

Ohio

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIV.

AUGUST, 1894.

Vol. XXX., No. 10.

IN AND ABOUT A LUMBER CAMP.

WHEN the autumn of 1891 I accompanied my husband to Michigan. He was to superintend the clearing of lumber from a large tract of pine land situated at White Fish Point on the northern peninsula of Michigan and on the shore of Lake Superior.

We left Chicago in the evening, by rail, and reached Sault Ste. Marie at noon of the next day. Here we remained a few days, waiting for the boat which was on its way from Chicago to White Fish Point, laden with our logging outfit, provisions, horses, and a few men who had decided to try work in the woods for at least one winter. Meanwhile my husband busied himself in making business acquaintances, buying additional provisions, and hiring experienced lumbermen, who congregate in that beautiful old town during the autumn and winter months.

At last our boat arrived, and we were soon safely aboard bound for White Fish Point. The six hours' trip was very enjoyable, and I was rather sorry when we came in sight of the "Point." The view was uninviting,—a long pier, a row of desolate-looking wooden buildings, and the tall, ghostly form of a lighthouse looming up against a background of gloomy pines. The sandy beach stretched away in the distance, and the great flocks of gulls with their woe-begone calls added to the loneliness of the place.

After landing and making our way over the pier and through an ill-smelling fish-house, we were shown the only available shelter from the fast-gathering storm,—a fisherman's boarding-house. Upon entering this structure—devoid of paint and blackened by many years' exposure to the elements, and wholly uninviting—we found ourselves in a long, bare, but very clean, room, where two women were bustling about preparing supper. After seeing me settled beside the cook-stove, my husband went out to superintend the unloading of his supplies and have them disposed of under cover before night should set in. Left alone, I fell to wondering where we might hope to find a night's shelter. My doubts were happily set at rest by an invitation to become the guest of a family living in a cottage close by. Our men were stowed

away in a barn-loft as the only available shelter, and early the next morning they started with horses and wagon-loads of provisions to commence operations at the site of their future camp, which was to be situated two miles away from the dock where we had landed.

My first drive to the camp was a very pleasant one. As we drove along the sandy beach I could see the shores of Canada on the opposite side of the lake. The forest background, the first view of which had appeared to me so forbidding, I thought lovely and full of delightful possibilities. Very little snow had fallen, and pretty red berries were peeping from the ground, as if in defiance of winter and snow. As we turned into the newly made and very rough road that led to the camp I could hear the squirrels chattering, and presently could see ever so many of the little bushy-tailed rascals slyly peeping at us from points of safety in the foliage.



THE PIER AT WHICH WE LANDED.

The sound of the woodman's axe was soon audible, and suddenly we came in sight of the spot which for two years was our home.

In a small clearing stood the first completed building. It was roughly built of logs chinked with moss, and very low.



OUR BACKWOODS PARLOR.

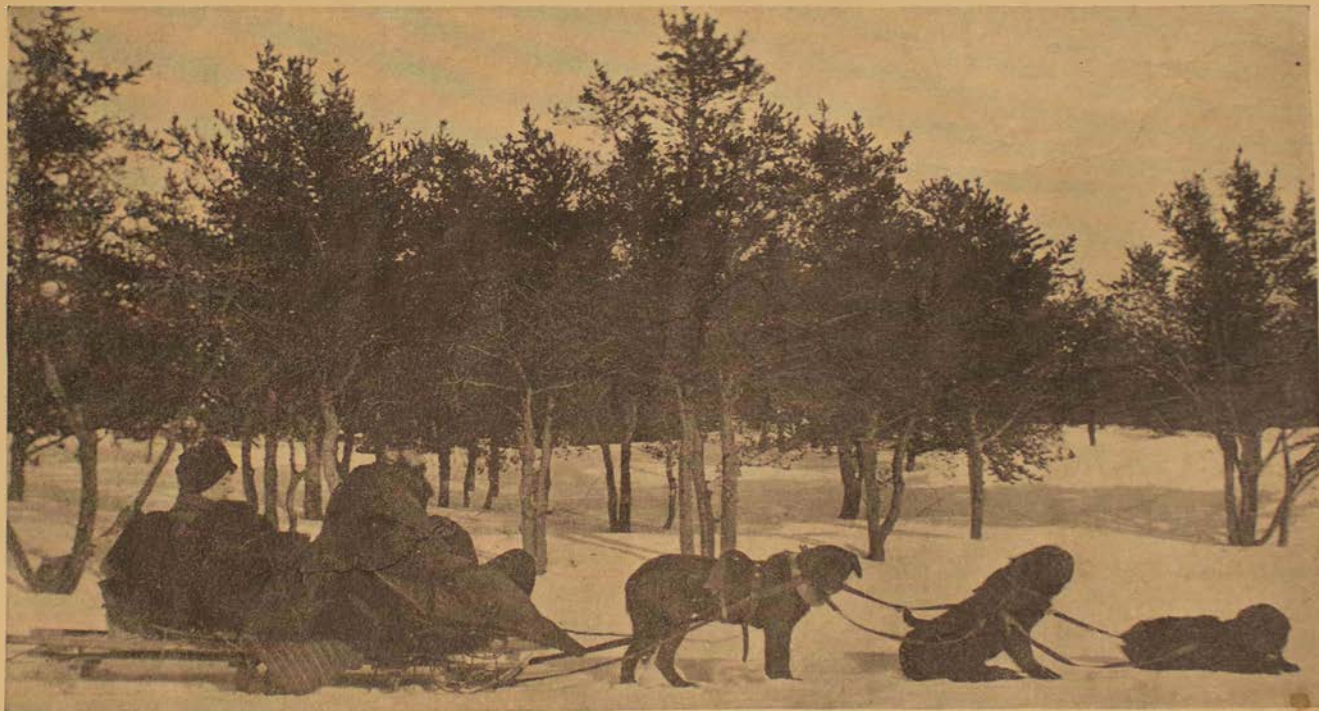
Its roof was almost flat, and was made of pine boards covered with tar paper. A stove-pipe projected through the roof; and an inverted packing-box perforated with holes and set over another opening not far from the stove-pipe served as a ventilator. The cook came out to meet us and bade me a cordial welcome. He was a pleasant-faced young Scotchman, and as thoughtful as one could wish; for no sooner had I removed my wraps than I was invited to partake of a nice luncheon prepared in anticipation of my arrival.

The interior of this cabin was a sight which would please any woman. There were three long tables built of rough boards, but neatly covered with white oil-cloth and set with white dishes, knives, forks, and spoons. On either side of the room were long shelves running its entire length, with extra dishes stacked upon them in orderly piles, while underneath were stored boxes and barrels containing sugar, crackers, and other provisions. Long benches were provided for seats. The floor of rough boards was spotlessly clean, the huge stove was covered with utensils from which appetizing odors arose, and the cook and his two assistants in their clean aprons and white caps bustled about preparing supper. Nor did I ever find it less neat or attractive during my two years' stay. Many a new idea about housekeeping and cooking did I learn of our lumber-woods cook.

That afternoon we made in one corner of the cabin a temporary sleeping-place for ourselves, behind a partition formed by hanging across a rope our large pair of blankets. The men slept in a tent under the trees. Three times a

day, from my seat beside the cook-stove, I watched them at their meals as they stowed away their food with much haste and evident relish. They were pleasant-faced men,—boys, many of them,—and it was gratifying to note the evident satisfaction they took in the well-filled table before them. The modern lumberman lives far better than the average laboring man. The day of salt pork and beans for breakfast, dinner, and supper, is past, at least in the Michigan camp, and is replaced by a bill of fare of great variety. Fresh meat was often supplied them, besides venison and fish, which were easily obtained here. Pie and several kinds of cake were on the table at every meal; and canned vegetables, dried fruits, and pickles were devoured in great quantities. As each man finished his repast he jumped up with small ceremony and made for the door, shouldered his ax, and resumed his work. There is no eight-hour labor-system in the woods; a day there begins at daylight and ends at dark.

The barn was soon completed, and the horses—forty in number—made comfortable. Each pair of horses is allotted to the care of one teamster, and is his charge during the winter. He must be a thorough master of the art of caring for horses, or he will shortly be “fired,” for much of the success of the work in the woods depends upon the care which the horses receive. During our two years of camp life we had many sick, and some badly wounded, horses; but we did not lose one. The teamsters are proud of their horses, and adorn their harnesses with gay tassels and bits of red flannel.



GOING SLEIGHING WITH OUR DOG-TEAM.

After the horses were lodged the men's camp was built. Nailed to each side of the long, low room was a double tier of bunks, each bunk furnished with a straw mattress, pillows, and blankets. A great box-stove occupied the middle, and standing about in reckless profusion were rude chairs and benches put together by the men in idle moments, and characterized more by oddity of design than symmetrical beauty. In one corner of the room stood a wooden sink generously supplied with soap and basins; beside it hung roller-towels, and over it were a small looking-glass and many combs. This camp was kept in very fair order by the “chore-boy,” although it was never to me an inviting place

on account of the strong odor of tobacco, which, in spite of the fact that the camp was well ventilated, seemed to soak into whatever or whoever entered the door.

The blacksmith's shop was speedily erected, and as soon as this was ready I had the pleasure of seeing the first log deposited on the site which we selected for our own house. It took less than a week to build and furnish this mansion. It was rather more imposing in appearance than the others, having a higher roof and larger windows; but its crowning glory was real china door-handles, instead of the rough iron latches which adorned the other cabins. It was divided into three large rooms. The front room, which we called our parlor, contained our folding-bed, desk, lounge, home-made bookcase, and numerous other articles. We carpeted it with dark green ingrain, breaking its rather somber hue by scattering about the room several fur rugs, and divided it from the adjoining room by a rose-colored cretonne curtain, which we could fasten back easily whenever we desired to make the two rooms into one. In the corner of the next room, which we called our dining-room, we curtained off space for a bunk, which we soon made and furnished in comfortable style for guests. This room contained our dining-table, heating-stove, and cupboards for dishes. The floor we covered with oil-cloth, and carpeting made by ripping apart and piecing together empty oat-sacks. The kitchen was separated from the other rooms by a board partition, and was furnished in the usual manner. It was a cosy little home, and in it we forgot to be homesick for the Chicago flat.

My household cares were light, and I could not complain of overwork. The cook furnished us with bread and pastry,

and a woman was found who undertook the laundry work. I should have grown fat and lazy had I not raced around a great deal out-of-doors. We had a white Canadian pony who could go over the most impossible-looking places with that



THE SNOWSHOE CLUB.

sturdy determination known only to his breed. I bought a number of hens, to give us eggs during the winter, and a few turkeys, that we might celebrate the holidays in good old orthodox fashion; and our cow, who grew very fat on a diet of vegetable parings, kept us supplied with milk and cream. We had a kitten, which developed into the largest Thomas I ever saw; but what we enjoyed most of all were our dogs. We had three trained dogs, and a beautiful female Scotch collie who presented us with an interesting family of puppies.

In this far northern country dogs do much of the work required of horses elsewhere. The "natives" use them for "toting" supplies, and frequently we would meet an entire family out driving behind them. The mail-carrier drives from six to twelve dogs to and from the railroad, making the trip of forty miles each way twice a week. As he carries, in addition to his mail-bag, freight and express packages and an occasional passenger, one may well pity his poor brutes. His dogs are fed but once a day, as that is all that is considered necessary to sustain them. I do not know what he feeds them; but am safe in conjecturing that it is boiled corn-meal mixed with tallow, for that is what is used by nearly all these dog-drivers. One driver told me that he allowed but one barrel of meal to each dog for his winter's supply of food. In the summer the majority of the poor animals live on what they can steal or find around the fish-houses.

Mail days—Tuesdays and Fridays—were eagerly welcomed at the camp. We nailed a box to a tree which the carrier passed on his route, and there we deposited and received our mail. We were regular subscribers to several magazines and Chicago papers, so we were always rewarded with some tidings of the outer world should our friends fail to write us. I became the camp postmistress; and it used to do my heart good when the men came in at night with the anxious question, "Anything for me, Missis?" to hand them in reply the letter from wife or sweetheart.

The women of White Fish Point all have snowshoes, and the beaux and belles belong to a club and take strolls by the light of the moon. I, of course, insisted upon having a pair; but must confess I never became at all certain or graceful in my movements, and often stood on my head in a snow-bank, and stayed there until rescued. It was very provoking to see



BABY DOROTHY IN HER SLED.

my husband shuffling along so easily ahead of me, and after repeated trials and downfalls I hung my snowshoes on the wall.

I had supposed logging too stupid to make it worth my while to notice it; but I gradually became interested. One pleasant afternoon, soon after we were settled in our cabin, I saw the foreman leaving the camp with an ax over his shoulder. I observed that he was going in quite a new direction, and called to him,

"Where are you going, John?"

"Goin' blazin', ma'am."

I had not the remotest idea what he meant, and thought I would find out; so I hastily arrayed myself in cloak and bonnet, and "tagged." I had hoped that "blazin'" meant killing a bear, or something equally exciting, for the night

with her company. As we walked along he made a deep cut on each tree, to indicate the proposed route of each road.

"All these here little roads is goin' to jine the big loggin' road, an' that'll take ye clean to the beach. If ye come along here in about er month ye'll see a powerful good road."

"But it is going to be too broad in some places," I remarked, critically.

"But them wide spots is turn-out places. Yer see, ma'am, teams couldn't pass each other if it was all narrow, an' the feller with the empty sled has to scoot into one of these here wide places mighty lively when he hears a load a-comin'; the teamster with the logs a-goin' down keeps a-hollerin' fit to split his horses' ears, 'Turn out!'"

"Look! There is a baby bear climbing a tree," I cried in great excitement.



SKIDDING. A SUMMER VIEW.

before I had visited the cook's cabin and heard an old lumberman tell a marvelous tale:

"Jake he saw a hole in that thar tree, an' sez he, 'That tree is holler, an' yer jist wait 'til I fetch my ax an' I'll show yer something what'll make yer howl.' I sez, 'Oh go on! yer can't come no such a bluff on me! They hain't been no b'ar 'round here this winter; an' if they was,' I sez, 'he couldn't hump hissself in no sich a small tree as that thar.' An' I bet with Jake a hul pound of plug terbaccer that that thar tree was as empty as his head. An' yer bet I got left; fer back he come, an' down come the tree, an' out of that thar hole clima *b'ar!* An' thar he stood in the snow a-lifitin' up one foot arter the other, an' cryin' a whine like a baby what wants his ma,—too big a fool ter run, he was that powerful sleepy. An' Jake he up an' hit him a clip on the head; an' sez he, 'Bill, yer owe me a hul pound of plug.' An' I sez, 'Yer bet yer life, Jake!'"

But I was doomed to disappointment. "Blazin'" meant nothing more exciting than marking out a road. John was a "talker," and very proud to have the "missis" favor him

"Ho! ho! hain't ye never see a porcupine? Wal, wal! I want ter know! S'pose they *don't* run round loose in Chicago; but I've hear they have 'em caged up in Lincoln Park. A shut-up animal don't look noways like a wild one; but ye'll be able to know a b'ar from a porcupine before spring."

"What are you doing?" I asked, a few days later, as I saw the men placing two very large logs horizontally on the ground.

"Making a skid, ma'am."

"And what is a 'skid'?"

"What we deck up on."

I was ashamed to display my complete ignorance of this performance, and I visited the spot again to solve the mystery. A pensive old white horse was standing in front of the skid, and on the other side of it a log had just been deposited on the ground. It had been dragged there from a distance by a team that was already on its way for another. A chain thrown over the skidway was attached to this log

and to the pensive beast, who became quite wide-awake and alert when his master said, "Gee up thar! Git a move on yerself, can't yer?"—and up rolled the log into place. It was assisted in its flight by men armed with cant-hooks. They were standing on the top of the pile and handled their clumsy tools very deftly. One of them had very red cheeks, and wore a gold-embroidered smoking cap, which I think his sweetheart had sent him, thinking it was meant for out-of-door wear.

After the woods became thickly dotted with these piles, the roads were put in condition for hauling. By this time considerable snow had fallen. It was very hard work to shovel snow on account of the dazzling sunlight, and the men all wore dark spectacles. When enough snow had been removed to make it possible for the horses to find a foothold, the snow-plow was put to work. This is a great, V-shaped concern, and so hard to pull through the snow that it took the united efforts of twenty teams to draw it. I thought it one of the prettiest sights I ever saw, when they were all

in line with their gayly bedecked harnesses, and all of the lumbermen in their bright costumes following the plow or shoveling ahead of the horses. These roads are kept in fine condition by sprinkling with water, which freezes and makes a hard surface.

The sprinkler, which reminded me of a square piano-box on runners, except that it was twice as large, made its trips at night. The driver of the four horses sits up in front, and mounted on each corner is a man who assists in filling and refilling the huge tank. It is decorated with lanterns, and has a very festive appearance. I longed to take a ride on it, and finally persuaded my husband to hoist me up beside the driver, where I rode around in state through the moonlit forest. The driver entered into conversation immediately.

"Yew want ter be awful kerful, ma'am," he said, "or yew'll fall back intew the tank. Yew'd get mighty cold before yew was fished out. Yew see, the seat hain't over wide, an' I'm goin' to go over some thunderin' rough spots. Yew'd ketch cold, maybe, an' hev pneumony to yew'r lungs."

"I'm not afraid," I answered, bravely. "My husband would not have allowed me to go on a dangerous expedition."

"Wal, I dun know," he said, reflectively, "may be *not*; —but it's a kind o' queer thing fer a woman to go ridin' on. My woman was mean ez dirt; but I ain't sure ez I'd want h to ride on this here. But if she took it in her head to ride a cow horseback, I dun know ez I could hev stopped her. She was powerful sot."

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Wal, I dun know. Never had no call to inquire. I was

goin' to, onct,—I thought of gettin' merried ag'in; but the gal run off with a Frenchman, an' I'm mighty glad of it. I reckon all women folks is some alike. You see, we lived down near Old Town, Maine, an' I had a store an' done fast rate 'til I was tarnation fool enough to get merried. She wasn't much ez to *looks*, but I was took by her name, which was 'Peace.' Never used to set no store by Sarah Jane, or Eliza Ann; an' Peace sounded awful new and purty. She come to teach the school to our place. They said she knowed a heep, an' I felt awful tickled when she took up with me. I thought she could kind o' look arter the book-keepin' to the store arter the housework was did.—Them books used ter bother me a heep.—But yer bet yer life she didn't! That woman kept a hired girl 'bout all the time, an' hitched up the old horse an' druv off to Old Town fer gimcracks every time she got hold of money."

"Why did you give her money if she was so extravagant?"

"Wal, yew'd knew *why* if yew hed saw Peace. She was powerful *sot*.

Wal,—they come an end to my endurance. I said, 'See here, young woman, yew can hev the store an' farm an' all I've got but *me*. I'll go way out West whar yew'll never see me no more.'

"And was she not sorry?"

"Not a bit of it, ma'am. She was the tickeldist woman ye ever see!"



A LOADED SLED.

His harrowing tale finished, he became very silent and so absent-minded that I was afraid he would forget to drive "kerful." I held very tightly to the seat with both hands. The awful thought occurred to me that this woman-hater might decide not to let so excellent an opportunity slip of avenging himself on the fair sex; and I was very glad when I reached home, and the ground, in safety.

After a sled is loaded, a heavy chain is passed under it and over the logs to prevent them from slipping. It was great fun to climb to the topmost log and ride to the beach. I used to wish my Chicago friends could see me having such a delightful time, and I actually pitied them as I thought of their conventional lives, while mine was so free from restraint.

As each load approaches the beach, or "landing place," as the spot is called where the logs are deposited, the scaler mounts the sled with long measuring-stick and measures each log and makes a record in his book. At the beach the sleds are unloaded, and the logs stacked up into very high piles. Here we may as well leave them for a while, as I wish to tell you something of the lumbermen and their life while in the woods.

So many unkind things have been said and written about this class of men, that I, who have spent two years among

them, taking pains to know many of them personally, feel qualified to say a word in their behalf. Many of our men were Scotch Canadians and had been respectably brought



A TYPICAL LUMBERMAN.

up. Nearly all of them were farmers' sons who made a business of going into the woods every winter. Our summer crew was never composed of so good a set as was that of the winter, but there were among them none whom you would single out as men to be afraid of.

A few of them showed evidence of a kind mother's forethought in their well-knit socks and mittens; and that they all remembered their women at home was shown by the kindly consideration which they always showed toward the only woman among them. There was no service which they could render me which they did not hasten to perform, and much of my contentment among them was due to this fact. I was glad, indeed, to be counted a useful member of the colony, for they were often ill and I was able to do much for them at such times. I had been a professional nurse, and the knowledge acquired during the years spent in one of our largest hospitals was valuable in this out-of-the-way place where the only available doctor is an old squaw. I had brought with me a good supply of surgical dressings, needles, splints, etc., and was often

called upon to dress an ugly wound or to prescribe for Tom's cold or Jack's headache.

I had some odd experiences with my patients occasionally. One six-footer, who looked strong enough to fight any two ordinary men, keeled over in a faint at the smell of iodoform; and sometimes nothing short of a threat to do nothing more for the patient would prevent him from loosening my neatly fitting bandage and slipping a "chaw of terbaccer" directly over the wound. Beef brine and raw salt pork they deemed of great antiseptic value; while a splinter from a lightning-struck tree was a magical remedy for an aching tooth.

But I should be sorry to convey the impression that they rewarded my efforts for their comfort with ingratitude. No nurse ever met with such universal approval as did I at the men's camp. They were a little shy to ask favors at first; but that feeling soon wore away, and nearly every day one of them would come to my door to tell me of his personal ailments, or to say, "Would yer mind comin' over, ma'am? Jim ain't feelin' good this mornin', an' says as how he'd like to see the missis;" and I, who always responded promptly to a call of this kind, would perhaps find, after entering the abode of tobacco smoke, that the patient was suffering more from homesickness and overwork than anything else. I would make a hurried visit to my cabin, and return with a clean white case for his rough pillow, an armful of illustrated papers, and a very small dose of quinine; for of course he must not imagine for a moment that he was not ill. I would visit him again to present him with a glass of lemonade, or some delicacy usually unknown to a woodsman, and I would be rewarded next day by hearing that "the missis knows just what to do fer a feller. Jim was awful bad with cramps to his stomach yesterday, an' she cured him right up."

There were a few very young boys among them whom I could not help taking a motherly interest in; and although my husband teased me continually about my "babies," as he called them, he used to meekly visit their bunks at my bidding, and assist them through the snow to our cabin, where they would lie upon our comfortable lounge all day. I kept "Tom Sawyer" and old copies of illustrated papers purposely for these young lumbermen, and used to encour-



OUR WINTER CREW AND THE CAMP.

age Thomas Cat and the dog to hold private theatricals for their benefit.

Occasionally a man would insist upon paying me money, and depart evidently much provoked at my refusal to accept the proffered pay. But I felt a thousand times repaid by their many kindly deeds. I shall always remember quite an old man who brought to my door one morning a basket of fruit which his daughter had sent him from a long distance, and it was only after much persuasion on my part that he would keep for himself one apple and an orange. They frequently made me presents which, if of a trifling nature, I always accepted; and when summer came they brought me water-lilies and flowers.

Their costume is a becoming one, and is never seen elsewhere than in a camp or its vicinity. Over their shoes and socks they wear long, heavy stockings, or "German socks," which reach to the knees, where they are held in place by elastics and buckles. Their trousers are cut off, or, as they would say, "swiped off," at the knee. Their shirts are of heavy flannel, and their jackets, or "mackinaws," are of a great variety of colors in plaids, checks, polka dots, or even plain bright scarlet. Some of them wear ordinary head-covering; but the typical lumberman sports a gay toboggan cap.

Their conversation is well sprinkled with slang not known as a part of the English language elsewhere. Their baggage, which consists of a flour-sack filled with clothing, is called a "turkey;" and eating their dinner is elegantly set forth as "shoving their chuck." The foreman is called "the push," and the superintendent "the walk-in' boss;" while "takin' the tote road fer it" means that they have been discharged for some misdemeanor. I do not know that they were profane to a greater or lesser degree than other men; they certainly never used profane language in my presence.

They are not allowed to drink intoxicating liquors while in camp, and the first violation of this rule is followed by instant dismissal, which means a tramp of forty miles to the railroad, and is no light punishment. Card-playing is encouraged, but no gambling is allowed.

Dancing is indulged in every Saturday night to a very late hour. We all contributed toward buying the violin, and I used to wish I, too, might dance, when the noise of many scraping feet and a hoarse cry of "Ladies to the right and

gents to the left!" stole out into the night air and over to our cabin. There were some who always impersonated the fair sex, and these were known by a rather soiled kerchief which was worn tied about the arm. The "ladies" always

smoked corn-cob or clay pipes while dancing, but as partners they were highly appreciated. To be sure the musician could play but one tune; but it served for waltz, polka, or quadrille, and gave good satisfaction. The fiddler was to receive the violin as a mark of their appreciation when he should leave in the spring, and with this in view he played his very loudest, fearing perhaps they might change their minds.

Sunday in camp is a quiet day usually. The men wash their underwear and socks, and darn and mend their clothes. They used to vex my womanly soul by hanging out their flannels and leaving them exposed to the elements

until the next Sunday morning, when they would take them down and dry them hastily over the stove.

"Tom," I would say, severely, "don't you know that your flannels will shrink and become as hard as a board if you leave them out so long during this damp weather?"

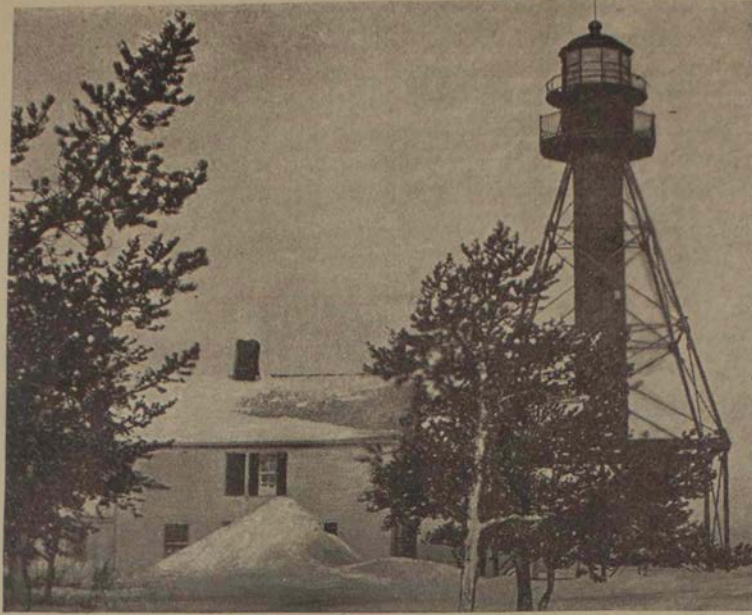
"Wal now! I did kalkerlate to take 'em down 'long erbout the middle of the week, but I clean fergot. I alers buys 'em erbout five sizes too big fer me, anyhow."

Their mending and washing done, they take turns in the barber's chair, paying the tonsorial artist with tobacco; after

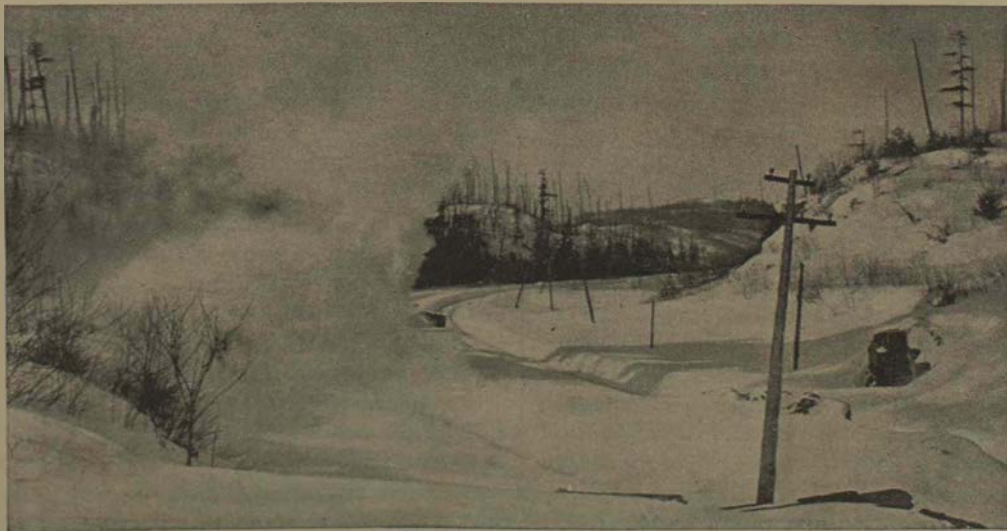
which they either write letters at the long tables in the cook's camp, or go for a stroll with their guns over their shoulders. Some of them made the acquaintance of the half-breed maidens living not far away, and these went to make social calls. Those who went for game always brought home a goodly supply of rabbits and partridges, and never forgot to divide their spoils

with us. They do not dance on Sunday evening; they read or spin yarns, and go to bed at an early hour.

This is their life in camp. As quiet, kindly, and orderly a class of men as you would meet anywhere among laborers; and so would they remain, respected by all, were it not for the deviltry of others. These simple-hearted men leave their winter's labor with their hard-earned wages in their pockets, but at the "Soo" they are eagerly watched for by the smooth-voiced gambler and saloon-keeper; and hells beset them at every turn, so that it was very frequently the case that they came back to work for us after a few days at the "Soo,"



THE LIGHTHOUSE IN WINTER.



THE RAILROAD AT ECKERMAN.

without a cent in their pockets, and their watches at the pawnbroker's. It is not that they are a bad class of men, but their long winter's seclusion makes it very difficult to resist the temptations which beset them on every hand.

If you will consult a map of the upper peninsula of Michigan, you will find White Fish Point, overlooking White Fish Bay; and directly below the Point, within the boundaries of the same county, you will find the village of Eekerman. Here was the nearest available railroad station,—forty miles from the Point; and after navigation closed our only means of communication with the outside world. The "natives"

after all, being the most self-satisfied, contented lot I ever met. They desire nothing outside of their small world, unless it be an occasional glimpse of the "Soo," which is in their eyes a very great city. They subsist during the winter months on what they can purchase with money made from the sale of berries in summer. During the berry-picking season whole families, from the babies to the grandparents, turn out to work, and these are reinforced by Indians and half-breeds who come from long distances by boat or on foot to reap the harvest. The cranberry marshes are owned and cultivated by individuals, who pay the pickers a small stipend per bushel; but the blueberries are free to all who can pick, and bring about \$2 per bushel.

There are no intoxicating liquors sold at the "Point." The beverage drunk by these people is made from the blueberry juice, and is called "wine." There is no ill which flesh is heir to that they do not believe this the very best remedy for; and what blueberries fail to cure, cranberries certainly will. The absence of the grip in this community is accounted for by them as the direct result of the consumption of enormous dishes of cran-



BERRY-PICKERS.

usually go by dog-team or on foot; but we always preferred to take the trip with our box-sled and pony. If the day were bright and sunny, it was an enjoyable ride, packed in with hot salt-bags and plenty of blankets. We would drive along on the ice in the bay until we reached a point directly above Eekerman, when we would turn into a beautiful forest road which led directly to the station. One of these rivers which look so small on the map is called the Toquomonon, and is supposed to be the stream which Longfellow made famous as the fishing-ground of Hiawatha.

After navigation opens, tugs make regular trips between the "Soo" and White Fish Point about twice a week. Chicago boats stop there frequently for a cargo of fish, for here are two of the largest fresh-water fish-stations in America. The soil back of the sandy beach is very poor, and this combined with the shortness of the summer makes it possible to raise little more than potatoes and cranberries. The people living directly back of the landing at the Point cannot be called White Fish Point citizens, since they have merely come from other States to reap the benefit of the fine fishing. They live in cottages near the dock during the summer months only, usually leaving before navigation closes. The lighthouse keeper lives with his family in a very comfortable cottage adjoining the lighthouse, but seldom remains at his post during the winter. About a mile back from the beach in a small clearing is a group of warm-looking log and frame houses. Here are the real residents of the Point, although there are a few settlers of French and Indian descent living here and there through the woods. The Point people associate but little with the occupants of these straggling houses, feeling very much above them socially. Most of them are of English Canadian origin, and have lived for many years in this out-of-the-way place. Their life seems to me the most narrow in existence; but they have the great secret of happiness

berry sauce; and poultices made from the succulent fruit will cure many an ache and pain.

There are social degrees among the "natives." The owner of a cranberry marsh is a very exalted person. His opinion has great weight on all matters. His voice is heard above all others on situations of political interest, and men point at him and say, "Now just look at Jim Smith. He come here without a cent, and see whar he is today." And there he is today, and apt to stay there during the rest of his lifetime. When he dies he will be buried in the tiny cemetery close by, with a pine headboard to mark his resting-place, and an original poem engraved thereon to perpetuate his many virtues. But even this melancholy plot is exclusive, as the residents not numbered among the aristocrats are buried in another enclosure far away.

There was one family living not far from our camp who were to me a distinct type of humanity. The head of the household was a thorough-bred Scotchman, and his wife a full-blooded Indian. It is said that those of Indian blood are by nature universally lazy and shiftless; but this instance was a notable exception. I never have entered a more neatly kept house, and the dress of the women always betokened a great degree of self-respect. Here you could buy beautiful moccasins or leave orders for fine sewing. If you wanted them to undertake your laundry work they would probably do so; and your linen would be returned spotless and exquisitely ironed. The father of the family makes unusually fine snow-shoes, which are much sought after by young ladies, and he understands the art of smoking fish to perfection. The young woman of the household has so many accomplishments that one is reminded of the rhyme, "She could manufacture griddle-cakes and speak in ancient Greek;" while the small daughter is the most original child I ever met, and is already learning habits of industry and

cleanliness from her elders. The mother of this interesting family is quite an old woman. She is much sought after as a sick nurse, and has ushered into the world nearly all the children of this and other settlements along the coast. In addition to their other resources they keep the White Fish Point Post Office, although they did not obtain possession of it without much trouble; for to be postmaster is the ambition of nearly every land-owner in this country.

Winter lasts until the first of May in this country; but when it does take its departure "it goes with a rush." As if pushed by giant hands, the ice breaks loose from the shore and moves slowly away, and the waves break upon the shore as if glad to be set free from their imprisonment. Old Sol comes out boldly, and the great snow-banks dissolve, to be replaced by deep ditches that make the roads impassable to any but those who can wade in rubber boots or manage to

have to be started on their way to the mill. First came a tug bringing the boom-sticks which are to form the boundaries of the raft. These great logs, which are so fashioned at the ends that they may be linked together, are owned by but few lumbermen, and are by them rented for a good round sum to those not fortunate enough to possess them. Then into the water went the men to build the rafts. As each log is rolled into the lake a man mounts it and pilots it into place, keeping up a dancing movement the while lest he fall from its slippery surface. He has learned to balance himself perfectly, and his boots are "calked," which means that they are spiked ones. He seldom loses his foothold, and if he should do so he meets with no sympathy as he emerges from his cold bath, for it is considered by all lumbermen a great disgrace to slip from the log. Rafting is very hard work and brings double pay. (Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the rafts after they are



THE CAMP IN SUMMER.

stick to a horse's back while he flounders around up to his belly.

I "cleaned house" during this time, after which I set all my old hens and mended linen. I did not like the imprisonment at all, however, and as soon as I could explore again without soaking my feet, I hastened to do so, and found the most beautiful arbutus trailing all over the ground. I had never seen it growing before, and was filled with delight as I gathered the fragrant blossoms. The frogs awoke in chorus in the little ditches of the forest, and nowhere do they sing such a variety of songs. Ravens flew about, and occasionally a hawk or an eagle slowly circled over a tree-top. The gaily dressed woodpeckers and blue jays scarcely took the trouble to fly at my approach, and the squirrels were out in full force to enjoy the beautiful weather.

The choppers were all busy again, for we were to do summer logging. As they were working at some distance from the camp they could not return at noontime; and I used to occasionally mount the lunch-wagon and accompany the cook to the scene of their labors. There, under a shady tree, with my dogs lying about me, I used to feel as if I were really a child of nature, and almost wished I had never known anything of a great smoky city and its many evils and trials.

As soon as navigation opens, the logs left on the beach

launched, lest a storm come up while they are *en route*. Pleasant weather is therefore selected for their construction, and in order to hurry their departure the men must work eighteen hours a day.

One summer day a great Chicago boat stopped at White Fish Point to deposit upon the pier two young lady friends of ours, who, full of compassion for my supposed lonely condition, had decided to make us a long visit. Together we explored the beautiful drives, fished in the shady creeks, and rowed along the shore of the lake, stopping to tie our boat and land whenever we saw a particularly inviting spot, where we would eat our luncheon or pick blueberries. We made a voyage in our boat to the lighthouse. It proved to be a very instructive one, for the lighthouse keeper kindly took us up the steep stairs and showed us the mechanism of his light. After this we went to the nearest life-saving station, where we were shown the life-boat with its life-saving apparatus. But this delightful summer came to an end, and the young ladies returned home, leaving me once more the only woman of our little village.

Early in September our collie dog's countenance betokened much jealousy; Diamond and Cupid scratched at the door in vain; Thomas Cat, Esq., became cross and sulky, occasionally blinking his green eyes at an object which reposed in a chair; Billy, the pony, went without his daily lump



ONE OF OUR FAVORITE CREEKS.

of sugar, and somebody else fed the chickens. All this upsetting of the regular order of things was caused by a very small, red-faced damsel who had taken it into her round little head to try lumber-woods life. As she brought with her no letter of introduction we thought best to provide her with a name immediately, and selected one which we both admired,—Dorothy.

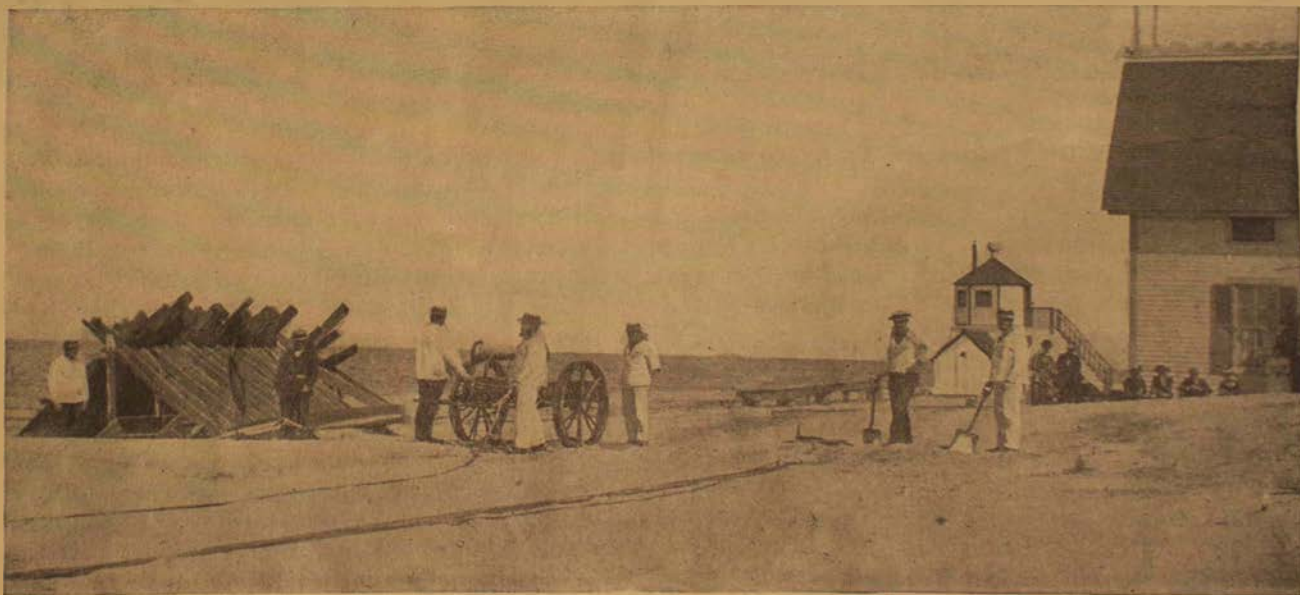
I think it would be wisdom on my part to refrain from telling some of you people who think a baby a bit of breakable china just how old (or rather how *young*) she was when she was taken out in papa's arms to be shown to an admiring group of woodsmen. They crowded about her, acting as if they had never before seen so remarkable an object, and offended her papa by saying "It is *terrible* little!" As a camp member she was a much-noticed individual that winter. She raced around the woods with the aid of the dogs in company with her mother, and grew fat and hardy. Her father made her a sled by nailing an empty soap-box to runners, and inside of it he fastened a comfortable little chair. Diamond, our dear old dog, proudly took her out for an airing, while her admiring parents followed on foot. Sometimes we fastened a seat for ourselves in front of this box, and harnessed all of our dogs to the sled. When we went riding behind our pony, if the day was cold we tucked Dorothy up in a clothes-basket, previously lined with blanket and pillow. She used to object for a short time after being placed at our feet under the robes, but the jolting of the sleigh would soon put her to sleep, and she seldom awoke until deposited, basket and all, on the floor of our

cabin. At night she slept in a hammock which was swung over our bed.

The winter of '92-'93 was a very severe one, and had it not been for the care and company of our little daughter I should have been very lonely; for my husband was obliged to be away a great deal. Before the first snow fell the men and horses were moved to a new camp several miles away from us, and this contributed to my lonely condition; for nowhere does silence and inactivity seem so unbearable as in the woods. While my husband was away on protracted business trips, my only human companion, aside from my baby, was a young Frenchman named Joe, who had been selected from his large crew of men to look after my comfort. Like many

French Canadians he was a Jack-at-all-trades, and was willing to turn his hand to almost anything. He made a very good nurse for Dorothy, who became very fond of him; nor was he ashamed to assist me about the housework. He took excellent care of the horse, cow, and chickens, and was a good hunter. Many a morning I awoke to find the cabin dark and almost buried beneath the snow; but I could always hear Joe shoveling away to dig out my doors and windows, and a sight of his cheery face and the sound of his greeting, "Good mornin', ma'm! How's Dorety dis mornin'?" was worth more to me than you who have never in your life been "snowed in" in a forest can imagine.

They had a hard time logging on account of the fearful



THE LIFE-SAVING STATION.

weather. They were much discouraged, for as fast as the roads were made ready for hauling they would refill with snow, and there were many days when the violence of the storm prevented them from working at all. It was with great difficulty that the logs in the vicinity of the new camp were carried from the skidways to the beach. They were all there, however, by the first of February, 1893, and the men moved back to our camp in order to haul the logs which

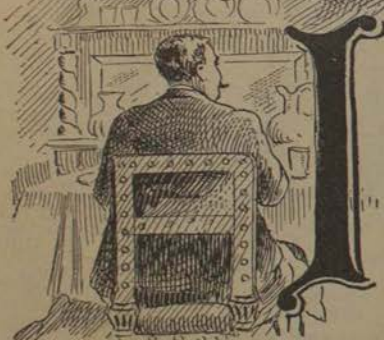
they had skidded during the previous summer. I was very glad to welcome them back, and to hear again the clink of the blacksmith's anvil and the teamster's call of "Turn out!" as he drove his load to the beach.

Again the logs were all piled on the beach, and the snow disappeared to be replaced by muddy roads. I was to leave by the first boat which called at White Fish Point, and my husband was to remain until after the rafting. I should have preferred staying with him until the final breaking up of the camp, but the mosquitoes and flies are very numerous during the early summer, and I did not wish my little one to fall a victim to their voracious appetites. As we drove down

the old familiar "tote" road for the last time, we both felt very sober. The odor of arbutus was in the air, and the birds were singing their sweetest songs. I looked back and saw my little log cabin for the very last time. We had been very happy there, and Dorothy's mamma wept and refused to be comforted.

