionable sport for women as well as men. Not a sport at which they put on their prettiest gowns and sit about on the deck watching the men and doing their best to be attractive, but a sport in which they actually take part and manage the boat, in many cases their own boat. This does not, of course, bar out the pretty costumes, nothing ever will do that, for women will never engage in sports which will not admit of attractive costumes; but it does require, perhaps, something trimmer and less easily soiled than the ordinary yachting-gown. At Newport there have been a number of yachting races in which women have been in entire command, and some of the married society belles have become almost famous in the management of their yachts. All Newport turns out to see such a race; and one that was made recently was finished amid the booming of guns, the howling of whistles, and the shouting of the spectators. The evening was appropriately closed with a supper and a dance.

Souvenirs of a summer's outing are what we all feel, at the time we are about to give up the pleasure, that we should like to have, and maidens both grave and gay come home laden with treasure of every sort, from hornets' nests to dainty pink shells, which they have gathered during their rambles on mountain and beach. If they lose part of their beauty in some mysterious way when we reach home, we must remember that they are out of their native element, and, naturally, must lose some of their charm. Emerson gives beautiful expression to this necessity for "the perfect whole":

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

But though so much depends upon the earth and the sky, which we love as much as we do the gathered treasures, there are still many things which may be brought with us to serve as sweet reminders of the pleasant summer days and the first beautiful autumn days in the mountains, and which have sufficient intrinsic beauty to have a decorative effect in any surroundings. Among these are the beautiful red berries of the bitter-sweet, the various grasses when dried, the pressed ferns and sea-weeds, and the ornamental birch bark, out of which so many pretty things can be made. All these are not intended to look as they did in the woods; and it is only in such souvenirs that we are safe from the shock of disappointment that we have when our treasures lack their natural environment.

The Demorest Magazine Portrait Album.

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY.

WHAT would you think of anybody who would take a hundred dollars, or, possibly, two hundred, from his pocket, and throw them out of the window? Yet a few of our subscribers are doing what practically amounts to this, by failing to take advantage of our Portrait Album offer.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are now issuing, and shall continue to issue, eight portraits in each



DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

number, is literally incalculable. In the first place, each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. It is evident, beyond the need of suggestion, that such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, on separate sheets, without reading matter on the back, so that they may be cut out without injury to the magazine. Furthermore, we have prepared a beautiful album, especially arranged to contain the pictures. It is bound in handsome embossed cloth, with a tasteful title in gilt, and a descriptive title-page.

Each page has a violet-lined border into which a portrait fits neatly, making a beautiful setting. Under each portrait is the name of the subject, with a brief descriptive sub-title, but in addition to this, a section at the back of the album is provided in which to place the short, but sufficient, biographical sketches which are published in the number of the magazine containing the particular portraits.

The fine quality of these portraits, reproduced in half-tone, in the highest style of the art, gives them almost exactly the appearance, and quite the effectiveness of photographs; neatly inserted within their violet borders, they have all the beauty of the most exquisite products of the camera, without the clumsiness, the difference in size, and the tendency to warp, fade, and discolor, characteristic of even the best photographs.

Photographs representing these portraits would cost from fifty cents to three dollars each; hence the pictures published during the year will have an actual money value of over one hundred dollars, which is a low estimate, as you would find were you to purchase the photographs yourself,

and, besides, there are many which, lacking our special facilities, you could not obtain at any price. The album has panels for two hundred pictures; therefore it is no exaggeration to say that, when filled, it would actually represent a value in money of over two hundred dollars.

But it is not by price only that the worth of this album is to be measured. It will be a treasure-house of gems, an inexhaustible source of information and amusement, a volume of pictorial and descriptive biography, which could be obtained in no other way, that may become an heirloom in the family, and will always be a beautiful ornament for parlor or library. The portraits themselves cost you nothing extra, for they are included in the magazine, and are given as a part of the regular contents of each number. The album will be sent you for fifty cents, all transportation fees prepaid.

We venture to say, for it stands to reason, that when you have filled your album you would not part with it at any price; for it will be literally invaluable, a treasure beyond computation, not to be duplicated anywhere, by any means, at any cost. Send for an album and begin your collection without delay.

The Queen of Korea.

THE FIRST OF A REMARKABLE SERIES OF ORIENTAL SKETCHES.

IN the forthcoming November number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE we begin the publication of a series of remarkable and wonderfully interesting studies of those Oriental civilizations of which we have heard so much and know really so little, from the pen and camera of our special correspondent, Mr. Frank Carpenter. These articles which will include Korea, China, and Japan, are especially timely and of transcendent interest at this juncture, because of the struggle going on between the two chief powers of the Orient, with Korea as the arena.

In the opening article, "The Queen of Korea," Mr. Carpenter lets us into the secrets of the strangest social life the world has ever known. He takes us not only into the "Hermit Kingdom," itself hitherto a *terra incognita* to us Westerns, but he introduces us even into the privacy of a Korean household.

Mr. Carpenter gained his information directly from the people themselves, and has given to the readers of Demorest's, photographic views taken on the spot, of persons and things scarcely so much as heard of before. The violent prejudices against foreigners prevalent in Korea, made his task one of almost incredible difficulty; but opposing American grit and pluck to Oriental craft, he carried his point, how thoroughly the readers of Demorest's can judge for themselves.

Mr. Carpenter's account of the Queen of Korea is one of the quaintest and most wonderful sketches of biography imaginable. A woman of a country where women are outwardly revered and practically despised, she has made herself the power behind the throne, the controller of the destinies of her people, a keen and finished diplomat.

As before stated, it is fully illustrated—as all the series will be—with reproductions from photographs taken on the spot, and also from drawings made by native artists. The readers of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE are thus afforded special opportunities, whose value is scarcely to be estimated, of learning, and practically seeing, more of the internal organization of the mysterious "Hermit Kingdom," as well as of the other great Oriental civilizations, than could be obtained from all heretofore existing sources put together, second only, indeed, to a personal visit.

Household.

Household Slaves.

WHILE it is very desirable to do everything in the way of housekeeping decently and in order, one should be very careful not to let herself become a slave to order, nor destroy the peace and freedom of her family because they do not always live and work in perfect accord with her plans. One does not live solely to keep a house in good running order, as many well-meaning and conscientious housekeepers seem to think. The house is kept for the comfort and pleasure and convenience of the family; when it does not fulfill this purpose we may know at once that something is wrong; and it is the duty of every housewife to immediately set about to right the wrong if it is possible.

It is in making the home a comfort and a pleasure that the real skill in housekeeping may be exercised. Almost anyone with ordinary common sense can lay down fixed rules, and say that such work must be done at such a time; and if it is possible to carry the plan out exactly to the hour, or day, she may seem to be, and will probably think herself, an excellent housekeeper. But an attempt at such housekeeping is likely to result in one of two things: if the mistress is strong-willed, she is sure to make her family extremely uncomfortable; if she is weak-willed, she will suffer much discomfort herself, and probably become peevish and fretful. In either case, she is a slave to her housekeeping, and cannot expect to develop any "sweetness and light" in her household.

A good housekeeper is one who not only knows how to make plans for her work, which is, indeed, very important, but knows, also, how to make the order of work sufficiently flexible to meet all the exigencies of daily life, without any serious disasters. She must know how to change her plans easily, that is, without friction; or even to do away with them altogether, for a time, if any circumstances should arise which would make it more desirable to do so. No housewife can hope to have a pleasant home for her family, or have herself anything but a careworn woman, who does not always provide for the unexpected; and one of the important provisions is to always keep her temper. If the unexpected happens, and it is continually happening in all active and hospitable households, meet it without any fretfulness, and it will not be half so difficult to deal with.

One of the secrets of being able to have one's plans frustrated without serious inconvenience is in being forehanded. Never allow work to accumulate if it is possible to do it. Keep everything in such order that a little neglect will not show. Occupy spare moments of the days that are not very busy ones, in doing work a little ahead of the time when it is actually needed. Then one will be the mistress, and not the slave, of her housework, and the true work of the homemaker will be accomplished.

But one may even be a slave to the idea of being forehanded; and many a housekeeper frets herself nearly to death in order to keep everything done ahead of time, so that there will be no accumulation of work. It becomes almost a mania; and though each season's work is done so long ahead of time that she could give herself weeks of complete rest, she seems only to get it done in order to begin the next, and thus keeps herself as much a slave to her household work as if it were always behindhand.

The only advantage in doing work ahead of time is that one may do it easily, and at such convenient times that it

will hardly seem to be work. If the habit becomes so fixed that it seems a necessity, the work has become the master, and the mistress of the house is the slave.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

The Useful Crash.

MANY of us probably do not know the various uses to which we can put the checked linen crash which we have been accustomed to buy for kitchen towels. It has, however, many uses, and these not merely as a makeshift for want of better material, but because for the purpose it is the best material we can get.

As covers for the toilet-table it is invaluable in a room that is in constant daily use, since it can be removed and laundered every week, can be entrusted to even the most careless laundress, and if nicely ironed keeps the table much fresher and prettier than the half-soiled fancy and delicate covers which we so often see. It should be made to hang over the ends of the table from eight to twelve inches, and have a hem across the ends about three inches deep, which, if hemstitched, is, of course, all the prettier and neater.

The pincushion cover can be made to match, and in this material is more appropriately made with a simple tuck all around it deep enough to fall over and touch the table, or nearly so. Instead of leaving it open on one end as we do in a pillow-case, make it fit the cushion closely and then open it through the middle both ways, on the under side, thus making four tight corners into which the cushion can be slipped, and the four loose corners can be pinned to the under side of the cushion in the center. The washstand cover can be made the same as the cover for the toilet-table; and with two sets of this kind, the simplest room can be kept fresh and attractive, and while dainty in its cleanliness, will not be "too good to use."

Another excellent use for crash is in making kitchen aprons. We somehow have the idea that if an apron is for the kitchen it must necessarily be of either dark gingham or calico, or something wholly unattractive. As a matter of fact, a neat person will not wear a kitchen apron after it is soiled; and dark material keeps clean no longer than light,—it only conceals its unclean condition longer. There is no reason, then, why a kitchen apron should not be attractive as well as useful; and anyone who has once used for this purpose a fine, pretty piece of delicately checked linen crash, will scarcely want to return to the ugly, dark aprons of former days.

But there is another advantage in using crash for aprons and toilet-tables, and that is, that owing to its durability its first use—for kitchen towels—is not lost, but only delayed. We all know that the crash is not nearly so agreeable to use for wiping dishes when it is new as it is after it has been used for a time, and by repeated launderings has lost something of its first stiffness. On the contrary, it is much prettier for aprons and dressing-room articles when it is stiff and new; so it can very well be used for these, and after it has lost its first beauty can then easily be made into kitchen towels ready for use. Its shape is such that nothing is lost, since kitchen aprons are usually made of two or three straight widths, which can easily be separated and hemmed for towels. Even the pin-cushion cover is the best thing one can use for a dish-cloth, and will need but a few stitches to put it in proper shape. The tuck can be ripped out, and the whole piece hemmed; or, if one likes a thicker cloth for washing dishes, the four loose corners can be simply stitched down, and the cloth will then be double.

In the same way the crash can be used for laundry bags;

and it is no mere substitute for something pretty, but is really attractive, and gives one a sense of appropriateness that adds to the attractiveness. Make the bag as long as you want your kitchen towels, and finish with as deep a hem at the top as you choose. The bag can then be laundered every week or two, and when it has become sufficiently soft for agreeable use in the kitchen, it can be quickly changed into two good towels, and a bright new bag may take its place.

M. J. E.

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

PICTURES are to a room what flowers are to a garden. The garden may abound with rich-foliaged plants, each possessing a distinctive beauty of its own; but when the brilliant blossoms appear they work a marvelous transformation: the beauty of the foliage is enhanced, and the blossoms are all the more beautiful for the effective background. It is the same with a room: it may be handsomely,



"YOU SHAN'T HAVE IT."
In White and Gold Frame.

even artistically, furnished; but until pictures are hung in it it lacks the finishing touch necessary to its greatest effectiveness.

And pictures have their mission in even the simplest room; they are refining in their influence, and restful to the tired mind and body harassed by the cares and duties of daily life. Therefore those who have pictures and do not place them where they may accomplish their mission, are neglecting a manifest duty to themselves and their families.

The full-page water-colors, oil-pictures, and gravures published in our Magazine during the year constitute a charming collection, including pictures appropriate for every room in the house, from the parlor to the nursery; and their size renders them especially suitable for hanging with other pictures, in the artistically irregular arrangements that are

now so popular. To facilitate this use of them, we are now furnishing, at a minimum cost, two styles of handsome frames especially designed for the pictures given in our Magazine. One is gilt, very ornate in design, and makes a superb setting for the oil-pictures, while it is also suitable for the gravures. This frame will be sent, transportation prepaid, for thirty-five cents.



"SISTER CHARLOTTE."
In Gilt Frame.

The other is an exquisitely dainty affair, especially adapted to enhance the delicate beauty of the water-colors, though it can also be used for oils or gravures. It is a flat band carved in a "reeded" pattern, enameled a delicate cream-white, and edged next the picture with a burnished strip of gold. The price of this frame, transportation prepaid, is twenty-five cents.

These frames are in but one size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, inside measurement, or that part of the frame next the picture; and are all ready so that you may slip the pictures in without troublesome manipulation. The price, which covers all cost of transportation, should be sent with your order, and full post-office address (or that of nearest express-office), to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

Living Pictures for Amateurs.

THERE has been such a craze for living pictures recently that no church or charitable entertainment is considered at all complete without this most interesting adjunct to the main diversion of the evening. In the November number of DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE there will be an article by the well-known writer, G. Paul Smith, giving clear and full instruction to amateurs how to prepare and exhibit the living pictures, together with profuse illustrations, not only of interesting subjects to be presented, but of all the mechanism necessary to the presentation and many valuable suggestions as to costumes and posing.

DEMOREST'S FOR 1895.

OUR THIRTY-FIRST YEAR.

WITH this number we close the thirtieth year and the thirtieth volume of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE with a sense of pride in our own efforts and of gratitude to our hosts of friends. With the forthcoming November number we open the year 1894-5 and the thirty-first of our magazine life.

Performance is better than promise, as the record of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has thus far proven during its long, useful, and brilliant career. We feel that a large portion of our success in the past has been due to our reputation for exceeding the index by the contents, and by doing more than we have contracted for. It is our intention that a reputation so well earned, shall be thoroughly supported, and that the branch which has borne well heretofore shall bear yet more richly hereafter.

