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LIFE IN A JAPANESE BUNGALOW.



ALTHOUGH I have met with many relatives of the English tongue, both near and distant, in my jaunt-about life, never have I striven with such involute English as that so-called antipodal muddle the variegated perplexities of which seem to have been enbalm'd in the preservatory title of "Pidjin Say-so." This apparently senseless designation has of late been chased to cover, and its complications proved to be nothing less puzzling than the employment of such a combination of consonants and vowels as would unite to resemble vaguely the

English word striven for, but which, at the same time, would be easier to articulate, and still retain sufficient similarity to some sound or sounds in the native tongue to render it fairly easy to recall.

Thus it is that "Pidjin" is found to have been substituted for "business"; the first syllable of the word not only being easier to pronounce, but its last, "jin," being unusually easy to remember, it being a Japanese verb of con-

siderable importance, and, in a country where thrives the festive "jinrickisha," almost an indispensability, meaning, as it does, "to pull." "Say-so," the abridged slide down which is toboganned and conveniently shelved the word "English," is not only sufficiently chip-chatter to recommend itself to a tongue versed principally in chip-chatterisms, but nearly enough resembles a host of Japanese words to do away almost entirely with that antipodal bugbear, that hotly detested and seldom-donned head-gear known as the "thinking cap."

Such syllabic analogy is well-nigh exhaustless, and almost always amusing. Sometimes, indeed, without resort to "Pidjin Say-so," we find that the natural likeness of a Nipponese word to one in our language fits its object with such mirth-provoking appropriateness as to suggest pre-determination. Nothing, however, less fraternal than daily converse could acquaint one with all the bypaths of this distinctly vernal jargon, and nothing less intimate and exacting than months and months of housekeeping in Japan, with a bungalow full of Japanese servants, could school one to meet, this laughter-summoning flummery



CHILDREN OF THE FAITHFUL KOBE.



THE PROVINCE OF THE BEDROOM BOY.

without those vexatious twistings of the mouth's corners that show the amusement within straight through the best buttoned-up vestment of exterior command.

But the outlandish, acrobatic-savoring wryness into which the English language is contorted forms but one of the many enjoyable features of house-keeping in Japan. Sick unto death of hotels and all things pertaining thereto, we were utterly incapable of resistance when a bungalow, charmingly situated on that perennially green, upward-swelling shoulder of Yokohama known as "The Bluff," winked to us of a glorious exemption from all *menu* control, as well as of a widespread commodiousness that, treading the heels of our two years' existence in boxes, hand-boxes, and hampers, possessed for us an extraordinary charm; and the broad, low, twelve-room affair is making life indolently sweet for us. We are surrounded all about by the most enchanting little views, here caught through a gracious parting of lovingly interlocked palms, and there through a green-pillared vista of plummy bamboos, or over the camellia hedge and off to the hazy horizon that melts into Yokohama Bay. Through these



JAPANESE GIRLS.

same redolent, verdure-lined peep-holes we also catch our first glimpses of all the incoming American mail-steamers, which set our hearts a-throbbing with a hope that the stately rider of the misnamed Pacific is bringing us news from home which will be promptly delivered by the funny little Upper-Bluff letter-carrier.

But to our *ménage*. While there is no doubt that the large number of servants required to keep the running-gear of Japanese housekeeping in a smooth, well-oiled condition in a great measure accounts for the unruffled gloss of the domestic enginery, this can by no means be said to be altogether responsible for such unwonted serenity amongst the pots and pans; indeed, such a conclusion would be decidedly unjust to the little engineer who, with faithful bronze-brown hand on the throttle-valve, keeps the *ménage* urging smoothly onward, and who

hourly surprises one with fresh evidences of his cleverness in shouldering all responsibility without once having budged from his character of unpretending menial. This telephonic communication strung from mistress to "boys,"—the women of Japan go into service only as children's nurses, and the men remain "boys" until toothless incapacity overtakes them,—this accommodating, ad-



IN THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS.

justable pendulum that briskly wags between, and alternately strews the path of his mistress with roses and flecks the cobwebs from the heels of the under-boys, this foremost paragon of all lesser paragons in bungalow employment, is briefly but exaltedly known as the "head-boy."

"I do not care whether my servants like to perform their tasks or not so long as they perform them," is a common phrase with Mesdames John Bull. But we Americans care so much that we will often nearly double the stipend for the accomplishment of the same amount of work if it be performed to the accompaniment of cheerful faces and with hands that, while busy, are still willing. Hence it is that all good American housekeepers in Japan who delight to have their tasks undertaken and executed, not only well, but cheerfully, quickly, and pleasantly besides, glance homeward with real repugnance.

maculateness as a saving grace, in a country where were inaugurated and rigorously observed the great Festivals of Purification, at the time of which celebrations the channels, the streams, the lakes, the ponds, and the entire archipelago, indeed, were allegorically cleansed. In point of fact, my little staff of path-smoothers, while they would not so much as dream of even a postponement of the most disagreeable or irksome of tasks, have never yet failed to absent themselves at some convenient hour in every twenty-four, politely hoping, as they withdraw to a nearby bath-house,—great, immaculately clean, sweet smelling plunges, where a dip and a rubbing are to be had for two and a half *sens*,—that they will not be needed during this hour of steaming and cleansing. And the *écru* slavey is as careful, too, as cleanly. In all our long experience nothing has ever been broken; indeed, I cannot so much



A CURIO-CROWDED ROOM IN THE BUNGALOW.

Within the widespread judicature of the lofty head paragon are the prerogatives of both engaging and discharging his underlings, which happy arrangement for the pampered and utterly spoiled mistresses of these exotic households, as can readily be seen, removes, as if by necromancy, any objections the same aforementioned underlings might otherwise harbor to obeying the mandates of a fellow-servant. The little bronze captain is not, however, inclined to tyrannize or in any way to lord it over his subjects.

The myriads of under-boys who dot the housekeeping planetule are careful, obedient, and cleanly; the latter goes without saying in a land where the Shintoist is taught im-

as recall a crack, and this, too, in rooms as uncomfortably crowded as Japanese curios can coax them to be.

When asked during the initial moments of our contact, the very day, indeed, of his queer arrival with his family, pack-saddle fashion, his name, our head-boy swept me a prostrated courtesy, making a cheery little *frou-frou* of silk and brocade, unfurled his gaudy fan, and, waving it languidly chestward, replied, "Boski San." Whereupon I found myself unconsciously tapping my slipper-toe and humming,

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case."

"Boski San," however, our droll little bundle of

composity was to us, from that moment on, through two, to him, idealistic weeks; and "Boski San" he would have been to-day, but for the giggling intervention of a kindly disposed neighbor, who, punctuating her information with fragmentary rivulets of laughter, told us that the Japanese word "San" meant "Mr.," and was always, in this *bizarre* vernacular, affixed, instead of being prefixed, to one's name. So it was, then, that, to the secret delight of the entire *maisonnée* Nipponese, and to Boski San's own proud ecstasy, we had been addressing our quaint little model of correctness and dispatch as "Mr. Boski"! Remembering, however, the over-sensitive-ness of these "little brown people," we determined to make no comment upon our newly acquired intelligence, but to act upon it as if by accident. Coming suddenly into the breakfast-room, a pigwidgeon-like domicile, out beyond the house proper, among the flowers and palms, the morning following upon the day of our discovery, we espied "Mr. Boski" posed with his usual sphinx-like statueness, patiently awaiting us. His slender figure, in its voluminous folds of russet and blue, standing out on a rich background of palms and cacti in a clear-cut bas-relief, dipped to the creamy rushmats in acknowledgment of our morning greeting; after which, one of us, looking him unflinchingly in the eye, said, "Have the morning papers come,—Boski?"

