

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD OF SPAIN.

THE governments of Europe are watching the progress of the revolution in Cuba with the greatest interest, and some of the European monarchs look at the event with alarm. It is not merely a question as to whether Spain will retain the island. Europe would care little about that; but for them the main question is: "Will the monarchical government of Spain remain in power, or will a revolution break out, the queen be overthrown, and a republic established?" It cannot be doubted for a moment that should the Spanish armies in Cuba be

of affairs in Spain was as bad as could be. The government was nearly bankrupt and confronted with the greatest difficulties,—financial, social, political, and international. The Republicans, strong and well organized, seemed at the point of overthrowing the monarchy, and the burden of facing all these difficulties was falling upon a woman, young, without experience, a stranger in the country, the mother of two charming little girls. She was not popular; and the fact that she is an Austrian princess will explain this unpopularity. Spanish pride cannot



PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

defeated, or be compelled to abandon the struggle for any reason, the whole peninsula from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar will witness a storm of human passion, rage, and *furia*, which will sweep away the government.

On the other hand, supposing that Spain succeeds in crushing the revolution, the expedition will cost millions of dollars and the lives of thousands of soldiers. This means more taxes for a people taxed to the utmost, and a public debt the interest of which no taxing will be able to meet. Yet a victory in Cuba would undoubtedly strengthen the government of the queen regent and assure its stability for many years.

It is not the first time that Queen Christine has had to deal with difficulties which seem insurmountable. When King Alphonso XII. of Spain suddenly died, leaving the regency of the kingdom to the young queen, the condition

stand the idea of being ruled by a foreigner. So, from one end of Europe to the other, everyone exclaimed:

"The poor queen! She will not remain in Spain a single month. She will have to give it up, else her government will be overthrown through some bloody revolution. Surely a republic will be established in Spain within a few weeks, unless Don Carlos de Bourbon, pretender to the throne of Spain, should manage to fish in troubled waters."

Those who are interested in European politics anxiously awaited the terrible event. Over ten years have elapsed, and they are still waiting.

I would not like to be accused of partiality to monarchical ideas, yet I must recognize that the work accomplished in Spain during the past five years by the royal ministers is admirable, that the queen regent is now most



H. M. THE KING OF SPAIN, ALPHONSO XIII.

popular, and that monarchy is undoubtedly stronger than it had been for a long period. People say it is a miracle; true, a miracle accomplished by the queen. When, at the death of the king, she became regent of the kingdom, the Spanish people, who objected to being governed by a foreign princess, thought:

"If only there were a boy,—a future king! As she is a good mother, a remarkably intelligent woman, she would make a brilliant prince—a man—of him, and it would be better, perhaps, than to go again through a revolution and anarchy." Just then it was learned that the queen expected a third child, and, strange to say, everyone waited, before beginning the fight, to see whether it would be a girl or a boy. It was a boy. "Viva el Ré!" shouted the nation at large; and for a time all political contentions ceased. Many royalists who were thinking of joining the cause of the would-be king, Prince Don Carlos, rather than to obey a foreigner changed their minds and stayed by their future king, while the Spanish people at large began to take the greatest interest in the mother and child, and



PLAZA AND MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS.

the general feeling seemed to be, "Why! give her a chance to raise that boy and make a great king of him."

The queen understood it, felt it; and finding her protection and strength behind the cradle which hid so many hopes, she took the government in hand, and has conducted it in such a way as to gain not only the admiration of all the world, but even that of her most bitter foes. Spain has had some frightful crises to go through. At home, the socialists, the anarchists, the awful condition of the finances, poverty and misery, strikes of every kind, calamities of every description; abroad, difficulties with



From a photograph furnished by permission of Her Majesty.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

Germany, France, and Morocco. Yet she has passed through all this in a wonderfully quiet way, and every difficulty seems to have strengthened the position of the queen. The happy selection she made of her ministers, her unquestionably patriotic stand upon all international questions, her energy at home, the quiet, simple, economical manner in which she lives, surrounded by her children, the integrity and high morality which prevail at her court, all have contributed to win for her the love and admiration of the people and the respect of her political adversaries.



HANNIS TAYLOR, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.

Sidonia and the Duke de Sotomayar, both in court uniform, covered with orders and decorations, when a chamberlain at the door announced "La Reina," and the queen regent came in, followed by a dozen ladies and as many officers. She looked younger and much more charming than I expected, even after hearing so much about her. She has also the reputation of dressing most beautifully and tastefully.

Her majesty very kindly ignored all questions of etiquette, being anxious to have the entertainment *en famille et sans cérémonie*. She immediately came to me, and in the kindest and most charming manner asked me questions about my travels in Asia and in Africa. She was quite anxious to know how the views would be shown, as a stereopticon, such as we have in the States had never been seen in Spain, where, by the way, it created quite a sensation. The custom-house officials would not at first let the gas-cylinders go through, fearing they were some infernal machines, and I an anarchist anxious to blow up Madrid!



THE ESCURIAL, THE ROYAL PALACE.

It is useless to add that the queen takes the keenest interest in all political questions and herself presides over the cabinet. But what more could I say in praise of her wonderful ability than to recall the words of Castelar, the great Spanish Republican, who, after all these years of fighting, says: "I shall oppose this government no more; it has given Spain all a republic could give her!" No greater approbation of the queen's efforts could possibly be desired.

There is nothing gay about the court of Spain. All the time she does not give to the government business the queen spends with her children. There is very little going on at the royal palace, one of the largest, handsomest, and richest in Europe; from time to time a very private concert or musicale is given by distinguished artists. Her Majesty seldom, if ever, grants private audiences; there are no drawing-rooms, as at St. James's, and only twice a year is the diplomatic corps given a reception, and no other foreigners but the diplomats attend it.

The queen, however, very kindly accepted my invitation to listen to an illustrated lecture on the United States of America. Everything was speedily arranged, thanks to the efforts of the Duke de Sotomayar, *Grand Maître de la Cour*, and of the inspector-general of the palace. The lecture was fixed for half-past nine in the red *salon* next to the throne room. I was talking with the Duke de Medina-



THE DUKE OF MEDINA-SIDONIA INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE PALACE.

The queen spoke first in English, and very fluently, but requested me to give the lecture in French, as everyone present understood that language better. She also asked me to stay near her, as she did not want to lose one word. It was doubtless the most attentive and appreciative audience I ever had. I thought the lecture would last about an hour; but her Majesty was so interested and asked so many questions that it lasted two and a half hours. I had views of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Niagara, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, New Orleans, etc. Those which seemed to create the most interest were the elevated railroad, the New York Central "flyer," the magnificent cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the high buildings of Chicago, the wonderful scenery of the Yosemite, and the Capitol in Washington. When the picture of Mrs. Cleveland came upon the screen the queen exclaimed, "*Comme elle est jolie!*" The last picture was a fine photograph of the United States cruiser New York.

During the entertainment the queen exclaimed again and again, charmed by the beautiful pictures, "*Comme c'est intéressant!*" At the close she expressed her satisfaction in the warmest possible terms, talking in a charming manner, and for nearly an hour, of all that she had seen. She told me she had spent many hours listening to the narrative of the Infanta Eulalia's experiences in America, after the princess had returned to Spain.

Her Majesty expressed the warmest admiration for the United States, and said there is not another country she would like so much to visit. These friendly feelings toward our country I noticed everywhere in Spain, and all the State ministers and high officials had but the most agreeable and flattering things to say of Americans. The writers who, of late, have claimed that the Spanish government is unfriendly to the United States are very much mistaken, I think. Spain has reason to be grieved and provoked at the tone of many of our newspapers regarding the Cuban revolution. It is natural that this country

should sympathize with Cuba, but also very natural that Spain should look at the matter in a different light.

"What would you do," asked a Spaniard, some time ago, "should Texas or California, or any of your States, decide to become independent of the Federal Government, and proclaim itself an independent republic? Do all in your power, I am sure, to crush such a movement. Well, we consider Cuba as much a part of Spain as Texas or California is a part of the federation of the United States."

To return to the evening I spent at the royal palace of Madrid, I will mention a rather amusing incident. I had been requested to bring with me some photographs of Japan, Corea, China, and other Asiatic countries. Among them was a photograph of myself in the costume of a Corean general.

"What strange and wonderful clothes!" exclaimed the queen. "I never saw anything like them."

I had anticipated her surprise and brought along the costume, which created much amusement and made everyone laugh heartily. The little pink silk coat with widesleeves, the big socks padded with cotton, the wonderful hat with peacock feathers and all kinds of ornaments, were much enjoyed, but it remained for the trousers to create a real sensation. They are enormous,—so big that I can disappear entirely in one of the legs. While everyone was laughing at them, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia

whispered in my ear, "On! on! put them on"; and, following his suggestion, I put them on, and also the rest of the costume, to the great amusement of all. Soon after the queen retired; and when she had disappeared, followed by the other ladies, the duke came to me, and in the most serious manner said,

"Sir, you can boast of having done what no other man ever did."

"What is it, your excellency?"

"You can boast, sir, of being the only man who ever did put on and take off his trousers before her Majesty the Queen of Spain and the ladies of the court!"

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.



THE DUKE OF SOTOMAYOR, GRAND MASTER OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.

### THE COMING OF SUMMER.

THE woods are astir with the flutter of wings,  
Each thicket resounds with the notes of a song;  
The maples' green banners unfurl to the breeze,  
And hither the dryads come tripping along,  
Whose chanting has startled the squirrel that springs  
From bough unto bough of the whispering trees.

The uplands, whose pastures of emerald hue  
Laugh low at the frolics of lambkins at play,  
Are waiting expectant for someone to come,  
Tricked out in their holiday finery, gay  
With buttercups yellow and harebells of blue,  
That tinkle and chime when we think they are dumb.

The brook is aglad with hilarious glee,  
And gambols and leaps as it runs to the lake.  
"She's coming! she's coming!" it shouts to the field;  
"The cranes have come back and the woodchuck's awake!"  
Like any young madcap from durance set free,  
And singeth for joy till its lips shall be sealed.

The lake as her children run into her arms,  
Impatient to tell the good tidings the first,  
Takes each to her heart, and there rocks it to sleep;  
And while on her heaving, full bosom 'tis nursed,  
She croons a soft lullaby, speaking the charms  
Of summer, high carnival coming to keep.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LIFE IN SAMOA.

"He was one of the Greathearts of this world, both in pen and deed, and many were those he led through sorrow and tribulation to the gates of the City Beautiful."

**N**OTHING in Robert Louis Stevenson's life bears stronger witness to the man's marked individuality and to the large and beautiful humanity of his spirit than the enormous influence he exercised over the natives of Samoa. They are a gentle race, contradict-

but a brief space of time before the natives, as of one accord, recognized this hospitable home as neutral ground; and to Mr. Stevenson, "the man of wisdom," they brought all their troubles and perplexities. With never-failing patience he listened to their tales of bitter wrongs, and gave wise counsel alike to government chiefs and to the rebels, being so freely consulted by them upon every subject of moment or policy that he was usually the best-



*From a bas-relief by St. Gaudens.*

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT WORK.**

*Copyright, 1895, by A. St. Gaudens.*

ing in their most striking characteristics the generally conceived opinion of a so-called savage people; and when Mr. Stevenson took up his abode in that war-distracted island of Upolu the man's sterling integrity of purpose and large-hearted sympathy made him, without effort to that end on his part, the universal peace-maker whose advice was sought by the chiefs of both parties.

The broad verandas of Vailima had looked off upon that glorious, wide-stretching view over the blue Pacific

informed person on the island with regard to every political move. He was perfectly fearless, and gave generous assistance and sympathy in every need; thus it was not strange that the expression "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend" became a proverb of the countryside.

During the first year at Vailima the question of service was a most vexing one. There was a German cook; a white overseer who disliked manual labor and thought it

"an unwholesome thing for a man to be awakened in the early morning, for one ought to wake up natural-like"; and a white carter who "couldn't bear with niggers." This crushing dependence upon well-paid employés whose service was a domestic tyranny could not last; and as soon as the members of the family had gained some familiarity with the language of the country they freed themselves from their shackles, installed a staff of Samoan servants, who proved tractable and teachable, and from this time the happiness and comfort of Vailima was complete.



TAUPON SUEINA

The home life of the Stevensons, wherever it might be, at Bournemouth, on Saranac Lake, or half-way up the heights of Vaea, was simply ideal; there was ever about it a certain atmosphere of unworldliness that was irresistible, and in Samoa it took on the patriarchal character of the people. With the Samoans the family is everything; and the native servants gave to their white chief an allegi-



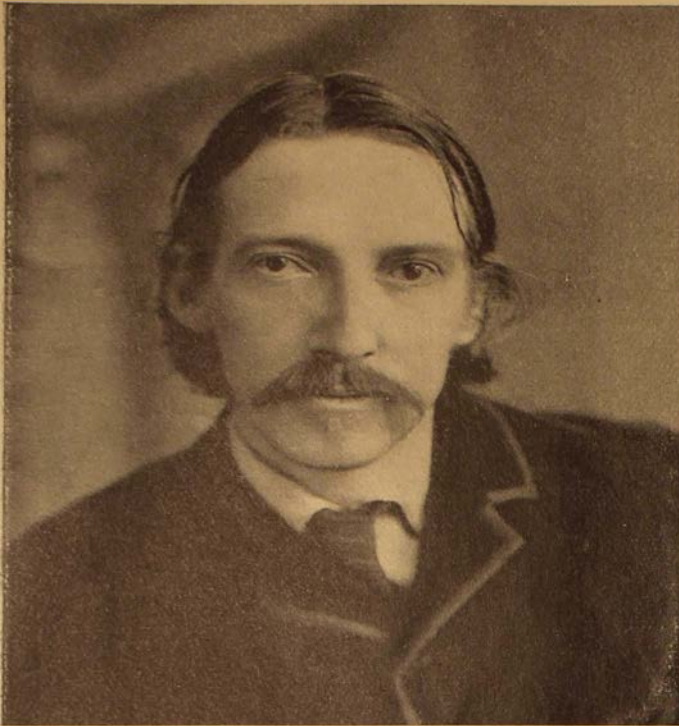
UNITED STATES CONSULATE, APIA, SAMOA.

ance and devotion that civilized life does not often enjoy. They were a fine body of young men, varying in number from thirteen to twenty-one, and their uniform of Scotch tartan, reserved for high days and holidays, was a badge to them of the highest service, which they donned with utmost pride. Most unique and original were Mr. Stevenson's penalties for misdemeanors; he exacted absolute and unquestioning obedience, never changing or modifying an order, and the regular discipline, with clearly defined lines of work, known penalties for remissness and as sure rewards for faithfulness, developed all that was best in these untrained natures, which are a remarkable combination of childlike and noble characteristics.

Louis Stevenson's life had been a daily struggle with death, and he had hunted the wide earth in search of a spot of land and an air that would mean life for him, when



STARTING FOR A PICNIC.—FALE-TELE, NATIVE GUEST-HOUSE.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

the fortunate cruise of the South Seas, which from its happy results seems an inspiration, led him to that tropic land of feasting and sunshine which was destined to give him surcease from anguishing pain, and a few years filled to the brim with all life's joys and interests. Thus a vital human interest was given to far-away Samoa,—aforetime only held in memory as the scene of that tragic disaster to our navy,—and all the reading world became eager for particulars of the land “whose breath eked out so blithely the waning life of the courageous author-invalid,” and of those last years in self-exile.

There were absorbing interests, at first, of clearing the tropic wilderness, planting fields and groves of fruit-trees, building the home, and making a road to it; and all this with untrained labor. With what ardor Mr. Stevenson threw

himself into this work, and how completely the outdoor life and these hitherto undreamed-of plans and pursuits swayed his whole nature, is graphically told in those letters to his friend Sidney Colvin, known as “The Vailima Letters.” He writes: “Nothing is so interesting as weeding, clearing, and path-making; the oversight of laborers becomes a disease; it is quite an effort not to drop into the farmer, and does make you feel so well.” . . . . . “If I go out and make a six-pence bossing my laborers and plying the cutlass or the spade, idiot conscience applauds me; if I sit in the house and make twenty pounds, idiot conscience wails over my neglect and the day wasted.”

After the first two years of hand-to-hand struggle in transforming the unbroken forest and its tropical tangle of vines into a cultivated estate of smiling gardens, velvet lawns, and luxuriant groves, the current of life ran placidly and joyously at Vailima, and there was nothing of that isolation or loneliness which most persons would associate with an English home in the antipodes.

Samoa lies on one of the great thoroughfares of the world. There is a constant coming and going of visitors, stopping over from one mail-boat to another; and the small white population of four hundred souls leads a gay and social life, with much more leisure for real enjoyment of the passing days than we give ourselves in crowded centres where the multitude of interests and opportunities so jostle and crush each other that their very purpose in being is defeated.

Mr. Stevenson was the heart and soul of all plans for general pleasure, and the great hall at Vailima, a noble room over fifty feet long and proportionately broad, was the scene of constantly recurring luncheons and dinners. The better class of Samoans are gentle folk, akin in manners, good breeding, and tact, to the average men of civilized countries, and they have an elaborately formulated etiquette for ceremonious occasions. Thus there was much picturesque ceremony in the oft-recurring visits of chieftains to the “chief-house of wisdom.” They came in stately processions bearing gifts of everything, from garlands of flowers to squealing pigs; and the drinking of a bowl of *khava*—pronounced *'ava*—is the seal of friendship. The gratitude and loving-kindness of these simple savages teaches a lesson to many white men,



KHAVA-DRINKING AT A FEAST GIVEN IN HONOR OF STEVENSON.

whose boorishness and pretentiousness they sharply condemn and criticise, a novel and wholesome experience for the would-be arrogator of civilization.

The "Feast of the Loving Heart," which Stevenson mentions in the last of the Vailima letters, was one of those characteristic native functions in which Mr. Stevenson took intense delight. This special one was given in his honor to celebrate the release from prison of the rebels whose cause he had earnestly espoused. One of the very last *fêtes* given at Vailima was to celebrate the completion of a road to Apia, built by these grateful chiefs and their people as a testimonial to Mr. Stevenson. They erected a tablet by the roadside, bearing the following inscription :

"The Road of the Loving Heart.  
Remembering the great love of his highness, Tუსitala,  
And his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed,  
We have prepared him an enduring present,  
This road, which we have dug to last forever."

Beneath are engraved the names of all those who had a share in that labor of love ; and when the sudden end to all these earthly plans came, it was these same loving hands that cut a road up to the summit of Vaea, and with gentle reverence bore their beloved Tუსitala—"Teller-of-Tales"—to his last resting-place.

"Taupon" is the highest rank the Samoans can bestow upon a woman. Chiefs and taupons rank together, and are so exclusive and august that a special vocabulary of etiquette is reserved for them. The taupon accompanies the chief in councils of war, leads the native dances and cricket games,—the favorite Samoan sport,—and she ob-

serves a good deal of state, being invariably accompanied by a train of maids of honor.

The Taupon Sueina is the professional beauty of Samoa, and she is photographed in her native costume,—or rather, lack of costume. It is only in deference to prudish Caucasian prejudice that the natives ever don any but their primeval attire. The wearing of clothes they declare weakens Samoan lungs, though the most restricting garments the bronze-hued belles ever affect are "Mother Hubbards." The native costume, common to men and women, consists of a *négligé* bit of drapery about the loins, made of wood-pulp and called the *lava-lava*, a head-dress, and the sacred ivory necklace, the *ula-lei*, a badge of supreme distinction.

The story "Weir of Hermiston," was the last work of Louis Stevenson's prolific imagination. The theme had been working in his mind for a long time, reference to it being found in the Vailima letter of March 25, '92. But he did not begin the writing in earnest till the last weeks of his life. The romance was dictated by the author to his step-daughter and devoted amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, during the month of November, 1894 ; and the last lines were written the very morning of his sudden seizure and death. The scenes are laid in Edinburgh and in the wild hill-country about the Clyde and Tweed, in the winter and spring of 1813-14. The plot and circumstances are wholly imaginary, but the character of Adam Weir, Lord Hermiston, was in some degree suggested by that of a historical personage, Robert Mac Queen, Lord Braxfield, who figured on the stage of life in the last century.

E. A. FLETCHER.

## WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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### PART I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

IN the wild end of a moorland parish, far out of the sight of any house, there stands a cairn among the heather, and a little by east of it, in the going down of the braeside, a monument with some verses half defaced. It was here that Claverhouse shot with his own hand the Praying Weaver of Balweary, and the chisel of Old Mortality has clinked on that lonely gravestone. Public and domestic history have thus marked with a bloody finger this hollow among the hills ; and since the Cameronian gave his life there, two hundred years ago, in a glorious folly and without comprehension or regret, the silence of the moss has been broken once again by the report of fire-arms and the cry of the dying.

The Deil's Hags was the old name ; but the place is now called Francie's Cairn. For a while it was told that Francie walked. Aggie Hogg met him in the gloaming by the cairnside and he spoke to her with chattering teeth, so that his words were lost. He pursued Bob Todd (if anyone could have believed Robbie) for the space of half a mile with pitiful entreaties. But the age is one of incredulity ; these superstitious decorations speedily fell off, and the facts of the story itself, like the bones of a giant buried there and half dug up, survived, naked and imperfect, in the memory of the scattered neighbors. To this day, of winter nights when the sleet is on the window and

the cattle are quiet in the byre, there will be told again, amid the silence of the young and the additions and corrections of the old, the tale of the justice-clerk and of his son, young Hermiston, who vanished from men's knowledge ; of the two Kirsties and the Four Black Brothers of the Cauldstaneslap ; and of Frank Innes, "the young fool advocate," who came into these moorland parts to find his destiny.

#### I.

##### LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. WEIR.

THE lord justice-clerk was a stranger in that part of the country ; but his lady wife was known there from a child, as her race had been before her. The old "riding Rutherford of Hermiston," of whom she was the last descendant, had been famous men of yore, ill neighbors, ill subjects, and ill husbands to their wives, though not their properties. Tales of them were rife in twenty miles about ; and their name was even printed in the page of our Scots histories, not always to their credit. One bit the dust at Flodden ; one was hanged at his peel door by James the Fifth ; another fell dead in a carouse with Tom Dalzell ; while a fourth (and that was Jean's own father) died presiding at a Hell-Fire Club, of which he was the founder. There were many heads shaken in Crossmichael at that judgment ; the more so as the man had a villainous reputation among high and low, and both with the godly



and the worldly. And the same doom extended even to his agents; his grieve, that had been his right hand in many a left-hand business, being cast from his horse one night and drowned in a peat-hag on the Kyeskairs, and his very doer (although lawyers have long spoons) surviving him not long, and dying on a sudden in a bloody flux.

In all these generations, while a male Rutherford was in the saddle with his lads or brawling in a change-house, there would be always a white-faced wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house. It seemed this succession of martyrs bided long, but took their vengeance in the end, and that was in the person of the last descendant, Jean. She bore the name of the Rutherfords, but she was the daughter of their trembling wives. At the first she was not wholly without charm. Neighbors recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin willfulness, gentle little mutinies, sad little gayeties, even a morning gleam of beauty that was not to be fulfilled. She withered in the growing and (whether it was the sins of her sires or the sorrows of her mothers) came to her maturity depressed and, as it were, defaced,—no blood of life in her, no grasp or gayety; pious, anxious, tender, tearful, and incompetent.

It was a wonder to many that she had married,—seeming so wholly of the stuff that makes old maids. But chance cast her in the path of Adam Weir, then the new lord-advocate, a recognized, risen man, the conqueror of many obstacles, and thus late in the day beginning to think upon a wife. He was one who looked rather to obedience than beauty, yet it would seem he was struck with her at the first look. "Wha's she?" he said, turning to his host; and when he had been told, "Aye," says he, "she looks menseful. She minds me—"; and then, after a pause (which some have been daring enough to set down to sentimental recollections), "Is she releegious?" he asked, and was shortly after, at his own request, presented.

The acquaintance, which it seems profane to call a courtship, was pursued with Mr. Weir's accustomed industry, and was long a legend, or rather a source of legends, in the Parliament House. He was described coming, rosy with much port, into the drawing-room, walking direct up to the lady and assailing her with pleasantries, to which the embarrassed fair one responded, in what seemed a kind of agony, "Eh, Mr. Weir!" or "Oh, Mr. Weir!" or "Keep me, Mr. Weir!" On the very eve of the engagement it was related that one had drawn near to the tender couple and had overheard the lady cry out, with the tones of one who talked for the sake of talking, "Keep me, Mr. Weir, and what became of him?" and the profound accents of the suitor reply, "Hangit, mem, hangit."

The motives upon either side were much debated. Mr. Weir must have supposed his bride to be somehow suitable; perhaps he belonged to that class of men who think a weak head the ornament of women,—an opinion invariably punished in this life. Her descent and her estate were beyond question. Her wayfaring ancestors and her litigious father had done well by Jean. There was ready money and there were broad acres, ready to fall wholly to the husband, to lend dignity to his descendants, and to himself a title when he should be called upon the Bench. On the side of Jean there was perhaps some fascination of curiosity as to this unknown male animal that approached her with the roughness of a plowman and the aplomb of an advocate. Being so trenchantly opposed to all she knew, loved, or understood, he may well have seemed to her the extreme, if scarcely the ideal, of his sex. And besides, he was an ill man to refuse. A little over forty at the period of his marriage, he looked already

older, and to the force of manhood added the senatorial dignity of years; it was, perhaps, with an unreverend awe, but he was awful. The Bench, the Bar, and the most experienced and reluctant witness, bowed to his authority,—and why not Jeannie Rutherford?

The heresy about foolish women is always punished, I have said, and Lord Hermiston began to pay the penalty at once. His house in George Square was wretchedly ill-guided. When things went wrong at dinner, as they continually did, my lord would look up the table at his wife: "I think these broth would be better to sweem in than to sup." Or else to the butler: "Here, McKillop, awa' wi' this Raadical gigot,—tak' it to the French, man, and bring me some puddocks! It seems rather a sore kind of a business that I should be all day in court haanging Raadicals, and get nawthing to my dinner." Of course this was but a manner of speaking, and he had never in his life hanged a man for being a Radical, the law, of which he was the faithful minister, directing otherwise. And of course these growls were in the nature of pleasantries, but it was of a recondite sort; and uttered as they were in his resounding voice, and commented on by that expression which they called in the Parliament House "Hermiston's hanging face," they struck mere dismay into the wife. She sat before him speechless and fluttering; at each dish, as at a fresh ordeal, her eyes hovered toward my lord's countenance and fell again; if he but ate in silence, unspeakable relief was her portion; if there were complaint, the world darkened. She would seek out the cook, who was always her sister in the Lord. "Oh, my dear, this is the most dreidful thing that my lord can never be contented in his own house!" she would begin, and weep and pray with the cook; and then the cook would pray with Mrs. Weir, and the next day's meal would never be a penny the better, and the next cook (when she came) would be worse, if anything, but just as pious.

It was often wondered that Lord Hermiston bore it as he did. But there were moments when he overflowed. Perhaps half a dozen times in the history of his married life, "Here! tak' it awa' and bring me a piece bread and kebbuck!" he had exclaimed, with an appalling explosion of his voice and rare gestures. None thought to dispute or to make excuses; the service was arrested; Mrs. Weir sat at the head of the table whimpering without disguise, and his lordship opposite munched his bread and cheese in ostentatious disregard. Once only Mrs. Weir had ventured to appeal. He was passing her chair on his way into the study.

"Oh, EDOM!" she wailed, in a voice tragic with tears, and reaching out to him both hands, in one of which she held a sopping pocket-handkerchief.

He paused and looked upon her with a face of wrath, into which there stole, as he looked, a twinkle of humor.

"Noansense!" he said. "You and your noansense! What do I want with a Christian faim'ly? I want Christian broth! Get me a lass that can plain boil a potato, if she was a girl off the streets." And with these words, which echoed in her tender ears like blasphemy, he had passed on to his study and shut the door behind him.

Such was the housewifery in George Square. It was better at Hermiston, where Kirstie Elliot, the sister of a neighboring bonnet-laird, and an eighteenth cousin of the lady, bore the charge of all, and kept a trim house and a good country table. Kirstie was a woman in a thousand, clean, capable, notable; once a moorland Helen, and still comely as a blood horse and healthy as the hill wind. High in flesh and voice and color, she ran the house with her whole intemperate soul, in a bustle, not without buffets. Scarce more pious than decency in those days



"'IS ONNYBODY DEID?' SAYS HIS LORDSHIP. 'IT'S NO ERCHIE?'"

required, she was the cause of many an anxious thought and many a tearful prayer to Mrs. Weir. Housekeeper and mistress renewed the parts of Martha and Mary; and, though with a pricking conscience, Mary reposed on Martha's strength as on a rock. Even Lord Hermiston held Kirstie in a particular regard. There were few with whom he unbent so gladly, few whom he favored with so many pleasantries. "Kirstie and me maun have our joke," he would declare, in high good humor, as he buttered Kirstie's scones and she waited at table.

A man who had no need either of love or of popularity, a keen reader of men and of events, there was perhaps only one truth for which he was quite unprepared; he would have been quite unprepared to learn that Kirstie hated him. He thought maid and master were well matched; hard, handy, healthy, broad Scots folk, without a hair of nonsense to the pair of them. And the fact was that she made a goddess and an only child of the effete and tearful lady; and even as she waited at table her hands would sometimes itch for my lord's ears.

Thus, at least when the family were at Hermiston, not only my lord, but Mrs. Weir, too, enjoyed a holiday. Free from the dreadful looking-for of the miscarried dinner, she would mind her seam, read her piety books, and take her walk (which was my lord's orders), sometimes by herself, sometimes with Archie, the only child of that scarce natural union. The child was her next bond to life. Her frosted sentiment bloomed again, she breathed deep of life, she let loose her heart, in that society. The miracle of her motherhood was ever new to her. The sight of the little man at her skirt intoxicated her with the sense of power, and froze her with the consciousness of her responsibility. She looked forward, and, seeing him in fancy grow up and play his diverse part on the world's theatre, caught in her breath and lifted up her courage with a lively effort. It was only with the child that she forgot herself and was at moments natural; yet it was only with the child that she had conceived and managed to pursue a scheme of conduct. Archie was to be a great man and a good; a minister, if possible, a saint for certain. She tried to engage his mind upon her favorite books,—Rutherford's "Letters," Scougal's "Grace Abounding," and the like. It was a common practice of hers (and strange to remember now) that she would carry the child to the Deil's Hags, sit with him on the Praying Weaver's stone, and talk of the Covenanters till their tears ran down. Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink: upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, the persecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine; a suffering Christ, a raging Beelzebub. Persecutor was a word that knocked upon the woman's heart; it was her highest thought of wickedness.