We are once more in Chicago, and behind the kitchen stove is the sleeping form of Thomas Cat. The dogs are with friends who we are sure will use them kindly, and from a large cage beside me two squirrels are chattering of the sighing forest of Lake Superior.

SARA R. MC. ISAAC.



DINED with my old friend Donec, yesterday. It was one of the oddest experiences I remember. Donec is a fortunate man: prosperous in business, respected in the community, young enough and healthy enough to appreciate, thoroughly, the good things of life which have so liberally fallen to his lot, and, above

all, happy in his domestic relations. His wife, whom I had never seen before, is one of the sweetest women I ever met. Confirmed bachelor as I am, I was tempted to ask Donec if Mrs. Donec had not a sister like herself. At the same time she did not speak a single word to me during the whole course of my visit; but that her silence was not due to distrust or dislike of me will appear presently.

We were talking over old times, Donec and I, in his comfortable study, when the door opened and a slender, girlish figure, attired in some sort of graceful drapery,—I don't know what you call these things,—entered the room, and, without casting a glance toward me, glided up to Donec's chair, put two beautifully rounded arms about his neck, drew back his head, and kissed him upon the forehead,—uttering no articulate words, but making a peculiar soft, cooing sound, such as a mother dove may make over its nestful of babies.

Donec submitted to the caress; then, without speaking, touched her upon the arm and pointed to me. The lady started, and a faint flush sprang into her delicate cheek as with wide-open, childish eyes she glanced from him to me, quickly and inquiringly. He held up one hand, and in another instant a most delightful smile took the place of the

blush, and she came swiftly toward me, holding out one little hand which I took in my own, noting, as I did so, its perfect contour, its ivory whiteness, and the rosy tint about the oval nails. If I had been a Frenchman I should have kissed that hand; being only a barbarous American I shook it and mumbled some stupid commonplace words of greeting, to which, to my surprise, she uttered no acknowledgment, as she had uttered no phrases of welcome. Then she drew back, smiling brightly still, glanced at Donec, who waved his hand to her, and with a gesture of her own tiny hand, which seemed to comprehend us both, she flitted out of the room as silently as she had entered it.

Meeting my astonished look Donec laughed heartily.

"You do not appear to understand," he said.

"I do not," I replied, rising, "except that I have intruded at an unseasonable moment; so if you will just tell me where you put my hat I will take my departure."

Donec threw himself back in his chair and laughed still more heartily. I was growing a trifle angry now.

"I do not know what Mrs. Donec can have heard to my discredit," I continued, haughtily, "but as she did not condescend to address a word to me—"

"My dear fellow," Donec became suddenly grave, "she can't."

"What? She is—?"

"Just so. Deaf and dumb from her birth. Now I hope you will dismount from your exceedingly lofty horse, especially when I assure you she told me she liked you very much."

"Told you?" I echoed, in amazement.

"Didn't you see her wave her hand, thus?" And he twirled his own hand in the air, with a complicated twisting and twinkling of the fingers. "Well, that was a sentence: 'I like your friend. He is a good man. Stay to dinner. I want to know him.'"

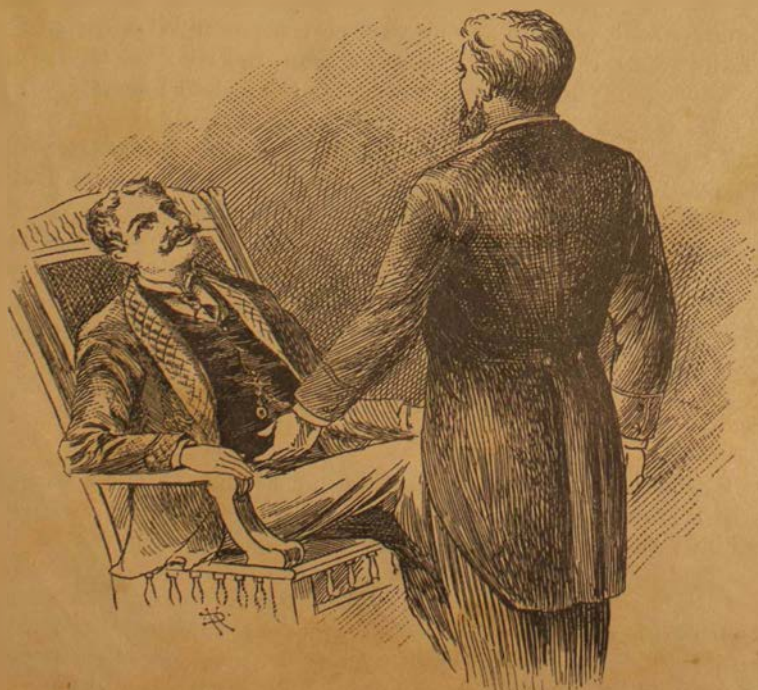


"SHE DREW BACK HIS HEAD AND KISSED HIM."

"And all that was expressed by her hand?—Why yes, now I think of it, her fingers *did* move. Hum! I beg your pardon, old man. I'll stay."

"Good. Now we have a half-hour before dinner, and I will tell you how I came to marry my deaf-and-dumb wife,—the sweetest, truest, noblest of wives." He thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, stretched back, and though it was a dull, gloomy afternoon without, something like a warm, bright ray of sunshine seemed to overspread his face as he went on.

"After three years of incessant work I felt that I was breaking down, and I went to the Helderbergs for a month's rest among the mountains. There was a lake about a mile from the farmhouse where I was boarding, and here I used to loaf away the best part of my days, floating about in an old flat-bottomed boat, pretending to fish, but seldom troubling the scaly denizens of the water with my rod and line.



"DONEYC THREW HIMSELF BACK AND LAUGHED."

"One day I had drawn my boat under the shadow of some overhanging willows, and had settled myself to read a novel which I had brought with me, when I was disturbed by the sound of footsteps on the bank near at hand. Glancing up I beheld a vision of loveliness,—but you have just seen her, and you may, perhaps, imagine what she was then, little more than a child in years, the opening bud to the perfect rose. The sun streaming through the interstices of the branches upon her gold-brown hair converted it into gleaming bronze. Her face was flushed with exercise, and her tiny white teeth shone between her full red lips parted in a happy smile.

"She was climbing slowly down the steep bank, picking the wild-flowers growing in the long grass. She had not observed me, and, partially screened by the trees, I sat watching her with such admiration as I had never bestowed upon a woman before. Absorbed in her occupation she drew nearer and nearer the steep verge of the lake. It had



"I WAS DISTURBED BY THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS."

not occurred to me that she was in danger, when, resting her foot upon a decayed stump, the treacherous support gave way beneath her weight, and, almost before I could understand what had happened, her light figure had disappeared beneath the dark surface of the lake.

"There was no time to unfasten the boat from the tree to which I had tied it. Kicking off my shoes I plunged into the water, and with a few vigorous strokes reached the spot where she had sunk from sight. Meeting her as she rose, I caught her about the waist and speedily had her out upon the bank. She was insensible, and I was pretty well exhausted with my efforts. As we lay together on the grass, a middle-aged woman came plunging and tearing down the bank, screaming hysterically:

"'Oh! my poor darling! My poor innocent!'

"'She is quite safe,' I managed to articulate. 'She will come to herself shortly.'

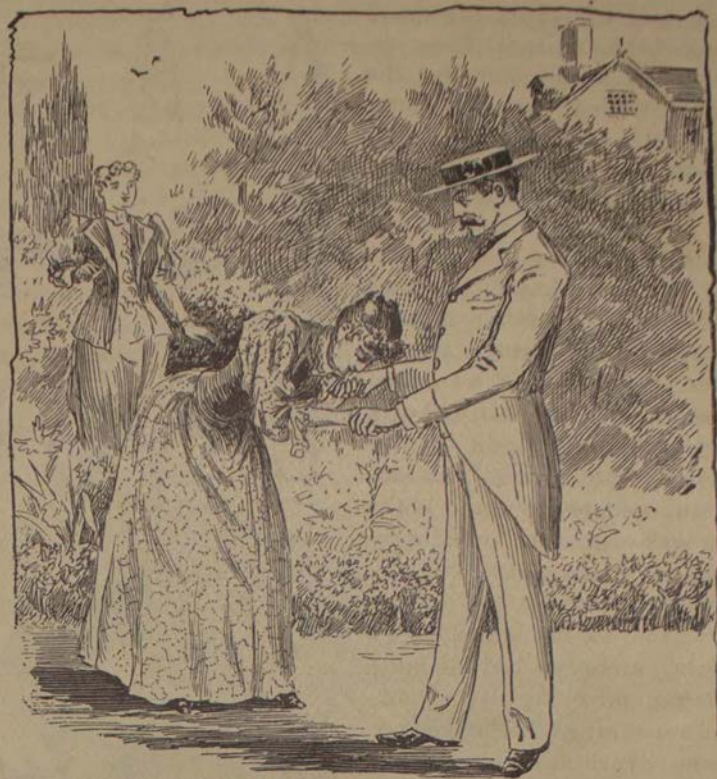
"'You saved her, sir! Oh, bless you! bless you!'

"As soon as I could regain my breath I took the slight figure of the still unconscious girl in my arms and bore her up the hill, followed by the woman, who continued to pour forth blessings, sobs, and cries. From her incoherent words

I learned that my young charge was called Irma Dean, that she was stopping at a farmhouse near the lake, and that she, herself, was Irma's nurse and companion.

"I had served my apprenticeship in society, and had met many attractive women, but my heart had remained dormant until the present moment. Now, as I held this slender, girlish form in my arms and looked down at the pale, sweet face with its parted lips and closed eyes, I experienced a new, strange, almost painful, agitation. Something I had not hitherto suspected seemed suddenly to have been revealed to me. I felt a yearning, protecting tenderness for this helpless little creature whose life I had saved. Incredible as it may appear to you, by the time I had reached the farmhouse and delivered the girl to the care of her companion and the motherly farmer's wife, I was in love,—for the first and last time.

"After learning from Mrs. Willis—the companion—that Irma had recovered her senses and seemed to be none the worse for her wetting, and receiving an invitation to call on the following day, I went home to change my soaked gar-



"SHE PRESSED HER LIPS UPON MY HANDS."

wore a blank, puzzled look; then, as Mrs. Willis touched her upon the arm again and raised her right hand with a swift gesture, the blank expression gave way to a brilliant blush and smile. She ran up to me with both pink palms extended, and as I took them in mine she bent and pressed her warm lips, first upon one of my hands and then upon the other. As she did so I felt myself blushing in turn. Such an act of homage from a beautiful girl, with whom I was already deeply in love, agitated me beyond all expression.

"I stammered some awkward sentences,—I don't know what folly I gave utterance to; but she did not reply, and now it occurred to me that I had not once heard her voice. As if guessing at my thoughts, Mrs. Willis said, in a pitying tone,

"'The poor child is deaf and dumb.'

"A renewed wave of sympathy and tenderness swept over



"I TOOK THE SLIGHT FIGURE IN MY ARMS."

ments,—and to dream of Irma. The next afternoon I walked to the farmhouse. You, who know my careless habits as to dress, would have laughed could you have seen in how many different ways I arranged my cravat, how carefully I brushed my hair and curled my mustache, with what anxiety I tried on my coats before making a proper selection. Above all, you would have wondered at the trembling hand with which I opened the garden gate, and the timid step with which I walked up the gravel path.

"There she was. I recognized that slender, graceful shape moving among the flower-beds, now smelling at one blossom, now caressing another with soft, gentle touch. She did not heed the sound of my feet upon the gravel, nor did she even raise her head when I addressed her by name. Was it intentional? Did she wish me to feel that my visit was an intrusion? I drew back with a swelling heart, and was preparing to make my escape quietly when Mrs. Willis came hurrying down the path toward me. She touched Irma, who was still leaning over a plant, upon the arm, and as the girl raised her head, pointed to me. The beautiful face, turned toward me,



"THE POOR CHILD IS DEAF AND DUMB."

me, and I suppose the quick eye of the girl must have detected it in my face, for the tears welled into her clear, innocent eyes as she raised them to mine. Then she smiled gayly, and taking my arm motioned toward the house.

"It was a happy hour we three spent together in that quaint little country parlor. Mrs. Willis acted as interpreter. It was a curious sight, those hands silently flashing intelligence back and forth; and to my mind nothing was ever more touchingly beautiful than the eager, watchful interest in Irma's face, the swift changes of doubt, anxiety, and delight, coming and going like clouds and sunshine over a landscape. I was surprised at her knowledge and familiarity with ordinary subjects, but Mrs. Willis told me that she had been well and carefully educated, so far as her affliction would allow.

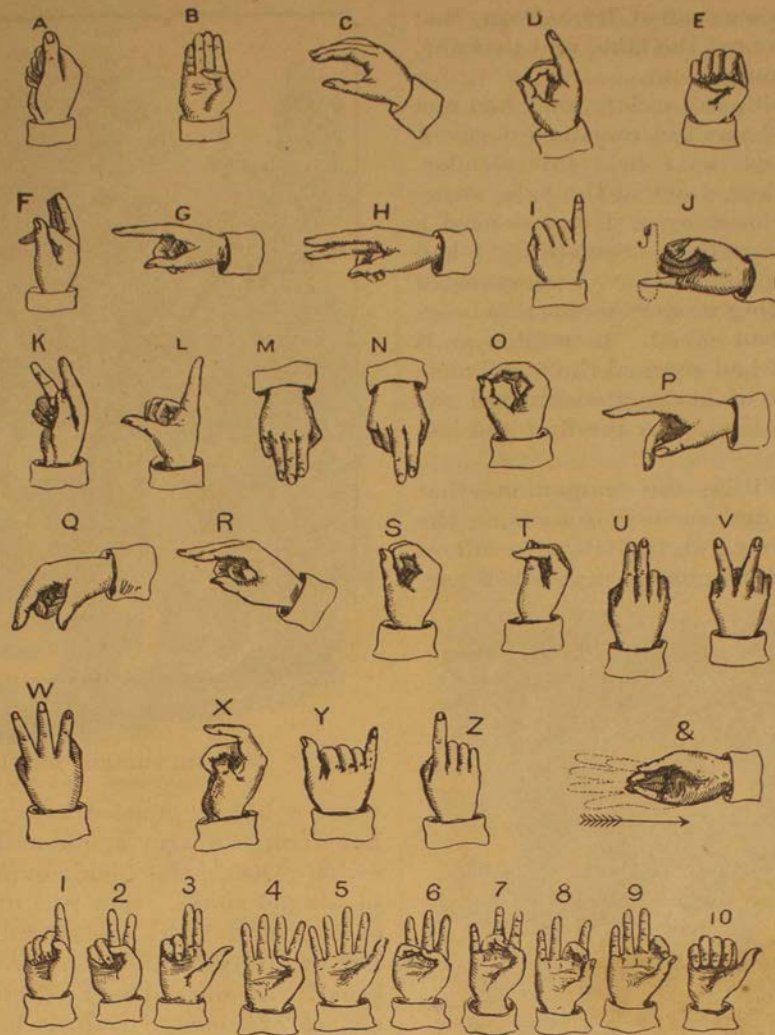
"What surprised and pleased me most was—a common characteristic among people similarly afflicted, as I have since learned—her perfect innocence, her entire trustfulness, and absolute simplicity.

She struck me as some sweet inhabitant of the Arcadian world, dwelling alone in this hard, selfish, unworthy world of today.

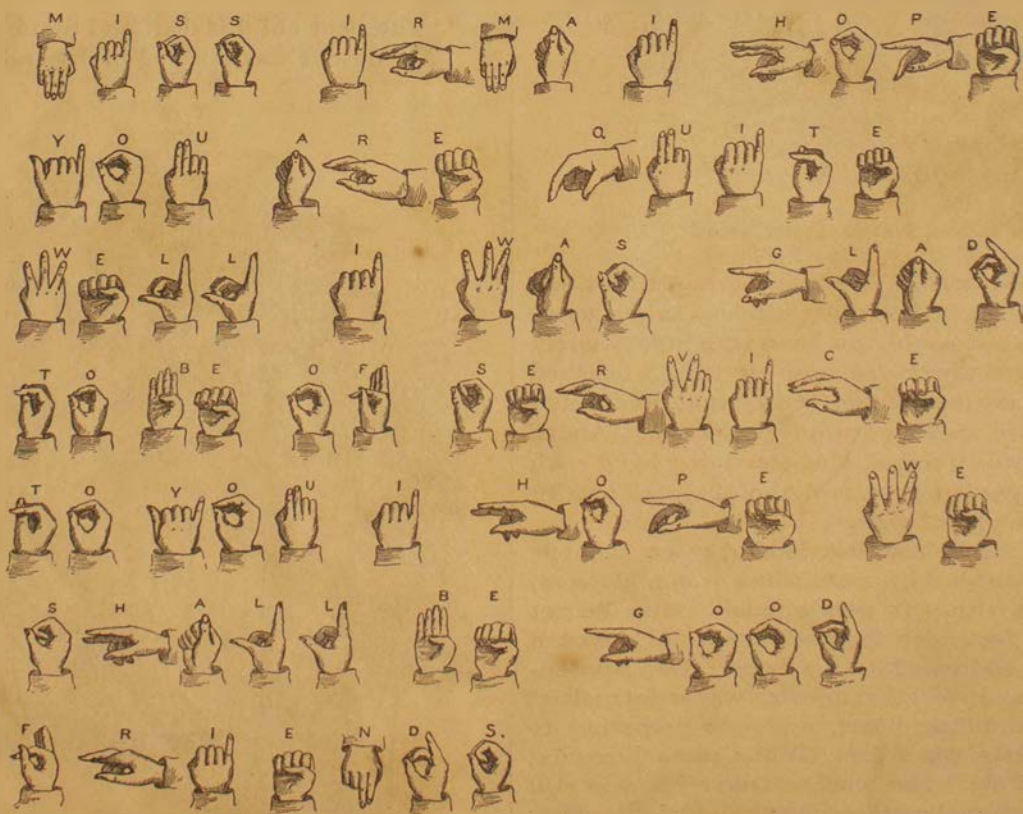
"When I arose to depart, Irma, quickly rising, made me a gesture to wait, and ran out of the room. In a moment she returned and handed me a card, upon which were arranged a succession of hands in various positions—the deaf-and-dumb sign language, in fact. Here is the card; I have always preserved it.

"She wishes you to learn the signs," explained Mrs. Willis, "so that you can talk to her yourself. She wants you to promise that you will come again tomorrow."

"Gladly," I replied, very much in earnest. "And meantime I will



SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.



MY FIRST LESSON.

try to acquire a few sentences, at least."

"When I returned to my room I sat down and for four long hours worked over that alphabet. Anybody who might by chance have witnessed me waving and jerking and twirling my right hand in the air must have deemed me a subject for a strait-jacket. But I didn't care. At length I believed myself quite perfect in my first lesson in the hand-alphabet, the following sentences, which I thought neat as well as simple and expressive.

"Miss Irma, I hope you are quite well. I was glad to be of service to you. I hope we shall be good friends."

"I chose the single-hand alphabet as the easiest to learn, as well as the most graceful. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to wriggle and snap one's digits as if one had been stung by a whole colony of particularly venomous hornets; but to spar and wrestle away with both hands, as if battling with an obstreperous ghost, verges too close upon the absurd to be attempted by a novice. Yet how graceful and pretty Irma's gestures were!

"Armed with my new knowledge I called upon her on the following day. She was alone in the sitting-room when I arrived, and after a warm salutation I proceeded to put my lesson in practice. I raised my hand and worked away industriously. At first she smiled, then, as I went on, she looked slightly puzzled, and at last utterly amazed. I perceived that somehow I had not quite succeeded with my first sentence, but I kept up my courage and began on the second. The amazement deepened on her countenance. She shook her head, and holding her own little hand before my eyes, made a number of signs very slowly. They were Sanskrit to me. I was beginning to despair, but I plunged headlong

into the third sentence. The amazement deepened yet more until it became a frown; and when I had done she arose and with the air of an offended queen swept me a courtesy, and



"I PROCEEDED TO PUT MY LESSON IN PRACTICE."

was about to leave me utterly crushed and miserable, when Mrs. Willis entered the room, and in a few moments re-established peace between us. I have since learned—having graduated as an adept in the hand language—that my three sentences, as I delivered them then, ran as follows:



"SHE SWEEPED ME A COURTESY."

"Mlgs Opsm A Garz sug rms snlbs PJtt. T nbs gwts ob px ls vatgse ap nub. Z ntlo qs stmgg ib necb grabezu."

When my pitiable mistake was explained Irma laughed gleefully, like a child. I could not be angry with her mirth, especially as she sat herself down with a pencil and pad of paper to give me a lesson. Under her tuition I progressed rapidly, and before I left that day I had learned the signs for

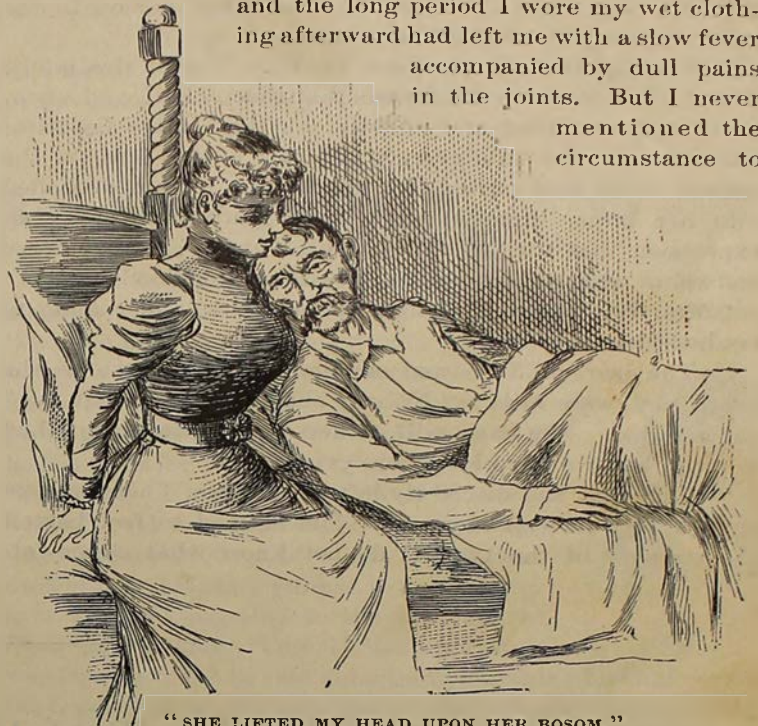
'friends,' 'faithful,' 'affection,' 'love,' and 'eternal.' She was a delightful teacher, only there was one drawback; when she rested her soft hand upon mine I could think of nothing but that hand and the insane desire to catch it up and mumble it with my lips.



"THIS IS WHAT I SPILLED ON MY FINGERS."

"Thereafter for two weeks I was a constant caller at the farmhouse, acquiring a knowledge of the hand alphabet and drinking in deep draughts of love. I must admit that I studied the charming face of my teacher more earnestly than I did my sign-language tasks, which doubtless accounts for the fact that at the end of the period named I was a proficient in love while still far from a perfect scholar in the alphabet.

"As time went by, strange to say, my hopes grew fainter. She was so frank, so simple, so unlearned in the ways of the world, that the affectionate freedom with which she treated me had no significance whatever. My plunge into the lake and the long period I wore my wet clothing afterward had left me with a slow fever accompanied by dull pains in the joints. But I never mentioned the circumstance to



"SHE LIFTED MY HEAD UPON HER BOSOM."

Mrs. Willis, and I had not yet become proficient enough to have revealed it to Irma, even had I wished to.

"One day when alone with Irma, in a reckless mood, for I was suffering more pain than usual, and my head was burning with fever, I ventured upon a bolder exercise of my partially acquired knowledge than I had ever dared before. This is what I spelled out upon my fingers:

"Irma, I love you. Darling, will you be my wife?"

"She watched my hand until I had finished; then, with a burning face and a startled, frightened glance at me, she sprang up and fled from the room. I waited for ten minutes, mechanically counting the ticks of the old clock upon the shelf, feeling my hopes sink lower and lower with every swing of the pendulum. How my head ached!—or was it my heart? Surely she would return! No, she cared nothing for me, and had run away to avoid hurting me by a direct refusal. Finally, in utter misery of mind and body, I arose and limped out of the house. How I reached home I do not know; but I found myself in bed, and there I lay helpless for many days.

"I existed in a vague dream for what seemed to my befogged brain a century, my consciousness of self being chiefly a sense of intolerable ache,—all-pervading, incessant ache. After a while I began to have a cloudy perception of an angelic face

bending over me, of cool drinks placed to my parched lips, and of soft kisses pressed upon my burning forehead. Presently the haze appeared to clear away from my sight; my head was light, but the deadly ache was gone.

"Someone was in the room with me; I could hear the rustle of skirts. I turned my head. Yes, there by the window, industriously sewing, sat good Mrs. Willis. It was she, then, who had nursed me, and whose plump person had been transformed into the angelic presence of my delirium. Heaven knows I was grateful to her; but the idea struck me as irresistibly comic, and I laughed, a weak, cackling laugh. The dear lady heard it; but instead of rising and coming to my side, she made a motion to some other person in the room, beyond the range of my vision.

"What! Was it possible, or was I still dreaming? Irma! Yes, it was not a dream this time. Pale and worn, as if with watching and anxiety, but oh! more beautiful than ever in the sublime pity of her sweet face, in the radiant smile that parted her lips, in the tears that welled into her large, innocent eyes resting upon me with an expression that thrilled my enfeebled frame in every nerve and vein. Ah! this indeed had been my angelic visitant!

"Mrs. Willis now gathered up her work, and coming to my bedside, said:

"The dear child insisted on coming here as soon as she heard you were sick. 'Nobody shall nurse him but me,' she asserted. She has a will of her own, at times, so I had to yield, and we have been here ever since."

"With that she discreetly left the room. There was no shyness in Irma's manner now. She seemed to feel herself the stronger of the two. I do not know what clumsy at-

tempts I was about to make to speak to her; but she gently put down my emaciated hand, and seating herself upon the edge of the bed, lifted my head upon her bosom, where she held me embraced with one arm. Then with her free right hand, she conveyed to me this message:

"My noble, brave darling, I love you with all my heart and soul. When you were so very ill I knew I should die if you died. If you will have the poor, afflicted, deaf-and-dumb girl, so ignorant and unworthy, I will gladly, thankfully, be your wife. I will devote myself to you humbly, faithfully, all my life long. Amen."

"Were sweeter, quainter words of love ever uttered or expressed? I took the dear, gesturing hand in my own, and fervently kissed the little fingers that had made me so happy. I could not have answered her fittingly in her own language; but the face I lifted to hers told her all. The happiness of that moment, as well as the love sealed by that kiss, can come but once in a lifetime, and they suffice.

"On our return to the city in the autumn we were married. I have never heard my wife's voice, for the utmost extent of her vocal powers is the faint, murmuring sound you have just noticed; but who can say that such silence is not golden?"

C. L. HILDRETH.



FUNNY STORIES TOLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE.

REAL experiences related especially for DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE by Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, Marshall P. Wilder, "Buffalo Bill," Major J. B. Pond, Napoleon Sarony, and Beatrice Harraden.

AMERICANS ALWAYS STORY-TELLERS.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

SOME people are always looking for something to turn up. Such people seldom use a spade to turn up anything for themselves, but lounge around in some country store, holding a chair hard down and talking about this man and that, in the village or out of it, who has been successful.

"That man has become a preacher." "That man has become a judge." "That man is a millionaire." "Well, there's nothing like luck in this world." And they sit still waiting for their "luck."

Every time I visit my native town and go round among those fellows they say to me:

"O Chauncey! Well! there's nothing like luck in this world, and you've got it."

Now I'm often asked if a man becomes a story-teller simply through luck. I believe that all Americans are story-tellers; and if there's any luck about it it's because there is nothing like the luck of being born an American.

When in Europe one summer, during the peach season, my host had upon his table magnificent peaches which had cost him fifty cents apiece. They had been grown upon the side of a wall, and mostly under glass. They had white pits, and little flavor. I said to him:

"Peaches which would make your mouth water and tears of joy run down your cheeks are to-day piled almost mountain high on barges beside the wharves in New York and selling for fifty cents a basket with two hundred peaches in each basket."

"Well," replied he, "you Americans have always been remarkable for the stories you tell."

"OUR CHAUNCEY" AND W. S. GILBERT.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, HUMOROUS ENTERTAINER.

THE more stories a man has the more difficult it is to say which is the funniest. I know a great many story-tellers and still more stories; but just which is funniest I would not dare say offhand. Here are two stories, however, which show the difference between the way the wittiest man in America and the wittiest man in England took a joke. A friend of mine, a newspaper man, tells me that he was lately in a small town in New York State where Chauncey Depew was billed to make a speech that night, and it happened he stopped at the same hotel Depew did. Just after supper the editor of the local paper dropped in to see Mr. Depew, and the distinguished gentleman proceeded to have some fun with the country journalist. He had fun, too, and every now and then he rounded



up a sentence against the editor by saying, "Oh, you can't believe everything in the newspapers," the editor having used the newspaper matter very largely in his argument.

After the speech-making was over the editor met Mr. Depew in the hotel office again, and there was a big crowd present.

"Well, my friend," inquired the genial Chauncey, "what did you think of my speech?"

The editor hesitated a moment.

"Are you," he asked solemnly, "the genuine Chauncey M. Depew?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Are you the one that all the newspapers have been saying was the finest speaker, the greatest talker, the sharpest stumper, and the brightest wit before the public?" pursued the editor.

"I guess I'm the one," blushed the gentleman. "Why?"

"Oh, because you can't believe everything there is in the newspapers."

And Depew shook hands with the editor and called it square.

Now turn to John Bull's island. The most extraordinary thing over there is the Englishman's sense of humor. You have to use a search-light to find it. The American joke is lost upon him. One day I met W. S. Gilbert, the wittiest man in England, and the gruffest.

"How d' do, Wilder?"

"How are you, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Feeling well to-day?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Gilbert, but I'm afraid you will not see as much of me as you have."

"Indeed, how's that?"

"I lost a tooth this morning."

"Ah, that's too bad. How did you lose it?"

"And this," said Wilder, significantly, "from a man who is supposed to see a joke miles distant!"

A STUDY IN POLITENESS.

BUFFALO BILL (COL. CODY), "KNIGHT OF THE PLAINS,"
"KING OF SCOUTS."

Here's a story told me one night around the camp-fire by a distinguished member of James Gordon Bennett's hunting-party when it was in my charge.

"In a restaurant in one of the side-streets of a Western city, a farmer, one of your typical 'hayseeds,' was eating his luncheon. Presently an airy, breezy youth, apparently a clerk of some sort, entered the place, chose a seat at the same table with the farmer, and ordered his meal. All went quietly for a time. Then the youth wanted some butter. It stood nearer the farmer and out of the youth's reach. He surveyed the 'hayseed' a moment critically, then exclaimed, bluntly, "Butter, sir!"

"The farmer continued his meal, oblivious. The youth again ejaculated 'Butter, sir!' this time impatiently. The farmer still confined his attentions to his meat and potatoes.

"Again, angrily, the youth almost shouted 'Butter, sir!' and pounded on the table with his knife.

"This time the farmer looked up, and calmly biting a piece of bread, drawled out:

"You idiot! Do you think I take it for lard?"

This recalls a story told me by a cavalry officer in our own army. A traveling salesman in his buggy, and a farmer in his potato wagon, entered a little town at the same time. Together they drove up to the only livery stable in the place.

The salesman sprang lightly from his buggy and addressed the proprietor with a great showing of dramatic gestures, something like this:

"I say! Extricate that quadruped from the vehicle; feed him plenteously of food of a nutritious element; let him eat till internal fullness no longer admonishes continuation; when the aurora again illuminates the eastern horizon I will amply reward your labor."

Now the farmer had stood hard by. Whether he caught the humor of the situation, or merely tried to ape his fellow traveler's words, is not known; but stepping up to the proprietor he delivered this little speech, imitating the young man's dramatic gestures:

"I say! Yank that critter out of the shafts; give him half a pint o' oats on a bar'l head; let him eat till he's full; in the morning I'll give yer a shillin'."

IN A HOLE.

MAJOR JAMES B. POND, LECTURER AND MANAGER OF LECTURES.

I have had men with all sorts of queer names under my management, but I have never had one with a queerer name than the Dean of Rochester, who is coming from England to lecture in this country next season. His name is Hole. Probably I would never have given a second thought to his odd name if it hadn't been for the amusing variety of puns that have poured into my office by every mail since I announced his coming. The way Colonel McCaul of comic opera fame used to hear his name punned is an insignificant matter compared to the punning of Dean Hole's name. Colonel McCaul's name was forever taken in vain something like this: McCaul would relate some humorous incident to a few friends; when he had finished some wag in the party would remark, "Now that's what you McCaul a joke." And that's all it amounted to.

The puns on Dean Hole's name have no greater depth. They are silly and seldom amusing, but many of them are written by the most famous divines. One writes: "Our Church Lecture Committee wants to get into a Hole next winter. How much will it cost?" Another says: "You'd better look out, Major. If the Dean isn't popular he'll get you in a Hole." Then still another attempts to make some sort of fun out of the "Dean" end of the name by a vague reference to his becoming a sar-dine. Now the funny part of this story is that it is contributed in symposium fashion from distinguished clergymen the country over. I don't know what I'm going to do with the Dean. He seems to have gotten me into a hole already by my lack of ability to acknowledge with becoming appreciation all the puns fastened to his name.

BLAINE AND THE DRUMMER.

NAPOLÉON SARONY, NEW YORK'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.

A thoughtful, rather distinguished-looking man was sitting in the dressing-room of my studio, one morning, while my assistant was getting the studio ready to receive him. He sat in a low arm-chair, with his head upon his hand, his characteristic attitude. Presently his reflections were interrupted by a sprucely dressed young drummer. The latter bustled into the room, rammed his hands into his pockets, and proceeded to inspect the pictures on the wall. Growing tired of that he turned his attention to the silent man sitting in the low arm-chair. Now a first-class drummer will accost any stranger with the most suave lack of ceremony.



"You next, friend?" he asked, just as he would ask the question in a barber shop. "Friend" replied very gently in the affirmative.

"S'pose I'll have to wait till you get your own 'phiz' immortalized," remarked the drummer. Then he produced a cigar, bit off the end, and searched his pockets for a match.

"Got a light? Let's have it. Have a smoke?" The stranger politely declined the proffered cigar, but tendered the match.

Then the drummer bleated on, allowing the stranger time only for an occasional monosyllabic remark. It happened to be in the autumn of '84, just before the presidential election.

"I tell you, old man, Blaine won't get there this trip," said the drummer. "Do you know, that man's the biggest impostor, the most gigantic fake in our politics? Why! he hasn't a ghost of a show. Cleveland's the man, you bet! Say! I've got a tenger up against a chap's fiver. Want to go me? We'll put up the stuff right here, and Sarony'll hold the stakes."

And just then my assistant appeared in the doorway and announced,

"All ready, Mr. Blaine."

This story was afterward rehearsed for my benefit by the drummer, who was a jolly sort of fellow.

INTERVIEWED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

BEATRICE HARRADEN, AUTHOR OF "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT," "IN VARYING MOODS," ETC.

I look upon all newspaper men as my enemies, and yet I have the highest respect for their cleverness. When a newspaper man sets out to get an interview, I am convinced that he will get that interview in one way or another, by dint of tact, diplomacy, and nerve. The moment I stepped upon America's shore on the pier in New York I was besieged by newspaper representatives who wanted to know my opinions on all sorts of things. Wearing with the voyage I was obliged to decline. I had a week to pass before proceeding to California, and elected to spend it with friends in Yonkers, where I could be among the green fields. The



newspaper men followed in swarms. I was deluged with telegrams and letters requesting interviews, and it was some time before I could see any of them.

This persistency of the American interviewer calls to mind a story told by a novelist friend of mine, who was once interviewed without knowing it. She came, as I did, from England. "Interviewers," she said, "called every hour of the day; but I did not care for publicity and declined to be interviewed. One young man waited about all day. Toward evening my friends informed him that I was going to the photographer's on the following day, and, of course, it would be useless for him to call. He simply asked the name of the photographer and went away. He was very intelligent, my friends said, and added that he was a Harvard man.

"The second morning after that imagine my surprise at seeing a three-column interview with me in one of the big dailies. It was a very discreet interview, nothing in it to offend me, and gave in my own words my views of my book, on religion, politics, woman suffrage, and no end of things. The interview was signed by the young man who had waited about so patiently, and whom I had declined to see.

"But how did this strange writer get this interview containing my own words? Where had I uttered them? Ah! I began to have some suspicions. The young man who had assisted the photographer in taking my picture the day before asked me some very intelligent offhand questions, and I talked with him freely. Recalling the conversation I recognized its exact reproduction in this three-column interview. Then I remembered that as the young man conversed with me, now and then suggesting a different pose for my head or hand, and so on, he glanced frequently toward a small inner room where another young man sat writing, apparently posting account-books. What! Could this be the young man! I had never seen him, remember. Well, by next mail my suspicions were confirmed. Yes, it was he. He made a sweeping confession. The assistant photographer was actually the newspaper representative who had determined to interview me; the young man in the small adjoining room, who seemed to be a bookkeeper, was really a stenographer. The one talked, the other took down all that was said."

Such is my friend's story. Now I call it extremely clever. Was she vexed? Not a bit. The interview was written so cleverly, so delicately, so gently, how could she be?

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 536.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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

Betty went out on her first assignment in a blinding snowstorm, wrote what she considered an excellent account that would fill a column, and then went to the tea at Miss Carter's studio. Here she met Nellie O'Conner, an actress, Jean McFarlan, a young physician, and Gretchen and Isabel Müller, one a singer, the other a musician. They elected Betty a member of their club, the Pleiades, and she started homeward, on the way meeting a wealthy young lady who had made her *début* at the same time with herself. The heiress patronized Betty, but of course was not very cordial; yet Betty felt very happy in her independence. The next morning she bought a Meteor and found her work of the previous day cut down to a single paragraph, and on demanding an

explanation was told that her work was "trashy," and that she must be brief. Sadly disappointed, as she had been calculating on pay for a column, she started on another assignment, turned in her "copy," and going home found a card from her friend Mr. Fenwick Huntington. Still more disappointed at not seeing him, she rushed up stairs to find Miss Carter waiting for her to request that she would come to her studio as soon as she could find leisure, to get points for an article about Miss Carter, to be published in an art paper. The next afternoon she went to the studio, when Miss Carter told her how, after the death of her grandfather, with whom she lived, she had taught school, and saved, and starved, almost, until she got together three hundred dollars, with which she came to New York, entered at the Art Students' League, had to begin in the lowest classes, but, possessing talent, steadily worked up until she was able to open a studio for herself. This interview resulted in the formation of a strong friendship between the two women. Almost every day Betty would drop in at Miss Carter's studio and tell her about her discouragements and her successes: how she had few assignments, but turned to good account every "catchy" thing she saw, writing it up for her paper and thus adding to her earnings; how she sometimes was snubbed when she interviewed ladies on society matters; how she went to a fashionable ball to write up the dresses and encountered Mr. Huntington and Miss Van Tassie, her former rival, in the entrance hall, who revenged herself by speaking quite derisively to Mr. Huntington about women as reporters. But with it all she was comparatively happy, and conscious of achieving some degree of success.

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

By midsummer the Pleiades had scattered for their vacation outings, leaving only Betty and Jean in town. Mr. Huntington becomes very attentive and frequently takes Betty out to the theaters. One hot evening he invites her to go to a Roof Garden where there is a vaudeville entertainment; a little against her better judgment, Betty yields to his persuasions, but regrets it much afterwards, as a "bold, bad man" annoys her by impertinent scrutiny, and she feels she has violated *les convenances*, and decides in her own mind that Mr. Huntington had no business to have taken her there. Betty meets Jean and the Great Bear the next day as they are starting on a Fresh Air expedition with a company of the city's waifs, and joins them, passing a refreshing day in the country, which restores her mind and feelings to a healthier, normal tone. The Great Bear has become very much interested in Jean's work among the sick poor, and gives her valuable aid. In a quiet talk with Betty, while resting in an arbor after luncheon, Jean relates her experiences while a medical student in New York, and asks for her congratulations upon the success of her spring "exams."

XII.



HAS not some cruel cynic written that good resolutions are made but to be broken?—a taunt to which poor, weak, human nature dares make no denial, since daily, nay, even hourly, our best resolves fade and are forgotten in the face of temptation and grim circumstance, which order events otherwise than we would wish them. Betty, alas! did not write to Fanny of her troubles; indeed, her letters to that best of friends grew shorter and shorter, with longer intervals between them, and at length ceased altogether. Betty did not go home for the fortnight, and, contrary to her promise given to Jean, made no more trips to the country with the fresh-air children. Looking back on that long summer she spent alone in New York she wonders now at her madness and despair, at her vanity and folly, that led her stumbling blindly along the thorny path in which her feet seemed set with no turning back until the bitter way was trodden to the end.

The morning after her trip to the country, blithe and smiling she appeared in the Meteor office. She had made a clever article about the fresh-air children, and with the pictures she felt sure Mr. Griswold could not but be pleased. Since becoming a salaried member of the newspaper's staff she had grown more familiar with her chief than in the old days of space-work and unpleasant assignments. In spite of the fact that at first she disliked him, owing to his half-amused consideration of her work, genuine respect had modified her antagonism. No man so generally admired by his subordinates could be wholly unworthy, she grudgingly admitted that; and from Mr. Johnson and those of the reporters with whom she was on a friendly footing she heard steady pæans of praise sung to Mr. Griswold's virtues. From them, too, she heard, not without a great glow of satisfaction, that Mr. Griswold spoke highly of her work; and, despite the amusement in his clear blue eyes, his manner toward her was always profoundly courteous and considerate.

As she entered the office Mr. Griswold stood beside his desk talking eagerly with a man



whom Betty did not know, and his face she could see was serious to sternness. He scarcely returned her salutation, accepted the copy, and in answer to her query as to what he wished her to do, replied briefly that word would be sent her later. She went out, her head held a trifle more erect than usual, and wondering at the reply and at the anxiety very evident on the editor's face. At dinner she found a note from the Meteor office on her plate, and perhaps Mr. Perkins, of all the boarders, noticed that as she read it her cheeks paled a little; otherwise she ate her dinner calmly, and calmly went upstairs to her room. As soon, however, as the door was closed and locked, she threw herself on the couch and burst into a passion of tears. The type-written letter fluttered out of her hand and lay face up on the floor. It ran thus:



"DEAR MADAM:

"Owing to the necessity of reducing the summer expenses of the Daily Meteor we are obliged henceforth to dispense with your valuable services as a salaried member of our staff from the end of this week. Our columns are always open to suitable contributions from you at our usual space rates.

"Very truly yours,

"EDITOR THE DAILY METEOR,

"Per G. S."

By and by, when the tears had spent their force, Betty sat up and faced the situation. She tore the hated letter into a thousand bits. Well, Mr. Griswold had never really liked her, and no doubt he disapproved of—of—she blushed fiercely—the Roof Garden. Mr. Johnson had hinted that the young editor was strait-laced in his ideas. This dismissal was intended as a rebuke, as revenge for her having the autumn before thrust herself into his employ.