We had counted upon meeting with considerable embarrassment, and had been at more or less trouble to arrange an immediate diverting of attention from it; we had even prepared ourselves for a transitory flecking of the heretofore spotlessly good-tempered composure that had shed its grateful streak through every department under the mastery of our "head-boy"; but for what really occurred, as is so often the case in instances of prearranged, cut-and-dried speech, we were altogether unprepared. What did our still politely posing little statuette do but place the back of his "velvet paw" over his ripe-cherry lips and give way to a ringing burst of ungovernable laughter, from which he disentangled himself with the greatest difficulty, and only then that he might remark with, we were pleased to consider, pardonable familiarity, "Allie same, two whole week have been just likie gent'man." With this, what seemed to us poverty-poor consolation, he served us a nice little breakfast in his very best style, and without exhibiting so much as the shadow of disappointment's shade at the sudden curtailing of his career grandiose; quite to the contrary, indeed, for he showed oft-repeated evidences of a high glee, once being detected, though he thought he was completely screened, having his laugh out behind a giant palm.

With a sufficient and well-chosen number of servants, a *ménage* Nipponese, so far as the lady of the bungalow is concerned,—the term mistress fitting her so ill as to border on the facetious,—propels itself on a pneumatic tire. All those nerve-nettling angles, against which the most careful of housekeepers at home are continually bumping their heads, are planed to the surface. All that "Oh-what-shall-we-have?" fret, in which we at home are such miserable sisters in experience, is as equally unknown as



BOSKI'S QUEER ARRIVAL.

is our every breakfast, "tiffin," or dinner dish, which goes on keeping up the secret of its identity until its scrupulously polished cap is doffed.

It is another happy departure within the head-boy's province that he does all the marketing and all the "shopping around" for the different household necessities; and the clash of his wooden clog is heard on the gravel walk outside our windows, setting forth on its varied mission long before each rarely beautiful tropical day has even glinted its partial promise to break in its accustomed flood of red-gold glory. One knows that for these antelucan journeyings, while sealing around the misnamed mistress with redoubled security her rose-colored envelope of inert ease, and insuring every palatable delicacy in market, one is not put to a penny extra expense; nor is this wrinkle-dispelling service any additional outlay. One also knows

that they are of serious moneyed value to the Machiavelian head-boy; this latter from the existence of the mute threat—sufficiently time-honored to need no vocal delivery—that unless his little paper establishment in the rear of one's



A VISTA IN THE GARDEN.



THE AUTHOR IN HER JINRICKISHA.

bungalow yard, where usually disport a little butterfly wife and several shaven-pated babies, be substantially "remembered" by the patronized trafficker in succulent supplies, the "honorable account" will be carried elsewhere.

Everything is paid for at the moment of its purchase, out of the path-smoother's own sleeve,—the convenient catchall-Nipponese,—and for the jotting down of all such early morning expenditures a neat little ledger is kept. I have often wondered that the shades of Webster and Johnson have not come sailing through its columns with fiery pitchforks. The last laboriously precise page submitted to me for payment ran as follows:

"Payed Watshurman (watchman) 4 yen.

"Payed for too duzen Mericum stumps (stamps for American letters) 2 yen 40 sen.

"Payed for 1 duz. boxts machs (1 dozen boxes of matches) 6 sens.

"Payed for tin beens (tin can of beans) 42 sens.

"Payed for tin clean butter (tin of cream butter) 1 yen.

"Payed for tin mashrugs (tin cans of mushrooms) 2 yens.

"Payed for tin aspurrugus (tin can of asparagus) 35 sens.

"Payed for 6 piecie peasunts (pheasants) 1 yen.

"Payed for 1 botl vanellr (1 bottle of vanilla) 22 sens.

"Payed for 6 tin sarydeens (6 tins of sardines) 1 yen.

"Payed for six piecie snips (six snipe) 1 yen.

"Payed for 6 piecie lamp shiveneys (6 lamp chimneys) 60 sens.

"Payed for boxt show blact (1 box of shoe blacking) 22 sens.

"Payed for 1 piecie tennish net (1 tennis net) 4 yen 50 sen.

"Payed for 1 piecie jamie pot (1 jar of jam) 1 yen.

"Payed for 1 tell a grand (one telegram) 60 sens.

"Thu bove is doo to Boski, longings (lodgings) in the rear."

The poor fellow, with his overweening predilection for conventionalism, and every other ism *à la mode*, considers it always necessary to affix his address, hence the "longings in the rear."

We were told by our neighbors that anything more than the most casual announcement—made, of course, as early in the day as possible—to the effect that there would be five, ten, or fifteen persons dining with us that evening, would not only be unnecessary, but that interferences, suggestions, or even a visible anxiety on our part, would more likely tend to con-

fuse than to facilitate matters. While this fairy-tale way of shifting responsibility had, undeniably, an ensnaring ring to it, it seemed rather too loudly to smack of this same fairyism to be comfortably trustworthy. So before our first trial of the system, as may well be imagined, we underwent no end of misgivings, and one of us—which I protest was not the writer—inelegantly vowed that he had "goose-flesh" all up and down his spine until well into the third course. All this, however, proved to be unnecessary torture, for everything, from the service of the plump little Hakodati oyster to the *café noir*, was both delicately planned and dexterously executed, and not one of the many mysteries that emerged from behind the tall screen could have palled upon the most McAllisterian palate.

I had not dared, under the neighbor's suggested penalty of my being "much more likely to confuse than to facilitate," so much as to glance dining-roomward during the elaborately mysterious prelude to an effort of such grave consequence to Boski's reputation as a caterer, and to my own future peace of mind. Holding this in remembrance, it will be easy for all entertainers to believe that upon the cheery rustling of the parted bamboo portière and Boski's ceremonious announcement of "Dinnie," followed, of course, by the usual pairing off, short parade, and *entrée*, I was not a little surprised to find that in the decorations of both the table and the room a regular scheme of color had been carried out rigidly but with delightfully animating effect. The quaint dinner-service being in only two colors, cream white and cobalt blue, no other tints appeared in the decorations of either the room or the table. Both the blue and the cream, however, were lavishly and precisely duplicated in one glorious profusion of those great, tousel-headed chrysanthemums known here as the "old sleepy head," each of which decapitated beauties measured fully eight inches in circumference. An oblong upheaval of the blue and cream home rarities, flanked by tall blue and cream candelabra, graced the table's centre; at the ladies' plates the



IN THE BUNGALOW GARDEN.

cream - white blooms, with their long, fringy stems, were caught and fashioned into unfurled fans with broad ribbons of cobalt blue that waved to the floor in the faintly stirred, lotus-laden breeze; the tangle-haired monsters alternated in color about the table at the gentlemen's plates as parodied *boutonnieres*; and here and there were deftly fashioned plaques of the blue flower, with cream-white tapers, burning relig-



"THE FUNNY LITTLE UPPER-BLUFF LETTER-CARRIER."

iously low, springing from their centres. The dinner-cards and menus were all of cream-white, with a careless scattering of the blue flower sketched and painted upon them with the unstudied, graceful lightness that characterizes Japanese floral art. Bundles of the ponderous flower, in both colors, with stems fully a yard long, were suspended or cast about the room, tied together with the cobalt ribbons, like great sheaves of wheat. Behind the several screens burned the prayer-sticks, the aroma of which always sends the fancy off on a pilgrimage to the beautiful gold-wrought interiors of the Japanese temples. The effect was cool, and, as the night was warm, very grateful, not to say charming, and was, moreover, the work of our own little bandy-legged gardener, under, of course, Boski's supreme supervision.