Mrs. Weir's philosophy of life was summed in one expression,—tenderness. In her view of the universe, which was all lighted up with a glow out of the doors of hell, good people must walk there in a kind of ecstasy of tenderness. The beasts and plants had no souls; they were here but for a day, and let their day pass gently. And as for the immortal men, on what black, downward path were many of them wending, and to what a horror of an immortality! "Are not two sparrows," "Whosoever shall smite thee," "God sendeth his rain," "Judge not, that ye be not judged,"—these texts made her body of divinity. She put them on in the morning with her clothes, and lay down to sleep with them at night; they haunted her like a favorite air, they clung about her like a favorite perfume.

Their minister was a marrowy expounder of the law, and

my lord sat under him with relish; but Mrs. Weir respected him from far off, heard him (like the cannon of a beleaguered city) usefully booming outside on the dogmatic ramparts, and meanwhile, within and out of shot, dwelt in her private garden, which she watered with grateful tears. It seems strange to say of this colorless and ineffectual woman, but she was a true enthusiast, and might have made the sunshine and the glory of a cloister. Perhaps none but Archie knew she could be eloquent; perhaps none but he had seen her—her color raised, her hands clasped or quivering—glow with gentle ardor.

Upon an impressionable child the effect of this continual and pretty accompaniment to life was deep. The woman's quietism and piety passed on to his different nature undiminished; but whereas in her it was a native sentiment, in him it was only an implanted dogma. Nature and the child's pugnacity at times revolted. A cad from the Potter-row once struck him in the mouth; he struck back, the pair fought it out in the back stable toward the meadows, and Archie returned with a considerable decline in the number of his front teeth, and unregenerately boasting of the losses of the foe. It was a sore day for Mrs. Weir; she wept and prayed over the infant backslider until my lord was due from court and she must resume that air of tremulous composure with which she always greeted him. The judge was that day in an observant mood, and remarked upon the absent teeth.

"I am afraid Erchie will have been fechtin' with some of they blagyard lads," said Mrs. Weir.

My lord's voice rang out as it did seldom in the privacy of his own house. "I'll have nonn of that, sir!" he cried. "Do you hear me?—nonn of that! No son of mine shall be speldering in the glaur with any dirty raibble."

The anxious mother was grateful for so much support; she had even feared the contrary. There was one influence she feared for the child and still secretly combated,—that was my lord's; and half unconsciously, half in a willful blindness, she continued to undermine her husband with his son. As long as Archie remained silent she did so ruthlessly, with a single eye to heaven and the child's salvation; but the day came when Archie spoke. It was 1801, and Archie was seven, and beyond his years for curiosity and logic, when he brought the case up openly. If judging were sinful and forbidden, how came papa to be a judge?—to have that sin for a trade?—to bear the name of it for a distinction?

"I canna see it," said the little rabbi, and wagged his head.

Mrs. Weir abounded in commonplace replies.

"No, I canna see it," reiterated Archie. "And I'll tell you what, mamma, I don't think you and me's justified in staying with him."

The woman awoke to remorse; she saw herself disloyal to her man, her sovereign and bread-winner, in whom (with what she had of worldliness) she took a certain subdued pride. She expatiated in reply on my lord's honor and greatness; his useful services in this world of sorrow and wrong, and the place in which he stood, far above where babes and innocents could hope to see or criticise. But she had builded too well; Archie had his answers pat: Were not babes and innocents the type of the kingdom of heaven? Were not honor and greatness the badges of the world? And at any rate, how about the mob that had once seethed about the carriage?

"It's all very fine," he concluded, "but in my opinion papa has no right to be it. And it seems that's not the worst yet of it. It seems he's called 'the hanging judge,'—it seems he's croool. I'll tell you what it is, mamma, there's a tex' borne upon me; 'It were better for that man

if a milestone were bound upon his back and him flung into the deepestmost parts of the sea.'"

"Oh, my lamb, ye must never say the like of that!" she cried. "Ye're to honor faither and mother, dear, that your days may be long in the land. It's atheists that cry out against him. French atheists, Erchie! Ye would never surely even yourself down to be saying the same thing as French atheists! It would break my heart to think that of you. And oh, Erchie, here are na ye setting up to judge? And have ye no forgot God's plain command,—the first with promise, dear? Mind ye upon the beam and the mote?"

Having thus carried the war into the enemy's camp, the terrified lady breathed again. And no doubt it is easy thus to circumvent a child with catchwords, but it may be a question how far it is effectual. An instinct in his breast detects the quibble and a voice condemns it. He will instantly submit, privately hold the same opinion.

When the court rose that year and the family returned to Hermiston, it was a common remark in all the country that the lady was sore failed. She seemed to lose and seize again her touch with life, now sitting inert in a sort of durable bewilderment, anon waking to feverish and weak activity. She dawdled about the lasses at their work, looking stupidly on; she fell to rummaging in old cabinets and presses, and desisted when half through; she would begin remarks with an air of animation and drop them without a struggle. Her common appearance was of one who has forgotten something and is trying to remember; and when she overhauled, one after another, the worthless and touching mementoes of her youth, she might have been seeking the clew to that lost thought. During this period she gave many gifts to the neighbor and house lassies, giving them with a manner of regret that embarrassed the recipients.

The last night of all she was busy on some female work, and toiled upon it with so manifest and painful a devotion that my lord (who was not often curious) inquired as to its nature.

She blushed to the eyes. "Oh, Edom, it's for you!" she said. "It's slippers. I—I hae never made ye any."

"Ye daft auld wife!" returned his lordship. "A bonny figure I would be, palmering about in bauchles!"

The next day, at the hour of her walk, Kirstie interfered. Kirstie took this decay of her mistress very hard; bore her a grudge, quarreled with and railed upon her, the anxiety of a genuine love wearing the disguise of temper. This day of all days she insisted disrespectfully, with rustic fury, that Mrs. Weir should stay at home. But "No, no," she said; "it's my lord's orders," and set forth as usual. Archie was visible in the acre bog, engaged upon some childish enterprise, the instrument of which was mire, and she stood and looked at him a while like one about to call; then thought otherwise, sighed and shook her head, and proceeded on her rounds alone. The house lassies were at the burnside washing, and saw her pass with her loose, weary, dowdy gait.

The poor creature rambled a while in the grounds without a purpose. Tides in her mind ebbed and flowed, and carried her to and fro like seaweed. She tried a path, paused, returned, and tried another; questing, forgetting her quest; the spirit of choice extinct in her bosom, or devoid of sequency. On a sudden it appeared as though she had remembered, or had formed a resolution; she wheeled about, returned with hurried steps, and appeared in the dining-room, where Kirstie was at the cleaning, like one charged with an important errand.

"Kirstie!" she began, and paused; and then with conviction, "Mr. Weir is nae speeritually minded, but he has been a good man to me."

It was perhaps the first time since her husband's elevation that she had forgotten the handle to his name, of which the tender, inconsistent woman was not a little proud. And when Kirstie looked up at the speaker's face she was aware of a change.

"Godsake! what's the maitter wi' ye, mem?" cried the housekeeper, starting from the rug.

"I do not ken," answered her mistress, shaking her head. "But he is not speeritually minded, my dear."

"Here, sit down with ye! Godsake! what ails the wife?" cried Kirstie, and helped and forced her into my lord's own chair by the cheek of the hearth.

"Keep me, what's this?" she gasped. "Kirstie, what's this? I'm frich'ened."

They were her last words.

It was the lowering nightfall when my lord returned. He had the sunset in his back, all clouds and glory, and before him, by the wayside, spied Kirstie Elliot waiting. She was dissolved in tears, and addressed him in the high, false note of barbarous mourning, such as still lingers modified among Scots heather.

"The Lord peety ye, Hermiston! the Lord prepare ye!" she keened out. "Weary upon me, that I should have to tell it!"

He reined in his horse and looked upon her with the hanging face.

"Has the French landit?" cried he.

"Man, man," she said, "is that a' ye can think of? The Lord prepare ye; the Lord comfort and support ye!"

"Is onnybody deid?" says his lordship. "It's no Erchie?"

"Bethankit, no!" exclaimed the woman, startled into a more natural tone. "Na, na; it's no sae bad as that. It's the mistress, my lord; she just fair fittit before my e'en. She just gi'ed a sab and was by with it. Eh, my bonny Miss Jeannie, that I mind sae weel!" And forth again upon that pouring tide of lamentation in which women of her class excel and over-abound.

Lord Hermiston sat in the saddle beholding her. Then he seemed to recover command upon himself.

"Weel, it's something of the suddenest," said he. "But she was a dwaibly body from the first." And he rode home at a precipitate amble with the wailing Kirstie at his horse's heels.

Dressed as she was for her last walk, they had laid the dead lady on her bed. She was never interesting in life; in death she was not impressive; and as her husband stood before her, with his hands crossed behind his powerful back, that which he looked upon was the very image of the insignificant.

"Her and me were never cut out for one another," he remarked at last. "It was a daft-like marriage." And then with a most unusual gentleness of tone, "Puir thing!" said he, "puir thing!" Then, suddenly, "Where's Erchie?"

Kirstie had decoyed him to her room and given him a "jeely-piece."

"Ye have some kind of gumption, too," observed the judge, and considered his housekeeper grimly. "When all's said," he added, "I might have done waur,—I might have been marriet upon a skirling Jezebel like you!"

"There's naebody thinking of you, Hermiston!" cried the offended woman. "We think of her that's out of her sorrows. And could she have done waur? Tell me that, Hermiston, tell me that before her clay-cauld corp!"

"Weel, there's some of them gey an' ill to please," observed his lordship.

(To be continued.)

## WHERE SUMMER DAYS FLY SWIFTLY.

THE black timbers and bare ribs of many hulks of ships that lie protruding from the sands of our Atlantic coast tell moving tales of great rages of the sea. With grim eloquence they speak of wild nights when waves arose like monsters and the storm demons shrieked as the ship drove in and was tossed, a helpless, disheveled thing, upon the shore. And there are wonderful contrasts on the coast. During the months when the snow flies and icy winds sweep the ocean, the land has a somber border of desolation. Human figures are rare on the lonely beaches; human voices are silent, except sometimes at night when they break out bravely above the roar of waves which

have hounded a ship ashore and are gnawing it to death. But there comes a time when the deep somberness of the coast fades like a shadow. The sun smiles placidly upon the wrecks, children play about them, and the sea breaks upon the beach with soft murmurs and lullabys. The seasons have changed, summer has come; and it is upon the shore that the contrast of the desolation of winter and brightness of summer are most strongly marked.

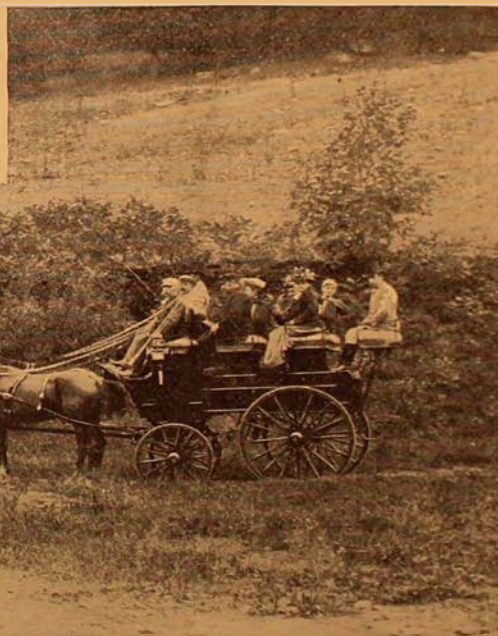
A large proportion of the people of our country find their way at some time during the warm months to the sea. From Maine to Florida the Atlantic coast becomes a vast, almost unbroken, belt of summer homes, and for miles and

miles the shore seems almost a continuous city. "When the summer days are long" it is a most charming trip to skirt the coast in a yacht from Atlantic City to Bar Harbor, past these flimsy summer cities by the sea, the staid old fishing-towns thronged with pleasure-seekers, and the picturesque summer cottages on the white sands, from which, when darkness falls, twinkling lights beam out over the waters, making a weird and fairy-like scene never to be forgotten.

The whole journey is a series of delightful surprises and beautiful views, and it would not be strange were the voyagers to succumb to temptation and leave their yacht for a closer acquaint-

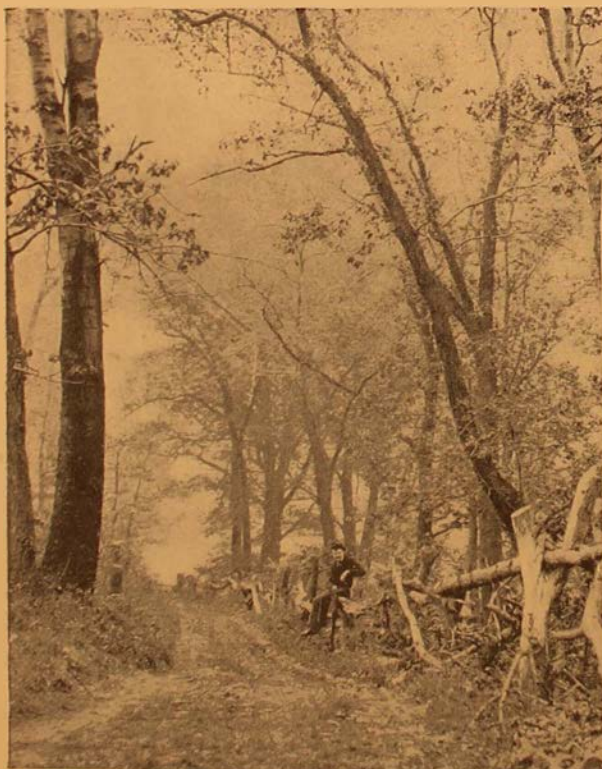


BATHING AT ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK.



From a Photograph by C. E. Bolles.

COACHING IN THE CATSKILLS.



From a Photograph by Ostrander.

AN OLD FOREST ROAD IN LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

ance with some of the attractions of the shore. It is a moral certainty they would tarry a day at Atlantic City, for great are the fascinations of the long sweep of wide, level beach, with its thousands of bathers, and hardly less great are the attractions of the board walk, which runs for six miles along the beach, and is thronged every day with the major part of the hundreds of thousands of people that Atlantic City furnishes with beds and half-beds and thirds of beds and cots and sleeping-places on the floor in the height of the season. But Atlantic City does not depend altogether upon its board walk or its summer. It is the most northerly of the seaside cities which are winter and spring as well as summer resorts. Among



ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

Schell -



From a Photograph by Lindsey.

A MOUNTAIN RIVER

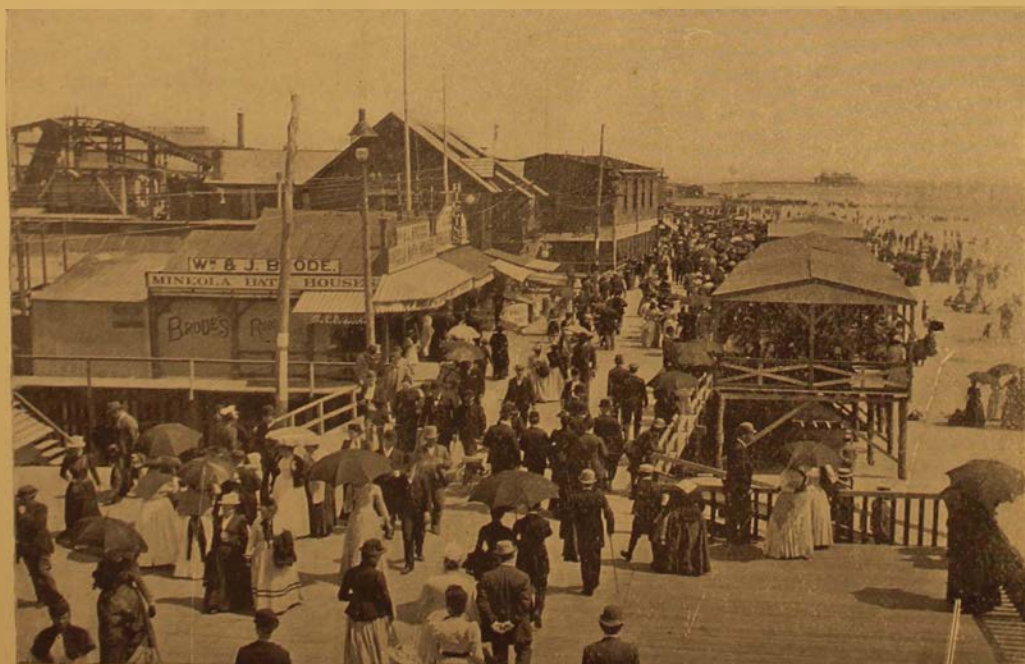
forests of stunted pine-trees, and shabby fishing-huts standing out boldly upon sandknolls, where they have been set to be out of the way of rising tides. The houses become more and more numerous as the journey proceeds, until at last they take the form of a straggling, long-drawn-out community of cottages and hotels. These all face the

its great institutions are the sun parlors, in which, in the spring, Philadelphians, to whom Atlantic City is largely indebted for its importance, and other residents of the Middle Atlantic States, sit and bask in the intensified rays of old Sol and are at the same time invigorated by the cool, bracing winds which blow in from the ocean.

Resuming the cruise northward along the New Jersey shore, the scenery becomes monotonous after a while. There are no green, softly-tinted hills or frowning cliffs to relieve the sameness and the flatness of the long stretches of yellow sand. The landscape's only features are innumerable summer cottages, miniature



HENRY CLEWS' NEWPORT VILLA "THE ROCKS."



SUNDAY MORNING AT ATLANTIC CITY. THE BOARD WALK.

sea and have deep, cool verandas, alluring lounging-places for the crowds of summer idlers. In front are well-kept lawns with tennis-nets stretched across them, and very near the waves break upon the beach. A little further on the cottages crowd closer together and extend further to the west, forming a sort of knot in this long string of human habitations. The voyagers are now opposite far-famed Asbury Park and its neighbor Ocean Grove, the greatest camp-meeting place in the world, probably; a city so dominated by the spirit of reverence and devotion that on Sunday the pretty drives are wholly devoid of vehicles, not even doctors' carriages being permitted to disturb the Sabbath calm, and a city so austere that at all times when dancing is

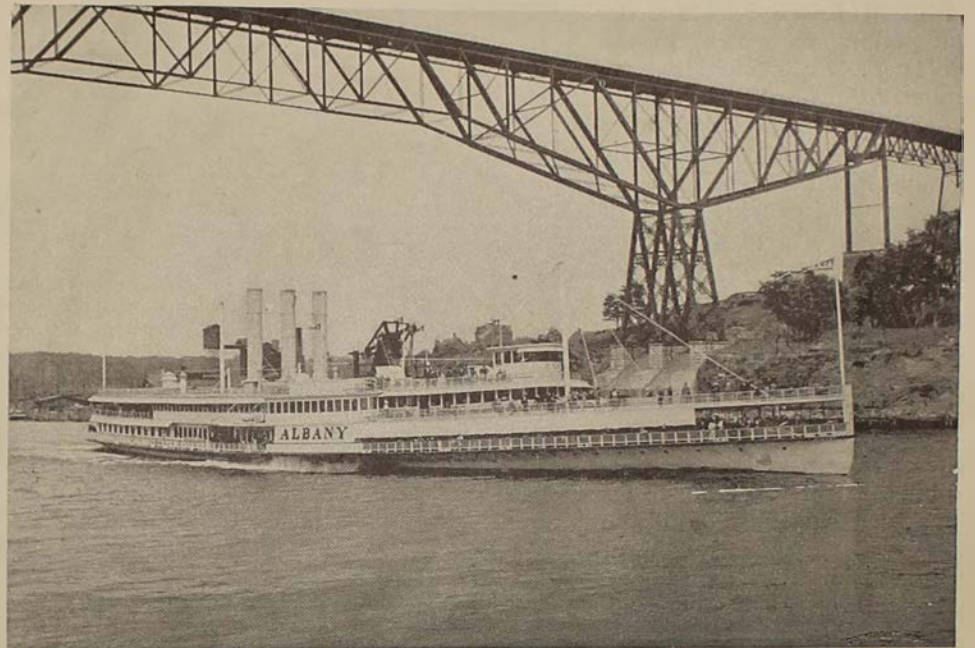


A BIT OF OLD GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

indulged in, curtains are drawn down so that passers-by will not be shocked at such frivolity.

Good and bad are often very near together in this world; and only a few miles north of Ocean Grove is Long Branch the impious. The glories of the once famous and fashionable resort have departed, and it is beginning to wear a shabby-genteel look. It is a "has been," with a story that points a moral. Long Branch became possessed of the Babylonian spirit. It became an abiding-place of wickedness and too feverish gayety; hence it fell, while the former rival, Asbury Park, within whose confines laws and conventionalities are observed, is at the zenith of its popularity and prosperity.

From Long Branch north to Normandie-by-the-Sea the famous drive, Ocean Avenue, unequaled by any



THE ALBANY DAY BOAT UNDER POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE, HUDSON RIVER.



MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS. A TYPICAL FISHING-VILLAGE.

other in the world, is an almost unbroken line of beautiful and often sumptuous homes. In their setting of green lawns, brightened by beds of brilliant flowers, they present a picture of all that wealth, artistic taste, and skill can accomplish for the comfort

and delight of mankind in hours of rest and relaxation. Here the aspect of the coast begins to change. In the distance, to the northwest, the dark lines of the Navesink Highlands are seen against the sky, and these hints of the hills and woods become pleasant realities by the time Seabright is reached. A lighthouse towers up from a wooded height, and cottages and hotels, straggling up its side, look out from among the trees. A charming situation for a seaside resort are these Highlands. On one side the ocean pounds the beach, and just a few steps across the narrow strip of land





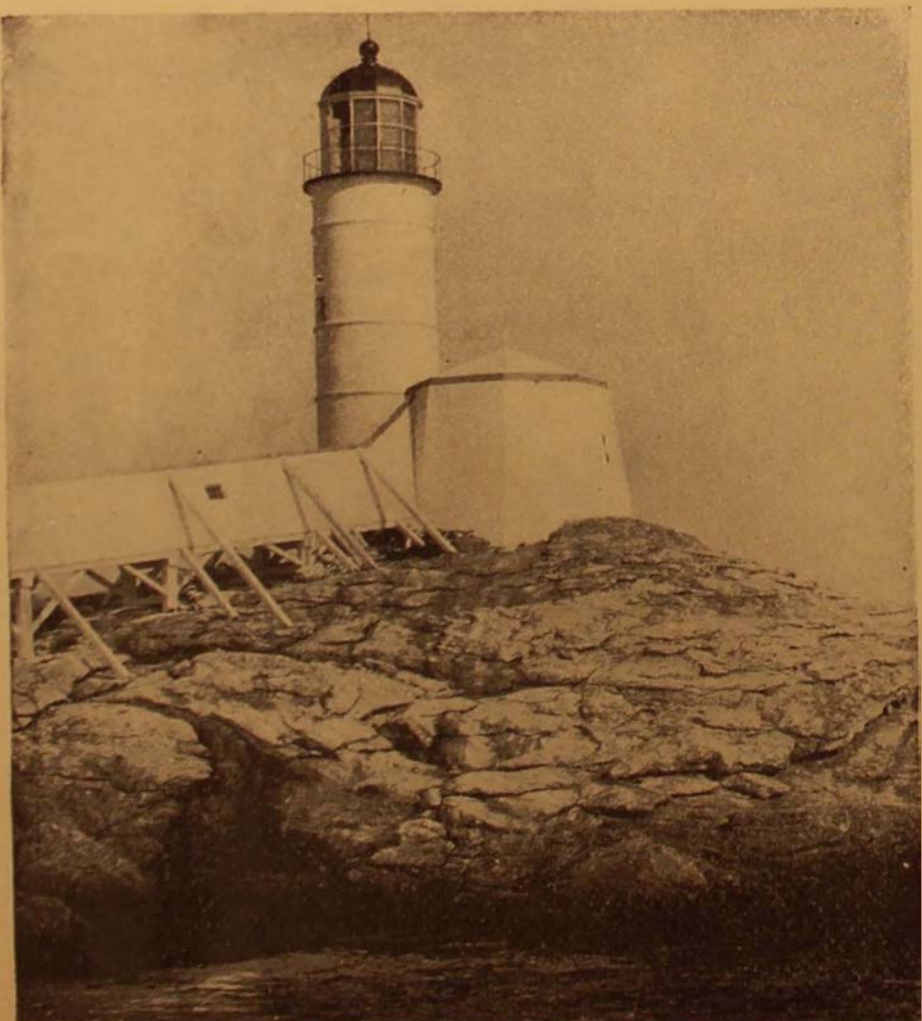
OFF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.



A NEW ENGLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.



*From a Photograph by C. E. Bolles.*

BEACH AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

the deep, clear, quiet waters of the Shrewsbury flow, while beyond, and affording a dark background for the yachts and row-boats, rise the gentle slopes of the tree-covered hills. From this elevation Sandy Hook is seen pointing northward like a long index-finger, and strangely dark seems its forest of scrubby pine-trees against the glittering yellow sand. Away to the northeast the Long Island shore stretches out in a long, faint line.

It is in this direction that the voyagers head their yacht, leaving the New Jersey coast behind them. Off toward the west, on Staten Island, they make out South Beach, that cosmopolitan resort



A WHITE MOUNTAIN LAKE.



THE SURF AT MANCHESTER-BY THE SEA

to which the denizens of the East Side of New York City flock on Sundays to bathe and spend their hard-earned dimes. In front is Coney Island, with its elephant and great observation-tower keeping watch over the wonderful scenes of this wonderful place, the fascinations of which are of infinite variety and ever new. Then comes Rockaway, the little brother of Coney Island, with all the family traits developed but less pronounced. Sunday is the great day at Rockaway. Then the beach is black with people,—buxom German mothers who sit in little wooden chairs and keep a watchful but indulgent eye upon the children wading and digging in the sand, and Johns and Marys who stand very close together and frequently look affec-

tionately into each other's eyes as they watch the bathers frolicking in the waves.

Many quiet resorts are passed as one sails eastward along the Long Island shore. The revolving light of Fire Island rises on the horizon and sinks into the sea behind; the Great South Beach, with its miles of fine white sand,—which, by the way, is a characteristic of the whole Long Island shore,—becomes a thing of the past, and at last Long Island is left behind, and on a bright morning Newport Harbor is reached.

Newport is a very ex-



From a Copyrighted Photograph by C. E. Bolles.

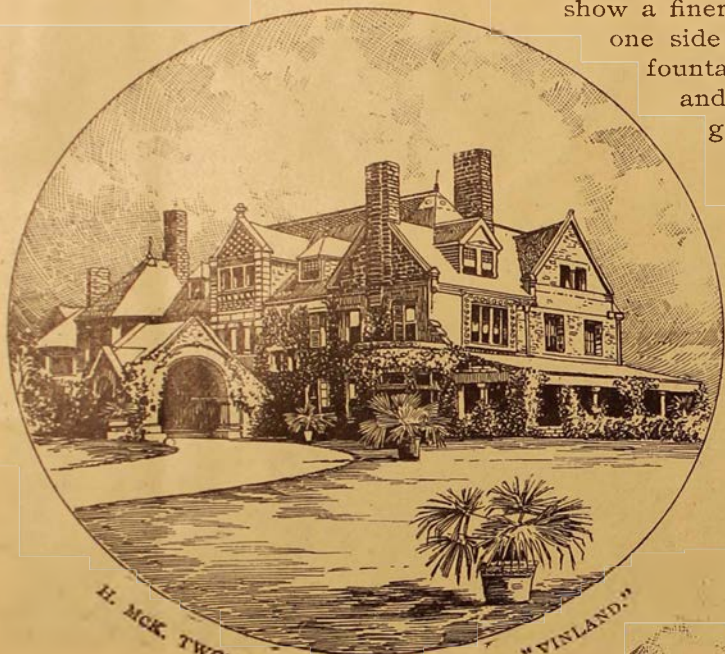
OUT FOR A DAY'S YACHTING.

clusive place, and a stranger is decidedly an outsider as far as the fashionable events or the social life of the place is concerned. There are no great hotels with their frequent hops, as at the popular resorts. The summer residents of Newport live mostly in mansions and cottages, and are reserved and distant except in their own sets. Bathing in the surf even has ceased to be "quite the thing," because the beach, instead of making social distinctions, extends its enjoyments to all alike. But the stranger will find plenty to interest and fascinate him in Newport, even if he must do

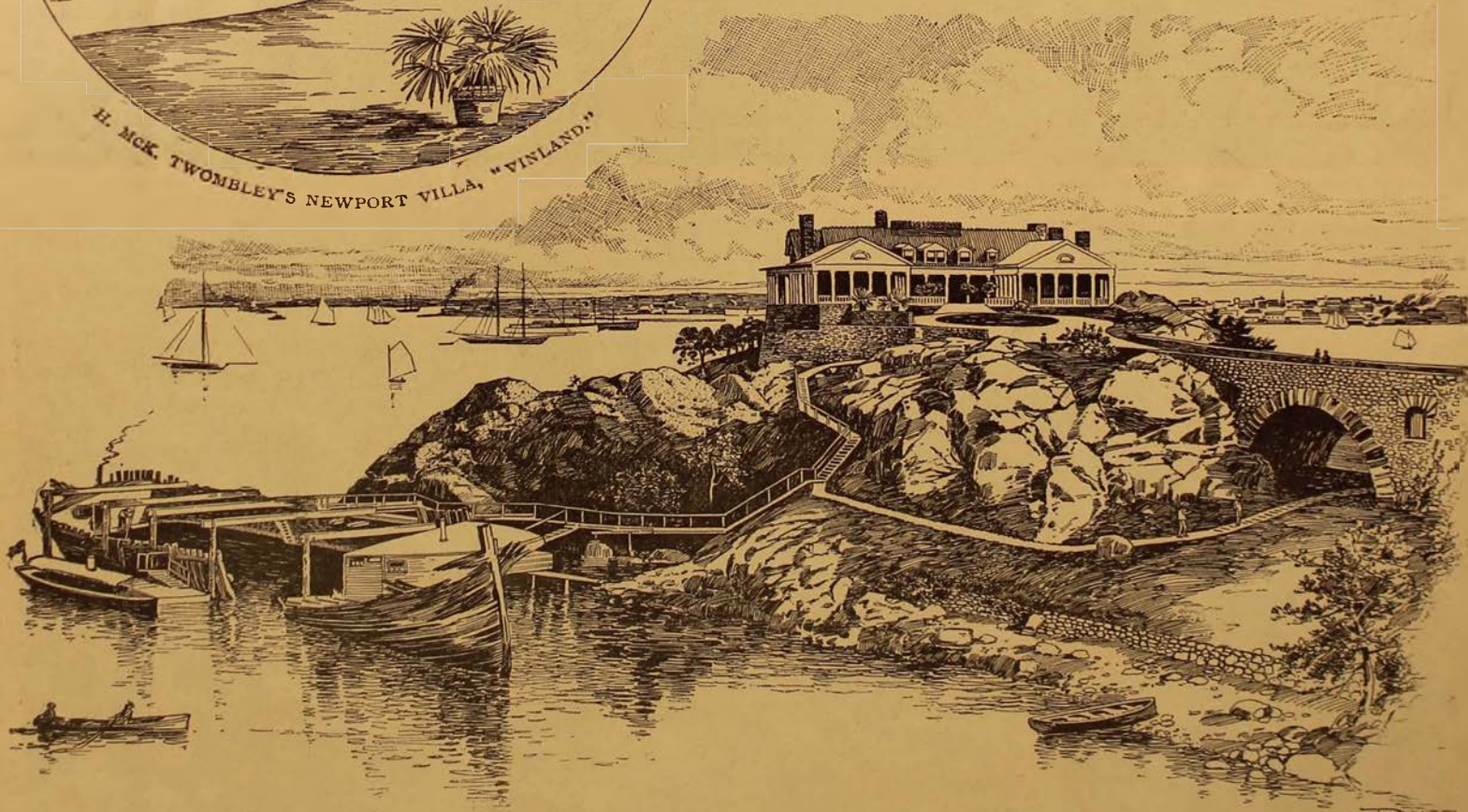


FREDERICK VANDERBILT'S VILLA AT ROUGH POINT, NEWPORT.

without the society of the ultra-fashionable. It is doubtful if the world can show a finer promenade than the two miles and a half of Cliff Walk. On one side is a succession of deep, velvety lawns, with flower-beds and fountains, which separate the summer palaces from the public path, and on the other side, at the base of the rugged cliffs, the sea grinds and beats and dashes up in white clouds of spray. It is very possible to enjoy the delightful drives without a liveried coachman on the box of your conveyance, although you may roll along beside the gorgeous equipages if you wish, and pass miles of imposing villas. Thames Street, Newport's main thoroughfare, is lined with fine shops, among which here and there stands an old house, the ancient homestead of an old Newport family, for the town is very far from being of mushroom growth, like so many of the watering-places. A century ago it was a staid old fishing-village. The atmosphere of antiquity is a most effective setting for the



H. MCK. TWOMBLEY'S NEWPORT VILLA, "VINLAND."



EDWIN D. MORGAN'S NEWPORT VILLA.