No one, unless ill or lazy, need ever starve in New York; so Betty, with sinking heart, began to rebuild again her

fallen fortunes. She wrote feverishly and steadily for whatever papers would accept the smallest article. Never had she worked so hard, never had luck seemed so set against her. True, she made enough for her week's board and somehow squeezed out enough for the check to help along at home; but every week was full of anxious uncertainty.



Was she to be blamed that another wild hope grew up in her mind, a hope of marriage to lift her out of all the struggling into luxury, into the old ease, into a happiness it made her quite dizzy to contemplate? Was she to be blamed that striving to gain her heart's best wish she forgave her lover much, lowered the lofty signals of her pride, and waited for him hungrily? It seemed like a recompense for her dismissal from the Meteor that he was kinder to her than ever before; so she forgot and forgave that night on the Roof Garden, and at last in that dingy old boarding-house parlor he asked her if she could love him.

For two long delightful weeks her heart beat high with perfect happiness and she breathed the most rapturous airs of heaven. Their joy was their own; they agreed to share the secret of it apart from the rest of the world. She looked at those stolid people about the boarding-house table, at Mr. Perkins, pallid from over-much bending at his desk, at her landlady, fat and vulgar, and wondered why they did not perish envying her. She lay wide-eyed at night planning her future. What would he not do for all her family and friends? How proud and pleased her mother and Fanny would be! How envious that big, rich world to which she was returning to reign! He brought her jewels, a ring of pearls, for she loved those gems, and then he went away at the demand of his family, to Newport and Bar Harbor.

Suddenly one evening the servant brought his card, and she flew down to meet him, expecting that he bore the good wishes to her of his family. To her disgust she found the parlor occupied by a delegation of boarders, who, however, showed an inclination to drift away at her entrance. They all went but Mr. Perkins, who, as he made his exit, remarked jocosely to Huntington, who had studiously ignored him:



"How dee do, sir? Let me congratulate you on your approaching happiness. Miss Rodin is a charming heiress, so the paper says this afternoon. You are to be envied." With a malicious light in his narrow little eyes he watched Huntington grow from white to crimson, then, feeling his shaft securely planted, he went his way.

"Why—why," whispered Betty, trembling like a leaf, "did you let him say that? It is not true, of course; a poor, stupid, vulgar joke." She broke off with a faint, pathetic little laugh and an appeal in her eyes Huntington could not face.

"No," he replied, shortly, brutally, "it is true." Then

when Betty, white as a lily, sank into a chair, he cried out humbly enough, "O child, child, forgive me, forgive me!"



"I am a wretch to have deceived you;" and kneeling beside her he poured out his miserable story.

But she heard little of it. She only knew that to amuse himself, to pass away the dull evenings, he had made love to her, had wasted a few dollars in flowers and trinkets, had made her false vows. Ah well, the story is oft told. She stood up after a while, still white and wan, deep shadows gathering under her eyes in which he could read only dumb misery.

"I understand," she said. "You never intended to marry me. I am poor, she is rich. Why do we waste words about it when the real reason can be so easily expressed? Please go now."

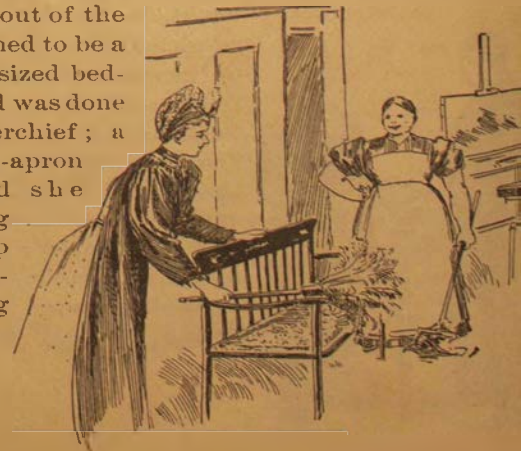
He offered further protest and apology, but she waved it away and he went. In her room, quietly, she spent an hour



busily tearing up and burning a package of letters; into a neat box she put all the bits of jewelry he had given her, sealed and addressed it, and then, tearless, with a heart like stone, she crept softly to bed.

XIII.

THE leaves in Washington Square were turning a brighter gold, a deeper brown, a richer purple, every day; a blue haze hung in the warm, sunlighted air, and neighbors observed that the studio of Miss Frances Carter was open to the soft October air. The owner of the studio was very much in evidence, flitting in and out of the studio itself, and what seemed to be a second apartment, a good-sized bedroom. Fanny's blonde head was done up in an old silk handkerchief; a vast and ancient painting-apron covered her dress, and she wielded an effective-looking duster, while with the help of a stout-limbed char-woman things were being quickly set to rights.



"Yes, I came back today," remarked Fanny to Jean, who, with the inevitable medical treatise under her arm, sat smiling delightedly at her friend.

"And you are going to give up the charms of boarding-house life for your darling ambition of living in your own studio apartment?" inquired Miss McFarlan.

"Yes; I made enough this summer to guarantee the expense, and I've brought home a lot of sketches that ought to give me good sales this winter, besides the classes I've arranged for. You see, my season in the summer art school was in every way an incalculable benefit."

Jean nodded brightly and then frowned. Though Fanny, to the careless observer, seemed in the best of health, her manner being as energetic as of yore, and her cheeks browned with a wholesome coat of tan, it seemed to the little physician that her friend's lips were a trifle too red, her soft eyes a degree too brilliant, and her tall, graceful figure slenderer than ever. But these thoughts Jean kept to herself, and the two girls gossiped cheerfully. Fanny was charmed to hear of the fresh-air fund's prosperity, of Jean's success, and the Great Bear's generosity; Nellie would soon be home for a new play going on at the Half Moon; the Müllers might be expected any day.

"And Betty?" said Fanny at last, and anxiously.

"I—I don't know," replied Jean, in a curious voice. "I've not seen her in two long months. She never replied to my note, so I felt a bit hurt; and she did not go off for a vacation. Mr. Knowlton sees her now and then on the street. At first she was much with a fine-looking personage, a Mr. Huntington; but lately Mr. Knowlton thinks she looks pale and ill."

The girls gazed at each other with troubled eyes, and Fanny decided to call at the boarding-house that very afternoon; but she was saved the journey, for when the studio was tidy, and Jean had gone, the door opened softly and Betty stood on the threshold.

"My dearest little sister!" cried Fanny,

springing up to kiss her warmly. Her heart smote her to see how wan the round cheeks had grown, and how under the big, dark eyes, full of wistful pain, deep shadows lay. Betty accepted the greeting quietly, and with her usual tact Miss Carter saw that whatever lay so heavily on her friend's mind must not be rudely touched; so she fell to talking brightly of her own prospects and hopes. Now and then Betty smiled faintly and asked a question or two; otherwise she seemed scarcely listening, and as she moved about, Fanny's keen feminine eyes recognized the old black gown, so faithfully worn the winter before, and the shabby old hat and coat, quite threadbare from much brushing. Surely the world had gone sadly awry with the little newspaper woman; and yet, with all her yearning to comfort, Fanny dared not say a word until chance should tear down the barriers that held her friend's secret from her.

In the midst of their talk the janitor passed up the hall, leaving at Miss Carter's door the evening paper and a welcoming bunch of autumn roses from Mr. Knowlton. When Fanny, palpitating with pleasure, bent over her flowers, Betty, listless and half-rising, turned over the paper, glancing down the columns here and there. All at once she gave a

cry of intense pain and crushed the luckless journal in her hand.

"Dear heart! what is it?" exclaimed Miss Carter, in an instant by her side.

But answer she got none, save that Betty clung to her trembling, like a wounded bird, and after a bit the tears came like summer rain, with sobs that seemed to rend the heart of the stricken girl. Then the story followed, broken

and often incoherent, sometimes in half whispers, sometimes in a voice strangely hard and cold; and when it was finished Betty found herself in her favorite position, on the floor, her head on Fanny's knees, and Fanny's thin hand stroking the tumbled, red-brown curls.

"And what was it you saw in the paper?" asked Miss Carter at length.

"The announcement of his wedding at Newport," murmured Betty in a choked voice. She felt contented now that Fanny knew; for all the while Miss Carter had not offered a word of reproach, but said softly, from time to time, "Poor little sister! Poor little heart!"

A cup of tea followed the confession, after which Miss Carter asked Betty to leave the dingy boarding-house forever, and share the bedroom and studio.

"See!" said Fanny, throwing open the bedroom door. "You must not refuse, for the preparations are made." And Betty looked in to see two little white iron bedsteads and the rest of the furnishings, plain and neat.

"Behold, too, the raven that shall feed us," went on the artist, gayly, giving a peep at a wee gas-stove in the bath-room cupboard, on which the scheme was to prepare their own breakfast, luncheon, and dinner if need be, when it might rain too hard for a walk to the near-by restaurant. Before she left Fanny everything was settled for Betty's prompt removal to the studio; and walking lightly along Fifth Avenue as the lights were twinkling out she felt hope again alive within her.

Very quickly, however, she became aware that the man she passed at the corner, the man of the Roof Garden evening, was walking quickly along behind her. Once or twice since that evening she had seen him; but as in all her journeyings about New York no one had ever offered her an impertinence, she had felt no fear of him. Now, however, she looked helplessly up and down the street, that at that hour of the evening is always quiet, and quickened her steps to reach the upper district where the crowds of home-going people would be her best protection. To her horror she felt a touch on her arm, and turning faced the ugly black eyes of her persecutor.

"You ain't goin' ter run away from me like that," he said, with a leer.





Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth: she could only stammer, in incoherent anger and fear.

"Go away!" she whispered, her face quite white. "I don't know you. How dare you speak to me!"

"Yes you do know me, my pretty rosebud," attempting to catch her hand, and then suddenly whirling head over heels into the gutter.

"I am sorry," said the quiet voice of Mr. Griswold, "that the creature had a chance to speak to you. Try to forget it, if you can. I will see you home."

He talked calmly of other things until he could see the color had come back to her cheek and lips; then, in the most matter-of-fact tone, he asked her why she had deserted the Meteor.

"How can you ask me that?" she replied, with a catch in her voice, "when you asked me to resign?"

"I? Never!" he said, in a tone of such conviction that

with some anger and a vast deal of dignity she told of the letter she had received, adding, with considerable pride, that she was doing very well on the Daily Bulletin.

"I am sorry to hear this," broke in her former chief. "It has all been a great mistake. The last day I saw you in the office I fear I seemed rude; but I had just been called to Boston by the death of my father, and rushed away leaving everything in the hands of a new editor. He rather muddled affairs, cut down salaries, and dismissed right and left; so I think I am not quite responsible for the great error."

In spite of herself Betty could not but accept his explanations; and she blushed with pleasure when he complimented her good work. When Mr. Griswold handed her safely in at her door, she found that she had learned cordially to like him.



(To be concluded.)



Love's Reason.

Why?

Because —

You are you, and I am I.

The fair moon

In the sky

Draws the sea

To her nigh;

And the sun

Woos the rose

Till her heart

Warmly glows

But for one,

Sun or rose,

Or moon or sea,

But disclose

Sweet Love's decree;

And for aye

That which calls

From each to each,

And enthalls,

We obey.

From thy bosom

Unto mine,

From my heart-strings

Unto thine,

Comes the bidding

Which does say,

"Be my love,

Mine, for always."

Why?

Because —

You are you, and I am I!

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

Life's Uses.

MAN looks into the darkness through his tears,
And life seems but a tangled skein;
He looks adown the dreary path of years,
All blinded by this tearful rain.

This problem of existence seems
Too much for him to understand;
And so he trembles in the dark,
But touches God's right hand.

He feels the hand that lifts him higher,
At last he sees the light;
He hears a voice that says, "Aspire,
And thou shalt know the right."

O human soul in darkness bound,
Thy chain shall drop away,
And heaven shall prove its wondrous sound,
When sins of earth decay;

And you shall grow to know that life
Was shaped by good and ill,
And that the soul climbed to the light
By climbing up life's hill.

So trusting, toil, and toiling, trust;
Cling to our Father's hand,
And from the weakness of the dust
You'll reach the better land.

Mrs. N. J. T. B.

A COMEDY OF LOVE.

I.

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

MRS. MERRILL was shocked at finding herself a widow. People had been saying for five years past,—which was one year more than she had been his wife,—that “John Merrill could not last long;” but as he never looked any worse than he did on his wedding-day, she had got to thinking “it was just John’s way.” He had been very particular about making his will before leaving New York to go abroad for his health, but might as well have waited a good while, for that was three years ago. A thousand times, at least, she heard him say he was “about to die,” and had learned to regard the statement as quite unfounded in fact. So, even when the Carlsbad physician, a fortnight since, told her to “be prepared for the worst,” she deemed the warning only one of his stock phrases, which would be in his bill, whether she could see it there or not; and when John really did die, suddenly, as if his doing so had just occurred to him in the light of a neglected duty which really should not be put off any longer, Mrs. Merrill was overwhelmed by surprise.

She was sorry for him, of course; but found consolation in reflecting that as John was a good man and a hopeless invalid, whatever change he had made was probably for the better. It cannot be truthfully said that her grief was deep. She had married him in obedience to maternal authority, and “to be settled in life,”—a serious consideration for prudent young women whose calm judgment has not yet been disturbed by the perniciously natural influences of love. He was rich, eminently respectable, amiable, well-mannered, not bad-looking,—considering his age and chronic invalidism,—and during their married life seemed to her rather a courteous, intimate elderly friend, than a husband. Their marriage was simply an entering into partnership in the domesticity business, and the assets of the firm included everything desirable,—except love, which she had never missed. In fact, up to the time she became a widow, not even a little bit of romance had ever entered into her experiences. That should have made her apprehensive, had she been able to realize how unerringly Fate balances the good and ill, joy and sorrow, sunshine and storm, peace and strife, of our existences, so that, in the long run, each life gets about its fair average of all. But what widow who is at once young, handsome, conscious that black becomes her, rich, and in good society, can be so ungrateful to Fortune as to suspect treachery in her smiles?

Almost at the expiration of a year after her bereavement, when only an expert in the nice gradations of fashionable woe could have affirmed that she was yet “in mourning.” Mrs. Merrill, at Genoa, formed the acquaintance of Mr. George Cuthbert, an Englishman, who impressed her as decidedly the most interesting man she had ever known. He was tall, vigorous, and, she judged, only six or eight years older than herself. Being a brunette, she naturally found his reddish-yellow blonde tints particularly pleasing. That he had rather quicker wits than his countrymen generally possess, and deferential, winning ways worthy of a Frenchman, were still further points in his favor. But, before their acquaintanceship had time to ripen into intimacy, he was recalled to England by the sudden illness of some relative, of whom he “had expectations.” She regretted his departure, but not more than he did; for he had found her very charming, and was more than satisfied with the knowledge he gained of her financial solidity.

The following summer, Mrs. Merrill suddenly took a notion to return to New York and live with her father, Mr. Daniel Rodney, and her sister Millicent. Europe seemed to have become monotonous and wearisome to her after Mr. Cuthbert’s disappearance. She wanted novelty, change, excitement, she hardly knew what. In going aboard the steamer at Liverpool, she discovered that Mr. George Cuthbert would be one of her fellow-passengers on the transatlantic voyage; but not even that very manifest indication of Fate having begun to adjust her averages caused her any alarm: she simply deemed it a happy accident, and was much pleased by it. Mr. Cuthbert styled it “a most charming coincidence,” and declared himself “awfully delighted;” so their views thus far were harmoniously rash, or rashly harmonious, as the reader may be pleased to retrospectively pronounce them in view of the various troubles that ensued.

While their meeting in this unexpected way was not at all accidental,—nothing else being so impossible as chance,—it had certainly not been brought about by any intent thereto on the part of either the lady or the gentleman. She was simply returning home because, when, and how, she chose to; he was crossing the Atlantic to look after an important law-suit. But, months ago, when they were both in Genoa, Fate was moving the train of causes which brought about this meeting. The telegram recalling him from there to London summoned him to the death-bed of a rich spinster aunt, who made him her sole heir. Part of her estate consisted of the common stock of a Western railway corporation, which did a splendid business,—to the great profit of the Freight Express Company organized among its Board of Directors,—but never had any dividends for the holders of those so-called securities. By advice of his lawyers, Mr. Cuthbert caused to be instituted against the railway company proceedings to expose its methods and compel an accounting. That was the suit now compelling his journey to the United States. And who shall say that this journey, and its consequences, were not contemplated by Fate even so far back as the birth of the titled and impecunious swindler whose influence as a “promoter” beguiled the spinster into investing her good gold in those *in* securities?

During the week of ocean transit, Mr. Cuthbert’s attentions to the widow were marked and constant. It could hardly be expected that in so short a time they would reach a declaration of intentions on his part, yet it may be said they would have done so had he not feared being too precipitate. Mrs. Merrill was almost out of patience with him, for she could not, she felt, offer him greater encouragement,—not until leap year, anyway.

The widow found, upon her arrival in New York, that her plans, so far as she had troubled herself to make any, had sadly miscarried. Her father, the head of a capitalistic syndicate, had suddenly gone off, upon some important business requiring personal negotiations, to the Argentine Republic, and Millicent had betaken herself to California, for a visit to some cousins living at Los Angeles. So much she learned from the servants in the big, lonesome, family home on Fifth Avenue. Her coming was as much of a surprise to them as their news was to her; for the one letter she had written to announce her return still lay unopened upon her father’s desk in the library.

The situation troubled her. Boards were screwed tightly over the front door and the parlor windows, the only practicable entrance being through the basement, so that the interior of the house seemed like a tomb. It would give her “the horrors,” she declared, to stay in it a single day,

as it was ; and even if she had the boards taken off, she well knew "the proprieties" would not permit her to live alone there and receive the frequent visits of Mr. Cuthbert. The idea of going to some convenient watering-place, temporarily, came to her like an inspiration. If she had an even number of coins in her *porte-monnaie*, she would go to the Kaaterskill ; if they were odd, to Long Branch. They were odd. That Mr. Cuthbert would gladly follow her, wherever she went, and remain near her until claimed by that law-suit in the West, she did not doubt. So she sent to him, at his hotel, a brief note explaining her predicament and stating where she was going. The next afternoon they strolled together along the bluff overlooking the ocean at Long Branch.

And now, having seen the elder of the two sisters so well and happily bestowed, let us look a little after the younger one, who is by no means so unimportant a personage in this narration as might be imagined from the lateness of her introduction upon the scene. In fact, there might have been no story at all to tell, but for her ; though of course that is not a certainty, since she was assuredly not the only charming and sprightly girl possessed of vast inherent potentialities for mischief.

II.

THE MAIDEN'S SPORT.

MISS MILLICENT RODNEY much resembled her sister, but was larger and five years younger, so her beauty was more abundant, exuberant, and fresh. It was, however, necessary that they should be together for even so much of difference between them to be perceptible. Then one could see that the girl's form was cast in a more generous mold than the widow's, her tints more pronounced, and the mischievous sparkle of her eyes decidedly brighter.

Mr. Edward Brayne, a vivacious and sanguine young speculator who formed her acquaintance at her cousin's in Los Angeles, considered Millicent Rodney the most magnificent girl he had ever met, and that she was by long odds the worthiest to share the splendid destiny of fame and fortune he had arranged for himself,—in his mind. Luckily for him, as he then deemed, she liked him. Moderately discreet flirtation being to her even as "the breath of her nostrils," she entered into the pleasing pastime with him ; but, before she was aware of it, Fate had switched her off that popular main line, which begins in Nothing and ends Nowhere, onto the divergent side-track of Love, by which one reaches the important way-station Matrimony, and may even go on to Divorce Court, and even farther.

Of course Mr. Brayne was good-looking, or she would not have condescended to flirt with him ; and reasonably wealthy, or her cousin would have warned her against him : but his place in her regard was not won by either his beauty or his means. That which awoke her interest, stirred her sympathy, and finally fascinated her admiration, was his nervous energy. He seemed to radiate enthusiasm and activity. Everything he did was done in haste, and he was always doing something, or planning it. His confidence in himself was boundless, and his belief in the reality of his day-dreams so sincere that she could not but share them with him. The rush with which he went through life seemed to carry her along, and she found pleasure in resigning herself to it, up to a certain point. That point was reached when, in his usual headlong fashion, he asked her to marry him at once. He did not timidly hesitate, stammer, or boggle over it, as many a young man would, and wasted no words in sentiment, in elaborate statement of his feelings, and hyperbolic representations of the estimated magnitude of his love. He just put

the proposition before her in a seemingly straightforward, business-like way, earnestly, but without any nonsense, about as he would have urged investment in some mine he controlled. That startled her a little. She knew just how he felt about it, and appreciated that it would not have been honestly his style had he acted otherwise ; yet his methods seemed distressingly irregular, and in violation of all precedents within the range of her reading or personal experience. Could she feel sure, she asked herself, of real, deep-rooted, and enduring love in a man who could not be a little sentimental at a time like this ? It was worth thinking over ; and she asked for time to consider.

"Certainly," he assented. "It is now four twenty-five P. M. Suppose we say five thirty P. M., in the arbor ; settle it before dinner. How will that suit you ?"

"Suit me ! Not at all, you preposterous creature ! The idea ! Sixty-five minutes to consider such a thing !"

"I'm sure I thought an hour would be ample, and allowed the five minutes for leeway, going and coming."

"I've a notion, Ned, that you are supplied with a main-spring instead of a heart."

"Well, if I am ? There's more quick action in a spring than in a pump. But, seriously, an hour is a good while. Make it six, if you like ; but, honestly, I wouldn't want twenty minutes to make up my mind on any deal I can imagine."

"I would,—on this one, anyway. When I said, 'time,' I meant time to go East and consult my father."

"Then when you said 'time,' my dear, you practically meant 'eternity.' And I don't see that your father has anything to do with it."

"I do."

"Then wire him."

She looked at him in surprise, and, seeing that he made the suggestion in good faith and without thought of its absurdity, burst into a ringing peal of laughter.

"I do not see anything to laugh at. What is it ?"

She shook her head, declining explanation, but answered : "My father is somewhere in the Argentine Republic now,—I have no idea where."

"Then how long will it be before you can expect to see him ?"

"Two or three months."

"That will be a very long time, in your absence, Millicent."

"I will see him just as soon as possible."

"And telegraph me the result ?"

"Now do be reasonable, Ned. How could I ? Think of the operators. Can you expect me to start an electric grin that would travel from New York to Los Angeles ? I hardly think you'd care to catch this end of it yourself."

"I wouldn't care who grinned, if your message was an acceptance."

"But suppose it were a rejection ? If you must have an answer sooner than I am ready to give it, or in some other way than my way, we will settle the matter now,—with a 'no.'"

"Don't say that, Millicent, even in jest. Take what time you want, but don't keep me in suspense any longer than you must. Why should I not go East with you and get your answer from yourself as soon as you are ready to give it ?"

"Because it would not be proper,—for us to go together, I mean ; and besides, I am going to pay another visit or two on my homeward way, and shall not reach New York for several weeks. But," she added deliberately, "I don't see why you should not follow me, say in a couple of months. I shall be at Old Point Comfort then. We always go there in the fall and stay until December."

That was the arrangement upon which they finally agreed. He found the compromise easy, for he rightly deemed it tantamount to a conditional acceptance; and she was pleased with his evidently so understanding it without forcing her to any more definite promise.

From Los Angeles Miss Rodney returned as far East as Cleveland, where her dearest friend, Mary Vance of Vassar days, was now the wife of Mr. Elmer Bradwell, a prominent lawyer. During the first week of Millicent's stay there, Mr. Bradwell brought home to dinner with him, one evening, an Englishman, his client in an important suit against the Z. C. & W. R.R. Co., whom he introduced as Mr. Cuthbert.

Although a man of the world and endowed with a fair share of the stolidity of his countrymen, Mr. Cuthbert fairly gasped with astonishment at sight of Miss Rodney, and, for a moment, lost all hold upon the self-possession and dignified ease of manner he ordinarily took some pride in demonstrating. It seemed to him that the pretty widow, from whom he had parted so reluctantly at Long Branch, only three days since, again stood before him, with every charm a little enhanced perhaps, yet unmistakably herself. Upon the impulse of the instant he actually took a step toward her, with the manner of one greeting gladly a familiar friend, before he suddenly realized that he was being presented to a stranger. That naturally embarrassed him, and he stammered a formal misfit of words—"Delighted t' 'ave th' honor, 'm sure,"—for the which, particularly the manner of it, he afterward felt that he deserved to be kicked.

As it happened, the idea that this young woman might be Edna Merrill's sister did not once occur to him. It was really blocked out of his mind by erroneous pre-suppositions. He distinctly heard her called "Miss Rodney," a name he was not conscious of ever before hearing; and he understood Mrs. Bradwell—as well as he was capable of understanding anything in that momentary confusion—to say that she was "from California." What Mrs. Bradwell did say was that Millicent had "just arrived from California," which was very different, in intent at least, and in a normal condition he would probably have recognized the distinction; but even as "all signs fail in dry weather," so man's wits avail him naught when fate selects him as a plaything.

Mr. Cuthbert either dined at his lawyer's, or was a visitor there, every day. Attracted at first by Millicent's remarkable resemblance to the woman whose impression upon him had been deepest up to this time, he soon found her charming on her own account. Her loveliness, vivacity, and truly American independence and self-reliance made her a novel and fascinating study which more and more engrossed him. And the feminine wiles she did not employ for his enslavement were simply those unknown to her.

Mrs. Merrill, who was of a rather secretive disposition, and found letter-writing a bore, had never, in her infrequent and generally brief letters to Millicent, mentioned acquaintance with anybody named Cuthbert, and how could the girl be expected to imagine that, of all the hordes of men in Europe, her sister's lover should be the one assigned by Destiny for her temporary and innocent amusement? And that was the only light in which she regarded him, whatever his delusions might be in the premises. She meant no disloyalty to Edward, whom she really loved very much,—more, indeed, than she had imagined, until he was far away,—but she could not forego so good an opportunity for a harmless flirtation. In fact, paradoxical as the statement may seem, she encouraged one man to fall in love with her, because she was already in love with another. Why not? Who shall affirm that imagination, if not all, is not at least the best part of love? And as the days grew to a fortnight, her spells gained power continually, until, when a second

fortnight had been joined to the first, the bewitched Briton encouraged himself to self-gratulations that he had not actually engaged himself to Mrs. Merrill.

Two things came to an end together,—Miss Rodney's visit, and the necessity for Mr. Cuthbert's personal attendance upon the law-suit, which was now so nicely started as to promise employment to generations of lawyers yet unborn. Mrs. Merrill's letter announcing her arrival in New York, she had not seen fit to write until after Mr. Cuthbert had been compelled to leave her at Long Branch. It was sent to the care of the cousin at Los Angeles, but not promptly forwarded by her, since Millicent was dilatory about announcing herself as in Cleveland. Consequently, when it eventually reached its destination, the time was drawing nigh when Mr. Brayne might reasonably be expected at Old Point Comfort, and Millicent began withdrawing herself skillfully, by imperceptible yet appreciable degrees, from the entanglement of her flirtation with Mr. Cuthbert. Naturally, as she receded, he advanced. Feeling vaguely that she was getting away from him, he made his attentions more pressing, and her strategic genius was taxed in evasions of his direct proposal, or, to speak more accurately, his efforts to find an opportunity for making one.

Mrs. Bradwell, who was in her confidence all the time, began to find the situation more amusing than it seemed to Millicent; but when she saw the girl was really troubled, very speedily had a practical suggestion to offer.

"Why not take him East with you, and turn him over to Edna, at Long Branch?"

"A splendid idea!" exclaimed Millicent, clapping her hands. "The very thing! We are so much alike—if she has not greatly changed—that he will hardly notice the substitution. But how am I to get him there? To say nothing of the proprieties involved, do you think I am likely to subject myself to a proposal stretching from Cleveland to Long Branch? You will have to come along and protect me."

"I should very much like to, if my husband would consent to my going. I have not been to Long Branch, for years."

Mr. Bradwell of course consented, and even said jocosely that it would be a great relief to him if she would go away for a while and let him get out among "the boys" once more before he became too old to enjoy any fun. So everything was nicely settled, Mr. Cuthbert being delighted with the prospect of a long journey, at some point in which he would surely be able to find an opportunity for declaring himself. But the very day preceding that set for their departure, a second letter—forwarded by the California cousin—was received from Mrs. Merrill. Long Branch had proved too cold and windy for her, though the season was not yet ended, and she was already at what had been the favorite autumn home of her family ever since she was a child.—Old Point Comfort.

Millicent was somewhat dismayed at the prospect of carrying that infatuated Englishman along to where Ned would be waiting for her, but there was no time left now for a change of plans, so she nerved herself to "go ahead and trust to luck."

III.

THE YOUNG MAN'S IMPRUDENCE.

MEANWHILE, matters threatened to become mischievously mixed at Old Point Comfort, through the operation of other causes already set in motion. Mr. Edward Brayne, who could always be relied upon to do the wrong thing promptly, in preference to the right thing upon deliberation, had acted with characteristic impetuosity almost as soon as Millicent got beyond his immediate horizon. Hurriedly putting his business affairs in the best shape he

could for taking care of themselves a while, he set out for Old Point Comfort, and was registered at the Hygeia Hotel within a fortnight after she had reached Cleveland. Of course he knew that he could not expect Miss Rodney's coming just yet, but erroneously estimating her impulses, and their products in action, upon the basis of his own, did not doubt that she would appear weeks ahead of the time set. Then if she found him there waiting for her, such an evidence of devotion would touch her heart and win her consent to so transpose the numbers on the programme that seeing Mr. Rodney would come after everything else.

The inherent interest of Old Point Comfort itself, Mr. Brayne exhausted in one day. The next forenoon he "took stock" of his fellow-sojourners in the hotel, and mentally "turned them all down." The afternoon bored him, and the evening was insufferably long. The third morning found him nervously wide-awake, at a preposterously early hour, contemplating with a feeling akin to horror the length of the lonesome, dismal day before him. It proved to be all he had anticipated. But for the unimpeachable testimony of his good watch, he would have believed that Joshua was meddling with the sun again.

When he went to bed that night, his last waking thoughts were the conviction that waiting was too much for him, and the resolution to flee, the next day, to some city whence he would not return until the clerk should wire him that Miss Rodney had arrived. But that purpose came to naught. On the piazza, after breakfast, he found himself face to face with—Millicent? No; but for an instant he thought so. Then, however, his keen eyes detected that, though this lady's resemblance to her was truly astonishing, it had its limitations. He did not deem himself an expert in determining the ages of women,—no sensible man does,—but he was inclined to think Miss Rodney's double "dated three or four years farther back;" and that Millicent was the "better grown of the two" was quite apparent.

Mr. Edward Brayne's mind was of the sort to which ideas occur. The first flash of his thinking apparatus upon the problem before him took in the surprising likeness; the second, noted a distinct personality; the third, suggested that this must be Millicent's sister, whom he had once heard mention of: and the three flashes were practically one in time. He walked straight to the lady and said,

"Excuse me; but is not Miss Millicent Rodney, of New York, your sister?"

"Yes," she answered pleasantly. "Do you know her?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting her in Los Angeles, at the house of my friend Mr. Andrew Gleason."

"Whose wife is our cousin?"

"So I have understood."

Speculative dealings with sharp men had taught him prudence in making admissions, therefore he cautiously refrained from giving any hint of the excellent understanding existing between Millicent and himself. There would be time enough for that, he thought, when this one should have "shown her hand." Little he knew how far off waiting for that would have put the revelation. Fate sometimes exposed Mrs. Merrill's hand without her consent; but she never showed it voluntarily.

In half an hour the young man and the widow were chatting like old friends, and life at the Hygeia Hotel seemed to him to have become, not simply endurable, but rather agreeable. Mrs. Merrill was certainly a charming companion. While perhaps not a more lively or sympathetic conversationalist than her sister, independent life abroad and experience as a widow had given her advantages the young girl could not be expected to possess. Her many pretty tricks of gracious manner and vocal modulations were the

products of fine artistic training, and there was real genius in her seemingly unconscious way of dropping idea germs into the young man's mind, for him to develop and evolve as his own happy thoughts and felicitous expressions. She had traveled much, been a good observer, and knew an infinite deal about persons, places, and things Mr. Brayne had never heard of; yet somehow she made him feel that his comparatively little knowledge, being a man's, was much more serious and important. A widow capable of that sort of self-effacement is dangerous; but the fact is only learned by experience. No young man is proof against that most artful flattery expressed in apparently spontaneous deference by a pretty woman,—and no woman knew that better, or made more effective use of the knowledge, than did Mrs. Merrill.

Why did the widow exert herself to make an impression upon Mr. Brayne? Who, but, sometimes, herself, can positively affirm why a woman does anything? Possibly she did it merely to keep in practice; perhaps she experienced a sudden liking for the young man. The hypothesis is not altogether untenable that she—like Millicent—found pleasure in imagining her present victim an absent somebody-else; and, quite as likely as anything, a whim of the moment impelled her to make this bright, good-looking, but somewhat crude, young fellow think better of himself than he ever had before, and feel gratitude to the woman who had brought him to such a gratifying sort of self-consciousness.

But all the glamour by which he was encompassed did not beguile him into making her his confidante respecting Millicent. Indeed, the more he enjoyed the widow's society, the more decided grew his conviction that he had better defer indefinitely his saying anything on that subject. This did not argue any diminution in his affection for the girl he had asked to be his wife. He never wavered in his determination to marry her. But until she should appear, why might he not take pleasure in the companionship of his prospective sister-in-law, who made the time pass so enjoyably that he wished to be with her constantly? So they walked, drove, boated, and danced together, to such an extent that a critical observer might well have imagined a pronounced flirtation in progress. And did she ever happen to say anything about Mr. Cuthbert? Not a word. Yet he was in her thoughts, quite as much as Millicent was in those of Mr. Brayne.

Mrs. Merrill received, one morning, just as she was about starting out for her daily drive with Mr. Brayne, the telegram:

"I start to-morrow to join you. Mrs. Bradwell accompanies me. MILLICENT."

That Mr. Cuthbert also would be with her, the girl had not seen fit to mention.

Mr. Brayne felt a sudden thrill of apprehension when that intelligence was communicated to him. He drove mechanically, and hardly heard his companion's blithe chatter about her sister, so engrossed was his mind. There is no more aggressive and annoying conscience than that of one who is innocent, but fears to seem guilty. It persists in holding a magnifying glass over every trivial little thing which reason affirms is really not worth looking at. For the first time the young man anxiously asked himself, not exactly if he had been doing anything wrong, but would it look to Millicent as if he had? Would she take a liberal view of the situation? or would she not? As a touchstone of possibilities, how would he like it himself to learn that she had been going on with some other fellow as he had with the widow? Would he take a liberal view of that situation? He feared he could not. And she would be certain to find it out, of

course. Why 'of course'? She would not if Mrs. Merrill did not tell her. Nothing so conserves a woman's calm and happiness as keeping from her knowledge things she might dislike. Eve never made the slightest trouble in the world until she was put into the possession of more information than was good for her. And if the widow would only conspire with him for a little harmless suppression, Millicent's possible suspicions need never be awakened or her serenity ruffled. But how was he, after having kept his secret so long, to blurt it out now, linked to a request that would seem an assumption of something demanding concealment in his relations with the widow? She might be indignant, justifiably so, too, and, far from agreeing to be silent, say in retaliation the most ruinous things.

To his perturbed judgment, the immediately essential thing was to so thoroughly secure Mrs. Merrill's good-will that it would be proof against the shock of discovery of his engagement to her sister. When he felt this so far accomplished that he might do so safely, he would tell her all and beg her to be quiet. He did not believe anybody could have found a better plan. The time would be short, he recognized that; but much may be done in two or three days. Having thus marked out his line of action, he redoubled his attentions to the widow, making them, in his eagerness, so pressing that she mistook them for demonstrations of love, and was in hourly expectancy of a formal proposal from him. How much she would have been flattered and pleased by it, even though her response had been a negative!

Perhaps Mr. Brayne might have adopted a less temporizing and misleading policy had he been aware that Mr. Bradwell, to whom was confided the sending of that telegram, forgot the duty entirely, until about the time Millicent was as far as New York on her way.

IV.

RETALIATION.

THANKS to Mr. Bradwell's neglect, apparently, though really because Fate had arranged deliberately to have it so, Millicent Rodney with her friend and their escort arrived at the Hygeia Hotel some twelve hours in advance of the time she was expected. While awaiting in a parlor the return of a servant sent to find her sister, she was recognized and warmly greeted by Miss Cynthia Carlisle, an elderly Virginia spinster whom she had been accustomed to meet here every autumn as far back as she could remember. The servant reported that Mrs. Merrill had gone out driving, not more than half an hour before. Miss Carlisle—who, having no affairs of her own, unselfishly devoted herself to those of others—smirked, smiled, and, when the servant had gone away, whispered mysteriously,

"She is out with him, of course."

"So! There is a 'him' in question, eh? Who is he?"

"Why! don't you know, dear? I should have thought she would have written to you about him. He is awfully attentive to her, and she seems to set a heap of store by him. They are together 'most all the time. Folks say they're engaged; but I don't know how that may be. I hope so, though, for her sake. You know how people would talk if—"

"But, who is he?"

"Oh! Didn't I say? I thought I had. He's a splendid young man, rich, too, they say, and from California. His name is Edward Brayne."

"Edward Brayne!"

"Yes, Brayne. Funny name, isn't it. But I'm quite sure of it, because I used to know a family named Braine, in Baltimore, and, thinking he might belong to it, asked him; but

he did not. I guess the Baltimore Braines have been scattered and most of them lost. He spells his name with a 'y,' and they spelled theirs with an 'i' and a final 'e.' Did you ever meet him?"

"Did I? Well! I should rather think I had!" replied Millicent, emphatically; but, to the great disappointment of the old maid, she refused to be drawn out any farther. Deeds, not words, were for the impulsive girl the order of the hour. Hastening to her room she dispatched to the clerk's desk, two orders: one, that a light wagon and team should be brought out at once for her use; the other, that Mr. Cuthbert should be found and told to meet her in the parlor. Then putting some finishing touches to her toilet, which under the circumstances might be considered an assumption of war-paint, she sallied forth for action. The vehicle was promptly reported ready, and a moment afterward Mr. Cuthbert appeared.

"Come!" she addressed him, authoritatively. "You are going to take me driving. The outfit is ready."

"The outfit?" he echoed vaguely.

"Yes, the rig."

"Oh! The trap."

"Well, have it 'the trap,' if you like that name better;" and she muttered to herself,—“Under the circumstances, I don't know but what it is most suitable.”

He had become accustomed to being ordered about by her, liked it, and made no question of obeying; but very often the things required of him served as the seeds of much subsequent cogitation. Never before, however, had she brought him to an experience so rich in matter for excited mental effort as that upon the verge of which he now stood. That something had occurred to ruffle her temper, he saw plainly; but what it was she did not see fit to tell him, and he did not presume to inquire.

"Take the right-hand road," she directed, as he picked up the reins. She had taken the precaution, before starting, of learning in what direction her sister had gone, and knowing as she did every rood of the roads in that neighborhood, made no question of her ability to either overtake or meet the widow and her escort.

"My sister is here, and we are going to meet her," Millicent explained when they had got well under way.

"Ah! Indeed! Delighted, I'm sure," responded Mr. Cuthbert, with a languid affectation of polite interest, but no more real concern about a sister than if she had offered a grandfather.

"We will give her a little surprise," she added, shutting her teeth hard, and thinking the surprise she meant for somebody else at the same time would not be a little one.

"Yes, no doubt surprised to see you, I presume."

"I think she will be!"

The wheels rolled noiselessly over the sandy road, the footfalls of the horses were muffled, and the silvery jingle of the harness made a tinkling, rhythmic music, pleasant to the ear. After a little pause Millicent continued,

"I want you to do just what I tell you, without stopping to think about it or to ask 'why.'"

"I always do," he answered smilingly.

"Yes, you are pretty good, but you must be on your very best behavior this time. You do not know my sister, of course; but I will give you a pinch when she comes in sight, as warning to attend strictly to your part of the play. After I give you that pinch, don't pay any attention to anything but me. Do whatever I tell you, and do not even seem to see, hear, or be conscious of anybody but ourselves on the road. Let the horses go along at a good, steady gait, and don't check up, or look around, even if she calls to me, as she probably will, or if—if—anybody else calls. After we have got by them, keep right on, at the same gait, unless

they turn and follow, in which case you must not let them overtake us. Now, do you think you can carry all that in your head and go through it just as I have said?"

"Like an automaton."

She laughed a little as she replied, "We shall know better how automatic you will be, by the time we are through."

He was a little puzzled, but concluded the whole business was simply a girlish freak, in which he had no further concern than lending his aid as required, so forbore making any remarks or asking any questions. They met several other couples driving in open wagons, a party of ladies and gentlemen in a caleche, and several equestriennes with their escorts; but Millicent gave no sign of recognition among them. Then, for a long distance, they met nobody. Mr. Cuthbert began to wonder if they were not beyond fashion's limits and had missed the object of their pursuit; but Miss Rodney seemed to have no such apprehension, therefore he continued on, without remark. Although he tried to keep up a conversation on indifferent topics, her pre-occupation and monosyllabic replies did not encourage him. He would have liked to improve the opportunity by making that proposal in which he had been so often thwarted, but intuition warned him this was not a propitious time for it. Gradually he relapsed into silence and reflection, from which he was suddenly startled by an electrifying pinch—so vigorous that it forced a "Wow!" from him—and the hurried order, in a low tone:

"Your arm,—put it around me,—quick!—So. Don't sit up that way, as if you were made of wood. Bend over toward me. That's right. Now—you may kiss me, if you can. Try!"

If he could! Drawing her quickly toward him by the arm he already had around her waist, he made a dash at her lips,—and kissed the top of her hat instead. By sheer force he pushed his face down past the hat,—but only reached one of her rosy ears. Rising from his seat he advanced his moustache along her cheek, deeming victory almost within his grasp, when she suddenly flung her head back and he found two plump palms against his nose, pushing him away. Her mocking laughter rang in his ears. The coveted prize was not a hand's-breadth from possession, and yet, handicapped by having to hold the reins in his right hand, she easily held him at bay. She continued laughing. Dropping the reins behind the dashboard, he put a foot on them, and went to work in earnest. His big right hand gripped and held her wrists; his left, sliding up from her waist, passed around her neck, over her shoulder, curved, cup-like, about her chin, and gently, but firmly, pressed her head backward, so that her sparkling eyes, flushed, laughter-dimpled cheeks, and rosebud mouth lay defenseless before him, at his mercy. She was conquered and ceased struggling, yielding, honestly, the promised prize. And he took it, not with rude, precipitate exultation, but deliberately, tenderly, lingeringly, as a pretty woman should be kissed. Then he looked triumphantly down upon her beautiful countenance, more lovely in its deep blush than he had ever seen it, and would have repeated his blissful experience, with even more deliberation, had he not been startled by the exclamation, almost at his ear, and in a tone of astonishment and reproof,

"Why! Millicent Rodney!"

Mechanically retaining his hardly won hold upon the girl, he looked up,—and beheld the horrified and indignant face of Mrs. Merrill! In his amazement he relinquished his grasp upon Millicent and sank into his seat. He was not aware that his horses had stopped, checked by the tautening of the lines when he put them under his foot, and that the vehicle carrying the widow had also been stopped,

within an arm's length of his spectacular performance. But his quick-witted companion knew it, and was no sooner at liberty than she snatched the reins with one hand, seized and applied the whip to the horses with the other, and was off again, at a gallop, so quickly that the widow's "I'm astonished at you!" hardly overtook her as she sped away.