It seems almost needless to say that since this event I have completely resigned the housekeeping reins, lash, and spur to my little bronze-brown path-smoother. But he must share his laurels, for my lilliputian cook has studied his art under the vigilant tutorage of the excellent *chef de cuisine* who saw from his distant Paris the malleability of such a people, and had the wit to come out and undertake the molding of all who wished to cater to the palates of the thousands of foreigners established here.

Then there is Massa, the little bedroom boy, whose tiny straw sandals I find every morning at my door, and who disappears at my approach, leaving every polished nook and matted corner as neat as proverbially neat wax. Poor little Massa, who had never until I darkened his horizon had a mistress, his eleven years of service having been spent in dancing attendance to bachelors in a bach-

elors' bungalow, was put to his wits' ends to know how to address me. Commanding, himself, by no means an epitomized compendium of "Pidjin Say so,"—of which the easily happy Jap is as proud as is a Cingalese merchant of his bundled-up wares, "No speakie Engerish, no can makie pidjin" having unconsciously converted itself into a proverb,—he was much hampered thereby, but was pompously disinclined to beg assistance from the majestic Boski. In consequence, we extracted considerable amusement from his efforts to gain my attention.

There were busy moments when the breathless intervals of waiting to catch my eye must have sorely fretted the habitual calm of my industrious little slavie, as Cousin John would call him; there were elaborate salaams that demanded the query, "Well, what is it?" The very first day of our co-operation in Bungalowville I was sure he dropped his broom purposely to make me look up, for he immediately shot forth his dimpled *ecru* chin and inquired if I liked "Vely hot, vely cold, or meejun baff."

Innumerable lunges were then made at my title, only, however, to be at once discarded as unsatisfactory to my little servant's exacting tympanum; hence I found myself "Misherish Yadie" (Mrs. Lady), one day, and "Mannum Yadie" (Madam Lady), the next. But there came an hour of reckoning, and in it this diminutive storekeeper of "Engerish" words was obliged to show up his wares, and that very quickly, too. It was toward the close of a long, hot afternoon, that Massa entered the balcony from behind my low, cool hammock, in which I had swung the day away among the palms, the cacti, and the fountains. Pity, keen excitement, and haste had untied his little pink bundle of a tongue, and out rolled all his poor little stock of bachelor English.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he spurted, clasping his pretty, slender,



THE LITTLE WIFE OF THE LITTLE COOK.

corn-colored hands, "My Dear Sir Missie, what can do? Horsie have step on betto-man's (groom's) footie!"

The sight of the bleeding "footie" coming to me across the lawn of course brushed away from my face any suggestions of amusement that it must have worn at previous attempts at my name, hence he believed his new venture a complete success; and "Dear Sir Missie" I have been

ever since. The neighbors wonder that I do not correct him; but heartaches are so much longer than our projected stay in Japan that I shall not do so.

One happy custom in vogue is that of putting everything pertaining to linen-lavations out of the house. So all-reaching is this release from the worry and fret that "wash-day" creates in a small domicile, that even the very best bungalows are not supplied with either laundries or tubs. But why, indeed, should such unsavory confusion fifty-two times a year punctuate the incoming weeks in a land where one's household and personal linen is returned, at whatever hour one wills it, spotlessly pure and faultlessly polished at \$1.50 per hundred pieces?

All labor, however, is so cheap in Japan, that we have long ago ceased to marvel at the man who keeps house comfortably and, as goes without saying, immaculately,—turning out the while, too, for our astounded inspection, several well-fed, well-dressed, round, and rosy youngsters,—on \$10.00 a month. One of our own jinrickisha boys, the faithful Kobe, who is the father of nine children,—nine clean, well-attired children, all alive, and all too young to do aught but gambol about their bungalow doors in the summer and trot off schoolward on their stately little wooden clogs in the winter,—receives but \$12.00 a month. The night-watchman, the little old man who clatters a pair of hardwood sticks outside our window at short intervals throughout the night, that we may know he is there, alert and watchful, supports a cheery little wife and himself on \$6.00 a month. And so it goes on; the very best of cooks receiving but \$15.00 a month, and the pompous Boski only \$20.00 a month. Out of these meagre wages are not only clothed and fed the servants themselves and their large or small immediate families, but any disabled or aged relative in need of shelter. But withal, a Japanese servant always impresses one as being one's deeply grateful debtor, as being vastly proud of the privilege to have and to hold such positions as are above described as long as his health endures and the "Dear Sir Missie's" pleasure will permit.

Indeed, if the little path-smoother is ever at fault it will nearly always be found to be from his over-anxiety to please. I shall never forget my earliest experience of this strange solicitude. It was at the end of our very first week of housekeeping, and was the curtain-raiser to all the comical situations that ultimately have resulted from this same kindly but immoderate desire, and grew out of a small sentence of praise for a really delicious *consommé* that our little cook had sent in to us. I, thinking

to encourage the kindly little digits that had been making such conscientious efforts to knead their way to our likes and tunnel an escape from our dislikes, told Boski, later on, that he might say to the diminutive cook that the dinner was excellent, and the jelly-broth quite the best he had ever given us; so delicious, indeed, that our guest had begged leave to waive all ceremony and compliment it. This was a speech, I am pleased to think, in itself, sufficiently innocent; but I am willing to wager no shrew was ever more relentlessly chastised for her tartest comment, or had it more directly leveled back at her, or, to speak literally, more forcibly thrust down her throat, than had I, my intended encouragement, for never since has the same friend "tiffined" or dined with us without first having to see himself reflected in the clear depths of this one particular *consommé*. If he is even seen passing in his jinrickisha, the anxious little cook gathers together all his *consommé* condiments and stands, pot in hand, until he is out of sight, when he puts back his utensils with regretful sighs. But if, perchance, he stops for a moment, without, however, the remotest intention of breaking bread with us, the pot is on the range and simmering before his summons at the bungalow bell has been answered.

Relating this incident not long ago to another friend, he replied that he, also, had suffered from this same Japanese determination to please. This he explained by saying that one day the cook had sent him up a most palatable apple-tart, and that after eating it he had sent word to the kitchen to say how very nice it was, and how much he had enjoyed it; when lo! there followed one great uninterrupted inflow of apple-tarts. Not a pudding, not an ice, not, indeed, any one of the hundred toothsome sweets the little *chef à la Japonaise* knew so well how to turn out, appeared. Nothing else broke the saccharine horizon save this monotonous, undiversified influx of apple-tarts. After the first three days the object of the little caterer's effort to please could, of course, only endure a nibble at the outmost edge of the innocently offensive *pâté*; later, he could not tolerate even playing with them thus; and still later he could not abide so much as to glance apple-tartward. But as the cataclysm showed none of the hoped-for signs of a change, much less of subsiding naturally, our friend, driven by sheer desperation, again sent his servant to the kitchen. This time, however, it was to say that apple-tarts were found to be very bad for his eyes,—which was true in one sense, if not in the one implied.