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, BLUFF POINT.



A SUNDAY CROWD AT ROCKAWAY.



THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

brilliancy and dash of the new life at Newport, and is one of its most potent charms.

Those who miss the hotel life and its attendant gayeties at Newport do not have to go far to find it. It is only about six miles across the bay to Narragansett Pier, where the outward stiffness and the elegance of Newport, which results from the close proximity of exclusive social circles, is not found. Narragansett Pier is *négligé* compared to its sister city, but it has many good points, nevertheless. It would be difficult to find a more delightful place to idle away a summer afternoon than the beach which sweeps away beyond the mass of Narragansett rocks, and from the heights a noble line of ocean horizon may be seen, with a dozen fishing-villages lying in the middle distance.

Out again on the broad Atlantic, past Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, past Cape Cod, and on through Massachusetts Bay, with its quaint villages and popular resorts, far away on the coast of Maine one reaches Bar Harbor. It is noticeable that the appearance and contour of the shore is in striking contrast with that of New Jersey and Long Island. Instead of long, flat beaches of sand, great, forbidding cliffs and frowning bluffs arise, and the waters eddy round innumerable little islands, and have cut out many bays and inlets. It seems as if the sea were more ferocious here than further south; certainly it has ruthlessly torn and broken the coast line, despite the wall of rock which bears the brunt of the ocean's onslaughts.

Mount Desert, upon which island the town of Bar Harbor is situated, has been cut nearly in two by the sea, and the tides rush into the narrow inlet with impetuous force, as if anxious at every flood to complete its work of dismemberment. But the solemn peak of Mount Desert looks down unmoved upon the fretful sea. The mountain rises out of the waters as an emblem of eternal peace and quietude in the midst of eternal restlessness. It is this close combination of mountain and ocean that makes the island of Mount Desert so inspiring and so popular a resort. Bar Harbor, where the summer visitors chiefly gather, was, until the last decade or two, a simple, primitive village of fishermen, and even now the artificiality of its summer life is a mere grafting upon the sturdy parent tree. There is not much sea-bathing at Bar Harbor. The surf is too violent and the water too cold and the shore too abrupt for the favorite pastime of more southerly resorts. The days are passed in rowing and yachting, and in climbing over cliffs for the wonderful views of the mountain and the sea. And these days pass quickly, as does the Bar Harbor summer. It is intense and merry while it lasts, but before the middle of September it is dead. In October icicles begin to form on the cliffs, and Bar Harbor goes to sleep. A goodly proportion of those to whom it has extended its hospitality have gone to Lenox, the autumn social Mecca in the Berkshire Hills, or are reveling in the glories of the White Mountains.

The Eastern States have many charming mountain resorts, and they are often given the preference over the seashore by people who live in the seaboard cities and desire a change of air as well as scene in their summer outings. The Hudson River is a broad highway leading directly from the metropolis into as wild and primitive a mountain region as can be found on this continent. Beyond the Catskills, where people of modest means are enabled to pass the summer most delightfully, are the Adirondacks, and further east the Green Mountains and the White Mountains. Numerous limpid lakes lie in the valleys of the Adirondacks and the primeval forests where man rarely penetrates, and the only sounds are the calls of birds, the crash of deer through the underbrush, and the cries of wild animals. The White Mountains, on the other hand, have few lakes, but the elevations rise to the majesty of great peaks. With an air of solemnity and grandeur Mount Washington, from its height of 6,300 feet, keeps a perpetual lookout over many lesser peaks and innumerable pleasant valleys with streams trickling through them. Distant cities appear like black spots on the landscape. Far to the north lies Portland, Maine, and away beyond, one hundred and sixty-three miles from the point of observation, Mount Katahdin rears itself loftily from the Maine forests. Faintly in the west are seen the hazy outlines of the Green Mountains. Beyond them lies Lake Champlain, the great and picturesque body of water which stretches out like a huge snake. Lake George is practically a part of it; but Champlain seems almost too long to be one lake, so the southern portion is distinguished by a separate name. A line of excursion steamers runs from one end to the other, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, and from the decks of these steamers may be seen a panorama of lake scenery of surpassing beauty. The dark woods partially open here and there, disclosing a house among the trees, and now and then white-winged yachts flit across the waters. But for the most part unbroken points lie blackly upon the hills, and the quietude of nature is undisturbed by human sounds or activities.

Among these hills there are fine roads, however, which are not neglected by summer tourists. Gay coaches with spanking teams, driving parties in more or less modest vehicles, are met with constantly, and the omnipresent cyclist is much in evidence.

The people who relieve the old hills of New York and Vermont and New Hampshire of some of their solemnity and loneliness in the summer, and make gay the beaches of the coast, are mostly from the Eastern States. Singularly blessed are they in their summer sojourning-places; and those who can leave the cities and seek these places during the warm months without finding keen pleasure and enjoyment in them have only themselves to blame, for nature is radiant and most lavish with her favors.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

## JUNE ROSES.

ROSES pink as the flush of dawn,  
Roses yellow as miser's gold,  
Roses white as the winter snows,  
And scarlet as flame, each day unfold.

Roses the Roman's wine-cup crowned,  
Helle's fair maids bright rose-wreaths wove,  
Roses at feast and bridal glow,  
Symbols of secrecy and love.

Roses upon the pall are strewn,  
Over the humblest hut they twine,  
Children with glee their blossoms grasp,  
They deck the church and the sacred shrine.

June scatters gifts with lavish grace,  
Bird-song, flowers, and all things fair,  
Beauty and fragrance o'er the land,  
Yet—can aught with the rose compare?

MARY J. SAFFORD.

## A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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## III.

ONE morning in early October Jamiè got his long-looked for appointment, and he ran hastily up to the Binnie cottage to tell Christina and bid her "Good-bye"; and his joy was so great as he kissed her tears away, and he spoke so kindly to Mistress Binnie and so bravely to Andrew, that it was impossible to feel anything but a glad excitement in his departure. After he was fairly out of sight Andrew called Christina to the top of the cliff, and they sat down together. It was an exquisite morning, full of the salt and sparkle, the motion and burst of the sea, and they sat silent a while, looking down on the cottages, the creels and the drawn nets, the picturesque figures in sea-boots and striped, hanging caps, and the no less picturesque companion figures in striped petticoats. Some of the latter were old women, and wore high-crowned, unbordered caps; others were young ones, with no covering on their exuberant hair, but with long rings in their ears and bright scarlet kerchiefs on their necks. Andrew glanced from these things to his sister, and touching her striped petticoat said:

"You'll be changing that soon for what they ca' a gown. I am going to buy you a silk gown for your wedding, Christina."

"You'll set me up beyond everything if you do, Andrew. I'll never forget such a favor."

"Christina, I'm no' very happy mysel'." Then he told her plainly how difficult he found it to get sight or speech with Sophy, and how low-spirited she was with him. "I'm feared she's ill," he said, drearily. "You ken her mother died o' a consumption when she was but a young thing."

"Andrew, hae you told Sophy what your plans are? Hae you told her she may be a lady and live in London some o' these days? Hae you told her you'll be Captain Binnie o' the North Sea fleet?"

"Nae, nae! What would I bribe the lassie for? It is plain Andrew Binnie she has to marry."

"You're a' wrang, Andrew. Girls like men that hae the spirit to win siller and place for them. Tell her what you told me, and you'll be a happy man."

This argument Christina used so skillfully that Andrew was fired by her confidence and enthusiasm. "I'll tak' your advice and go and tell Sophy," he said. "The lassie has grown into my life as the sea and the stars and my hame and my ain folk hae grown; and if she'll love me better for the news, I'm that far gone in love wi' her that I must win her by any means possible."

He went on this errand of love with a light heart, and then Christina sought her mother.

"Andrew is going to gie me a silken gown for my wedding," she cried, joyfully; and the two women spent the morning in talking over the most desirable color, and the necessity of having so fine a garment made in Largo. After the noon meal Janet Binnie took her knitting and went to tell her neighbors about the silk gown; and Christina did the ironing, and as she smoothed the linen she sang a verse or two of "Hunting Tower," and then she thought a while, and then she sang again.

She did not expect Andrew home until the evening. He would likely have his tea with Sophy and walk back afterward. But in mid afternoon she heard his step, and she put down her iron with a sudden faint feeling and turned

her face to the door. Andrew entered the cottage, looked at her despairingly, and sinking into a chair covered his wretched face with his hands. It was not the same man who had left her a few hours before. A change like that which a hot iron would make upon a fresh leaf had been made in her handsome, happy, hopeful brother. She could not avoid an exclamation that was a cry of terror, and she went to him and kissed him and murmured, she knew not what, words of pity and of love. He began to weep, to sob, to shake and tremble like a reed in a tempest. She closed the door and slipped the bolt in it, and came back to his side.

"Andrew, my brother Andrew," she said, softly, "what sorrow has come to you? Tell Christina."

"Sophy's dead,—dead and gane from me! Oh, Sophy! Sophy! Sophy!"

"Andrew, tell me a straight tale. You're no' a woman to let your sorrow get the mastery o' you. And if Sophy has deceived and left you, there is still the Faithful One, who changeth not."

Then he straightened himself and unfastened the kerchief at his throat, and Christina opened the window and let the fresh breeze blow upon him. And her heart throbbed hotly with anger and pity.

"Speak and let your grief hae some way, Andrew," she said. "Did you see Sophy?"

"I saw her. I met her driving in a dog-cart wi' the master o' Braelands. I saw her looking in his face as she never lookit in my face. She never loved me yon way. Christina."

"Did you speak to her?"

"Aye. She was going to pass me without word or look, but I called to her, 'Sophy, Sophy!' and I saw her crudel close to Braelands, and I saw him lift the whip to strike the horse, and afore I kent what I was doing I had the beast by the head and the lash o' the whip stung me clear across the cheekbone."

"Aye. I see the mark o' it."

"Braelands called out: 'Tis your ain fault, fisherman; the lash was meant for the horse'; and I was in a passion and I shouted a word I shouldna hae said, and bid Sophy get out o' the cart and come to me. And Braelands cried, 'Dinna dare to ca' this lady Sophy; she'll be my wife anon'; and then she gied a little scream and covered her face,—for nae doubt she was frightened,—and he struck the horse again and the creature bounded for'ard and I fell on my back and the wheels o' the cart grazed the soles o' my shoon as they passed me. I dinna ken how long I lay there."

"The wicked lass!"

"You arena able to judge her, Christina."

"But you can judge Braelands. Get a warrant the morn for the scoundrel."

"And mak' Sophy the common talk for far and near? How could I wrang Sophy to right mysel'?"

"But the whip-lash! The whip-lash, Andrew! You canna thole the like o' that."

"There was One tholed for me the lash and the buffet and answered never a word. I can thole the lash for Sophy's sake. A poor-like love I would hae for Sophy if I put my ain pride afore her good name. If I get help from beyond I can bear the lash, Christina."

He was white through all the tan of wind and sea and

sun, and the sweat of his suffering stood in great beads on his pallid face and brow. Christina lifted a towel she had just ironed and wiped it away, and he said, feebly :

"Thank you. I'll go to my bed a wee. I can think no mair, I can suffer no mair, till I get strength."

So Christina opened the door of his room and he tottered in, swaying like a drunken man, and threw himself upon his bed. Five minutes afterward she stepped softly to his side. He was sunk in deep sleep, fathoms below the tide of sorrow, whose waves and billows had gone over him.

"Thanks be to the Merciful!" she whispered. "When the sorrow is too great, then He giveth His beloved sleep."

#### IV.

OH, the dreary wastes left by the loved who have deserted us! These are the vacant places of life which we water with bitterest tears. Had Sophy died, Andrew would have said, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth right in His sight." It was the manner and the means of his loss which filled him with a dumb rage and sorrow, for in spite of his mother's and his sister's anger he would say or do nothing likely to give Sophy the slightest trouble or notoriety. He remained in his room or took a boat and went alone on the sea, but he made no complaint; and though the village was ringing with gossip concerning Sophy, not man nor woman ventured to name her in Andrew's presence. Still, for all, he was in these days what Janet Binnie described as "an ill man to live wi'; a man out o' his senses and falling away from his meat and his clothes."

For two weeks this misery continued without abatement, and Janet's and Christina's sympathy began to be tinged with resentment. Then one morning a cousin of Sophy's came up to the Binnie cottage and brought with her two cards tied together with a bit of silver wire. They were Sophy's wedding-cards, and she had sent also an Edinburgh paper containing a notice of her marriage to Archibald Braelands. The ceremony had taken place at St. Andrew's Church, and the women remembered that one of the Braelands' serving-lasses had told her the family sat in St. Andrew's when they were in Edinburgh during the winter. The news was satisfactory to Janet. It gave her a kind of pleasure to carry it to Andrew. He was walking moodily about the bit of level turf in front of the cottage, and she put the snow-white cards into his brown hands.

"Sophy's cousin Isobel brought them," she said, with an air of resentment. He looked steadily at the message, and the struggle of the inward man shook the outward man visibly. But in a moment, with a quick upward fling of the head, he regained that self-control which he had voluntarily abdicated.

"You'll tell Isobel," he said, "that I wish Mistress Braelands every good thing, baith for this world and the next." Then he stepped closer to his mother and kissed her. Janet was so touched and amazed that she could not speak; but the look of loving wonder on her face was better than words. She saw him put the cards in his pocket and go down to the sea, and she returned to the cottage and gave Isobel the message sent. And when their visitor had gone she said to Christina :

"Your brother is a' right now. Andrew Binnie isna the man to fret himsel' about a wife not his. He'll break no command for any lass, and sac Sophy Braelands will have to vacate his vera thoughts. I'm glad she's married and done wi', and I'm wishing her no mair ill than she has called to hersel'."

"She has brought sorrow enou' to our house," said Christina. "All the days o' my ain courting hae been darkened wi' the worry and care o' her. Andrew couldna even feel wi' me when Jamie went to places far awa', foreign and a' that. And you yoursel', mother, havena found time nor heart to talk wi' me about Jamie. I wonder where he is the day?"

Janet thought a moment and answered: "He would leave New York for hame last Saturday. 'Tis Tuesday morn, and he will maybe reach Glasgo' next Tuesday. He could be in Pittencraigie a few hours later."

"He'll no' be let come and go as he wants to, mother. He'll hae to obey orders. A steamship and a fishing-boat arena equal things at all."

"Tut, tut, lassie! It would be a poor-like captain that didna hae a fellow-feeling for a lad in love. Hope weel and hae weel."

With such cheerful counsel the work went happily and the shadow lifted from the hearth, and when Andrew returned the old grave smile was on his face, and Janet said to herself. "He has had his wrastle and come out wi' a victory."

Just before dark Christina was standing at the door looking over the immense, cheerless waste of waters. Mists, vague and troubled as the background of dreams, were on the horizon, and there was a feeling of melancholy in the air. But she liked the damp, fresh wind, with its taste of brine, and she drew her plaid round her and breathed it with a sense of enjoyment. Andrew came to her side and said :

"Christina, I got a letter to-day, and I am going about the business I told you of. I'll start early in the morning; sae put up what I'll need in the wee bag, and say naething to mother till a' things are settled. I told her I was going about a new boat, and she never asked a question. She's a blithe creature. One o' the Lord's contented bairns."

"I wish we were baith mair like her. She just leaves yesterday where it fell and trusts to-morrow wi' God, and catches every blink o' happiness that passes her."

"It's a dour, storm-like sky yon," answered Andrew, pointing eastward. "We'll hae a snoring breeze anon." Then he remembered Jamie Lauder, and he turned the conversation to him, and let Christina tell her hopes and fears, and ask his advice on many matters that his trouble had hitherto prevented her naming to him.

After eating some bread and cheese with the women, Andrew went to his room. The storm he had foreseen was then raging around the cottage, the blustering waves making strange noises on the sands and falling on the rocks with a keen, lashing sound. The mother and daughter hardly heard it. They sat talking of Sophy's marriage and Jamie's return, speaking in a low voice, and often obliged to wait while the sleet-laden wind howled down the wide chimney. In one of these pauses they were startled by a human cry, loud and piercing, and quite distinct from the turbulent roar of the wind and waves. It came from Andrew's room, and the women were at his door in a moment. At first he paid no attention to their inquiries; but when Janet began to weep he turned the key and they entered. Andrew supported himself against the chest of drawers; his countenance was pale and distraught, and a quiet fury burned in his eyes. He made several attempts to speak ere he was able to ejaculate.

"The siller! The siller! It is a' gane!"

"'Gane?'" cried Christina. "That is just impossible!"

"It is a' gane!" Then he laid his hand with a cruel grip upon her shoulder and asked in a fierce whisper,

"What did you do wi' it?"

"I never put finger on it. Andrew! Andrew! You are surely not calling me 'thief' in your heart!"

"Wha then? Wha then?" he cried, "unless it be Jamie Lauder."

"Dinna wrang folk sae wickedly. Jamie knew nae mair than the unborn babe o' the siller."

"How do I ken? How do you ken? The night I showed you the siller he ought to hae been in the boats and he wasna. What do you mak' o' that?"

"Naething. He is as innocent as I am, and God Almighty—"

"Dinna tak' His name in your mouth. And leave me my lane. I tell you baith to go awa'. I'm no a responsible creature the noo. Will you go? Baith o' you. I want to be my lane wi' my sorrow." And his passion was so sour and stern that the women were terrified; for the very fashion of his countenance was changed, his hair stood upright, and he continually smote his hands together.

So they left him alone and went back to the sputtering fireside,—for the rain was now beating down the chimney, —and in awe-struck whispers Christina told her mother of the money which Andrew had hoarded, and of the plans which its loss would break to pieces. It was a mighty sorrow, even for the women, and Janet wept like a child over the hopes blasted before she knew them.

"He should hae told us lang syne," she sobbed. "What good could come o' siller hid awa' from everybody but himsel'? It wouldna hae gone an ill road if his mother's thoughts had been round about it. He was the vera same about Sophy. Naebody but he, his lane, must hae word or look from the lassie, and she wearied o' him. A' these years he must keep his siller for his ain hoping and pleasuring, and it has ta'en wings to itsel' and flown awa'. He weel deserves it."

Christina had her own share in the sorrow. It was evident that Andrew doubted both Jamie and herself; and though she put the thought indignantly away, a dim suspicion of Jamie would torture her. It was possible that, having missed the boat, he came up to the cottage and saw the light in Andrew's room; perhaps also saw Andrew and herself over the money. She could not remember whether the curtain had been drawn or not. The whole affair was so mysterious that it stupefied her. But she felt that it contained elements of trouble and separation between Jamie and herself. However, Jamie would be home in a week, and then—and then—

But when Jamie's ship reached Glasgow there was no time for visiting. Jamie was so sure of this that he did not even ask permission to run up to Pittencraigie. To have done so would have been to ask for his discharge, and he wrote and told Christina the position in the most loving and sensible manner. She believed him fully and was satisfied; yet she felt ashamed to tell Andrew, and when she did so his answer gave her a double heartache.

"Nae wonder he keeps awa' from Pittencraigie," he said with a scornful laugh. "He'll come here nae mair, unless he is made to. And if it wasna for you and your gude name, Christina, I would bring him here to-morrow."

Thus backward, every way, flew the wheels of life in the Binnie home. Andrew took a grim pleasure in accepting his poverty before his mother and sister. He refused all offers on a humbler basis from the fleet, and went back to his fishing-boat; and in the home he made them feel that nothing but the barest necessities was to be thought of. All Christina's little extravagances of bridal preparations were peremptorily stopped. There would be no silk wedding-gown now, if there would be a wedding at all; for Andrew's continual suspicions had an influence she fought

in vain against, especially as Jamie did not come to Pittencraigie after the second or the third voyage. Then people began to talk and to wonder, and to ask embarrassing questions; and anon there was a shake of the head and a sigh of pity when Christina was mentioned.

So four wretched months went by, and then, one moonlight night in February, Christina heard the quick footstep and the joyous whistle she knew so well. She stood up trembling with happiness, and as Jamie flung wide the door she fled to his arms. For some moments he saw nothing and cared for nothing but the girl clasped to his heart; but as she began to sob he looked at Janet, who had purposely gone to the china-rack that she might have her back to him, and then at Andrew, who stood white and stern, with both hands in his pockets, regarding him.

"Whatever is the matter, Andrew?" he cried. "You arena like yoursel'. You are ill, man. Oh, but I'm vexed to see you sae changed."

"Where is my siller, James Lauder? Where is the siller you took from me? The savings o' my lifetime."

"Your siller, Andrew? Me tak' your siller! You are mad, or jokin', man! What does he mean at a', Christina?"

"I mean that I had nearly a thousand pounds taken out o' my room the night you should hae gone to the boats and didna go."

"Do you say I took it? Mind your words, man!" He had put Christina from him, and stood squarely before Andrew, his face a flame of passion.

"I am maist sure you took it. Prove to me you didna."

Before the words were finished they were answered with a blow which was promptly returned, and the men closed in deadly struggle. Christina was white and sick with terror, but withal glad that Andrew had found himself boldly answered. Janet turned sharply at the first blow and threw herself between the men. All the old prowess of the fish-wife was roused in her.

"How daur you!" she cried. "I'll hae no cursing and fighting in my house!" and with a twist of her hand in her son's collar she threw him back into his chair. Then she turned to Jamie. "If you hae naething to say, my bonnie lad!" she cried passionately, "you'll do weel to tak' yoursel' down the cliff."

"I hae been called a 'thief' in this house. I came here to kiss my bride, and I ken naething at all o' what Andrew means. Gie me the Bible and I'll swear it."

"Let the Bible alane!" shouted Andrew. "Nae man shall lie on my Bible. Get out o' the house, James Lauder, and be thankfu' I dinna call the officers to care for you."

"There is a mad man inside o' you, Andrew Binnie, or a de'il o' some kind. You arena fit to bide wi' women at a'. Christina, come wi' me. I'll marry you to-night at the Largo minister's house. Come, my dear lass! Never mind aught but your plaidie."

The girl rose and put out her hand. Andrew leaped to his feet.

"I'll strike you to the ground if you daur to touch my sister again!" And but for Janet taking both his hands in her own strong grip he would have kept his threat. Then Janet's anger fell most unreasonably upon Christina.

"Gae ben the house!" she screamed. "You'll hae the whole village fighting about you, next thing."

"I am going wi' Jamie, mother."

"I'll tak' vera good care you dinna go wi' Jamie. There's nane but Jamie Lauder will leave the house this night. I wad just like to see man or woman try it!" And she looked defiantly at both Andrew and Christina.

"I ran the risk o' losing my berth to come here," said Jamie. "More fool I! Christina, I hae been called 'thief'





"ANDREW THREW HIMSELF ON THE TURF AND COMMUNED WITH HIS OWN HEART."

and 'loon' for doing it. I came for your sake; now you must go wi' me for my sake. Come awa', lassie, and there is nane that shall part us mair."

Again Christina rose, and again her mother interfered.

"You will go your lane, Jamie Lauder. I dinna ken whether you are right or wrang. I ken naething about that weary siller. But I do ken there has been naething but trouble since Andrew saved you from the sea. I'm no saying it is your fault, but the sea has been against us ever since, and noo you'll go awa' and you'll stay awa'."

"Christina! Am I to go?"

"Go, Jamie, but I'll come to you, and there is nane shall keep me from you."

Then Jamie went, and far down on the sands Christina heard him call, "Good-bye, Christina! Good-bye." And she would have answered him, but Janet had locked the door and the key was in her pocket. Then for hours the domestic storm raged, Andrew growing more positive and passionate, until even Janet was alarmed, and with tears and coaxing persuaded him to go to his bed. Still, in this hurly-burly of temper, Christina kept her purpose intact. She was determined to go to Glasgow as soon as she could win outside. If she was in time for a marriage with Jamie she would be his wife at once; if Jamie had gone, then she would hire herself out until the return of the ship.

This was the purpose she intended to carry out in the morning; but before dawn her mother awakened her out of a deep sleep. She was in a sweat of terror.

"Run up the cliff for Thomas Roy," she cried, "and then send Sandy for the doctor. Andrew is raving, and I'm feared for him. Quick, Christina; there isna a moment to lose!"

## V.

THERE WAS NOW NO thought of Glasgow. When the day broke Andrew was in the maniacal delirium of severe brain inflammation, and it took the united strength of two of his mates to control him. To desert her mother and brother at this crisis would have been an impossible thing to Christina. She wrote to Jamie, and then devoted herself night and day to the duty before her. Week after week the two women walked bravely and lovingly by the sick man's side through the valley of the shadow of death, but when life was at its lowest point and hope was gone there was one morning a strange flutter, and life began to turn back just as the tide began to flow. Janet looked at her son and then at the turning waters, and said, softly:

"Thank God, Christina! he has turned wi' the tide. He is a' right now."

It was, however, April in its last days ere Andrew could get down the cliff, and there was no expectation of his resuming work until the herring-fishing in June. He said little about his work, and nothing at all about Sophy or his lost money. In the tremendous furnace of his affliction these elements of it appeared to have been utterly consumed. But Janet and Christina were feeling the stress of his long illness in a way strange and humiliating; for the first time in their lives they were without ready money. It was hard for Janet to realize that there was not "a little bit in the bank to fall back on," and Christina was trying to decide whether it was best to run into debt or to get a small mortgage on their home.

She was pondering this, to her, terrible question, one night when she thought her mother and brother were both fast asleep. It was after midnight, the moon was full and the sea quiet, and the sweet strength of the lonely hour entered her heart. For a little space she walked abreast of angels, for, though there is no open vision in these days, His presence is ever near those who can feel

it. She did not voice her anxiety, but it passed from her heart into the Infinite heart, and she was calm and comforted.

Suddenly she heard a movement, and Andrew, fully dressed, came from his room. He was seeing through his eyes, and not with them; he looked like a spirit, and she was afraid to speak to him. Without a sign or word he passed her and began to descend the cliff. "He is walking in his sleep and may get into danger"; and with this thought she was following his footsteps. He made no noise, and went forward with a motion light and rapid, the very reverse of the slow, heavy-footed gait of the fisherman. But she kept him in sight as he glided over the ribbed and water-lined sands and round the rocky points which jutted outward, until, after a walk of nearly two miles, he made directly for a series of bold rocks penetrated by numberless caverns. Into one of these he entered, walking without hesitation over the most dangerously narrow paths. Indeed, here Christina was so much delayed by the precautions necessary for her life that she lost sight of her brother, and her heart stood still with terror.

Slowly she climbed the hollow crags which seemed to close together in a way that forbade further progress. But she could not believe Andrew had perished; she would have heard the fall of his body or its splash in the water beneath, and she continued to climb and clamber, though every step appeared to make further exploration more and more impossible. With a startling unexpectedness she found herself in a circular chamber open to the sky, and on one of the large boulders lying around Andrew sat. He had the lost box of gold and notes before him and was counting the money. She held her breath. She was afraid to think, to stir; she divined at once the whole secret. Motionless she watched him unroll and then re-roll the notes, count and recount the gold, and lock and hide away the box in an aperture above his head, filling the space in front of it with a stone that exactly fitted. Then without hurry or hesitation he retraced his steps, and Christina followed as rapidly as she was able; but he was far in advance when she reached the open beach, and, almost exhausted, she sat down to realize the relief that had come to them,—to wonder, to clasp her hands in adoration, to weep tears of joy. When she reached home it was quite light. Andrew was lying motionless in the deepest sleep, but Janet, half-awake, asked, querulously: "Why are you about sae early, Christina?" And then Christina sat down on her mother's bed, and in low, intense words, told her mother what she had seen.

"You should hae brought the box wi' you, Christina. Oh, my lassie, if some ither body should hae seen what you hae we'll be fairly ruined twice over!"

"Andrew must go for it himsel', mother. He might not believe it was ever there if he did not go for it. You ken he suspicioned baith Jamie and me mysel'!"

It seemed that morning as if Andrew would never awaken; but at length he rose and came into the kitchen. The look on his mother's face arrested him at once, and when he saw the same look on Christina's he laid down his knife and fork and said:

"What is it? There is something you hae to tell me."

"Oh, my lad," cried Janet, "there is! Your siller is found; I dinna think a bawbee o' it is lost. Dinna mind me, Andrew; I canna help greeting for the joy o' it!"

Then Christina told him the whole story, and he pushed away his plate and went into his room awhile. When he came out his face was shining, and he said, joyfully:

"Come awa', Christina; you must go wi' me for the box, though I ken weel the place you mean. I hid the

first shillings I ever saved there." And as they walked together he said: "I'm shamed to tell you, Christina, but I'm maist sure I ken how all this trouble came about. After I showed you the money I got feared you would tell Jamie Lauder, and I thought o' the probability till it became a sure thing in my ain mind, and sae, doubtless, my heart being troubled aenent the matter, I got up in my sleep and put the siller in my old hiding-place. And as I hid it in my sleep, it was only in my sleep I kent where I had hid it. There is twa o' us, Christina, I'm thinking, and the one man doesna tell the ither man everything he knows. I should hae trusted you."