Millicent laughed when she recalled the face of the young man, speechless and red with rage, who sat by Mrs. Merrill's side, and whom she had fully identified as Mr. Edward Brayne. She laughed until tears stood in her eyes, laughed until a pain came in her side, laughed until Mr. Cuthbert became convinced she was laughing at him and grew sullenly indignant. Re-taking the lines, he drove on in silence.

"Millicent! Millicent!" she heard her sister call, from a rapidly increasing distance; but she only continued to laugh. In a short time, however, she saw, by a sly peep backward, that the widow had turned her horses and started in pursuit.

"Now, Mr. Cuthbert," she cried, "drive! Drive like Jehu the son of Nimshi, who drove furiously."

V.

TWO GOOD MEN GONE WRONG.

MILLICENT'S team had a good start, and, being either better or fresher horses than those pursuing, had no difficulty in keeping their lead, or even increasing it. For some time Mr. Cuthbert maintained a moody silence, imagining vain and unpleasant things. His dignity had been wounded, and he meditated the terms in which he should announce his displeasure and administer reproof when his manner should have commanded the girl's penitent attention. But she did not notice at all his sullen frigidity, and at length he felt himself compelled to speak first,—which seemed to him a disadvantage.

"I beg your pardon," he said, very stiffly, "but you neglected to inform me that Mrs. Merrill was your sister."

"How did you know my sister was Mrs. Merrill?" she retorted, with startling promptness.

He hated to be brought up with a round turn like that, or called upon to make an explanation when he had only contemplated demanding one. Of course, he could have said the hotel clerk, or somebody else had told him so: but such a poor, weakly, little fib would only serve for the moment,—perhaps not even so much; and it would be deucedly awkward to make an explanation with Mrs. Merrill as a subject. He hesitated and stammered,

"I—I don't know—I——"

"Have you met her before?" demanded Millicent, eyeing him sharply.

"Y—yes."

"Why have you never told me?"

"I—I—didn't happen to think of it."

In an instant she divined that her retaliatory scheme had worked more successfully than had been within the limit of her hope. Aiming at only one pigeon, she had brought down three. Again she awoke the echoes with the music of her merry laughter, in supreme enjoyment of the situation.

Whenever Mr. Cuthbert's fancy gambolled, its hoof stamped the life out of his reasoning faculties; and it was never so frisky as now. A terror sprang up in him: this young woman, who had doubtless known all the while of his attentions to her sister, had plotted a hideous *exposé* of his fickleness, and then, as he phrased it to himself, "rioted in the ruin of his every hope." What might she not do next? The greatest dread of his life had always been a breach-of-promise suit. Would she bring one against him? Or would

Mrs. Merrill? Or could they not both do so? He had never actually proposed to either of them,—but would that save him? The laws of this country, he had heard, were awfully queer, and gave women every advantage. But they would not need to sue him. He would willingly marry either—if they would only settle it between them which should have him—rather than be sued. As a matter of choice, if choice were allowed him, he thought he would, after all, prefer Mrs. Merrill. She would never have trapped him into such an undignified display on the highway. But, after that display, would she ever have anything to say to him? Of course not; and that was the purpose of this terrible girl who was now sitting so very still because she was probably busy hatching some new mischief. Would not prudence lead him to the first outgoing steamer he could catch?

The terrible girl was not cogitating upon new mischief, but merely indulging in the series of reminiscences that led up to the scene in the road, at which point she laughed again and—half-unconsciously—exclaimed aloud,

“Oh! Didn't he look funny when he saw me!”

At those words Mr. Cuthbert's reason got up out of the dust, and his fancy ceased exercising itself. He realized, as if by a sudden flash of inspiration, that Millicent had neither known nor cared about his acquaintance with her sister, but had planned and executed the osculatory spectacle wholly for the benefit of the young man driving with the widow. Did that soothe him or make him feel any better? Not at all: he began to find himself angrily jealous of the fellow.

As may be supposed, the situation in the pursuing vehicle was not agreeable.

“Did you see Millicent?” exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, gaspingly, as if excessive amazement had almost taken her breath away.

“I should think I did,” responded Mr. Brayne, gloomily.

The girl's silvery laughter could still be heard, but was growing fainter and fainter as she sped away.

“Turn around and follow them. I must speak to her. Why! I never witnessed such a thing in my life! I would not have believed it! On the public highway, too!”

“Neither would I,” agreed her companion, with a groan.

“I hope we were deceived by a chance resemblance.”

“No. It was Millicent herself. I wonder who that red-headed monkey was, with her?”

“Mr. Cuthbert is a blonde, but hardly deserves to be called ‘red-headed,’” replied the widow, in a tone of faint reproof.

“Oh! You know him, do you?”

“Well—yes—slightly. But I had no idea of my sister's acquaintance with him.”

“They don't seem to need an introduction.”

He tried to speak in the light, jeering tone that young men sometimes affect as concealment of their keenest pain, but his voice, in spite of him, was hollow and dismal. The experienced widow eyed him keenly as that false note reached her acute ear, and read, as if from an open page, the secret he had so carefully kept from her until now. He loved the girl he had “met at Los Angeles.” And she also understood something more,—that the girl loved him. It would probably have been difficult for him to find a demonstration of that fact in Millicent's allowing another man to kiss her “on the public highway” or anywhere else; but that was because his amatory education had been neglected. Only by much experience does a man learn to understand women, even a little bit; and as Millicent was really Mr. Brayne's first love, he was merely in the primary class of that school wherein the widow was a graduate and fit to be a teacher.

“Come,” she said to him in the kindly tone which invites

a confidence, “I think you have hardly been frank about your relations with Millicent. Tell me all about it.”

But that was much too sensible a thing for him to do in his present temper. His cheeks reddened with shame at the mere thought of confessing that he had been in love with a girl upon whom some other man evidently had a superior claim, and with her consent. If she had been his wife, that sight, he thought, would have driven him mad; and really the existent case was not so very much better, for she would have been his wife now, if he could have had his way. His whole soul was ablaze with resentment against her for her seeming faithlessness, and he meant that she and her sister and the world—if need be—should know that he cared as little for her as she did for him. It might break his heart to lose her, indeed, he felt quite sure it would; but she should never have the satisfaction of knowing it. So he compelled himself to answer, coolly at first, but with increasing heat as he went on:

“There is nothing to tell, Mrs. Merrill, nothing, I assure you. As I believe I mentioned, I casually met Miss Rodney at her cousin's, two or three times. That is all. So far as I am personally concerned, Miss Rodney is at liberty to dazzle the eye of the universe by her graceful acceptance of the osculatory offerings of the human race. I cannot but sympathize with your natural feeling, however, at the indignity offered to a member of your family, and on that account will take the greatest delight in shooting the ruffian.”

“Indeed you won't!” exclaimed the widow, anxiously, for she was not at all inclined to have Mr. Cuthbert shot, and understood well enough the young Hotspur by her side to feel well assured it would indeed afford him “the greatest delight” to do as he said. But she could hardly resist laughing at the excuse he had managed to find for seeking that gratification, without confessing his real animus.

“Give me the right to represent you in this matter, Mrs. Merrill, to make the cause mine, as a thing affecting the honor of my family.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that you shall enable me to go to that man and demand satisfaction for the manner in which he has conducted himself toward my wife's sister.”

“Are you asking me to marry you?”

“Yes.”

“As a formal preliminary to your shooting Mr. Cuthbert?”

“Well,—not that, exactly,—no; but on general principles. I love you, you know—and—and—if you have no objections, there is no reason why we should not marry.”

She looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then, suppressing a strong inclination to laugh, said seriously:

“This is so sudden, Mr. Brayne. You must give me time to reflect.”

He wondered if it was only in stories that women ever accepted offers of marriage in a prompt, business-like way, without the formality of asking time to “consider” and “reflect.” But he assented to the concession, only stipulating,

“Please don't delay until he gets away.”

At that very moment, when one recording angel, keeping sharply up with the march of events, was making a note of that futile proposal, another, equally attentive to his duties, jotted down a memorandum to the following effect:

Since long before the dog in Æsop's fable lost the bone from between his jaws, by snapping at its apparently larger reflection in the stream, men have valued highest the things they did not possess, had no right to, and, in most cases, could not get. Mr. Cuthbert was no exception to that rule. He knew very well that Mrs. Merrill, by age,

temperament, and favorable pre-disposition, would be the companion best suited to him, and the easiest for him to secure,—if he could talk himself out of that escapade with her sister. But he divined a rival claimant in Millicent's case, and could not yield to him without a struggle. So he straightened himself up, nervously cleared his throat, and, assuming what he deemed a fond-lover-like expression of countenance, said with much formality :

"I beg your pardon, Miss Rodney, but I have something quite particular to say to you, and really I haven't been able to find an opportunity for mentioning it until now. I trust you will believe me when I say your incomparable charms of mind and person have made the deepest possible impression upon me, perfectly ineffaceable I assure you, and inspired me with such intense, passionate, and devoted love that it can find adequate expression in no other way than by the offer to you of my hand and heart. I cannot offer you a title, it is true, that is, not immediately, though there's no telling what may happen, since the present Lord Fuddlemore is in quite a precarious state of health, and there are only nine lives between me and the succession. But my rent-roll is, as my attorneys will readily convince you, one that many of the nobility and landed gentry might envy. Though fully conscious, as I am, of my own demerits, and possessed of the utmost appreciation of your beauty, goodness, wit, and accomplishments, I still encourage myself to hope you will, for my earnest love's sake, grant me favor. I shall really be the most miserable of men if you will not. Therefore, Miss Rodney, I pray you, do me the honor and accord me the felicity of accepting my hand and becoming my wife."

While he spoke she mischievously infused into her countenance an expression of simple wonder, her eyes gradually dilating until they seemed perfectly round and as big as peaches. When he concluded, she exclaimed, in a tone of awed surprise :

"I don't see how you could keep all that in your head, after what you have gone through to-day !"

He flushed, but with dignified self-control, replied, "I am sorry you see fit to answer me so."

"And I am sorry I did, Mr. Cuthbert," she quickly and feelingly responded, knowing herself guilty, and conscious of his gentle reproof. "I beg your pardon. It was thoughtless, frivolous, as I too often am, I fear. But I really did not mean to wound you. I am sensible of the honor you do me, but cannot give you the answer you desire. We shall always be friends, I trust, for I sincerely like and respect you ; but I can never be anything more to you."

He bowed his head, accepting as a gentleman should a decree of Fate against him, without protest, without bitterness of spirit, without even permitting himself to think enviously of the young fellow who, at that very moment, was soliciting a valid excuse for shooting him.

VI.

THE HAPPY RESULTS OF DIPLOMACY.

Miss Rodney and her companion returned by another road to the hotel, some time in advance of their pursuers. She at once retired to her room and busied herself making an unusually elaborate toilet. Her recreant lover, she intended, should see at its best, at dinner, the prize he had lost. The Englishman also sought the privacy of his apartment, primarily to soothe himself with a pipe, secondarily, to write a long letter to Mrs. Merrill. It was a fearfully difficult job in the explanatory, apologetic, and penitential portions, but when he reached the concluding section he cantered along quite easily, that part requiring very slight modifications from the form in which it had already been

verbally used that day. He started in on it at the point "I trust you will believe me when I say your incomparable charms," and went through to a finish without breaking his gait.

When the widow arrived at the hotel she lost no time in seeking Millicent, and found her putting the finishing touches to that magnificent toilet. The two sisters embraced and kissed one another with sympathetic warmth, as was natural after their long separation, and even with exceptional ardor, the demonstrations of affection between women being, as a rule, most lively when a battle-royal is impending,—just as prize-fighters shake hands with greatest cordiality just before battering each other's features. The younger and less experienced of the two fully expected a scene, and was ready for it ; but the elder, though perhaps at heart equally willing, was too discreet and tactful to essay conflict when diplomacy might better serve her ends.

The widow's first words, after the effusion of sisterly greetings, "How superbly beautiful you look !" disarmed Millicent. Then her keen artistic eye saw a point at which that loveliness might be enhanced by a little color effect, and she transferred from the velvet circlet on her own neck to a narrow satin band upon her sister's, a handsome sapphire brooch, the blue gleam of which emphasized the exquisite purity of the delicate skin and caused the girl's eyes to sparkle with appreciative pleasure. Without any apparent purpose deeper than the pleasure of talking to a sympathetic listener, Mrs. Merrill chatted confidently about her life abroad and since her return to her native land, skillfully eliciting real confidences in exchange. She mentioned Mr. Cuthbert's name incidentally, as he came naturally into the course of a narrative, and introduced it again and again, until she saw that its utterance no longer caused Millicent's eyes to light up with expectancy of a recriminative scene. With equal art she drew out mention of Mr. Brayne's name, and passed it over lightly until she felt assured it contained no more magic to evoke excitement subversive of her intents. Finally, concluding that the way was prepared and the time ripe for an amicable understanding, without preliminary heat or temper and to her liking, conversation drifted, with seeming naturalness, to the events of the day.

"It was certainly a dramatic surprise you gave me," she said, laughing merrily, "and you planned and executed it with the skill of a *comediennne*. But my astonishment was nothing to that of the poor boy by my side. He looked as if he thought the world had come to an end."

"He has been by your side a good deal, I am told," remarked Millicent, with a faint increase of color in her cheeks.

"Oh, yes. He knew I was your sister as soon as he saw me, and claimed my acquaintance on that score at once. It seemed quite a consolation to him in your absence, to have found somebody who looked a little like you, and that somebody actually your sister. What an enthusiastic boy he is, and how he loves you ! You are very fortunate."

"Did he—say anything about me ?"

"Did he ! Why, he thought of nothing else than you. His world held only you, and me ; and I was only interesting to him as a tolerable likeness of you, and a patient being who never grew tired or jealous of hearing a sister's praises sung. You have no idea how badly he felt when he witnessed that scene."

Millicent began to feel serious apprehension that she had gone too far in her retaliatory caprice, and wounded deeply, without due cause, the true heart that loved her best. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Was he very angry ?"

"Yes. Unreasonably so, I fear I must say. He seemed quite determined to kill Mr. Cuthbert, and, impetuous as he

is, I should not be surprised by a duel between them. I do hope the rash and desperate boy will not be killed."

Millicent sprang up with a cry of alarm, echoed the horrifying word "Killed!" and stood, pale and trembling, with wide dilated eyes, as if she already saw her lover a corpse in consequence of her folly.

"Ah! There is no knowing how a duel will turn out. And if the cause of quarrel between them should get out, and that scene be published in the newspapers,—and you can imagine how they would gloat over descriptions of it,—it would be terrible! Your reputation—" and she moved her shoulders with a combined shrug and shudder that was frightfully significant.

"Would be destroyed," continued the girl, finishing the sentence excitedly. "Yes, I know it. I realize now the enormity of the folly to which my impulse betrayed me. It will cost me my good name and the life of the man I love." Throwing herself upon the sofa, with her face buried in the cushions she wept hysterically.

A faint little smile flitted across Mrs. Merrill's face. Then she said, in a tone of gentle admonition: "Don't cry so, dear. You will make your eyes red and be quite too horrid to go down to dinner."

"I shall never eat dinner again!" wailed the miserable girl, in a fresh burst of grief.

Mr. Edward Brayne, meanwhile, essayed two methods of grappling with the situation. First, he tried to write a letter to Millicent, but made a total failure of it. He could not even determine how it should be started. To address her simply as "Miss Rodney" did not seem adequate to the occasion; "Fair but False One" had some good points, but on the whole looked rather poetic and mushy; "Faithless Girl," wasn't half-bad, until the idea occurred to him that it had rather too much melodramatic style. Finally a doubt arose in his mind whether it would be in good form for him to write to her at all, pending his answer from the widow, which he began to wish he had never asked for. Then he gave up that purpose and tried the other method, which suited him better, and in which he could see his way much more clearly.

He sent his card up to Mr. Cuthbert's room and speedily followed it.

The Englishman had just finished his letter to the widow, read it over, found it to his liking, and appended his signature, when the card was brought to him. Without waiting to fold and enclose it, he pushed the sheet a little back on his table, and stood up to receive his visitor, whose name and face were entirely strange to him.

"I have called upon you, sir," said the young man stiffly, declining by a gesture the seat offered him, "to invite you to a game of cards."

"I never play cards with strangers, sir," replied Mr. Cuthbert, in a tone of icy suspicion.

"A repetition of that remark to me, before witnesses, would be all the game needed, or desired."

"I do not understand you."

"No? Well, I propose to arrange matters between us, quietly, so that under the pretext of a quarrel over the card-table I shall have an opportunity, politely and in good form, to shoot you, or you to shoot me; and it doesn't much matter which."

"Good Heavens!" gasped the Englishman, nervously backing away and pawing about behind him to find the electric call-button on the wall, "he is a raving madman!"

"Don't touch that button, or the trouble will commence right now. You and I will of course understand that the real cause is your brutal and outrageous treatment of Miss

Rodney to-day; but the world must know nothing of that,—for her sake."

The light of comprehension dawned in Mr. Cuthbert's mind.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "You are the young man who was with Mrs. Merrill?"

"Yes. Do you not recognize me?"

"Upon my soul, I didn't see you at the time. I saw nothing but the widow's face."

"Well, no matter about that. Are you willing now to do a gentleman's part in this affair,—as far as you are able to assume that character?"

"Now see here. I haven't the slightest objection to fighting you, you know; but, except as an accommodation to you, I don't see that the circumstances require it. I don't mind admitting to you that I like Miss Rodney, awfully; that I've asked her to be my wife,—which is of itself evidence of my respect for her; and that she has declined, to my sincere regret: all of which was within the limits of my right and hers. As for the incident of to-day, Miss Rodney had her own reasons for arranging that situation, not altogether disconnected, I believe, from the fact of your companionship with her sister, though that was unknown to me until subsequently. The man hardly lives. I think, who would not kiss so pretty a girl as Miss Rodney, if challenged by her to do so, without stopping to learn, or even caring, whether she were simply using him as a tool or not."

Mr. Brayne perceived a possibility that had hitherto escaped his mental vision. Millicent was jealous, and had simply taught him a sharp lesson by retaliation! Why then, she loved him! And he might be happy yet, had he not committed himself to her sister. Now, there was no hope for him. What a concentrated, triple-extract fool he had been, he said to himself; a braying, thistle-munching donkey, or an angle-worm would have had more sense. The best thing left for him to do would be to go on with his programme and be shot by this Englishman. This conclusion he was about to announce, when a sharp rapping at the door claimed attention, and upon Mr. Cuthbert's calling "Come in!" Mrs. Merrill and Millicent entered. Haste and anxiety were visible in their faces, but the widow, seeing no gore nor immediate preparations for the shedding of any, quickly recovered her self-possession and smilingly explained:

"We learned by chance that Mr. Brayne had come to your room, Mr. Cuthbert, and, deeming that his probable object was an understanding in which we might be of service, have taken the liberty of following him."

"Whatever circumstances procure for me the honor of your visit, ladies, must always be regarded by me as fortunate ones," replied the Englishman, gallantly.

Turning to Mr. Brayne, the widow continued, banteringly:

"Was I betraying any confidence in telling Millicent how well you loved her? I hardly think so. And if you fear I have not told the tale as it was so often told to me, I am quite ready to go over it again, subject to your corrections, of course, if my memory is at fault. No? You are satisfied without that? Very good. And as my reward you shall tell her, when you will, what a patient, sympathetic, disinterested, consolatory confessor I have been. Millicent did not know how good you were, or she would not have played you that thoughtless bad trick this morning,—in which, perhaps, she was not altogether to be blamed. But she promises never to be jealous again, and is quite willing to be forgiven."

In two strides Edward had crossed the room to where the girl stood shyly half-concealing herself in the window

drapery. Eagerly he clasped her willing hands, and as they retreated farther into the embrasure of the window their voices sank together into a murmured duet of "Forgive me."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Cuthbert, lowering his voice so as not to call the attention of the younger couple, "but I have just committed to writing, for you, such an explanation as the circumstances seem to demand;" and he waved his hand toward the letter upon the table.

"I do not think they require any. I understand them fully," she replied, smilingly.

"Ah! Yes, doubtless, I dare say. Only,—I beg your pardon, but the communication contains something more."

"Yes? Tell me the gist of it."

"I ask you to be my wife."

At that moment Edward and Millicent emerged, rosy and radiant with happiness. The widow took up the now important letter with her left hand, gave her right to Mr. Cuthbert,—who with old-fashioned gallantry pressed his lips to it,—and said roguishly:

"I do not think you gentlemen have yet been formally introduced. Mr. Brayne let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cuthbert,—your future brother-in-law."

J. H. CONNELLY.

AMONG THE PALMETTOS.

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS IN LOUISIANA.

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

(Continued from Page 529.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

THE scene of the story is laid in the Province of Louisiana, a French colony, about the middle of the eighteenth century. The governor of the colony is Monsieur le Cheval, still a young man. Madame le Cheval's maid discovers asleep in one of the outbuildings on the governor's estate a very beautiful young woman of refined and aristocratic appearance, who has evidently suffered great hardships. Telling her mistress of the strange incident, she is directed to question the stranger and to bring her to the *château* and give her food. When the maid, Louise, returned to the outbuilding, the stranger had just awakened; in reply to questions she gave no information about herself, but on learning where she was betrayed anxiety to get away. Essaying to rise she fell in a dead faint, and Louise, calling assistance, had her carried to the *château*, where she was given every care. Too feeble to resist she was put to bed, and by evening seemed somewhat restored, when Madame le Cheval visited her, and touched by her appearance endeavored to learn the cause of her sufferings and destitution. The stranger would reveal nothing about her past except that she had just come from Montreal by way of the Mississippi; a long and perilous journey, during which she had been shipwrecked and lost everything.

As soon as the woman had recovered sufficient strength the governor insisted that she should be questioned by those in authority, being himself present at the examination. By an inquisition of cross-questioning and putting two and two together they elicited the fact that she had arrived in New Orleans some months before, and was entered on the ship's passenger list as "Gabrielle St. Martin, ex-convict; age, twenty-one; sentence of life imprisonment commuted to banishment to the Province of Louisiana." At this point in the proceedings the poor girl again fainted, and the physician who was called pronounced her case very critical.

To increase the governor's annoyance a ship arrived in port bringing his half-brother M. Paul le Cheval, who had been sent out to his care to get him away from the perilous attractions of Paris, and especially to counteract the effects of the dangerous fascinations of an actress, Marie St. Garnier, with whom he had been deeply in love. The antithesis of his brother in disposition, there was no love lost between them, and they met only on a footing of formal politeness.

IV.

PAUL LE CHEVRAL dropped naturally into his place in the house of his brother, the governor, finding various means of diversion during the day according to his own tastes, and having, of course, easy access to all the society the little town afforded.

The governor had not yet succeeded in evicting from his household the unfortunate Gabrielle St. Martin, for since her examination by the procureur-general and his associates she had lain in a critical state, and Madame le Cheval would not consent to turning her adrift while in that condition. A small balcony, onto which the windows of her room opened, afforded her all the liberty which she either asked for or was offered; and here she passed her time, having for company only her own melancholy thoughts. What these thoughts were, and what strange mystery enveloped the beautiful girl's past, no one in the household had the slightest idea; nor did she in any way enlighten them. She showed no desire, even had she possessed the power, to clear herself from the accusations brought against her, and remained calm and passive, as though something beyond the momentary affairs of the hour commanded her attention and lifted her beyond present environments.

It happened that Gabrielle, for so she was called in the colony, was one evening pensively gazing from her balcony, from which a partial view of the courtyard beyond was obtainable, when suddenly she saw Paul le Cheval, and started with painful surprise. With difficulty controlling her inclination to scream, she withdrew to her chamber, there

to reflect upon the remarkable incident which had in a moment transformed her from a mere passive instrument of fate into a living, breathing, and feeling woman. Startling as it at first seemed to her, when she considered under whose roof she was there seemed less ground for surprise. That

Paul le Cheval should be a visitor at the colonial home of his brother was not in itself at all remarkable. But for what purpose had he torn himself away from the gayeties of Paris,—the seductions of a life which was a perpetual round of pleasure,—to seek a lonely colony across the Atlantic?

Could Gabrielle St. Martin, as she was called, not answer that question better than anyone else in the world? But what strange caprice of fate had led them both to the shelter of the same roof?

In a tumult of perplexed thoughts, uncertain whether Paul le Cheval had also recognized her, and, if so, what the



"PENSIVELY GAZING FROM HER BALCONY."

result of his discovery would be, she waited; but her doubts were speedily set at rest. Although he had obtained but a momentary glimpse of the face looking over the balcony, it was sufficient to revive memories in his bosom which needed no quickening.

"Marie St. Garnier!" he exclaimed, as he entered the house. "Marie St. Garnier under my brother's roof. What does it—what can it mean? I must know!"

In the impetuosity of his nature the young Frenchman's first impulse was to seek an explanation from the governor or his wife; but sober second thought bade him to be more discreet. On inquiring, Paul learned that both the gover-

nor and Madame le Cheval were out, and were not expected to return until late in the afternoon, as they had gone for a long drive to one of the neighboring settlements. This news was very satisfactory, and he determined that he would at once make an attempt to communicate with the young woman. To go directly to her apartment would not, he knew, be the correct way of bringing about an interview, neither did he wish to take any of the servants into his confidence; so after some consideration he seated himself at a cabinet and wrote the following note:

seated himself at a cabinet and wrote the following note :

"MY DEAR MARIE:

"If it be indeed yourself whose lovely face I caught a glimpse of, I desire and earnestly entreat you will grant me an interview within the next half-hour in the library, where I impatiently await you. My brother and his wife are out of town.

"Yours,
"PAUL."

The balcony to Marie's room, although overlooking the courtyard at a distance, was really just above a portion of the ample kitchen-garden which extended to a considerable distance at the rear of the house, a fact which Paul le Cheval had before observed. Entering the garden, Paul made his way directly to that part of it situated beneath the balcony, and picking up a pebble he rolled it up in the folds of the note, and standing in front of the balcony tossed the missive upward and through the open window.

The plan was successful, for a movement above told him

that his billet had attracted attention. After a few minutes a small piece of paper fluttered downward, on which were written, in a handwriting which dispelled all his doubts, a few words stating that his request would be granted. Half an hour later Paul was awaiting in the library the mysterious young woman. Clothed in one of Madame le Cheval's pretty dresses, which she had considerably sent her, Marie, who had improved much under the care and good nursing of Louise, made a very charming picture as she advanced to meet the impetuous young Frenchman. He quickly reached her side, sank upon his knees, and pressing her hand to his lips, murmured in passionate tones:



"MY DARLING MARIE! WHAT FORTUNATE CHANCE BRINGS US TOGETHER."

"My darling Marie! What strange and fortunate chance brings us together?"

"I know not what to think," answered the girl, "unless it be perhaps that the gods have not punished us sufficiently already, and are planning this reunion but to make the troubles more insufferable into which we may yet be plunged."

"Fie!" answered Paul, affecting, if he did not feel it, a little gayety. "What can separate us now that we are once more together? What harm can menace you when I am here to protect you?"

"You must not forget that your brother, or half-brother, is the Governor of Louisiana, that his power is well-nigh absolute, and that he is leagued with our enemies," replied Marie.

"It is only too true," answered Paul, looking serious. "We are, indeed, in the enemy's camp. But tell me, dear Marie, of all that has happened since I last saw your sweet self, and explain to me a thousand things that I cannot understand."

"It is a very simple story, Monsieur le Cheval,—" "Paul."

"Well, Monsieur Paul, if you prefer it. But I shall insist that you undergo no further martyrdom on my behalf."

"I am impatient to hear your story."

"As I say, it is soon told. One evening, while I was playing in Paris, as I was preparing to retire after returning from the theater, I heard a knock on the door, and an officer of gendarmes demanded admission. Thrusting before me an order for my arrest, signed by the procureur-general, he ordered me to pack up a few of my things in a small valise and prepare to accompany him.



"WE MUST PART NOW."

"Terrified beyond thought I obeyed mechanically, and in a few minutes had prepared myself for the street. One of the gendarmes seized my baggage, and I was hurried into a coach which waited below. To what prison I was driven I cannot tell; but we had no sooner entered the gloomy building than I was locked up in a cell and left to my own meditations.

"The following day I was taken before the judge and accused by some officers of the court with having given

utterance, during my performances on the stage, to treasonable sentiments against the crown. I was sentenced promptly to imprisonment in the Bastille and remained there until I was one day taken out and conveyed on board a vessel, which I found was packed with convicts destined for some penal settlement, the name of which we did not know.

"On the register of the ship I had been given, either by mistake or for a purpose, the name of Gabrielle St. Martin; and after a terrible voyage we finally landed at this very port. Here we were given our freedom, and told to go where we pleased. I found temporary employment at one of the settlements up the river, from whence I subsequently went North with a family returning to Canada, it being my hope that if I could reach Montreal I might find some way of returning to Europe.

"My plans in this direction failed entirely, and as I could not stand the rigor of a Northern climate I drifted back here, where I hoped and thought to die. It was a terrible journey to get back to New Orleans, although I escaped any serious dangers. The *bateau* on which I was a passenger was attacked once in the night by Indians; but as there were several boats together they were driven off without much fighting.

"After my return I wandered by chance into an outbuilding on this estate, and threw myself down to rest, not knowing where I was. In the morning I was discovered by Madame le Cheval's maid and brought in here. Subsequently, as I refused to state who I was, fearing——"

"I know what you would say," interposed Paul. "You feared that the same blind hatred which had caused you to be branded as a felon, and which undoubtedly was inspired by my family, would find a new means of wreaking itself upon you here." The young girl bowed her head and was silent for a moment.

"Listen! I thought I heard a footstep outside," said Paul, suddenly starting for the door; but he saw no one in the vicinity.

"Continue your story," he said.

"I was examined by the procureur-general, the governor, and some lawyers, and compelled to admit that I was the Gabrielle St. Martin who had arrived here as a convict."

"What infamy!" exclaimed Paul.

"And I am now awaiting the complete recovery of my health to be turned upon the tender mercies of the world in this heaven-forsaken place. Some of the poor, unprotected women who came out with me have, I learn, been driven away from the settlements, and have fallen into the hands of the Indians; while an equally terrible fate has befallen others who drifted to the squalid quarters of the town, where, as you know, a rough and most dissolute class resides."

The young girl's tones betokened the terror which inspired her thoughts.

"Have no further fears, my gentle Marie," said Paul, caressing the beautiful girl with all the fondness and respect of a lover. At this moment there was a commotion in the courtyard, caused by the arrival of the governor's carriage, flanked by outriders.

"We must part now; but trust me to watch over your interests, my dear Marie," said Paul, tenderly disengaging himself from her embrace, for they were standing together, unconsciously locked in each other's arms. And thus abruptly the lovers, who, in spite of the machinations of their enemies, had so strangely met, were forced to separate.

V.

A MAN of some talents, but more adroitness, the Governor of Louisiana was a person not at all unlikely to make enemies for himself, despite his assumed suavity and courteous bearing. It would be safe to say that in the colony he was feared



"PAUL LE CHEVRAL SLIPPED AND FELL."

more than loved, and admired for his cleverness more than respected for his goodness. Among his predecessors in the management of the affairs of the province had been at least one or two men who had carried the affections of the Louisianians with them upon their retirement from office; and it was, at best, an extremely difficult office to fill, although a good disposition and unquestionable uprightness would always have assured both the loyalty of the colonists and the approval of the Crown.

Of those who had preceded him in the governorship none had ever advanced their own financial interests to any extent; but in the case of Le Chevalier it was more than suspected that no opportunity was lost by him to turn what power he possessed to the purposes of personal aggrandizement and profit; and as during the several years of his administration considerable sums of money had been spent in various projects for developing the colony, he had had better opportunities than had hitherto existed.

But a far more interesting matter than the dry historical details of the little colony demands our attention. The governor, who since his return to the house had been closeted in his library, had learned, by some mysterious means, of the interview between his brother and the woman who was supposed to be an outcast. The circumstance had annoyed the governor intensely, and he sent a peremptory message to his half-brother to join him in the library before retiring for the night.

"I am at your service, sir," said Paul, entering the library as soon as he felt disposed



"THEY CARRIED THE WOUNDED MAN INTO THE HOUSE."

to comply with the governor's summons.

The governor's cheek flushed, for the tone of his half-brother was little less than insolent.

"I have been informed that during my absence today you have been entertaining a woman in my library, of whose antecedents you are probably unaware," began the governor, in tones not calculated to conciliate his young and impetuous relative.

"Your spies have informed you correctly, sir," replied Paul, in cold and measured tones. "Pray inform me what are the antecedents to which you allude."

"This woman," replied the governor, "belongs to the dregs of society. She is a convict, an outcast, and I know not what more. She was exiled to this colony from one of the Paris prisons, and

is known as an infamous character."

"Stop! You have said enough! I see, now, that this is but part of a conspiracy to destroy the unfortunate girl. As for her being an ex-convict, that I do not deny. Were

you hustled off to the Bastille, as you may be before your career is ended, you would be a convict, also. There are many innocent persons who have been to the Bastille; but as for 'infamous,' I say your statement is false! You will retract it at once, or you will meet me tomorrow morning and we will settle this affront to an honest woman in another way than by bandying words."

"What do you mean, upstart?" demanded the governor, now thoroughly aroused.

"'Upstart' ? Yes, it becomes you to call me an 'upstart.' It becomes the one who mortgaged the family estates to enrich his own



"IN THEIR FAVORITE ARBOR."

purse, and the question of whose honesty is even now the theme of discussion at court, to call his brother an 'upstart.'

"You are a perjured scoundrel," shouted the governor, reaching as if for his sword.

"Calm yourself," almost hissed Paul, who remained the cooler of the two throughout. "Quarreling between brothers about family matters is unseemly. You may steal the whole province of Louisiana; but I have no interest in that question. Tomorrow I meet you at any hour that may suit you, and with what weapons you choose; and the cause of the affair is, mind you, a woman whom you have traduced. Good night, brother."

Waiting for no further parley Paul le Cheval strode out of the room, leaving his brother to cool his rage as best he could.

VI.

DUELS were not such uncommon occurrences in the province as might be supposed. They were considered, in fact, the only way for a gentleman to settle any dispute involving his personal honor, and were looked upon as entirely *de rigueur*.

The governor had some doubts about the propriety of meeting his own brother upon the field, but after full consideration saw no escape from the situation without involving a question of his own bravery. Therefore preparations were proceeded with at once, seconds being chosen and weapons settled upon during the next morning.

Late afternoon was the time set for the encounter. Paul, who had been busily engaged during the interim, found an opportunity, before the time appointed for the duel, to call upon Marie and bid her adieu. He frankly told her the circumstances of the case, thinking it best for him to be candid, so that she might not be deceived by false reports from others. He also gave her a sum of money to enable her to escape from the toils of his brother in case ill should befall himself. Embracing her for what might possibly be the last time, he left her in tears, to meet his brother and try issues with the trusty blade, in the use of which he was an adept. Marie St. Garnier seated herself at the window to watch for the home-coming of the living, the dead, or the wounded; nor were her thoughts during that terrible interval anything but a hideous nightmare of fears regarding the fate of her lover, and the terrible results that would accrue to herself should disaster overtake him.

The spot selected for the encounter was on the governor's own estate, in the garden attached to an unoccupied cottage scarcely a rood away from the Executive Mansion. It had been decided that the contest should be with swords. The two brothers, bared to the elbows, faced each other when the signal was given, and some skillful swordsmanship was displayed, parry and thrust for a long time maintaining an equality of advantage on either side.

Suddenly, however, Paul le Cheval slipped and fell, pierced through the lung by the point of the rapier, and apparently mortally wounded. The seconds were totally unprepared for this issue, but promptly sprang forward and caught the falling man before he had reached the ground. Supporting him in their arms, at the instance of the governor they carried the wounded man to his residence.

Half an hour later the governor was seated with his wife in their favorite arbor, where on pleasant days they usually partook of their evening meal. It was at the edge of the garden, wreathed with vines, and there the governor talked over the occurrences of the day, and discussed with Madame the steps necessary to be taken. At the window above the arbor a very interested listener absorbed the details of the conversation, which augured ill for the poor girl now left to the tender mercies of the governor.

The listener was Louise.

(To be concluded.)

Society Fads.



HIS is a summer sure to remain famous hereafter in the memory of many as the season of cheerful economies, self-confessed poverty, and simple pleasures, for the terrible winter left the most prosperous of us with scanty purses and short allowances. The importers of French gowns and bonnets sprinkled ashes on their heads and wailed aloud in public places at the sight of the entire smart population of women who this summer have exhibited their high resolve not to weigh down dear papa or hard-worked John with the debt of an expensive wardrobe, and have turned themselves out in milkmaid simplicity of attire. Even the wives and daughters of men who weathered the great financial storm are attending garden-parties in home-made dimity frocks, and yachting or calling in blue denim suits. They sensibly have decided to dress as the majority of their friends do who really can't afford the exquisite French batistes of last year; and, better than all, cheap dressing is picturesque for the moment, and distinctly novel. It is quite the proper thing to boast of the exceeding inexpensiveness of one's clothes; compare notes as to the comparative cost of frocks; exchange the addresses of little dressmakers and sewing-women who "made this gown for nothing at all, my dear girl;" and the humble milliners who, in the unfashionable shopping-districts, will put one's materials together, often for a mere pittance, find their hands overflowing with orders.

A dainty girl tripped up the broad steps of a country club balcony the other afternoon, and as she accepted a deep wicker chair and a cup of tea, in a circle of friends on a breezy corner, she casually remarked that her smart little costume had cost her less than eight dollars. The other women openly doubted this statement, with envious glances; and the quiet, good-looking young man of the group regarded with absorbing interest the newcomer, who proceeded to explain and substantiate her statement. Down in the unfashionable shopping-district of New York this daughter of a wealthy railroad magnate had bought her pretty gray-blue shirt-waist for ninety-five cents; her gown, a skirt and coat, cost her just one dollar and ninety-five cents; for her hat and its trimmings she paid three dollars, and then put it together herself; her canvas belt cost forty-five cents; her blue-and-white parasol, a dollar; her gray tulle veil, fourteen cents; and the other forty-odd cents went for her blue-and-white cravat. The other women regarded with disapproval their done-over *crépons* and home-made muslins, and the good-looking, quiet young man, who went immediately over and found a seat by this clever girl, since then has been heard to remark that so skilful a manager over gowns would certainly make any man a very able wife.

THERE is another type of economy certain members of the fashionable set are practicing this season with great vigor, which is the bestowal of their patronage on unfashionable resorts. Nothing is a severer drain on the family purse, as every head of a house knows, than sending one's wife and daughters to the smart mountain or seaside resorts; and yet it was with fears and tremblings hard-pushed husbands have asked for some scheme for the reduction of this expense. Of course, there is Europe always to be thought of for economy; one can go to some tiny French, English, or German town and "do" on nothing at all. But, after all, little continental and English towns are deadly dull for a prolonged stay; and the dazzling idea of testing picturesque little New England villages, that occurred to a few thoughtful persons, has seemed to solve the problem. The hotel

keepers of Newport, Narragansett Pier, and Bar Harbor, watch in vain for their regular patrons, who are playing tennis on the green commons of villages tucked away in Massachusetts hills, attending quaint old Congregational churches on Sundays, and identifying the characters in Mary Wilkins' books.

To the hopelessly frivolous-minded there may seem at first no chance for anything but a desperately dull existence in these out-of-the-way nooks; but wholesome pleasure and gayety in abundance is to be found by the happy-hearted society-girl, who is determined to have it, even on a desert island.

"We improve our minds, for one thing," explained a very rosy-cheeked maiden who flashed into town in a gingham gown for a day's shopping. "We study wild-flowers, for example. I am staying in a dear old colonial house that looks out on the common, and go for walks in the fields with a regular artist's outfit. In my portfolio I carry big sheets of drawing-paper, on which, in outline, are New England wild-flowers. I look up the blossom to match in form the drawn outline, and then with my water-colors I fill in the little drawing according to the tints of the real flower; and so I learn a lot about field-flowers and water-colors, at the same time. Most of the girls make collections of pressed flowers; we do a great deal of exercise with golf; and we fish, and walk as much as Englishwomen are supposed to.

"Men!" Oh, we never want for men. You see, the city men love to come up and stay over Sunday, because nobody expects them to wear anything but flannels and lounge about. It rests them after the hard week's work, and all formality is dispensed with. Then, you see, those little villages are always the haunt of summering artists,—charming, unconventional creatures,—who paint one in all sorts of graceful poses, know the nice art of harmless little flirtations, teach one how to dabble in water-colors, and dance delightfully. We dance lots at the quaint country balls, in our simple muslin frocks with flowers in our hair, like regular village belles,—Lady Washington's Reel, Money Musk, jolly square dances, and the rest of it,—with the farmers' wives, daughters, and sons, and have supper in the kitchen. There are about a dozen of the smartest girls staying in our village,—girls who are wonderfully topping and exclusive in town, and who usually go abroad or to Newport in the summer. They are going to introduce the country dances next winter in New York, and say this season is really the jolliest they ever spent. Funny, isn't it? And we live fourteen miles from a railroad, but think the stage-drive the best part of the fun."

The young woman who is going in again this summer for watery sports is indulging in little pæans of joy over an improved boating and wet weather suit she has just had over from England. It is a plain, round, ankle-long skirt, of mackintosh cloth, sand brown, and faced up inside, for a depth of twelve inches, with a film of rubber. This hooks on with a wide belt, and in both sides, about where a man has his, pockets, wide and deep, are placed. An ordinary white or red wool sweater is worn with the skirt, and when it rains the girl in her canoe, on yacht deck, stepping off many miles on the public turnpike, or wherever she may be, slips on a mackintosh jacket, shaped like a sailor's sou'wester, only cut short about the hips, and with a high collar, and big, covered pockets. Buttoned up in such a suit, with a cap that fits firmly over the head and has a wide brim behind, any woman in any storm, of at all moderate proportions, is absolutely protected. So well does the canoeing or yachting woman like this rubber skirt that she can rarely be persuaded to wear anything else. It's not an expensive garment,

and it is a wonderful protection both to one's health and under garments.

The American yachswoman is at last coming to the front, but in a very different method from her English sister, who cares for the sport of racing and managing her own craft. The American woman wants her yacht to be her summer home; and when she gives her order to the builder, comfort, not speed, is her requisite. And comfortable, indeed, is madame's yacht. One of the best of the type of new "lady boats," as the men call them, was shown to a few friends by its owner as it swung at anchor off the house of the Country Club, of which this woman has been made an associate member. A big, white schooner, very broad, and very smart and neat with her rail fringes, glittering brass, snowy decks, and deck furniture in white wicker. Below was a comfortable saloon furnished very simply in sage-green denim and white, and every bit of table furniture in silver, so that there is no crockery bill to be met. The great aft cabin, for madame the owner, is done in white iron and dimité. The wall is rich in cupboards for stowing neatly and compactly at least a dozen gowns, hats, pairs of shoes, a safe for jewelry, and a complete medicine-chest. There is the usual complement of electric bells, and a bath-room off this bedroom; and, besides the other small rooms for guests, similarly fitted, one nook in the boat has been fitted up as a closet in which there are hooks and stretchers for gowns that must hang, long shallow drawers for those that are folded, hat-boxes, and a row of fixed trees for shoes. In charge is a capable maid, instead of a steward, and when guests come aboard the yacht their satchels are unpacked and stowed in the luggage-locker, and every article of clothing is so put away as to be kept fresh and unwrinkled. This maid is a clever woman who knows not the horrors of *mal de mer*, and is always at hand to render every assistance. She wears the ordinary cap, apron, and black gown, while the sailors are in spotless white duck with smart fishermen's caps of red silk.