MAE ST. JOHN-BRAMHALL.

ARBUTUS.

I PUSH with eager hands the snow
And thatch of faded leaves aside,
And lo! my gladdened eyes behold
Beauty itself there glorified.

Beauty itself in perfumed robes
Of white and royal rose I see,
Deep in a cloister of the woods,
Beneath a gaunt and black-limbed tree.

"Fair flower," so I softly croon,
"For palaces of ivory meet,—
So delicate thy raiment is,—
Why in this cheerless, dim retreat

"I know thy subtle secret now,
And this it is, thou dainty elf:
Thou art the white and rosy witch,
Weaving for others spells thyself."

M. PHELPS DAWSON.

"Art thou in hiding? Furry things,
Shy squirrels and rabbits skirting go
With quick and startled feet across
Thy lowly roof of leaves and snow.

"Art thou by witch-arts bound to wait
Till some strange prince with potent spell
Thy weird enchantment breaks, and thou
Com'st a fair princess from thy cell?"

"As over thee I bend to catch
Thy sweet revealings, perfumes rare
As fairies from sweet woods distill
My senses artfully ensnare.

VENEZUELA AND HER DEBATABLE BOUNDARY.

IN the vast procession of black-hulled steamers which are always sailing out from New York to sea, many turn southward after passing Sandy Hook, and every few days one of them pounds along down the Atlantic coast and through the West India Islands and the Caribbean Sea to the northeastern shore of South America. At the outset of her journey during the last few months, people who have stood on her decks watching the receding shores have been clad in heavy coats and mufflers; they have

ceive their first impressions of one of the finest and most interesting of the South American republics. The very first impression, however, is that during their week's journey bleak winter has been left far behind, and now they are in the midst of balmy summer. The sea glistens in the warm sun. A soft wind, bearing the fragrance of the woods, fans their cheeks, and in front of them, a cluster of white houses among trees and rich foliage, lies La Guayra, the chief seaport.



THE CITY OF CARÁCAS, CAPITAL OF THE VENEZUELAN REPUBLIC.

seen a dreary landscape with bare trees standing out bleak and gaunt against the white background of snow, and they have heard the ice crunch under the ship's bow as she has pushed her way along. Six days later these same people, lounging on the deck in airy, negligé attire, have seen in front of them the blue outline of mountains whose slopes assume a deeper and deeper green as they sweep down to meet the sea. The coast of Venezuela rears itself up impressively before their eyes, and they begin to re-

An interesting town, in which tropical indolence and northern enterprise and commerce are curiously mingled, is La Guayra. Ships are being loaded and unloaded on the quays, presenting scenes of much bustle. Long lines of donkeys laden with coffee and cotton and other products of the country pass constantly through the streets and impede the progress of wagons and smart pleasure equipages of business men from England and the United States. But it seems to be a spasmodic kind of activity, which

soon expires under the blazing sun. After not more than five hours of business, most of the native commercial houses close their doors for the day.

But the traveler for pleasure does not linger long in La Guayra. Up in the mountains, only seven miles from the seaport "as the crow flies," but twenty-three by rail, lies Carácas, the capital of the country, a city famed for its charming situation, its fine streets, its gayety, and the beauty of its women. And so, after a brief survey of La Guayra, the tourist hastens on. It is a thrilling ride up the mountain; the train crosses deep gorges and winds and twists until from the last car one can look through the cabin window of the locomotive, which all the while is climbing higher. The tops of mountains rise grandly above; at a great depth below lie their green foot-hills, and off in the distance stretches the sea

in an immensity of blue. The azure sky, upon which there is not a fleck of cloud in the dry summer season, sweeps down to meet the waters, and the dividing line is lost. With the journey's end comes a mingled feeling of regret and pleasure,—regret that you will see no more for the present of the wonderful scenery, and pleasure that you are in Carácas.

The city is situated on a beautiful slope of the Chacao Valley in the Parima Mountains, and is three thousand feet above La Guayra. It was founded in 1567, by Spaniards who had penetrated the inland in search of the El Dorado. They failed to find the sought-for land of gold, but they did discover this ideal site for a city, and determined to settle here. This did not prove an easy task, as the native Indians resisted fiercely the invasion of the white men; but the nucleus of the city was established at last, and now Carácas is one of the most charming cities

in South America. Its streets are regular, the two main ones crossing each other at right angles, and others starting out from the center to all points of the compass, like spokes of a wheel. The arrangement is similar to that in the City of Washington. The thoroughfares are exceedingly well paved, and the principal ones have lines of cars running through depressions in the middle. They are lighted by electricity, and are lined with shops which compare favorably with those of New York. There are numerous parks or plazas, the largest and most attractive of



A VIEW OF MARACAIBO.

which is the Plaza de Bolívar, which is situated in the heart of the city. It was here, during the dark days of Venezuela's revolutionary struggle, that prisoners were led out and shot. Now, however, it would be hard to imagine that the plaza could ever have been the scene of sanguinary deeds; graceful tropical trees interlace their branches over charming walks, the acacias are brilliant with golden blossoms, and the sweet scent of flowers pervades the air.

New York, with its storms and bleak winds, which you left such a short time ago, seems hardly to exist as you sit here in the soft, cool, evening air, listening to the music of the band and catching fleeting glimpses of languishing eyes and beautiful faces beneath mantillas as the señoras, on the arms of their lords and protectors, stroll slowly past. You hear light laughter and merry conversation. Pleasure seems to hold the people in an easy thralldom, and life seems to be a long holiday.

And yet this gay and careless people fought desperately and heroically for ten long years to achieve national independence. You cannot forget the fact, because before you, in the plaza, is a great equestrian statue of Simon Bolívar, the liberator of Venezuela. His attitude on the prancing horse is a spirited and defiant one, just as the man himself was spirited and defiant. Born of a distinguished Spanish-American family, Bolívar was trained as a diplomat; but when his country declared, in 1811, that she would throw off the yoke of Spain, Bolívar put aside the soft graces of the courtier and threw himself body and soul into Venezuela's struggle for independence.

For a great part of the ten years of war, Bolívar and his men lived



LAKE-DWELLINGS NEAR MARACAIBO.



THE PANTHEON, IN CARÁCAS.

in the mountains, without shelter, lacking often the bare necessities of life; but despite these hardships, exhausting to both spirit and body, they overcame difficulties which seemed insurmountable. They made incredibly quick marches over apparently impassable mountains, and when the time came for fighting they fought with astonishing valor and determination, and at last won their cause. Four other South American countries, which had been waiting for the outcome of the last and decisive battle, proclaimed their independence of Spain, and Venezuela was free at last; although it was not until long afterward, in 1847,

men or women are so cold in temperament as not to glow with enthusiasm when the Liberator's name is mentioned. In the Pantheon, in Carácas, where Venezuela buries her illustrious dead, is Bolivar's tomb, and on his birthday, which is a national holiday, the tomb is illuminated with a thousand lights. It is high above the others in the edifice, and it shines like a star in the eyes of the guard of honor and the vast assemblage of people who look up at it while listening to burning words of patriotism from the orators of the day.

that Spain formally acknowledged the fact by signing a treaty of peace with the infant republic.