"You might hae trusted me safely, Andrew."

"I hae done wrong and I must put the wrong right. When did you hear from Jamie? And where is he?"

"I dinna ken where he is. He sailed awa' yon time, and he left the ship in New York. He said when he wrote me last that you would find out some day how far wrong you were, and then things might be different. You see, he thought I should hae come to Glasgo', and you were ill and I couldna leave you."

"Dinna cry, Christina. I'll seek Jamie o'er the wide warld but I'll find him. I wonder at mysel'! I'm shamed o' mysel'!"

When they reached the cavern Andrew would not let her enter, but in a little while he returned with the box in his hands. His heart was ringing to the music of its happiness, for he felt now that the door was open, and he could walk up to success as to a friend on his own hearthstone. That afternoon he put the money in the bank and made preparations for his mother's and sister's comfort for some weeks. Then he went to Glasgow and was fortunate enough to find the ship in which Jamie sailed in port. The third mate recalled the young man readily.

"He was in some love trouble," he said, "and thought he could forget the girl if he ran away from his country and his work. He has found out his mistake by this time, doubtless. Anyway, we let him go, and I heard he shipped on an American line, sailing to Cuba or New Orleans, or somewhere near to the equator. I wouldn't seek him," he added. "He'll come home again. He showed me a lock of her hair; one strand of it will pull him Scotland-wise sooner or later."

"I hae wronged him sairly, sir," said Andrew.

"That's a different matter. I would go and right him."

"Aye; that is what I want to do."

So Andrew sailed to New York and Janet resumed her old friendly, gossipy ways, and Christina quietly but still hopefully began again her preparations for her marriage. For Janet had no doubts about Jamie.

"Andrew is bound to find him," she said, "and he is bound to be glad enou' to come hame, no' to speak o' yoursel', Christina. If you get the spindle and distaff ready, God is sure to send the flax; and by the same token get your plenishing made and marked and your bride-clothes finished, and God will send the husband, nae doubt."

One of the first results of Janet's renewed social visits was the news that Sophy was miserably married. Some, indeed, said that she had run away from her husband and gone back to her cousin Isobel, who had refused to take her in. Isobel would say nothing to Janet on the subject, but Janet thought "the look o' her mair than enou'." It was at least evident that there was serious trouble, for Mr. Braelands and his mother were in France together, and Sophy had certainly been seen in Largo since their departure. And these things made Janet and Christina very anxious about the motherless little woman.

In the meantime Andrew, after a pleasant voyage, had

reached New York. With the information he received in Glasgow he had little difficulty in locating Jamie, whose name was found on the list of seamen sailing a steamer between New York and New Orleans. She was then at her pier on the North River, and, with permission to interview James Lauder, Andrew went on board her one very hot afternoon about four o'clock. Jamie was at the hold attending to the cargo, and as he lifted himself from the stooping attitude which his work demanded, he saw Andrew Binnie and knew him.

Andrew instantly put out his hand. "Jamie," he said, "I thought wrong o' you, and I did you wrong. I hae come here to say 'Forgive me!'"

"I knew you would come to yoursel' some day, Andrew. There's my hand! I havena a thing against you now. How's Christina?"

"Weel, but wearying for you. I hae promised to bring you hame wi' me, Jamie. You will surely come?"

"Aye, gladly, if it can be managed. I am sair sick for the soft gray skies and the keen salt wind o' the North Sea. The last Sabbath I was baking in New Orleans I thought I heard the kirk-bells across the sands and saw Christina stepping down the rocks wi' the Bible in her hands and her sweet smile making a' hearts but mine happy, and I was sick wi' longing."

They spent the night together, and finally affairs were so arranged that Jamie and Andrew took the next Anchor line steamer home again. And during the voyage the men grew close to each other, and Andrew told Jamie that he was to be captain of one of the Red-White fleet, and offered him a berth in his ship. And thus all things were settled and talked over before they landed, and ere they reached Pittencraigie the men were already brotherly.

The marriage was not delayed. Andrew gave Christina a silk gown and a hundred gold sovereigns, and Janet gave her daughter a piece of land close to her own cottage, on which Jamie immediately began to build. And all the village, old and young, were at the wedding, so that for two days the feast, the song, and the dance went gayly on, and during these two days not a single fishing-boat left the little port of Pittencraigie.

Then the men went off to sea, and Janet and Christina had a never-ceasing interest in the building and plenishing of the new house. It was not fashionable, nor hardly permissible, for anyone to build a house on a plan grander than the traditional fisher-cottage; but Christina's, though no larger than her neighbors', had the modern convenience of many little closets and presses, which Janet filled with homespun napery and broadcloths, so that never a young lass in Pittencraigie began life under such full and happy circumstances.

It was, however, far into the fall of the year before the new fire was lit on the new hearth and Christina moved into her own house. It was only divided from her mother's by a little garden, and the two women could stand at their doors and talk to each other. So the pleasant months went by, with nothing but Andrew's and Jamie's visits to mark them, until one cold, frosty morning in December. Janet was washing her dinner-plate and singing,

"I cast my line in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I caught nine;  
There's three to boil and three to fry,  
And three to bait the line,"

when she heard a sharp rap at her door. The rap was not made with the hand, and she opened the door instantly and saw the master of Braelands. She perceived also that he had struck the door with the handle of the short whip in his hand, and it offended her.

"Weel, sir, your bidding?" she asked, dourly.

"I came to see about my wife. Where is she?"

"You ought to ken that better than any ither body. It is nane o' my business."

"She has left her home."

"She would hae gude reason, dootless."

"She had no reason at all."

Janet shrugged her shoulders, smiled, and looked over the tossing black waters.

"I wish to go through your house. I think she is with you."

"Go through my house? Do you think I'll let a man wi' a whip in his hand go through my house after a poor frightened bird like Sophy? Na, na! Not while my name is Janet Binnie!"

"I rode here. The whip is for my horse. You do not think I would use it on any woman?"

"God kens. I dinna."

"Tell Sophy to come and speak to me."

"Sophy isna here."

"I am sure she is."

"Do you call me a lee-ar? Do it agin, and every fish-wife in Pittencraigie will help me to give you your fairings. Tak' yoursel' off my doorstep, or it will be the waur for you! Coming here and chapping on my door wi' a horsewhip! Off wi' you! You pur creature, you! Sophy Thraill had a bad bargain wi' the like o' you! You drunken, leeing, savage-like, wife-beating pretense o' a husband!"

"Mother! mother!" cried Christina, coming hastily forward. "What's your will, sir?" she asked, turning to Braelands.

"My wife has left her home, and I came here to seek her."

"You came to the wrong place. Sophy isna here. We ken naething o' the poor, miserable lassie, God help her! And I think you had better be going, sir. There's Limmer Scott and Marget Roy and a few more wives looking this way, and they hae their own fashion o' treating men-folk who ill-treat a fisher-lass. Sophy was born amang them."

"You are a bad lot altogether."

"Aye, and we'll prove it on you if you dinna mak' a quick step out o' Pittencraigie," cried Janet. "I wouldna think much mysel' o' putting you in a blanket and tossing you o'er the cliff into the water." And Janet, with her arms akimbo and her eyes blazing with anger, was not a comfortable sight. So, with a smile of derision, Braelands went away, his affected deliberation by no means hiding the white feather from the laughing, jeering fish-wives, whose angry mocking followed him.

And then there was a conclave in Janet's house, and everyone told their own version of the Braelands' trouble, until Christina's heart was hot and heavy within her, and she could not work nor eat nor sleep for the thought of the runaway wife. Indeed, in every cottage there was the one topic of wonder and pity, and the one sad lament:

"Poor Sophy! Poor Sophy Braelands!"

## VI.

No more was heard of Sophy's trouble for many months. Braelands put a notice in the local papers warning people against giving his wife shelter or credit, and after this insult had been commented on other things quickly occupied the attention of Pittencraigie,—storms and shipwrecks and men lost and men miraculously saved. In the plain old kirk, with its model of a fishing-smack in front of the gallery, there appeared suddenly that winter more than one brown face thought to be dead, magnetizing every eye and making even in the psalmody a solemn, joyful pause.

But late one evening the following summer, in the very

height of the fishing season, this thing happened: Janet had been to see her daughter and had sat with her until quite bedtime, and when she went back to her own house there was a little figure in black crouching on the doorstep. Two weak hands clasped her round the knees and a pitiful voice sobbed:

"Take me in, Janet! Take me in to die! I'll no' trouble you vera much."

It was Sophy. Janet sat down beside her and drew her head to her breast and looked with wondering pity at the shrunken face, so wan and ghost-like in the gray light. Then she called Christina, and Christina lifted her like a child and carried her into her own house. "For we'll gie Braelands nae occasion against her," she said, "nor against Andrew." Then they made her tea and laid her in Christina's bed, and after a little she began to talk feebly of her past life.

"I run awa' frae Braelands last December," she said. "I could bide the life there nae langer, and I went to Glasgow, where my mother's cousin, Jessie Largs, lived, and I have worked at the dressmaking there till I couldna put the needle through the cloth any langer. Then I came here. I thought you would let me die amang my ain folk and bury me in the kirk-yard aside my mother. Oh, it will be a gude day to me when the cool winds go o'er my grave and I dream o' the waves lap-lapping below me."

They comforted and tried to cheer her, but she wished to say in her own excuse what she could; and, though it was with great effort and between terrible paroxysms of pain and coughing, she contrived to make them understand something of the slow torture that had driven her at last to rebellion and flight.

"I wasna marriest two weeks when he began to find fault wi' my talk and my manner and my dress and wi' a' I did or said. And he put me under his mother to learn how to be a fine lady, and she was gey and hard on me and set Archie against me, and made him scold me for just naething at all. And I was ill, and she said I was only awkward; and my head ached and I couldna learn the books I be to learn, nor walk as she showed me, nor talk like her, nor do anything at a' she tried to mak' me do. Oh, the weary, weary days that I hae fret mysel' through, and the lang painfu' nights; and sometimes Archie sae kind I thought I must be in the wrang, and I would try again, and sometimes Archie sae cross I thought I must die wi' the shame and the heartache o' it; and at last I could thole it nae langer and I went awa' to Jessie Largs, and she wasna very kind. I was in her way. I seem to hae been in everybody's way. When I spoke to Isobel o' my troubles she wouldna listen to me, because, she said, Mistress Braelands' custom was worth thirty pounds a year, no' to speak o' her influence. And I kent I must die soon, sae I tholed Jessie's cross ways as weel as I could, for I wanted to save you and Christina for the last hour"; and she put her thin hand out to Christina and laid her head closer to Janet's breast.

"And I would like to see the man or woman who would daur to trouble you now, my bonny bairn," said Janet, with a sob in her voice; and she crooned kind words to the dying girl until she fell asleep in her arms.

When she awoke she was in a high fever and delirious, and her one cry was for Andrew. Andrew was in his steamer; but the ship was lying off in sight of Pittencraigie, and Janet went down to the village and got two old men to put to sea with a message for him. Then she sent to the nearest doctor and called in at the minister's and told him all that had happened; "for," she said, "you yoursel', doctor, will be the only pairson that will be caring to go to Braelands about the pur soul."

Andrew came at length, but Sophy was beyond his power to reach; the tenderest words could not comfort her, for life was inexorably coming to an end, and every one of her muttered words was mysterious, important, wondrous, though they could make out nothing she said, save only that she talked about "angels resting in the hawthorn bowers."

Suddenly Christina remembered that some large, important-looking papers had been sent that morning to the dying woman, and Andrew, on examining them, saw they were proceedings in the divorce case between Archibald Braelands and Sophy. "Does she ken aught o' these?" he sternly asked Christina; and then his sister answered, "Na, na; they only cam' an hour ago from Jessie Largs. And whatna for would we tell her? Death will break her marriage ring without judge or jury very soon,—the doctor says in a few hours, at maist."

Then Andrew put the papers in his pocket and strode rapidly down the cliff and away to Braelands. He met the master at the door, and at Andrew's look he dismounted from his horse and they turned into a small room without a word. Then Andrew threw the papers down on a table and said, with passionate sorrow:

"You'll no need to fash folk wi' the like o' them, Braelands. Your wife is dying at my sister's house. Go to her! Go at once!"

"What is that to you? Mind your own business."

"It is the business o' every decent man to call comfort to the dying. Go, and say the words you ought to say before it is too late."

"Why is my wife at your sister's house?"

"God pity the puir soul! She had nae ither place to die in. For Christ's sake, go and put a' right between you."

"She left me of her own free will. Why should I go?"

"Oh, man, man! Go for your ain sake, then. Tomorrow it will be too late to say the words you will then weep to say. Go for your ain sake,—to spare yoursel' the black remorse that is sure to come. If you dinna care for the puir wife, go for your ain sake."

"I do care for her. I wished—"

"Then dinna lose a moment. Haste ye! Haste ye! If it is but one kind word, gie it to her before you part forever. She has lo'ed you weel. She loves you yet,—at the grave's mouth. Haste ye, man! Haste ye!"

His passionate hurry drove like a wind, and Braelands was as straw before it. Andrew urged him to his horse and saw him flying down the road to Pittencraigie ere he seemed conscious of his own efforts. Then he drew a long sigh and began to hurry his steps.

When he reached Christina's home it was easy to feel in it the majesty of Death's presence. All mere mortal needs had been forgotten; there was no table laid, no thought of meat, for Life stood still to watch the great mystery transpiring. The door to Sophy's death-room stood open, for the day was hot and windless, and the household were gathered there. He went softly in. Braelands was on his knees by the dying woman. Her head was folded to his breast, and he was whispering in the fast-closing ears the despairing words of love suddenly re-awakened. On the edge of the grave, what did they care had the whole world been present? He won her last loving words, her last smile, and her sweet blue eyes set in death with their gaze fixed on him. But Andrew stood humbly at the foot of her bed, following her soul with fervent prayer, with a love that spurned the grave, and which was pure enough to venture into His presence with her.

When the sun set Sophy's little life of twenty years was

over. Braelands rode furiously away without a word, and Andrew threw himself on the turf, with his face downward, and "communed with his own heart and was still." At this supreme hour all that was human flitted and faded away, and the primal essence of self was overshadowed by the presence of the Infinite. When the midnight tide flowed he had reached that serene depth of the soul which enabled him to rise to his feet and say, "Thy will be done."

It is twenty years since Sophy—shrouded in white, her hands full of honeysuckles—was laid to rest in the little wind-blown kirk-yard of Pittencraigie. Some said Braelands watched the funeral from afar; others that he lay raving and tossing with fever in his bed; but, this or that, he was not present at her burial. Her own kin—who were fishers—laid the light coffin upon a bier made of oars and carried it with psalm-singing to the grave. It was Andrew who threw on the coffin the first earth; it was Andrew who pressed the cover of green turf over the small mound, and did the last tender offices that love can offer. And it was Andrew who was the real widower. Braelands married again,—married a proud, masterful, rich woman, who paid in full all Sophy's wretched debt of petty jealousy and oppression to both mother and son. But Andrew kept the memory of his first love as purely and tenderly as a mother keeps the memory of her dead babe. And as love so vital must find some expression, Andrew naturally began to cast about for some way in which to honor Sophy's memory.

It came to him suddenly one Sabbath morning when he walked up to the kirk-yard. A slender shaft of white marble had been placed at the head of Sophy's grave, and Braelands stood looking at it. Andrew walked forward till only the little green mound divided them. Their eyes met and filled with tears; they clasped hands above her grave, and then, without a word, each went his own way. But though Andrew was pleased that Braelands should thus honor his wife's memory, he was resolved to still more nobly keep her name in the hearts of her people.

He was making money rapidly, and, as his project would need much money, he saved with conscientious care for many a year ere he could compass his desire. This was to build a mission-ship for the deep-sea fishermen; and after twelve years' work and saving the ship was built,—a strong steam-launch, able to buffet and bear the North Sea billows. She was provided with all the appliances for religious comfort and instruction, with medicine for the sick, with surgical help for the wounded, with all necessary protection against the agonizing "sea blisters" which torture the fishers in the winter season. This vessel of many comforts was called the "Sophy Thrail," and she is still busy about her work of mercy.

Many other mission ships now traverse the great fishing-fleets of the North Sea, but none are so well beloved by the fishermen as the "Little Sophy." She is the pride and the joy of Andrew's heart; she has consecrated that passion for hoarding money which was the weak side of his character; she has given to his dead love a blessed memory in the hearts of thousands, and "a name far better than that of sons and daughters."

THE END.

LOVE is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
In high ambition and a thirst for greatness;  
'Tis second life, grows into the soul,  
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.

ADDISON.

## ARCHITECTURE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

THE old question of whether a woman has the mental capacity to win success in the professional fields that have let down the bars for her is no longer a matter of serious debate among intelligent men and women, and scientific arguments to prove the relatively small proportions of the feminine brain are not so popular since it has been discovered that large brains are often a distinguishing feature of some of the worst classes of criminals.

Reassuring as these statements are, there are still questions to be answered by the thoughtful woman before embarking upon a professional career, as, for instance: Does she regard her chosen profession as her life work? Does she intend to prepare herself for her profession with the degree of thoroughness that will enable her to compete with men on their own platform? Can she learn to meet men on a logical rather than a sympathetic basis? And then if she can conscientiously answer "Yes" to these vital inquiries, she must again delve into her inner consciousness and commune with herself as regards her patience and physical strength; for professional success depends rather upon these two latter qualities than upon flashing wit or fascination of manner. The professional woman has also found that she cannot confine herself merely to efforts for individual success, that she must work on such broad lines as to open professional life for the women to come; and to accomplish this she must have the patience to wait and the physical strength to endure.

Especially is this true of that most difficult of professions, architecture. "Women have the mental endowment to become great architects," said one of the greatest of men architects recently, "they have the brain power and the artistic temperament. Their difficulty lies in the feminine desire to skip the lower rounds of the ladder. The younger men in our profession are giving years to preparatory work, and the

women who wish to compete with them must do the same."

It is a remarkable fact that while men are thus advocating the necessity of thorough preparation among women who aspire to professional honor, they are still keeping closed against them some of the best architectural schools in the country. The list of colleges where the rustle of the feminine petticoat is heard in the architectural department is not long. Women are admitted to study architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cornell University, and at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. There are also schools of design that have added an architectural course to their curriculum, solely for the benefit of women; but in spite of these few opportunities women find it a difficult matter to gain a thorough preparatory course in this profession.

Mr. Bruce Price, one of the finest of American architects, prescribes the following course as essential to either a man or woman wishing to prepare for the highest grade of architectural work: "A thorough college course along general lines to begin with, followed by a three years' special course in architecture, then at least a year as draftsman in an architect's office, and last,—and always,—Paris." This may seem a grave outlook to the woman who has had visions of embarking on a successful career as an architect after a couple of years' study and an expenditure of a few hundred dollars, and she is quite right; the study of architecture is a serious undertaking. There are no short cuts, no specially inclined planes to success for the gentler sex. The fact is that a woman must not only make as rapid onward strides in the profession as a man, but break the ground she travels over as well.

It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that a limited number of enterprising, plucky young American women are performing this difficult feat to the complete satisfaction of their friends and rivals in the profession. These women are competing with men in various cities in the United States, and are receiving orders for and putting up build-



MISS ELISE MERCUR.



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—DESIGNED BY MISS MERCUR.



PARLOR IN THE NEW CENTURY CLUB HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.  
MRS. NICHOLS, ARCHITECT.

ings, beautiful in design and practical in construction, in the Southern States as well as in the East and West.

The Woman's Building at the great Chicago Fair was one of the first buildings erected in this country under the personal supervision of a woman, and artists and architects are still lavish in their praise of Miss Sophia Hayden's skill in both the artistic and practical lines of her work.

Mrs. Minerva Parker Nichols, who has come prominently before the public as the architect of the New Century Club House, Philadelphia, is not a Philadelphia woman, but born of the old New England stock that has figured in secular history as martyrs, witches, or pioneers. Mrs. Nichols' grandfather, Seth Parker, was an architect, shipbuilder, and pioneer. He was one of the first settlers of Chicago, and Mrs. Nichols undoubtedly inherits from him her artistic talent as well as her originality, perseverance, stanch adherence to duty, and indomitable will-power.

From the beginning of her career Mrs. Nichols has found, in common with all other professional women, many obstacles to surmount, the greatest, perhaps, the difficulty, in this country, of obtaining the thorough, technical training so necessary to fit either men or women to become skilled architects. Yet in spite of these obstacles Mrs. Nichols has managed by dint of plodding, actually hunting about for additional opportunities to study, to fit herself to pursue her favorite calling most creditably. Her art education was begun at the Prang Normal Art School, in Philadelphia. She afterwards studied at the School of Design under Miss Hanna Crossdale, and later took a two years'



MRS. MINERVA PARKER NICHOLS.

course in architecture at the Franklin Institute. Thorough as was this course of study, this daughter of Salem and Chicago was still unsatisfied; and after serving an apprenticeship in various architects' offices she took up modeling with John Boyle and water-color work with George C. Lambdin. At the end of five years of this special training Mrs. Nichols began independent practice.

The finest work that she has done recently is the designing of the homes of the New Century Clubs of Philadelphia, Pa., and Wilmington, Del. The architectural skill displayed in both exterior and interior of the building of the woman's famous club of Philadelphia has been so often alluded to as to be almost ancient history; and yet it is impossible to glance at the symmetrical construction of the building, its spacious auditorium, beautiful drawing-rooms, inviting tea-room, and semi-winding staircase, without reiterating that Mrs. Nichols has wisely selected her calling. The club-house at Wilmington is equally well planned, though simpler in construction. The building is in early colonial style; a cozy, homelike place that only a woman could have planned for women. But Mrs. Nichols likes best to design "homes," and the houses that she has planned in Philadelphia and that vicinity are models of convenience for housekeepers. Closets are her hobby. She believes in them as she does in the Constitution of the United States or in her conscience.

A single glance at Mrs. Nichols' calm, serious face reveals conscientiousness cultivated to a degree. Her voice is low and sweet, yet there is a



RECEPTION HALL IN THE NEW CENTURY CLUB HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.  
MRS. NICHOLS, ARCHITECT.



THE NEW CENTURY CLUB HOUSE, WILMINGTON, DEL. DESIGNED BY MRS. NICHOLS.

ring in the edge of it that would finish off a command in a manner that even men would be likely to obey. Although the qualities of firmness, self-reliance, and intellectual activity are all unmistakable in both face and voice, yet as wife and mother she reigns supreme in her charming home.

Miss Elise Mercur is another Pennsylvania girl who has established herself as a professional architect, regardless of the disapproving nods of the masculine creation, regardless of the biting sneers of the "old woman" about the "new woman," and regardless of the fact that the great mass of humanity still associates a professional woman with bloomers rather than with a quickened intellect and a brave heart.

Miss Mercur selected the profession of architecture as soon as she found it necessary for her to join the army of self-supporting women. Her early training was all in her favor. She had been carefully educated in Europe, was a fine mathematician and a student of languages. As a special preparation for her work she studied for three years at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, giving most of her time to thorough work in mathematics and design. Her careful drilling in the practical side of her profession she attributes to



MISS ALICE J. HANDS.

Thomas Boyd, a prominent architect of Pittsburg, with whom she has been associated more or less for six years.

Miss Mercur is at present independently established in an office of her own in the Westinghouse Building, in Pittsburg, Pa. She is an excellent business woman, prompt, keen, with a cool head and a warm heart. She begins work at her office at eight o'clock in the morning, sharp, and seldom gets away before six in the evening. She is fond of society, and popular, as a successful, pretty woman should be; yet she never permits her social life to encroach upon her business hours.

Miss Mercur's first large work was the Woman's Building at the Atlanta Exposition. The success of this structure is too well known to need special mention. It has made Miss Mercur's name a familiar one to all readers, and established her reputation as a practical architect. She has been especially successful in designing private houses and school buildings. Last summer she designed and superintended the erection of a college building at Beaver, Pa., and is now filling an order for a colonial residence in the same town. She is very enthusiastic about the work of superintending the construction of her buildings.

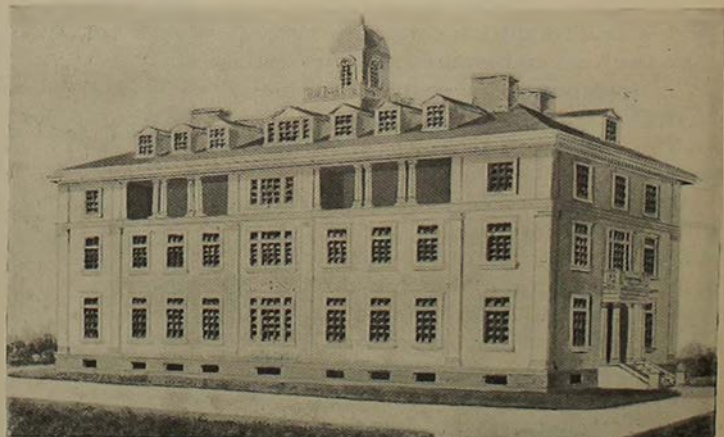
"I find," she says, "that as soon as men see that you really understand your business and know more than they do, and especially if you have proved yourself equal to climbing a ladder, they will obey with all the cheerfulness and readiness you could ask, and respect you in the bargain."



MISS MARY NEVANS GANNON.



HOUSE AT UPSAL, PA. DESIGNED BY MRS. NICHOLS.



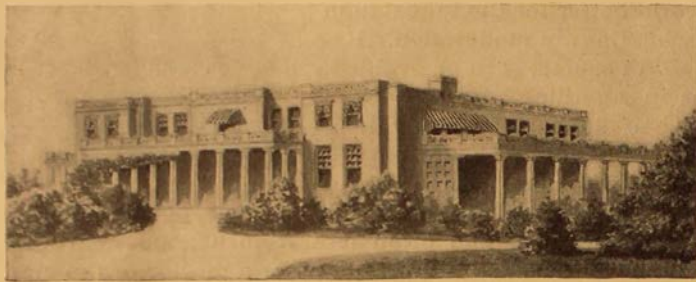
THE FLORENCE SANATORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. DESIGNED BY MISS GANNON AND MISS HANDS.



Miss Mary Nevans Gannon and Miss Alice J. Hands, of New York, have been rightly spoken of as women pioneers in the profession of architecture.

"We are not contented," Miss Gannon said, recently, "with merely getting a footing as architects for ourselves. We want to open the way for other women; to do our work in such a fashion that in years to come architecture will be one of the recognized professions for women." And to a certain extent these broad-minded, progressive young women are succeeding in their unselfish policy. It is largely through their persevering efforts that the New York Sketch Club has opened its doors to women. Their architectural drawings were also the first to be hung at the Architectural League, over feminine signatures.

Miss Hands is a New York girl, and Miss Gannon is from Pennsylvania. They first met at the School of Applied Design in New York, and after three years' work together as school chums have within the past year gone into partnership as architects. The first work which brought them prominently before the public was the



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANK L. JOHNSON IN CALIFORNIA. DESIGNED BY MISS GANNON AND MISS HANDS, AFTER THE CZAR'S PALACE AT LIVADIA.

erection from their designs of a \$40,000 hospital, the Florence Sanatorium, a hospital for women, in San Francisco. They competed for the order for this hospital with well-known architects all over the country. They have also designed for Mr. Frank L. Johnson, of California, a country residence modeled after the Czar's palace at Livadia. Just at present these exceedingly twentieth century young women are grappling with the "tenement-house problem," that has baffled the best architects in the country for years. They intend to develop a plan for building tenement houses with possibilities of fresh air and light in every room, for less money than is now expended on the wretched hovels in which the poor are crowded. Miss Gannon and Miss Hands have also been recently appointed the architects of the Twilight Building Association, at Haines Falls, in the Catskills. The plans for every building to be erected within the association limits must pass through the hands of these young architects and meet their approval.

In spite of the remarkable success they have met with in

designing public buildings and houses, they do not confine themselves to that one line of work. When the competition, instigated by the Government, for designs for the soldiers' monuments to be erected on different battlefields was started, they immediately entered the list, and nine of the designs they sent to Washington were accepted. They have also done some excellent work in the designing of elaborate gates for handsome country-places. The most beautiful one, of the large number they have planned, was recently put up, at a cost of \$18,000, at the entrance of a lovely summer home on the Hudson.

Miss Gertrude Belden, another successful architect who owes her training to the New York School of Applied Design, is now doing excellent work in Chicago. She has made, from the beginning of her career, a specialty of color work in design. It is her great hope to one day equal the famous Heustis Hawley in this line of work.

The School of Applied Design in New York has, under the direction of Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins, done much to aid the advancement of women in the profession of architecture. It has recently added a three years' course in architecture for women only. The price for this course is the merely nominal one of \$50 per year, and the course of instruction in mathematics and designing is of the most thorough and practical nature.

The first woman to take the full four years' architectural course at the Institute of Technology in Boston was Miss Sophia Hayden. In 1894 Miss Marion L. Mahony took her degree, and in 1895 Miss Ethel Bartholomew, of Chariton, Iowa, graduated. Miss Laura White, who after graduating at the Institute finished her studies in Paris, is a promising young New England architect. Mrs. Louise Bethune, of Buffalo, New York, has proved herself a successful architect, as has Miss Suffern of New York City.

It has already been intimated that a variety of qualifications are essential to the woman architect who anticipates success. Perhaps in no other profession are the requirements so varied and severe. With the artistic temperament must be combined a practical, keen, business sense, executive ability, a vivid imagination, the infinite patience of age, the hopefulness of youth, perseverance, tact, good judgment, and discrimination; and it is a sad fact that though a woman possess every one of these essential traits she cannot prove her skill to the public without the opportunity of spending another person's money!

Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins believes it to be the duty of every woman who is consulted in regard to the erection of either homes or buildings for benevolent purposes, to, so far as possible, afford young women architects an opportunity for submitting and receiving fair judgment on their designs, thus making it possible for them to prove their ability and begin a career for which they may be fitted by a rare and peculiar combination of talents.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

## THROUGH FIELDS OF EGLANTINE. THE OLD AND NEW

ONE in our love, but two to live our lives:  
Not hand in hand through fields of eglantine  
Our footsteps stray;  
Striving by rocky heights, by parted paths  
We break our way,  
One in our love, but two to live our lives.  
Not hand in hand through fields of eglantine  
Till ends the day of toil; then we compare  
The heights attained,  
With opened hearts confess each backward step,  
Each vantage gained,  
One in our love, but two to live our lives.

Our footsteps stray so rarely in those fields,  
We turn with gentle wonderment to see  
How others fare,  
Content to stay in fields of eglantine,  
If wand'ring there,  
One in their love, and one to live their lives.  
Striving toward rocky heights by parted paths,  
We know two lives, one love, in closer bonds  
Than hand in hand.  
And yet, those fields of eglantine, how fair they lie!  
Where two may stand,  
One in their love, and one to live their lives.

MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

## WOMEN IN ATHLETICS.

REPRESENTATIVE AND EXPERT SPORTSWOMEN TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF THE ATHLETIC SPORT IN WHICH THEY ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

### THE GROWING VOGUE OF GOLF.

MRS. ARTHUR B. TURNURE, ONE OF NEW YORK'S BEST-KNOWN GOLFERS, DISCUSSES THE GAME FROM A FEMININE STANDPOINT.

ONE of the principal reasons, I think, why golf has become so popular in this country within the last three or four years is that it appeals so strongly to our women. We of the weaker sex are just as enthusiastic golfers as our masculine relatives and friends, and I do not think I am assuming too much when I say that many of the women play just as well as the men. Granted, our strokes may not have quite so much force, but delicacy and accuracy are equally, if not more, important, and in these qualities we more than hold our own. Golf is a game particularly well adapted to women, because the play is wholly without violence; yet the exercise is continuous, and not so gentle as not to cause one to feel a very real fatigue after a game. There is, however, no straining or exhaustion. An important advantage in golf for women is that one may wear without inconvenience the conventional skirt; the question of bloomers or any other radical costume does not require consideration at all. An ordinary shirt-waist, a belt, a skirt coming about to the ankles, and light but strong shoes or ties answer every requirement of convenience and

fashion in golf; and so clad, and with a golf-club in her hand, a woman is prepared for one of the most fascinating of games.

### THE USES AND DELIGHTS OF SWIMMING.

MISS MARIE VALLEAU, ONE OF NEW YORK'S BEST WOMEN SWIMMERS, SPEAKS ENTHUSIASTICALLY OF THE ART.

IT is almost a truism to say every woman ought to know how to swim; and it is very certain that all would realize the pleasure of it. I am fairly familiar with most of the sports practiced by women, but I know of none more delightful than swimming. Just after your plunge, when you begin to move through the refreshing water with long, easy strokes, you have sensations which nothing else in this world, I believe, gives you; and swimming is one of the few sports which combines pleasure with great utility. Every summer we hear of accidents in the water resulting in fatalities which would have been avoided if the women involved had been able to swim.

Aside from the pleasure of swimming there is hardly another exercise which gives such symmetrical development to the muscles. The movement is so peculiar, moreover, that the muscles of the arms and legs which ordinarily get but little exercise come into play. One of the great essentials of good swimming is proper breathing. The inhalations must be regular and deep, and in assuming the position one naturally expands the chest. Hence, there is nothing in the world better for the lungs than swimming, in moderation. Excess, of course, is to be avoided, as in anything else. A swim of half an hour is amply long for even those who are experienced swimmers. As for learning to swim, it is not so difficult as some people imagine. Twelve lessons, and often less, from a good instructor, will make a woman of average vigor a master of the art.



### THE ALL-PERVADING BICYCLE.

MISS BECKWITH, THE FIRST YOUNG WOMAN TO RIDE A WHEEL IN BROOKLYN, BELIEVES THAT 1896 WILL SEE THE FLOOD-TIDE OF THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

IN my opinion the flood-tide of the cycling fever will be reached this year. Hereafter the bicycle will not be such a popular idol, and yet I have no doubt that for a long time to come it will have many devotees, because the wheel is not merely an instrument of pleasure. It has great practical advantages and uses which will give it a place among the means of locomotion until something better takes its place. It has already been of vast benefit, and particularly to women; it has been, I think, the strongest impetus of my sex toward athletics in general. It has largely broken down the narrow prejudices against women engaging in so-called mannish sports and occupations, most of which are really just as suitable for women as for men, and it has been a potent influence to



sensible dressing on the part of women. I do not mean by this that it has led to the adoption of the bloomer costume, which is not being worn as much for wheeling as it was last year, but clothing is looser and more sensible now. Altogether, I think that we women owe a great debt of gratitude to the bicycle for the facts as stated, and for the further important consideration that its use broadens our opportunities for independent amusement.

## THE DAINTY ART OF FENCING.

MISS ELVIRA FRENCCELLI, EXPERT FENCER, EXTOLS  
FENCING AS AN EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

FOR the development of all the muscles of the body, those of the arms, the legs, the chest, the back, I believe there are few exercises like fencing. It is particularly popular with women, moreover, because it gives them a graceful carriage. It may seem peculiar, but if a woman is a good fencer I can nearly always detect the fact the first time I see her. There is a finely poised look about her; her head is erect, her shoulders are thrown back, and her eyes are keen. She has a self-confident, healthy look, too, because her nerves are in good condition; and, more important than anything else, perhaps, her physical develop-

ment is equal everywhere. There is none of the one-sided development which is one of the unfortunate results of so many of the sports. The fencing masters all teach their pupils to fence with their left hands as well as with their right, and many of them are as proficient with one as with the other.



## EVER-POPULAR TENNIS.

MISS ATKINSON, OF BROOKLYN, CHAMPION WOMAN TENNIS-PLAYER OF THE UNITED STATES, DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT TENNIS IS LOSING ITS POPULARITY.

I AM aware that there has been a good deal said lately about the popularity of tennis being on the wane, but I do not believe it is true. Of course not so much time is devoted to it now as formerly, because everybody plays golf or rides a wheel. These are very strong rivals to tennis, but I think the game has enough intrinsic merit to save it from the fate of mere passing fads. It is a comparatively gentle sport, its implements are cheap enough to be within the reach of everybody in fair circumstances, it may be played on small pieces of ground, and it has a daintiness which appeals particularly to women. There are few more attractive sights than a pretty girl engaged in a well-played game of tennis. Her game is full of poses of unconscious grace; she has learned to be light and graceful in her movements; her arm and her eye are quick and accurate. It seems to me that tennis, because of the delicacy and lightness it requires, is more distinctively a woman's game than almost any other, and it would be a great loss to girls and young women if it should cease to be played. We have too few open-air exercises to afford to lose one.

## THE REIGN OF THE BICYCLE.

NO one who is thoroughly abreast of the times can doubt that the cherub who conventionally represents the New Year made his *début* in the world last January on a bicycle. The little gentleman is, of course, never behind the times himself, and it would have been incongruous and most old-fashioned on his part to have used the wings which have done service so long. A

good wheel is much more up-to-date than wings, and so we can imagine the cherub pedaling rapidly upon the scene, and wheeling about the world noiselessly, but at a furious pace. He is quite young as yet, but the older he grows the faster he will ride, until the stiffness and coldness of old age get into his bones; and even then he will continue to pedal, and will doubtless make his exit from



A MEET OF THE MICHAUX CLUB.

the world as he made his entrance, upon a wheel, for the silent steed is tractable, and aged men may ride as well as infants.

Indeed, this adaptability of the bicycle to all ages and conditions of life is one of the most potent causes of its rise to greatness. The wheel is a fleet and strong and tireless steed, moreover, that never craves for food and drink, except in the form of a little oil; a closet or passage-way suffices for its stable; thus it is that steeds of flesh and blood are becoming fewer and fewer upon the roads as the steeds of the pneumatic tire grow in number. The former are being left far behind on the highway where the race of life is run; they jog along impotently while the wheels spin by. Their endurance is less and their speed is less for any distance over a mile or two, and the expense of their keep is, of course, much greater. It has been said that the outlay of money connected with the ownership of a bicycle hardly amounts to half as much as the cost of a horse's shoes alone; hence the animal which has done noble service for man so long is losing value. He may be obtained for less money than formerly, and the indications are that in the not-distant future the bicycle and the horseless carriage and the trolley-car will have crowded him into the rear ranks of things useful. Principally it is the coming of the bicycle which has led to the passing of the horse.



A BICYCLE PARADE IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

The year 1896 sees the cycling craze greater than it has ever been before,—greater, indeed, than any fad which has ever taken possession of the minds of men and women. But is bicycling a mere craze or fad? With the two million or so of wheels which are now being ridden in the United States, has the top notch of the bicycle's popularity

been reached? And will it begin to decline, until at last the wheel will lie in the garret with the croquet set, the roller-skates, and other half-forgotten victims of the world's capriciousness? Enthusiastic cyclists answer this question with a most emphatic "No!" Some have even gone so far as to say that the wheeling habit will grow until, before the Twentieth Century has arrived, fifteen million wheels will be in use in our



POLICE PROTECTORS OF WOMAN BICYCLISTS IN PROSPECT PARK



A STOP AT THE CASINO, CENTRAL PARK, FOR LUNCHEON.



A GOOD STORY BEFORE THE START.

own country. While these prophets are somewhat extravagant with their figures, they are probably right in denying that cycling is only a fad, despite the fact that it embodies some of the elements of these fleeting fancies. For example, it came upon the world with odd suddenness; it was



UNDER POLICE PROTECTION



AT THE EIGHTH AVENUE ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

almost as if a great black cloud of cyclists had appeared in the sky and had settled down everywhere, like the seventeen-year locusts. This would argue against the permanency of the bicycle, because of the general law that things which grow quickly are short-lived. Another faddish element is that many persons ride chiefly because "everybody is riding," and it is the proper thing to do if they are to avoid the awful condition of not being "in the swim."

Yet the bicycle has features which lift it completely out of the category of playthings of the hour. It is one of the greatest mechanical achievements of the age. In it

are solved the problems of the greatest strength combined with the least bulk and weight, and the greatest power with the least application of energy. Friction is reduced to a minimum. The result is that it is a pleasure instead of a labor to propel a bicycle; and while the rider is experiencing this pleasure he is accomplishing the practical result of covering a great amount of ground. Thus



OF BOTH SEXES AND ALL AGES.

the bicycle joins enjoyment and utility in itself ; it is this combination, indeed, which promises to make it a permanent institution.

In many parts of England the mail is delivered at every door by postmen on wheels, and there are signs of the same practice being adopted to a considerable extent in this country, although the bad condition of the roads in some sections is against the present feasibility of the plan. A part of the police force in some of the large cities is now equipped with bicycles, and many regiments of the militia have them. The bicycle in war is as yet an untried potentiality, and it has been ridiculed by comic pictures of statues of ferocious-looking generals mounted upon spirited, rearing wheels. Yet there seems to be no good reason why they could not be used in war advantageously. Of course they could not be employed everywhere, but in many portions of the country bicycles would enable an army to move much more quickly than if on foot, and they are so light and easily managed that they would not interfere with regiments fighting as infantry.

But it is more interesting to consider the bicycle in an environment of peace and as a means of pleasure rather than as a vehicle of war. Its virtues in the former capacity having been well proved, we can speak of them with more authority. It would be difficult to find a recreation more enjoyable and inspiring than a tour in pleasant weather through an unfamiliar and picturesque country on a bicycle. In these wheeling tours, if they are pursued in a leisurely manner and in the proper spirit, one gets very close to the heart of life in the villages and to nature in the woods. Picturesque scenes, odd little hamlets, and



A HALT TO REPAIR DAMAGES.

quaint characters, the knowledge of which add to the fullness and zest of life, and which are not found on the highways of travel, are constantly disclosing themselves.

But one must make these little tours in the right way to find the interesting things. A feverish pushing onward, a desire to see how many miles can be ridden every day, and the feeling that every delay has left so much ground uncovered, is fatal to the real enjoyment of a trip. Forty miles is far enough to attempt to ride in a day. Pedaling at the rate of about seven miles an hour, this distance can be traversed easily while the sun is up, with plenty of time left for resting and absorbing the charms and beauties of rural life and scenery, which are missed completely by the foolish rider who attempts to do daily a "century," or a hundred miles.

A cycling tourist of experience says that his plan when on a trip is to eat a light but nourishing breakfast at about half-past five o'clock in the morning, and begin his day's ride at six. In the summer, when the sun rises long before five, this is not a painfully early hour, and any inconvenience occasioned by morning sleep cut off is more than counterbalanced by the exhilarating pleasure of riding when the dew is still trembling on the flowers, and the charming youth and freshness of the day have not yet passed. The tourist continues his journey until noon,



THE END OF THE PARADE.

when he finds some secluded, shady spot and eats the luncheon which he has been carrying with him during the morning. After an hour's rest the ride is resumed, and when the journey has been carefully planned the late afternoon usually sees the arrival at some town or village where may be obtained a good supper and accommodations for the night. A bath and a change of the dust and perspiration stained garments, which should be immediately turned over to an obliging laundress who will have them ready in the morning, is the first essential to comfort. Then comes the supper, which, if good, is enjoyed as diners after a day at the office in the city never are. After a stroll, sleep is delightfully sound and restful; and, awakened by the sun streaming into his room in the morning, the cyclist rises feeling a youthful buoyancy of spirits and eager for the scenes and experiences of another day.

It is very necessary in these trips that the bicycle, upon which so much depends, should be worthy of your confidence. A poor wheel is a thing of much depravity, with a low cunning which makes it doubly dangerous. When you are within easy walking distance of your home or a repair shop it runs beautifully. You begin to trust and admire it, and start out joyously upon the long tour which you have been anticipating for weeks. It seems like flying to ride along on that noble wheel. It hurries you on and on, with hardly an effort on your part. You leave civilization and the haunts of men behind you, and are thrilled with the wildness of nature on a forest road, perhaps, or the grandeur of the mountain scenery, when there is an explosion like a pistol-shot. There is a long slit in your tire, that is all; or the pedal-crank has broken from a flaw in the metal; and wearily, hating all mankind, and bicycle-makers in particular, you drag the thing back over the miles you came so gayly. These catastrophes rarely occur if the wheel is a good one. There are no flaws in the metal used in good wheels, and the punctures of the tire are small and easily mended. It is safest, therefore, to buy one of a maker of recognized reputation, and those of standard price are usually cheapest in the end.

The proper weight of a bicycle for general road use by a person of average weight is about twenty-five pounds, and certainly not less than twenty-three pounds. Weight is reduced beyond this point at the expense of strength, and the very light wheel is, moreover, harder to manage, and requires closer and more constant attention to prevent it from indulging in those little tricks of darting off into gullies and against trees and boulders than does a heavier and more stable machine. The great striving of the manufacturers last year was for lightness, and with this end in view wheels were made with aluminium and bamboo frames. Eighteen and nineteen pounds were common weights, and there is record of a full-sized and perfectly constructed wheel weighing only nine pounds being ridden about a floor by a man who tipped the scales at over two hundred pounds. Extremes of lightness, however, are no longer in demand by riders who desire a wheel for general use, and not for "scorching."

Only when mounting steep hills have very light wheels advantages. A device by which the gear of the bicycle may be changed at the bottom of a hill, so as to make the climbing easier, attracted considerable attention at the cycle show in New York City last winter, but whatever its merits may be, it is not in general use. Another innovation was a bicycle whose power is furnished, not by the feet, but by two small naphtha motors. It is not a cumbersome machine, and may come into use, although at present its price, \$450, is prohibitive. The machine, when in operation, has a disagreeable odor of burning naphtha.

The tandems and wheels for three and more riders were a conspicuous feature of the cycle show. One of the novelties which created much interest was a bicycle whose handle bars are behind the rider instead of in front, with the handles themselves coming around to the sides. They are grasped with the arms held parallel to the body, which does away with the tendency to indulge in the ungraceful and unhealthful practice of bending over in front, and insures the correct upright position on the wheel, and without loss, it is said, in power or speed. The body-rest partakes more of the nature of a seat than a saddle, and is consequently more comfortable than the latter.

As the bicycle becomes a more and more perfect instrument of utility and pleasure its use naturally extends. Almost every town, now, has its quota of doctors, ministers, business men, clerks, and mechanics who ride wheels for very practical purposes. They use them in their vocations, and ride them to and from their places of business. The groups of ultra-exclusive people in the cities who are dignified by the name "society," and who are usually careful not to partake of the pleasures of the multitude, long looked askance at bicycling, and particularly at the women who practiced it; but now even society has succumbed. If you are one of the fortunate chosen few you are considered deplorably unaccomplished if you do not pedal. The wheel has largely displaced the horse as a social idol, and at Bar Harbor, Newport, Lenox, and other fashionable summer resorts, the drives on pleasant days are fairly black with cyclists. In the winter the Michaux Club's quarters in New York afford a fine and commodious indoor cycling ground for the exclusive riders. It is here that the charming "buds" whose débuts and marriages make a great stir, and the gallant young men who are quoted as authorities on clothes and figures for the german, take their first falls and their first tentative ride on bicycles.

The club was named after Michaux, a Frenchman, in whose carriage factory in Paris was invented a two-wheeled vehicle with pedals in front. The pedals were the important innovation. Long before, when this century was still in its "teens," it was quite the fashion in England to ride a two-wheeled affair, variously called the "hobby horse," "dandy horse," and velocipede, which was pushed along with the toes. There were frequent references to it in the literature of the time, and the poet Keats, in a letter written in 1819 to his brother in America, mentioned it as follows: "The nothing of the day is a machine called the velocipede. It is a wheel carriage to ride cock-horse upon, sitting astride and pushing it along with the toes, a rudder-wheel in hand. They will go seven miles an hour. A handsome gelding will come at eight guineas; however, they will soon be cheaper unless the army takes to them."

From this rude "dandy-horse of our grandfathers" has come, after a long and slow evolution, the pneumatic-tired bicycle of 1896. The century has seen marvelous scientific and mechanical progress; would it be extravagant to say that the perfection of the bicycle is one of its greatest, as well as one of its last, developments? The historian of the future will probably note the bicycling era as of much more than mere passing and ephemeral interest and importance; but the hosts who ride, the streams of cyclists who glide silently along under the overhanging trees of our park drives and roads everywhere, care little for historians. As they breathe in the soft air of the summer days and catch the sweet scent of flowers, and feast their eyes upon the vivid green of the young leaves, the present seems all sufficient, and cycling its greatest pleasure.

J. W. HERBERT.



## WOMAN AND HER WHEEL.

"Turn, turn, my wheel, turn round and round,  
Without a pause, without a sound;  
So spins the flying world away."

THE period of hysterical and hyperbolic writing with reference to the good or ill effects and the propriety or iniquity of woman's riding the bicycle has passed so completely away that it would be impossible for many people to recall the mass of absurdities on this subject which found their way into print. Public opinion has grown broader, larger in outlook, and more conservative under the influence of this much-discussed question.

The scoffers who but a short twelvemonth ago could not be induced to look upon the subject as anything but a passing craze, a fad of the hour, have either been themselves won over by the fascinations of the flying steed, or been silenced by the convincing arguments of cold and incontrovertible facts. These facts, which speak louder than words, are the constantly increasing number of riders; the interest kept up in the sport through the whole winter past, whenever the weather permitted out-



A BLOOMER COSTUME.

door riding; the large number of schools constantly filled with those riding for practice, as well as learners; and the knowledge that no other exercise has ever done for women of all ages what the wonderful and fascinating "safety" has.

This wonderful health-giving exercise has taken woman out of herself, broadened her opinions and experiences at the same time that it was developing her chest and lungs and muscles, and brought into her life a totally new element,—one which is a constant source of fresh interests and enjoyments, bringing her into closer relations and sympathy with her fellow-creatures, both men and women, diverting her tired or perplexed brain, and giving her in largest, most generous, measure, that best of all tonics, fresh air. Under these beneficent influences, what wonder that she finds her horizon of interest growing larger every day, and the steady gain in health and strength opening such possibilities to her wider vision that she feels herself recreated and borne on the wings of the wind, as it were, into a new world.

The honest enjoyment of the blessed air and sunshine which it affords would in itself be sufficient recompense

for learning to ride the wheel; but its benefits do not stop here, being so far-reaching as, in some cases, to utterly change the current of life and thought. It is impossible longer to consider cycling as a luxury; it has proved itself to be a democratic leveler of people and classes, at the same time that it has itself been raised from a mere sport to a vehicle of such utility, convenience, comfort,



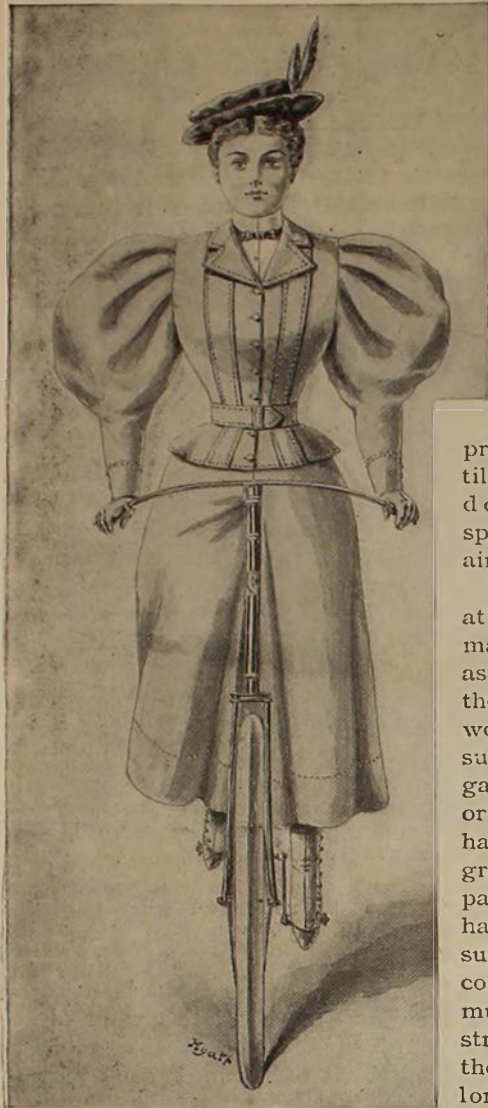
A CONSERVATIVE COSTUME.

and enjoyment that it must be reckoned with as one of the most important factors in the civilization of the present decade.

To the women who are hesitating about learning to ride, or those who are just beginning, this word of encouragement must be given: If you have a good instructor, it is not at all difficult to learn. When once you have grasped the principle that you must keep the pedals steadily in motion and sway gently with your machine, bending with it as it turns instead of holding yourself rigidly erect, you will cease to think it has a demon will of its own; and from that moment practice is all you need to become perfect mistress of your wheel. The whole secret of maintaining your equilibrium lies in these



A WOMAN "SCORCHER."



CYCLING SUIT WITH DIVIDED SKIRT

two things, together with as gentle a touch upon the handle-bars as you would use in riding a tender-mouthed horse. Those who have ever enjoyed an exhilarating spin upon a "safety" will never give up this fascinatingly near approach to flying until we can actually don wings and speed through the air like the birds.

The grave fears at first felt by many physicians as to the danger of the exercise for women who were suffering from organic weaknesses or displacements have been most gratifyingly dissipated. Not only has no harm resulted, but, on the contrary, relaxed muscles have been strengthened to do the work they have long refused to, and many a

will derive from the exercise. Of course, in the matter of taste she can make herself look like a guy, but at the same time be so comfortable that she will not care a rap for the fact that to the looker-on she offends every law of artistic or other fitness. It is not, however, in the least necessary to sacrifice beauty to comfort, for the most perfect and successful cycling costumes combine both with admirable harmony. Bloomers have become so common a sight on the wheel that scarce a head is turned to look at them as they fly by; but their use without the skirt is confined to a very small minority, and it cannot be said that they have gained any ground in the past year. This, of course, is affirmed from the standing point of the East, where opinion is much more conservative than in some Western cities. Even in Paris, however, where bloomers and close-fitting knickerbockers were first adopted *con amore*, they are being relegated to the fast class; and women of position are very generally adopting the conventional costume

Correct hygienic dressing for the bicycle begins with



AN ENGLISH CYCLING SUIT.

chronic invalid who has had the courage to try the wheel as a last resort has ridden into such health and happiness as she had long since given up all hope of enjoying. One danger there is, but it is alike for men and women: because of the increased labor thrown upon the heart by the immense impetus given to the organs of circulation, those suffering from organic heart disease must, at least, ride with extreme caution, and, perhaps, cannot ride at all.

The question of proper dress for cycling is a very important one, and upon the good judgment exercised in deciding it by the individual woman depends very much of the comfort and health she



A QUARTETTE OF LADY CYCLISTS IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

the first garment put on, which should be a combination or union suit of wool or silk, the weight, of course, adapted to the season. Those who can wear wool will find in it the best preventive to those sudden chills to which the rider is exposed when resting after an exhilarating spin. Knit underwear of some sort is absolutely indispensable, and the advantage of the union suit is the avoidance of unnecessary bands around the waist and the overlapping folds of separate garments. It is well understood that petticoats have no place on the wheel, but women agree to disagree as to what is the best dressing next the skirt. Some wear short equestrian tights, but in case of accident, a fall, or the disarrangement of the skirt from any cause, the exposure of the legs is just as complete as if one were dressed for a stage ballet. For this reason well-fitted knickerbockers are much the better choice; and if made of silk or satin a woman could not wear anything more comfortable, as the avoidance of garments that can cling one to another is one of the first conditions of "fit" dressing for the wheel. If the skirt be lined with silk the knickerbockers can be of the same fabric, or of wiry mohair or alpaca, both of which have the virtue of



A PRACTICAL SUIT.



A TRIG COSTUME.

never clinging. With tan-colored suits or those of heavy linen for summer use, pongee knickerbockers are just the thing.

Tan and brown and fine mixed cloths of these prevailing tones have been proved by experience to be a much better choice for cycling gowns than the black and blue serges which were so generally worn at first. Though the service of the latter is not to be questioned in the least, they show the dust so that on a long ride they are a constant trial; and, too, from the constant brushing required, black stuffs soon grow brown and shabby. For this reason, also, smooth fabrics, which repel the dust, give greater satisfaction than the loosely woven, rough-surfaced ones so greatly in vogue for street wear. Skirts should be very moderate in fullness,—about two yards and a half at the foot,—and may be unlined or lined with taffeta. If finished with a facing or hem on the inside, great care must be exercised to see that it is stitched on the extreme edge so that not the fraction of an eighth of an inch be loose and afford opportunity to catch on the pedals. To avoid the possibility of this some tailors turn the hem or facing up on the right side of the skirt, and

ornament it with many rows of stitching; others finish the bottom with a narrow binding of pliable leather.

The divided skirt is very generally liked for its convenience in mounting and the ease with which it is adjusted in the saddle; it falls readily and naturally with equal fullness on both sides, and this is not always easy to accomplish with the best cut round skirt. Whatever the style, it should clear the ground by six or eight inches; shorter than this is not only unnecessary, but also objectionable, as it is extremely liable to blow up above the knees, when it looks worse and attracts more attention than to ride without a skirt. Very great care should be exercised in the arrangement of the placket-hole, which should never be in the back. It should have a broad lap beneath, and be so securely fastened that nothing short of a wrench which would tear the garment will cause it to part.

There is no more attractive picture than a tastefully costumed woman flying gracefully past on her wheel; but to make this picture you must study both comfort and *les agréments*. There must be no tossing plumes and flying ribbons, no fluffy ruffs and boas, no *chiffon* blouses. The well-groomed cyclist is strictly tailor-made, without superfluous ripple or bow; and she looks best also when she avoids bright and conspicuous colors, even for her blouse. Batiste and natural pongee are suitable and serviceable fabrics for this purpose, and the fine-striped *habutai* silks always look well; for long rides, however, French, outing, and silk flannels are a better choice, and stiffly starched cambric blouses with laundered collars and cuffs have no place on the wheel.

Except in cold weather it is wisest to clothe the upper part of the body in a way that will permit the rider to take off or add something without delay. Consequently the easily removed coat, blazer, or jacket, which can be strapped to the handle-bar when not in use, is the best choice. Small, slender women look well in jackets; but they should be sure to have them so cut and fastened that they will meet the skirt in the back, as a parting there is always untidy and often ludicrous. The last criticism also applies to the full rippled skirts of blazers and coats, with their fronts often spreading like wings.

With a little thought it is very easy so to dress oneself as to avoid all adverse criticism, and it must be borne in mind that every woman who makes herself look well on the wheel benefits not only herself, but also those other women whom she thus encourages to follow in her footsteps. Remember always that from her toe to the crown of her head there should not be a restricting band if the fullest benefit is to be derived from the exercise. Low shoes, preferably rubber-soled, with leggins to match the gown, are generally preferred; if bicycling boots be worn they must be so laced as not to bind the ankle. Tight garters, of course, come under the ban; and the stiff, choker collar should be banished with the tightly laced corset. The cycling hats this season are extremely pretty and of so varied shapes as to suit all faces. They are of soft felt and of cloth, and one of the prettiest has a broad, soft crown, with medium-width stitched brim affording agreeable protection to the eyes.

For her safety in all times and places every woman should familiarize herself with every part of her wheel. This she will find upon investigation is no more difficult than learning to regulate her sewing-machine, and the ability to repair slight damage and to discover the first sign of weakness in a part will save her wheel, often spare her the vexation and annoyance of a long walk, and give her a delightful feeling of security and independence not to be gained in any other way.

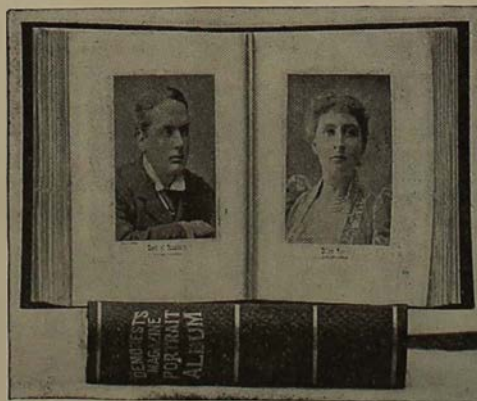
The beginner should be ever mindful that any new out-of-doors exercise must be taken up gradually by careful degrees. For the first weeks short rides only should be taken. Enthusiasm is very apt to lead to over-fatigue, and herein lies all the danger of possible mischief and harm from the exercise. Don't at first attempt to ride up hills, but save your breath and give the muscles the advantage of a change in motion; and always remember when going from home that you have to return, and that you must not spend all your strength in the outward ride. If you exercise proper self-restraint you will soon find that a ten-mile ride leaves you with a sense of exhilaration, and within three months you will count a day's outing on the wheel as one of your chief pleasures. F. A. E.

## DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

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Any or all of the portraits that have been published since June, 1895, may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazines containing them.



# OUR GIRLS

## TILLY.

TILLY came out upon the little front porch of her grandmother's house and walked slowly down the narrow path to the gate. Far off she could see a blur of pink and blue against the yellow of the dusty road, and she knew what it was,—Jessie and Mary Bellew and Phœbe Jones coming for her to go with them for a glorious day up on Beech Hill, beechnutting. The pink and blue blur grew a little more distinct, and presently Tilly found the big tears rolling down her cheeks and splashing on the gate-post.

"A girl of fifteen crying over a little disappointment like this!" she thought; and yet she could not help it. The overflowing tears seemed somehow to dissolve that uncomfortable lump which had come so suddenly into her throat half an hour ago when grandma had "spoiled it all" by insisting upon Tilly's company for herself. But whoever has been a girl of fifteen knows how Tilly felt that morning as she watched the coming girls.