It is with honest pride that we point to the last year of our magazine life. We are quite willing to stand comparison with the best, believing that we shall still bear off the palm of magazine literature, and be adjudged *the One Perfect Family Magazine published in the country*. Other magazines have their specialties, DEMOREST'S combines them all, together with features of its own, and a field *all* its own. In the past year it stands in evidence of its own excellence. For the coming year it promises yet more; and it will discount its promises.

During 1895 it will retain all of those attractions which have made it so popular in the past, its departments, its educational and entertaining features, its home and family interests, its timely and familiar household articles, aids and counsel to young wives, domestic advice, fashions, home art and comfort, and every conceivable kindred subject. On these topics DEMOREST'S has won its right to the title of "THE FAMILY MAGAZINE," and it is a right which it values and which it proposes to maintain unapproached during the coming year.

The literary attractions, though of course only partly provided for, already make a brilliant list of fiction, serial and single issue stories, by the most famous writers, short sketches upon topics such as everyone is interested in, art, science, travel, biography, adventure, history, description, discovery and exploration, together with entertaining and educational matter from our correspondents in all quarters of the globe. Add to this timely subjects such as arise in special importance during the year which will be promptly seized upon and developed for the express benefit of our readers by those employed by us for that particular purpose.

The list, as at present prepared, is of course only partial, and it would be impossible for us to give anything like a summary of the delightful things we design for the enjoyment and instruction of our readers during 1895.

We shall continue the publication of our splendid Portrait Gallery, one of the most original and attractive features ever introduced, in which we give eight handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women on separate sheets and uniform in size to be inserted in our Album. We shall also include each month one of our now famous water or oil color full-page pictures in the current number, with the regular handsome frontispiece *gravure*, both of which are always superb works of art intended for framing. "THE WORLD'S PROGRESS," a summary of the important events, inventions, political movements, bearing upon the world's civilization, useful for those who have not time to study the many papers, reviews and magazines of the month, "OUR GIRLS," the "SANITARIAN," "HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT," "THE HOUSEHOLD," "CHAT," etc., will form a part of the forthcoming volume as heretofore.

Though by no means a "fashion magazine" in the exclusive sense, DEMOREST'S could not fill the place of a perfect Family Magazine it does, nor be so eagerly welcomed by the ladies of the family but for the section it devotes to the world's latest fashions, with ample information and instruction in every particular. In this connection, *it must not be forgotten that we give to our subscribers all the patterns in any sizes needed during the year, free of cost.*

DEMOREST'S is the illustrated magazine of the country. Its half-tones are the admiration of all artists, as well they may be. Its reputation, already world-wide, will be sustained during the coming year. It will not be a question of expense, but excellence, whether in pictures or in literary matter, and the readers and subscribers of DEMOREST'S may confidently look for surprises which will charm and delight them. On their part we feel that we have a right to their full support, and we shall be deeply disappointed if our sale and subscription lists, satisfactory as they are now, do not double during 1895. Subscriptions begin at any time. Yearly, \$2. Single numbers, 20 cents.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

15 East 14th Street, New York.

Our Working Sisters.



"OUR WORKING SISTERS" is the title of a most interesting serial which we will begin in our November number and which we think will be one of the most attractive features of the coming numbers of our magazine. It is written by Miss Margaret Bisland, whose graceful and charming style has already become known not only to our own readers but to those of many of the best-known periodicals of the day. The story is one of intense interest, the heroine about whom the action centers being an orphan girl who is left with an enormous fortune which plays a very important part in the story. Miss Bisland very graphically relates the adventures of the heroine, which are both romantic and serious, and during the course of which the reader is taken into almost every circle in life, from the extremely fashionable and luxurious to the poorest tenement dwellers of our large cities. In the course of the story we are given an insight into the lives of our working sisters who toil in the shops, at the machine, in the factory, at the printer's case, over the typewriter, and in numerous other places; and while the charmingly romantic story unwinds, some of the most momentous problems of life are discussed so entertainingly and so sympathetically that one cannot fail to have his interest deepened in the social problems which are daily pressing for solution, and at the same time cannot fail to follow with the most intense interest the fortunes of many of the characters. The private life and character of a variety of our working girls are laid open to the public eye as it has never been before in the sprightly character sketches which sparkle through the pages of this most entertaining tale. Nothing in the way of romance has been written lately which is so genuinely instructive concerning the large and ever-increasing army of our working girls and women and yet which is so bright and entertaining that one does not realize how much information it contains.

IMPORTANT.—A Title-page and Index for binding with Volume XXX. will be sent FREE, by return mail, to all who desire them. Send the request on a postal-card addressed to

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

15 E. 14th Street, New York.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—OCTOBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 767.

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

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

THE styles for autumn are already abundantly exhibited, and in their gay and warm colors and the quality of materials foreshadow even what the winter has in store for us. The tendency is quite as much toward bright colors as the summer styles have been, and in millinery, especially, the heaviness of the materials makes their brightness all the more conspicuous.

In dress goods there is almost every variety that the heart of woman could wish; and the simplest taste as well as the gayest can find something to satisfy it and still keep within the bounds of a strictly fashionable, and in no way objectionable, selection. There is a large variety of heavy, rough goods with *bourette* effects, almost all rather loosely woven, but so arranged that they seem very heavy. These are seen in all-wool and silk-and-wool. The latter combination is very effective, since while detracting nothing from the rough effect of the goods, it still takes away something of its clumsiness, and makes a more dressy gown. For street wear, the all-wool goods is the most appropriate and the most worn.

These rough goods are pretty only for slender figures, for they increase the apparent size of the wearer, no matter how plainly they are made, and do not have the elegant effect they are intended to have, on any but slender and at least moderately tall persons. Short, plump women

should never cast their eyes covetously upon them; and even tall women, if they have the least tendency to stoutness, should avoid them unless they want to look clumsy.

The smoother materials, which are suitable for everyone, are also seen in great variety, and are in no wise overshadowed by the more showy rough effects. Perhaps the most striking and the newest of these are the English suitings, which come in very fine checks and stripes, and which are each so pretty that it is hard to choose between them. The checks are so fine that, a few feet away, they give an effect of mixed goods; and the stripes are but little larger than what we know as "pin" stripes. In addition to the narrow stripes, some pieces have so-called "invisible" stripes, nearly an inch and a half wide, so cunningly woven into the material that they can be seen only as the goods falls in certain lights.

Not less pretty than the heavy English suitings are the French suitings, which in color and design are not unlike the English; but the material is softer, the stripes less decided, and the price a trifle lower. Very closely woven, smooth-finished, twilled suitings are also seen in great variety. They are very much the same as the covert cloth which has been used for some time, but are a little stiffer in quality.

Among the new colors are Lincoln green, which is a very rich, dark green, and is seen more in bonnets and wraps than in gowns. In the dress goods, blues and browns prevail more than any other color, except black, which is mixed with everything. The browns most used are rich and dark, not so dark as seal, but are what is known as coffee-color and tobacco-brown, and are called by these names on the new color-cards.

Bluet is one of the new blue shades which is very much liked. It has a decided lilac tint, but not so much as to make it unbecoming, the effect being something like an electric



Comfortable and Stylish.
CAWDOR CAPE. (See Page 747.)

blue. There are a number of tints of purple appearing in much of the new goods, in shades varying from the rich dark purple of royalty, to the very light lilac-color which is now called *glycine*.

Française red is another new shade, which is very dark and rich, and has enough purple in it to suggest the long-popular magenta, though, unlike the magenta, it is a pretty and becoming shade. Red and pink are used together in millinery, and with very good effect; though exactly the right tones must be brought together in order to harmonize them, and unless one has a pretty sure sense of color it is better not to attempt the combination.

Basques and round waists are used on all gowns for wear in the house; but long coats are very much used for street costumes, and especially for tailor-made gowns. These coats are of what-

silk; but the bright plaids and checks have the greatest vogue at the present moment, and are likely to continue in use throughout the winter. Indeed, plaid silk has the first place for many uses just now, being seen in almost all capes, in many coats, and even in petticoats and dress-linings.

Comfortable and Stylish.

(See Page 746.)

THIS very stylish double cape, which is called the "Cawdor," will



A Useful Wrap.

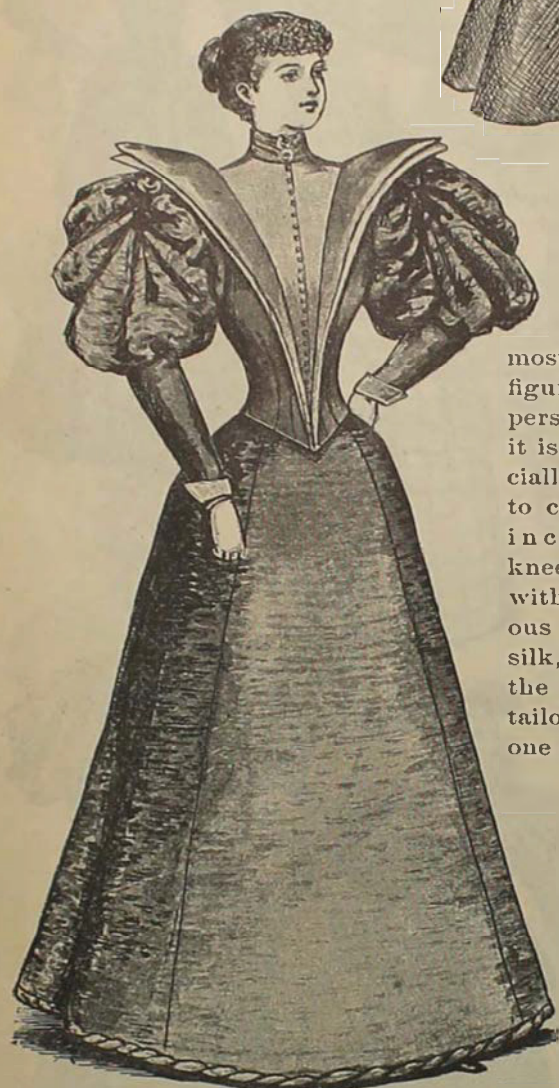
GLENGARRY CAPE. (FRONT.)



GLENGARRY CAPE. (BACK.)

ever length is most becoming to the figure; but where the person is tall enough, it is considered especially stylish for one to come only a few inches above the knee. They are lined with some harmonious shade of fancy silk, which relieves the severity of the tailor-made gown as one catches glimpses

answer one of the special needs of autumn wear, that of protection in bad weather, and is also a graceful wrap for sunny days. It and the "Glengarry," which is illustrated elsewhere, are varieties of the "golf" or "stalking" capes, and are intended for the sort of wear that the name implies. Any heavy material that one chooses is suitable to use in making it, and it is frequently made of goods to match the dress with which it is worn. It is especially pretty to make it of tweed when the dress is of that same material. The bright Scotch plaid lining keeps the costume from becoming monotonous in effect. When made of very heavy material the cape need not be lined. The inside straps which keep it on are made of ribbon or of the same goods as the cape, and are buttoned at the back.



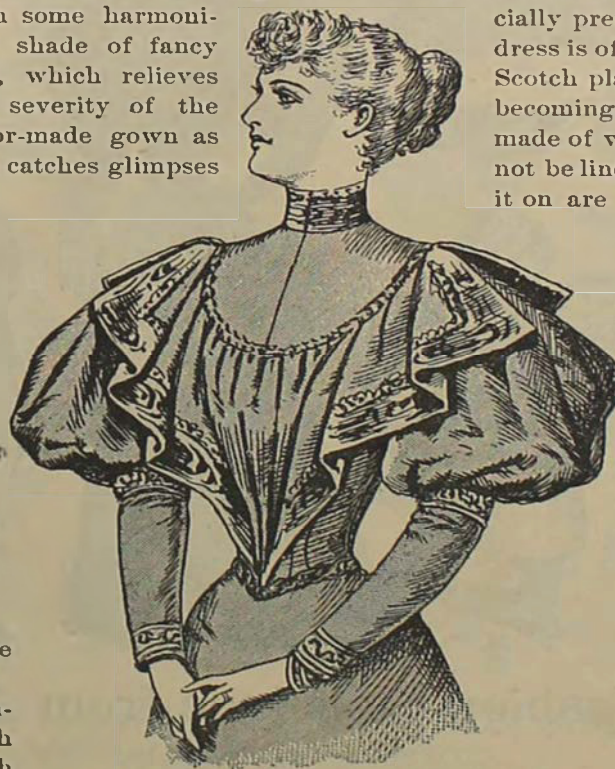
An Afternoon Gown.

TECK BASQUE. GILBERT SKIRT.

(See Page 748.)

of its bright surface under the edges of the coat.

Fancy silk waists will continue their unexampled popularity, and be worn with silk skirts for dressy occasions, and with tailor gowns when it is desirable to remove the coats. They are made of every sort of



For Many Uses.

HOLBORN WAIST. (See Page 748.)

A Useful Wrap.

ONE of the varieties of the "golf" or "stalking" cape, known as the "Glengarry," is a most picturesque wrap for autumn wear. It may be made of any sort of faced cloth, or of serge or cheviot or Scotch tweed, and may be lined or unlined. When made of the tweed it is usually unlined. The hood is frequently lined with Scotch plaid silk; and when the cape itself is lined, the lining should be of corre-



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 749.)

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 749.)

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

sponding material. It is held on by the straps on the inside, which are attached to the shoulders of the wrap, and, crossing in front, are fastened at the waist behind. The pattern is given in two sizes for ladies, and for girls of fourteen or sixteen years of age.

them, which this model gives in a very attractive style. Bands of moiré ribbon furnish an attractive trimming; and the novel arrangement of the front, which has the bretelles in one with the full center, and the bertha which extends across the back, is very becoming to all but the stoutest figures. Indeed, the front piece and bertha might be made separate, of lace or some other thin material, and worn with any plain, tight-fitting waist.

The Newest Coat.

A VERY trim and stylish coat is the "Eric," which is one of the popular shapes for autumn. This entire suit is made of rough brown cheviot trimmed with black moiré, and the hat is of brown felt trimmed with black velvet and ostrich-tips. Black buttons nearly as large as a half-dollar relieve the severity of the front of the coat, and the moiré revers extend across the back, forming a collar about two inches deep. The skirt-piece is in circle shape. The skirt with which this coat is combined is the "Wheatland," which was illustrated separately in the September number. The effectiveness of the costume is greatly increased by the neat shirt-front and soft black satin tie.

A Smart Visiting-Gown.