After his work was done Bolivar retired to a secluded spot near the coast, and here he died,—died by degrees, and ingloriously. He was poverty-stricken, his princely fortune having been devoted to his country, and his heart was broken by the ingratitude of his countrymen. In the annals of the world there cannot be found a more thrilling or dramatic career than that of Venezuela's liberator. In it are mingled the greatest glory, the deepest tragedy and pathos. But Venezuela's attitude toward Bolivar underwent a wonderful change about fifteen years after his death. The feeling of hatred became one of love and reverence, as it was in the old days when he was winning victories and the freedom of his country. At the present time few Venezuelan towns are so poor as not to be able to do honor to his memory with a statue; few Venezuelan



HOTELS AND PART OF THE HARBOR OF CURAÇOA.



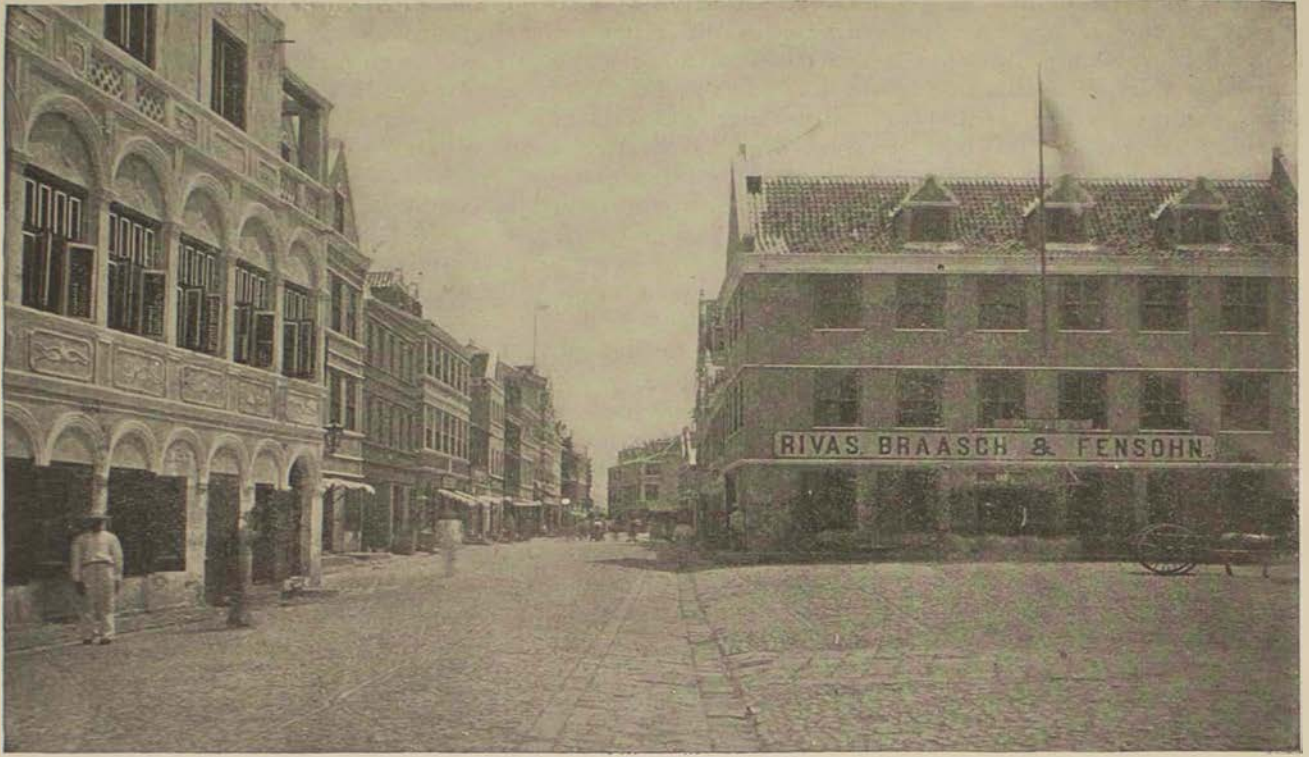
STREET IN MARACAIBO.

Next to Bolivar in the hearts of the Venezuelans is —no, not another hero of their own country, but George Washington. There is a Plaza Washington, a delightful little spot, not far from the Plaza Bolivar. In

Caracas there are Washington shoe-stores and Washington dry-goods emporiums. This reverence for our great man is due to the resemblance the people of Venezuela see between his career and that of their own hero, and in the early struggles of the two republics. But Venezuela's was the more severe; and it is very natural that she should hold dear the territory she gained at so high a cost, and should resist foreign invasion and encroachment. It

is natural, too, that the United States should sympathize with her, and even aid her if oppression rears its head against her.

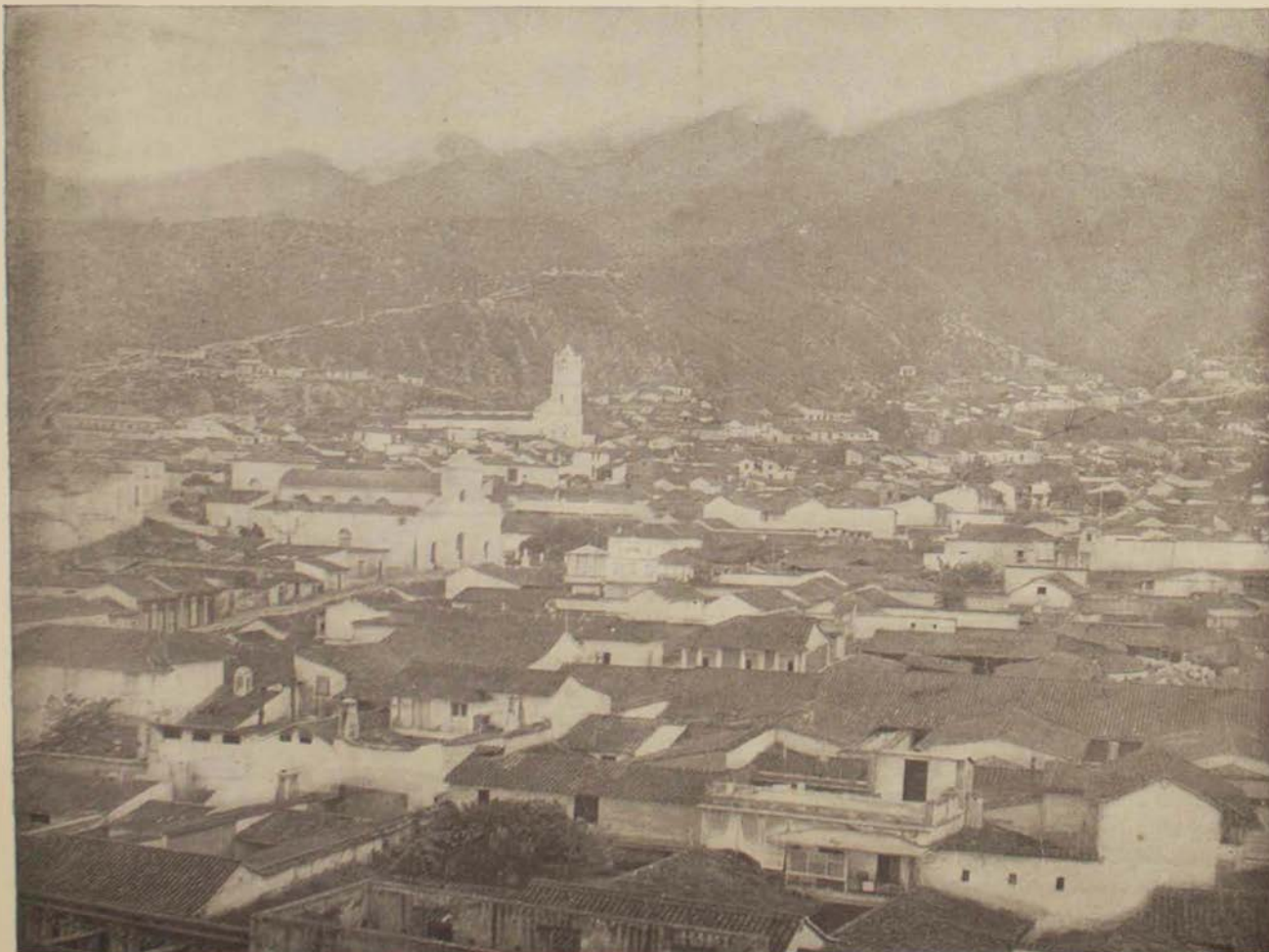
The Pantheon is one of the three most notable buildings in Caracas, the others being the opera-house and the Federal