She straightened her tall, young figure. "I won't be such a baby as to cry before the girls, anyway," she thought; and she wiped the tears away and stooped and picked a handful of grandma's old-fashioned marigolds and divided them into four small bunches, hoping that the girls would not notice her red eyes. In another moment they stopped at the gate.

"Morning, Tilly," said Phœbe; "where's your hat?"

Tilly faced them bravely. "I'm not going, girls," she said,—“I can't.”

"Can't!" exclaimed all three in a breath, "why not?"

"Well, grandma needs me to-day, and so I must give it up." She spoke almost cheerfully.

The girls stared. Mary, who had red hair and a hasty temper, flashed out suddenly, "Well, I call that a perfect shame! Didn't she know you wanted to go?"

"Yes," said Tilly, "but don't think another thing about it. You know I'd go if I could," and with an odd little laugh she tucked a bunch of marigolds into each girl's belt and one into her own. "Now, off with you!" she said, almost gayly, "and don't you dare go by here to-night without leaving me some beechnuts!"

The girls turned slowly away. "Well, good-bye, then," they called back; "it's too bad, that's all."

The pink and blue figures blurred away into the distance, and Tilly went back into the humble little sitting-room. Grandma stood before the mirror that was in the case of the big square-cornered clock on the shelf. Her tall, angular figure with its scanty gown of rusty alpaca struck Tilly as looking more "poverty poor" than ever.

"Tilly," she quavered, with a pin between her sunken lips, "won't you just fix my collar on straight? I can't somehow manage;" and Tilly with her firm, young fingers brought the old-fashioned lace collar into proper shape. "I guess I'll wear my best pin, wouldn't you, Tilly?" asked grandma, as she took it up from the table. "It's

got your gran'pa's hair in it, and I think a sight more of it than that gold one your Uncle Dennis give me."

So Tilly pinned it on and patted the collar here and there, picked a stray white hair from the shoulder, and finally tied on grandma's stiff silk bonnet with its rusty lace trimmings,—grandma's dearest pride, although she had worn it ten years "for best." Tilly did it all patiently, but her thoughts were with the girls.

"Seems to me," mused grandma aloud, "that this pretty day wasn't sent for nothin'. Seems to me a body ought to do something or go somewhere extry when there's such a day as this comes along. An' I declare, I can't account for that longin' I've had all the morning to go up to the old Millsap place once more. And I guess I can get there, if I *am* eighty odd. I used to be a great walker in my day."

"We'll go real slow, grandma," said Tilly, as she pinned on her sailor hat, "and it'll be nice up there under the trees. I'll take some cookies along, and your blanket shawl to sit on, and we'll make a kind of picnic of it."

"So we will, child, so we will," said the old lady, pleased at once. "It'll be a day to remember, won't it?"

And poor Tilly, thinking of the girls and the happy time she might have had, thought it would. But she went down the narrow path behind grandma, only casting one look down the long road as she fastened the gate, and then they walked slowly along the yellow road in the hazy, mellow sunshine. It was a good half-mile up the straggling hill-road that led to the old Millsap place, where grandma had spent hundreds of happy days in her girlhood. As she rested here and there along the way she chatted on quite gayly.

"Eunice Millsap and I were bosom friends, as you know, Tilly, an' a sweeter girl never lived than Eunice was; kind an' generous,—would give the clothes off her back to anyone that needed 'em. Good as gold Eunice always was; an' now she's gone, years an' years ago, an' I'm left,—the only one of all the girls."

The Millsap place lay basking in the warm sunshine. Its stately avenue of sugar maples and the great green lawn set out primly with various ornamental shrubs showed recent care. Everything looked bright and fresh about the old place, and grandma peered about on every side.

"Why, Tilly," she said, "must be there's folks a-livin' here! Well, well! An' I haven't heard a word about it, have you?"

"No, grandma," said Tilly, "but there surely is some one living here. See the curtains at all the windows."

"Hadn't we better go back, child?" asked grandma, tremulously. "I don't mean to intrude."

"Let's sit down and rest a while, anyway," said Tilly, as she drew the old lady down upon a rustic seat. "How beautiful it is!" she sighed, as she looked about. "What a lovely place this is! What would it be to call this

# THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

## A Greater New York.

In the recent passage of the Greater New York bill by both houses of the Legislature of the State of New York the metropolis came nearer than ever before to becoming in name, as it already is in reality, the second city of the world. The people living in the suburbs which are embraced within the limits of Greater New York are practically people of one community. Each of the localities which now have separate municipal gov-

ernments depends in some things upon the others. No one of them is complete in itself. It is a very well-known fact that a large number of men who do business in New York City reside in Brooklyn, on Long Island, and on Staten Island, and therefore it is logical and reasonable that these sections should be united into one great city. The practical results, supposing the measure passed by the Legislature to be wise and proper in its provisions for the administration of the united city governments, would be the saving of the people's money by abolishing all but one set of municipal officers, and

the lessening of the power of any political machine by increasing largely the quota and proportion of incorruptible voters.

Mayor Strong of New York and Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn on general grounds vetoed the Greater New York bill, because they believe the present measure, as passed by the Legislature, has serious defects. Whether this particular measure goes into effect or not, there will undoubtedly be; sooner or later, a Greater New York.

The united municipality at present contemplated includes New York City, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Long Island City, Newtown, Jamaica, Flushing, and part of the town of Hempstead. It would cover a territory of about 360 square miles, and contain a population of 3,195,000. This would make the metropolis of the United States the largest city but one in the world, London still surpassing it, with an area of 688 square miles, and a population of 4,231,431, and Paris coming third with an area of 297 square miles and a population of 2,447,757. New York City's present area is only 39 square miles, and her population numbers 1,801,789. It seems inevitable that New York should enlarge her boundaries, which are now exceedingly cramped. This country is one of immigration, while those of Europe which contain the great cities are countries of emigration. New York will continue to grow long after their cities have ceased to become larger. It has been estimated by ex-Governor Flower that if our metropolis continues to increase in size at the rate of growth of recent years it will contain at the end of the next half-century at least ten million souls.

## Our New Battle-Ship.

When the battle-ship Iowa, which was recently launched from Cramp's ship-yard in Philadelphia, is completed the United States navy will have received a most important and formidable addition. The construction of the Iowa was authorized by Congress in 1892. She is designated as a sea-going battle-ship, and is something of an innovation in naval construction. The battle-ships which have already been completed, notably the Indiana, have been called "coast-line battle-ships," and are fighting-vessels pure and simple. The Iowa will combine with her enormous fighting powers the steaming capacity and the sea-going abilities of a cruiser; and there is little doubt that this combination will make her the most formidable fighting-machine afloat. The Indiana is said to hold this honor now, but her armament is less effective than will be that of the Iowa, her tonnage is less, being 10,298 tons against the Iowa's 11,250 tons, and the latter's horse-power is two thousand greater than that of the Indiana.



MAYOR STRONG.

## The Influence of Pope Leo XIII.

It is encouraging to know that in the present agitated state of European politics one of the greatest and most influential of all directors of the destinies of Europe stands firmly for peace at all times and under all conditions. Pope Leo XIII. cherishes the hope that he, despite his eighty-five years, will live to see the time when there will be a general disarmament of the great nations. It is believed by many that he will soon call upon the sovereigns of the world to disarm and form an international court in which all controversies between nations may be discussed and settled. "If there ever was a time," he has said, "when the ideas of peace answer the desires of the people it is undoubtedly now. Sovereigns and their ministers all over the world agree that their best interests are served by peace and concord, and these views are approved by all the people, who have nothing but hate and re-

pulsion for war and its consequences. Such a repulsion is legitimate and holy, for war carries with it innumerable and terrible calamities, and it would be, at the present time, much more horrible than it has ever been in the past, because it is favored in its work of destruction by greatly increased variety and precision and power of the instruments of warfare."

The Pope's is a very potent influence on the side of peace, for not only does he hold the office which traditionally is the most exalted and dignified in the world, but personally he is a man of commanding power. Even at his advanced age his activity is tremendous. He does not by any means confine his thought to purely religious matters. All of the important social and political questions of the day receive his attention, and his discussions of them in addresses and essays are masterpieces of learning and wisdom.

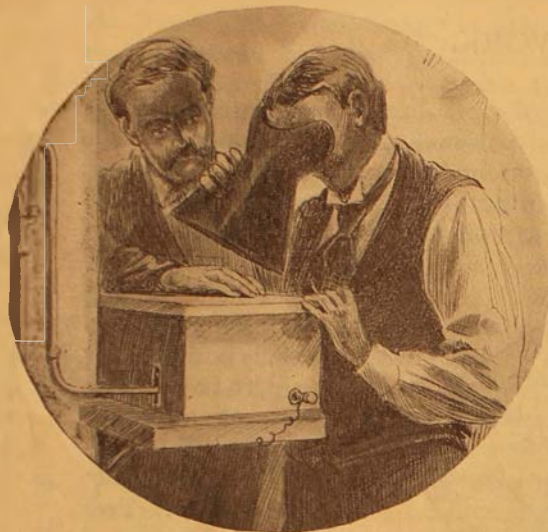
The Pope finds strength and time for consideration of these general questions, despite the fact that these latter years of his reign have been peculiarly beset with difficulties. There are two very powerful and bitterly antagonistic parties in Italy; one of them is headed by King Humbert I., and the other by Leo XIII. Their difference is over the question of whether the King or the Pope has supreme dominion in the city of Rome. Those of Leo's party regard King Humbert as a usurper who is attempting to wrest from the rightful ruler Rome; the Eternal City, and capital of the Catholic world. The Pope refuses to renounce his rights over Rome, although he has recognized the kingdom of Italy and has waived his claim to estates formerly belonging to the church. This controversy has divided the society of Rome into two distinct groups, and resulted in some of the nations sending two ambassadors to Italy, one to the King and the other to the Pope. The two embassies hold no communication with one another. In spite of this condition King Humbert is a good Catholic; but he feels that his duty to Italy is his first duty, and he will not abrogate what he believes to be her rights.



POPE LEO XIII.

### Edison's Fluoroscope.

The most active and tireless investigator of the possibilities of the X or Röntgen ray has probably been the great inventor and electrician, Thomas A. Edison. He has dropped most of his other work at his laboratories in Orange, N. J., to experiment with the ray, and his labors have been rewarded by the accomplishment of greater practical results than have been achieved by any other investigator. The Edison fluoroscope, which the



THE FLUOROSCOPE.

inventor is now perfecting, promises to be of inestimable value in surgery. By reason of its use it will no longer be necessary for surgeons to probe for bullets and make guesses as to the exact locality of fractures and diseased parts in the interior of the body. The operator need only look through the fluoroscope to see these things as plainly as if they had no covering of flesh. The principle of the fluoroscope is simple, and was explained in these columns last month in describing the fluorescent screen, out of which Mr. Edison has evolved the fluoroscope. The X ray is, of course, invisible to the naked eye under ordinary circumstances. The scientific fact which has made the fluoroscope possible is that the ray becomes visible after it has entered certain chemicals which have the property of phosphorescence or fluorescence. Edison has recently decided that tungstate of calcium, a chemical of considerable rarity, is most suitable for the purposes of the fluoroscope. Crystals of this are glued to a sheet of paper; by holding this sheet where it will receive the X rays the latter become visible. The only remaining thing to be done in making the instrument is to intensify this effect by arranging so that other light will be shut off in as great degree as possible both from the crystals and from the eye. This is accomplished by pasting the sheet holding the fluorescent crystals over the larger end of a box shaped somewhat like a funnel. It is, of course, necessary that the part to be examined be between the fluoroscope and the Crooke's tubes, which emit the X rays. The present arrangement at the Edison laboratory is to have the tubes which emit the ray in a box; the hand or arm the bones of which are to be examined is laid upon the thin board cover, and with the fluoroscope placed over the eyes the desired results are obtained. A brilliant white light is seen, in the intensity of which the flesh becomes a mere shadow, leaving the bones displayed with wonderful vividness.

### The Red Cross Work in Armenia.

Not often does a piece of news which is pleasant or acceptable to humane and Christian people come from oppressed Armenia. With all the more rejoicing, therefore, the message has been received that Clara Barton's noble endeavors to carry succor to the hapless Armenians are meeting with success. Miss Barton and her associates are now in the heart of Armenia, ministering to the needs of the thousands of victims of the plagues of small-pox, typhus fever, and dysentery, which are ravaging the country. A brief extract from her report of the work, which has been recently received in Washington, is as follows:

"The way is all made clear for sending supplies. The suitable agents all along the route are now known and have been arranged with for service, so that heavy supplies can be sent at any and all times as they are needed. I feel my breath come lighter as I think of those poor scourged and fever-stricken towns without even one doctor, when our sixteen strong, skilled men, with twenty-five camels' burden of supplies, shall carry some light of hope and help into their night of hopeless woe. I am happy to be able to say, for the comfort of contributors, that

I hold the written word of the Porte, officially given through the Minister of Foreign Affairs from the Grand Vizier, that not the slightest interference with any distribution within the province will be had. This official document was addressed and delivered to Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, and by him passed to me. The decision is general and final, without question or reservation, and settles all doubt."

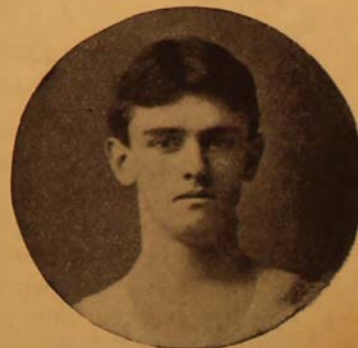
### Tesla's Cure for Organic Disease.

Nikola Tesla is perhaps the greatest living electrician, not excepting Thomas A. Edison; and in consequence the association of his name with any reported discovery or invention along electrical lines lends the announcement authenticity and importance. Mr. Tesla has recently stated that he has devised an apparatus with which it is possible to cure all, or nearly all, organic diseases. The cure is effected by means of a thorough shaking up of the human system by electric currents. The treatment is called by its inventor "a system of mechanical vibrations," and the machine, "an oscillator." Mr. Tesla will not make any positive statements as to the efficacy of his treatment in consumption, because he has not as yet tested it upon consumptive patients; he has, however, the assurance of an Austrian professor who has put the machine to practical use in cases of consumption, that the bacilli of the disease have been killed. While having only the authority of another as to the value of the treatment in consumption, Mr. Tesla can speak of it from personal experience and observation in some other organic diseases, and he states positively and confidently that it results in material improvements, and in cures.

In torpidity of the liver, for example, doctors advise their patients to take a great deal of exercise, such as horseback riding. The Tesla machine accomplishes, in less than a minute, the results of a whole day's active exercise in the saddle, and with entire absence of fatigue. The patient has only to sit in a chair, the current is turned on, and his physical being is rejuvenated by a series of tiny but powerful electric shocks which occur at the rate of one hundred a second, but which are so evenly distributed over the body that there is only a slight and pleasant sensation, and the patient is not conscious of the change in his condition.

### The Olympic Games.

Athletic sports ordinarily have nothing poetical about them; but in the Olympian games which were recently contested in Greece, and in which the American athletes were successful, there is an element of poetry. Spartans, Athenians, Dorians, Ætoliens, names which in ancient times meant vast powers in athletics, contested in the games of the seven hundred and seventy-sixth Olympiad for the first time with the barbarous youth from across the seas, known as Americans, and with the strong and fleet young Britons, Gauls, Teutons, Hibernians, and the like from the North. In the days of Alcibiades the Greek youths would have probably won in such a contest. But those days are long since past, and the glory of Greece is gone. Not until the fourth day did the Spartans, Athenians, and the rest of the classical group score a victory. Even at their own ancient sport of throwing the discus, which was a wholly new game to the American athlete, the Greeks were beaten by a young giant from Princeton, Robert Garrett, who made a new record in discus throwing. On the first day the Americans won half the total number of events, champion runner Burke, of Boston, being one of the principal heroes. Throughout the tournament our athletes won much distinction. The laurel wreaths of victory are theirs, to be worn unchallenged until the next Olympiad, four years hence. These Olympic contests are perhaps the most important and interesting athletic events in the world, because they are international in character, and because they are given a touch of the poetical and ideal by their association with the classical games of ancient Greece.



CHAMPION RUNNER BURKE.

# HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

## SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER WORK.

THE annual transatlantic exodus has already begun, and when we who remain behind go down to the ship to wish our friends "Bon voyage," a trifling gift, of some useful article to contribute to the "goodness" of the days at sea, is welcome to the favored one, and also serves as a reminder of the donor. A pretty suggestion in this line comes in the shape of a head-rest for the steamer-chair, its only claim to uniqueness depending upon the fact that its covering is a silk flag, of the nationality of the one for whom it is intended, or that of the destination, if preferred. This idea is especially nice for yacht pillows; the colors of the club to which the owner of the craft belongs, and the yacht flag itself, making most appropriate covers for head-rests and pillows for use on deck or in the cabin. The handle, or loop, which holds the pillow in place, should be of three strands of silk, of the prominent colors of the flag, braided together, enclosing a heavy cotton cord to give bulk and firmness. The back of the pillow should be covered with silk of a plain color. These head-rests are also pretty when made with Delft blue linen backs, white linen fronts painted or embroidered with a Delft design, and supplied with cord of blue or white to finish the edges and to hang them up.

The favorite lamp and candle shades at present are the rather severe Empire ones made of heavy water-color paper and artistically painted.

It requires but little skill, time, or effort to make them very effective. A particularly pretty one is painted a dark blue, top and bottom, the white band running through the centre being irregular at the edges and outlined with gilt. The main design consists



EMPIRE LAMP-SHADE.

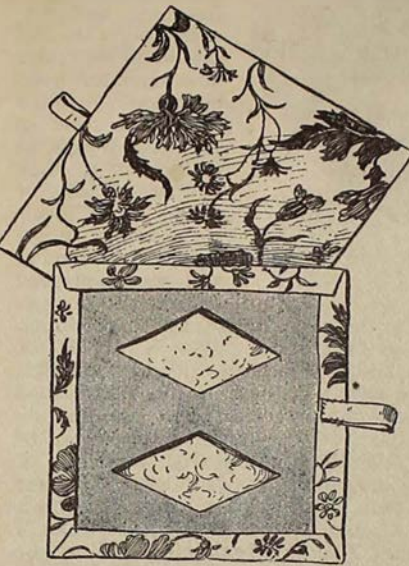
of a loosely woven effective wreath of beautiful pink roses, covering most of the white space and overlapping the blue. A variation is to cut an openwork edge in Empire design and gilt it, making the shade much more elaborate, but also more perishable. These shades are pleasant summer work, as they can be cut out in one piece, designed and painted, and left flat for packing or until needed for use, when the edges are overlapped and held in place with glue, an extra band of paper running down the seam on the under side of the large shades, the smaller ones being simply caught with a few stitches or fastened with brass clamps. Even after being put together these shades are easily packed, as any number can be put one over the other, without detriment to them, and placed in a box.

A present fancy in linen embroidery is the combination of white and colored linens, the contrast being softened by a design stamped on both and worked in shades of silk varying from quite dark to almost white. A charming

overlay of this style of work has a pink centre mounted on white, with a conventionalized poppy design in bold lines, large leaves, stems, and flowers, worked in shades of pink, covering the joining of the two linens and branching towards the centre as well as extending to within a few

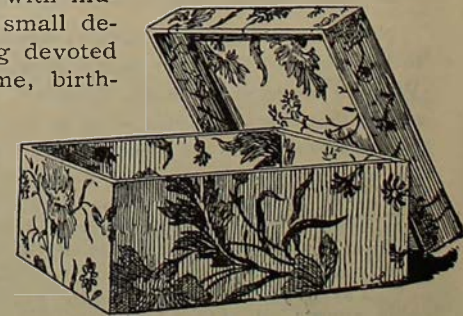
inches of the hem-stitched hem of the white. This work is especially suitable for linen photograph-frames, as a darker border sets off a photograph better than the pure white. Two beautiful frames of this work are mounted in *passe partout*. One is of violet linen on white, embroidered with violets and green leaves, and the other is green with a graceful hop-vine trailing about the oval.

An exceedingly dainty and appropriate wedding-gift for



FALSE BOTTOM FOR BOX.

an intimate friend is a little book called "My Wedding." Eight by six inches is a good size, but this can be varied to suit individual taste. The covers are of fine white linen embroidered in Louis XIV. designs of pink rosebuds and forget-me-nots with blue ribbon bows, enclosing the monogram of the surnames of the bride and groom, if desired. The inner side of each cover forms a photograph frame, also of white linen embroidered to match the outer cover, and designed for head or bust photographs of the young couple. The cover is edged with a white silk cord, which also passes through the centre, holding in pages of parchment paper decorated with illuminated letters and small designs, one page being devoted to the bride, her name, birth-place, date of birth, parents' names, etc., or any other facts of interest, and following this is a similar one for the groom. Then comes a list of the bridesmaids on another page, then the ushers, and next, and lastly, a list of the wedding-gifts. If neatly made and daintily embroidered or painted, and inclosed in an appropriate box, this makes a lovely and unique gift.



HANDKERCHIEF BOX.



# SOCIETY FADS.

Is THE habit of employing a jester, a private fool, about to be revived in behalf of the jaded wits of our rich American families? The latest bit of extravagance, perpetrated by the host of a great yachting-party that set out a few days since for a cruise in the Mediterranean, was the hiring of an individual to keep the company amused. No such crude word, of course, as "hiring" was used, and only a few of the members of the party knew that young Mr. Blank joined their society in any other capacity than that of a guest on the palatial little steamer; nevertheless he is paid a salary, and a good one at that, with the proviso that he furnishes amusement whenever the party appear in the least likely to grow dull and bored. Mr. Blank, being young, vivacious, anxious to see Europe, and glad to earn money, accepted the duties imposed, and took on board with him a lot of musical instruments, a wonderful stock of jokes, all the proper paraphernalia for private theatricals, and an amazing fund of high spirits. He had a scheme of entertainment mapped out for every day; he guaranteed his conversation never to flag or grow monotonous, his stories never to be repeated, and his good-humor never to be ruffled.

Mr. Blank's nearest rival is a young girl, bright, pretty, and accomplished, who last winter accepted a salary to accompany a party on a private car through the South and West. She drew the tidy little wages of fifty dollars a week, and had all her expenses paid; but they say she earned her money, for she kept the whole car-load of *blasé* rich folks in an amazing good-humor for the entire six weeks. At the end of her trip she was snapped up for a country house-party; but at the end of that visit, like a worn-out professional nurse, she was obliged to go home and to bed for a while. She had danced, sung, laughed, talked, played tricks and banjos, drawn funny pictures, etc., etc., until she tottered on the verge of nervous prostration; but she says it is a well-paid profession, and a growing one. Rich Americans find it harder every year to originate amusements and keep themselves up to the required pitch of novelty and excitement; but they are willing to pay someone to do it for them, and a new field for bread-winning is thus opened to quick-witted men and women who know just how to cater to this want.

THE little watch that the well-dressed woman wears this spring is solely for ornament. She does not even attempt to tell the time by it, and as an ornament it is more costly and splendid than ever before. The latest Paris mode is, when calling and walking, to fit a broad monkey-skin collar round one's Boston terrier or *marron caniche*, and slip a large, white-faced watch into a slot in the collar, at the back of his neck. Then, by holding the dog in leash, a glance at his collar suffices to indicate the exact flight of time. As for the dog's mistress, if she can afford it she wears one of the very new and very expensive phantom watches pinned high on her left shoulder. This is a circle of jewels about as large as a dollar, set in an invisible rim of gold. The jewels are twelve in number and all of a different color. Two little gold prongs spring out from the rim and hold, exactly in the centre of the circle, a huge pink pearl. At a short distance the gold prongs are not seen, and the pearl seems suspended in the open circle by some magic means. Inside the pearl are all the works, and on close observation two hair-like gold hands can be seen revolving along the inside edge of the jeweled circle. A splendid emerald indicates one o'clock; a topaz, two o'clock; a diamond, twelve o'clock; a ruby, six o'clock; and so the shining hours go.

MADAME LA MODE.

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU.

FOR the convenience and benefit of the regular subscribers to DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE we have organized the DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU, through which they may obtain anything purchasable,—any and every thing needed for use or ornamentation, for personal or household use, nothing being too small and nothing too large to be beyond its scope. Owing to extensive relations with the largest and most reliable establishments in every line, all over the country, the facilities of the DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU for filling orders in the most satisfactory manner are practically unlimited; provided, always, that the sender is explicit in stating what is needed, and the amount it is desired to expend. Our subscribers will save themselves much time and trouble, and be sure of always getting the full value of their money, by sending for what they may need to

THE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU,  
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 493. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the Order by sending four cents extra for each additional pattern.

The directions for each pattern are printed on the envelope containing it, which also bears a special illustration of the design

BY beautifully graduated degrees the voluminous character of woman's dress is losing its aggressive expansion, and lines of beauty and grace which for the past few seasons have been ruthlessly ignored are once more recognized; so artfully have these modifications been introduced, however, that it is only by comparison with what has been that we realize the change already wrought. Seldom are monstrous balloon sleeves stiffened to insolent unyieldingness; and by gentle reefs, here and there, woman is returning to something at least approaching her natural proportions.

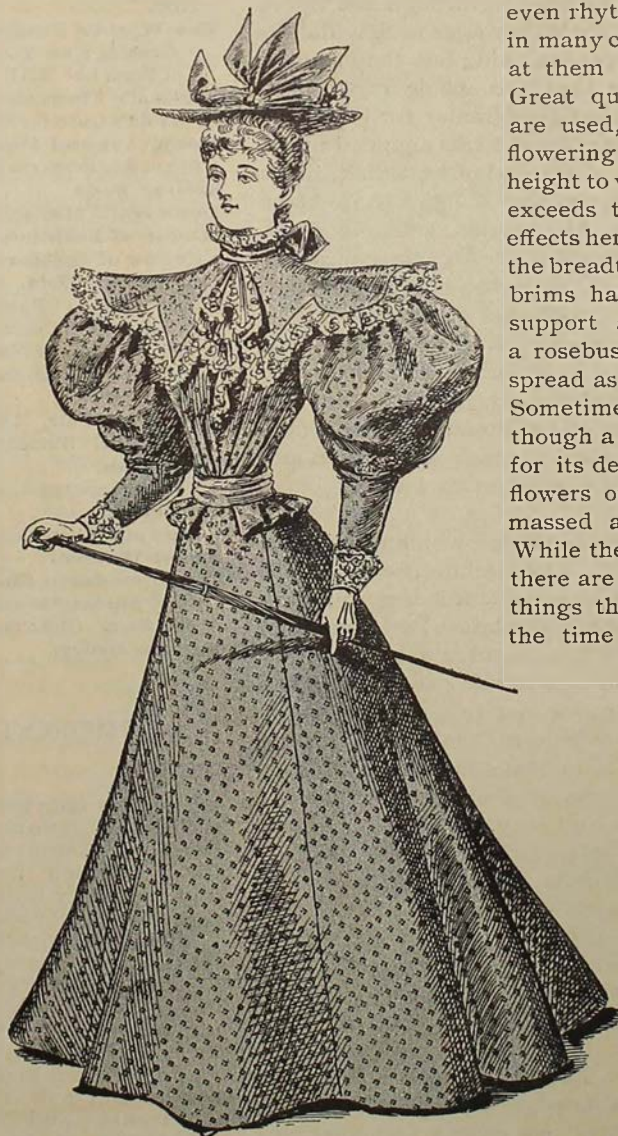
As they have become smaller sleeves have increased in intricacy of construction, and the most ultra novelties defy both imitation and description; eccentric puffs crop out at the elbows and the tops of the sleeves, where the fullness is manipulated most dexterously in overlapping, flower-like folds. The conservative sleeve is a modified *gigot* or the mandolin, with the fullness drooping somewhat toward the elbow, and with no more stiffening than that given by a taffeta lining. The lower parts fit more closely than heretofore, and often with thin fabrics and silks the stuff is swathed about the arm in slight fullness like the wrinkles of a *mousquetaire* glove. Frequently the sleeves of dressy gowns are fitted above the elbow, and the puff is confined to the extreme top. There is a great fancy for extreme length in sleeves, which often extend in turrets and points quite over the hands, being filled out with very full ruffles of soft lace. All these novelties, however, are confined to dressy gowns. The bishop sleeve, also quite the favorite

this summer, for blouses and for *matinées* or tea-gowns, should not be used for a tailor-gown or for a coat of any sort. This caution is given because some otherwise pretty gowns have been ruined by its use.

Never have we had a season of such brilliant coloring in hats, which are miracles of ugliness. The most vivid hues of the rainbow are brought out in straws and worked up into a blinding brilliancy undreamed-of before. To accentuate this defiant coloring there is neither rhyme nor yet even rhythm in their trimming which in many cases looks as though pitched at them through a pneumatic tube. Great quantities of gauze and tulle are used, and whole branches from flowering trees and shrubs. The height to which the garniture is carried exceeds the most daring Eiffel-tower effects heretofore attempted, and often the breadth exceeds the height. Tulle brims have rush-straw crowns, and support a whole geranium plant or a rosebush, while wide ribbon may spread as a vast fan back of the crown. Sometimes the back of the hat looks as though a garden had been stripped for its decoration, a peck measure of flowers of every hue and kind being massed against its upturned brim. While there is so much to condemn, there are yet some charmingly dainty things that can be found if you have the time and perseverance to go in

their search. But remember that, more than ever, when trying on hats you need to consider the side and back effects as well as the front, for some of the first are trying beyond belief.

As compensation for this hideous millinery diaphanous summer gowns are dreams of loveliness. Transparent materials over silk are a feature of the season, and their trimmings of lace and embroidered ribbons, *chiffon* and *batiste*, are marvels of artistic design



OF FANCY TAFFETA.  
HERMANCE BASQUE. HADDU SKIRT.  
(See Page 475.)

and dainty handiwork.

The most attractive commencement-gowns are of tamboured, dotted Swiss, and India muslins, and India silk or crape. The tamboured muslins are especially pretty and dressy-looking from the introduction of transparencies of white net in irregular scroll-like patterns, through which the silk lining shows. The fabric is so handsome that it requires no trimming, but the French *couturières* cut the skirt at the foot in shallow waves and fill it in with a ruffle of lace. Plain muslins are trimmed with lace-edged ruffles, headed by one or more rows of insertion. There is a fancy for laying the fullness of all these thin fabrics

in plaits from the waist to the hem and pressing them flat; and the very prettiest India silks and crape are accordion-plaited. Where it is desired to introduce color in the commencement gown a colored lining is used,—either taffeta or lawn,—and the ribbons match it. Petticoats of plain lawn, pink, blue, heliotrope, etc., with lace-edged flounces, can now be bought in the shops.

OUR thanks are due Messrs. B. Altman & Co. and Stern Brothers for courtesies shown.