THIS graceful and simple gown, for afternoon or calling wear, is made of blue-gray *crêpon* trimmed with striped ribbon of harmonious shades of old-rose and blue. The chemisette is of changeable old-rose and blue silk. The gown may also be made of any of the new woolens or silks. The waist—the

"Benson"—is a plain, tight-fitting model, fastened on the left side in front. A bow of ribbon is at the back of the neck, and similar ones add to the general stylish effect. The skirt is the "Wheatland," a graceful, six-gored model, which was illustrated in the September number.

The Newest Thing in Basques.

THIS basque is suitable for any sort of a wool street-gown, and may be used with either the "Gilbert," a four-gored skirt, or the "Wheatland," a six-gored model. It is called the "Marcus," and

The Newest Thing in Basques.
THE "MARCUS."



The Newest Coat.

ERIC COAT. WHEATLAND SKIRT.

An Afternoon Gown.

(See Page 747.)

THIS handsome gown is especially suited for a slender woman and is one of the most stylish models for autumn wear. The material used is *crêpon* of mixed shades, in which green predominates, and the revers and cuffs are made of heavy green silk. The basque—the "Teck"—is buttoned with two dozen tiny metal buttons and made with a slight point back and front. The voluminous puffs on the sleeves are draped, and are very picturesque in effect. The skirt is the favorite "Gilbert," which has an apron front, a broad gore at each side, and two back gores joined by a bias seam, and is made perfectly plain excepting the twist of green silk which finishes it at the bottom.

For Many Uses.

(See Page 747.)

THE "Holborn" is the name of this graceful waist, which is intended to be worn with either a wool or silk skirt, and can be made in any but the simplest materials used for independent waists. The usefulness of the silk waists is too manifest for them to lose any of their popularity this fall, and the only thing desired now is some new way of making



A Smart Visiting-Gown.

BENSON WAIST.
WHEATLAND SKIRT.



may be made of any material suitable for the entire gown. The revers-collar is finished with three rows of stitching, and the hem of the skirt should be finished to correspond. The skirt of the basque forms eight small tabs made of the material, machine-stitched, and each ornamented with a button similar to those used on the front of the basque. The costume illustrated is of very dark green "faced" cloth, with revers-collar and upper collar of white cloth; and a band of white cloth finishes the bottom of the skirt.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Gray felt hat trimmed with a band of black satin ribbon and a gray bird.
- 2.—Bracelet of twisted ropes of gold, with knot on the back in which a diamond is set.
- 3.—Chatelaine pin of gold set with emeralds.
- 4.—Afternoon dress of *glycine crêpon*, with flounces of white lace.
- 5.—Figured black silk costume, with white lace caps on the sleeves, and a sash of Liberty satin.
- 6.—*Bluet* felt hat trimmed with short black ostrich-tips.
- 7.—Calling costume of dark green silk-and-wool goods, with strips of embroidery simulating a coat in front.
- 8.—Pendant set with moonstones.
- 9.—Gold pin with black enamel and jet settings.
- 10.—Green felt hat, with green ribbon bows and black jetted plumes.
- 11.—House-dress of *Française* red cloth, with red *moiré* ribbon trimming.
- 12.—Gold watch-chain with enameled ball.
- 13.—Afternoon gown of soft brown silk trimmed with black velvet ribbon.
- 14.—Silver lace-pin.
- 15.—Gold bracelet with rhinestones and two enameled hearts.
- 16.—Fancy blue silk waist trimmed with white lace.
- 17.—Jetted ornament for a hat.
- 18.—Silver enameled lace-pin.
- 19.—Plaid chevrot walking-dress with long coat.
- 20.—Mixed brown covert cloth street-dress, with black velvet trimming and buttons.
- 21.—Dotted lilac *moire* visiting-gown, with full *crêpon* front to waist.
- 22.—Lace-pin of gold set with pearls.
- 23.—Blue wool *crêpon* frock for a child from two to six years of age.
- 24.—Electric blue English suiting street-gown, with vest of novelty silk.
- 25.—Scotch plaid golf-dress for young girl, and Tam O'Shanter cap to match.
- 26.—Black silk visiting-gown trimmed with white embroidered *chiffon* and *moiré* ribbon.
- 27.—Lincoln green felt hat, with iridescent birds.
- 28.—Gray finely checked English suiting walking-dress, with dotted silk waist.
- 29.—Round hat of dark blue felt, with black satin bow and blue feathers.
- 30.—Enameled gold stick-pin.
- 31.—Rough chevrot street-gown, brown and blue mixed.
- 32.—Tan-colored felt hat, with dark brown pompons and velvet bands.
- 33.—Reception-gown of light gray covert cloth, with bands and jacket of gray brocaded silk.
- 34.—Visiting-costume of green mixed goods, with underskirt and vest of rough fancy woolen material.
- 35.—Silk waist with cuffs and yoke of Venetian lace.
- 36.—Street-gown of black serge, with rows of fancy black braid down the seams of the skirt.
- 37.—Gold bracelet with moonstone hearts forming the clasp.
- 38.—Golf cape of dark green covert cloth.
- 39.—House-gown of blue cashmere, with cape drapery on the waist.
- 40.—Street-dress of tobacco-brown suiting, with yoke, belt, and sleeve-caps of mixed novelty goods.
- 41.—Waist of figured silk with flounce of white lace on tie and belt.
- 42.—Enameled silver ornament for hat or for bows on a gown.
- 43.—Evening-gown of dotted pink silk, with slashed skirt over accordion-pleated pink *chiffon*.
- 44.—Waist of green-and-white striped silk, combined with green cloth and white embroidery.
- 45.—Back of No. 44.
- 46.—Gold chatelaine pin set with turquoise.
- 47.—Brown silk skirt with tan-colored brocaded silk waist trimmed with brown velvet.
- 48.—Black velvet gown, with light blue scarf of Liberty silk edged with white lace.
- 49.—Hunting-dress of blue serge, with white serge collar, belt, and band around skirt.
- 50.—Hunting-costume of Lincoln green cloth.
- 51.—Triple ring of gold set with emeralds.
- 52.—Outing costume of mixed brown covert cloth trimmed with brown braid.
- 53.—Red silk waist with red *moire* sleeves, belt, and straps on waist.
- 54.—Hunting-dress of checked suiting, with adjustable skirt.
- 55.—Rough blue-and-brown cloth dress, with double skirt and detachable collar.
- 56.—Brocaded lilac silk waist with white *crêpon* vest.
- 57.—Gold lace-pin with turquoise setting surrounded by moonstones.
- 58.—Mountain costume of blue serge, with cape to match.
- 59.—Outing dress of shaggy mixed suiting trimmed with white woolen braid.

SATIN ribbon with Liberty finish is much softer than the ordinary satin ribbon, and is much used in trimming gowns.

THE new Dresden ribbons, with dainty designs scattered over a ground of some delicate tint or of white, are very becomingly used in the construction of the stock-collars which are worn with various dresses.

New Hats and Bonnets.

THERE are no very striking changes in the styles of millinery from those worn during the summer, and, except for the quality of materials used, one might almost wear a summer hat without being in the least conspicuous, or very much out of the fashion.

Bright colors still run riot, and the rows of boxes of materials in the wholesale shops look very much like a velvet and feather rainbow. Bright yellow and green are in greatest abundance among the feathers, and when properly toned by other colors are charmingly effective, especially in the stiff wings and the smaller birds. More neutral colors prevail in the larger birds, which are sometimes so large as to almost cover the hat or bonnet and leave no room for any other sort of trimming,—a simple, but not inexpensive, manner of decorating a hat.

Ostrich feathers, particularly short ones, are used, but the general tendency runs towards the stiffer feathers, which are seen not only in the ordinary wings and birds, but in almost innumerable fancy shapes that give a certain smartness of effect, and will no doubt be very popular. The curves and sharp points and angles that we find in them are such as are found mainly among the showy tropical birds, and it is, therefore, only natural that we should find them also in the gayest of colors.

Coq feathers are also seen in great variety, from the soft, drooping, iridescent black ones, to the stiff, curling reds and yellows, and they present a happy medium for selection between the fluffy ostrich-feathers and the severe wings just described. All feathers are much decorated with jet and metallic sprinklings of various kinds.

Felt is seen more than any other material in hats and bonnets intended for general use, and the felts this season are particularly pretty, many of them being so fine and glossy that they look like silk. Beaver is also used, and its furri-ness renders it especially becoming in the larger hats, and for all sorts of children's headwear.

For more dressy occasions, various fancy materials are used; and plain velvet is in great demand for both bonnets and hats. Satin is used for bonnets but not for hats, except in the trimming. Strips of satin and felt and of velvet and felt are braided together after the pattern of some of the fancy straws that were used this summer, and make very handsome hats and bonnets. Jet bonnets are seen in prettier designs than ever, and some of the small, round hats are made simply on open frames covered with jet.

As to shapes, everyone can be suited. There are the plateaus which can be bent and folded into anything one wants in the way of a low and soft covering for the head; a large preponderance of medium crowns and brims, which are becoming to most people; and a few high crowns and stiff brims, which make rather striking walking-hats.

Most of the strictly walking and traveling hats, however, are of soft felt, and follow, with more or less variation, the shape of the long-popular Alpine hat. The style most used just now has the crown a trifle lower and the brim somewhat broader than the Alpine hats. These hats are mostly trimmed with a simple band and a curling wing; but one's taste is allowed some latitude in this, and the result is some very striking effects. One very stylish model is of light tan felt with several rows of black machine-stitching about an inch apart around the brim.

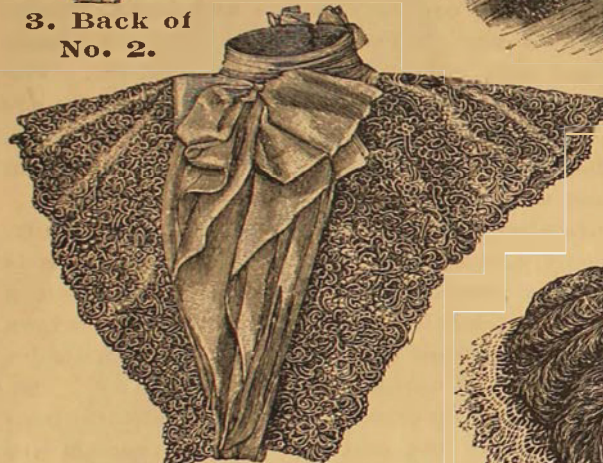
Bonnets promise to be larger than they have been for some time, which is certainly a desirable thing, since the recent shapes have been more for ornament than use. They are, for the most part, close fitting, and when for street wear have, in most cases, strings from an inch to an inch and a half wide.

Toilet Accessories.

THERE is no diminution in the extreme popularity of the various fancy collars, capes, bows, and ties, which add so much to all toilets for indoor wear, and transform the demurest-looking gown into a gay and dainty affair appropriate for almost any dressy occasion. One's fancy can almost run wild in the making of them, since they are in every shape that one can imagine,

and of every material that has the proper quality of lightness and

3. Back of No. 2.



2. Cape Collar.

daintiness and color. Lace, ribbon, silk, *chiffon*, *crêpe lisse*, dainty muslins, and even heavy velvet are useful in constructing them; and the quality which gives the final effect to all of them, namely, taste, has a fine field for its exercise. We give a number of illustrations of articles selected from many of their kind, which will be suggestive as to the newest and best ways to make these charming and not necessarily expensive accessories.

No. 1.—Collar of white Venetian lace, with ruche of dark red *crêpe lisse* around the neck, and bow with long ends made of red *moire antique* ribbon.

No. 2.—Cape-collar of white Colbert lace, with soft, full front of white silk *crépon*. *Crépon* is also used for the folds which form the stock-collar that fastens in the back under a *crépon* bow.

No. 3.—Back of No. 2.

No. 4.—Stock-collar of pink *crêpe* made to fasten behind, and having a rosette on each side of the front, forming the broad, double effect which is now so much used.



1. Venetian Lace Cape.

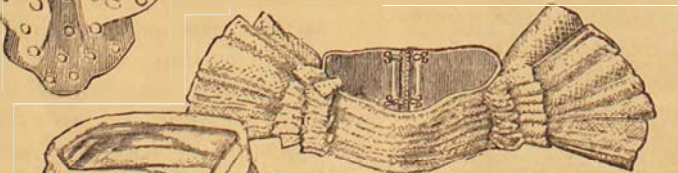


4. Crepe Stock-Collar.



7. Silk Cravat.

5 and 6. Collarette of Lace and Feathers.



8. Stock Collar of Blue Silk.



9. Cravat of White Embroidered Silk.



10. Embroidered Muslin Bow.

No. 5.—Collarette of white Bourdon lace overlaid with black ostrich-feathers. The standing collar is of ostrich-feathers, and the fastening in front is ornamented with four tiny bows of black satin ribbon.

No. 6.—Back of No. 5.

No. 7.—Blue-and-white dotted silk cravat and collar, arranged after the manner of revers.

No. 8.—Stock-collar of pale blue silk with close folds across the front and full ends standing out at each side, forming the broad effect now so popular. The back consists of plain folds of the silk.

No. 9.—Cravat of white silk with embroidered ends, to be used without a collar, or under a folding collar, and tied in the same way that a four-in-hand is.

No. 10.—Collar and bow of *mousseline de soie* with embroidered ends.

No. 11.—*Française* red velvet stock-collar made in folds which are full at the ends, and when fastened have the form of a rosette. Across the front is a *jabot* of white lace deep enough to almost reach the belt.

VEILS are again worn large and loose over the face.

SOME of the new dress-goods look like loosely woven rag-carpet.

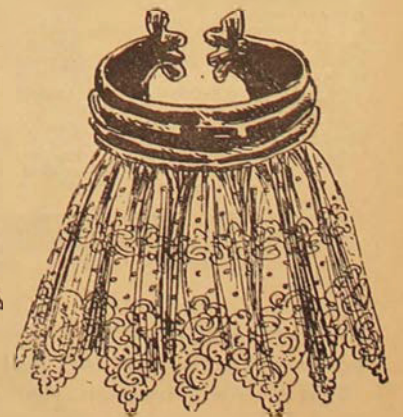
SLEEVES for evening-gowns are sometimes made to imitate a flower.

SOME of the new skirts have three side-plaits on each side of the front gore.

SHORT jackets cut square in front are used for little girls from four to ten years of age.

SLASHINGS in sleeves showing a different material underneath are seen on many of the new models.

THE divided skirt for bicycle riders is an accomplished fact, since it has received the sanction of fashion.



11. Velvet Collar with Lace Jabot.



1. Brown Felt Hat.

Autumn Millinery.

No. 1.—Brown felt hat with flat crown and undulating brim, trimmed with heavy cream-colored lace on the brim, the two rows on the under part being separated by folds of black velvet. Black jetted ribbon forms the large double bow, surmounted with a jet ornament.