MADAME LA MODE.

How to Read and Write in Cipher.

It is neither so difficult to read ordinary cipher-writing without a key nor to write in cipher so that what is so written cannot be read without a key, as is generally supposed. For example, we have before us the following paragraph from the column of personals in one of our great daily newspapers of a recent date:

"Nz pxo Cfttjf :

"Nffu nf jo uif divsdi bu 7 p'dmpdl QN. uif 17th pg uijt npoui. Epou mfu zpvs vodmf Dpm. D, Npssf tvttqfdu bozuijoh; J gfbs if mfbet b epvcmf mjgf boe jt bozuijoh cvu xibu if tffnt up cf. Pvs qbtups xjmm vojuf vt boe b gfx gsjfoet xjmm cf qsttfou.

"Zpvs

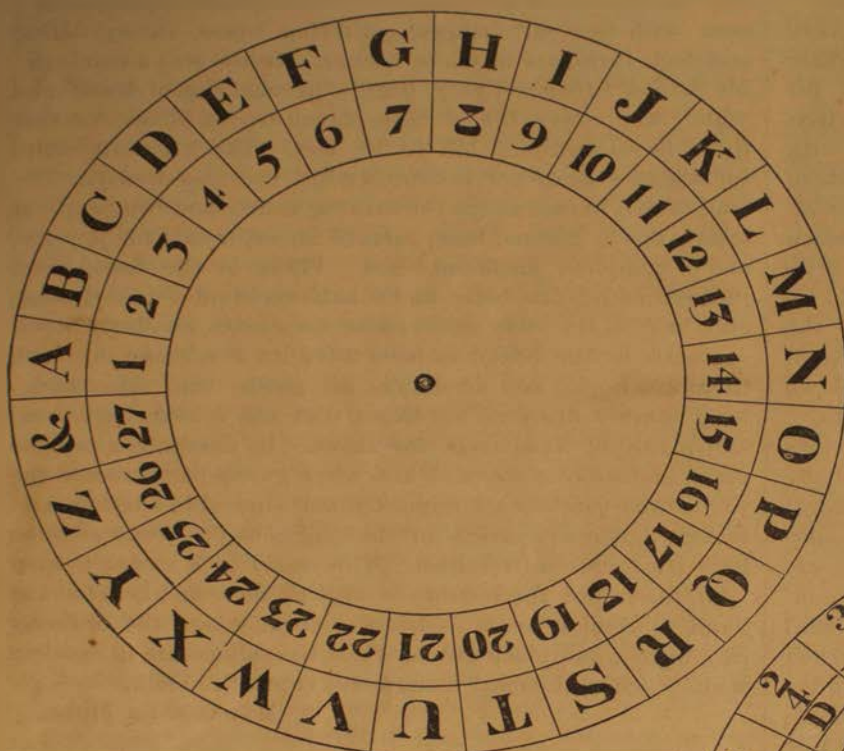
"Upn."

The majority of readers, it is safe to presume, gathered but little information from this queer-looking notice; but we will see what it is all about. In order to do this it will be necessary to take into consideration several peculiarities of the English language. It will be found, in the first place, that certain words occur oftener than others; as, for instance, the articles a, an, and the, and the conjunctions but and and. Also that in spelling words certain letters are more frequently used than others. It is, indeed, surprising to discover how far this holds good. Whatever the subject in a general way, or the manner of treating it, some words and

all the letters preserve their relative frequency of occurrence with little variation. It has been ascertained that the proportionate number of letters in a composition of any considerable length in the English language is about as follows :

E = 1000.	I = 475.	M = 140.	V = 60.
T = 665.	H = 355.	F = 130.	K = 20.
N = 505.	L = 270.	P = 130.	Q = 8.
S = 495.	C = 260.	W = 130.	J = 7.
A = 490.	R = 260.	Y = 100.	Z = 6.
O = 480.	U = 185.	G = 85.	X = 5.
	D = 185.	B = 60.	

The most cursory glance at the cipher reveals the fact that



CIPHER DIAL.

the letter f occurs much more frequently than any other in the paragraph before us. Referring to our table we find the letter e at the head of the list, and so set down f as representing e. The next oftenest used is u, and we accordingly experiment with it as standing for t (the letter that follows e on the table); now having ascertained, in all probability, the value of two of the ciphers, we next seek to find in the paragraph a word, perhaps repeated more than once, of three letters, in which that which stands for t is first, and that which represents e is last, knowing that such a word could not well be any other than the. Yes, here we have it, twice in the first line, "uif," so that we know that u = t; i = h; f = e.

Looking over the paragraph a little more carefully, we find, setting aside the letters already ascertained, that o occurs oftenest; and we consequently set it down, according to the order given in our table, as n. This letter, it is to be remembered, is found in the conjunction "and"; and if we can discover a word of three letters with o as the middle letter representing n, especially if the word occurs more than once, we may know almost certainly that it must be "and," and that its other letters represent a and d. Such a word does occur in the last and next to the last sentences in the notice, and gives us the additional letters; b = a, and e = d.

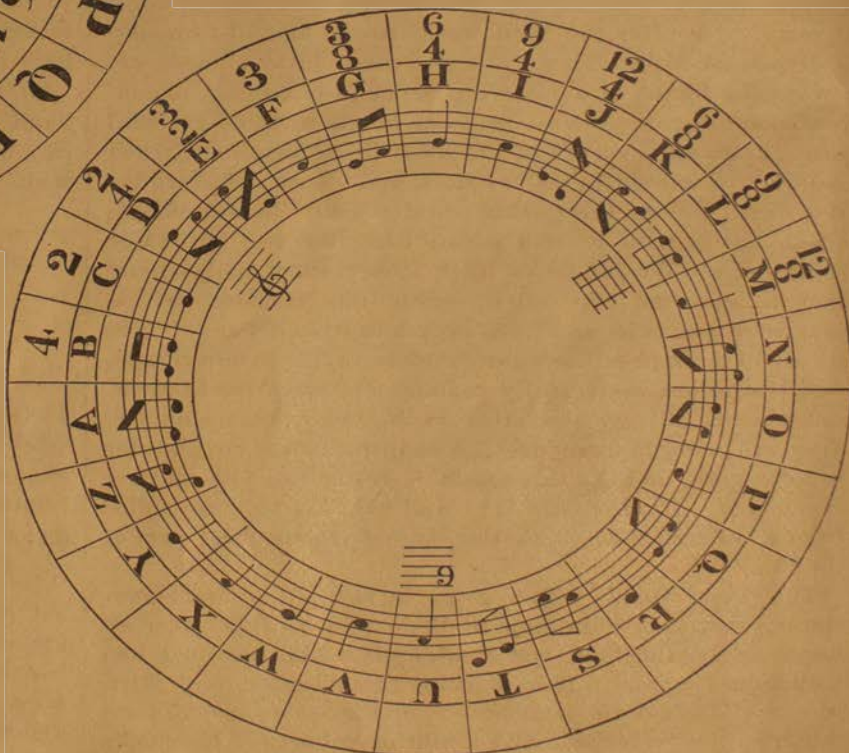
In the midst of the second sentence occurs a capital J, which, unlike the capital D in the same sentence, is not fol-

lowed by a punctuation mark, so cannot be the initial of a proper name; and, indeed, cannot be any other than the personal pronoun I, for no other capital letter without a stop after it is used in the midst of an English sentence. We now have the equivalents to seven ciphers: b = a; e = d; f = e; i = h; j = i; o = n; u = t.

Applying this partial key to the first sentence in the body of the letter, and marking the unknown letters as x, we read: "xeet xe in the xlxxxxh at 7 x, etc."

It is now very easy to guess that the first two words are "meet me," and the word following, a word of six letters with h as the second and the last letters, can be no other than "church." Furthermore, as the letter now reads, "meet me at the church at," the figure and words immediately following, "7 p' dmpdl," or using the letter we have ascertained, "7 x' cxxcx," it is easy to see, may most probably be rendered "7 o'clock."

A thorough analysis of the cryptogram and an application of the law of proportion, assisted by the identification of certain words as shown, cannot fail to translate the paragraph into plain English. This would, indeed, be the usual way of proceeding; but a certain suspicion that seized us as soon as the first word of the paragraph was deciphered is amply confirmed by what follows, and it makes our task an easy one. The writer has evidently taken the letter immediately following in its natural order in the English alphabet to represent the one he should have used in ordinary writing, thus: a is represented by b, b by c, c by d, etc.; and simply substituting for



MUSICAL CIPHER DIAL.

the letters in the paragraph those that follow them in a b c order, we read as follows :

"MY OWN BESSIE :

"Meet me in the church at 7 o'clock P.M. the 17th of this month. Don't let your uncle Col. C. Moore suspect anything. I fear he leads a double life, and is anything but what he seems to be. Our pastor will unite us, and a few friends will be present.

"Your
"TOM."

This is a typical specimen of the cryptograms that are generally made use of. Sometimes the order of the letters as they occur in the English alphabet is reversed so that z represents a, y represents b, etc.; sometimes other transpositions are used; but deciphering is about as readily accomplished in one case as another.

In order to construct a cryptogram that shall be undecipherable without a key, a desirable and very important matter at times in making necessary records or communications of a strictly private nature, a different course must be pursued.

A circle drawn upon a piece of cardboard is divided into twenty-seven different parts by radii drawn from circum-

In this manner, at once simple and easy, we go about the circle until the cryptogram is finished; and the most expert cipher-reader, without a similar set of disks and a key, may be safely defied to read it.

It is not necessary that either the letters or the numbers on the disks should follow in their regular order, as long as the person who is to read the cryptogram has disks with a similar arrangement of letters and numbers upon them.

Another very simple and undecipherable cryptogram can be formed by writing the letters as they come in their order in the sentence intended to be written, beneath each other, Chinese fashion. Thus, in the sentence "Come to me immediately,"

The diagram shows three staves of musical notation. The first staff is in 2/4 time and contains the notes for the words "C O M E T O S E E M E I M M E D". The second staff is in 6/8 time and contains the notes for "I A T E L Y W I T H O U T F A I". The third staff is in 6/8 time and contains the notes for "L I M U S T S E E Y O U". Each letter is placed directly below its corresponding note.

MUSICAL DIAL MESSAGE.

ference to center. In each one of these parts, near the outer edge, is written a letter of the English alphabet, except in one (in which is to be placed the sign &), in such a manner that all the letters are present; a smaller inner circle is then drawn inside the letters inscribed on the larger one, and figures, from 1 to 27, are written in the spaces below and corresponding to those occupied by the letters, as shown in the accompanying diagram. This smaller circle with figures inscribed upon it must then be carefully cut out and replaced so that it will turn upon a pin or pivot fastened through its center, inside the larger hoop of cardboard containing the letters. In this way any number upon the disk can be brought opposite any letter on the outer circle, and made to determine the relation borne by any or all the figures to any and all the letters.

Any letter with which the cipher writing is begun should be brought to correspond with some special number, which becomes the key number of the whole cryptogram, and without a knowledge of which it cannot be read, even if the method by which it is written is known. Take, for instance, the sentence "Come to me immediately." Assume 2 as the key number, and turn the numbered disk to bring 2 under Z. C is now opposite the figure 6, and is represented by the sixth letter of the alphabet, F. Thus F is used to represent C. O, the next letter of the word "come," is above the number 18, and the eighteenth letter of the alphabet is R; R therefore corresponds to O. M has beneath it the figures 16, and the sixteenth letter of the alphabet, P, stands for M. The remaining letter, E, is above the number 8, and is represented by H in the cryptogram, which reads FRPH = come. To decipher this it is only necessary to know that the figure 2 is to be beneath Z, and that F, the first letter in the cryptogram and the sixth in the alphabet, represents the number above which is to be found the first letter in the first word of the sentence to be deciphered.

diately," we write the letters following each other in upright lines making we will assume six letters to a line:

c m d y
o e i
m i a
e m t
t m e
o e l.

Another sentence makes a similar group, and so on. This may be varied by being arranged to read upward instead of downward, from left to right, instead of from right to left, and in an infinite number of other ways. As, however, it is not at all likely to be deciphered by anyone not in the secret, even in its most simple form, it seems scarcely necessary to complicate it.

Another method of using the cipher dial is by writing on it musical notes to correspond with the letters, and on an outer movable circle writing the different time numbers, as shown in the diagram. The message is engrossed on musical MS. blanks, using the notes only; and at the beginning of the first bar is written the key, or clef, and the time. Slip the time numbers on the dial so that the first one will be over the first letter of the alphabet, and then use for the time number on the message that which comes above the first letter of the first word of the message to be sent. The notes corresponding to the letters of the words of the message are then copied on the blank; and sharps and flats may be scattered through as an additional blind to the uninitiated. In the example given, $\frac{2}{4}$ is the time; and when the time numbers on the dial are slipped as directed, $\frac{2}{4}$ will be above C, and the receiver, who must of course have corresponding dials, can easily read the message.

J CARTER BEARD.

A Summer Girl.

WHEN I went up to the Catskills several summers ago it was with the full determination of asking Miss Wagner to be my wife. Age, temperament, everything, pointed to the suitability of such a marriage; and although I am not a conceited man I certainly did not see failure ahead. My position as rector of the leading church in East Lemon is certainly one calculated to impress a young woman, and from the amount of religious fervor exhibited by Miss Wagner during the past Lenten season I judged that it would not be disagreeable to her to be more permanently and more closely connected with the church.

Why I delayed asking her after my mind was made up I cannot say. The Wagners left East Lemon for the summer and I had not spoken. I missed Miss Wagner more than I could have supposed. She was a good, sensible girl, active in parish work, with a perfect genius for straightening kinks; all the different organizations which seemed to go so smoothly beneath her guidance and of which I was now the real, as well as nominal, head, seemed suddenly to become tangled and torn with dissension. It opened my eyes still more plainly to Miss Wagner's perfect suitability for a clergyman's wife. Why had I not spoken before? I blamed myself severely. I was torn with conflicting emotions lest someone else more sensible than myself might have stepped in and secured her; her large fortune would render her more liable to ardent suitors than a girl more moderately circumstanced. I blamed myself for letting this treasure slip through my fingers when everything could have been so well settled months before, and I daily expected to be punished for my procrastination by hearing of Miss Wagner's engagement to some more hasty swain.

With this explanation, therefore, it is needless to say that when my vacation came around there was not the least doubt of the direction in which I pointed my steps,—the retired and beautiful spot in the Catskills where the Wagners were summering; and I resolved that before twenty-four hours were past I would ask Miss Wagner to be my wife.

Nothing could be more romantic than the spot I had selected for my wooing. A rich New Yorker some years before had bought for a mere song one of the most beautiful hills in the Catskills, three or four miles from the railroad station, and as secluded as the most distant parts of Maine and the Adirondacks. The handsome lodge gates at the foot of the mountain opened to let one into a little paradise. The houses tucked away like squirrels' nests among the forest trees were built of undressed logs, with much American spiciness and originality, and had little latticed windows, Dutch doors, and many sylvan appointments. Inside one caught sight of exquisite interiors. In the center of the settlement was the Club House, where most of the members, eschewing household cares, took their meals; and where, if properly introduced, like myself, a few sojourners could be accommodated.

My first sight of Miss Wagner was in the dining-room, where I was welcomed heartily and a place made for me at her table. The dining-room had all the elegance of Delmonico's, with its little tables, handsome china, and excellent service, in contrast to the huge stone chimney in the center of the room, the fireplace filled with logs, and the rafters left designedly overhead. There was a certain stir and excitement this evening, my train having brought a plentiful supply of sons, brothers, and sweethearts for the evening hop, as is usual in most places within a day's journey of New York.

After our separation Miss Wagner seemed more than ever just the wife for me; her strong, buxom figure and well-developed arms showed to advantage in the simple silk blouse

which she, in common with almost every other young woman in the room, wore. Her kind, sensible face had gained a pretty brown color from mountain breezes; she certainly would make a perfect, happy, commonsensible clergyman's wife.

We were getting quite gay in talking over all that had happened in East Lemon since the Wagners' departure, when my attention was suddenly arrested by some late comers who were just entering. There were several in the party: an old lady, some young men, I suppose, for I saw them often enough together afterwards; but one figure stood out so indelibly that everyone else in the room suddenly became her background.

I am not good at describing a lady's dress or at personal description; but now, after this lapse of time, I can still shut my eyes and see Florence Atherton exactly as she looked that evening. She had on a blouse—so had every other woman in the room, but not a mischievous thing like hers—with soft red frilling that fluttered as she moved. Over it was a delightfully *chic* little jacket, and her plain, tight-fitting serge skirt had a little stripe of red around the bottom that peeped out here and there. Her hair, which was curly and evidently not very long, was gathered loosely on the top of her head, and the little curly ends strayed around in a way more fascinating than any bang.

The only thing I cannot describe is her face. I can only say that she was a brunette with dark, velvety eyes, and then I have left her personal charm quite unsaid.

Miss Wagner noticed my look of interest.

"Isn't she too lovely," she said, enthusiastically, and without a touch of jealousy. "She is a Miss Florence Atherton; everyone is crazy about her. She and her old aunt have one of the cottages; the white birch one,—'Indian Pipe' they call it. We call her 'the summer girl'; not the horrid summer girl in the comic papers, but because she looks like a flower and is so breezy and summery. I never saw anyone half so pretty, did you?"

Although I did not say so, I certainly never had. It struck me as showing a particularly large nature for Miss Wagner to admire the new comer, when by contrast she looked positively wooden. I took pains, however, to devote myself unmistakably to her during dinner, and when we parted to meet later in the assembly-room of the club for the evening hop, I congratulated myself that I had well prepared the way for my declaration.

By one of the meteoric changes, that later I became used to in "Taoma" (the old Indian name by which the mountain settlement was called), two hours later, when I entered the assembly-room, all traces of flannels and blouses had disappeared, and, instead, a crowd of fashionably dressed men and women filled the room. Miss Wagner was dancing when I entered, so I waited beside the door for the waltz to cease before crossing the room to where her mother was seated. By such a slight action my fate was sealed. Miss Atherton came in a few seconds after me and stood beside me watching the dancers. She was dressed in some soft white material that showed a baby-like neck and small, round, white arms. I never saw anyone look so young, so *ingénue*. She began to talk to the man beside her; then my subjugation was complete. I lost my head; I forgot Miss Wagner; I got an introduction to her; I, who never danced, performed wildly with her a country dance which it was these city people's whim to alternate with the waltzes. An old fiddler who played for the country people about, and who had evidently great contempt for metropolitan terpsichorean powers, called off the figures. No one knew the dance very well, so my blunders passed unnoticed. East Lemon was not a narrow-minded place, and I had often stood up in a Virginia reel; yet I think my parish would have been a good deal surprised

to see their pastor flying through the unknown figures of this romping dance.

That evening was the beginning. I called upon Miss Atherton next day, and the next; I rode with her, drove with her, and, most fascinating of all, walked with her through the green, leafy, mountain paths. I learned her artless, transparent soul like a book; she was a mere child, simple, easily pleased, most amiable. I regretted that I noticed a great laxity in her religious opinions, and, in fact, the most utter indifference to most of the vital questions of the day. I resolved to lead her mind gently to these serious things, and promised myself an easy convert in one so innocent and yielding. Somehow the conversion did not progress as rapidly as I expected; the days of my vacation were drawing to a close when I realized how little progress I had made. Miss Atherton was always polite when I mentioned serious subjects, but we always seemed to drift into talking of something else. Her rosebud mouth had a way of puckering itself up into a little round *moue*, and her dark eyes a way of looking down distractingly as she plucked to pieces some fortunate flower or drew a blade of grass through her white teeth, that made it very hard for a man to keep his mind on any subject but the grace of her childlike movements; so I gave up her conversion for the present.

It was strange how for months I had delayed asking Miss Wagner, who was so evidently a suitable wife for me, and here was this little beauty, not a churchwoman, not half my age, fitted for anything rather than to be the head of the charities which are so ably administered in my parish, and yet I had to keep careful guard on my lips, that, despite myself, I should not break out and ask her to marry me almost before we were acquainted. I was also in abject terror of what her answer might be. I could not flatter myself that she had showed me more favor than several of the other men,—I even doubted my being as well received; so I went on from day to day, fluttering, fluttering. It suddenly came over me how little I really knew of Miss Atherton beyond her possession of a beautiful figure and a baby face,—strange qualifications for a clergyman's wife. I suddenly awoke to the fact that I knew absolutely nothing about her. I had talked to her by the hour of my college days and my work, everything, in fact, and she had never seemed to evade returning confidences; and yet I knew absolutely nothing of her antecedents.

After much thought I found the solution to this in the fact that there was nothing to tell; she had probably spent her young life in some retired spot with the old aunt who was at present chaperoning her. These thoughts of her innocence and unprotectedness strengthened my resolve. The next day Miss Atherton and I took our favorite walk, up a winding road, then through a leafy path to the mountain top. At this sunset hour it was a most beautiful spot: all the panorama stretched out before us of sweeping valleys and mountain tops; the Kauterskill House looked like a Greek temple against the sky. I felt the enchantment of the place and hour; I found myself, before I was aware, telling Miss Atherton of my deep admiration. I was unprepared for her change of manner; she begged I would never repeat what I had said; she had never imagined for one instant anything of the kind. She was so completely upset that I saw it was no use speaking farther just then, and I hurried after her down the mountain, torn with distracting doubts. I went to my room, but could not rest nor sleep. I resolved to woo my little lady more gently on the morrow, and arranged scene after scene in my mind, all with a somewhat hazy *dénouement*.

Florence was not at breakfast, nor at luncheon. In the afternoon I called at her cottage; the Dutch door was half-open, as usual, and I reached my hand inside and sounded

the knocker. This summons usually brought Florence tripping down the staircase, making a series of pretty pictures on the landings; but to-day the little Irish maid, looking somewhat disheveled, appeared.

"Sure sir, they're gone,—went on the morning train," she said, in answer to my inquiries.

Gone! I was aghast. I tried to look unconcerned as I asked when they would be back.

"They're not coming back, sir. I'm left to pack up the things; they've given up the cottage."

I was stunned, but I took a card and pencil from my pocket in a business-like way.

"I have some books belonging to your mistress which I would like to return."

"I was to give no one the address," snapped the girl, as though her patience was exhausted.

For a moment I regretted my cloth. Had I been as other men I would have put my hand in my pocket and a ten-dollar bill would have unsealed that woman's lips; but I could not so disgrace myself as a clergyman.

I left the cottage. No one seemed to know anything of Miss Atherton. She had come to "Taoma" invited by the rich man who owned the mountain. I went to him, and although he politely offered to return her the books, he seemed unwilling to give me any information. He was a hale, bluff, old gentleman, and as I am naturally reserved, I could scarcely take him into my confidence and tell him that my interest in Miss Atherton was more than that of a mere acquaintance. I noticed, too, that his eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment in a way far from healing to my feelings, and I left "Taoma" at the end of my vacation, wounded sore, and baffled.

I returned to my parish, and as time wore on and my parishioners returned from their summer homes I hoped that Florence's image would fade away. That, however, was not the case; her face haunted me, the remembrance of her companionship was always coming into my mind. I do not know what I should have done at this time without Miss Wagner. How she guessed my secret I cannot say; but although she never obtruded her sympathy, she seemed always full of interest and hope for me. She seemed to share my great enthusiasm for Florence, and to admire her in the frankest, friendliest way, without any jealousy, and I spent many hours talking to her of my lost darling. In fact, it was somewhat owing to her that I again saw Miss Atherton.

Miss Wagner, one December evening, had some cards to the Nineteenth Century Club, in the city, and asked me to accompany herself and her father to hear the debate, which promised to be an interesting one. We could catch a late train out to East Lemon; and I was glad for any excuse that took me into a large, miscellaneous body of people, as the chances were that I should some time find Florence among them.

We were seated and I looked around as usual, disappointed, when Miss Wagner said "Look!"

There, right in the seat in front of me, sat my missing lady-love. She was alone with a very handsome, correctly dressed man. I sat there transfixed. They seemed on excellent terms, and once I heard her whisper, "George, where is my fan?"

I do not know what the speaker said; I was deaf and dumb. As soon as the debate was finished, some friends rushed over to speak to Miss Atherton. I waited for an opportunity to introduce myself.

"Why, dear Mrs. Morton!" I heard them say, "so glad to see you back! We've just bought your new book, but haven't had time to read it yet. Your husband has told us of your summer. What fun you must have had."

"Yes, I haven't had such a chance to study people since

before I was married," Florence,—Miss Atherton,—Mrs.—, I don't know what to call her,—replied, in her bell-like voice. "You see, when I go around with George and the babies, word always seems to precede me that I am the author of 'Argentine,' and everyone is so kind and flattering that I never have a chance to study anyone. I began to despair of ever doing anything so good again, so I just fled and left George to care for the babies. I had a splendid time! It's all in the book."

Miss Wagner and I looked at each other; we had heard every word. We left.

My wife is such a sensible woman, and so very handsome, too, in her matronly dignity, that I often wonder at that summer's aberration, and that I could have been so blind to her charms as well as merits. It is not the least of these that she always reads to me Mrs. Morton's new books, and that she has never once thrown at me the fact that I, a self-respecting clergyman, was once madly in love with a married woman.

POLLY KING.

The Flower Garden in August.

THE garden in August ought to be in its prime; but too often it is not, because few gardens receive the care they require in order to make them satisfactory at this season.

In many localities July and August are, in most seasons, dry months, and plants suffer greatly from lack of moisture at the roots. Indeed, plants often receive such a serious check from midsummer drought that they never recover, and all through the early autumn, when they ought to be in fine condition, they are at a point between life and death.

But it is not necessary to have plants in this dead-alive condition if the owner of them is willing to take a little trouble on their account; and unless people are willing to do this, they ought never to undertake their cultivation. If water is applied daily during a "dry spell," plants weather the ordeal of drought in such a manner as to make one oblivious to the fact that there has been one. It is true that in late July and early August, when the heat is most intense, the plants may seem at a standstill, and there may be few flowers; but if they are holding their own, much may be expected from them later on, when the air becomes cooler and the drought gives way to showery weather, as it generally does after midsummer.

Most persons having gardens to water find it quite a task to supply the needs of the plants in this respect. Many use water extravagantly and wastefully. They apply it with a watering-pot having a rose or spray nozzle, which scatters the water thinly all over the surface of the soil, doing very little good because there is not enough, at any point, to produce sufficient moisture to penetrate to the roots of the plants. Remove spray, put the spout of the watering-pot close to the base of the plant, and concentrate the stream there. In this way it is possible to derive much benefit from an amount of water that would be of no value if applied with a sprinkler.

Dahlias must be watered freely if you would have them flower well. In wet seasons these plants are always at their best. Save the water of washing-day for them, and all the slops from the kitchen. They are gross feeders, and you cannot easily give them more food than they will make use of to advantage. You will not be likely to get many flowers from them in August, but all through September they will be a blaze of gorgeous color, and this show of brilliant beauty will be kept up until the coming of frost. There are

three very important items to be considered in the culture of the dahlia: early starting, rich and abundant food, and plenty of moisture at the roots. Given these, few flowers will be more satisfactory than the dahlia during the late summer and early autumn, when flowers are appreciated best because of their scarcity.

We have few better flowers for cutting than the single and semi-double dahlias with their rich and varied colors. They last well, are graceful in habit, and are easily arranged in bowls or tall vases. The soil about the plants should be kept light and open, and stakes should be provided to tie the main stalks to, to prevent their being blown over or broken by high winds.

The gladiolus is the flower, *par excellence*, for the amateur florist. It requires the minimum of care and gives the maximum of beauty. Plant the bulbs any time after the coming of warm weather, up to the middle of June, four inches deep, in a light, mellow, rich soil, and keep the weeds down about them. Beyond this they ask nothing. Some early varieties, if planted early in the season, will begin to bloom in July; but most kinds will wait until August. The rich and varied show of color to be obtained by the outlay of a very small amount of money in gladioli bulbs will give quite as much surprise as gratification to those not familiar with its possibilities. The cheap, mixed collections contain all colors common to the family, and many plants will produce flowers quite as fine, in all respects, as those of the more expensive, named varieties. In this respect the gladiolus is like the pansy: there may be a general resemblance, but closer inspection will convince you that it is difficult to find two plants bearing flowers exactly alike. The gladiolus is one of our best flowers for cutting. Its flowers last for a week or more, if the water in which the stalks are placed is changed daily. Half-grown buds will develop into perfect flowers, a little lighter in color than those grown out of doors, perhaps, but otherwise quite as fine.

Sweet peas, as usually grown, give but few flowers at this season; but it is an easy matter to have these most charming flowers until the coming of very cold weather. To begin with, the seed should be sown early in the season,—in April, if possible,—in trenches six inches deep. Cover the seed to the depth of an inch only, at first. As the plants shoot up, draw soil about them until you have the trench filled. When the first buds appear clip them off, and prevent the plants from flowering any before the latter part of July. It may seem cruel to do this; it may involve some sacrifice on your part, if you are fond of this flower; but what you lose now will be fully made up for later, and I am confident sweet peas in August and September will be more highly appreciated than during the summer, when there are so many other flowers to enjoy. If you do not feel willing to put off the enjoyment of them, have a little patch for early blooming; by picking the blossoms constantly, allowing none to go to seed, the blooming season can be greatly prolonged. During the hot, dry, midsummer season, keep the ground about the plants well covered with grass clippings from the lawn. When these decay, dig them into the soil and spread on fresh ones. In this way the roots of the plants can be kept from getting dry, and this is of the greatest importance. In fact, you cannot grow good sweet peas in a dry soil.

When the crop of August flowers begins, go over the plants every day and remove every blossom as it fades. It is very important that no seed be allowed to form. Reserve all the strength and vitality of the plant for the formation of flowers. Sweet peas will be found among the most useful of all flowers for cutting; but never try to "arrange" them. Let them do that for themselves. Gather them with long stems, bunching them loosely in the hand; when you have all you think you need,—do not have so many that they will

crowd each other,—simply drop the stems into the vase or bowl and give them a shake, and they will "arrange" themselves in a more satisfactory manner than you could attain if you were to work over them all day.

The scarlet salvia is one of the flowers to depend on for a brilliant show this month. Nothing excels it in magnificent color. It is so intense that a clump of it seems to pervade the whole garden with brilliancy. It glows like fire in the blaze of the sun. This is another good flower for cutting.

Pansies, from seed sown in spring, should be coming into bloom. While the weather is warm they cannot be expected to give large flowers; but when cooler weather comes, the blossoms will increase in size and richness of color, and September and October—yes, even cold November, with its threats of snow—will give you finer flowers than you found in your pansy-bed in April. The pansy is essentially a fall flower, though we have some fine ones in spring.

In the border, the perennial phlox should be out in full glory. We have no herbaceous plant that excels this in strong color-effect. The trusses of flowers are so large, the individual blossoms so thickly set on every cluster, and each stalk so sure to be crowned with bloom, that a three-year-old clump gives an almost solid mass of color,—which can be said of few other plants. The scarlet and rose varieties are very beautiful, and every collection should include some of the milky white kinds, to afford contrast with varieties of more vivid color. This plant is so entirely hardy, so easily grown, and so profuse a bloomer, that it is one of the best border-plants we have.

Every garden should have its bed of hollyhocks. If it has not, it is not what it ought to be. A great clump of scarlet and yellow and white varieties is sure to attract everybody's attention. Give them a place in the background if your garden is small. If large, give them a prominent place on the lawn. Grow them once, and you will not willingly be without them again.

If chrysanthemums are planted out in the garden they must receive good care this month. They will be getting ready to form buds, and water and food must be given in liberal quantities. Too much of either can hardly be given.

Tea-roses and others of the ever-blooming class should be getting ready for the autumn campaign, but they cannot do this satisfactorily without some assistance from you. Cut back the old branches to strong and healthy buds (branch, not flowering, buds). Make the soil rich, and keep the ground mulched with grass-clippings. As soon as the dry spell is past, or, rather, the hot spell, they will begin to make vigorous growth, and every shoot will be terminated with a cluster of buds.

Asters are not generally "out" much before the latter part of the month, at the north. September is their season, but they should receive some attention now. At this season an aphid often works about their roots. If not discovered promptly he soon injures the plants to such an extent that it is impossible to save them. He can be put to rout by making a tea of tobacco and pouring it about the roots of the plants. Do this as soon as you find the first one.

Among the shrubs and vines, honeysuckles and clematis hold the first place for late summer flowering, and every home should have some of these delightful plants growing about door and window and veranda. Nothing adds a finer touch of grace to the home than the embroidery a vine makes. Morning-glories are excellent all-season bloomers.

Hybrid perpetual roses should be cut back well, have a rich soil given, and free growth encouraged. On branches formed and developed at this season fall flowers will be produced in moderate quantities; and what is more enjoyable than a beautiful rose at a time when few of them are to be had?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss M. F. Cain, of Lancaster, recently passed successfully the examination of the State Pharmaceutical Examining Board of Pennsylvania. She was the only woman applicant.

Miss Kate Sessions is the leading florist of San Diego, Cal. She does not consider her college education too good to apply to the cultivation of nature's most exquisite productions.

The Countess of Aberdeen made about \$100,000 from the Irish village at the World's Fair. It will be used to promote domestic industry among Irish peasants.

Carolina Bruse and Agnes Kjellberg, two Swedish ladies, have received honorable mention at the Paris Salon for sculpture. The latter holds the scholarship of the Swedish Academy.

All the members of the school board in Tiverton, R. I., are women; and the superintendent says the schools of that town are the best conducted in the State.

Miss Callie French, of St. Louis, has been made a United States pilot for vessels on the Mississippi River. She is twenty-two years old, and knows the river thoroughly from St. Louis to New Orleans.

Mrs. Eva M. Blackman is a Police Commissioner of Leavenworth, Kan., and also the editor and proprietor of a Populist paper. She is twenty-seven years old. She believes that right ought to conquer wrong, and advocates reform.

There are nearly 40,000 women cyclers in the United States. New England and New York claim half of this number; but with good roads the sport is fast spreading in the West, and it is only a question of time before the East will hold second place in numbers.

Mrs. Julia Josephine Irvine, who has been chosen acting president of Wellesley College, was graduated from Cornell University in 1885, and was for several years a teacher in New York City. She afterward became a student of Leipsic University, and in 1890 was appointed professor of Greek in Wellesley.

Queen Victoria speaks ten languages fluently. The queen's granddaughter-in-law, the German Empress, is also clever as a linguist. She surprised her guests at a recent court entertainment by talking Norwegian to one of them who came from that country. She plays the violin very well, and when she and her husband manage to get a quiet evening together, they generally devote it to music.

Mrs. James G. Blaine is working steadily upon the life of her husband. The family have all been doing literary work. Mrs. Blaine is to do more than collect the material for Gail Hamilton to write. She is a literary woman herself, and the two will collaborate. The son and the daughter help to get up the material.

Miss Frances Willard has returned to the United States, improved in health and with renewed energy, after an absence of a year and a half, and the great reception tendered her in New York took on the character of a jubilee. Officers and leading members of Temperance Societies all over the country were present to welcome the honored and loved President of the World's and National W. C. T. U., and she was the recipient of many gifts of a substantial character.

Miss Badger, about forty-six years ago, started an Institution for the blind in Birmingham, England, and has held up to the present day the post of honorable lady superintendent. She began with only seven pupils, but these gradually increased, and in 1848 Islington House was opened for twenty-five pupils. Miss Badger's work having become gradually recognized as a public good. In 1852 a new building was opened. For some time more space still has been required, and a new Blind Institution has been built and was opened recently.

A woman in Farmington township, Ohio, in 1866 conceived the plan of constructing a sidewalk from her home to the village, a distance of two and a half miles. She headed a subscription list which was presented to women only, and collected and disbursed \$225 in money, besides soliciting and procuring many times that amount in work. She personally superintended the construction of bridges and culverts, and assisted in the grading. The sidewalk is in good repair today, and for twenty-eight years has been a monument of what one unpretending woman can accomplish when backed by energy and perseverance.

Sanitarian.

Visiting the Sick.

PHYSICIAN once told a patient, who he suspected was receiving too many calls from over-solicitous friends, to make a stroke with a pencil on a piece of paper every time he was asked "How are you today?" The following day the physician was presented with the paper, and on counting the strokes found there were just twenty-four of them. From that moment no more visitors were allowed to enter the sick man's chamber; the physician grimly remarking to the attendants that if his patient must be killed, it should be done humanely and scientifically.

Unless a person has actually been ill and been bored by friends, he has little appreciation of the effect it has on an invalid to be obliged to answer even a single question a couple of dozen times or so, daily, asked by as many different individuals. But if only the visitors would be content with this formal salutation it could perhaps be tolerated; but they never are, and when the minute details of one's particular ailment have been patiently gone over and over again, daily, it naturally becomes depressing, and even irritating, to the most forbearing disposition.

Many persons while visiting the sick become animated with an irrepressible desire to "do something" for the invalid. They frequently forget, or do not know, that rest and quiet are often two invaluable agents in securing a restoration to health.

It is a good rule to remember that when one is really ill he desires, above all things else, to be let alone. To be constantly forcing one's presence upon the sick and repeatedly assuring them that you desire to do something for them, when all is being done by nurses and regular attendants that is required and proper, may display a truly sympathetic and unselfish nature, but it likewise displays poor judgment.

It is an easy matter to be over-zealous in one's attention to the sick. A sympathetic woman while visiting a hospital became overwhelmed with a desire to aid with her own hands in making the occupants comfortable. She accordingly bustled up to a sick man's bed and asked, in gentle tones: "Can't I do something for you, sir?"

The man shook his head.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I do so want to do something. Can't I bathe your face?"

The man nodded, and in a few moments she was happy in the thought that she was doing something for the poor sick man. When she had completed this task to her satisfaction she again asked, "Now, mayn't I bathe your feet?"

"Madam," replied the man, "thirteen other ladies have bathed my feet today, and really there is no reason why you should not, too."

The next day after the disastrous cyclone that visited Pomeroy, Iowa, last summer, I was in one of the tents where a number of the injured were receiving care. While there a young lady came in, and hurrying to a cot on which was stretched a young man with the covers pulled up tightly about his shoulders, looking helpless and miserable, asked,

"What can I do for you?"

"Nuthin'," replied the man.

"Oh, well, I can fan you, anyway;" and she picked up a huge palm-leaf fan and commenced fanning him vigorously.

The poor fellow submitted patiently for some time, but finally said:

"Say, miss, I guess you'd better fan that other feller for a while," nodding his head toward the next cot; "I'm havin' a chill just now."

Only today I visited a sick woman who, when questioned about her calls from friends, said to me: "Oh, if they would only not keep asking me if I don't want this or that, and would keep the doors shut, and would leave their squeaking shoes outside, I wouldn't mind their coming in so much; but I do so need rest;" and she wearily closed her tired eyes.

And so it sometimes happens that over-zealous people, instead of calming and soothing the pillow of pain and unrest, actually render, by their importunities, the misfortune of illness, with all its attendant discomforts, more grievous than it otherwise would be. Their well-meant but misdirected efforts prove an annoyance to the attending physician, a bane to the nurses, and a source of misery to the helpless, indefensible patient; yet everyone shuns the task of informing them that their attentions are superfluous and harmful, since they are actuated by kindly motives. Nevertheless, it is sometimes incumbent upon some person in authority to gently but firmly repress excessive attention to the sick. Unfortunately there are persons who regard it as a piece of effrontery to be told that the doctor has forbidden visitors entering the sick-room. They somehow feel that all their efforts have been unappreciated, and that some other reason besides the real one has prompted the mandate. I have known the friendship of years to be broken in this way.

Intimate friends and acquaintances who do not wish to resort to the formality of sending their cards to the invalid's house may make a brief call and leave them, but should never for a moment think of entering the sick chamber unless especially requested to do so. Usually one's good sense and judgment, when so admitted, will determine from the surroundings and the condition and desires of the sick one whether such a call should be soon repeated.

Always when visiting a sick person endeavor to sit where the invalid may see you without making an effort to do so. Under any circumstances it is always more satisfactory to see the person to whom one is talking; and nothing is more fatiguing to an invalid than to be obliged to twist into an uncomfortable position in order to see the visitor. The good effect of the most cheery talk will be nullified by the fatigue of the effort. And don't speak of depressing subjects; above all, refrain from talking of similar cases that you have known or heard of, unless by doing so you can make the sufferer more hopeful. Tell all the bright, cheery things you can, retail pleasant bits of news; but don't stay too long, even though urged to remain.

Sending choice flowers to a sick friend is usually considered a delicate way of remembering them, and is a custom usually devoid of harmful results. I say "usually," as I have now and then encountered a huge pitcher in the sick-room, stuffed with a motley array of blossoms that exhaled their mixed odors with a suffocating prodigality, and tired the eye and wearied the brain with their anomalous association of colors. Flowers in the sick-room should be used as sparingly as perfume on a lady's handkerchief.

The habit of sending fruit and tempting dishes to an invalid should only be indulged in after a conference with the attending physician or nurse, who usually regulates the diet with nearly as much precision as the doses of medicine are regulated. It is, therefore, as presumptuous to offer your favorite invalid-dish to a sick friend as it is to urge a trial of the particular remedy that once cured you of an illness.

Persons suffering from a chronic disease or who are only partially indisposed may receive an almost unlimited amount of attention without harm. Indeed, to such, a pleasant call from a friend often means an interval of self-forgetfulness, a buoying up of spirits and mental exhilaration that is not only enjoyable but health-giving. It is toward those who are acutely ill that people should be guarded in their attentions.

SARA A. KIME, M.D.

Our Girls.

A Vacation Morning.



UT under the rose-arbor in the pleasant front yard of the parsonage, Betty Dexter, the minister's only daughter, and her room-mate at college, pretty Rose Houston, in their fresh summer gowns were chatting merrily with Mamma Dexter while they relieved a great dish of strawberries of their stems.

Betty, a college senior now, was scarcely a beauty, though her handsome, smiling brown eyes made one forget any little irregularity of feature. And though everyone in college, at least in the upper classes, knew that she was only a minister's daughter, and though any girl with half an eye could trace the transmigration progress in her hats and dresses, and knew that she could never give a really handsome spread, yet no girl within the college gates was so popular as Betty Dexter. No girl had so many invitations for vacation, so many engagements to walk, drive, row, and go into the city; but nearly all of her vacations were spent at home with the ever-busy mother and the delicate father, who made many self-denials in order to meet the slender college-bills. With her this summer, by special request of the mother, had come her room-mate, little Rose Houston, the orphan heiress from New Orleans, who loved Betty better than she loved anyone else in the wide world.

"Ours is a tiny dot of a home," said Betty, "and mother and I do most of the work together; but you will have a royal welcome, dear." And Rose, being a genuine though a very desultory sort of girl, by reason of her long years of orphanage and years of traveling about with a maid and her guardian, had been more than glad to come.

On the little table in the rose-arbor, beside Mrs. Dexter's mending-basket, was a volume of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which the ladies had been reading in turn.

"There is such a musical swing to those last verses," said Rose, "that one is forced to remember them:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

"But really," said Betty, "it is only the purest selfishness to be kind and generous to others, for the reward is so sweet."

"And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers, I suspect," said Mrs. Dexter, as the sound of a tally-horn from the coach of a neighboring mountain-resort was heard rolling in peculiar cadence among the echoes. "It is a charming day for a coaching party."

A nearer sound, however, attracted their attention before the coach could reach the gate,—a sound of the querulous, high, cracked voice of an old woman in gown and bonnet that may have been bravely fashionable fifty years ago.

"So glad to find you at home, Betty, and your ma, too. Walked all the way from Chatham's Mills on purpose to see ye and hear all about the college. I hain't seen ye in a long time, and I have been longing for a sight of your sweet face."