### OF FANCY TAFFETA.

VERY simple and extremely smart are the light silk gowns of fancy taffeta prepared for spring and early summer use. The silks are so lovely that they require no trimming, and the skirts are, with very few exceptions, plain; they flare of course quite full at the foot,—from four and a half to six yards,—but fit trimly around the hips, having a little fullness either gauged or plaited in the back. The skirt used for this model is the "Haddu," for description of which see the May number. The waist—the "Hermance"—is slightly full at the bottom, and a narrow frill of the silk gives a basque effect around



A BECOMING CORSAGE.  
THE "NORREYS."  
(See Page 478.)

the hips. The wide shoulder-collar is lined with white silk and finished with a very full frill of narrow *beurre* lace. This collar should be finished separately so that it can be varied with others of batiste or mull. A ruffle of lace falls over the stock collar of ribbon or velvet which fastens in the back under a large bow. This same model is excellent for washable fabrics.

### SUMMER HATS.

(See Page 476.)

No. 1.—Capote of horsehair lace embroidered with *paillettes* and bordered with Honiton lace braid. It is trimmed with Chantilly lace, pink roses, and an osprey aigrette.

No. 2.—Toque of black fancy straw trimmed with roses shading from pink to brown, and with white-embroidered black lace; a large bow of shot pink-and-green ribbon above a cluster of pink buds fills in the back.

No. 3.—Round hat of green rush-straw, trimmed with yellow roses and daisy-flowered purple ribbon.

No. 4.—Round hat of fine violet chip, trimmed with thistles and their leaves, black velvet, and a fancy aigrette.

No. 5.—Walking-hat of rough burnt straw, trimmed with crumpled rosettes of plaited lemon-colored *chiffon* and a black osprey aigrette; a twist of black velvet surrounds the crown.

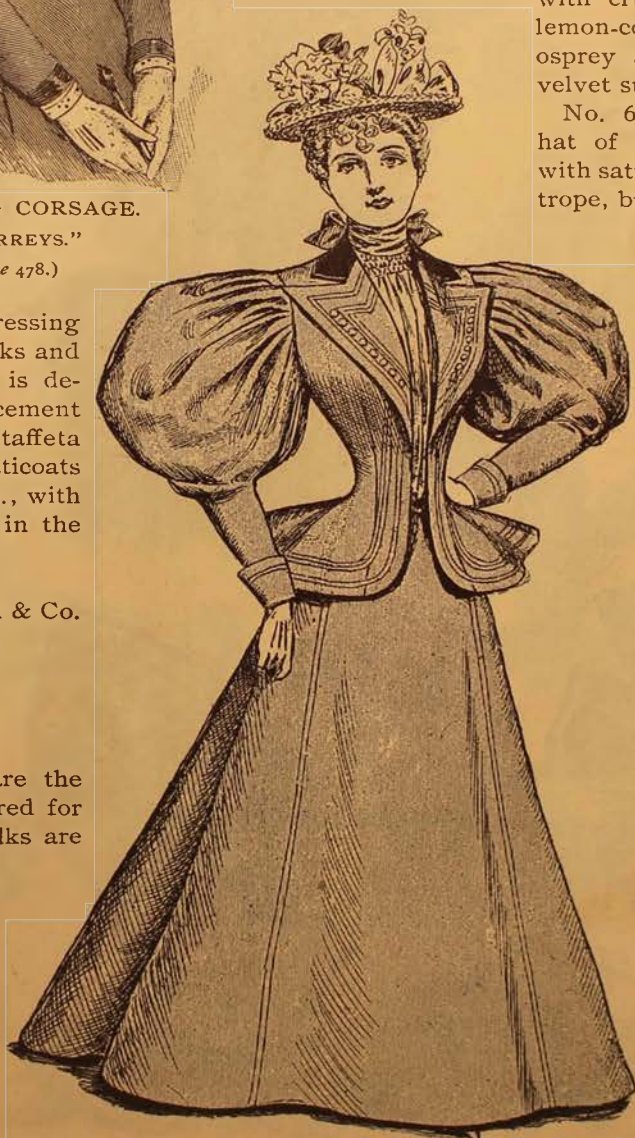
No. 6.—Wide-brimmed sailor-hat of fine white straw, trimmed with satin ribbon in shades of heliotrope, bunches of elderberries, and black wings.

No. 7.—A straw sailor-hat, having a green brim and a yellow crown; a wide band of black satin ribbon encircles the crown, and is tied in a smart bow on one side.

No. 8.—A charming hat of fancy rush-straw in shades of brown and green; a wreath of pink roses encircles the crown, a large bow of *chiné* ribbon—pink, green, and brown—is on the top, and a branch of white lilacs and their leaves is placed at one side.

No. 9.—Hat of rose-pink straw, with beef-eater crown, and narrow brim nearly concealed under a wreath of pink roses. The whole hat is veiled with soft folds of brown, chenille-dotted net, and a cluster of roses with their buds and leaves, and two black plumes are placed at the back and on one side.

These hats are conservative examples of the season's styles.



A BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN.  
KEYSER COAT. INGLEHART SKIRT,  
(See Page 478.)



SUMMER HATS  
(For Descriptions, See Page 475.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 480.)

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

## A BECOMING CORSAGE.

(See Page 475.)

THIS is a favorite model for the corsages of handsome wool or silk gowns, the bib-like arrangement being very becoming and affording opportunity for the introduction of unique laces and embroideries and very rich fabrics which can only be employed with a sparing hand. A rich old-rose and black *crépon* is the fabric of the model gown, and the bib, or over-waist, is of ivory cloth ornamented with Oriental embroidery. On light taffetas this is of embroidered batiste, and with organdies and Swiss muslins the beautiful *beurre* laces are used. It is a style that offers endless opportunities for variety and change. The rich Oriental embroideries are used to brighten dark silks and *crépons*, and Turkish scarf-ends have been diverted to this purpose with admirable effect. Sometimes deep cuffs to match are added to the sleeves, or the whole lower-arm part is covered with the embroidery. Women who have plenty of leisure have copied the Russian patterns in cross-stitch with red, blue, and black wools or silks, on coarse, even-meshed linen, for this purpose, and thus given a very *chic* touch to gowns of black or blue serge. The pattern is the "Norreys."

A FANCY TAFFETA WAIST.  
THE "ERETRIA."

darts in the fronts. It is lined with figured taffeta and finished on the edges with rows of stitching. The revers are further ornamented with tiny gilt buttons sewed closely between the rows of stitching; and the collar is faced with velvet. A blouse front of cream-white satin is worn with the coat, and the stock-collar may be of ribbon or of the satin, as is most becoming.

## A FANCY TAFFETA WAIST.

OF the making of fancy waists there is no end. As there was never before so convenient, economical, and cheap a way of giving variety to plain and modest wardrobes, it is easy to understand why so common-sense a fashion is retained in popular favor. The "Eretria" is a very simple pattern, and depends for its attractiveness upon its trim fit and the beauty and becomingness of the silk. It is suited to all the pretty striped *habutais*, as also every description of figured India or taffeta silk. A fitted lining holds the fullness of both back and front in place. The finish of the neck and the shirring in front are especially

effective and becoming. A ribbon girdle matching the finish of the neck and wrists can be worn with it, or a fancy belt with jeweled clasp. This is also a good model for washable fabrics, and can be completed with linen collar and cuffs.

## A BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN.

(See Page 475.)

ALL of the smooth-surfaced cloths, coverts, and whip-cords, as well as glossy camel's-hair serges, are liked for these smart tailor-gowns, which are now considered indispensable in every woman's wardrobe. Dark blue camel's-hair of silky fineness is the fabric of the model gown. The skirt is the "Inglehart," having seven gored breadths and measuring about six yards at the foot. It fits trimly around the waist, but additional fullness is added below the hips in plaits on the side seams. The fullness in the back is laid in plaits turning toward the centre. The front seams are spread and stitched flat, which is the neatest finish possible for a tailor-gown. The coat—the "Keyser"—is fitted with the usual seams in the back, and single

FOR SLIGHT PROTECTION.  
ALTA CAPE.

## FOR SLIGHT PROTECTION.

SMALL shoulder-capes blossomed with the spring flowers and are as gay. The ripple effect, of which we have had such a surfeit during recent seasons, finds in these attractive wraps its fittest, most graceful, and becoming place. Lace, *chiffon*, gauze, and ribbon are lavishly heaped upon them with reckless extravagance. The especial fancy is for combinations of black and white, and for bright silks under black lace. The cape il-

lustrated—the "Alta"—is of black embroidered white net over a golden-bronze silk. A full frill of Chantilly lace

over another of pinked silk finishes the edge, and is headed by a ruche of black-and-white lace. Loops of pansy ribbon and the lace finish the neck.



FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS.

This charming gown is made of light, silk-striped challie combined with batiste, of which the cape-fichu is made and the long tabs on the skirt which suggest fichu ends. The skirt—the “Amity”—is a new

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS. DELICIA WAIST. AMITY SKIRT.

gored pattern, having eight breadths, and measuring nearly five yards at the foot. It may be lined with percaline, or finished with a deep hem; but should have no interlining or stiffening. The corsage—the “Delicia”—is slightly full over a fitted lining, and the fichu is a deep round collar in the back. A vine of appliqué lace—Venetian, Honiton braid, or guipure—borders the fichu, and the edge is finished with a plaited frill of the batiste, *chiffon*, or lace. The sashes which fall at the sides of the skirt are included in the waist pattern. The model is commended for all light silks, and fine organdies and lawns. The all-over embroidered batiste and that with lace stripes are much used to combine with these fabrics. Transparent fabrics should be hung over narrower skirts of white or colored lawn or taffeta, and the waist linings are cut low. The waist and skirt patterns are in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years of age.

A NOVELTY for blouse fronts is Oriental-looking embroidery done in stripes with bright silks and vari-hued metal threads on coarse burlaps.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.

YOUNG GIRL'S BASQUE.

This smart little coat-basque is intended either to complete gowns of fancy or smooth-surfaced wools or to be made of velvet, silk, or batiste to wear with various skirts. The model is of changeable taffeta with blouse front of batiste. Straps of black velvet ribbon are fastened at the bust with rosettes, the sleeves being trimmed to correspond. A row of gilt buttons runs down from the rosettes to the waist. The back is fitted with the usual seams, and the skirt flares gracefully but without *godet* flutes. There is a fancy for making these little coats of dark blue or brown serge to wear with skirts of checked chevrot or rough tweeds, making useful everyday and traveling gowns. The pattern is the “Virginia,” in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

FOR SUMMER FABRICS.

CHILDREN'S summer frocks are attractive from their dainty simplicity this season, over-elaboration of shoulder-trimmings having to a great extent passed away. There are but slight changes in the general cut, both gored and straight skirts being used, and full “baby” waists with the fullness drawn tight or drooping in front, as is most becoming. Bishop sleeves are the newest, but the nut-ton-leg and puffed sleeves are also worn. The model illustrated is of India silk. The skirt is gored, and it may be lined with percaline or finished only with a five-inch hem. The back of the corsage is like the front, except, of course, that the fullness is drawn down



YOUNG GIRL'S BASQUE. THE “VIRGINIA.”

smoothly, and a fitted lining holds the fullness in place. The yoke can be made of velvet, plain silk, or batiste, and trimmed with a frill of batiste embroidery or of *beurre* lace. If batiste be used the sash can be of ribbon. The pattern is the “Ariola,” in sizes for eight and ten years.

BELTS ARE narrower, but as brilliant as gold and silver, jewels and enamel can make them.



FOR SUMMER FABRICS. ARIOLA FROCK.

FOR TINY FOLK.

BABY'S first short frocks should be dainty in material and of immaculate freshness; so the wise mother cares more for a generous supply simply fashioned than she does for a small number of elaborate ones. Nainsook, fine cambrics, marcellia, —which closely resembles linen lawn,—and white India silk are the fabrics most used. Hemstitching is liked for the finish of the skirt hem. The yoke, to which the skirt is sewed, is cut from all-over embroidery or made of insertion and tucks, and a ruffle of embroidery over the shoulders gives an up-to-date touch. The full



FOR TINY FOLK.  
JESSIE FROCK.

bishop sleeves are gathered to a very narrow band and finished, like the neck, with a frill of fine embroidery. The pattern is the "Jessie," in sizes for from six months to two years.

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 chip hat trimmed with yellow *chiffon* and black plumes.
- 2.—Reception-gown of faced-cloth with rich trimming of applique and embroidery.
- 3.—Purple chip hat trimmed with violet tulle and ribbons.
- 4.—Garden-party gown of *chiné* grenadine, trimmed with a lattice-work of green ribbons and ruches of narrow Valenciennes.
- 5.—Capote of pink roses and raven's wings.
- 6.—Tailor-gown of gray covert cloth, with blouse of India silk.
- 7.—Stock-collar of ribbon, with points of black *chiffon* and lace.
- 8.—Calling-gown of stone-colored moire velvet, revers of purple velvet under Venetian point; chemisette of plaited *chiffon*.
- 9.—Reception-gown of changeable—violet and rose—grenadine, trimmed with frills of narrow Valenciennes. Black hat trimmed with poppies and black plumes; cape of black *mousseline de soie* and violet satin ribbons over gray satin.
- 10.—Stock-collar of ribbon with plaited frill of white *chiffon* falling over it. It fastens in the back under the bow.
- 11.—Dinner-gown of *chiné* taffeta, trimmed with spangled pascamenterie and Venetian point.
- 12.—Reception-gown of fancy moire, with black velvet corselet.
- 13.—Shoulder-cape of *chiné* taffeta with ruches of black gauze.
- 14.—Gown of cadet blue *crépon*, with waistcoat and eccentric tabs on waist and sleeves of white cloth.
- 15.—Bridesmaid's picture-hat of white straw, trimmed with roses, black velvet, and tulle.
- 16.—Shoulder-cape of dark *chiné* taffeta, nearly covered with plaited ruches and frills of satin-striped black gauze.
- 17.—Commencement-gown of white China *crépe*.
- 18.—Theatre-corsage of black velvet and white satin, with sleeves of Brussels net, and trimmed with guipure insertion.
- 19.—Walking-hat of yellow straw trimmed with brown velvet and plumes.
- 20.—Stock-collar of *chiné* ribbon, with circular ruffles, edged with lace, falling over, fastening under bows and tabs in the back.
- 21.—Calling-gown of silver-gray mohair, with revers and chemisette of white satin trimmed with fancy *soutache*.

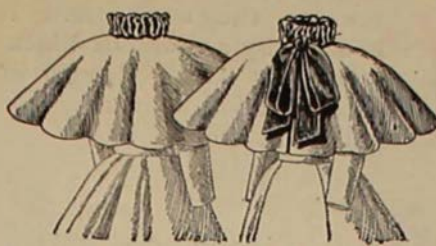
STANDARD PATTERNS.



CHILTON BLOUSE-WAIST.



OGARITA WAIST.



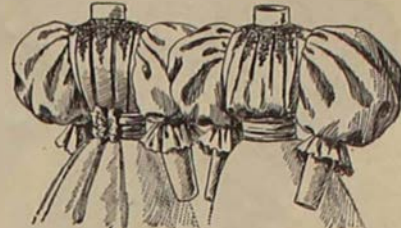
JACINTH CAPE.



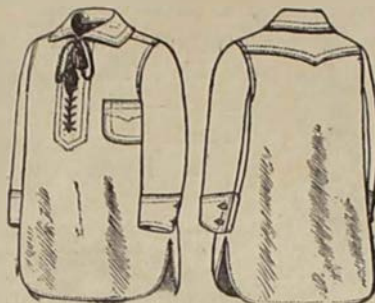
BENSONI HOUSE-JACKET.



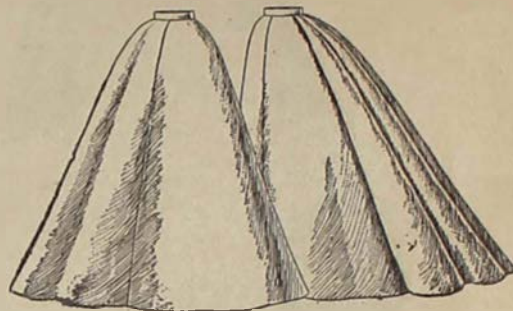
THERLA WAIST.



EVARINA WAIST.



YACHTING OR TENNIS SHIRT.



VOLYTA SKIRT



ELLALINE FROCK.



KILDA DRESS.



ELAINE DRESS.



CLILIE FROCK.



ALIDO REEFER.



SAILOR CAP.



EREEN JACKET.

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. It should be remembered that one great 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.

It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns.





has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

**Agreeable**

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, racking Colds, or Fevers.

**Syrup of Figs**

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it; permanently curing Constipation and its effects.

**Mild and Sure**

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

For Sale by all Druggists.

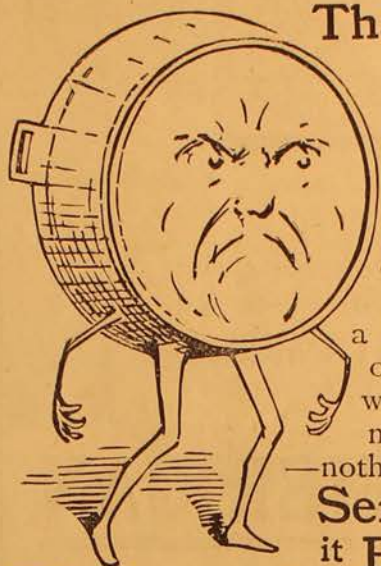
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT. SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER WORK.**

(Continued from Page 472.)

A set of boxes for holding various accessories of the toilet,—handkerchiefs, gloves, bows, belts, fancy collars, etc.,—or for letter-paper, is always a welcome gift, and when one has to live in boxes and trunks these are found most convenient. A pretty jewel-box is made in semi-circular shape, covered with fancy silk or embroidered linen, and fitted with neat little compartments. A handkerchief-box, also covered with silk, has an inner bottom raised by a ribbon loop, which covers a sachet that can be renewed when the odor dies out. This inner bottom is made of cardboard in which openings are cut before it is covered, and the thin silk or linen is no impediment to the diffusion of the odor. A combination of iris and heliotrope is much favored for sachet-powder,—one quarter heliotrope and three quarters iris. This can be sprinkled on a cotton-wool foundation, and is more easily renewed than the usual made sachet. Any ordinary cardboard box is available

(Continued on Page 482.)



**That terrible wash-tub!**

This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use **Pearline**. Use **Pearline**—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

**Send it Back** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. 510

**Millions NOW USE Pearlina**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



The "witchery of beauty" is for lovers

**The witchery of "WITCHKLOTH"**

(TRADE MARK)

....is for all....

Itself a witch, it charms all who use it, replacing the dirty polishing powders, pastes and liquids, and the costly chamois.

Tableware, Jewelry, Toilet Sets, Bicycles, Cut Glass, Windows, Pianos, Furniture, ALL BRIGHT METALS, ALL POLISHED SURFACES. It cannot scratch. Contains no acid. Works wonders.



**DAMP, it Cleans**  
**DRY, it Polishes**

It never soils the hands, however black itself; never needs washing, and retains its virtues till worn to shreds. At all leading stores, or

**ASBURY PAINE MFG. CO., Wayne Junc., Phila., Pa.**

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



Come throw away the old, buy the new, Light in running and in cutting true.

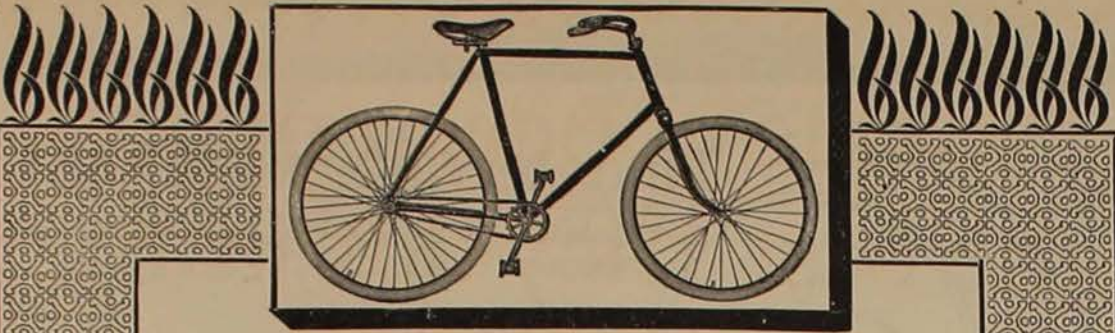
Ask for **CLAUSS BRAND** for the best.

Every pair warranted. At all hardware dealers.

You may be sure they'll stand the test. Shears and Scissors, of the best, give Success, Happiness and Rest.

**CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, Ohio**

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



Four Acres of Factories and  
 Fifteen Years Experience in making  
 high-grade cycle materials, give us the  
 Facilities and the Expert Knowledge  
 necessary to turn out the wonderful

# WOLFF AMERICAN

## High Art Cycles.

AND MAKE THEM THE  
**FINEST WHEELS ON EARTH**

We are the originators and patentees of four specialties of vital importance, which are combined only in the WOLFF AMERICAN and are described in our free catalogue.

We send, free, the handsomest catalogue of the year showing **9 New Models**  
 Singles, Tandems and Duplex Wheels.

For 12-cent stamps we send the following High Art Productions, free from any advertising matter:

"Love's Strategy" illustrated poem, by James Barton Adams.  
 "A 20th Century Elopement," lithograph from painting, 20x28 in.

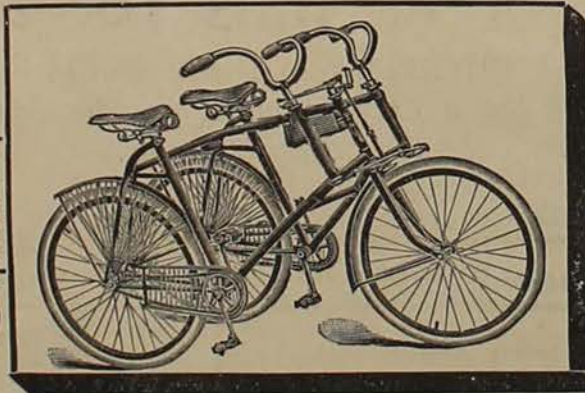
**R. H. WOLFF & CO., Ltd.**

Foot East 118th, 117th and 116th Sts., New York.

NEW YORK SALESROOMS:

1 East 42d St. 137 West 125th St 425 Broadway. 33 Barclay St.

The Duplex Holds Two, side-by-side, and affords all the pleasures of cycling, without its dangers. See Catalogue::::::



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### AGENTS WANTED.

For the Only Complete **CARPET STRETCHER AND TACKER.**

This Stretcher works on an entirely new principle. It draws your weight with the carpet. No marring base-boards, pounding fingers or getting down on the knees. Operator stands in an upright position to stretch and tack carpet. Can fold carpet under and stretch two thicknesses as easy as one. Will drive 60 tacks per minute. Drives tacks in corner as easily as on side of room. Every machine guaranteed. Good commission. Exclusive territory assigned. Splendid seller. One agent in Toledo, Ohio, took 38 orders in two days. Sample sent Ex. prepaid in U. S., on receipt of \$1.50 (retail price), with rebate on first order. Write for terms and Cartoon Circular "J" and other specialties. Sample Columbia Tack-Puller prepaid 25c

The Goddard & Allen Co., Belvidere, Ill.

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

For "The Ezy" **RAISIN SEEDER.**

Housekeepers will welcome this simple little machine that seeds a pound of raisins in 6 minutes. The old-fashioned way of seeding raisins by hand is too slow, but the "Ezy" does away with one of the most tedious and disagreeable duties in the kitchen. **SAMPLE** sent prepaid on receipt of 40 cents.



Circular Free.



## L. SHAW

Established 33 years.  
**THE LARGEST**  
 Hair and Toilet Bazaar  
 in America.

Perfect fitting WIGS, and WAVES, SKELETON BANGS, in the latest styles. NATURAL WAVY SWITCHES, COCOANUT BALM for complexion; cures pimples, makes the skin soft, fresh and fair as a child's; price, 50c. and \$1.00. EXTRACT TURKISH ROSE LEAVES, for the lips and face, imparts the natural bloom of youth; \$1.00 and \$1.50. MAGIC TONIC, softens and beautifies the hair, prevents it from falling out; 50c. and \$1.00. HAIR DYES for all colors of hair. Book "How to be Beautiful," mailed free.

54 W. 14th St., near 6th Ave., N. Y.

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

(Continued from Page 481.)

for these uses, and the covering of silk, linen, silkoline, denim, or canvas, if neatly applied, transforms it into "a thing of beauty." Liquid glue, used carefully, is the best adhesive for this purpose. For some of the more pretentious boxes the lining and outside are made separately and tufted, then slipped in and over the box and secured with tiny bows of "baby" ribbon.

LILA GRAHAM ALLIGER.

## SANITARIAN.

TOILET HYGIENE.

The out-of-doors life of summer which is so beneficial to the general health brings with it a few discomforts for women which proper care and treatment will greatly alleviate and sometimes entirely remove.

It is almost an unheard-of thing in these days for a girl to refuse to take part in any excursion, game, or exercise on the score of injuring her complexion,—in fact, no properly constructed, up-to-date girl gives the matter a thought, and, indeed, the yachting girl turns her cheek with a very abandonment of ardor to the browning kiss of the scorching wind; but, nevertheless, the results of this reckless exposure are sometimes very hard to bear. Though the nut-brown maid cares not a jot for her coats of tan, but, on the contrary, is often quite proud of them, there is a stage in the process of tanning which is quite painful. After the first exposure, when the skin feels positively blistered, the face should be bathed for ten or fifteen minutes with water as hot as can be borne; follow this with a gentle but thorough massage, rubbing in a small quantity of cold cream or, if it agrees with you, white vaseline. This reduces the inflammation, taking out all the fire and redness, but it does not bleach the skin. If you do not care to take on a coat of Indian brownness, follow the bathing and massage with steaming by holding the face over a

(Continued on Page 483.)

### CAN YOU SPARE 8 TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMPS?

Mail them to us if you can accommodate. We will mail to you in return

**8 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST PIANO MUSIC.**

Four Vocal and Four Instrumental, Which would cost you \$3 in Music Stores If bought at the price of Sheet Music.

Address, "OUR MONTHLY MUSICAL GEM," 181 West 28d Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

Mother Nature is certainly very generous to womankind, yet there are but few to whom she has been so kind as to give a perfect form. What nature fails to do science accomplishes, hence the F. P. Corsets, which aid nature when there are defects, and impart to the wearer symmetry of form, based on correct proportions. It does not matter whether you are long, medium or short waisted, the F. P. is the right thing in the right place. They certainly create handsome forms.



(Continued from Page 482.)

basin of boiling water. The head and basin should be enveloped in a light shawl or blanket, and the steaming continued till it produces free perspiration. Dry the face gently with a fine towel, and bathe with a lotion made of the juice of one lemon in an ounce of distilled or filtered rain-water with a saltspoonful of borax dissolved in it. Just before retiring rub in cold cream or white vaseline, and use the lotion several times through the day, when convenient.

Blotches, pimples, moth patches, and freckles will persistently mar delicate skins, in spite of all the lotions and creams ever made, unless the digestive functions are kept in perfect condition. When there is a tendency to these afflicting beauty-destroyers the utmost attention must be given to the diet and the thorough cleansing of the stomach and digestive canal daily. If the system be clogged with waste products, facial blemishes must follow as certainly as the night the day. When the internal conditions are normal and healthful, the following lotion and cream can be used for freckles with surprising success: Four ounces of lactic acid, two ounces of glycerine, and one ounce of rose-water; apply with a small sponge several times daily, and allay the burning which ensues with this cold cream: One ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, and four ounces of almond oil; melt together in a *bain Marie*, and add very gradually three ounces of rose-water and one ounce of witch-hazel, stirring the mixture till it forms an emulsion, and slowly till it cools. If the lotion produces an uncomfortable burning, omit its use for a day or two.

OUR GIRLS.  
TILLY.

(Continued from Page 469.)

home?" She looked down into the little valley. She could see their own humble cottage, the white picket fence, and a tiny, black dot moving along the path. "That's old Peter," thought Tilly; and then she said aloud, "grandma, I can see our cat in the path down there."

Grandma peered through her glasses. "Bless me, Tilly!" she said, "I can't see the first thing! What a blessing it is to be young, to be sure!"

And all at once a flood of something—joy, gratitude, peace—let itself into the girl's heart. Yes, grandma was right! What a

(Continued on Page 484.)

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Not one dressmaker in a hundred quite realizes the value of the very simple yet vastly important item of "springing" in the bones in the making of a bodice. The set and general "style" of the waist is made or marred by her skill or lack of it in this particular. In the first place, it is a puzzle to get the stays tight and firm, and at the same time provide against a future "poking through" the material at the top and bottom—the best-regulated steels and bones will do that. There's also an art in putting on casings, but the novice will be wise to follow the example of the leading dressmakers and use the Featherbone, which comes in long strips already cased and which is stitched on with the sewing machine as quickly and easily as one runs up a seam.

But it is in "springing" the bones that the great advantage of this Featherbone is seen—as you sew, you simply lift the waist back of the machine's foot, making the stay as much tighter than the seam as is required, thus both securing the proper curve over the hip and making it impossible for the basque to roll up. You will readily see that a waist with every seam stayed in this fashion cannot possibly wrinkle.

No one concern makes  
the best Bicycles in the  
world

No one make of bicycle has a monopoly of quality or superior devices. Some excel in one particular, others in another. There are many grades of bicycles, and grade is not to be determined by price.

The  
*Marverley*  
Bicycle

is the peer of any bicycle on the market at any price. This product of a modern factory, unequaled in its appointments, employing the highest mechanical skill and the best materials obtainable, is sold at

\$85 A FAIR PRICE \$85

and strictly at one price to all

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

EASTERN WHOLESALE BRANCH, 339 B'WAY, N. Y.

Catalogue free by mail

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

DURKEE'S  
Salad Dressing  
Challenge Sauce  
Celery Salt

E. R. DURKEE & CO.,  
Condiments of Every Description.



Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. Gold Medals and Diplomas awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for Superiority to all others. These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.

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

(Continued from Page 483.)



Smiles are becoming to possessors of clean, white, healthy teeth. These may be had, as well as a delicate fragrance to the breath, by using the Perfect Liquid Dentifrice

# RUBIFOAM

Price 25c. at druggists. Sample Vial Free. Address, E. W. HOYT & Co., Lowell, Mass. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



## THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration. "Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has cured and been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

No. 1. PRICE \$15—REDUCED FROM \$25.  
No. 2. " \$25—LATEST AND GREATLY IMPROVED.