MAIN STREET IN CURAÇOA.

Palace. The latter is a beautiful building of Spanish and Moorish architecture, covering three acres of ground. It is built around a great court filled with tropical trees and flowers, among which bronze and marble statues are seen, fountains play, and brilliant-plumaged birds sing.

These courts are to be found in the residences of all well-to-do citizens, and they form a charming feature of Venezuelan home life. The women spend much of their time here; and as you walk along the streets you get peeps of pretty vistas of green foliage, which form a background, perhaps, for the figure of a dark-eyed girl reclining in a hammock and fingering idly the strings of a guitar. It is chiefly in the morning, however, that you are treated to these attractive sights. In the afternoon the women make elaborate toilets and receive their friends or sit in



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LA GUAYRA.

the windows watching the passers-by. A drive is also a part of the afternoon's programme in the summer. It is not surprising that this is the case, for among the charms of Carácas are its fine roads. As you roll smoothly along your eyes are treated to many delightful bits of scenery, and above all else, commanding, majestic, a mountain rises, sweeping away in a grand line to a noble height. Beyond you see the outline of other mountains, which, growing dimmer and dimmer as they recede in the distance, fade away in faint lines of blue.

If a traveler, curious to learn something more of Venezuela, should employ a guide and a mule and follow one of the narrow and rugged roads that wind into these mountains, he would find coffee, cotton, and tobacco growing on their slopes, and great fields of grain waving on the table-lands and in the valleys. This is the agricultural portion of the country, and consists of a stretch of seventy miles extending from the coast of the Caribbean Sea to the Parima range of mountains. He would also come to other populous cities, among them Maracaibo, Valencia, and Curaçoa. Beyond the agricultural district the traveler reaches a rolling country and hills with long slopes upon which rich grasses grow luxuriantly, and will

is the most valuable portion, and it is over this part that the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela, of which so much has been heard of late, has been carried on for the last fifty years. The facts of the case may be briefly stated :

When Venezuela was fighting for freedom, in 1814, the Dutch sold their South American possessions, which were adjacent to Venezuela on the east, to the British. The boundary line had never been definitely fixed, and during the period of her struggle Venezuela took no means to ascertain it. Meanwhile the restless English settlers had crossed the narrow strip between the Essequibo and the Pumaron Rivers, the ownership of which was questioned, and were advancing further and further into Venezuela. Finally the Republic became aroused to the situation, and asked, in 1845, that the boundary question be settled by arbitration. England declined, and the matter hung fire.

As the question now stands Venezuela has her title from Spain, this title having originated with the discovery by Columbus ; while Great Britain has her title by treaty from Holland, which transferred Essequibo, Demarara, and Berbice. The authorities of Venezuela have never acknowledged that by this treaty England acquired a foot of ground

west of the Essequibo River. English colonists, taking advantage of the unstable governments, have continued their encroachments, until at present the claim covers territory which is larger than the State of New York, and nine times larger than that originally in question.

In 1841 Sir Robert Schomburgk surveyed and marked an arbitrary line from the mouth of the Orinoco

south to Mount Roraima. This was intended to mark the line between Venezuela and the British colony. But Venezuela did not acquiesce in this division ; instead of acquiescence she protested with such vigor that Schomburgk's marks were removed by the British, and Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary, had another line drawn. His line did not go anywhere near the mouth of the Orinoco, but started at the mouth of the Moroco and ran west across the Schomburgk line until it struck the west bank of the Cuyuni River ; it then followed this stream to Mount Roraima. At present England has abandoned both these lines,—which she wishes to see lapse into "innocuous desuetude,"—and claims possession of country extending more than one hundred and fifty miles to the west, or nearly to the east bank of the Caroni River. When it is known that this includes immensely valuable gold-mines, among them the famous mine of Callao, from which \$25,000,000 in gold has been taken, thoughtful people see in this claim a parallel of the Transvaal troubles. It is entirely Venezuelan energy and capital that has developed these mines, and under so adverse circumstances that when the Callao Mining Company was organized its



THE CATHEDRAL OF VALENCIA.

see thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep grazing here. This pastoral region, which is watered by many streams, reaches to the Orinoco River, which overflows in the rainy season and inundates the plains for many miles.

A mighty river is the Orinoco. Six hundred miles from its mouth it is three miles wide ; the tides reach as far as Ciudad Bolívar, which is two hundred and forty miles from the coast, and it is navigable for over seven hundred miles. On the southern side of the Orinoco lies a vast territory of forest which reaches Brazil on the south and Ecuador on the west. Much of it has never been penetrated by man. It is the home of the beasts and the brilliant-plumaged birds and the reptiles of the tropics. In the habitable portions dwell untamed Indians, lake-dwellers, living in huts elevated on poles over ground which is covered with water in the rainy season. The country's name originated from this Indian custom of living on temporary lakes. It suggested Venice to the first explorers, and they named the country Venezuela, which is Spanish for "Little Venice."

The eastern part of this territory, bordering on British Guiana, and embracing the mouth of the Orinoco River,

shares were scarce worth the paper upon which they were printed. Since they began operations the district bordering upon the Yuruari River, of which Callao is the centre, has produced over \$50,000,000 of gold.

Very naturally the progressive, or aggressive, British subjects are anxious to assist, as masters, in the development of so promising a field of wealth. In consequence, Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, has said that his government will not abandon the British sub-

jects in Venezuela to the insecurity of the Republic's rule, and some months ago declined to arbitrate the question, as requested by the United States Government. The British attitude has undergone a change, however, since the appointment by President Cleveland of the Commission to examine into the merits of the question, and it is very probable that even if the Commission reports adversely to English pretensions in Venezuela the matter will be settled by an amicable compromise.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

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IT would be easy to walk many a time through "Fife and a' the lands about it" and never once find the little fishing-hamlet of Pittencraigie. Indeed, it would be a singular thing if it were found, unless some special business and direction led to it. For clearly it was never intended that human beings should build homes where these cottages cling together, between sea and sky, a few here and a few there, hidden away in every bend of the rock where a little ground could be leveled, until the tides in stormy weather break with threat and fury on the very doorsteps of the lowest cottages.