They gave her a cordial greeting, this old Aunt Hetty from Blake's Corners, and Betty kissed, with genuine affection, the withered face, once outwardly beautiful and now shining with inward goodness, which action Rose noticed with a bit of jealousy; for Rose expected her friends to be very loyal to her, and loyalty, from her standpoint, meant caring much for her and little for others. It was a part of her education, and perhaps no one could blame her. Indeed, one reason why she had so gladly accepted the invitation to the parsonage had been that she wished to have Rose all to herself. At college, someone was always seeking her; but here she thought it would be otherwise. Yesterday, however, there

had been a Sunday-school class to entertain, and here was the old lady. The coaching party would take them both away, no doubt; and certainly at Mrs. Dexter's age she, and not the daughter, would be the proper one to entertain Aunt Hetty. So Rose settled the affair in her own mind.

It was a gay company on the great coach, with a little grig of a bugler and twenty young people on top, while the chaperons were snugly bestowed inside. If you doubt whether so many could find space on a mountain tally-ho, just present the problem and the coach to a party of that size, on a fine summer morning, and they will speedily prove the truth of my statement.

Two smiling young men, in summer flannels, and cheeks reddened by the brisk drive, were on the ground before the coach had time to stop, and were making their salutations to the ladies and their request to Mrs. Dexter. They were going to Eagle Cliff for a day's outing; party well chaperoned, horses and driver absolutely reliable. Could the young ladies join them? And a chorus of girlish voices added their entreaties, while the boy-bugler blew a delicately suggestive little songlet out into the air by way of flattering invitation.

Aunt Hetty's old eyes filled with tears of disappointment, but she bravely winked them back before anyone could see them,—so she thought.

"Got up at five o'clock, did all the work, tramped over to Zene Lucas' to catch a ride on his milk-cart, and then walked three miles more from the Mills in the hot sun, and all for nothing," she was thinking. "But, dear me! I was a pretty girl once myself, and had my good times, too." So it chanced that what she said, in all sincerity and earnestness, was almost convincing. "Do go right along, Betty. I shall be over again in a few days, mebbe, and this will give me a nice chance to visit with your ma." And by avoiding Betty's eye the old lady considered that she had made a very neat thing of her hard task.

Rose turned eagerly to Mrs. Dexter and waited; but Betty took the old, withered hands that were nervously clasping and unclasping in excitement, and without a shadow of regret on lips or in her heart, said:

"I am so much obliged to you, Tom, but I have other pleasures on hand for today. But Miss Houston will go, I think. You have never seen Eagle Cliff, dear," she continued, turning to her friend, "and it is glorious up there in the darkness of the pines."

But the sunny face of the heiress was clouded with disappointment; and to hide that look from Aunt Hetty's sharp eyes, Betty drew her friend quietly away to the house to prepare for the drive.

"Tain't no matter about me at all," said Aunt Hetty. "Betty won't stay at home on my account, will she?" asked the wavering old voice.

"She said that she had some pleasant plans for to-day," answered the mother, with a loving glance down the walk where her daughter was waving her hand to the departing coachers.

You may think that the girl was practicing self-denial; but her mother detected no trace of regret or disappointment in the dear face, and Aunt Hetty had one of the happiest days of her whole life,—a day remembered with deepest gratitude to the last of her soon-closing life.

Looking over photographs is a commonplace amusement to most of us; but when one's eyes have seen just about the same sights year after year, for over fifty years, until the world seems made up of little brown farmhouses and barns and sheds, and the church and store once a week, then a glimpse of handsome buildings, broad lawns diversified with picturesque cottages and groups of pretty girls scattered about under the trees, of art treasures gleaming in marble whiteness, of smooth waters covered with dancing boats

rowed by girlish oarsmen, of study parlors decorated and cushioned in the last and daintiest fashion of college girls,—then, I say, looking over photographs ceases to be commonplace.

Betty had no end of pleasant stories to tell of the college life; of its good times and disappointments; of the days when she visited the great city and walked through the busy streets which Aunt Hetty had never seen; of the concert when Betty had been showered with roses by her enthusiastic classmates, and how some of the roses were as large across as a saucer, and so sweet; of the days when she worked so busily to re-fashion the three-seasons' old hats or gowns into dainty confections fit to be worn by the side of the gay head-gear of her companions. She lived over again all her pleasant college-days, her freshman hopes, sophomore ambitions, and junior triumphs. She brought out Rose's banjo, and made Aunt Hetty's face shine with youthful delight as she sang the lively boating-songs and rollicking tunes beloved of college girls and men. For Aunt Hetty had been a lively girl, too, in her day, and loved merry times. She would always be a little gayer in spirit, a little less

likely to sit down in her old brown, worn room and think of her bereavements, than she had been; and once in a while, out in the little orchard where not even the hired man could hear her, or by the winter hearth when the wise cat was asleep, she would hum to herself, with great satisfaction, some of these college airs.

They had a pretty luncheon of *bouillon*, lettuce sandwiches, fresh eggs, berries, and a great golden custard pie, Aunt Hetty's especial delight. Then Betty's deft fingers attacked the time-worn black bonnet, to make it look a little more "like folks," as its owner expressed it; and if a particular piece of black ribbon which was to have made a smart bow on her own little turban "made sunshine in a shady place," so to speak, on the dreary waste of that ancient piece of head-gear, I think that none of Betty's friends missed it, because under the turban was a face that made you forget what was above it.

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

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

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

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin,

with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back of the albums a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits; and being placed by themselves in the album they will not detract from the artistic effect of the pages containing the portraits. The album forms a very handsome ornament for the parlor or library, as well as a valuable source of entertainment, information, and reference, interesting to every member of the family.

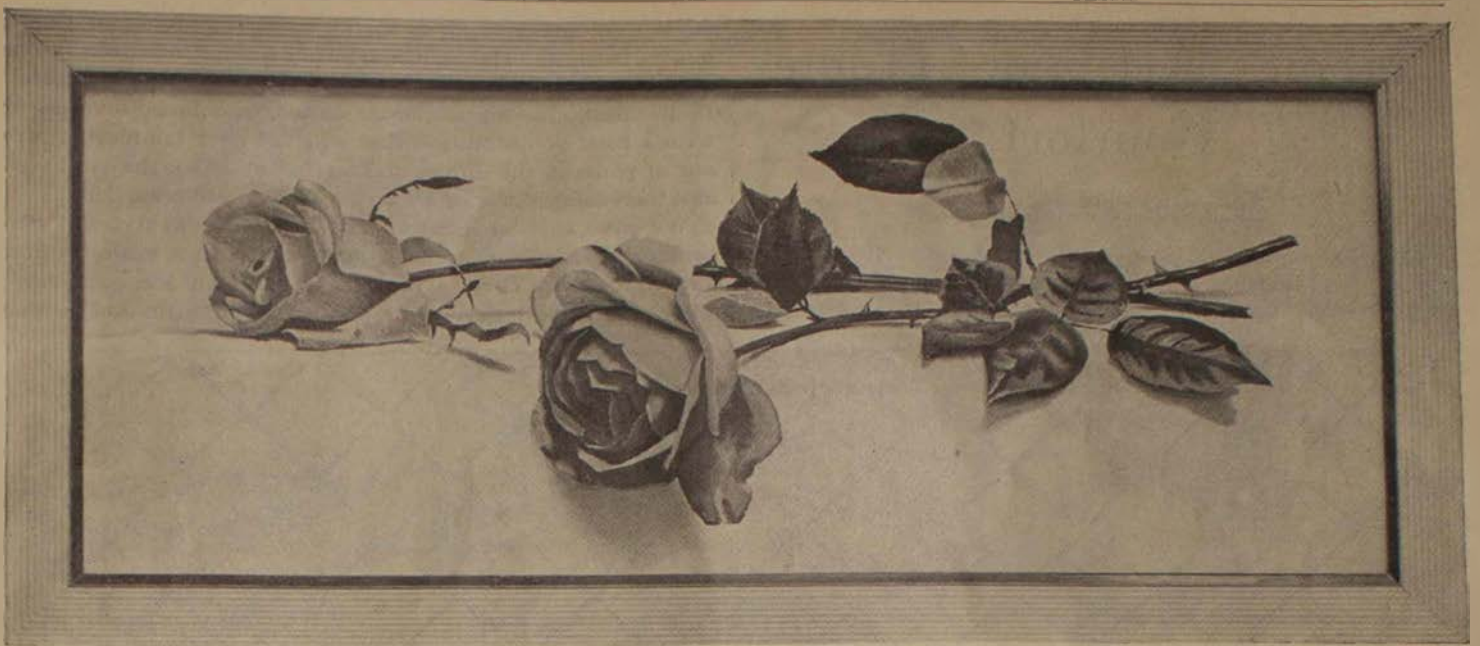
The superior quality of these half-tone portraits makes them equally as effective as photographs, which would cost from fifty cents to two dollars each, therefore the portraits we shall give during the year will be worth over one hundred dollars, for they would cost that sum if purchased in the regular way; besides, the photo-

graphs would be in different sizes, which would preclude uniformity in arrangement, and destroy the artistic effect that ours present when compactly arranged in the album.

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



DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.



"RIVAL BEAUTIES."
In White-and-Gold Frame.

Exquisite Frames for the Large Pictures
Given in Demorest's Magazine.

PICTURE without a frame is like a gem without a setting. The stone may be a jewel of fine water, but its fire and beauty can only be properly exhibited in an effective setting. The same is true of a picture. Indeed, an appropriate frame becomes a part of the picture itself, and the two together form the complete work of art.

As every housekeeper knows, a handsomely framed picture is one of the most effective articles in parlor furnishing. Of course the picture itself must be worthy of its setting; and both as a unit impart an air of culture and refinement to the apartment, and always evidence the good taste and intelligence of the owner.

No more thoroughly excellent works of art have ever been placed within the reach of the public than those which are given with DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. Each picture is a superior example of its class, whether in oil, water-color, or gravure; and the success of the past is the promise of even higher excellence in the future. The pictures already published would constitute a fine gallery in themselves, more than sufficient to decorate any parlor.

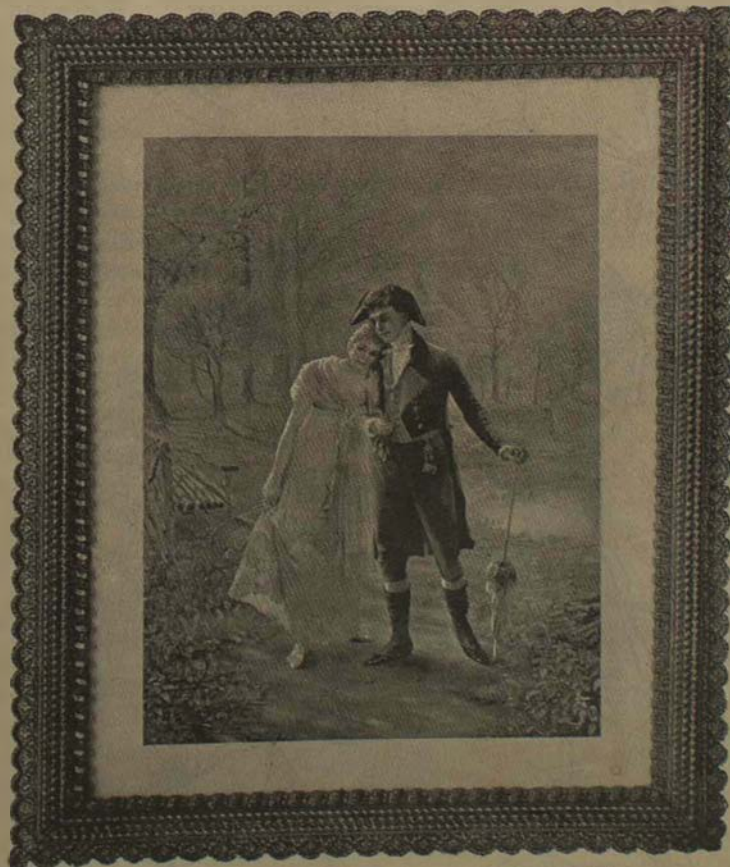
Our full-page pictures measure $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For these we furnish two varieties of frame. One is highly

ornamental and richly gilt, making a most superb setting for our works in oil; this frame is sent, transportation prepaid, for thirty-five cents. Another frame of the same dimensions, *i. e.*, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is equally desirable, owing to its peculiarly simple, unpretentious and yet thoroughly artistic effect. It is a flat band worked in the "reeded pattern," enameled a pure, glistening cream-white, and edged next the picture with a burnished strip of gold. It is an exquisite frame, specially adapted for water-colors, though it will answer perfectly for oils or gravures. The price of this frame, transportation prepaid, is twenty-five cents.

By way of contrast to our regular size we have prepared a frame measuring $7 \times 16\frac{1}{2}$ inches, to serve as a setting for our "Rival Beauties," one of the most beautiful flower-studies ever painted, which is given with this number. This frame is also of the reeded pattern, white enameled, with the inner edge of gold. The price of frame, transportation prepaid, is thirty cents.

The measurements given are all for the inside, or that portion of the frame next the picture. It should be remembered that when you receive these frames you will find them ready to slip your pictures in at once, without troublesome manipulation. The price, which in each case covers all cost of transportation, should be sent with your order, and full post-office address, to

W. JENNINGS DEMAREST,
15 East 14th Street,
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"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."
In Gilt Frame.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

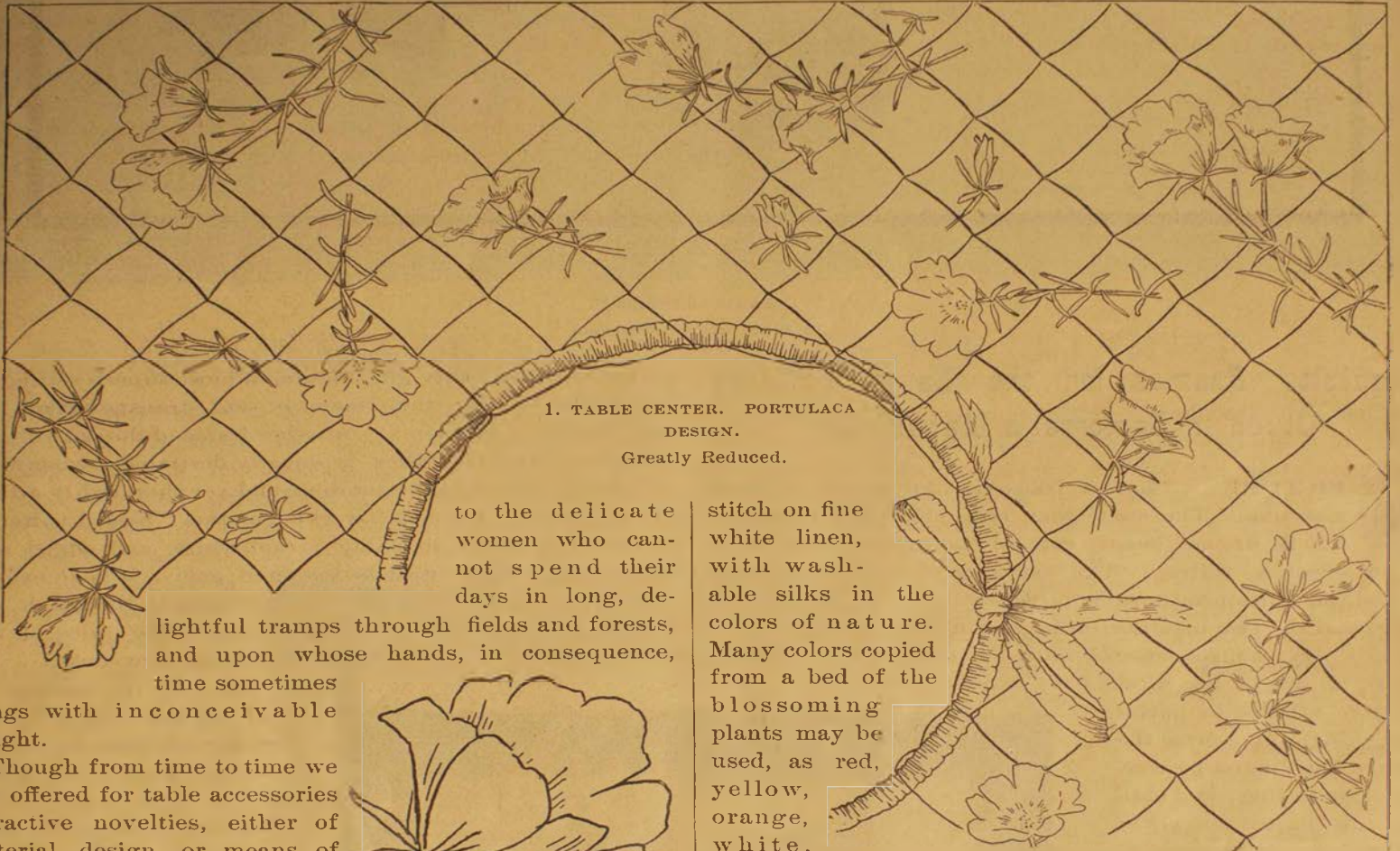
Ornamental Napery.



LONG summer days with idle hours on cool verandas are just the time when fascinating patterns and novel designs for fancy-work appeal most strongly

esteem so unvaryingly as all forms of embroidered linen; and as freshness and spotless purity are essential conditions of everything in connection with the table, this is natural. Doilies and table-centers, or tea-cloths, of delicate textiles, or with a kind of decoration that will not bear laundering, are out of place on the dinner and tea table; hence the continued and increasing favor of all styles of decoration on linen.

We give several illustrations with different styles of embroidering for table-centers, tea-cloths, and a table-runner. The first design is for a table center fifteen inches square. The portulaca design is to be worked in satin and outline



1. TABLE CENTER. PORTULACA DESIGN.
Greatly Reduced.

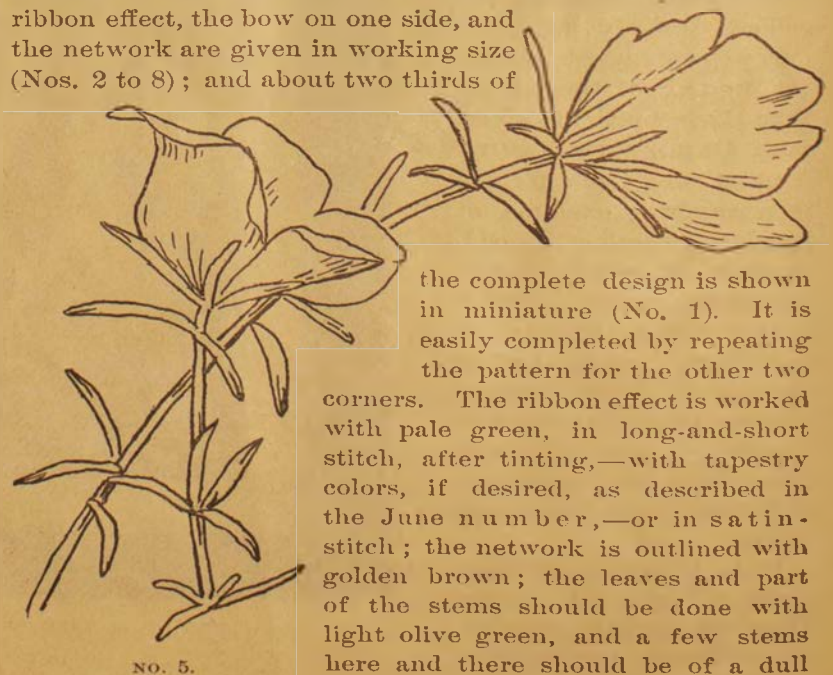
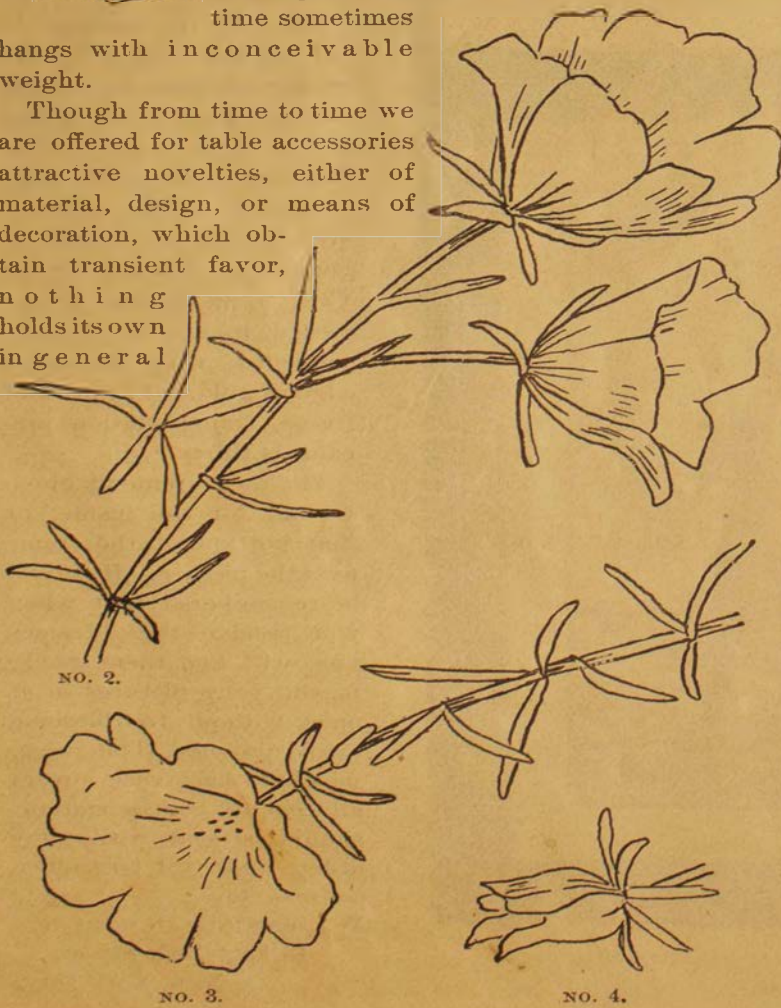
lightful tramps through fields and forests, and upon whose hands, in consequence, time sometimes hangs with inconceivable weight.

Though from time to time we are offered for table accessories attractive novelties, either of material, design, or means of decoration, which obtain transient favor, nothing holds its own in general

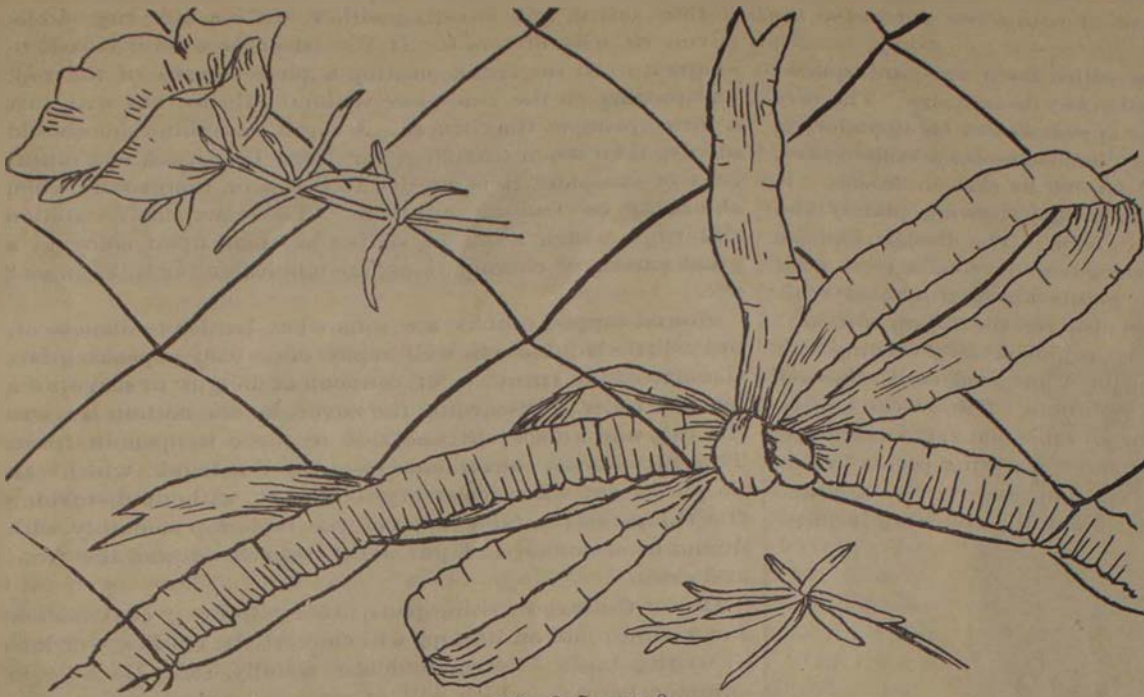
to the delicate women who cannot spend their days in long, de-

stitch on fine white linen, with washable silks in the colors of nature. Many colors copied from a bed of the blossoming plants may be used, as red, yellow, orange, white,

and pink; the effect can be made delicate and unobtrusive, like the Dresden flowerets, and it will harmonize with everything. If one color, as yellow or pink, be preferred, several shades should be used. All the flowers in the pattern, the ribbon effect, the bow on one side, and the network are given in working size (Nos. 2 to 8); and about two thirds of



the complete design is shown in miniature (No. 1). It is easily completed by repeating the pattern for the other two corners. The ribbon effect is worked with pale green, in long-and-short stitch, after tinting,—with tapestry colors, if desired, as described in the June number,—or in satin-stitch; the network is outlined with golden brown; the leaves and part of the stems should be done with light olive green, and a few stems here and there should be of a dull



NOS. 6, 7, AND 8.

reddish cast. Where the center of the flower shows it must be worked in French knots—seed-stitch—with orange silk.

Doilies can be made to match the table-center, either reducing the design, or simply using one corner of it and letting

ity in their forms. Work all the outlines in long-and-short buttonhole stitches. Quite an effect of shading can be given by the irregularity of the stitches, for which no rules can be given, as practice is the only teacher. The stamens and pistils in the centers of the flowers are worked with yellow silk, in knot and satin stitch.



WATER-LILY DESIGN FOR TABLE RUNNER. Much Reduced.

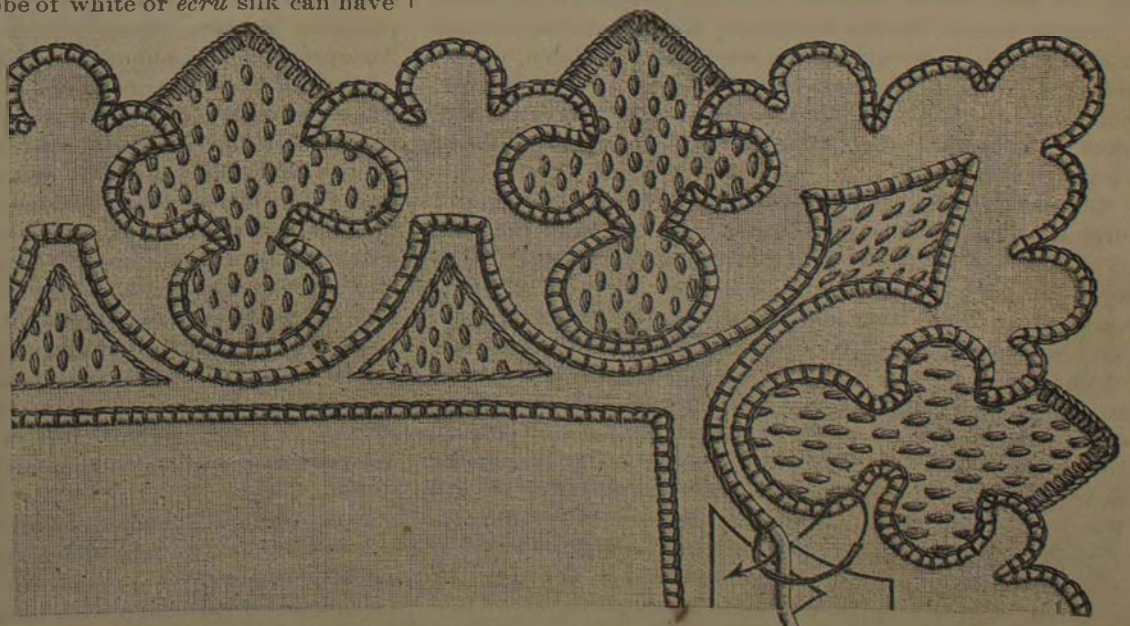
the network cover the whole doily. The edges may be buttonholed in scallops, or fringed out.

Many other pretty things can be made with this lovely design. A baby's carriage-robe of white or *écru* silk can have it painted or embroidered upon it, with a monogram or name in the center; or the ribbon effect can be omitted, and the network cover the whole ground. It would be pretty to paint the network and embroider the flowers, or *vice versa*.

A handsome sofa-cushion of light sage-green silk has an all-over network done in golden brown, with the flowers in old-rose, and the leaves dark green. This all-over pattern is very pretty also for handkerchief, glove, veil, and cravat cases, either worked or painted upon silk, pongee, linen, or chamois-skin.

A dainty fancy-work

match should measure between five and six inches in diameter. In making the table-runner the whole design may be traced on a strip of linen, or the flowers may be worked sep-



GOthic DESIGN FOR TEA-CLOTH. Working Size.

apron of pongee has the sides hem-stitched, and a fourteen-inch pocket, sloped to ten inches in the center, is turned up at the bottom. The whole pocket is embroidered with the portulaca design, the upper edge being finished with the ribbon effect in golden-brown; the flowers are in Jacqueminot shades, and the network in olive green.

The table-runner is a water-lily design worked with white silk on white twilled linen. The center flower is twelve and a half inches in diameter; those next it are ten and a half inches; and the end flowers are eight inches. Trace the outlines of the petals and their veinings on the linen with a lead-pencil, and avoid anything like regular-

The largest flower makes by itself a lovely plate-doily to use for luncheons when the table-cloth is dispensed with; and it can also be used on cake and bread plates. Finger-bowl doilies to

arately and attached to each other with a few stitches at the points of the petals.

The tea-cloth is made of fine twilled linen, one yard square; but, of course, it can be adapted to any desired size. The very effective Gothic design has the appearance of being underlaid by another cover, and it is very handsome for a table-center, which should measure about twelve by sixteen inches. A corner of the full-sized working design showing plainly the stitches used for working is given. The design can be repeated indefinitely. The white cord is couched on with yellow floss; the underlying points are buttonholed with pale green silk, which is used also for the filling stitches. Quite an Oriental effect can be achieved by working the design in dull blue and red, using a fine gold cord couched with red, and doing the filling with blue. Those who prefer white or very delicate colors for all table napery will admire the effect produced by working the underlying points in the palest sky blue,—just enough color to preserve the appearance of relief in the work,—and doing the couching in pure white.

Household.

Holiday Comforts.

SO much of the real comfort and rest of a holiday depends upon our surroundings that often the wisest and apparently most far-seeing plans in the arrangements for the outing are defeated by petty discomforts that could by no possibility have been foreseen. While grave thought must be given to the selection of the place for the outing, the wisdom of a serpent is needed in deciding what shall be packed for the journey. So largely does our comfort depend upon a wise choice in this respect,—the taking with us what we need and the leaving at home all that will simply inconvenience us by increasing our luggage and filling no earthly purpose,—that some plans which have succeeded will afford helpful suggestions to the housemothers, all over the length and breadth of the land, who, at this moment, with perplexed brows, are trying to solve the vexed problem more satisfactorily this year than last.

In the small rooms into which many people are crowded at summer resorts, trunks are usually found to be an unmitigated nuisance; not only in the way, but also liable, unless treated with the utmost respect and caution, to inflict jagged rents in gowns,—for who can guarantee the integrity of a trunk's bands and corners after it has been in the hands of a baggage smasher?

All this can be avoided by utilizing the trunks as pieces of furniture. In the following suggestions many hints that will prove useful at home the year round may be found. Make covers of different kinds and styles for all your trunks, according to their size and shape. Low steamer-trunks serve as comfortable divans when covered with a cushion, which should be just the size of the top of the trunk, and filled with hair, moss, excelsior, or cotton-batting; denim, cretonne, cotton *crêpe*, or Canton flannel may be used for the cover, and a valance of the stuff, just clearing the floor, should be sewed all around it. Your little divan will take the place of two chairs, and be vastly more comfortable than the regulation, straight-backed, high, cane-seated affair found in country hotels and boarding-houses.

Large, high, flat-topped trunks are easily converted into tables by laying over the top a piece of stout pasteboard or

a thin board, and covering either with a silk rug, table-cover, or with cretonne. If the latter be used it is best to shape it to fit the trunk, cutting a piece the size of the top, and putting on the side-piece without fulness, but with just a little spring at the corners. A rug is something one should always take when traveling, for it can be turned to a multitude of uses, and it is needed to throw on the ground when sketching or reading outdoors. The inexpensive Italian silk rugs, which come in stripes of color upon color in a great variety of combinations, are admirable for this summer use.

Round-topped trunks are somewhat harder to dispose of, but a little trouble will well repay one. Get a packing-box the size of the trunk, or of convenient height to serve as a table or toilet. Discarding the cover, let the bottom serve as the top, and knock out one side to leave it open in front. This furnishes a convenient closet for the trunk, which can be pulled out when necessary to open it, without disturbing the things on the table. Cover the table top smoothly with denim or cretonne, and put a full valance around the front and sides.

One of the large writing-pads, fitted with every convenience for writing, laid on its top, will convert the trunk-cover into a writing-table,—a convenience usually sadly lacking in summer hotels,—which will encourage prompt attention to correspondence, and turn a task into a pleasure. If greater need is felt for a toilet-table, the box can be covered with light-colored Japanese *crêpe* or dotted Swiss, and converted into an attractive *Duchesse toilette*. In the illustration given, the curtains are hung from a brass rod which is fastened at the ends with tiny brackets. Another simple fashion, which gives a slight canopy effect over the mirror, is to suspend the drapery from a bird-cage bracket fastened above the mirror. *Crêpe* tissue-paper is also a pretty fabric for draping toilet tables, and much more durable than its name implies. The white paper will last a season, and the colored ones can be used for a year.

A most satisfactory toilet-table of this sort in a dressing-room where space was of much importance, but where it was necessary to place two trunks,—a large "Saratoga" and a steamer-trunk,—was a thing of beauty as well as a convenience. A table was made to cover the "Saratoga," upon which casters were put so it could be rolled forwards and backwards with ease. The table-top was generously broad, and a very convenient height; and the whole was covered with a rich cretonne of conventionalized pattern in shades of olive and dark crimson, the side piece, or valance, being put on with considerable fulness. An upright piece, about six inches high, covered smoothly with the cretonne, was fastened securely across the top at the back, and to it were screwed two metal brackets which supported a narrow shelf, also covered with cretonne. Two stout pieces of wood about an inch and a half wide and an inch thick, also covered with cretonne, were screwed to the back and served as uprights to support a fair-sized mirror in a neat black-walnut frame. Ornamental-headed screws, run through the uprights and into the mirror-frame on the sides, held it securely, and allowed it to tilt when wanted. This arrangement of the mirror gave a much more finished effect to the toilet-table than would have been possible if it had been hung on the wall back of it, and made any draping of the wall and mirror superfluous. The steamer-trunk was covered with a curtain and valance, and served as a divan.

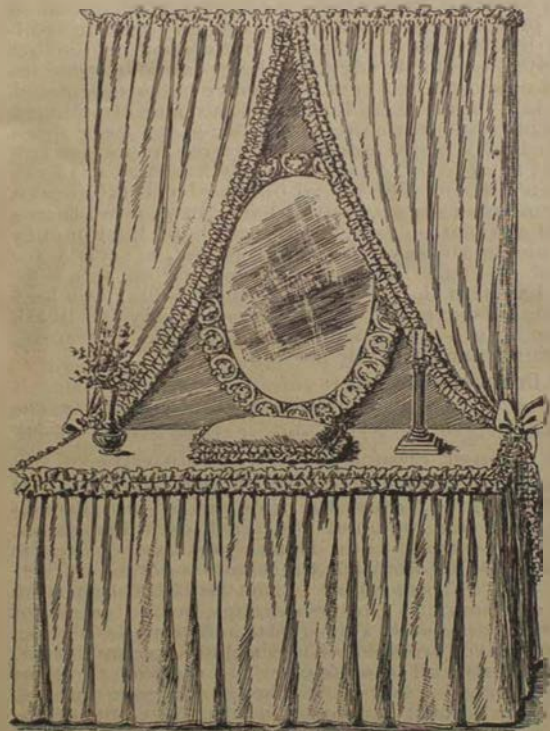
Still another convenient cover for a round-topped trunk is a board, as long and as broad as the trunk, fitted with supports at the ends shaped to the curve of the trunk. These end-pieces are attached with hinges, so they can be shut flat (see illustration) for convenience in packing. Such a board

could be lashed to a steamer-chair and both checked together. A cretonne cover can be made for it, or a table-cover used.

If planning for a long stay in one place, it more than pays to take many comforts with one that when journeying from place to place would not be enjoyed enough to recompense one

for the trouble of the additional impedimenta. The Japanese rush mats are very light, take up little room, cost but ten cents apiece, and are convenient when sitting on veranda steps; or they can be easily hung on the arm when taking long tramps, to afford that necessary protection from damp ground when resting which delicate people require.

Hammocks are so generally recognized as indispensable in all plans for summer out-of-door life that it were a waste of time and words to set forth the advantage of taking them; but the luxury of the steamer-chair is not so generally appreciated, and yet the restful comfort it affords is unequalled by anything but the most expensive and luxurious



DUCHESS TOILET-TABLE.

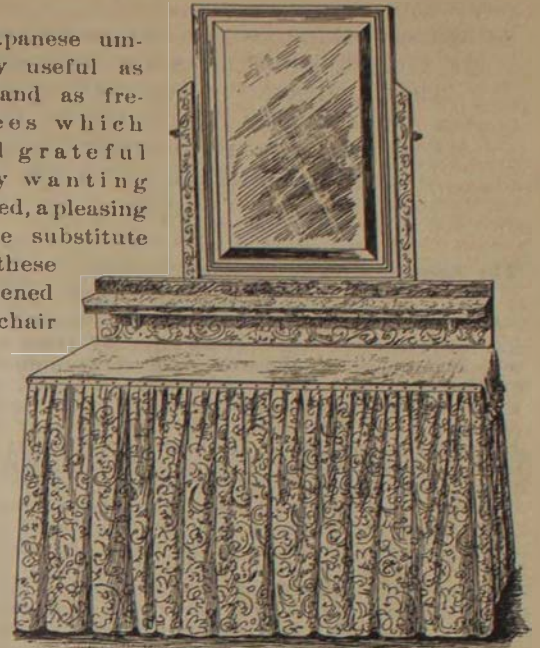
a variety of durable covers suitable for the hard usage of a sea-voyage or for out-of-door life. Denim and pongee are most used on shipboard, but for country use all the host of pretty, inexpensive upholstery fabrics are suitable.

Two or three head-cushions in serviceable covers that can be laundered are a great convenience; but if space for packing forbids their being taken, make several cases of cretonne or denim to slip over your bed pillows. The open end can be fastened with buttons and buttonholes or tied with ribbons; and no one can object to the pillows thus protected being used outdoors.

Although immunity from mosquitoes is usually guaranteed, there is yet to be found a country paradise where flies do not abound; and as even one fly is perfectly capable of murdering sleep, and many a coveted morning nap has been sacrificed to these pests, it is a wise precaution to defend yourself with a mosquito net. A very simple arrangement for hanging a net was suggested in "Household" in the

July number. Another way, equally as simple, is to use a Japanese umbrella for a canopy top, cutting off the handle, of course, and suspending it from the ceiling by a cord or chain.

The large Japanese umbrellas are very useful as lawn shelters, and as frequently the trees which ought to afford grateful shade are sadly wanting where most needed, a pleasing and picturesque substitute will be found in these umbrellas; fastened over a steamer-chair they render the occupant delightfully independent of shifting and fickle shade. An illustrated article upon "Garden Shelters" published in Demorest's for July, 1893,



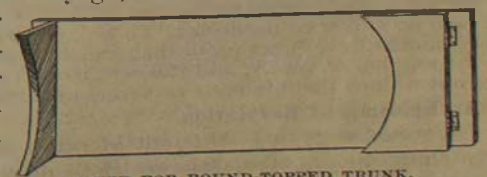
A TRANSFORMED "SARATOGA."

gives many suggestions for increasing the comfort of both invalids and children, and making them comparatively free from weather conditions in out-of-door life.

The general adoption of the veranda as a summer parlor has led to many experiments in the way of shades or awnings for protection from wind, light showers, and sun, but nothing is better for the purpose than bamboo shades; they are mounted on rollers, so they are as easily raised and lowered as window-shades. They can be bought now for \$1 upward, and are for sale in most of the furnishing shops.

Frequently in country hotels and farmhouses little or no provision is made for hanging clothes; and yet we need it in summer more than any other season of the year. The small look-racks which take up but little room and can be easily fastened up on a door will be a convenience in such a place; and if a long stay is made it pays to have several, and also to take a cretonne curtain to hang over them. A portière of some thin cotton stuff to hang before the door is also a great comfort; for you can thus preserve your privacy and at the same time leave your hall door open to create a circulation of air. Here and there a summer hotel may be found where they have wakened up to a realization of the comforts which our present civilization calls necessities, and supplied these needs; but unless you know where you are going it is best to be provided with them.

Some fastidious women always seem to carry a bit of home with them wherever they go, and if they tarry only a few days in a place their rooms wear a home-like aspect during their brief occupancy. This pleasantness is achieved by taking a few bits



COVER FOR ROUND-TOPPED TRUNK.

of home with one,—little ornaments of life, which take almost no room, and are not troublesome to pack. A bureau-scarf of some sort,—dotted Swiss, with a ruffle or lace edged, is always fresh-looking,—a pincushion, one or two vases for the wild flowers we are always gathering, and a few photographs will in a trice transform a dreary room into a cheerful abiding-place.

E. A. FLETCHER.

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 Assassination of President Carnot.

Vanity is commonly held responsible only for minor sins, whose extreme punishment should be disdain. But vanity has always been the provocative of the darkest crimes of which humanity is capable. Most scoundrels are enormous egotists. Vanity alone—and what a small, mean vanity it was!—inspired Wilkes Booth to his ugly deed. Vanity, supplemented by revenge, itself only another form of vanity, directed the weapon of Guiteau. And vanity has now led an Italian ruffian to take the life of Sadi Carnot. Does any one doubt that visions of fame mingled with the bloody reveries of the murderer? One can almost follow his inmost thoughts: "I may escape with my life; but I devote my existence here on this earth, and I believe in no other, to make myself famous. As long as histories are written, they will have to mention *me*. They will condemn *me*, no doubt; but for all that *my* name will live. Some will say, 'He was a patriot and slew a tyrant.' Others will call me a murderer. No matter; they must read *my* name in their books. It will pay. I will destroy a man against whom I have no complaint, so that I may go down to posterity and not be forgotten." In a way the rascal argued correctly. To suppress his name would be only to make it more prominent, as was the case with that other petty scoundrel who burned the temple of Ephesus. Therefore let his name be known so long as posterity cares to trouble itself with the act of one of the stupidest of human malformations.