*Pasadena, Cal., April, 1895.*  
For the past two years and more I suffered with Articular Rheumatism in my arms, muscles and shoulder joints, and treated with a number of physicians and tried about every remedy suggested, but with only temporary relief. I concluded to give the Oxydonor "Victory" a trial, although I had not the least particle of faith in its efficacy, but to my surprise after a few applications my pains left me, my muscles began to relax, and joints to loosen, in fact my whole organic structure began to take on new life and strength, and now, in less than ninety days' treatment, without a drop of medicine, I feel like a new man. I regard the Oxydonor "Victory" as the greatest invention of man, and would advise all afflicted ones to try it.

W. H. RAYMOND, N. Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Cal.  
Large book of information, and latest price-list mailed free.  
Dr. H. SANCHE, Discover and Inventor, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

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

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Approved by highest medical authorities as a Perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Positively relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. [Name this paper.] Sample by mail.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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

## A SURE CORN CURE

Removes the corn—and the roots—without pain or danger—A-CORN Salve, perfectly harmless. 15c. box.

At druggists or by mail.  
GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 305 Cherry St., PHILA.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



## WANTED

competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES, BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad. and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 1-lb. Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars. (D. F. M.) THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P. O. Box 289.

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

blessing it was to be young; and here she had been feeling hard and bitter over that little disappointment. Grandma, pleased and happy over her little outing, could not live many years, at the longest, while she might have a long lifetime before her. She laid her warm, young palm softly upon the old, wrinkled, work-hardened hand that lay upon the rusty, black gown, and leaned over and kissed the withered cheek.

"Land, Tilly! that's right nice of you, child," said grandma, beaming upon her; "and I did think you might be real disappointed about your beechnutting."

"I'm not a bit disappointed, grandma," said Tilly, truthfully.

Tilly looked up across the sloping lawn at the old Millsap mansion which had faced the storms and smiled in the sunshine of nearly a hundred years. The great wooden building looked like a dream of a by-gone time. The house was just as grandma remembered it to have been seventy years ago, when she and Eunice played together there. Dainty muslin draperies hung at the windows, and the wide piazza looked inviting with easy-chairs, hammocks, and plenty of cushions scattered here and there. How homelike it all looked!

A white-haired old lady came slowly through the great doorway, paused a moment, then, seeing the two figures on the rustic seat, came feebly down the steps. Tilly noted the tiny, white lace head-dress with its dainty loops of lavender, the handsome dress of silver gray, the gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and the fleecy, white shawl drawn across the shoulders. How perfectly this quaint and charming old lady harmonized with the surroundings! Tilly watched the slight figure advancing toward them. Then she rose.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "grandma and I didn't know anyone was living here, and we came up to spend a few hours among the trees. It's a favorite place of grandma's, and has such pleasant associations for her that she loves to come."

The little old lady reached out her hand to grandma. "Indeed, you're quite welcome," she said; "but won't you come in?"

The very spirit of hospitality came with the words; but when they declined she seated herself beside them, and said, "And may I ask what pleasant associations this place has for you?" and she smiled upon grandma.

"Why," said grandma, "some of the happiest days of my life were passed right here. My old schoolmate and playfellow—the best and dearest girl in the world—lived here, and I used to come here often."

(Continued on Page 485.)

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists. 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The advertisement of The Great American Tea Company appears on another page. It has the reputation of doing whatever it promises (and it does it every time) and its standing in the business world is the best. It has been for over thirty-five years at its present business location, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, from which place goods have been sent to all parts of the United States. They guarantee the goods to give perfect satisfaction. Give them a trial, and we know you will be well pleased.

(Continued from Page 484.)

A faint pink showed itself in the little lady's delicate face. "What was her name?" she asked, softly.

"Eunice," said grandma, "Eunice Millsap,—dead these many, many years."

"Rebecca," said the little old lady, quietly, "is it you, Rebecca Dorsey?"

Tilly sprang to her feet. She knew not what to say. But grandma solved the problem by beginning to cry softly and quaver out broken words of surprise and joy.

What a day that was! The girls on Beech Hill never dreamed of the delightful hours Tilly was passing in the beautiful library of the Millsap mansion. How glad she was to curl up in a great leather-covered chair and lose herself in the tempting books that filled the shelves, while the two dear old ladies sat in the sunny parlor across the hall and chatted almost as incessantly as in their youthful days! Oh, what a long life it was to review! Fifty years of separation, and now to meet again in this strange way! Grandma told how she had married and drifted off out West, to return thirty years later and find the old Millsap place closed and deserted, and Eunice traveling abroad. Then how the news of her death had come, and—and all the rest! No wonder the two old friends paused often in their talk to clasp each other's hands and cry softly as they looked into each other's faded eyes.

And how like a beautiful fairy-tale it all turned out! Grandma and Tilly and Peter, the cat, in a few days came up the long hill once more; and this time grandma did not walk, but came in an easy phaeton, and came this time to stay. For her old friend insisted, in her gentle way, that their remaining years should be passed together, and that her home should be grandma's and Tilly's home, too; and grandma's independent soul was rejoiced to think that she might be useful as companion and nurse to her half-invalid friend.

"I'm a lonely old woman," Eunice said; "husband and son gone years ago. Why should I not have my heart's desire in this? And it will make us young again to have Tilly and her gay schoolmates about the old place." And she carried her point just as grandma remembered that she always did, with her winning voice and smile.

Years have passed, and Tilly is "the lady of the house" at the old Millsap place. Two marble slabs in the cemetery, side by side, speak of the early friendship and reunited hearts of two friends.

And Tilly has fulfilled the promise of her girlhood,—true to duty, full of kindness, and known far and near for her sweet, unselfish character.

"What little trifles change the course of life," she often thinks. "If I had gone beechnutting with the girls that day, as I wanted to so much, it might be that all her happiness would never have come to grandma. How glad I am that I did what I knew was right!"


HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

During a legal controversy between two famous powder manufacturers, Dr. Whiteside, an eminent Philadelphia physician, was once called upon as an expert to testify. A box of Henry Tetlow's famous Gossamer Powder was handed to him and he was requested to tell the court whether it contained any ingredient of a poisonous nature, and if its continued use would have an injurious effect upon the skin. His answer in substance was, that it was not only entirely harmless, but contained properties that were highly beneficial. He added that on many occasions in his regular practice he had actually prescribed this same Henry Tetlow's Gossamer Powder for excoriations, abrasions and roughness of the skin. His testimony was corroborated by Dr. Adler, another of Philadelphia's prominent physicians. Send 2c. stamp to HENRY TETLOW, N. W. Cor. 10th and Cherry Sts., Philadelphia., for a free sample.

"Built Like a Watch"

REPUTATION  
WORLD WIDE

made on  
its  
own  
merits.



Send Stamp for Catalog.

**STERLING CYCLE WORKS**  
GENERAL OFFICES:  
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CHICAGO

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.  
Pacific Coast Branch: 314 Post St., San Francisco.

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**CHRISTY  
ANATOMICAL  
SADDLE**



ONLY SADDLE BUILT ON  
ANATOMICAL PRINCIPLES

ESPECIALLY  
ADAPTED FOR  
LADIES

Has pads to receive  
the pelvis bones, pre-  
vents stiffness, soreness,  
chafing, and protects the  
sensitive parts.

Price, \$5.00

**A. G. SPALDING  
& BROS.**

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

CATALOGUE  
FREE

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

**SIDE COMBS**

These side combs are over two inches long by one inch wide, triple silvered, now very fashionable. **Sample Pair by mail TWO CENTS.** ADDRESS **LYNN & CO., 48 BOND ST., NEW YORK.**



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



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

Tub fits bather so 2 pails of water make submergent bath. Hot bath ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Cat. free. Baths or Boats, World's Fair Award. **ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.**



**ME-GRIM-INE**

A positive and permanent cure for **ME-GRIM (A Half-Headache)** and all other forms of **Headache or Neuralgia.**

**Headache Cured Free**

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. **50 CENTS PER BOX.**

**The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co.**  
South Bend, Ind.

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

## CEYLON AND INDIA.

## PURE TEA.

### *Alleged Difficulty in Obtaining It.*

The New York Importers of China and Japan Teas recently petitioned Congress to impose a duty on tea, that the Standard might be **RAISED**, by shutting out "cheap" and artificially "colored trash." They urged the difficulty of obtaining pure and good teas—(from them a significant admission.)

But these gentlemen know that, setting aside their vested interests in China and Japan, they can procure teas, **PURE, WHOLESOME AND UNCOLORED**, from Ceylon and India.

**TEA DRINKERS** should take note that **THESE** teas are the most economical, **BECAUSE**, only half the quantity is required. Avoid cheap "trash."

Insist that **YOUR** grocer keep them. All other good grocers do.

Consumption in America of these **MACHINE TWISTED** teas was in 1893—4¼ million lbs.; 1894—5½ million lbs.; 1895—9¼ million lbs. Americans are evidently discriminating.

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

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TO READERS OF DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE:

The Publishers, always alive to the interests of their readers, have secured a special arrangement for a short time only, whereby they may supply the Great

## "MEMORIAL WAR BOOK"

AT A SPECIAL PRICE AND ON SPECIAL TERMS.

THE WORK CONTAINS

TWO THOUSAND MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS,

Mostly reproduced from the celebrated series of photographs taken during the war by M. B. BRADY and ALEXANDER GARDNER, under the

AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,

the original negatives of which are now in the possession of the WAR DEPARTMENT at Washington, to which have been added reproductions of several noted paintings of GILBERT GAUL, and the series recently issued by the Messrs. Prang from paintings by de Thulstrup and Davidson, altogether



### Forming the most Sumptuous Work on the War ever issued.

The text has been written especially for the work by

MAJOR GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,

and is compiled from Historical Records, Narratives of Men who fought, and from personal observations. It aims to present a series of pen pictures drawn from material that has never before been collected. It is a series of personal reminiscences of stirring adventures and lifelike descriptions of campaigns and battles, as the soldier saw them, rather than a history, with sufficient memoranda of the events attending the progress of the struggle to give the reader an understanding of their relative importance.

### PEN AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

OF ACTUAL SCENES on the MARCH, in CAMP, on the FIELD OF BATTLE, and in the TRENCHES.

An early application is necessary, as this offer may be withdrawn at any time.

For particulars, address, BOOK DEPARTMENT, DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,

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## HOUSEHOLD.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

FRUIT AND SPICE CAKE batters should be stiffer than for plain cake; a good rule for the former is so stiff that the spoon will stand erect in the mixture. These cakes, like all rich ones, require to be baked slowly in a moderately hot oven.

TO CLEAN THE COFFEE-POT, fill it with water, put in a pinch of borax and a bit of hard soap, and set on the stove, letting it boil for an hour. It will be as bright as new; and it should be submitted to this treatment frequently.

SALT RUBBED on the black spots on dishes will remove them.

KEEP A SMALL PAINT BRUSH in readiness to grease baking-pans.

WHITE-FLESHED GAME-BIRDS should be as thoroughly cooked as domestic fowls. The average plump partridge requires from thirty-five to forty minutes' cooking.

IT IS SAID that if a small sack of salt be kept near fish and other unfragrant articles of food, their unpleasant odor will not permeate the whole house.

PEACH-STAINS can be removed by soaking in milk for forty-eight hours, or by rubbing them with lemon-juice and salt.

FRUIT JELLIES should be made in a porcelain-lined kettle; the best refined or granulated sugar should be used, and the fruit must not be over ripe.

A CUP OF COFFEE can be made almost as nourishing as a meal by stirring into it a well-beaten egg. Beat up the egg in the cup first, add a little cream and sugar, and beat rapidly as the coffee is poured over.

FRUITS, CREAMS, ICES, and delicate custards should be the desserts during hot weather, and rich pastries and puddings should be indulged in only when cool waves come.

FROZEN BANANAS make a delicious sweet course. Split the skins and take out the fruit without destroying their shape; mash the pulp, and to each cupful add a pint of whipped cream and powdered sugar to taste; fill the skins to their original shape, and pack in ice for two or three hours before serving.

A GOOD COLOGNE-WATER is made from the following receipt: To one pint of alcohol add sixty drops each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, oil of lemon, and orange-flower water; cork tightly, shake well, and let stand for a month or two before using.

POWDERED CHALK added to glue strengthens it. Boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk, and you will have an adhesive that will resist the action of water.

THE MICA WINDOWS in stoves can be thoroughly cleaned by washing in diluted vinegar.

A CEMENT MADE from sand and white lead paint will stop leaks in roofs.



### "PARTED BANG."

Made of natural CURLY HAIR, guaranteed "becoming" to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for Illustrated Price Lists.

E. Burnham, 71 State St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

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## ABOUT WOMEN.

IN Chicago there are sixteen Mothers' Societies of Christian Endeavor.

IT is said that there are 244,000 women studying music in London.

THE wife of Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is an accomplished musician and teaches vocal and instrumental music in their home in Christiania, Norway.

AN effort is being made to secure the coöperation of women's organizations throughout the country to aid in the movement for an international peace tribunal.

MRS. ANNA E. McCUNE, of Kirkville, Iowa, was the fortunate winner of De Longpré's exquisite water-color "Chrysanthemums," valued at \$1,000, which we offered as a premium to the person sending the largest number of subscribers to Demorest's Magazine before April 1st.

MISS ALICE ANN MENDENHALL, holder of the graduate scholarship in Biblical languages and literature at Bryn Mawr, has just been appointed to the chair of Hebrew and Biblical studies at Earlham College, Indiana.

ETELKA GERSTER, who, since retiring from the stage, has been living quietly in Bologna, Italy, is about to open a conservatory of music in Berlin. Every branch of music will be taught, Mme. Gerster herself directing the vocal department.

MISS MABEL KENNEDY, not yet twenty, is the cashier of the Merchants' Bank, of Forsythe, Mont. She passes upon all the securities offered, makes the loans, receives the deposits, draws exchange, keeps the books, and, in fact, does all the work of the bank, its owner being a non-resident.

MODJESKA is devoted to music and its study; Melba to collecting old furniture; Mrs. Langtry's hobby is hand-painted fans; Minnie Hauk's, pet dogs; Ellen Terry's, perfumes and

(Continued on Page 488.)

differs from all other sarsaparillas as light differs from darkness. A dainty book tells all about it. It is sent free on request, by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., makers of Ayer's **Sarsaparilla**. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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**HAUTHAWAY'S**  
**Russet and Patent-Leather Polish**  
FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.



It is the Best.

Absolutely harmless, permanent, easily applied, and saves shoes from cracking. Recommended by users and sold by dealers everywhere, or by mail for

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**C. L. HAUTHAWAY & SONS,**  
346 Congress St.,  
Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Shoe Polish. Established 1852. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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**MERIDEN, CONN.**  
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Those  
**"Elongated Dimples"**

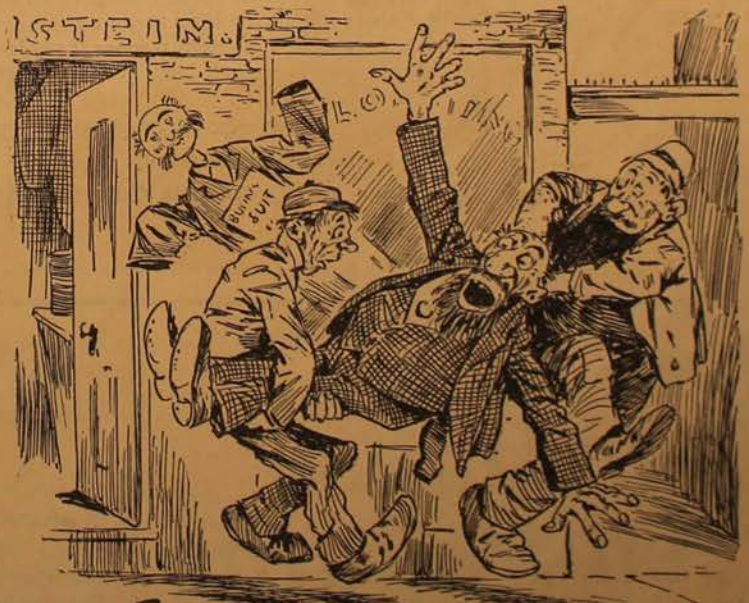
(sometimes called Wrinkles) grow less conspicuous and disappear by use of the incomparable

**Milk-Weed Cream**

The only skin tonic, food and medicine, combined; unlike all other preparations in its potent power to REMOVE—(not conceal)—imperfections caused by exposure or disease—tan freckles, sun-burn, pimples, eruptions, etc., 50c. by mail or at druggists. Write for free sample to

**Frederick F. Ingram & Co. Detroit, Mich.**

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



### KIDNAPPING THE WRONG DUMMY.

1.—RAGS (in a whisper)—"Say, Sandy, dey hain't no one round now. We'll grab de dummy wid de checkered togs. She's a bute. You take de legs an' I'll swipe it by de head."

2.—BLEISTEIN (realizing his position)—"Helup! helup! Bolice! Murter!"

RAGS—"Holy smokes! dis is one of dem Edison talkin' dummies. Drop it an' run!" (They drop Bleistein and vanish.)

# Take a Combination Case of the LARKIN SOAPS

and a "Chautauqua" Reclining Easy Chair or Desk

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

CASE CONTAINS . . .

- 100 Bars Sweet Home Soap.
- 9 Packages Boraxine.
- Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
- 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
- 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.

*If changes in contents desired, write.*

The Soaps at retail would cost \$10.00  
 Either Premium is worth . \$10.00  
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From factory to family, Both \$10.

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT \$10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



## HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

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

(Continued from Page 487.)

rich fabrics; Mary Anderson's, chess; while Patti is passionately fond of the water, and spends much of her rest-period on a little lake near her castle.

MRS. J. M. SAVAGE, of Boston, has a remarkable record as a cyclist. During the five years that she has been riding she has made thirty-three centuries and covered altogether nearly 20,000 miles. She was the first woman to make the Boston, Providence, and Worcester triangle, a distance of 145 miles. Last summer she rode 5,437 miles, including twelve centuries.

MISS MARY BREWSTER HAZLETON, of Boston, won the first prize of \$300 in the competition for the Julius Hallgarten prizes at New York. The \$300 was offered for the best oil painting executed in the United States by an American citizen. Miss Hazleton's painting was entitled "In a Studio." It is the first time this prize has been won by a woman. Miss Louise Cox won the third prize, of \$100, with a picture entitled "Pomona."

SPEND THE SUMMER AT

# DEER PARK.

On the Crest of the Alleghanies. - - 3000 Feet Above Tide-Water.

Season Opens June 22d, 1896.

This famous mountain hotel, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies, and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, has the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and is therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore & Ohio trains stop at Deer Park during the season. There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Springs," and are lighted by electricity. Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming pools are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and suitable grounds for lawn tennis; there are bowling alleys and billiard rooms; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health or pleasure of patrons.

For terms apply to GEO. D. DeSHIELDS, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.

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

## CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The large 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.

"MRS. H."—Your sample failed to reach us. Plain Brussels net and pailleted or jetted laces are the only kinds now in vogue for waists, and they are made over colored taffeta or satin.—You would better keep your guipure laces—both piece and trimming lace

(Continued on Page 489.)

# 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 the Cheapest. Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. Durability lessens cost of labor. Send for Catalogue to

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A DRESS Free For YOU If you will write us at once. L. N. Cushman & Co., Pubs., Boston, Mass. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Paper Clippings bought all kinds, and acquaintances names, \$35. a thou sand. Particulars for stamp, News Clipping Co., Dep't. A. X. 304 W. 139th St. N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR  
Specialties  
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Children:

NOT only everything desirable for their regular outfitting, but also many articles to meet peculiar requirements, not usually found in the general stores, and for that reason form a unique and interesting feature of the one store devoted to supplying the wants of children, for instance;



**EAR CAPS**, to remedy the defects of out-standing ears. Many thousands have been used with entire satisfaction—has the approval of prominent physicians—is no irritation] to the most sensitive child.

Price, - - \$1.25.

**Shoes to correct weak Ankles.**

The ankle is steadied and slightly braced with flexible ribs so that the first tendency to turn is prevented. Highly recommended by physicians and surgeons.



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For having freckles, blackheads, tanned, red, spotted, mothy, ugly or muddy skin, pimples, tetter, eczema, rashes, etc., when



**Derma-Royale**  
—harmless as dew—

easily, quickly and forever removes and cures every blemish and makes the skin clear, soft and beautiful. There is nothing like it. Leading actresses, professional beauties, society ladies and people of refinement everywhere eagerly unite in its praise. Hundreds of testimonials with portraits will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. Derma-Royale is the best skin preparation in the world. We will give \$500 cash for any case it fails to cure. Wherever it is once tried everybody wants it, so we are determined to introduce it everywhere, and will send you a full-sized

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if you will talk it up and help us introduce it among your acquaintances. Send us your full post-office address today.

The DERMA-ROYALE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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**FREE—A Grand Offer—FREE.**

**Mme. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.**



Mme. A. Ruppert

**Mme. A. RUPPERT** says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c, silver or stamps."

In every case of freckles, pimples, mothy, sallowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communications or call on

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No. 6 East 14th St., New York.

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**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS**  
NOTICE  
NAME THUS  
ON LABEL  
AND GET  
THE GENUINE  
**HARTSHORN**

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

(Continued from Page 488.)

—till they are again in fashion. Your worn black silk would make a good lining for a grenadine, though the special fancy now is for colored and fancy silk linings. Make the skirts separately, but mount them to the same waistband.—"Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations," by W. C. Prime, is a standard work. It costs about \$3; we can purchase it for you.

"R. E. H.—The "Waldron" is a suitable skirt pattern for a white silk; it can be shortened without affecting the hanging of the skirt. Take off the length at the foot.—The black-and-white checked silk will make a very pretty gown for a young woman of twenty. The skirt should be plain; brighten the corsage with gay Dresden ribbons, or combine with batiste or bright crape,—green or blue, as is most becoming.—The separate collars and cuffs are buttoned on to shirt waists just as those used by men are; of course, the neck and wrists are finished with narrow bands.

"MRS. L. A. K."—The firm about which you inquire is reliable.—For a church suit for a girl of fifteen living in the country get a neat gray or tan mixed fancy wool, or a dark blue camel's-hair serge, and make in neat tailor style, with plain full skirt and coat or blazer. An extra waist like the "Amiel" (see April number), and others of silk and batiste,—which can be worn with other skirts as well,—will give a good deal of variety. Blues and browns are a blonde's special colors; but according to the color of her eyes and shade of her hair, together with the fairness of her skin, depend their association and tints. White with yellow ribbons should be becoming, most pinks also, and some shades of green.

"H. K."—Your oily skin needs an astringent lotion. Put borax in the bath water, and at night use fine soap very freely, making a lather; after the soap is well rinsed off with hot water bathe the face with cold before drying. Then bathe with the following lotion: Rose-water, 2 ounces; rectified spirits of wine, 4 ounces; alum, 5 grams.

"MAMIE M."—The April number of Demorest's was on sale in your town, as also in distant San Francisco, two days before your letter was written; and many more letters than could be answered in the May number were already on file.—The neatest and most inexpensive traveling-gown for a bride is a dark blue serge, made in strict tailor style,—coat and plain skirt,—with full waist of fancy taffeta. A sailor hat of burnt straw, trimmed with ribbon to match the waist or with blue gauze and brown *coq's* feathers, and tan shoes and gloves complete the suit.

"A. W. B."—A "Poster Supper" would be a novel entertainment for your Alumni Association to give to the graduating class. "A Poster Luncheon" in this number will give you many valuable hints which you can easily adapt to your purpose. It would add to the picturesqueness and novelty for the twelve alumni to dress themselves as Posters; their costumes could be very inexpensively arranged from colored cheese-cloth and cotton crepons. If your dining room is not large enough to seat all the guests, set the necessary number of small tables, and have them brought into adjoining rooms when the supper is served. A suitable menu would be *bouillon*, lobster or mushroom patties, buttered rolls and sandwiches, chicken salad, or small whole tomatoes in nests of lettuce, masked with mayonnaise; then let the sweets follow, strawberries with whipped cream, or ices, jellies, *bouillons*, etc., and coffee.—No cards would be left.

(Continued on Page 490.)

**THE FAME OF THE NAME**  
**JOSEPH Campbell**  
**PRESERVE**  
HAS BEEN MADE BY THE RICH PERFECTION OF OUR GOODS.  
PRESERVES MINCE-MEAT-KETCHUP PEAS & TOMATOES  
**BEEFSTEAK TOMATO KETCHUP**  
Made from the whole fruit of this famous brand of tomato, thereby imparting the exceptionally delicious and natural flavor alone found in this incomparable Ketchup. A liberal sample sent for five two-cent stamps. Address Box 2920  
**CAMPBELL'S FRENCH PEAS** are grown under our supervision from seed imported annually, and packed without coloring while young and tender. Flavor superior to fresh peas. Order from your grocer.  
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**Buttermilk TOILET SOAP**  
SEE THE NAME!  
(COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.)  
IT'S ON EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE

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Without the Taste of Soap. Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists. Your address on a postal will bring a sample.

LARGE CHINA BOX FOR 25c.

In Stamps, post paid, including complete Webster's Pocket Dictionary.

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Will give the wearer satisfaction every time. If not for sale at your dealer's, send \$1.25, the price of the F. P. Corset, to BIRDSEY, SOMERS & CO., 85 Leonard St., New York.

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When you want Perfect Protection from Perspiration, Better and Cheaper than Dress Shields. A Complete Garment is always ready to wear with any Dress or Shirt Waist without sewing in. One pair doing the work of six.

- No. 1, Bust measure, 28 to 33, \$ .65
- No. 2, " " 34 to 39, .80
- No. 3, " " 40 to 45, 1.00
- No. 4, " " 46 to 49, 1.25



Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Send Money by P. O. Order. M. DEWEY, Mfr., 1897 L. W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



### Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS

Ladies, if you would have the most perfect Corset made, try this style. Endorsed by thousands now wearing them. SIDE UNBREAKABLE. Handsomely illustrated catalogue of Corsets and Health Waists, with prices, free by mail. St. Louis Corset Co., Mfrs., Department A, 19th and Morgan Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO. Lady Agents Wanted.

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Prevent sickness. Never come down. No stocking straps. Button to the waist. Easiest and most comfortable. All sizes, 25c. to 45c. postpaid. Mail orders solicited. Quality equal to ordinary stockings. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FAY STOCKING CO., Elyria, Ohio.

**PURCHASING AGENT.** Shopping done free. Best reference given. Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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by using our patent Improved Eye-Glass Reef, a neat little device by which cord attached to glasses is coiled up instantly and eye-glasses held firmly. You can't lose or mislay them. Sent prepaid, black linen cord, 25 cts.; silk, 35 cts. Special inducements to agents. Sells on sight. Send for circular and testimonials. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. KETCHAM & McDUGALL, (Est. 1832), 198 Broadway, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PINS.



Made in rolled gold, nickel plate, and black. Work as easily in the dark as in the light, and fastens from either side, but cannot slip through. If once used, will use no other. Don't accept the "just as good;" insist on the best.

If dealer doesn't keep them, send three 2c. stamps for sample worth double the money. Only one sample to same address.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co., Box G, Bloomfield, N. J. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 489.)

"LAURA."—Read answer to "Mrs. M. M. W." in "Correspondence Club" for April, and the "Review of Fashions" in March number, for many details concerning the making of lawn and organdy gowns. For the commencement gown of India muslin make a foundation skirt of Victoria lawn, cut by any plain gored pattern and measuring about four yards at the foot; finish it around the bottom with two narrow lace-edged ruffles. Gore the front and side breadths of the India muslin, and leave the back breadths straight; it should be quite full,—from five to six yards,—and across the back at the top the fullness can be gauged three inches in depth. Finish at the foot with a seven-inch hem headed by three rows of insertion, or with two or three lace-edged ruffles. *Platte Valenciennes* is most used, but *Lierre* and many other butter-colored laces are also liked. Mount both skirts to the same waistband. Make a full, high waist over a low-cut lining, and trim with insertion, in cross bands for a slender figure, or up and down for a full one; or have the waist plain, and wear with a lace-frilled fichu.—We have no pattern for a plain Princess gown.—There are specialists under whose training most obstinate cases of stammering and imperfect articulation have been cured. Their methods differ according to the impediment, and are adapted to every individual case, hence cannot be explained here.

"S. L. A."—All bridal gowns, whether for a day or an evening wedding, are made high in the neck, and the bridesmaids' gowns usually correspond; for day weddings the rule is *de rigueur*.—A white *chiffon* fichu, something in the style of No. 4 on the April Supplement, would probably make the pink gown more becoming. Swathe the fitted silk corsage with irregular folds of the *chiffon*, massing very full on the shoulders and across the bust; it is a pretty fashion to have scarf-ends from the shoulders cross in front in surplice style and depend upon the skirt. Accordion-plaited *chiffon* is still much used, and is the very prettiest and most effective fashion in which it can be employed.—You are right. The plain pink silk cannot be worn in the street; it would be very bad form.—No stiffening is needed in the skirts, but it is still occasionally used. Make the blue serge for the girl of seventeen with either a Norfolk jacket or a simple double-breasted one like the "Mercedith" in the April number. Do not trim it at all but make a fancy silk waist and one of batiste to wear with it. The "Valentina" in Demorest's for February would be a pretty model for the silk, with the yoke and straps of serge.

"LILLIAN E."—Write to the New York Exchange for Women's Work, 12 East 30th Street, and to the Decorative Art Society, 27 East 21st Street, New York City, for their circulars, which will explain everything to you. A three-fold screen with panels of painted tapestry sells for from thirty to one hundred and fifty dollars, according to the merit of the work and the beauty of the design.

"MARIETTA."—Demorest's will furnish the cheap editions of books about which you inquire,

(Continued on Page 491.)



### PERFECT-FITTING SHIRT WAISTS.

Very stylish. In all the new effects in stripes and figured Percales, Persians, and Linens. Collars attached or detached. Nicely laundered. Sizes, bust measures, 32 to 42. Price, postage included,

98c.

### Jordan, Marsh & Co.

Boston, Mass.

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

### SIMMONS AUTOMATIC SKIRT SUPPORTER STOP IT

NO SAFETY PINS. No handling. Works itself. Fits any belt. New, Dainty and Beautiful Designs. S. J. & W. O. SIMMONS, 137 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

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



### Perfect Picture!

New method, without chemicals, tenses, baths, sunlight or flash-powder. Carried in vest-pocket ready for instant use day or night. A beautifully finished picture every minute. Complete apparatus, with impression slips, 10 cents, postpaid. STRACK & CO., D. T. 23 Chambers Street, New York City.

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

### Yes?

Something New! We send a 6in. fine Linen Doily for the new "Jewel" Embroidery, Wash Silk Floss to work. We send Embroidery Book with full instructions,

Patterns. All sent Post-paid for ONLY 25c. Address: WALTER P. WEBBER, Lynn, Mass. Box D

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### BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.

PATTERNS for 26 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., sent post-paid for only 25 cents. A copy of "Knowledge for Expectant Mothers" and a valuable secret sent free with every order. Send silver or stamps. Address MRS. P. ATSMAN, 52d St., Bayonne, N. J.



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

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