Yet, as the lofty semicircle of hills bends inward the sea follows, and there is a fair harbor where the fishing-boats ride together while their sails dry in the afternoon sun. Then the hamlet is still; for the men are sleeping off the weariness of their night work, while the children play quietly among the tangle, and the women mend nets or bait the lines for the next fishing. A lonely little spot, shut in by sea and land, and yet life is there in all its passionate variety,—love and hate, jealousy and avarice, youth, with its ideal sorrows and infinite expectations, age, with its memories and regrets, and "sure and certain hope."

The cottages also have their individualities. Although they are much of the same size and pattern, an observing eye would have picked out the Binnie cottage as distinctive and prepossessing. Its outside walls were as white as lime could make them, its small windows brightened with geraniums and a muslin curtain, and the litter of ropes and nets and drying fish which encumbered the majority of thatches was pleasantly absent. Standing on a little level thirty feet above the shingle, it faced the open sea, and was constantly filled with the confused tones of its sighing surges, and penetrated by its pulsating, tremendous vitality. It had been the home of many generations of Binnies, and the very old and the very young had usually shared its comforts together; but at the time of my story there remained of the family only the widow of the last proprietor, her son Andrew, and her daughter Christina.

Christina was twenty years old and still unmarried,—a strange thing in Pittencraigie, where early marriage is the rule. Some said she was vain and set up with her beauty, and could find no lad good enough; others thought she was a selfish, cold-hearted lassie, feared for the cares and labors of a fisher's wife. On this July afternoon the girl had been some hours stretching and mending the pile of nets at her feet; but at length they were in perfect order, and she threw her arms upward and outward to relieve their weariness, and then went to the open door. The tide was coming in, but the children

were still paddling in the pools and on the cold bladder-wrack, and she stepped forward to the edge of the cliff and threw them some wild geranium and ragwort. Then she stood motionless in the bright sunlight, looking down the shingle toward the pier and the little tavern, from which came in drowsy tones the rough, monotonous songs which seamen sing.

Standing thus in the clear, strong light, her great beauty was not to be denied. She was tall and not too slender, and at this moment the set of her head was like that of a thoroughbred horse when it pricks its ears to listen. She had full, soft brown eyes, with long lashes and heavy eyebrows, an open-air complexion, dazzling, even teeth, an abundance of dark, rippling hair, and a flush of ardent life opening her wide nostrils and stirring gently the exquisite mold of her throat and bust. The moral impression she gave was that of a pure, strong, compassionate woman, cool-headed, but not cold, capable of vigorous joys and griefs. After a few minutes' investigation she went back to the cottage and stood in the open doorway with her head leaning against the lintel. Her mother had begun to prepare the evening meal,—fresh fish was frying over the fire, and the oat-cakes toasting before it,—yet as she moved rapidly about she was watching her daughter, and very soon she gave words to her thoughts.

"Christina, you'll no require to be looking after Andrew. The lad has been asleep ever since he eat his dinner."

I know that, mother."

And if it's Jamie Lauder you're thinking o', let me tell ye it's a poor business. I have a fear and an inward down-sinking about that young man."

"Perfect nonsense, mother! There's nothing to fear you about Jamie."

"What good ever came through folk saved from the sea? They bring sorrow back wi' them, and that's a fact weel known."

"What could Andrew do but save the lad?"

"Why was the lad running before such a sea? He should have got into harbor; there was time enough. And if it was Andrew's duty to save him, it is na your duty to be loving him; you may tak' that much sense from me."

"Whist, mother! he hasna said a word o' love to me."

"He perfectly changes colors the moment he sees you, and you are just making yourself a speculation to the whole village, Christina. I'm no liking the look o' the thing, and Andrew's no liking it; and if you dinna tak' care o' yourself you'll be in a burning fever o' first love and beyont all reasoning with."



B. WEST CLINEDINST
1890

"CHRISTINA SAT DOWN WITH HER MOTHER TO TALK OVER THE WEDDING."

The girl flushed hotly, came into the house and began to reset the tea-tray, for she heard Jamie's steps upon the rocky road, and his voice, clear as a blackbird's, gayly whistling "In the Bay of Biscay O."

"The teacups are a' right, Christina. I'm talking anent Jamie Lauder. The lad is just a temptation to you; and you'll need to ask for strength to be kept from temptation, for the best o' us dinna expect strength to resist it."

Christina turned her face to her mother and then left her answer to Jamie Lauder. He came in at the moment with a little tartan shawl in his hand, which he gallantly threw across the shoulders of Mistress Binnie. "I hae just bought it from a peddler loon" he said. "It's bonnie and soft, and it sets you weel, and I hope you'll pleasure me by wearing it."

His face was so bright, his manner so charming, that it was impossible for Janet Binnie to resist him. "You're a fleeching, flattering laddie," she answered; but she stroked and fingered the gay kerchief, while Christina made her observe how bright were the colors of it, and how neatly the soft folds fell around her. Then the door of the inner room opened, and Andrew came sleepily out.

"The fish is burning, and the oat-cakes, too, for I'm smelling them ben the house," he said; and Janet ran to the fireside and hastily turned her herring and cakes.

"I'm feared you'll no think much o' your meat to-night," she said, regretfully; "the tea is fairly ruined."

"Never mind the meat, mother," said Andrew; "we dinna live to eat."

"'Never mind the meat'! What perfect nonsense! There's something wrong wi' folk that dinna mind their meat."

"Weel, then, you shouldna be so vain o' yourself, mother. You were preening like a young lassie when I got sight o' you,—and the meat taking care o' itself."

"Me vain! Na, na! Naebody that kens Janet Binnie can say she's vain. I wot weel that I am a frail, miserable creature, wi' little need o' being vain, either o' myself or my bairns. But draw to the table and eat; I'll warrant the fish will prove better than its bonnie."

They sat down with pleasant content that soon broadened into mirth and laughter. Presently Jamie took a letter from his pocket and showed it to Andrew. "Robert Toddy brought it this afternoon," he said, "and, as you may see, it is from the Hendersons, o' Glasgow, and they say there will be a berth soon for me in one o' their ships. And their boats are good and their captains good, and there's chances for a fine sailor on that line. I may be a captain myself one o' these days!" and he laughed so gayly and looked so bravely into the face of such a bold idea that he persuaded everyone else to expect it for him. Janet pulled her new shawl a little closer and smiled; her thought was, "After all, Christina may wait longer and fare worse, for she's turned twenty;" yet she showed a little reserve as she asked,

"Are you then Glasgow-born, Jamie Lauder?"

"Me Glasgow-born! What are you thinking o'? I'm from the auld East Neuk, and I'm proud o' being a Fifer. A' my common-sense comes from Fife. There's nane' loves the 'kingdom' mair than Jamie Lauder. We're a' Fife thegither. I thought you knew it."

At these words there was a momentary shadow across the door and a little lassie slipped in; and when she did so everyone's cup was put down to welcome her. Andrew reddened to the roots of his hair, his eyes filled with light, a tender smile softened his firm mouth, and he put out his hand and drew the girl to the chair which Christina had pushed close to his own.

"You're a sight for sair e'en, Sophy Thrail," said Mis-

triss Binnie; but for all that she gave Sophy a glance in which there was much speculation, not unmixed with fear and disapproval; for it was easy to see that Andrew Binnie loved her, and that she was not at all like him, nor yet like the fisher-girls of Pittencraigie. Sophy, however, was not responsible for this difference; for early orphanage had placed her in the care of an aunt who carried on a dress and bonnet making business in Largo, and she had turned the little fishermaid into a girl after her own heart and wishes.