No. 2.—Black velvet hat with low crown and brim of moderate width, the effect of large size being given by bows of jetted black lace made full and wired to make them stand out. They almost cover the hat, and jet ornaments complete the trimming. On the front of the brim is a large, wing-like bow, of red moiré ribbon dotted with jet.

No. 3.—Light brown felt walking-hat, trimmed with

the brim is lined with black velvet. Four black fancy wings are on the front, separated by a cluster of small white asters. A bunch of white asters rests upon one side, and at the other is a large bow of black velvet.

No. 5.—Close-fitting green velvet bonnet, with jet balls on each side of the front, and a bird with iridescent feathers almost covering the center and the top.

No. 6.—Sailor hat of dark tan-colored felt, trimmed with band and loops of Lincoln green velvet, jetted green feathers, and a black jet ornament on the side.



2. Hat of Velvet and Lace.

most fashionable, and are consequently shown in great

Silks and Satins.

WHILE wool still retains its pre-eminence for street costumes, and for rough wear always will, yet silks and satins are each year gaining more prominence in gowns that are not strictly for dress occasion, and they show a decided tendency this autumn to crowd closely upon the woolen goods for general use.

Black silks, which are always most worn, are at present



4. Hat of Gray-blue Felt.



3. Brown Felt Walking-Hat.

variety. In the plain silks, *peau de soie*, with somewhat of a satin luster, is one of the newest fabrics, as it is also one of the most

serviceable weaves. But there are also many novel weavings, among the newest of which is what is called "granite" weaving, that is very effective. Another very popular weave has thick cords that are filled with wool, not unlike the bengaline which has been so long used, which is filled with cotton.

Many fancy weaves are also shown, with both wide and narrow moiré stripes, and with dots and dashes and figures



6. Felt Sailor Hat.



5. Green Velvet Bonnet.

loops of dark brown velvet and gold braid, and two brown aigrettes. The crown is low.

No. 4.—Round hat of gray-blue felt. The under part of



For Work or Play.
CHRISTIE DRESS.

being found in covering the ground with small designs. The lines are very small, and the luster very brilliant on this class of silks; but they vary greatly as to softness, some being very soft, and others inclining almost to the stiffness of the old Irish poplins, which, by the way, are said to be coming into favor again.

Taffeta silk, which for the past two or three years has been used mainly for linings and petticoats, has become so pretty in quality and design that it has attained a more dignified position in the world of fashion, and is used not only for fancy waists, but for evening and house dresses. For waists it is checked and striped and dotted, more or less irregularly; while for evening gowns it is brocaded with vines and sprigs of flowers, or in stripes made of small flowers set near together. This latter design is very quaint and picturesque.

For a School-Girl.

For a young girl of twelve or fourteen years this stylish and girlish waist—the “Mayne”—is a suitable model for almost any sort of a woolen gown. The one here given is made of mixed cheviot with revers and cuffs of green silk. The belt is made of the same material as the gown. The waist has a slight fullness in both back and front, and is fastened a little to the left of the front. The hat is black felt, with velvet-faced brim against which are two pink roses, and black ostrich-tips form the outside trimming.

THE revers of some of the new tailor-made coats have whalebones running out to the points, to keep them in place.

of satin. Black silks are woven with color, sometimes in changeable effects, and sometimes with tiny figures scattered about, or even arranged with a regularity that produces the effect of a stripe. The colors most often combined with the black are the various shades of red and green, emerald green being in many of the choicest designs.

Repped silks are worn again this autumn, both in black and colors; but these rarely come in solid colors, the most stylish effects



For a School-Girl.
MAYNE WAIST.

For Work and Play.

ONE of the prettiest of the practical dresses for a girl from eight to ten years of age is the “Christie,” which combines ease and comfort with an attractive jauntiness that is very desirable. The illustration represents a dress made of mixed brown and blue cheviot, trimmed on skirt, sleeves, belt, and sailor collar, with narrow tan-colored braid. Rows of braid are also laid close together on the standing collar and down the front of the waist. It is an excellent model for woolens and washable fabrics.

For Autumn Days.

THIS autumn street-gown is for a miss from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and is as stylish as it is pretty and graceful. It is made of blue covert-cloth and trimmed with silk-and-wool novelty goods having a blue ground with white-and-gold pattern. The basque, the “Raymond,” has a vest of the fancy goods, and also a broad, notched collar which is rounded in the back and forms revers in front. The basque skirt is cut in circle shape. The skirt is the popular “Tadelford,” with four gores, and is trimmed with the same material that is used on the waist.

A Simple Frock.

ALMOST any sort of material is suitable for this very pretty little frock—the “Kelsey”—for a child from six to eight years old. The skirt, yoke, and double caps for the sleeves are trimmed with narrow pipings of velvet, or with velvet ribbon, while a somewhat wider velvet ribbon is taken from the rosettes in front, crossed, and finished with a bow in the back, at the waist line. The dress is also pretty without the crossed ribbon, and the caps simply finished on both back and front with small bows or rosettes. By the omission of the caps the model becomes one of extreme simplicity, suitable for the most practical uses.



For Autumn Days.
RAYMOND BASQUE. TADELFORD SKIRT.



A Simple Frock.
THE “KELSEY.”

Labor and Capital.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE frenzied riots and internecine war lately in progress between capital and labor furnish significant illustrations of the danger, loss, and ruin resulting from general strikes among the various trade and labor organizations as recently conducted.

Labor and capital are so closely allied in their mutual demands and interests, that the proper respect and protection of both require the most astute reasoning, and often necessitate judicial tests to show their true relations to each other and their just claim on our humane sympathies, as both have their relative rights.

When it is remembered that all wealth is the savings of labor, and that nine tenths, in fact, ninety-nine hundredths, of the people are wealth owners in the truest sense, that they are all more or less in the possession of the result of their labor, requiring protection and security, it will be seen that any attempt to destroy respect for the product of labor is the most disintegrating element of selfish greed, without right or just cause for antagonism, even when the wealth of the country is very unevenly divided.

As well might a civilized community instigate a war between the sexes, or children and parents come to battle against each other, as to incite war between the rights of capital and the claims of labor; and it is very evident that society could not exist without due respect for both.

The various questions of finance and the disputes that arise, and which must constantly occur between individuals and trade interests, must be settled by some more amicable and judicial adjustment of difficulties than can possibly be secured by such autocratic, anarchical violence as generally follows selfish coercion by employers, or general strikes at the dictation of ambitious leaders or indiscreet, lawless workers.

We must have personal independence secure in its relation to capital, wages, and labor. And the rights of property must be inviolate. The rights of wages must depend on free choice, whether belonging to one or many individuals. Property must be secure against mere caprice, or riots of irresponsible parties. We cannot do evil that good may come! Interference with the rights of either property or wages is, therefore, indefensible.

Such exercise of selfish animosities only shows how much like human fiends we become when passion and selfish interest take control of our actions, and we refuse adjudication of our differences, with utter disregard of the rights of others.

There is no element of disturbance in society that is so fraught with anarchy, and so destructive in results, as this one passion of autocratic dictation by either capital or labor. It is often so insidious and intricate in its manifestations that the wonder is that human beings cherishing such selfish impulses can live together in social intercourse and have any security for their lives or property. It will, therefore, always require much discretion, and often the interposition of law, to adjust these conflicts of interest between labor and capital.

Government means law, and law must be paramount to individual claims; and all questions or diversities of individual interests should be adjudicated by mutual agreements, generous concession, or legal authority vested in the government.

But, in most cases, we must depend largely on a wide diffusion of general intelligence and strong common-sense, and a keen recognition of moral obligation, to adjust and reconcile all these diversities of interest between labor and capital. An intelligent and humane consideration of the

relative claims of capital and labor will surely eventuate in the establishment of a just and valid basis of human rights and respect for law; and thus, in time, these divergent impulses of will and passion, these aspirations, inspirations, and ambitions will simply give zest and interest to our otherwise lawless war on each other's rights, and, through generous competition, avoid anarchy, and secure to all the peace and prosperity sought by each.

But with our many opportunities for labor or trade, competition and choice must have a fair, open field, and no unjust coercion be tolerated on either side, if we would have any permanent success, or be entitled to any protection or security for their varied interests, either as capital or labor; and in our pursuit after life, liberty, or happiness, justice and individual claims to liberty, without violence, must be paramount to all other considerations.

The Church in Its Relation to the Liquor Traffic.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

CHURCHES of nearly all the different denominations have been very outspoken in their sympathies with the political Prohibition movement for the annihilation of the liquor traffic; but the members of these churches would be far more efficient in their efforts to destroy this hideous evil of liquor selling, if they could be made to see their whole duty and privilege regarding this subject. For instance, if the recent action of the Roman Catholic Church were followed up actively by the voting members of that church, the liquor traffic would receive its death-blow at the next election.

The Christian Church is singularly adapted to an aggressive moral movement; and when she does become enthusiastic, her actions, her zeal and energy, will be developed in proportion to the value of the work to be accomplished. Therefore, what the Church most wants is an active faith in the means to be employed, a confidence in the final results, but more especially an intelligent and abiding conviction of the glorious moral regeneration and revival of true religious sentiment that will be likely to follow the entire prohibition of this terrible curse.

This is what the Church wants at the present time: a grand revival of moral heroism, and an enthusiastic zeal that shall include all professing disciples of Christ in this, the greatest moral reform ever inaugurated. The Church should arise in her moral power and demand the sacrifice of old party prejudices, which at the present time are the most formidable obstacles in the way of Prohibition; but the active faith that triumphs over selfish proclivities, and the zeal inspired by the ability to overcome mountains of difficulty, will cause them to disappear like the dew before the rising sun, so that, just as soon as we are ready to put forth the necessary efforts, this grand result will surely follow.

Lack of courage to exercise our moral convictions is so very natural and common, that it requires heroism and real Christian zeal to do so; but ardent, intelligent enthusiasm will combat this cowardice when the exigency for its exercise arises, for there is a dominant sentiment and feeling in most minds, which is always ready to respond to the urgent call for conscientious efforts and sacrifice for the true interests of the people, or when the best methods become fully known; and when this power is once awakened it will be a whirlwind of energy, before which all opposition will flee and disappear like chaff before a driving storm.

The Christian Church has already given the world some

grand illustrations of its adhesion to and sympathy with this grand Prohibition movement. But we need much more personal active faith and zeal on the part of a large proportion of Christians, to use all the opportunities and secure all the advantages that are possible in this new political crusade.

The dangerous and destructive character of the liquor traffic makes it so terrible in its ravages on the community that it calls loudly for definite action, and requires the coöperation of the best elements of Christian effort to stimulate the higher moral stamina of the Church; and when this call is answered, and not before, we shall achieve the high standard and necessary impetus requisite for the complete triumph of this grand cause.

Nor can this call be ignored because it is a political question, nor the Church or its members free themselves from personal responsibility because their action may cause a disturbance or some unfriendly feeling among themselves, or because the Church may lose some of its popularity or pecuniary support. All these things, and others of much more consequence, may happen if this curse of liquor selling is made prominent as a political question; but if we know anything of the character of Christ's teaching, or the moral obligation of both ministers and people, we are quite sure that there is no good evidence of discipleship or true religion where the people ignore or are indifferent to their moral obligations because it costs some sacrifice to meet them.

As well might we expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, as to expect the "Well done, good and faithful servant," when we have been deceiving ourselves with friendly sympathies, or good intentions only. We cannot be saved by any delusion that God will justify us in the last day if we fail to protect the homes of the people, or if we become accessory to the awful crimes and wretchedness caused by the liquor traffic, by our failure to condemn this curse of liquor selling by our vote. Our vote is our conscience incarnate, and will meet us with its vast responsibility, when our final account is made up.

What we want, on this question, is less of the mere shell of Churchanity, and more of the real spirit of Christianity,—less pretense and more practice.

The Church cannot ignore its responsibility on questions of a moral character, any more than the beauty and vitality in the world can exist without the genial influence and light of the sun; and certainly no more important question has ever been brought to the duty and conscience of church members, than their obligations to eradicate and banish this terrible scourge from the land. Liquor dealers care but little for our preaching, prayers, or entreaties; what they want for their diabolical work is votes.

Members of the Church cannot plead any want of knowledge, or any want of numbers or ability. It has millions of voters, and those who would sympathize with them could annihilate the curse of rum-selling with one blow, if they would combine their efforts. This whole question, therefore, is dependent on the action and attitude of church-members.

Creditable illustrations of the faithful applications and consideration of the Prohibition policy have been given by many churches; but we can see in the indolence and indifferent attitude of most church-members the cause of their failure to promote Prohibition; we can also see what a deplorable lack of conscience they have shown in this crusade for the annihilation of this death-dealing traffic, in their neglect of their political opportunities.

What the Church wants is to get out of this quagmire of selfish greed and apathy, and come into the broad sunlight of Christian sympathy and the brotherhood of humanity. Therein is the true basis of all real or practical Christianity.

Let the Church but arise in the majesty of her privileges

and power, and require of all her members rigid adherence to and active application of the Prohibition principles enunciated in church resolutions; and let this be done at the ballot-box, the place where the decision will be final. Then, and only then, will church-members be free from the charge of personal delinquency on this great question, and the Church rise to her true dignity as a moral power and influence in the world.

The Unavoidable Question.

IN his unqualified endorsement of the action of Bishop Watterson in relation to the liquor traffic, Mgr. Satolli has made some enemies, and armies of friends. He is to be envied such enemies not less than such friends, for both are the evidences of moral courage and devotion to a noble principle of right. At first sight the magnitude of the situation does not appear. The Roman Catholic Church is a vast and expensive machine; and to mortally offend and cut off from it a large body of those who contribute to its support most liberally, is to make a great sacrifice. But the temporal loss, he says, "should be borne patiently for the spiritual good of many." When we remember that in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, alone, there are more than fifteen thousand persons licensed to sell liquor, giving support to, probably, over one hundred thousand persons, a large proportion of whom are connected with the Roman Catholic Church and contribute to it with a lavish hand, we can form some idea of the amount of that temporal loss.

Equally noble was the reply of Archbishop Corrigan to the organ of the liquor interest which boldly dared him to enforce the decree of the Papal Delegate in his diocese. "I loyally accept the principles laid down by Mgr. Satolli," he says, "both in spirit and letter. As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God! to learn what fear is in the discharge of duty." This rings true, with no uncertain tone.