But these semi-sentient monsters are dangerous entities. There are evil men, too cowardly to murder, themselves, but with the will and the skill to manipulate pliable tools. After such an event as Carnot's death it might be an interesting study to observe who are they who benefit by his taking off. But to ascend from the subterranean caverns of policy, the fact that the Italian is one of that body of men who call themselves "anarchists" is a fact unfortunate for those who profess themselves adherents of those principles. What is it that anarchy requires? The answer is, not good government, honest administrators, perfect laws, equal distribution of rights among all men. No, not at all. Your true anarchist preaches *no* laws, *no* government, *no* administration of anything whatsoever. The individual, he affirms, should be self-governing, above all laws, above all restraint. In himself he should govern himself, and should not be responsible to his neighbor for any act. If men were seraphs, such a system might obtain; but as men are now constituted, laws, restrictions, and executions are quite evidently necessary. The anarchist proper, whatever his pretensions, believes in his heart that *he* is the person who should be chosen for office of honor and emolument. Put the civilized world into the condition he advocates today, and tomorrow would find him striving for despotism in his own person. What is it but the worst of tyrannies when these men claim the power and right to send out emissaries to slaughter other human beings because they wear certain insignia? What is anarchy, as we know it now, but the meanest, vilest, and most antiquated of despotisms—the power of the assassin's blade or bullet? If among those professing the theories of anarchy there are any humane, sensible creatures, if all alike are not devoured with vanity, and cankered to the soul with mean egotism, let them begin a dispensation of charity and intelligence. Let them teach men to be worthy of individual freedom, to be fit to govern themselves, to be large enough, gentle enough, *manly* enough to live so that the law which now chafes the criminal, throttles the scoundrel, and environs the weak and pitiable false-dealer, shall no longer be necessary. To kill, or to preach the doctrines of murder, is a direct proof that anarchy, as now formulated, is the religion of vanity, and the very worst tyranny the world has known since the infamous emperors of falling Rome.

An Epidemic of Revolution.

It would seem that the spirit of revolt has taken possession of those minor nationalities which lie upon the outskirts of the older civilizations. The Brazilian Republic has not yet succeeded in stamping out the last sparks of rebellion in its remoter provinces, and the smoldering embers may again be blown into a devouring blaze by the breath of some demagogue, or by some error on the part of the government. The death of Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, was the signal for an outbreak among the incongruous materials composing that effete tyranny. As in all Oriental countries, where the harem is a nest of intrigue, and where the chief wife or the principal mother-in-law is always an active conspirator, the death of the ruler is the signal for a scuffle between opposing interests, represented, most commonly,

by weak-minded, weak-limbed, and utterly worthless elder sons, and equally feeble and worthless younger sons; the nobles—called so by courtesy—taking part with either claimant, according to their interests, and collecting their adherents to enforce their respective designs upon the treasury and taxes of their wretched, down-trodden country. But the rulers and viziers of Morocco are not so much to blame for the condition of affairs in that miserable Sultanate as are the politicians of cultured and Christian Europe, who secretly foster dissension among the fanatic Moors in order to acquire territory and money. The recent history of Egypt foreshadows the fate of Morocco.

The Central American Republics appear to exist, normally, in a state of rebellion. The election of a president is the signal for an uprising of the defeated party. The Nicaraguan insurrection has threatened the interests of the United States, through the canal which is building with our capital and labor; but in accordance with our doctrines, we have not sent a powerful fleet and crowded troopships thither to occupy the territory and establish a protectorate; though, adopting British precedents, we should have been justified in doing so. That weird, and almost unknown region, Corea, has passed through a minor political upheaval. The king, emperor, or whatever his title may be when translated into English, has felt the shock of national revolt. We know little of the internal condition of the country; but it is quite evident that the mass of the people are dissatisfied, and though the present outbreak has been put down, doubtless more will come of it in the near future.

Ploughing the Mire.

The present year is leaving a very dark stain upon the political history of our time. Public officials seem to be divided into two classes: one engaged in various acts of malfeasance, the other, busy investigating the doings of the malefactors. Between the two it is difficult to see where the regular executive functions of the State come in. An official is supposed to be elected or appointed to perform certain duties necessary to the well-being of the body of the people at large; but a good proportion of our incumbents appear to devote their valuable time to solemn inquest of misdoing brothers. We have had armor investigations, senatorial sugar-trust investigations, and municipal investigations. Our fine war-ships are alleged to have been wretchedly botched with plates costing enormous sums, yet full of blow-holes, and fit only to be expeditiously knocked to pieces by the vessels of an enemy. The model police of the metropolis of the Western hemisphere is accused of being little more than a cleverly organized association for the collection of hush-money and bribes,—as one might say, in sorrowful jest, a society for the encouragement of vice. The cost of investigation, too, is no small item; so, what with the expense of the original crookedness, and the official discovery of it, the taxpayer may justly ask if he has not some rights which somebody is bound to respect, particularly the high-salaried public servant.

The Dobbs Ferry Commemoration.

Although no great battle was fought at Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson, it was the scene of more than one of those events which, without sound of trumpet, clamor of drum, or fluttering of silk and bunting, made eras in our struggle for independence. It was here that Washington, after the coming of our French allies under Rochambeau, planned the Yorktown campaign, which closed the seven years' war. It was on this spot that he afterward arranged the details with the commander of our defeated enemy for the final departure of the British forces from our shores. We can imagine the two scenes in the career of that remarkable man enacted in this quaint old town,—the one, when his heart must have throbbed with mingled hope and terror, when he was about to risk all upon one cast, to sacrifice the lives of his trusting soldiers, the last of his beggared country's resources, and his own honor, perhaps his life, too; the other, when his desperate attempt had succeeded, when his reputation was secured for all time, when the foe he had fought so many years, under conditions which would have utterly crushed a weaker man, had acknowledged him victor, and, more, leaving him master of the bitterly contested field. It is well that a monument should be raised on the scene of these two events in the history of his life and of our national birth-years. The foundation stone of the proposed monument was laid with picturesque military and civic ceremonies June 14, 1894, under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, and the Historical Society.

The Cost of Strikes.

While society is constituted as at present, the question of cost must enter into every act or desire of our lives. Dress, food, amusement, study, all require some outlay of expense. The tremendous struggles between capital and labor which have marked the past twenty-five years in this country have devoured a sum equal to a large fraction of the national debt. The recent protracted strike of the soft-coal miners has cost in wages lost to the men over twelve million dollars; and to the mine companies and others interested, eight millions more. Add to this the cost of maintaining order by troops, and by a vast increase in the number of the ordinary civil officers in the various disturbed counties of the State involved in the strike, and we have still another heavy item of actual outlay. The right of the laborer to strike is no doubt inalienable; but it is a tremendously costly one to all parties, and should be enforced only as a last resort.

Women at Colleges.

The increase of opportunities for the education of girls and women does not keep pace with the demand. Were there twice as many schools and colleges for girls today, within the reach of the masses, they would be filled. Within a very few years past a great revolution has taken place among girls, in the direction of an expansion of the practical element in their natures, heretofore nearly dormant. A young girl now feels herself quite as capable of taking honors, not only at school and college, but in all employments, as a young man,—perhaps much more capable. What this change will result in, whether the increase of happiness for women at large, or the lowering of the average of comfort and peace for both sexes, remains to be proved. The fact, however, exists, that there is not only a rapid increase in the number of young women at educational institutions, but a preponderance over the boys and young men in many cases. The New York State Board of Regents has for some time been collecting statistics. They are significant. In the secondary schools there are 23,556 girls of academic grade, and only 18,243 boys. More than two-thirds of the 438 honor certificates issued last year went to girls. There are no less than 2,923 in the colleges. In the professional and technical schools there are 4,043. In the law schools, 10. In the medical schools there are 216. In the schools of pharmacy, dental colleges, art schools, music conservatories, and other special institutions, there are many hundreds of women. The census of 1890 showed that in the United States there were 125,525 men teachers, and 238,397 women teachers. Two years later the number of men had fallen off 3,974, while the number of women had increased 14,483. The regents say in their report: "The remarkable development of woman's higher education is due to widespread recognition that a college course is needed as the best preparation for wifehood, motherhood, and home life, as much as for a professional career. Women no longer want higher education merely as a means of livelihood, but now seek it eagerly as a means of life broader and happier than is possible without that outlook."

Miss Willard's Tour of the World.

Now and again, at long intervals, unfortunately, a human being appears among us, born, it would seem, with a genius for charity and benevolence, just as some men and women are born with a genius for painting, music, or poetry. In the artistic genius there is a necessary element of egoism; for however devotedly one may labor in the cause of his art, the artist needs recognition and applause to stimulate his creative powers. But in the born philanthropist no such stimulation is necessary. He works for pure love, sufficient in himself, and is amply repaid if his toil benefit even a single one of his brothers and sisters in suffering. Miss Frances Willard has devoted her life to helping humanity; and if she has become famous it is merely the meed of gratitude. She has begun a tour of the world in the effort to strengthen the cause of temperance in those territories where it is already established, and to introduce it where it is yet either unknown or a rare hot-house exotic. With the self-devoted women who have joined her in this latter-day crusade she has reason for pride in the results. It is said that she has a roll of names already twenty miles long, representing incalculable labor in the noblest cause that can inspire a human heart. Each name is a pledge of higher aim, of purer life, of increased happiness. This giant roll is surely a ladder, like that Jacob saw in his dream, up and down which the angels go unseen of eyes uninspired. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, and nearly every woman's society in the United States, have welcomed Miss Willard with the warmth she had every right to expect. She has found, and will always find, during her progress through this country, such support and encouragement as she could not look for on continental Europe or elsewhere in the world.

The Incurable Vagabond.

A recent writer discusses the tramp question with a view to amending the existing laws relating to the vagabond class. He holds that pity is wasted upon the lazy wanderer, and that instead of spending millions upon him by way of charity we should spend thousands in penal economic institutions. The peculiarity of the tramp is not that he is essentially a drunkard, nor yet a felon; but that he will not work, and expects to live, and does live, upon the community. He may steal, and in fact generally does, when begging fails to supply his needs. He is likely to be open to any engagement in the way of rascality, if he sees profit in it; but he prefers mere shiftless wandering from place to place to active criminal occupation,—he detests occupation of any sort, in fact. He cares nothing for the comforts of home. He would rather beg a moldy crust than earn a meal. He will not work, but he will slouch listlessly along in his rags, mile after mile, with no destination in view. The movement now on foot is, by a proper system of laws, to compel him to work; to sweep him in, wherever he may be found, and by severe, but at the same time humane, measures, force him to earn his own livelihood like other men. If he be found susceptible of cure, he may be discharged and aided to procure respectable employment; if not, he is to be kept a self-supporting prisoner during life. It is to be hoped that the movement will result in something more than philosophical discussion, inasmuch as its aim is wholly practicable.

Simian Speech.

That animals have a regulated and constant system of inter-communication is an ancient belief. In the great Arabian school of philosophy, which flourished under the Moors in Spain, during the middle ages, the suggestion of animal language was discussed. An old Saracen writer says, "That animals talk is as sure as that men talk. Do you mean to say that the many intonations of the dog's voice, or the cries of the cat, are without distinctive meaning?" Mr. R. L. Garner, who has spent a considerable time in the African habitat of the quadrumanus, has prepared sufficient matter from actual observation and study to form the primer of Simian language. There can no longer be any question that certain apes do use a limited vocabulary which we may be justified in calling words; since, in our own tongues, words represent ideas. That there may yet be such a thing as a Simian grammar is a startling suggestion; but if the almost bestial Andaman Islanders have a language with a grammatical construction, cannot we allow as much for the respectable apes of Equatorial Africa? Any beast is a nobler being than a rum-besotted Fantee; and as low as they may be in the scale, the Simians have never degraded themselves to the level of some of our recognized human brutes; hence we may perhaps allow them the dignity of a language without derogation to ourselves.

Signalling Mars.

The legacy of one hundred thousand francs, left by Madame Guzman, and confided to the Institute of France, in 1891, "to be awarded to any person who within ten years should discover the means of communicating with any star or planet," has not yet been granted. But more than one great astronomer has devoted himself hopefully to the subject. Flammarion has issued an earnest recommendation to the governments of Europe to combine for some plan to that end. Professor Hall has added so much to Martian astronomy by his discovery of the two minute satellites that it would seem as if some effort toward so grand a result should be made by the United States. A recent writer on the subject, Mr. Norton, suggests that the Egyptian pyramids, located so near a geographical center, i. e., 30° east longitude and 30° north latitude, might be used in connection with a powerful electric-light system.

The Ocean Pre-empted.

An ingenious American has furnished the idea, and a company of American capitalists will furnish the means, for building a hotel, and very probably a number of other edifices, in the Atlantic Ocean, nineteen miles east of Sandy Hook, N. J. The water here is something over six fathoms deep; but the engineers who have undertaken the unique task apprehend no difficulty in fixing a secure foundation. The projected building is to rest upon heavy hollow steel cylinders filled with cement, and to stand at a height above the water sufficient to secure the superstructure from storm or tide. The first edifice is to be in the form of a square, with towers at the four corners and in the center. It will have four large piazzas, promenades, and other public accommodations. The group of buildings—who knows? perhaps the city—to arise here will be called appropriately "Atlantis." The project is a unique one, characteristically American. It may be an interesting question as to what national jurisdiction, if any, the islet so far from land will be under.

The Danger in Flowers.

Scientists seem to be desirous of continuously furnishing obstacles to the use of things which heretofore have been considered a source of delight. As a safeguard to health it is now stated that we must not smell flowers, as unmentionable disease-breeding germs are said to exist in their fragrance. The learned French specialist, M. Joal, has recently issued in Paris a treatise on the evils produced by inhaling the emanations of the essential oils contained in flowers. To make his assertions more impressive, M. Joal cites a number of individual cases where serious effects have resulted from the indulgence of this popular habit. The rose and all flowers of a strong scent, it is said, are especially injurious to the vocal organs; this is indorsed by numerous celebrated vocal instructors, who caution their pupils against keeping flowers in their homes. As personal susceptibility has much to do with the evil effects produced by different flowers, no particular method can be adopted to avoid possible danger.

A New Fuel.

Hitherto the vast waste, or "culm," of the coal mines was regarded as nearly useless. An inventive genius has combined it with pitch, petroleum, and sawdust, thereby making a most valuable fuel for engines, at half the cost of the coal ordinarily employed for the generation of steam. The masses of culm are heaped mountain-high throughout the coal region, and it is said that there is a sufficient quantity of this waste, when properly combined, to supply excellent fuel for a century to come, not only for all the engines now built, but for those likely to be built during that period. This invention utilizes every particle of refuse dust, and henceforth the only rubbish from a mine will be the incombustible material excavated to reach the coal; and it is quite within the limits of possibility that some economic genius will ere long find "pay-dirt" even in this refractory matter.

Chat.

The craving of the present hour is for the unconventional and quite-out-of-the-ordinary ways of doing things; and so in summer plans that manner of life which removes one most completely from the forms and ceremonies of the social world, and secures a degree of privacy and complete isolation from crowds, is most in favor. A houseboat party of eight congenial people have spent nearly two months exploring the headwaters of the Hudson. So enthusiastic are the accounts received by home-staying friends that all who hear about it want to go and do likewise. They have a small naphtha launch which enables them to make excursions to right and left where the houseboat cannot go; and a large tent pitched in a grove on shore serves as an annex when they tarry for several days in a place. Without effort on their part novelty and adventure drift to them, and their days are a succession of gently stimulating interests.

Humanitarian fads grow apace, and out of them all some good must come. Now it is the summer girl who has espoused the cause of suffering and prepared herself to go forth to its relief. She has added to her panoply of irresistible attractions a mysterious little black tin case, which is as inseparable a part of her make-up as her fascinating sun-shades. This important box is the relief-case of the Society for First Aid to the Injured, and all the young women who have attended the society's lectures during the past winter, passed its examinations, and received the right to wear its red cross badge, have armed themselves with the little tin case before starting on their summer journeys. The case contains everything to afford relief and avert danger before the doctor can be summoned. All the nice girls are proud of the new power they possess; and now, instead of screaming and fainting at the sight of an accident, they are prepared to render efficient aid with the cool heads and trained hands which knowledge gives them.

The Newport Bicycle Club is a new organization which is certain to exercise an important influence upon the use of the wheel by women. The membership is about equally divided among men and women, and includes the best-known people, those who always make a success of everything with which they are connected. A teacher is employed, and the sport is to be pursued in earnest for all the health and pleasure there is in it. The bicycling dress for women is still an unsolved problem, for there are not many willing to accept the extreme modes prevalent in Paris; and, so far, nothing more convenient has been found than the English dress, consisting of riding tights, short, trim, walking-skirt of serge or melton, and blouse with blazer.

Uniformed flower-girls are a recent attraction on New York streets. They are employed by a florist who has introduced the same novelty in San Francisco with great success. The girls are paid salaries like regular saleswomen, and the entire company is managed on strictly military principles, with captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and privates. A bunch of sweet-peas or a cluster of Jacqueminot buds is much more attractive when offered by a picturesque flower-girl than in the hands of a "dago."

Tuxedo cottages may be taken as the most pronounced types of our *fin de siècle* civilization, the pleasant side of it which shows with what graceful art we have succeeded in surrounding our lives with the perfection of all appliances for mental and physical enjoyment. Of course the situation of Tuxedo on clustering hills lends itself to most picturesque effects, and the charmingly quaint stone lodge which spans the rippling brook with a bold arch seems like a bit of Old England and prepares one for many enchanting pictures within the Park. The out-of-doors summer parlor—well named "the lungs of the house"—is the most important feature of every cottage; and one we have in mind is most delightful. It stands on a high terrace, shaded on one side by a group of grand old chestnut-trees; another side discloses a lovely view. The hardwood floor is covered with a rug of Japanese matting, and the low, wicker easy-chairs and couches have matting cushions that are weather-proof. A broad awning on three sides gives both shade and depth to this spacious *salon*, and 'tis the favorite reading and lounging place for all the family and their fortunate guests.



THE WINNER OF OUR BABY PRIZE.

Miss Myra H. Robinson, whose picture we give above, is to be congratulated as the winner of the prize of \$50 offered by DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, being adjudged by the votes of our subscribers the prettiest baby of the 2017 whose pictures we published. Her picture appeared in the April Magazine, and was numbered 1382. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Robinson, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Rival Beauties.

(See Water-Color.)

OUR exquisite water-color picture for this month offers a fascinating study to all ambitious young art-students, who will take much pleasure in trying the skill of their brushes in reproducing these rival aspirants for admiration. It is not only a study in color, but also in simplicity of arrangement; and preaches an eloquent lesson in the choice of a subject, especially to young students, who are apt to attempt works with too much detail.

This lovely panel should be framed so that every member of the family can enjoy it; and our white enameled frame with a narrow border of gilt against the picture sets it off admirably.

A Prize of \$100 for Photographs.

A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

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

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

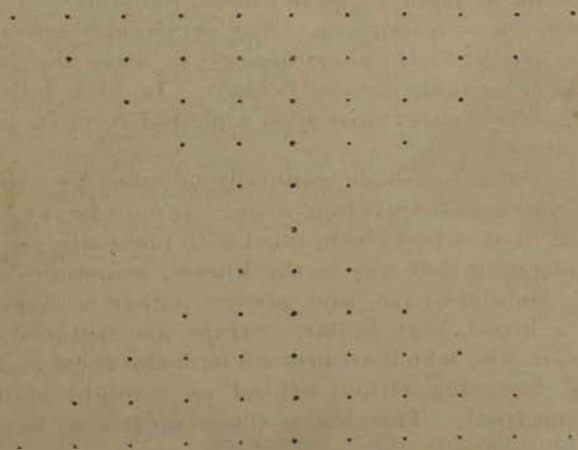
Of the contributions which do not win the prize, those arriving earliest will stand the best chance of being accepted and paid for.

Puzzles.



HOW MANY INSECTS ARE THERE IN THIS ILLUSTRATION, AND WHAT ARE THEY?

HOURLASS PUZZLE.



The central letters, spelling downward, form the name of an excellent cause to devote oneself to. The significations of the words forming the hour-glass, reading across, are: 1, Suitable; 2, A plant; 3, Of long duration; 4, A kind of clay; 5, A mental quality; 6, A letter; 7, A loud noise; 8, Glossy silk; 9, Bound; 10, A fiendish act; 11, Genuine.

A CONUNDRUM.

Why is the letter F like a fish-hook?

ENIGMA.

Around my first, so white and fair,
My second nestles closely there;
And sparkling brightly 'mid its folds,
My whole its place securely holds.

TIC TAC TOE PUZZLE.

Arrange the letters in the word "temporary" in a square so they will spell ten distinct words.

A CONUNDRUM.

What is more moist than a woman with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, a crick in her neck, twenty-five springs on her back, and high-tied boots?



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Hastily departing, I leave behind me three tales by popular authors. What are they?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

I.	1—R	a	m	m	e	R
	2—c	O	l	l	O	p
	3—g	o	B	B	l	e
	4—c	h	E	E	r	s
	5—o	R	r	e	R	y
	6—T	i	c	k	e	T
	7—M	i	r	i	a	M
	8—m	O	s	c	O	w
	9—p	a	R	R	o	t
	10—h	a	R	R	o	w
	11—p	I	p	p	I	n
	12—S	i	r	i	u	S

II. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Washington. Lafayette. Ethan Allen. General Warren. Daniel Boone.

III. Demorest's Family Magazine.

1, Deer; 2, Eagle; 3, Man; 4, Owl; 5, Roof; 6, Elm; 7, Ship; 8, Tale; 9, Sentry; 10, Family; 11, Medal; 12, Asp; 13, Gate; 14, Art; 15, Zany; 16, Insect; 17, Nest; 18, Eight.

IV. By pronouncing the words very slowly the following nineteen words can be heard: Fore, four, forth, fourth, oh, ore, oar, o'er, of, Jew, July, you, ewe, yew, lie, lye, eye, I, aye.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—AUGUST.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 641.

THE smart woman of the summer of 1894 differs only in a few minor instances from her prototype of 1893; but in the rank and file of women there is the happiest possible change in appearance. The hideous extremes which ran riot last year, and which gave to many women the appearance of a perambulating mass of formless furbelows, have now disappeared as completely as if they had never been; and it would be a carping critic who could find fault with any of the accepted modes of this season, for, as a rule, they are marked by a moderation, grace, and adaptation to purpose, which we have seldom before enjoyed.

Plain, quiet-colored fabrics in tailor-styles, which yet have sufficient variety in their form to render them becoming to every figure, are the rule for street wear and traveling. The skirts are absolutely plain. The coats are long or short, full or slightly flared, single or double breasted, or flare away from a waistcoat in front, buttoning only on the bust or at the waist line.

Light-weight silks, *peau de soies*, taffetas, and Indias, were never so cheap before, and are in great vogue for demi-toilettes, making delightfully cool and agreeable gowns for home and afternoon wear and for little visits. The skirts are invariably plain, or at most have a tiny ruche or ruffle around the bottom, while the corsage may be quite elaborate; often another material is combined with it, and lace, passementerie, and ribbons are used for trimming. The neck-trimming is a very smart feature of these gowns, and bows or rosettes of *chiffon*, ribbon, velvet, or lace, are arranged in front, at the sides, or behind, as is most becoming to the wearer.

Ribbons were never a more important adjunct of the toilette, and they are added in every possible way that caprice can dictate. Moiré and satin ribbons are the choice, from three to four inches wide, and in soft, *faded* colors and odd tints; many have an old-fashioned look resembling the ribbons of our grandmothers that were sprinkled over with bunches of *chiné* flowers. Our special illustrations, as well as the Supplement page of this number, show a great variety of these dressy additions to the summer gown.

For boating-gowns on inland waters the colored linens, duck, and cotton corduroy are in favor. These suits can be

had in the shops in either two or three pieces: skirts with blazer or jacket, or skirt, coat, and waistcoat. Very swell yachting-gowns are of white serge or heaviest linen duck, with wide bands of navy blue on the skirts, blue waistcoats or blouses, and blue facings to the coats. These, however, may be called parade or "lying-in-port" gowns; and for regular service the success of the summer, covert cloth, is disputing favor with the time-honored blue serge. To give variety to these, many women have several waistcoats of varying degrees of elegance, those of gray moiré or of white cloth embroidered with gold being quite the smartest.

More and more, as the seasons pass, women are taking up outdoor pastimes, and give more consideration to special dresses therefor. Tennis is no respecter of clothes, and demands perfect freedom for the limbs and muscles; so for this game a divided skirt of pongee under a skirt of linen duck with a French flannel blouse of becoming color will be found very comfortable. Golf requires the kind of gown one would wear in the mountains or on a long tramp. The exercise not being so vigorous as in tennis, avoidance of clinging materials is not so important. Any serviceable outing-gown of serge or covert cloth, short enough to leave the feet perfectly free, is suitable and convenient. In high latitudes or in cool weather a short skirt with a plaited Norfolk jacket to match is liked.

The golf cloak has been generally adopted by tourists as the most convenient traveling-wrap. It is of heavy, double-faced cloth or of covert cloth, lined with plaid silk; in shape, a circle, reaching half-way to the knees; sometimes there is a second shoulder-cape, and always either a serviceable hood or a broad, high collar. Straps are fastened on the shoulders, inside, which are crossed over the chest and under the arms, fastening either behind or brought round the waist to the front. This leaves the wrap free to hang from the shoulders, and is very convenient.

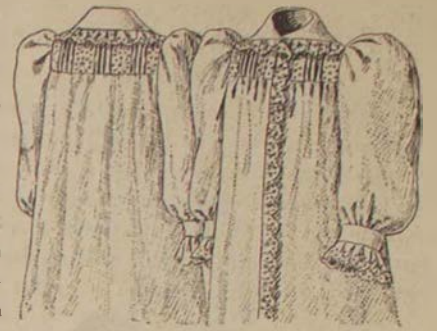
While the torrid waves are upon us great interest is felt in bathing-dresses. There is little change in these garments which no ingenuity can make pretty, but some novelties are seen. A black surah suit consists of trousers with skirt and plaited blouse buttoned together. It is trimmed with several rows of white silk braid, and it is finished at the neck with a trim collar and has long sleeves. Black alpaca suits are also shown, and are commended as shedding the water readily.

A Reception-Gown.

BLUE-GRAY *crépon* is the fabric of this handsome gown, which is commended also as a suitable model for rich silks, moirés, satins, etc. The skirt is the "Infanta Circle," illustrated in Demorest's for July, 1893. It is trimmed around the bottom with folds and small bows of satin matching the *crépon*. The corsage—the "Carrollton"—is

fitted with the usual seams in front, and the back is stretched smoothly without

daintiness of their finish is exquisite. Our illustration of the "French Sacque Chemise" shows the garment with round-neck and also square, the pattern being marked for both shapes; and it can also be finished in shawl shape,—that is, defining a slender point both front and back. Daintily fine embroidered edgings or narrow lace are the favorite trimmings, and "baby" ribbons of delicate colors draw the ruffles in about the neck. The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large, for ladies.



"Mother Hubbard" Night-Gown.

"Mother Hubbard" Night-Gown.

A CONVENIENT, perfect-fitting pattern, which can be adapted to the simplest or most elaborate trimming. English long-cloth, cambric, and nainsook are most used for summer wear, and the trimming, open-patterned embroideries or lace,—torchon, *point de Paris*, and plat Valenciennes,—is usually put on full. The fashions of the day enable one to make quite an elaborate garment with really very little work, as a

beautiful yoke can be cut from all-over embroidery or



A Reception Gown.

CARROLLTON WAIST. INFANTA CIRCLE SKIRT.

seams over a fitted lining. A V-shaped plastron of *bourdon* lace over white satin fills in the front above the drapery, and insertions of the same lace trim the front of the corsage and the sleeves. By the omission of the drapery in the front the pattern becomes a simple plain waist, suitable for the most practical purposes.



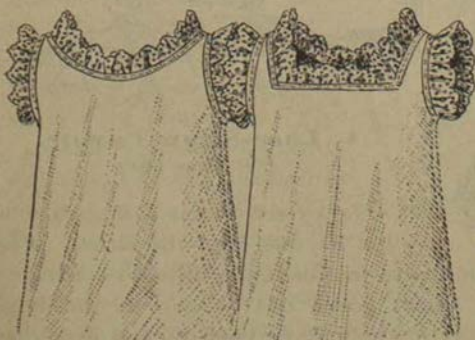
For Summer Afternoons.

TREVINO BASQUE. GILBERT SKIRT.
(See Page 628.)

French Sacque Chemise.

IN response to many inquiries we give this month some standard patterns for lingerie. A characteristic of French garments is simplicity of outline combined with shapeliness, and the

from tucking, and the most approved finish is a wide, double ruffle down the front and around the neck or collar, of lawn with embroidered edge, or else of lace. The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large, for ladies.



French Sacque Chemise.



Princess House-Gown.

(See Page 628.)

For Summer Afternoons.

(See Page 627.)

THIS smart black grenadine gown is a handsome model for black lace, the thin *crépons*, batistes, grenadines, and all the host of attractive summer fabrics. The skirt is the "Gilbert," a favorite five-gored pattern; but any model measuring four yards around the bottom can be used.



the full front, which can be omitted if desired. Additional fullness is given to the skirt below the waist in the back seam, by plaits laid in the seam. The full front is of white *crépe*, and the trimming is black insertion underlaid with white ribbon. Accordion-plaited *chiffon*, or very thin India silk and the new *jeunesse* silk, which comes ready plaited, are very much used for the fronts of these gowns, which are an im-



1. English Walking-Hat.

(See Page 630.)

ribbon. The trimming is brought up on one side of the skirt to simulate drapery. The corsage—the "Trevino"—is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining, and the bertha is carried across the back. Bands of ribbon brought under the arms and fastened by a rosette in front give a jacket effect.

For All Occasions.

JENASON WAIST.

The gown is lined throughout with changeable blue-and-rose taffeta, and trimmed with blackmoiré

portant part of every woman's wardrobe now. The pattern is commended also for the simple lawns and gingham so much liked for morning wear at home in the country.



2. Empire Bonnet.

(See Page 630.)



Cool and Graceful.

COLEBROOK BASQUE.
WARBURTON OVERSKIRT.

For All Occasions.

THERE was never a time when it was so easy to dress economically as this present season, for the usefulness of a gown is no longer at an end when its corsage is worn



3. Lace Picture-Hat.

(See Page 630.)

Princess House-Gown.

(See Page 627.)

CADET blue *crépon* is the fabric of this graceful gown. It is a perfect princess, fitted to the figure trimly all around by the usual seams, the princess lining extending under



4. Lace-Straw Capote.

(See Page 630.)

out, a fancy silk waist being quite as modish as one like the skirt. This fashion also makes it possible to contrive a very smart gown out of two harmonizing remnants which have been picked up at less than half cost. The waist illustrated—the



1. Butterfly Bows.

with Bruges lace insertion. The underskirt is gored all around,—a five-breadth pattern,—simply faced around the bottom, and finished with a row of insertion. The overskirt—the “Warburton”—is open in front, draped alike on both sides, gathered in the back, and the edges are simply finished with a row of insertion. The corsage—the “Colebrook”—is alike in front and back, and is slightly full over a fitted lining. It is trimmed with vertical rows of insertion, and a single row finishes the bretelles and circle basque; the collar is trimmed with two rows of insertion. This model is commended for all summer fabrics, and for fancy silks.



1. Lace and Satin Collar. 2. Satin Stock Collar. (See Page 630.)

The Use of Bows.

AFTER a reign of great simplicity and even severity in neck-dressing, we have suddenly discovered that even the charms of the reigning beauty are greatly enhanced by various dainty arrangements of lace, chiffon, and ribbons around the throat, while the harsh lines of the plain woman are softened by the becoming fluffiness of chiffon loops at the back of her neck or beneath her chin.

“Jenason”—is of fancy brown shot *peau de soie*, with a yoke of antique lace. Its fullness makes it a becoming and desirable pattern for slender figures. The fancy lace yokes are usually made separate so they can be worn with different corsages, and the fastening is contrived on the left shoulder, where it is not seen. The back of this model is exactly like the front.

Cool and Graceful.

This charming gown is of pearl-gray silk gingham trimmed



2. Ribbon Bretelles.

is open in front, draped alike on both sides, gathered in the back, and the edges are simply finished with a row of insertion. The corsage—the “Colebrook”—is alike in front and back, and is slightly full over a fitted lining. It is trimmed with vertical rows of insertion, and a single row finishes the bretelles and circle basque; the collar is trimmed with two rows of insertion. This model is commended for all summer fabrics, and for fancy silks.



5. Ribbon Bracelets.



6. Bows with Buckles.

And finding these bows so effective in one place, the modiste has given her fancy free play in arranging them in every imaginable position on the gown, and she thus makes greater use of ribbon this season than for many years.

We give a number of illustrations to show the variety of ways in which bows are playing their part in the decoration of the toilette, as no verbal description can quite do justice to the subject. No patterns of any of these gowns are given.

No. 1—Butterfly bows of changeable moiré ribbon on the skirt and corsage; these are sometimes made of piece goods, with the sharply pointed ends lined with contrasting color.

No. 2—Four-inch moiré



3. Neck and Belt Bows.

are arranged as in front, and hang nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

No. 3—Stock collar of *chiffon* with full loops each side of the chin; it fastens at one side under a loop. Often there is also a smaller bow in the back. The ribbon girdle has full rosettes on both sides, with long loops of two-inch ribbon depending from them.

No. 4—Rabbit's-ear bows of piece satin lined with contrasting color with a tiny rosette-like bow in the center are fastened at the top of fan plaitings which trim the bottom of this skirt. Similar bows ornament the front of the corsage, and rosettes fasten the sashes at the waist.

No. 5—A bracelet arrangement of ribbons trims the lower part of the sleeves, and bands of ribbon run up from the corselet and fasten on the shoulders with smart bows.

No. 6—The girdle is fastened in front by a large bow with Rhinestone buckle, and a similar bow holds the lace drapery on the corsage.

YELLOW is the favorite touch of color for white gowns and hats.



4. Rabbit's-Ear Bows.

ribbon is used for bretelles on this corsage, being drawn in at the waist-line, both back and front, in narrow folds. The sash ends in the back



3. Chiffon Bow. (See Page 630.)

Midsummer Millinery.

(See Page 628.)

No. 1—English walking-hat with indented crown, of unbleached straw, trimmed with black moiré ribbon and black ostrich-feathers.

No. 2—Empire bonnet of black lace, trimmed with apple-green satin ribbon, accordion-plaited black *chiffon* massed in a huge rosette over the forehead, and mignonette and violets.

No. 3—Picture hat of black shirred lace, trimmed with jetted gauze, pink roses, and ostrich feathers. Boa of lace to match.

No. 4—Lace-straw capote trimmed with pearl-colored *crêpe* and snowballs, with two upright black wings at the back.

Modish Stock Collars.

(See Page 629.)

No. 1—A bias band, two inches wide, shaped to the throat and covered with black silk or satin, is draped with folds of black lace. Full loops are held in place in front by a Rhinestone buckle,—folds of satin without a buckle have a pretty effect,—and a bib of lace falls below.

No. 2—Stock collar of violet *crêpe* fastened at intervals with pearl passementerie.

No. 3—Accordion-plaited *chiffon* forms the bows and ends of this becoming collar, and the neck-band is covered with folds of the *chiffon*. Very frequently the ends are omitted, and for morning wear similar collars are made of delicate tinted lawns, dimity, and cambrics.

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.—Black lace round hat trimmed with feathers and ribbon.
- 2.—White chip sailor-hat trimmed with polka-dotted gauze and a jet buckle.
- 3.—Silver-gray *crêpon* gown, with guimpe of black moire, and bows of black moiré ribbon.
- 4.—Bow-knot brooch set with a solitaire sapphire and diamonds.
- 5.—Fancy waist of polka-dotted gauze with yoke shirred upon "baby" ribbons.
- 6.—Pink lawn waist trimmed with lace insertion.
- 7.—Sash of four-inch moiré ribbon to be tied behind or at one side of the front.
- 8.—Afternoon or evening gown of white Swiss with yellow dots, trimmed with Bruges insertion and yellow ribbons.
- 9.—House-gown of old-rose *crêpon*, trimmed with black insertion and black velvet rosettes.
- 10.—Fancy silk waist trimmed with lace insertion and ribbon rosettes.
- 11.—Garden-fête gown of black brocaded grenadine and accordion-plaited white silk, trimmed with white lace.
- 12.—Miss's party-gown of dove-colored *crêpon* trimmed with white lace and rose-colored ribbons.
- 13.—Reception-gown of blue-and-white *chiné* taffeta, trimmed with batiste embroidery and dark blue ribbons.
- 14.—Mastic-colored *crêpon* gown trimmed with black lace and moiré ribbons.
- 15.—India lawn gown with jacket of *chiné* taffeta.
- 16.—Blue batiste gown trimmed with appliques of guipure embroidery.
- 17.—Heliotrope mull gown with purple ribbons.
- 18.—Afternoon-gown of white India lawn, trimmed with Bruges insertion. Sash of brocaded ribbon in soft, *fade* colors.
- 19.—Jeweled hairpin; a peacock's eye, set with multi-colored jewels.
- 20.—Visiting-gown of white embroidered serge; chemisette of black lace underlaid with white satin. Black chip hat trimmed with feathers and yellow primroses.
- 21.—Gown of black *crêpon*, with blouse waist and peplum of white *mousseline de soie* trimmed with guipure insertion. Gray Neapolitan hat trimmed with spangled lace and black satin ribbon.
- 22.—Silver-gray-and-black striped moire, trimmed with *point de Gaze* and rosebud-flowered ribbons.
- 23.—Jeweled fly stick-pin.
- 24.—Fancy waist of heliotrope *crêpe*, trimmed with *bourdon* insertion.
- 25.—Young girl's gown of polka-dotted lawn trimmed with black satin ribbon.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

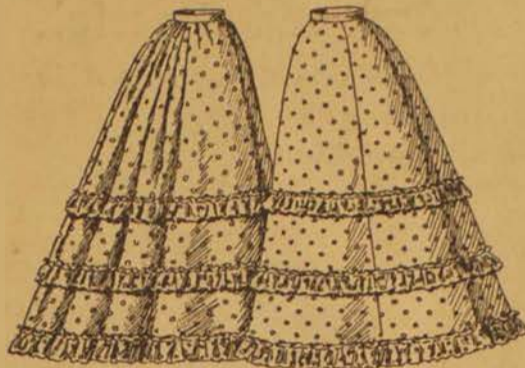
THIS month and in future the directions for each pattern named in the Pattern Order will be printed on the envelope containing the Pattern, which will also bear a special illustration.

Standard Patterns.

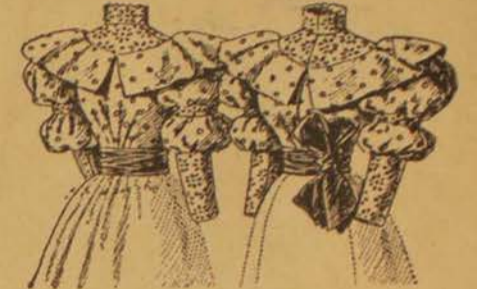


Récamier House-Gown.

Sabina Morning-Dress.



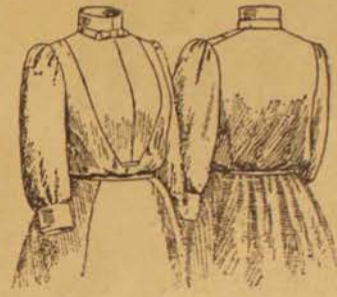
Réséda Skirt.



Guthrie Waist.



Valentina Blouse.



Henley Blouse.



Lady's Drawers.



Manon Waist.



Kennebec Dress.



Betty Apron.



Norfolk Jacket.



Felix Suit.



San-Souci Dress.



Kilt Skirt.

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 680.)

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

Fresh as a Rose.

PINK Chambray and all-over white embroidery are the materials of this pretty gown. Four straight breadths of the fabric are used for the skirt, which is finished with a flounce of the embroidery. The corsage—the "Lesbia"—has the



Fresh as a Rose.

LESBIA WAIST. FULL SKIRT.

effect of a guimpe waist. The back is like the front. The stock collar and girdle of black moiré ribbon can be alternated with others of white or of soft olive green or blue. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

All in Brown.

THIS little maid in brown is ready for visits or an afternoon walk, and if she should chance to take a short excursion by boat or rail she will be correctly dressed for it. The material is a soft brown wool barred off with black and trimmed with bands of tan-colored cloth braided with brown. The bib piece in front is of tan-colored crêpe. The skirt is the "Tadelford," illustrated in Demorest's for June, 1893. The corsage—the "Cora"—is shaped to the figure with the usual seams, and has a removable jacket, which is low in the neck behind and adds but little

All in Brown.

CORA WAIST. TADELFORD SKIRT.

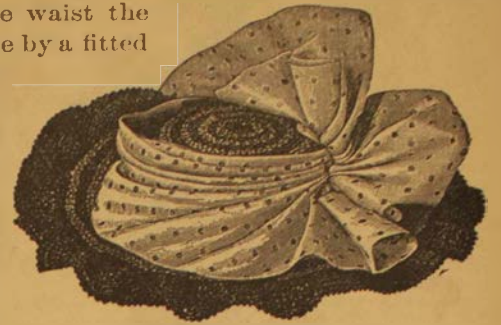


1. Leghorn Hat.

warmth; the revers cross the shoulders like a shallow cape. Brown hose with tan shoes and a tan clip hat complete the costume. The waist pattern is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years; and the skirt pattern in the same sizes.

For the Mountains and Seashore.

A CUNNING gown of navy-blue serge trimmed with light blue. The pattern is the "Wingate," and though having the effect of a blouse waist the fullness is held in place by a fitted lining, and the skirt is sewed to the waist; so the little frock is easily adjusted and stays where it is put, which many mothers consider a great advantage. The bands of light-blue serge on the skirt are edged with white soutache, and the collar, chemisette, and lower parts of the sleeves are of the light blue, braided. The pattern is adapted to all cotton fabrics, and especially commended for duck, galatea, and linen. Patterns in sizes for eight and ten years.



2. Fancy Straw Hat.

For Hot Weather.

THIS simple and pretty blouse is made of ivory silk gingham. It is without lining except a yoke-piece to confine the fullness at the neck and protect the shoulders. It is a correct model by which to cut accordion-plaited blouses; and the simplest cotton fabrics—galatea twills, cheviots, and Chambrays—can also be made by it. The pattern is the "Myrzalla," and is in sizes for ten, twelve, and fourteen years.



For the Mountains and Seashore.

WINGATE DRESS.

Children's Hats.

No. 1—Tan-colored Leghorn flat with low crown and narrow brim behind; trimmed with a bow of brown moiré ribbon held by a gilt buckle, and a spray of California poppies.

No. 2—Fancy mixed straw hat, trimmed with a square kerchief of polka-dotted gauze.



For Hot Weather.
MYRZALLA BLOUSE.

Paralysis For Sale.

PARALYSIS has long been deemed one of the direst misfortunes that could afflict humanity,—a death in life,—the heart still beating, the form perhaps unwasted, but the hand powerless, the foot bound more fast than by fetters of iron, the tongue refusing to speak the words of affection, counsel, or command. To escape this the man of wealth will spend money like water, and the physician will send him to wander afar over land and sea to flee the withering touch of Palsy's grisly hand.

Yet this dread plague is now on sale, and daily purchased at fabulous prices by thousands of the American people. Whoever has seen a drunken man or a drunkard has seen a case of paralysis.

There is paralysis of muscle. It manifests itself early in the lips and tongue, so that, like the Ephraimites who could not say "shibboleth" at the fords of Jordan, the victim cannot say "centenary celebration," and soon the baby words "good night" become too much for the stammering lips. The eyes grow heavy, the head droops, the hands lose their grip, the feet stumble, and soon, in one chaotic mass, what was a man rolls under the table or into the gutter.

There is paralysis of vital energy. Never was there anything more deceptive than the idea that alcohol is a sustaining power. It is from first to last a paralyzer. Its very stimulus is due to paralysis. Why does the blood fly to the face and surface of the body till all tingles with the glow? Why is the brain stirred to momentary vigor and unwonted brilliancy? For the same reason that a railroad train dashes down the grade when the brakes refuse to work. Every artery is provided with an elastic coat which acts as a brake, restraining the flow of blood. Alcohol paralyzes the delicate fibers, the restraining agency lets go, and the blood rushes in full tide on its way. It is as if the throttle of a locomotive should be set wide open and the engineer be powerless to close it. But what is the result of throwing all the blood in the body swiftly to the surface and back again? The same as the result of pouring hot tea from the cup into the saucer. The tea or the blood is cooled, and the infallible test of the chemical thermometer shows that the temperature of the whole body will fall within a short time after the taking of alcohol. Hence it is that the drunken man so readily freezes to death.

Pure health for every human organism depends on the constant and prompt removal of the waste matter of the system, every vein and cell sending to the surface through some one of myriad outlets the material that has done its work and become dead matter foreign to the animal economy. If we check this process by closing the lungs or skin or any other channel, the man speedily dies, poisoned by his own corruptions. Alcohol checks this removal of waste matter. The man "bloats," as we say, perhaps prides himself on his fullness of flesh, and goes about an incarnate sepulcher, ready to die of lockjaw if he runs a splinter into his hand, or to become the ready prey of any disease.

There is paralysis of intellect. The man of intelligence, or even of high ability, utters maudlin folly with the confidence that it is supreme wisdom, and takes the laughter that greets his idiotic absurdities as a tribute to the brilliancy of his wit. Poor mental paralytic! In a fair, bright day, on a calm sea, a commander orders an impossible maneuver, persists in it against all remonstrance of his subordinate officers, and sends a great battle-ship, with four hundred men, to the depths of the blue Mediterranean to rest till the sea shall give up its dead. The current explanation is that the commander's usually clear mind was clouded by alcoholic

mists. Whether that was the fact may not be surely known. But this is sure: all the world instantly feels that, if true, this was sufficient cause. All men know that a few glasses of liquor would be equal to producing just that result. There is no wisdom that may not be turned to folly by the paralysis of drink.

There is paralysis of affection. Alcohol makes the man who comes home one day with love and tenderness for wife and children to come home the next night an incarnate fiend, more dangerous to that family than a savage from the jungle. It leads him to drag them through years of poverty, hunger, cold, and wretchedness, while he squanders upon himself and his vile comrades in the saloon the wages that might support them in comfort.

There is paralysis of will. Who has ever tried to help the drunkard who has not found this failure of that godlike power? Here pledges fail. Here resolutions die. The man who knows that every step to the saloon is a step to shame, woe, and death, goes, drawn by an invisible but resistless power, as if under an enchanter's spell. He has come to what Coleridge called "complete impotence of volition."

There is one greater depth, and that is paralysis of conscience. While conscience lives, even with enfeebled will and mighty appetite, there is hope. There is something in the man to which we may appeal. But alcohol deadens, and at last paralyzes, the moral sensibilities, so that eight-tenths of the world's crimes are committed and most of its vices perpetrated while under its power. Either the liquor instigates to the crime, or it is taken expressly to deaden the conscience so that the crime may be done.

In a word, the magic effect of alcohol is to paralyze the nerve centers that are the seat of all the finer, nobler powers, while it stimulates to fierce activity those that are the seat of all the coarse, animal instincts. It paralyzes all that is godlike in man, and maddens and lets loose all the wild beast instincts of his nature.

Did space permit, it might be shown how for the nation this results in the paralysis of industry, as every shop and factory suffers from drunken workers; the paralysis of trade, as liquor destroys the buying power till millions are ragged and hungry and cold, while the bread and clothing and fuel they need are left unsold on the dealer's hands; that it is the paralysis of good government, as drunken citizens become the dupes or the purchased tools of the corrupt politician; that it is the paralysis of religion and the church, winning ten young men to the saloon for one that is drawn to the sanctuary.

But it is enough to say that this fell plague of paralysis is in the market; that half a million men are engaged in its manufacture and sale; that it is sold at a profit of 400 per cent.; that the American people pay \$1,200,000,000 every year in buying the palsy; and that the national government, most of the States, and a multitude of towns and cities look upon the spreading of this wasting paralysis among the people as one of the choicest sources of revenue, and that any attempt to stay the march of the disease is regarded as an infringement of personal liberty.

Across our land strides the grisly specter reaching out his deadly hands for all our noble, beautiful boys, the hope of the future of America and of the world. More than against the cholera that comes on the winds from afar, let us quarantine against the dread paralysis that is bred in the vat and the still, and sold over the bar within our own fair land. Let us make the quarantine wide as the nation sustained by the true hearts and strong hands and pure ballots of all the good. That quarantine against alcoholic paralysis we call National Prohibition.

A Happy Day.

We'd had some words together,
 Me and 'Lias, on that day,
 Fur I know'd he'd git to drinkin',
 An' I had to hev my say.
 But he wa'n't more 'n out of ear-shot
 When I dropped into a cheer,
 An' the nex' thing I remember
 I was wipin' off a tear.

Fur I couldn't help a-thinkin'
 How kind he used to be ;
 But now he loved his likker
 A heap sight more then me.
 There wa'n't a better husban'
 Then him, above the groun',
 Until he got to stoppin' in
 To that saloon in town.

How well I could remember
 The day when we was wed !
 He put his arm around me
 An' kissed me, an' he said :
 " We're j'ined together, Ailsie,
 Fur sickness an' fur health,
 Fur better or fur wusser,
 Fur poverty or wealth.

" My shoulders they air broader
 Then yourn'll ever be ;
 So all your cares an' burdens,
 Jest let 'em fall on me.
 An' when you're tired an' w'ary,
 Or feelin' sorter blue,
 Come lean ag'in' my shoulder,
 An' let me comfort you."

Ah me ! Our better days was gone,
 An' now, it seemed to me,
 'Twa'n't nothin' else but " wusser",
 An' wouldn't never be.
 The children played together,
 Or tussled on the floor,
 But I jest sot an' fretted,
 An' worried more an' more.

Fur 'Lias, he had took a jug
 When he was puttin' out,
 An' soon he'd be a-comin' home
 Half-drunk, I didn't doubt.
 An' so my tears come faster,
 To think sich things should be,
 An' all life's cares an' burdens
 Seemed falling onto me.

At last I heard him comin' ;
 But I didn't move nor speak
 When I felt an arm slipped round me,
 An' a kiss fell on my cheek.
 An' 'Lias, he was saying,—
 His voice seemed fur away,—
 " Don't cry so bitter, Ailsie,
 I signed the pledge today.

" You said this mornin', Ailsie,
 You wished that you was dead ;
 An' happiness was over
 Fur you an' me, you said.
 An' so I got to thinkin',
 Suppose your wish come true ?
 An' Ailsie dear, it staggered me
 To think of losin' you.

" An' so I took the money
 I'd meant to waste today,
 An' bought a Sunday frock fur you,
 An' threwed the jug away.
 I bought some little trinkets
 To please the children, too ;
 So dry your tears, dear Ailsie,
 An' we'll begin anew."

I don't know what I answered,—
 My head was in a whirl ;
 But I hadn't been so happy,
 Not since I was a girl
 Long years hev passed above us,
 We're gitting old an' gray ;
 But 'Lias has kept faithful
 The pledge he signed that day.

H. W. C.

A Personal Letter.

WE publish the following interesting letter to show how the Medal Contest system is regarded in the far West :

MR. W. JENNINGS DEMAREST, New York City :

DEAR FRIEND,—Your beneficence is working so much good in the sunset land of Washington that could you know it all you would give fervent thanks for so great a privilege. I have long wished to give you a glimpse of the mental, moral, and spiritual uplift that has come to hundreds of boys and girls on and about Puget Sound through your wise planning and giving. The more I work in these Contests the more I believe in the inspiration of your thought.

It is temperance work, it is missionary work, it is educational work, it is social purity work, it is oratorical training, it is high literary training, it is social training ; indeed, it compasses the gamut of Christian development. With it I have won boys into the Sunday-school and good society, who were going all to waste ; I have given an intellectual impulse to minds that were literally walled in with dullness and ignorance ; I have been able to give a generous bent to characters that were fast settling into selfishness and vanity ; through it I have seen old and young brought to a knowledge of the joy there is in serving others ; through it I have seen many come into a living sense of the responsibility for their brothers ; under its influence I have seen all Christian virtues bud and blossom.

There is no other force in the field equal to this for making votes. I am fully persuaded that churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor societies, temperance organizations, and the Prohibition party can do no better thing than to push the Demarest Contests.

I wish you could see the light of intelligence and grace grow in the faces of boys and girls, through this work, as I have here ; it would warm your heart and bless your life. More than four hundred have been enrolled in Contest classes in Western Washington this year. Each one may be counted on as influencing at least half a dozen others. Think of it ! What a goodly army enlisted ! All of them will vote by and by, and vote right. It is so easy to interest the young people in these classes. If I had the time and strength I could work up many, many more than I do. I wish trained and consecrated leaders might be sent out systematically all over the land. The stroke of victory would not be delayed longer than until the young soldiers came to voting.

Think of yourself as no stranger in Washington. Your name has become a household word. Fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, will rise up to call you blessed.

I feel that I owe you a personal debt of gratitude, that through you I have had the opportunity of doing some of God's work in the world.

Yours very truly,

EMMA E. PAGE,
 Superintendent of Demarest Contests for the
 W. C. T. U. of Western Washington.

OLYMPIA, Wash.

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.



MAKES A DIFFERENCE!
 what road you choose.
 Same with Bicycles.
 Some "look the same," BUT ARE NOT.

RAMBLER BICYCLES
 are "smooth running" wheels—strong enough
 for all kinds of roads.

"EACH RAMBLER GUARANTEED."

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

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Delightful Reading.



HOLLOWAY READING STAND.

Holds books to suit the eyes, for sitting or lying-down reading. A Dictionary Holder, Bookrest, Writing Table and Lamp Stand. Side racks for books and magazines. Dictionary turned before you by touch of a finger. A great comfort and delightful educator for the home or office. Holders for the Century and other Dictionaries. Illustrated Catalogue.

THE HOLLOWAY CO., CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.
 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.

"E. K. S."—There can be no hard-and-fast lines drawn in the reading of Dickens' novels, as they have no immediate connection one with another. The chronological order of the favorite books, omitting some short stories, is as follows: The Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, and Our Mutual Friend. The first Christmas Carol was written in 1843, and the others at intervals up to 1867. All are published now in one volume as The Christmas Carols.

"RAY."—Read "Fashion Review" and "Commencement Gowns" in May number for hints about white gowns for young girls. Girls of seventeen can have the corsage fasten in front or back; the latter is more youthful. Very frequently, however, the fastening is at one side and wholly invisible.

"HOMER."—Simply express your thanks for the flowers sent in a letter. It is a friendly courtesy without significance.

(Continued on page 636.)



"To Remove Paint.

"Sit down on it before it is dry."—(Texas Siftings.) That's a good way—easy, too. And another way is to do your cleaning in the old-fashioned way with soap; the necessary rubbing takes off the paint along with the dirt, but this is very tiresome work.

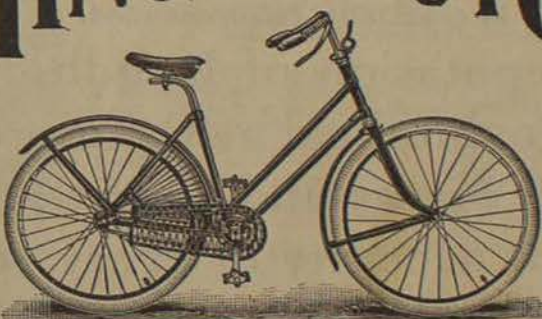
You ought to do your house-cleaning with **Pearline**; that's the modern way—easiest and most economical way—takes away the dirt easily and leaves the paint. Saves rubbing, saves work, saves time, saves whatever is cleaned. Use **Pearline** (without soap) on anything that water doesn't hurt.

455

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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NINE PATTERNS.

POPULAR WEIGHTS.

Are the Best in Design, Material, Workmanship and Finish. **\$100 to \$135.**

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REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, 313-315 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of the Remington Fire Arms, of world-wide reputation.

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ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS

For Fall, 1894, and Spring, 1895, Planting.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS, LILIES, CROCUS, RANUNCULUS, IRIS, AMARYLLIS, GLOXINIAS, PEONIES, DELPHINIUMS, GLADIOLI, DAHLIAS, ETC., ETC., in Thousands of Varieties, New and Old.

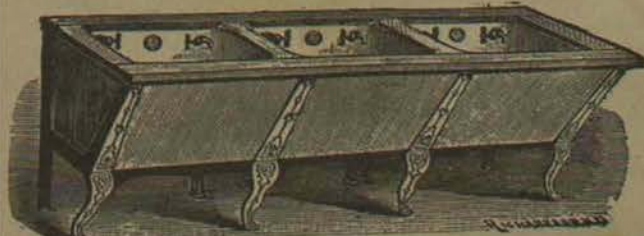
The flowers which, if planted indoors in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

The largest catalogue of the above and all new and rare bulbs is published by the famous growers, **ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN** (near Haarlem), HOLLAND. (Est. 1832.) All intending purchasers are respectfully invited to apply to **undersigned American Agent**, or to **Messrs. Roozen direct**, for the above catalogue, which we take pleasure in sending to such free. Prices greatly reduced.

J. TER KUILE, General American Agent, 33 Broadway, N.Y. City.

Our own Book on Cultivation for 30 cents.

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



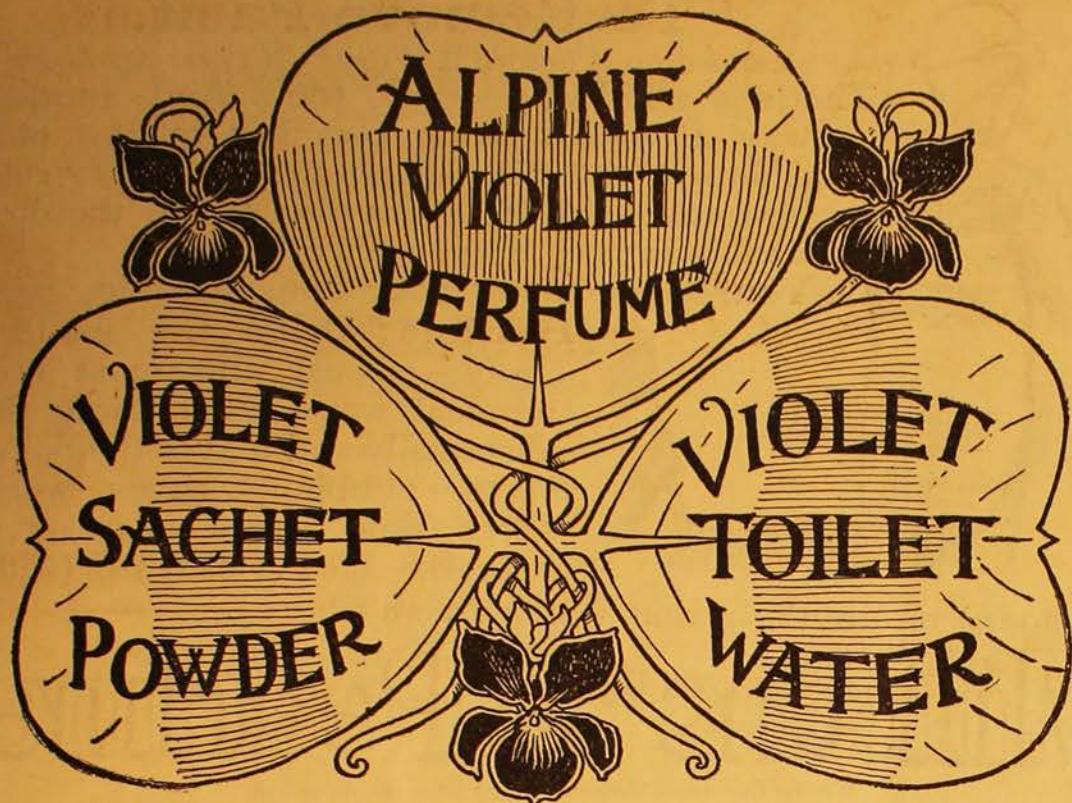
Solid White Crockery Stationary Wash Tubs and Sinks.

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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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.



Lundborg's Trio of Violets

is especially recommended.

The high reputation of Lundborg's Perfumes has been fully maintained by the more recently introduced Toilet Waters and Sachet Powders, which are becoming a necessity of every refined toilet.

Sachet Powder placed with linen, etc., gives a fresh fragrance, unattainable by other means, and Toilet Water is a luxurious addition to the bath, especially in warm weather.

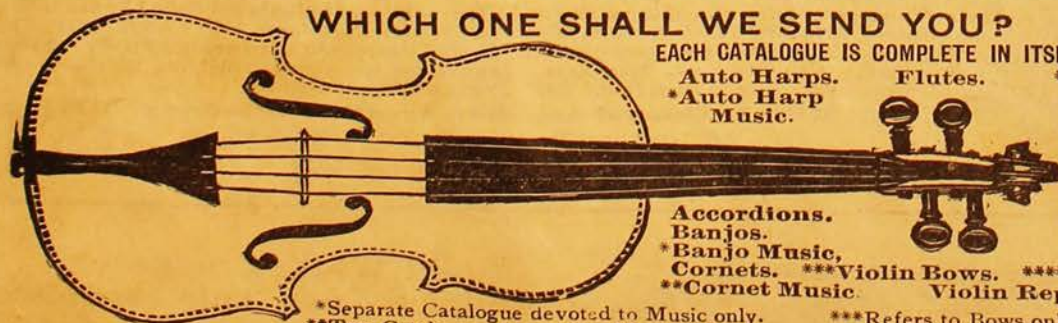
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Sachet Powders
Violet, White Rose, Pansy,
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Toilet Waters
Violet and Lilac

For Sale Everywhere.

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PROF. NORTH'S make the **DEAF** hear. Send stamp for circular. 41 Greenville St., Somerville, Mass.

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At 1/4 Price

Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

(Continued from page 635.)

"MRS. C."—We know of no remedy for broken or weak shade-rollers but to buy new ones. You should find on a printed slip on the roller directions for tightening the springs when necessary.

"E. M."—We received so many puzzles similar to yours, founded both upon a penny, fifty-cent piece, and twenty-five cent piece, that we considered them too hackneyed for publication. Impossible to form any idea of the value of your old coin; you do not say whether it is gold or silver or give its size. It is evidently a Spanish or Mexican coin; but the dates and inscription as you give them are conflicting. In 1735 Philip V. was King of Spain; the inscription is: Carolus III. Dei Gratia (Charles III. by the grace of God), Hispan. Et Ind. Rex (King of Spain and India) 1735; and Charles III. did not ascend the throne till after the death of his half-brother Ferdinand VI., in 1759.

"TRAVELER."—Your letter was too late for earlier reply.—Have a light wrap of tan or black cloth—see "Carroll" circle in June number—or of black moire, trimmed with black *bourdon* lace and jet. The moire can be trimmed with either black or white lace.—Have a covert cloth tailor-gown for traveling,—use the "Berkshire" coat illustrated in June number.—Read "Review of Fashions" in recent numbers for hints about silk gown. Any of the light fancy silks or a black moire would be suitable. Black is much worn.

"QUANDARY."—Inside blinds, whether folding or sliding, do not usually replace linen shades, which are used with them, next the window. Use the shades only, if you prefer them.—It would depend very much upon the harmony of colors and pattern whether you could use Moquette rugs with a Brussels carpet. Select those which match the carpet best.

"IGNORANT."—Your baby girl is very young to put in colored clothes, and the three-year-old boy too young for trousers; keep him in kilts for another year or two. A knitted "Tam" or a wool cap will be best for him for the sea-voyage. Have a gray or navy-blue flannel coat for the two-year-old girl, which she can wear all the time over her white gowns; make it the same length, just to her ankles. She will need a warm bonnet or hood of shirred silk or cashmere, to match her coat, with a white ruche round the face.—You are allowed a stateroom trunk which fits under the berth; they are from twelve to fourteen inches high, and from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches long. Anything larger would be inconvenient.—Get a black or brown straw turban for yourself, or an English walking-hat, and trim with velvet or satin and stiff *coq* feathers. Your black silk if plainly made will do very well for the journey. You will need a warm wrap.

"E. T."—We have not the address asked for.

"F. H. B."—For a silk or hair-cloth petticoat use the "Petticoat" pattern illustrated in miniature in Demorest's for February, 1894.

(Continued on page 637.)

Keep Up with the Times,

don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast table? Then you need cream. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.

Every one knows about Pearlina, almost every one uses Pearlina, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dishwashing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to mole hills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearlina. Fill the roasting pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearlina and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearlina rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it.

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 636.)

"KATIE."—In mounting the pictures that are given with Demorest's you should paste only the corners or the edge. A smooth paste of corn starch with a little alum in it is the best.—Wash linoleum with milk and water.—You can certainly get pure rice-powder at a drug store.

"M. E. A."—We have not the patterns you ask for.—Invite both young and married ladies to receive with you on your wedding anniversary. They will stand as at any reception, in a group near the entrance to the drawing-room, with the hostess next the entrance.—The children should not be too much *en évidence*; let them stray about as they please. Of course, in society they are kept in the nursery; but for this special occasion an exception might be made.—There is nothing prettier than a black velvet suit for a boy of nine.—Invitations for wedding anniversaries differ only from those for evening receptions by having the two dates on the sides or above, as 1879-1894. Read answer to "Edragi" in March number.

"H. E."—Your letter too late for earlier reply. "A New Occupation for Women," in "Gleanings" in July number, has perhaps given you some useful hints. "Flower Luncheons" in May number will give you novel ideas for decoration; but your own suggestion, a "Rosebud Party," would be charming for children. Read answer to Mrs. W. H. B. in May number, for information about invitation and hours. As your children are older—8, 10 and 12 years,—you could make the hour later; but common sense favors afternoon parties for children. A novel way to allot partners is to prepare a sufficient number of ribbons in half-yard lengths of different colors and shades, and cut them in two in an odd and irregular way,—no two of same color or shade cut alike. The drawing these from grab-bags and mating them will afford as much amusement as a game.

"MARIE."—You will find an answer to your request about a *pot-pourri* jar in "Gleanings" for this month.

Gleanings.

AMATEUR VERSUS PROFESSIONAL.

If the home-dressmaker would realize the importance of her pressing-iron as thoroughly as the tailor does that of his goose, there would be less amateurish, clumsy-looking work seen. Granting that the general lines of a gown are modish, nothing distinguishes amateur from professional work upon the first glance more than the pressing; and any woman ambitious to have good work done at home should have the necessary boards and irons. A broad board, and also a small one to slip inside sleeves, both snugly and smoothly covered with woolen cloth, and two irons—a tailor's goose and a French iron—should be part of the fittings of the work-room. The flat end of an iron is better for pressing seams than the point. The seams of skirts should always be spread and pressed.

(Continued on page 638.)

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.

A \$1 Magazine for 30c.

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Better than gymnasium exercise because in open air, and pleasanter than walking because more exhilarating.

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Ride a Columbia

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Another 100,000

ARTISTIC HOMES

Will be GIVEN AWAY to our friends during August, 1894. Undisputed Title and a GOOD DEED.

Conditions:—If you contemplate building a home and will send us your name and address and state what priced house you want we will send free a copy of our Beautifully Illustrated Book of Residence Designs, entitled: "Artistic Homes," how to plan and build them. Contains designs of many beautiful homes, and is brimful of information about the building of a Model Home. 100,000 won't last long, so send order at once. Enclose two 2c. stamps for mailing.

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

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If you buy now you can buy this beautiful

PIANO for \$145.00

We Challenge the World to Match it in Quality and in Price. It is a full 7 1/2 octave Piano, 50 inches high, 60 inches long, has Triple Veneered Case, Best Action, Ivory Keys, Sweet Full Tone and Elegant Rose-wood Finish. Put the \$145.00 with your Merchant or Banker and we will send the piano with Handsomely Embroidered Cover, Silk Plush Stool and Large Instruction Book, to be paid for after fifteen days' trial in your home. It is an easy and sure way to get a beautiful piano. Other PIANOS, \$150 to \$1000; ORGANS, \$25 up. We sell direct from factory and guarantee every instrument for 20 years. Catalogue free to all who want to buy.

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

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(DON'T COPY THIS HEADLINE.)

If so, send us your name and address, and receive by return mail a handsomely illustrated Catalogue with Prices, Terms, etc. of

The "OPERA" Piano.

A strictly High Grade UPRIGHT, at a very moderate price; cash or easy payments. Renowned for its durability and rich, powerful and sympathetic quality of tone. Unique and Artistic in Design; Superior Workmanship. Manufactured in 30 different styles and sizes.

PEEK & SON, B'way & 47th St., Manufacturers, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1850. Please mention this paper.

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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.

Honesty

is not a thing to be boasted of. In the matter of soup, it's a thing to be tasted.

See if you can't taste it in the next can of our soup which you open—honesty of materials and methods.

Factory always open to visitors (Saturdays excepted).

Franco-American Food Co.
Franklin St. and West Broadway,
NEW YORK.



Sample can of Soup sent postage prepaid on receipt of 14 cents.

Sold by grocers everywhere. Avoid substitutions.

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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.

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LATEST SUCCESS.

Three Little Kittens.

Waltz Song, 50 cts.; Medium Waltz, 50 cts.; Simple Waltz, 30 cts.

Words and Music by **Geo. W. Peek.** All Music Stores and Stationers. Published by **K. DEHNHOFF, 44 West 29th St., New York.** Descriptive Pamphlet Free.

Sent to any address post-paid, upon receipt of half price this month only. Sung by professionals in United States and England.

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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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YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS.
You can order any Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen used in Woman's work. Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Silk, Cotton and Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city. Send two penny-stamps for price-list. PETER BENDER.
(ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.

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

(Continued from page 637.)

TRAVELING LIBRARIES.

AT a recent meeting of the New York Board of Regents much attention was given to the consideration of plans for increasing the free libraries in the State, and also to the wider circulation of the traveling libraries. At the suggestion of Secretary Dewey it was decided to offer the traveling libraries to the proprietors of summer hotels at popular resorts, with the condition only that they pay the charges for transportation. This will give the traveling public opportunity to read many standard and good books, and fill a long-felt want, especially in isolated places; at the same time the plan will help to increase interest in the traveling libraries and greatly extend their usefulness.

THE LATEST FAD IN CUSHIONS.

NOT only fashion, but common sense and experience, too, have decreed that the softest and most luxurious filling for a sofa cushion is the down of milk-weed pods. The farmers will no longer be troubled with the multiplying of this one-time troublesome need if the pastures and country highways over a large part of the country are as thoroughly gleaned for it this season as a few sections were last autumn. The pods should be gathered just before they are ready to split open. The green husk must be stripped off the pods, and the seeds pinched off carefully with the fingers. Have ready some bags of coarse net, and strip the down from the cores into them. Every seed and bit of core must be removed, as their oily matter might become disagreeable. The bags should hang in a warm, dry place for two weeks or more, after which they are ready for use. As everyone knows, the down is very light; and it will take a half barrel of pods to fill a cushion twenty inches square. To fully appreciate this dainty filling the softest silk or brocade should be used for the cover. Besides the advantage of its lightness and softness, some persons claim that this vegetable down is much cooler to the head than the down of feathers.

ANOTHER TIME AND WORRY SAVER.

ON Hungarian railways the traveler is spared the delay and annoyance of waiting his turn at the ticket office. An ingenious invention of the Hungarian Minister, Dr. Lukais, which does away with the old system entirely, has been adopted throughout that country.

By means of "railway marks" the traveler makes out his own ticket: on a blank card he writes the name of his starting point and also the station to which he is going, and in the intervening space he affixes as many railway marks as will pay the cost of the journey.

(Continued on page 639.)

FREE! ACTUALLY GIVEN AWAY. FREE!



Solid gold-plated pencil or toothpick. For particulars send name and address to **C. A. COOPER'S Old-Established Store, 217 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

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

WORLD POCKET STOVE Takes the place of plasters, liniments and hot water bags. One will last the family for years. The cost is only \$1.00. Money returned if not pleased. Send your address on postal and we will mail our little book.
J. T. ELLIS, Manager,
P.O. Box 261, Newark, N. J.

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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 2 1/2 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 1 1/4 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.

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Saranac Buck Gloves and Mittens



Are the **BEST** in the World. **SOLD BY ALL JOBBERS.** **SEE** that the left-hand glove is stamped

SARANAC

Send for our Glove book.
SARANAC GLOVE CO., Littleton, N. H.

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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.

KEEP THE HEAD COOL



The Braided Wire Spring Pillow is cool and cleanly. Comfortable as down or feathers. Health restoring to the sick. Practically indestructible. Price, upholstered in fine hair:
Adult's 20x28 \$3.50
Child's 14x22 \$2.50
Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. Address,

Weston & Wells Mfg. Co.,
1110-1116 Noble St., Phila., Pa.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of Boston. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address

G. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

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

by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

Children's teeth should receive early attention; if the first teeth are well cared for the permanent ones will be satisfactory.



RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH

is splendid for children. They like the delicious flavor. It is most cleansing and healthful and absolutely harmless.

25 cents. All Druggists.
Sample vial free. Address
E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Buy a

Monarch

Bicycle



And ride the best. Four styles—Ladies and Gents. Weight, 25 to 34 pounds. Fully guaranteed. Send for advance sheet of '94 Catalogue. Regular Catalogue ready February 15th.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.,

Lake and Halsted Sts., Chicago.

(Retail Salesroom, No. 280 Wabash Ave.)

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

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.



\$14 Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak Improved High Arm Singer sewing machine finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 Years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance.

75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits.

FREE Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair.

OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

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Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices without paying one cent in advance. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save dealer's profits.

Large illustrated catalog free. Address **Cash Buyers' Union, 164 West Van Buren Street, B 53 Chicago, Ill.**

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



\$2.75 Buys our \$9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and one piece steam bent handle. Made of best material, finely finished, reliable, and guaranteed for 3 years. Shipped on 10 days' trial. **FREIGHT PAID**; no money required in advance. 75,000 in use. We are the oldest and best known concern of our kind, reliable and responsible. Reference furnished at any time. Make and sell nothing but what we guarantee to be as represented, sold at the lowest factory prices. **WRITE TO-DAY** for our large **FREE** illustrated catalogue of latest designs and styles published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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AGENTS \$75 A WEEK AT HOME.

using or selling **PRACTICAL PLATING DYNAMO**. The modern method, used in all factories to plate new goods. Plates gold, silver, nickel, etc., on watches, jewelry, table-ware, bicycles and all metal goods; fine outfits for agents; different sizes; always ready; no battery; no toy; no experience; no limit to plating needed; a great money maker.

W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 15, Columbus, Ohio.

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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.



**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.

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**\$19⁵⁰ DEMAREST
100 Sewing Machine.**

Warranted for Five Years.

Full Set of Attachments with every Machine
100,000 SOLD IN TEN YEARS.

The only High Grade SEWING MACHINE sold for \$19.50
HOW CAN WE DO IT? Because we MAKE THEM and
SELL DIRECT to the PUBLIC.
If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction
ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies
residing in your vicinity who have used them.

SENT ON TRIAL. Demorest Sewing Machine Company,
Ask for Catalogue of other styles. 155 West 23d Street, New York.

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, Prest 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. Blicher, 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.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
E. W. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenaeum*.

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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:

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One Hundred Subscriptions,
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All sent to separate addresses anywhere in the United States or Canada, post free.

Address
W. JENNINGS DEMAREST,
10 East 14th St., New York.

Spice Box.

SWELL OF THE PERIOD:—"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

DOCTOR:—"Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

"My daughter was especially educated to become the wife of a foreign nobleman."

"Indeed."

"She learned how to say 'Yes' in seventeen languages and twenty-one dialects."

"BANGS'S son has a wonderful influence over him. Bangs goes to church regularly now."

"How did he persuade his father?"

"Well, you see he's only three months old, and it was either go to church or take care of the baby."



MRS. A:—"No, I won't go so far as say that she's exactly pretty; but it's the kind of face that grows on you."

MRS. B (with emphasis):—"Does it, dear? Well, all I can say about the matter is that I'm very thankful indeed it hasn't grown on me."

(Continued on page 642.)

**QUALITY,
WORKMANSHIP,
And SHAPES
UNEQUALED.**

**Ferris'
Good
Sense
Corset Waist.**

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
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Principal Office—341 Broadway, NEW YORK.
Branch Office—537 Market St., San Francisco.

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**The Two Great
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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.

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**Mme.
McCABE'S CORSETS**

Ladies, if you would have the most perfect Corset made, try this style. Endorsed by thousands now wearing them. **SIDE UNBREAKABLE.** Handsomely illustrated catalogue of Corsets and Health Waists, with prices, free. **St. Louis Corset Co., Mrs.,** by mail. Department A. 19th and Morgan Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Lady Agents Wanted.

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.

For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: 1. Albertine Basque, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure, 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. Colebrook Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 2. Trevino Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 3. Jenason Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 4. Carrollton Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 5. Princess House-Gown, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 6. Warburton Overskirt. Medium and Large.
 7. French Sacque Chemise. Medium and Large, for Ladies.
 8. "Mother Hubbard" Night-Gown. Medium and Large, for Ladies.
 9. Lesbia Waist, 14 and 16 years.
 10. Cora Waist, 12 and 14 years.
 11. Myrzalla Blouse, 10, 12 and 14 years.
 12. Wingate Dress, 8 and 10 years.
 13. Manon Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 14. Guthrie Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 15. Henley Blouse, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 16. Valentina Blouse, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 17. Recamier House-Gown, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 18. Sabina Morning-Dress, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
 19. Reseda Skirt. Medium and Large.
 20. Lady's Drawers. Medium and Large.
 21. Kennebec Dress, 6 and 8 years.
 22. San-Souci Dress, 4 and 6 years.
 23. Bettie Apron, 6, 8, and 10 years.
 24. Boy's Norfolk Jacket, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.
 25. Felix Suit, 4 and 6 years.
 26. Kilt Skirt, 4 and 6 years.

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.

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

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.

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.**

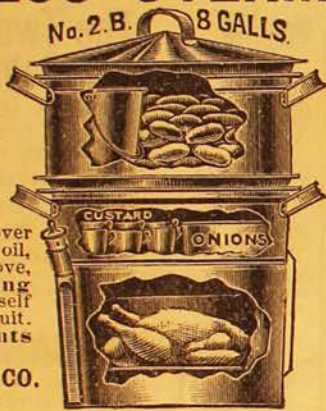
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The PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

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.

\$15.00 TO \$40.00 A WEEK.

Can be made taking subscribers for "House and Home," the best illustrated Home Journal published. Every subscriber will receive a handsome premium valued at \$5.00 in any store. Anyone can, with spare time, do well. No experience required. Full instructions given. Send 20 cents for complete outfit, sample copies and full instructions, and you will make money fast.

Address, **THE HOUSE AND HOME CO., 641 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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.

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 September 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 September 15th, 1894.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from page 641.)

IN a district school the pupils were asked to define a bee line. A small boy answered "I know! It's the line a feller makes fer home when a bee's stung him."

THE OLD MAN:—"Humph! when I was your age I didn't have kid gloyes and a cane!"

ALGY:—"Well, father, I should think you'd expect to find some improvement in the family since that time."

HE (rapturously):—"You accept me? Then it's a bargain!"

SHE (with her mind on shopping):—"Certainly. I shouldn't think of it if it wasn't."

CONCEITED HUSBAND (looking at himself in the glass):—"Bessie, what small eyes I have."

BESSIE (knowing her husband's weakness):—"Never mind, lovie; you have large feet."

"WILLIE, do you and your brother ever fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who whips?"

"Pa."

"Is Hicks's wife a nice housekeeper?"

MR. HACKS:—"Well, I should say so. Why, half the time Hicks can't find anything that belongs to him."

DOT:—"Mamma says the cat is full of 'lectricity."

DICK:—"Of course. Put your ear down on 'er an' you can hear the trolley."

AUNTIE:—"A penny for your thoughts."

LITTLE NEPHEW:—"I was thinking that, if I kept quite quiet and pretended to be thinking, you'd wonder what I was thinking about, and say just what you did. Gimme the penny!"

KATHLEEN:—"Mamma, why do you call my gray kitty a Maltese? Is it because I maul and tease it so?"

SOMEBODY has estimated that a man who lives to be sixty years old has spent seven months in buttoning his shirt-collar.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again.

"Yes, mother," he replied; "I am so weak that I can't go a step-father."

EXTRACT from the "Visitors' Book" of a hotel in Guernsey: "The living here is good, plain, and substantial. So is the waitress."

(Continued on page 643.)



Babies fed upon Lactated Food thrive better than those brought up on any other diet. It

Lactated Food

has saved thousands ones; it is reach of



the lives of of little within the all. Use it.

Saves Babies Lives

A 25-cent can of Lactated Food will be sent free to any mother for trial for 8 cents' postage. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



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, 1897 W. e. Monroe St., Chicago. Send money by P. O. Order. Agents wanted; catalogue free.

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

LADIES wanted to write at home. Best wages. 2c. stamp. Blush of Roses, South Bend, Ind. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE CONSTITUTION.

An eight-page monthly, published for the promotion of constitutional liberty and justice, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Single Yearly Subscriptions, 10 cts.

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(Continued from page 642.)

"How do you like the dressmaker I sent you to?"

"I'm afraid she's not first-class."

"Why?"

"Well, she allowed me to make a suggestion without losing her temper."

A "MAHOGANY child's chair" was recently advertised for sale. That mahogany child may grow up to be the wooden-headed boy so often spoken of.



Getting away from the Investigating Committee.

MRS. UPTODATE (feelingly):—"Yes, my dear, six months after we were married Jack and I made up our minds that we weren't a bit suited for each other; so, like sensible people, we faced the inevitable. Jack lets me go my way, and —"

MISS VERDANT (sympathetically):—"And you let him go his way, I suppose?"

MRS. UPTODATE (indignantly):—"Good gracious, my dear! I should just like to see him try it."

A WELL-KNOWN evolutionist was the other day trying to instruct his little daughter in the first principles of evolution. "And so, you see," said he, "you must never again feel vain and proud of yourself, for you must remember you are only the descendant of an ape. Now, do you understand—of an ape?" "Well, papa," said the scientific little lady, "I think I do understand you; but, anyhow, you are a step nearer the apes than I am."

WHO WAS MAMMA?

Bottesini, the celebrated double-bass soloist, was once engaged to play at a concert at Monte Carlo. At the end of the performance a young lady walked up to him and, shaking hands, made some complimentary remarks on the concert. "I remember seeing you at mamma's," she said. "And who might your mamma be?" asked the musician, who had been wondering who the young lady was. "Oh, the Queen of England!" replied the lady, who was none other than the present Empress Frederick.

(Continued on page 644.)

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 cent. 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.

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Use and Recommend

Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Teachers of cookery are versed not only in the science of food and theory of cooking, but in the practical work;—their cooking must be perfect. They can't afford to make any failures, and in their work they must use the best.

No other article of food has ever received so many commendations from eminent teachers of cookery and writers on domestic science as **Cleveland's Baking Powder**. Read what some of them say in regard to it:

(May 5, 1894.)—"Finding Cleveland's Baking Powder the best in quality, the most economical in use, and always sure to give uniform results, I did what every intelligent housekeeper who keeps pace with the progress in domestic science would do, adopted Cleveland's Baking Powder."

Marion Harland
Author "Common Sense in the Household."

(March, 1892.)—"I have used Cleveland's Baking Powder exclusively for several years, because I have found it what it claims to be, pure and wholesome. The results have been uniformly satisfactory."

Mary J. Lincoln
Author of the "Boston Cook Book."

(Dec. 1, 1893.)—"The results obtained by the use of Cleveland's Baking Powder have always been satisfactory."

Fannie M. Farmer
Principal Boston Cooking School.

(Dec. 4, 1893.)—"I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder to others because it is pure and wholesome, it takes less for the same baking, it never fails, and bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor."

Corntia Campbell Bedford
Supt New York Cooking School.

(March, 1894.)—"I use Cleveland's Baking Powder in my kitchen and class work."

Eunice P. Ewing
Principal Chautauqua Cooking School.

(August 27, 1890.)—"I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

Sarah J. Rover
Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

(March, 1892.)—"I prefer to use Cleveland's Baking Powder because I consider it perfectly wholesome and it has always given uniform results."

Carrie M. Dearborn
Late Principal Boston Cooking School.

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Loses half its charm with bad teeth

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hump?

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(Continued from page 643.)

WHY is a proud girl like a musical box?—Because she is full of airs.

MISTRESS:—"Bridget, I don't want you to go out this evening."

MAID:—"Nayther do Pathrick, mem; he's coming to see me, mem."

SHE:—"Why did you lose your temper so unfortunately at that game of cards?"

HE:—"It was the only thing I had left to lose."

GENERALLY, when a man and woman have been made one, the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one.

THE ECONOMICAL WAY.

DON'T throw rice after the bride and bridegroom. Wait till they get settled and send it to them.

HEIRESS:—"Why did you fall in love with so homely a girl as myself, George?"

GEORGE:—"Oh, my dear, I know that you are as good as gold!"

AGNES:—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased."

MAUD:—"Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get!"

H:—"I tell you, we men are not what we used to be."

B:—"How is that?"

H:—"Well, you see, we used to be boys."

"GOOT MUSEEK," said the German professor, beaming kindly on his class, "aidts der digestion undt ingreases dot appetite."

"I wonder," mused the thoughtful girl who wore glasses and had a high forehead, "if that is the reason why pianos in boarding-houses are never tuned?"

ONE VIEW OF IT.

Some children were overheard discussing the Sunday services in the fashionable church at which the family worshipped.

"Well, now," said the seven-year-old boy, "I must say I should like to know what the sermon is for."

"Why, Harry, don't you know?" answered his five-year-old sister. "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

SHE:—"I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon."

HE:—"Oh, yes, we have,—that last sentiment of yours."

HOPKINS' BUILDING DESIGNS.

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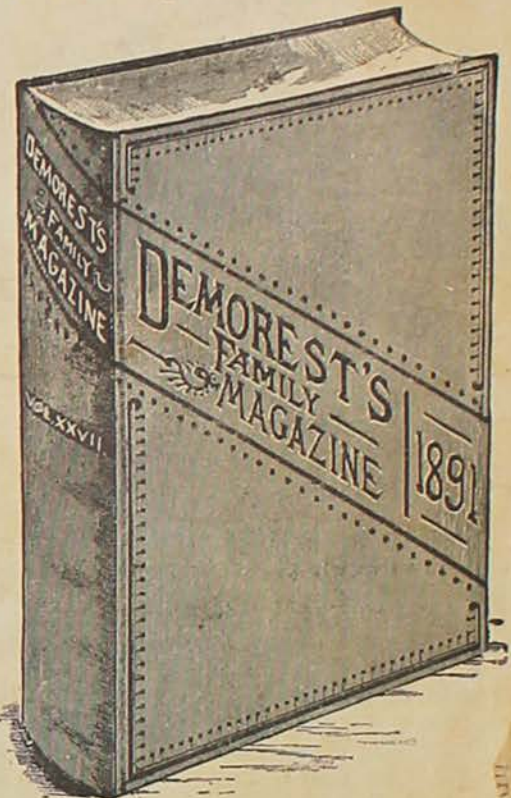
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