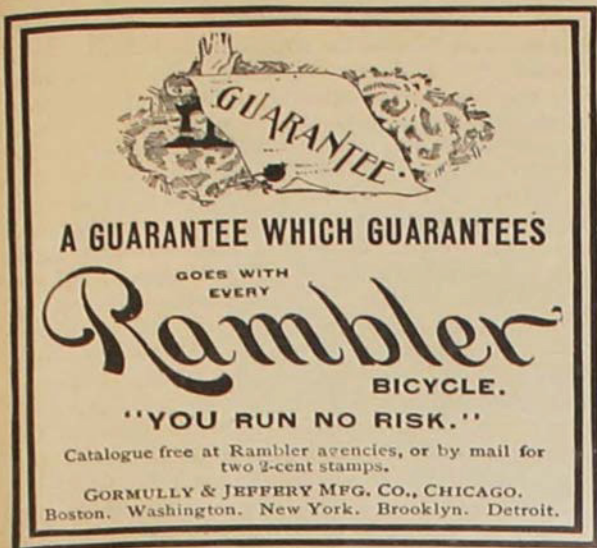
Archbishop Ireland's words are likewise eloquent. "Any church which will not come out boldly for temperance is an odious excrescence of the soil. * * In the saloon are temptations to sin and ruin; there health and life are sacrificed; there souls are severed from God."

There has been some shuffling among a few of the weak-kneed, but as an establishment it may be said that the Roman Church has declared war against liquor-selling in such terms that it cannot now recede without dishonor. The Protestant churches have now the simple but unavoidable question put squarely to them, "Will you take part in this fight?" Wear your own uniforms, fire from your own batteries, rally under your own colors, if you wish; but join in the struggle you must, or bear the brand of moral cowardice, or shameful submission to money and power.

It is not a question of creed. Upon this point there can be no clash of dogmas. It is war against a common enemy, the universal enemy of mankind, the gloomy legions of the nether empire led on by the Fallen One in person. The churches have already felt the impulse and are beginning to arouse. True it is, that comparatively few liquor-dealers are connected with Protestant churches or societies; but all church-members who do not actively oppose this traffic are in league with them and should be ostracized with them. More than that, the war should be carried into Africa. The Fabian tactics have been practiced too long. There must be attack, and it is to the Protestant churches that the country looks for offensive operations. We shall see.

C. L. H.

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



A GUARANTEE WHICH GUARANTEES
GOES WITH EVERY
Rambler
BICYCLE.
"YOU RUN NO RISK."
Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.
Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

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

\$1,000 in PRIZES
WALL PAPER

Divided into 4 1st prizes of \$150 each, and 4 2d prizes of \$100 each will be given for best designs for

Send 2c. for complete detail information. Designs must be entered before Nov. 15, 1894. Designs not awarded prizes will be returned, or bought at private sale.

No matter where you live, don't pay retail prices for wall paper. We make a specialty of the mail order business and sell direct to consumers at factory prices.

SPECIAL FALL PRICES: Good Paper 3c. and up. Gold Paper 4c. and up.

At these prices you can paper a small room for 50c.

Send 10c for postage on samples of our new fall paper and our book "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," will be sent at once, showing how to get \$50 effect for \$5 investment.

If you want paper next spring send 10c. postage, now, and we will send samples of these prize designs March 1st, '95. Explain what you want. Send to nearest address.

ALFRED PEATS, DEPT. 3.
30-32 W. 13th St., NEW YORK. 126-138 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

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.

"F. C. B."—Blackwell's Island has three important hospitals to which both men and women are admitted: the Charity Hospital, Hospital for Incurables, and the Convalescent Hospital. There are none exclusively for women, unless one might call the Lunatic Asylum for Women a hospital.—It is probably difficult for young medical graduates to secure positions on the Island unless they have some special claim or fitness for the work. The physicians are paid for their service; but for definite information you had better write to the superintendent of one of the hospitals.

(Continued on page 756.)



Simply—Soak, boil and rinse.

Then it's easy enough—and safe enough too. Millions of women are washing in this way. Are you?

Soak your clothes in Pearline and water (over night is best); boil them in Pearline and water twenty minutes; rinse them—and they will be clean.

Yes, you can wash them without the boiling, but ask your doctor to explain the difference between clothes that are boiled, and clothes that

are not boiled—he knows. When you think what you save by doing away with the rubbing, the saving of health, the saving of clothes, the saving of hard work, time and money—then isn't it time to think about washing with Pearline?

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

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



ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

What a Postage Stamp will do

Mail it with your address and you'll receive the prettiest booklet of the year—full of pictures of eye-delighting lamp shades of dreamy silk.

BOSTON ART LAMP SHADE CO.,
1 West Street, near Washington Street, Boston.

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Corticelli Crochet Silk.

The special features of this Silk are, Fast Colors and High Lustre. It is used not only for Crocheting, but for Knitting and other kinds of Needlework. The brand Corticelli is a guarantee of good quality wherever found. This reputation has been obtained by more than a half century's experience in silk making. The wise buyer will consider this fact. Awarded the Gold Medal and Special Diploma of Honor at the California International Exposition, 1894.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1894 is now ready. Subjects: Corticelli Darning, 22 new designs; Knitting, Crochet and Correct Colors for Flowers, embroidered with Corticelli Wash Silk. Send 6 cents,

mentioning year, and we will mail you the book, 96 pages, 90 illustrations.
NONOTUCK SILK CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

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THE STAY THAT STAYS FOR DRESSES
Is THE CORALINE STAY

Put up in yard lengths the same as whalebone; also in short lengths, muslin covered. Sample set for one dress, by mail, 25 cents. Sold everywhere. WARNER BROS., Makers, New York and Chicago.

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

(Continued from page 755.)

"INQUIRER."—Yes, a white dress would be appropriate for a home wedding, no matter how small the number of guests, or what time of day the wedding occurs.—White slippers or black ones may be worn. White undressed kid gloves are best.—The groom should not wear a full dress suit except in the evening. A frock coat, light trousers, light kid gloves, and white necktie constitute the proper dress for him.—If the bride wears a traveling-dress it is still appropriate for the groom to dress as above described, excepting the light gloves; or he may wear his traveling-suit.—Announcement cards are to be sent as soon as the bride is ready to receive calls.—Whether the groom should kiss the bride or not, must depend upon local custom and the taste of the parties concerned. It is not generally done at a public wedding.—A suitable outfit for a bride depends upon her needs. It is not necessary to buy anything simply because she is a bride, unless she is going to have use for it.

"TAUNTON."—Chenille table-covers are likely to fade in washing, but they can be cleaned by the dry process of professional cleaners.

"INEXPERIENCED."—White is not worn during the first months of full mourning, excepting for the house by young people.—Silver jewelry can be worn on any occasion that does not require full dress, but is not worn with mourning attire.—There is no "must" about a widow's wearing black; but if she wishes to do so she can wear it as many years as her feelings and judgment dictate. One year is the shortest time it is worn, if worn at all.—One year is also the prescribed time for a girl of eighteen to wear mourning for a parent.—It is scarcely in good taste to attend dances while in mourning garb; but in the matter of amusements each one must be guided by her feelings and taste.

"M. B."—We do not answer such questions by mail. So far as we know, China, Russia, Italy, Brazil, Switzerland, and the other countries you mention have, strictly speaking, no national flower, except that the fleur-de-lis is used as the royal insignia of France. An attempt was made to adopt the goldenrod as our national flower, but it can not be said to have been successful. At any rate, it is not associated with us as the shamrock is with Ireland and the thistle with Scotland.

"P. B."—The American Consul at London is the proper person to ask whom to employ to give you information in regard to English estates. But you can also consult an American lawyer. Such claims rarely ever meet with success.—In the November, 1893, number of Demorest's Magazine was published an article on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and in this number you will find one on the Military Academy at West Point.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—You can put silk or velvet sleeves in your jacket, though sleeves of a different material are not so much worn as they were a year ago.

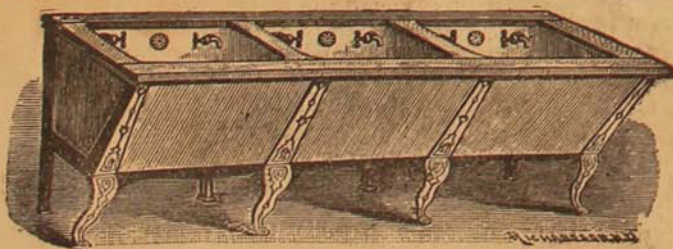
(Continued on page 758.)

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES

LUNDBORG'S HELIO-VIOLET SACHET
LUNDBORG'S VIOLET SACHET
LUNDBORG'S EDENIA NEW YORK
LUNDBORG'S TOILET WATER VIOLET NEW YORK
LUNDBORG'S SACHET POWDER PANSY

LOYD S. R. HEAD

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



Solid White Crockery Stationary Wash Tubs and Sinks.

Get the best. Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay and become infectious. Our solid white Crockery Wash Tubs have stood the test of fifteen years, and are unrivaled, being imperishable, well glazed and non-porous. Send for price list and catalogue.

STEWART CERAMIC CO.,
312 Pearl Street, New York.

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Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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MONEY MADE

selling Beveridge's Automatic Cooker. Best cooking utensil. Food can't burn. No odor. Saves labor and fuel. Fits any kind of stove. Agents wanted, either sex. Good Pay. One agent sold 1730 in one town. Write for terms. W. E. BEVERIDGE, Baltimore, Md.

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Let Me Hold Your Book



and your Dictionary, too, in just the right position and angle for restful, delightful reading—sitting or lying down. Holders for the Century and other Dictionaries. Illustrated catalogue free, address:

HOLLOWAY READING STAND, CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.

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A corset must

Fit to Wear

Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets are fitted to living models.

Sold everywhere. WARNER BROS., Makers, New York and Chicago.



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

When you need a

A Good Soup

remember the brand

Franco-American.



20 different kinds. Catalogue mailed free on application.

Franco-American Food Co.,

P. O. Box 150, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from page 756.)

"I. L. C."—The "trencher" cap would hardly be appropriate for you. They are worn chiefly by undergraduates.

"MRS. E. MORRIS."—We do not know the needles you mention.

"MRS. J. F. C."—Certainly it is proper to return a call, even if you are not at home when it is made. It makes no difference how long you have lived in the town.

"MARY E. S."—It is impossible to tell you the price of opals or rubies, since it depends altogether upon the size and quality of the stone. Inquire of some jeweler who will show you the different qualities.

"ANNABELL."—Yes; Queen Victoria and her husband were cousins.

"MRS. E. M. B."—Your questions concerning political and industrial affairs cover too much ground to be answered in the limited space of this column.—Athletics are of value in a scheme of education only in so far as they tend to keep students in good physical condition.—There are forty-four States in the Union at the present time, not counting Utah, which will be in next year.—The present judges of the supreme court are: Chief Justice, Melville W. Fuller; Associates, Horace Gray, George Shiras, Jr., Howell E. Jackson, Henry S. Brown, John M. Harlan, David J. Brewer, Stephen J. Field, and Edward D. White.—It is a matter of opinion as to which is the best University in the United States. The leading ones are Harvard and Yale, but there are several others just as good.—The Chautauqua summer school is at Chautauqua, on the west side of Chautauqua Lake, in Chautauqua County, New York.—No; undergraduates at West Point are not allowed the use of liquor and tobacco.—We have no statistics showing whether there are more saloons in Ohio than in any other State.

"CHRYS."—Yes, it is proper for a gentleman to pay the expense when he has invited his fiancée and her mother to go anywhere with him; and the circumstances you mention do not alter the case as to the propriety.

"KATE N."—If you will write to the person you name and address the letter simply to London, England, the post-office authorities will hunt up her address, if possible, and forward the letter to her, which is a different thing from sending you her address. Put your own address on the outside of the letter, with a request to return if not delivered, and if they do not find her you will get your letter back. We have no means of learning her address. A person who is a permanent resident of any town can usually be traced in this way.

(Continued on page 761.)

A New Cooking School

has been started, which, recognizing the importance of having plenty of milk on hand for cooking purposes, has found its requirements fully met by Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, prepared by New York Condensed Milk Co. It highly endorses it.

Something new in ladies' tailoring. The Hartman Cloak Co., whose "ad." can be found in this edition, are manufacturers at wholesale of cloaks, suits and furs. They offer to cut garments to measure and make to order for less money than they can be bought in the stores ready made. That they must be very successful, is shown by the fact that, although they occupy a large building at 21 Wooster street, they have also opened a branch, for the accommodation of their near-by trade, in Cammeyer's new building, 310 to 318 Sixth avenue, corner 20th street.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high-grade, non-chemically treated Cocos and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor." The scale, however, is placed so high, they say, "that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases." All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

The finest Cocoa Beans are of a reddish brown color.

Blooker's Dutch Cocoa

either in the tin or prepared in the cup is reddish brown, which proclaims its purity. Cocoa of any other color indicates either an inferior grade of bean, or adulteration in the process of manufacture.

A Sample of Blooker's Cocoa (enough for two cups) will be sent for two cents to pay postage. Address

Franco-American Food Company,

Sole Wholesale Agents for the United States,
West Broadway & Franklin St., New York.

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

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

EACH CATALOGUE IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Auto Harps.
*Auto Harp Music.

Flutes.

*Flute Music.
*Clarinets.
*Clar. Music.
*Guitars.
*Guitar Music.

Accordions.

Banjos.

*Banjo Music.

*Cornets.

**Cornet Music.

***Violin Bows.

****Violin Cases.

Violin Repairing.

Harmonicas.
Violins.

**Violin Music.

***Violin Cases.

****Violin Repairing.

*Separate Catalogue devoted to Music only.

**Two Catalogues devoted to Music only.

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

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



POINTS ABOUT THE EQUIPOISE WAIST.

- It is stylish and comfortable, a rare combination.*
- It embodies the true hygienic principle of support from the shoulders.*
- The bones can be removed without ripping the garment.*
- It fits as if made to order.*
- It will wear longer than any other waist (or corset) made.*
- It is recommended by physicians and teachers of calisthenics.*
- Its best recommendation is its enormous sale, constantly increasing.*

The **EQUIPOISE WAIST** is sold by leading merchants throughout the United States. For ladies, White, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00; Drab, \$2.50; Black, \$3.00; Ventilated, \$2.50; Silk Pongee, \$4.00. Misses, White, \$1.75. Children, White, 60c. Infants, White 75c. Note—The ladies' \$1.75 is not boned. Send for our book on Sensible Dressing, mailed free. Address

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, 551 Tremont Street, Boston.

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(Continued from page 758.)

"M. C."—Well-known characters in fiction and history are chosen for Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. Humorous ones from Dickens's stories are always successful, as Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, the Mantalini, Mrs. Jellaby, Mr. Squeers, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, Mr. F.'s Aunt. See "The Old Curiosity Shop" for description of Mr. Jarley. Other good subjects are Mrs. Malaprop, Falstaff, the Two Dromios. Often the greatest success of the evening will be a character of local interest, treated in a serio-comic fashion. The costuming should be exaggerated.

"A. C. W."—Read Marcia Duncan's "Sanitarium" articles in recent numbers of Demorest's, especially that for March. If you would put in practice her useful health hints regarding diet and exercise you would cease to be troubled by superfluous flesh or a flushed face. You probably eat too much starchy food, and too much sugar, and do not take sufficient exercise. Drop potatoes and all bread, cakes, and pastries from your diet, for two or three months; also beans, peas, and corn; eat all the beef, mutton, and fish you care for, with all kinds of crisp salads, and plenty of fruit. If you suffer for want of bread take it sparingly in the form of thin, crisp toast. Learn to ride a bicycle and take a daily spin; or, if that is impossible, walk from two to five miles. When you have corrected the habit of over-assimilation of food—a disease in itself—you may be able to return to your usual diet.

"B. E. W."—It is impossible to give you a scheme of reading without further information concerning your taste, and your habits of reading and study. A person of sixteen may be just forming a taste for reading, or it may be a long-established habit with her. One safe rule to follow is to read what interests you, and do not make yourself read what has no interest for you. But in searching for something that you like, seek it among the books known as good literature, which every history of literature will give you the names of, and avoid as much as possible the modern novel until your taste is sufficiently formed to know good from bad.

Gleaning's

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN NAMING CHILDREN.

In an article read before the British Association on the natives of Australia, their peculiar customs in naming the children are thus described: "The first child is generally named after the parent, father, or mother, as the case may be. After that children are named after some animal which may happen to be near at the time of their birth. One native was

(Continued on page 762.)



Fashionable •• HAIR ••

We will mail goods to reliable parties throughout the United States for approval. The newest styles and best of goods at lowest prices. No money required until they are received. No obligation to keep goods if unsatisfactory. Send for circular.

JOHN MEDINA,
451 Washington Street,
BOSTON, - MASS.

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

The St. Claire Corset and Corset Waists.

Made only to order. Secure **Comfort, Style and Grace** by sending for complete directions for measurement. Order what you want. You will get what you order from **THE ST. CLAIRE CORSET CO.,** 163 State Street, Chicago.

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



You can easily have the best if you only insist upon it.

They are made for cooking and heating, in every conceivable style and size, for any kind of fuel and with prices from \$10 to \$70.

The genuine all bear this trade-mark and are sold with a *written guarantee*.

First-class merchants everywhere handle them

Made only by **The Michigan Stove Company.**

LARGEST MAKERS OF STOVES AND RANGES IN THE WORLD:
DETROIT, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK CITY.

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

CLOAKS, SUITS AND FURS.



No. 146.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| No. 146, Coney Fur Cape | \$6.00 |
| Imitation Sealskin Fur Cape | 13.50 |
| Electric Sealskin Fur Cape | 20.00 |

All Satin Lined and 22 inches long.

By buying direct from the manufacturer you save at least 30 to 50 per cent. We are manufacturers and make cloth, plush and fur garments to order for less money than they can be bought ready made. We will mail you our Fall and Winter Catalogue, which illustrates



- | |
|---|
| Cloth Capes from \$3.00 up, |
| Cloth Jackets from \$4.50 up, |
| Fur Capes from \$6.00 up, Tailor-made Suits from \$8.75 up, |

Plush and Velvet Jackets, Capes, Wraps, etc., etc., with a collection of cloth and plush samples to select from; a measurement diagram (which insures a perfect fit) and a tape measure, on receipt of four cents postage.

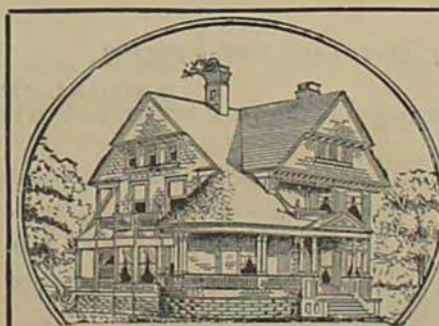
We sell plush, cloth and fur trimmings by the yard.
We guarantee fit and finish. We pay express charges.

THE HARTMAN CLOAK CO.,

Branch, 310 to 318 Sixth Avenue.

21 Wooster Street, New York.

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



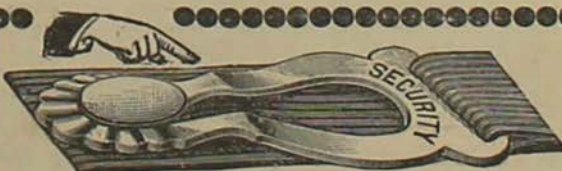
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Knoxville, Tenn.

If you are Going to Build ••••• a HOME

and will send you your name and address, and state what priced house you want, **WILL SEND FREE** a copy of our **Beautifully Illustrated Book of Residence Designs** entitled "ARTISTIC HOMES," how to plan and build them. Contains designs of many Beautiful Homes, also designs for laying out and beautifying your grounds. This book will make you familiar at once with **all the latest ideas and styles.** Enclose two 2c. stamps for mailing.

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



SECURITY HOSE SUPPORTER

LOOK AT THE CROOK

Not a stitch in the web
The hold of a vice
Not a tear—Not a cut

Sold Everywhere—Made by Warner Bros., N. Y. and Chicago.

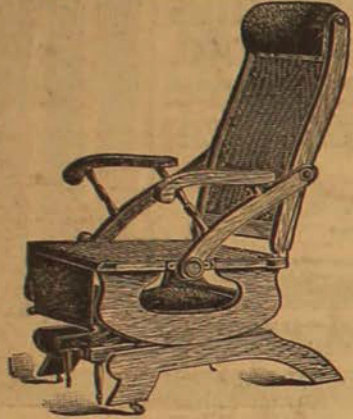
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Chautauqua Reclining Chair FREE

WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP.

It can be adjusted to any position, and changed at will by the occupant while reclining. A synonym of luxurious ease and comfort. It is built of oak, polished antique finish, with beautifully grained three-ply veneer seat and back. The head and foot rests are upholstered with silk plush in crimson, old red, tobacco brown, old gold, blue or olive, as desired. It is very strong and perfectly simple in construction. It is fully guaranteed.



YOU USE THE GOODS THIRTY DAYS BEFORE BILL IS DUE.

THE COMBINATION BOX CONTAINS

- 100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP. \$5.00
ENOUGH TO LAST AN AVERAGE FAMILY ONE FULL YEAR. FOR ALL LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.
- 7 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP. .70
A PERFECT SOAP FOR FLANNELS.
- 9 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER. .90
CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC. SIMPLE - EASY - EFFICIENT.
- 1/2 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP. .60
EXQUISITE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. A MATCHLESS BEAUTIFIER.
- 1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME. .25
DELICATE, REFINED, POPULAR, LASTING.
- 1/2 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP. .30
- 1/2 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP. .25
- 1/2 DOZ. ELITE TOILET SOAP. .25

1/4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP. .45
INFALLIBLE PREVENTATIVE OF DANDRUFF. UNEQUALLED FOR WASHING LADIES' HAIR.

1/4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP. .45

1 JAR MODJESKA GOLD CREAM. .25
SOOTHING - CURES CHAPPED SKIN.

1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER. .25
PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH.

1 PKT. SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER. .25

1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP. .10
200,000 FAMILIES USE IN A YEAR.

THE ASSORTMENT OUR BOX PROVIDES. THE CONTENTS IF BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST \$10.00
CHAIR WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00
ALL FOR \$10.00 YOU GET THE CHAIR GRATIS. \$20.00

You save half the regular retail prices, besides the added inestimable satisfaction of using only the best and purest goods, by buying direct from the reliable manufacturer, who alone adds value while every middleman adds cost. The \$10.00 that you pay after trial, though only one-half retail value of the goods, pays for the Soaps when only one small profit (the manufacturer's) is added, and also maker's cost of Chair in car lots. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost. The publishers of this paper know that every claim made is sustained by the facts.

ORDER TO-DAY. We do not ask you to remit in advance. We merely ask to send you a CHAIR and Combination box, and if after 30 days' trial you are fully satisfied, you can pay the bill—\$10.00. But if you are not, no charge will be made for what you have used, and we will take the goods away at our own expense. HOW CAN WE DO MORE?

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment same day order is received. The publishers also know that your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the box or CHAIR does not prove all expected. Booklet illustrating ten other premiums free upon application.

ESTAB. 1875. INCOR. 1892. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

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

Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR **Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,** IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM. **THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.**

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: POST OFFICE BOX 3499. CHICAGO: MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE. BROOKLYN: 44 TO 50 JAY STREET.

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

DON'T GAP DRESSES made with the **LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER** close like a seam; open by a single movement; serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined; worn with or without corsets; **HIGHEST MEDAL** awarded at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Sample, 30c. Write for free catalogue. Address **LEONTIN MFG. CO., 4563 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago.**

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

At 1/4 Price

Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. **CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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

AFTER THE BALL

This famous song and ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX OTHER LATEST SONGS OF THE DAY including "TA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY," "COMRADES," "LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN," ETC. Words and Music, postpaid, only Ten Cents. **GEM NOV. CO., B 58 Frankfort, Ind.**

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

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the **Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.**

Excels any 25c. Soap. Ask your dealer for it. Full size sample, 12 cents. Beware of imitations.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co. 185 to 187 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

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

PROF. NORTH'S EARPHONES

make the **DEAF** hear. Send stamp for circular. 41 Greenville St., Somerville, Mass.

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

(Continued from page 761.)
called Ber-uke (kangaroo-rat), one of these animals having crossed the floor at the time of the child's birth. Cherry-tree was so called because he was born under a cherry tree; and Fire-and-water because a hat took fire and was extinguished by water." This is very much after the manner of our American Indians; but with more poetry than the native Americans, they name their girls after flowers. The naming of a child, though, is not such an important matter with them, after all, for when a male child reaches manhood he receives an entirely new name; and if he should lead a striking career he will receive still another name worthy of and in some sense describing the man, and his old name will be entirely forgotten. There is a pleasant idea of justice in being named according to one's achievements and deserts. It effectually prevents the dragging of an honored name to the dust, which sometimes happens in our more civilized communities.

A CONVENIENCE FOR GUESTS.

A VERY good suggestion has been made by some practical woman who wishes to assist her guests in making as little trouble as possible. It is to hang a card in the guest-chamber giving the hours of meals and the time when the mails arrive and leave. This may seem to some too much like a hotel practice; but everyone who entertains often will recognize how much time and annoyance it will save her, and it cannot but be a convenience to the guest, who, having such fair warning of the habits of the family, will certainly take pleasure in disturbing them as little as possible. The card may be as decorative as one chooses to make it, and can easily fall into perfect harmony with the tone of the room.

AN ALLOWANCE FOR CHILDREN.

It has come to be quite a common practice of late for thoughtful parents to make a regular weekly allowance of money to their children to spend as they choose. There is much to be said in favor of the practice, since the only sure way to teach a child proper economy is to let him know the value of money. Some parents may hesitate to run the risk of having the allowance wasted, as it sometimes must be; but with a little sagacious, though unhampering, guidance, and a few object-lessons in money spent with nothing to show for it, much may be done towards a good business training. It is more important to develop a child's sense of responsibility and teach it to be self-reliant than to save a few cents, and everyone can well afford to use a little money in this way. The amount of the allowance need not be more than the parent can afford. Five, or even fewer, pennies a week is a large sum for a small child to manage, and the account may be increased according to the judgment and needs of the child, and the financial circumstances of the parent. But, however rich he may be, a parent should never give a child more than he can easily know the value of and keep an account of.

(Continued on page 763.)



D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER, For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor room; new scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular 40 engravings, free. Address, **D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.**

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

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

(Continued from page 762.)

A KENTUCKY "BURGOO."

It seems that Kentucky is expert in the concocting of "savory messes," one of which, for variety of ingredients, throws a shadow over our much-vaunted clam-bake. It has the rather suggestive name of "burgoo," and is thus described by a recent traveler in the South: "It is an outdoor concoction, and many massive pots of it are said to have simmered over a hot fire in the open at political gatherings in Kentucky. This is how 'burgoo' is made: In the bottom of the big pot some red-pepper pods are thrown; then potatoes, tomatoes, and corn are added; then a half-dozen nicely dressed prairie-chickens are thrown into the pot, and also a half-dozen of the fattest farm-yard chickens are added; then a couple of dozen soft-shell crabs and three or four young squirrels are thrown on the heap. Enough clear spring or well water is poured into the caldron barely to float the varied contents, and then the fire is started. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours; and an old superstition is that it must be stirred with a hickory stick in order to give it the best flavor."

THE MEASUREMENT OF CLOUDS.

A COLLECTOR of curious bits of information says: "We are all acquainted with the many beautiful cloud effects in nature designated by the epithets of 'mares' tails,' the 'mackerel' and the 'dappled' skies, 'cumulus,' and 'rain' clouds, and the other vagaries of cloudland; but not all of us know that the passing clouds can be and have been measured in their heights and speeds above the earth. The first-named, or 'cirrus' clouds, rise to the height of thirty-five thousand feet; the 'cirro-stratus,' the second, to twenty-seven thousand feet; and the third to twenty thousand feet; 'alto-cumulus,' fifteen thousand; 'cumulonimbus,' from fourteen to fifteen thousand; 'strato-cumulus,' six thousand five hundred to eight thousand; whilst the 'nimbus,' or rain clouds, rise short of five thousand feet; and the mist lies close upon the ground." So insubstantial and varying do most clouds seem that we feel that if they can be measured with such accuracy, we may soon expect to measure the depth of our thoughts or the elevation of our minds.

FRENCH SHOES TANNED IN THE SEWERS.

THE dainty Parisienne would probably be horrified to know that the leather in her boots is only second-hand stuff which has been used by the sewer-cleaners; but this is true according to a Paris correspondent, who describes one of the oddest industries of that city,

(Continued on page 764.)

PARKER PAYS THE POSTAGE on his Arctic Sock for men, women, and children. Recommended by physicians and nurses for house, chamber and sick-room. Only sock for rubber boots; it absorbs perspiration. Ask shoe dealer, or send 25c. with size. **J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford Street, Boston, Dept. 7.**



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

HOW TO BECOME A FINE PIANIST. Complete system. Address DUREGE, Box 135, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

RUBBER GOODS for Hygienic and private use. Circulars free. GEM RUBBER Co., Kansas City, Mo. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
FOR HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

QUALITY, WORKMANSHIP, And SHAPES UNEQUALED.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist.

1.00
1.25
1.50

Either Clasps or Buttons.

MODERN Ideas of HEALTHFUL Dress are PERFECTED in this Waist.

Worn by over a million Mothers, Misses and Children. Buttons at front instead of clasps. Clamp Buckle at hip for hose supporters. Tape fastened buttons—won't pull off. Cord edge button holes—won't wear out. All sizes; all shapes. Full or slim bust; long or short waist.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago, Western Wholesale Depot.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

Send for illustrated circular to **FERRIS BROS.** Manufacturers and Patentees. Principal Office—341 Broadway, NEW YORK. Branch Office—537 Market St., San Francisco.

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

IMPROVED DEWEY ACME CORSET AND DRESS PROTECTOR.

A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six.

Bust measure 28-33, \$.80
Bust measure 34-39, 1.00
Bust measure 40-46, 1.25

M. DEWEY, Manufacturer, 669 C. W. Madison St., Chicago.
Send money by P. O. Order. Agents wanted; catalogue free.

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

A "Yard of Poppies" FREE.
Send us 25 cents for a six months' subscription to **INGALLS' MAGAZINE**, and we will send you a "Yard of Flowers," in all their beautiful colors, FREE. Mention which we shall send you, Poppies or Pansies. Address **J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., Box K.**

A "Yard of Pansies" FREE.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FLEXIBONE
WON MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD AT WORLD'S FAIR.

LONG AND SHORT WAIST. BODY-SHAPE. PERFECT FITTING. POPULAR COLORS. POPULAR PRICES.

COMFORT AND DURABILITY.

STAYED WITH UNBREAKABLE "FLEXIBONE" CORONET CORSET COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN. EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

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

"How to Choose AND USE Perfumes."

Send 5 cents for our Souvenir book of valuable Toilet Hints. Illustrated with portraits of beautiful women who use and recommend

LINDEN BLOOM Perfume.

One ounce bottle by mail to any address 50 cts. FREE Face Powder with each booklet. For sale by all Druggists. **FOOTE & JENES, Perfumers, Jackson, Mich.**



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

LADIES,

UPON RECEIPT OF YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS I WILL SEND YOU A SAMPLE CAKE OF MY NEW TOILET-SOAP TO ENABLE YOU TO THOROUGHLY TEST ITS MERITS. ADDRESS **H. B. FOULD, 218 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

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

To the Friends of Prohibition.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, 10 Cts.

THE CONSTITUTION, a monthly periodical, which will be an eight-page paper and contain logical and entertaining articles.

THE CONSTITUTION will be furnished at such rates that individuals, churches, societies and committees will be able, without much effort and at a small expense, to supply their whole neighborhood with just the kind of information that will be calculated to awaken interest and produce results in favor of the Prohibition of the Liquor traffic. The cheapest and most effective missionary work ever inaugurated.

The prices will be as follows:

Single Yearly Subscriptions, 10 cts.
Ten Subscriptions, one year, 60 cts.
Twenty Subscriptions, one year, \$1.00

All sent to separate addresses anywhere in the United States or Canada, post free.

Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 10 East 14th St., New York.

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

The Antarctic

Genuine Whalebone.

12 Yards Long.

No Waste.

Needs No Casing.

Cannot Split.

The Antarctic is Genuine Whalebone covered with a woven casing. It comes in 12-yard lengths, and can be stitched through middle or side at any point without piercing the whalebone.

Can be obtained at all of the principal Dry Goods Stores in the United States, or sample 12-yard Coil, Black or White, will be sent on receipt of \$1.50.

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.,
26 & 32 E. Houston Street, N. Y.

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

850,000 GRAPE VINES

100 Varieties. Also Small Fruits, Trees, &c. Best rooted stock. Genuine, cheap. 2 sample vines mailed for 10c. Descriptive price-list free. LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.

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



WARREN'S SKIRT BONE.

THE new Stiffener for Dress Skirts, Revers, Collars, and all shoulder trimming, is now a staple article in every up-to-date Dressmaking Establishment.

Never before was an article so quickly taken up and adopted with such gratifying results as

Warren's Skirt Bone.

Ask your dealer for it, or address, for prices, descriptions and directions,

WARREN FEATHERBONE CO.
Three Oaks, Mich.

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

THE "B & H" Lamps



are made in largest variety of artistic styles; all have the **Double Centre Draught**, giving most perfect light.

Best Dealers everywhere sell them, as they always give entire satisfaction. Take no other. Every Lamp stamped "B & H" Send for our Little Book.

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Factories—Meriden, Conn.

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

(Continued from page 763.)

which is "to be found in a little shop in the Rue des Écoles, which deals exclusively with the second-hand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the State, and come half-way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new they cost nine dollars; when sold second-hand they realize the modest sum of fifty cents; but as at least six thousand pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Écoles, it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer-cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian boot-makers; for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV. heel."

A SOUVENIR OF THE STRIKE.

It is said the "bicycle stamps," which were used on the bicycle line between San Francisco and Fresno during the recent strike, are being bought up at good prices by the curio-hunters of that section of the country. For more than a fortnight San Francisco was practically cut off from all railroad communication, and a bicycle mail service was gotten up by the agent of a bicycle manufacturer between that city and Fresno, a distance of about two hundred and ten miles. It continued for four days, when the blockade was raised. Stamps and stamped envelopes were hastily designed and several hundred printed, the stamps being sold at twenty-five cents apiece, and the envelopes at thirty cents. Of the three hundred and eighty letters carried, three hundred and fifteen were stamped, and forty were sent in stamped envelopes. Used specimens are already commanding a high premium in San Francisco, the papers of that city say, as high as \$5 being paid for the stamps, while the used envelopes are expected to bring from \$5 to \$10 each.

HOW GOLDENROD BLOOMS.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that goldenrod, which is as common in the South as in the North, does not begin to bloom in the South and then move northward, but apparently blooms first in some parts of the North. "In some places in Northern Vermont and New Hampshire goldenrod of the common field and railroad-track variety is in profuse bloom as early as the tenth of July. On the Kennebec River the other day a traveler noted that the goldenrod was much more golden and less tinged with green than it is in Malden or Cambridge, Mass. And the place where the plant is latest of all in yellowing, apparently, is Cape Cod, where the dwarf seaside variety, most common there, hardly begins to do itself justice before September. It is possible that the northern goldenrod ripens before that farther south for the same reason that Indian corn ripens earlier in Vermont than it does in Virginia,—it has got to ripen earlier if it is going to ripen at all."

CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.
By Specially Chartered Steamer, Feb. 6, 1895.
Visiting Bermuda, Azores, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo; 7 days at Jerusalem, Beyrout, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Rome. Only \$525, excursions, fees, etc., included. A. A. GUTHRIE, ALBANY, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PLAYERS
ask your stationer for
"THE CORRECT" SCORE MARKER.
It pleases everybody.
W. F. BULKELEY, Cleveland, O.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PURCHASING AGENT. Shopping done free. Best references given.
Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Mark
the Mark
It stands for

LONG WEAR SILVER WARE

Sold everywhere

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallingford, Conn.

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



LADIES INFANTS CHILDREN YOUNG LADIES
A Very Satisfactory Garment.

WHY? Supports Stockings and Underclothes from Shoulder. Perfect fit. Hygienic. Sold by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue.

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED.
THE C. N. CHADWICK CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

The Two Great Non-Breakable Corsets.
Sent, post-paid, for \$1.00 each.
THE FINEST CORSET WAISTS IN THE WORLD.
Agents Wanted Everywhere
Price-Lists and Art Journal free.
RELIANCE CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

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

LADIES without previous business experience are making immense sales of Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS AND WAISTS. Send for agents' terms.
St. Louis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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

THE IMPROVED BIAS CUTTER and TRACING WHEEL.
Sample by Mail 25 cts.
Of great convenience to ladies.
SELLS AT SIGHT.

AGENTS WANTED.
The New England Novelty Manfg. Co.
24 Q Portland St., Boston, Mass.

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

BEST & CO



6.75



For this double breasted Suit, made of a silk mixed diagonal cassimere that was manufactured expressly for us by an American mill, and is an exact reproduction of an English cloth that we sold for \$12.00 a Suit.

It is fully equal to the foreign goods in general appearance and wearing qualities—handsome and dressy enough for any occasion except full dress, and at the same time, for school and ordinary wear, its durability makes it the most economical—Sizes 5 to 15 years.

This Suit is a good example of the advantage of buying children's clothing where their outfitting is made a special business. Send for samples and measure blanks.

We furnish a general catalogue of children's wear. Postage 4 cents.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

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



THE MARY JANE DISH-WASHER

is guaranteed to wash dishes better than by hand, in $\frac{1}{4}$ the time. There is no slop, no muss, no broken dishes, no wetting the hands. Thousands sold; suits all. Circulars free. J. K. Purinton & Co., Des Moines, Ia

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

The Most Effective Missionary Enterprise.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

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

Ten copies yearly for six cents each, or twenty for five cents each. Single subscriptions, ten cents.

We think that we do not venture too much in assuming that whole neighborhoods can be aroused and revolutionized by the generous introduction of THE CONSTITUTION. There never was offered such a splendid chance to do good with so little effort or so little expense.

Five cents for each yearly subscription when twenty are sent, or six cents each when ten are sent. Everybody will respond to an invitation to subscribe at this rate. Sent to separate addresses.

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

Remember that one hundred subscription for one year cost only \$5.00. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

10 East 14th St., New York

E.

er by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

We guarantee

STERLING SILVER INLAID

Spoons and Forks to the housekeeper. They give the service of solid silver at less cost.



Places are cut out at the back of handle and bowl which are filled in with silver, then the article is plated entire. Stamped on the back.

E. STERLING INLAID H.

Ask your Jeweler to show you our new pattern.

Send for folder, "The Fork ran away with the Spoon."

Manufactured only by

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

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

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS NOT CONTROLLED BY A TRUST OR COMBINATION, send 10c. mailage, which will be deducted from first order, and we will mail Free samples of perfect

WALL PAPERS

8 cent White Backs.....3 1/4 cents per roll.
15 cent Best Lustres.....7 cents per roll.
30 cent Embossed Golds.....14 cents per roll.
30 cent Heavy Felts.....16 cents per roll.

PAPER HANGERS or dealers write for large books—by express—and discounts.

KAYSER & ALLMAN 932-934 Market St., and 418 Arch St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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

The PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

Received the HIGHEST AWARD at the World's Fair.

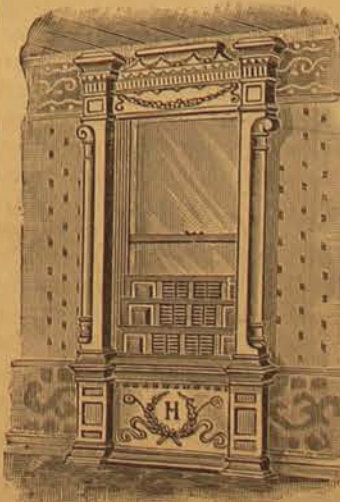
Commended by Marion Harland, and all cooking experts.

A whole meal can be cooked at one time, over one burner on a gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove, and without mingling flavors. Will pay for itself in one season for canning fruit. Catalogue free. Agents wanted at once.

PEERLESS COOKER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



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



The Hartman Sliding Blind.

Greatly improved and very popular, slide up and down in a window like sash, easy to move and stay where placed. Artistic, neat and very convenient—a delight to the ladies. Tens of thousands are in use. Our IMPROVED WINDOW SCREEN allows the flies to pass out and not return—admired by everybody. Send for free circular, or send 6c. in stamps for new 100-page Illustrated Catalogue.

Hartman Sliding Blind Co.
No. 8 Lincoln Ave.
Crestline, Ohio, U. S. A.

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

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

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART.

This work is growing in popularity. It consists of transferring Floral, Landscape, Fruit, and in fact a variety of designs, onto Silk, Satin, or other fabrics, Plaques, Panels, Vases, Toilet Sets, Lamp Shades, etc. It closely resembles hand-painting; in many respects it is superior. Never fails to give satisfaction. ANY ONE can become an EXPERT in the Art. Full directions and complete outfit, which contains Varnish, Brushes, Roller, one Design transferred on celluloid, also an assortment of pictures to be transferred, mailed on receipt of \$1.00. Agents wanted.

MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.

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

LeMesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price-List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn.
CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



LADIES Calling Cards

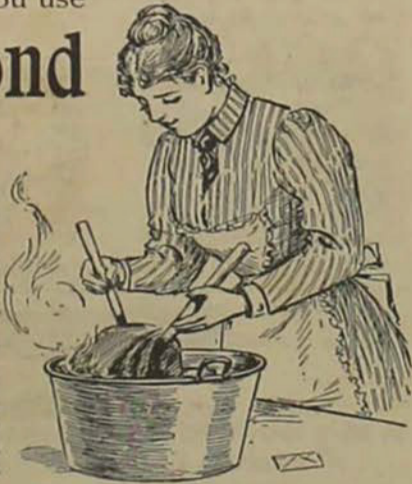
Correct size and style. Fine Wedding Bristol. YOUR NAME on (in imitation COPPER PLATE TEXT) 100 Cards 50 cents, 50 Cards 30 cents, 25 Cards for 20 cents, all postpaid. Address ENGRAVING DEPT., G. S. Y. & CO., Clintonville, Conn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

Easy Home Dyeing

It is now possible for an inexperienced person to dye cotton, wool, silk, feathers, etc., a black that will not crock, fade or wash out if you use

Diamond Dyes



With a ten-cent package of any one of the three fast black dyes—for wool, for cotton, and silk and feathers—the first trial brings success, and the directions on the package are so simple that even a child can get the best results.

There are more than forty colors of Diamond Dyes—all reliable and easy to use, and their superiority is unquestioned. We send samples of dyed cloth and direction book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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

MANDOLINS AND GUITARS

with Metal Fingerboard. Powerful Tone. \$30.00 instrument for \$15.00. On approval. Send stamps for catalogue.

THE WOLFRAM GUITAR CO., - COLUMBUS, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

A NEW ART

Bartholdi's New System Painting, no drawing required. Taught by mail. Ladies, decorate your homes. Any one can learn to paint canvas, china, tapestry, portraits, or sketch from nature rapidly. In close 10c. for catalog and samples. **BARTHOLDI'S ART SCHOOLS, East Hampton, L. I.**

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

(Continued from page 766.)

CLARA (after a tiff):—"I presume you would like your ring back?"

GEORGE:—"Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring, unless she wore it on her thumb!"

AN old lady, having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited, remarked, with emphasis: "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

TOM:—"Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"

JACK:—"Yes."

TOM:—"What did she say?"

JACK:—"She said it was none of my business."

THE WRONG NAME.

Kathleen had been put out to service, and her mistress liked the rosy face of the young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was sent on an errand to town. She was longer than usual; and her mistress stood in the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy, and her mistress observed:

"Why, Kathleen, what a rosy, happy face you have to-day! You look as if the dew had kissed you.

Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured, "Indade, mum, but that wasn't his name!"

HOW HE LOST HER.

GEORGE:—"I have been invited to a 'flower-party' at the Pinkies'. What does it mean?"

JACK:—"That's one of the newest ideas this season. It is a new form of birthday-party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkie a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study the language of flowers before ordering."

FLORIST'S BOY (a few hours later):—"A gentlemen left an order for twenty of these flowers to be sent to Miss Pinkie with his card."

FLORIST:—"He's one of my best customers. Add eight or ten more for good measure."

(Continued on page 768.)

Save Money on TYPEWRITER-PAPERS

By placing your orders with us. Only one profit from mill to consumer. A specialty of printing with headings. **BOWEN & SON, Springfield, Mass.**

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

For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name } Example: 1. Albertine Basque, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure, and size of the pattern desired. } Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side,

Name, _____
Street and Number, _____
Post-Office, _____
County, _____ State, _____

- PATTERN ORDER**
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Holborn Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40. | 7. Glengarry Cape, Medium and Large, for Ladies. |
| 2. Marcus Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40. | 8. Glengarry Cape, 14 and 16 years. |
| 3. Teck Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40. | 9. Raymond Basque, 14 and 16 years. |
| 4. Benson Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40. | 10. Mayne Waist, 12 and 14 years. |
| 5. Eric Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40. | 11. Christie Dress, 8 and 10 years. |
| 6. Cawdor Cape, Medium and Large, for Ladies. | 12. Kelsey Dress, 6 and 8 years. |

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.



Poor Fido, won't you take some of Mamma's Figaro licorice, it cured her cold. To get Pure Spanish Licorice, Sticks and Pellets, ask for and insist upon getting the **FIGARO LICORICE**, made in Zaragoza, Spain. No foreign or gritty adulterations in the Figaro. Try this licorice, you will use no other. Send 3 two cent stamps for large sample to the "FIGARO" IMPORTATION OFFICE, 3 Union Sq., N. Y.

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

The DENSMORE



Is pronounced "The World's Greatest Typewriter" by its users because of its

- Conveniences and the Number of Ends Attained;
- Light Key Touch, Ease of Operation, and Rapidity;
- Wearing Qualities and the Provision for Good Alignment;
- Compactness, Proportion, Finish, and Beauty.

Recently adopted on Competition by the U. S. War Department. Eighteen just ordered for the use of the Boston Globe. Twenty in use by the Carnegie Steel Co. The 1894 Model contains strong new features that are attracting much attention. Offices in all the principal cities. Pamphlets free.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
202 Broadway, New York.

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

We do not SELL patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

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

WOMEN LIKE TO SEE

Their husbands and sons with a neat and becoming neckdress, but men are slow to adopt improved methods in this respect. Therefore **YOU** are invited to first examine the



then suggest a trial of them.

They look like linen, and are the only goods that a well-dressed gentleman can wear in place of real linen.

They are not to be washed; all laundry trouble and expense are avoided.

The price of a single "LINENE" Collar is 2½ cts. When once worn, then turned (or reversed), it becomes a fresh new collar. Thus the actual price of one "LINENE" Collar is reduced to 1¼ cts.

You will find their use in your family a relief and a pleasure to all.

Dealers sell **TEN COLLARS** or **FIVE PAIRS** of CUFFS for 25 CENTS. Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs, postpaid, 6 cents in stamps. State size and style of collars.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.

27 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
77 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK.

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

CANVAS **YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS.** **DENIMS**
 All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. **PETER BENDER,**
 (ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

S **BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.** **S**

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

HOW TO MEMORIZE MUSIC
THIRTY CENTS POSTPAID.
MEMORY LIBRARY 243 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

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

AGENTS clear \$100 monthly. 100 New Ladies' Specialties for Old and Young. 64 page Illust'd Catalogue FREE. G. L. Erwin & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LADY

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

(Continued from page 767.)

WHY is the letter "s" like a sewing machine? Because it makes needles needless.

HUSBAND:—"Does that new novel turn out happily?"

WIFE:—"It don't say. It only says they were married."

WHY does an old maid never play the violin? Because she has never learned how to hold the beau.

"Mrs. B. is very nervous about there being thirteen at the table to-night."

"Does she think something unpleasant will happen?"

"Yes; she only has a dozen knives and forks."

ANXIOUS MOTHER:—"Are you accustomed to the care of children?"

NURSE:—"I should hope so. I've had six different places this last week."

OLD LADY (to butcher):—"Meat is so dear now I can hardly afford to buy any."

BUTCHER:—"Perhaps you had better turn vegetarian, mum."

OLD LADY:—"A vegetarian! No, indeed! I was born and brought up a Baptist, and it's too late to change my religion now."

"The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Schmidt, the famous accountant."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping book."

AN Elmira lady recently agreed to shave her husband ten times for a dollar, the proceeds to be given to her church. The husband thinks that a church ought not to raise money by inflicting cruel and unusual punishment.

A VISITOR was delighted with a certain hot cake served at breakfast. From the native cook of her hostess she duly got the recipe, given thus: "You must take more than you'd think of flour, ma'am, just what you'd know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking-powder, and the fill of the small jug of milk."

"EDWARD, why do I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down the steps?"

"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"

(Continued on page 769.)

CLOAKS Made SUITS to Order.
Cheaper than Ready made



Ladies intending purchasing their suits or cloaks will do well to send for our Fall and Winter Catalogue of styles, which will be sent together with a large assortment of choice cloths to select from, and simple method of taking measure, on receipt of 4c. postage.

We are large manufacturers, and in dealing with us you get a tailor-made garment at prices exceedingly low, and have it in just the style you desire. *Special values in Fur garments.*

Write at once. We pay all express charges.

The Liberty Cloak Co., 20 E. 14th St., N. Y.
City patrons are invited to inspect our Fall line.

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

\$25.00
UNMATCHABLE BARGAIN!

Sent C. O. D., privilege of examination. EX. PAID.

FIRST QUALITY
ELECTRIC SEAL CAPE,



Heavy Satin Lined, 27 inches deep, 92 inches sweep.

Write for Our Fashion Plate and Catalogue of

FURS AND CLOAKS
FREE!!!

PARISIAN CLOAK CO., 113 NORTH HIGH ST. COLUMBUS OHIO...
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Send **\$2.00** for a large **FUR RUG**

5½ ft. long by 33 inches wide. Made from selected skins of the Japanese Angolia. Long, soft, silky fur. The colors are Silvery White, Light Grey, and Dark Grey. We also have a beautiful Glossy Black Fur Rug at \$3.00. Same size, comfortable, luxurious, elegant. For Parlors, Reception Halls, or Bed Rooms. Sent C. O. D. on approval if desired.

THE KRAUSS, BUTLER & BENHAM CO.
 73 High St. Columbus, O.

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

PATTERN ORDER Good for One Pattern illustrated in any number of **DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE**

Published during the last twelve months
 (Excepting for the Designs on the Supplements, for which we do not give Patterns).

If sent, with two cents for return postage,
 Before November 15th, 1894.

Address: **DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,**
 15 East 14th Street, New York.

These patterns are not regular "stock" patterns, but are new and elegant designs upon which special care has been expended. They do not emanate from the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business, but are gotten up new each month, exclusively for this MAGAZINE, and can only be obtained through the "Pattern Orders" contained in each monthly issue, as we do not sell patterns.

REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each "Pattern Order."
 Send your Correct Address in full.
 Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire, by marking, as directed, the printed list on the other side; or if not in this number, then write on the other side the name and size of the pattern desired, which must be selected from a number issued during the last twelve months.
 Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after November 15th, 1894.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE



A New \$900. Upright Grand **STEINWAY PIANO** is offered as a premium to agents selling most **CHRISTY KNIVES** by Dec. 31, '94. Write for particulars. Christy Knife Co., Fremont, O., Box V.

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

BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS

New or 2d hand; lowest prices, largest stock; makers & oldest dealers in U. S. We sell everywhere. Catalogue free.

ROUSE HAZARD & CO. 115 G St. Peoria, Ill.

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

Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair.



Invaluable for cleansing the skin, relieving rheumatism and torpid liver. A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.

BIDETS AND COMMODOES.
 Descriptive Lists sent free.

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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

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

(Continued from page 768.)

"Do you know you are fishing in prohibited water?" said the irate owner of a large reach of the Tay to a plowman whom he caught in the very act, with rod extended and line dropped neatly down stream.

"Wha's fishin'?" replied the plowman coolly.

"You are!" exclaimed the land-owner angrily.

"I'm baething of the sort," replied the plowman; "I'm only tryin' to droon this worm."



HIGH TIED.

"THIS rich relative of yours, is he a distant relative?"

"Yes—extremely distant since he became rich."

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN:—"Little boy, how much does a bicycle like that one of yours—"

YOUNG WOMAN (in bloomers):—"Sir!"

"YOUR pies don't taste like mother's did. They—"

WIFE:—"I don't care. I wish I'd never met y—"

"I could never eat hers at all."

"HAVE you ever seen a real cyclone—one that tears up everything?"

MR. MILDBOY:—"No; but I've had a jealous sweetheart."

THE following amusing agony advertisement appeared recently in a Dutch paper: "Adolphus, return to your Matilda. The piano has been sold."

BROWN:—"Well, old man, now you've been married six months, what do you think of wedded bliss?"

JONES:—"Why, old boy, I gave up thinking for myself some five months ago!"

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE
NAME THUS ON LABEL
AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

Stewart Hartshorn

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

Many Cooks of One Mind.

New York City. "Cleveland's baking powder is the most reliable I have ever tried."—Mrs. M. M. C.

Philadelphia. "Only those who use Cleveland's baking powder know its value."—Miss N. S. Cleveland, Ohio. "Cleveland's baking powder is a treasure for any woman."—Mrs. E. S.

Omaha, Neb. "I have used your baking powder for a number of years, and am better satisfied with it than with any other."—Mrs. W. W. D.

Dayton, Ohio. "I use only Cleveland's powder and always have the best of luck."—Mrs. B. H. Brooklyn, N. Y. "I find people are having grand success using your powder and cook book combined."—Mrs. E. A. S.

Hamilton, Canada. "It is about seven years now since Cleveland's baking powder came under my notice, and I have never known it to fail."—Mrs. G. W.

New York City. "Have used the Cleveland baking powder fully three years, and find it better than any other."—Mrs. A. E. L.

Chelsea, Mass. "Cleveland's baking powder is far superior to any I have previously used, being always sure and reliable."—Mrs. H. M. G.

A Feast of Good Things

One Pound of Cleveland's Baking Powder will make everything in the following list:

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 20 tea biscuit, | 12 apple fritters, | 12 corn muffins, |
| 1 chocolate cake, | 6 crumpets, | 6 baked apple dumplings, |
| 20 batter cakes, | 1 suet pudding, | 1 fig cake, |
| 1 orange cake, | 12 English muffins, | 1 roll jelly cake, |
| 1 ice-cream cake, | 1 strawberry shortcake. | 20 Scotch scones, |
| 30 cookies, | 15 egg rolls, | 1 pound cake, |
| 1 coffee cake, | 1 Boston pudding, | 15 waffles, |
| 1 cocoanut cake, | 1 chicken pie, or Yankee potpie. | 1 lemon cream cake, and |
| 1 loaf ginger bread, | 1 spice cake, | 12 crullers. |
| 1 Minnehaha cake, | 1 Dutch apple pudding, | |
| 1 apple pudding, | | |
| 8 snowballs, | | |
| 1 cottage pudding, | | |

The best that money can buy. Cleveland's Baking Powder

"Pure" and "Sure."

Stoneham, Mass. "You do not praise Cleveland's baking powder half enough. It makes such lovely doughnuts, cakes, puddings and dumplings."—Miss M. T.

San Francisco, Cal. "Cleveland's baking powder is the best in existence. In making cake especially it is just the powder that suits me."—Mrs. E. S.

New Bedford, Mass. "I would not be without Cleveland's baking powder. It is splendid."—Mrs. N. A. R.

Lynn, Mass. "I have used Cleveland's baking powder for years and cannot say enough in its praise."—E. F. G.

Dearfield, N. Y. "I have tried a great many baking powders and I don't find any that comes up to Cleveland's."—Mrs. E. N.

Pawtucket, R. I. "I have used Cleveland's baking powder for a long time and find it excellent, and just what you claim."—Mrs. E. S.

White Plains, N. Y. "I have used Cleveland's baking powder and am very much pleased with it."—Mrs. Wm. O.

Hoopston, Ill. "Since I have used Cleveland's baking powder I cannot get along without it."—Miss D. M. C.

Salem, Mass. "Please send me your cook book. I cannot keep house without it, any more than I can without the powder."—Mrs. H. A. W.

South Ware, N. H. "I have used several different kinds of baking powder, but greatly prefer Cleveland's."—Mrs. J. H. N.

These are just a few from the thousands of testimonials of Cleveland's baking powder.

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

◆◆◆◆◆ A MODEL COMMUNITY in Southern FLORIDA amidst 25 clear lakes; high, rolling pine lands, free from malaria, swamps and freezing. NO Race problem, because no Negroes. } "Start Right, No Temperance Question—No Liquor. } Keep Right."

◆◆◆◆◆ 500 Northern people; Church, School, P. O., Stores, etc.; 80 homes and families located the past year; 600 acres planted in PINEAPPLES, LEMONS, ORANGES, GRAPES, ETC. 1000 tracts already sold, many resold at 100 to 400 per ct. advance. \$2 and upwards per mo. accepted. Cheap Hotel Board, cheap lumber, cheap transportation. Full information in our Florida Homeseeker monthly, 50 cts. a year. Sample Free. The Florida Development Co., Avon Park, Fla., or 99 Franklin St., N. Y.

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

FOOT POWER LATHES

For Electrical and Experimental Work. For Gunsmiths & Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work. High grade tools; elegant in design, superior in construction. The best foot power lathes made, and quality considered, the cheapest. Send for catalogue and prices.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., 829 Ruby St., ROCKFORD, ILLS.

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

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