She came frequently, indeed, to visit her own people in Pittencraigie, but she had gradually grown less and less like them; and there was no wonder that Mistress Binnie asked herself, fearfully, "What kind of a wife at all she would make for a Fife fisherman?" She was so small and genty, she had such a lovely face, such fair, rippling hair, and her gown was of blue muslin made in the fashion of the day and finished with a lace collar round her throat and a ribbon belt round her slender waist. "A bonnie lass for a carriage and pair," thought Janet Binnie, "but whatever will she do wi' the creel and the nets, no' to speak o' the bairns and the housewark?"

Andrew was too much in love to consider these questions. When he was six years old he had carried Sophy in his arms all day long; when he was twelve they had paddled on the sands and fished and played and learned their lessons together. She had promised then to be his wife as soon as he was a man and had a house and a boat of his own; and never for one moment since had Andrew doubted the validity and certainty of this promise. To Andrew and to Andrew's family, and to the whole village of Pittencraigie, the marriage of Andrew Binnie and Sophy Thrail was a fact beyond disputing. Some said it was "the right thing," and more said it was "the foolish thing"; and among the latter was Andrew's mother, though as yet she had said it very cautiously to Andrew.

But she sent the young people out of the house while she redd up the disorder made by the evening meal, though as she wiped her teacups she went frequently to the little window and looked at the four young things sitting together on the bit of turf which carpeted the top of the cliff before the cottage. Andrew, as a privileged lover, held Sophy's hand; Christina sat next to her brother and facing Jamie Lauder, so it was easy to see how her face kindled and her manner softened to the charm of his merry conversation, his snatches of breezy sea-song, and his clever bits of mimicry. And as Janet walked to and fro, setting her cups and plates in the rack and putting in place the table and chairs, she did what we might all do more frequently and be the wiser for it,—she talked to herself, to the real woman within her, and thus got to the bottom of things.

In less than an hour there began to be a movement about the pier; and then Andrew and Jamie went away to their night's work, and the girls sat still and watched the men across the level sands, and the boats hurrying out to the fishing-grounds. Then they went back to the cottage and found that Mistress Binnie had taken her knitting and gone to chat with a crony who lived higher up the cliff.

"We're our lane, Sophy," said Christina, "but women-folk are often that." She spoke a little sadly, the sweet melancholy of conscious but unacknowledged love being heavy in her heart; and she would not have been sorry had she been quite alone with her vaguely happy dreams.

Neither of the girls was inclined to talk; but Christina wondered at Sophy's silence, for she had been unusually merry while the young men were present. Now she sat quiet on the doorstep, clasping her left knee with hands



"HE PULLED FORTH A LOCKED TIN BOX AND DISPLAYED A HOARD OF SOVEREIGNS AND BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES."

that had no sign of labor on them but the mark of the needle on the left forefinger. At her side Christina stood, her tall, straight figure seeming nobly clad in a striped blue-and-white linsey petticoat, and a little josey of lilac print cut low enough to show the white, firm throat above it. Her fine face radiated thought and feeling; she was on the verge of that experience which glorifies the simplest life. The exquisite gloaming, the tender sky, the full, heaving sea, were in sweetest sympathy; they were sufficient, and Sophy's thin, fretful voice broke the charm and almost offended her.

"It is a weary life, Christina! How do you thole it?"

"You're just talking. You were happy enough half an hour syne."

"I wasn't happy at all."

"You let on like you were. I should think you would be as feared to act a lie as to tell one."

"I'll be away from Pittencraigie to-morrow morn."

"Whatna for?"

"I hae my reasons."

"No doubt you hae a 'because' of your own, but what will Andrew say? He's no expecting it."

"I dinna care what he says."

"Sophy Thrail!"

"I dinna; Andrew Binnie is na the whole o' life to me."

"Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Naething."

Then there was a pause, and Christina's thoughts flew seaward. In a few minutes, however, Sophy began talking again. "Do you come often as far as Largo, Christina?" she asked.

"Whiles I take myself that far. You may count me up for the last year; I sought you every time."

"Aye. Do you mind on the Law road a bonnie house, fine and old, with a braw garden, and peacocks in it trailing their long feathers o'er the grass and gravel?"

"You'll be meaning Braelands? Folks canna miss the house if they tried to."

"I was wondering if you ever noticed a young man about the place. He is aye dressed for the saddle or else he is in the saddle, and so maist sure to hae a whip in his hand."

"What are you talking for?"

"He is brawly handsome. They call him Archie Braelands."

"I have heard tell o' him, and by what is said I shouldn't think he was an improving friend for any young girl to have."

"This or that, he likes me. He likes me beyond everything."

"Do you know what you are saying, Sophy?"

"I do, fine."

"Are you liking him?"

"It wouldna be hard to do."

"Has he ever spoke to you?"

"Weel, he's no as blate as a fisher-lad. I find him in my way when I'm no thinking; and see here, Christina. I got a letter from him this afternoon. A real love-letter! Such bonnie words! They are like poetry. They are bonnie as singing."

"Did you tell Andrew this?"

"Why would I do that?"

"You are a false little cutty, Sophy Thrail. I would tell Andrew myself, but I am loath to hurt his true heart. Now you be to leave Archie Braelands alone, or I'll ken the reason why."

"Gude preserve us a! What a blazing passion for naething! Can't a lassie gie a bit o' lassie's chat without calling a court o' sessions anent it?" And she rose and

shook her skirt and said with an air of offense: "You may tell Andrew if you like to. It would be a poor thing if a girl is to be miscalled every time a man told her she was bonnie."

"I'm no saying you can help men making fools o' themselves, but you should hae told Braelands you were a promised wife."

"Everybody can't live in Pittencraigie, Christina, and if you live with a townful you canna go up and down saying to every man-body, 'Please, sir, I hae a lad o' my ain, and you're no to look at me.' But gude-night, Christina; you and me are auld friends, and it will be mair than a lad that parts us."

"But you'll no treat Andrew ill. I couldna love you, Sophy, if you did the like o' that."

"Gie him a kiss for me, and you may say I would hae told him I was going back to Largo the morn, but I canna bear to see him unhappy. That's a word that will set him on the mast-head o' pride and pleasure."

II.

CHRISTINA was troubled by Sophy's confidence, but she thought it premature to disturb Andrew's serene faith in the girl he loved. He was, as she knew well, very "touchy" about Sophy, being quite aware that the women of Pittencraigie did not approve the change in her. "And so many things happen as the clock goes round," she thought. "Braelands may put himself out o' favor, or he may tak' himself off to some far-awa' country, or 'them behind' may sort what I canna manage; sae I'll just keep a shut mouth anent the matter. One may think what one daurna say, but words aince spoken canna be wiped out wi' a sponge."

Christina had also reached a crisis in her own life. The feeling between Jamie Lauder and herself was that eager love which begins with love, and a week after Sophy's visit Jamie had found his opportunity to teach Christina the secret of her own heart. Sitting on the lonely rocks, with the moonlit sea at their feet, they had told each other how sweet it was to love, and the plans growing out of this confession, though humble enough, were full of strange hope and happy dreaming to Christina. When Jamie got his berth in the great Scotch Line she was to become his wife; then she would have to make her home in Glasgow. These two facts were stupendous ones to the simple fisher-girl and scarcely less so to her mother, who was both pleased and fearful in the prospect.

"It's a grand thing for Christina," she said to her crony, Marget Roy, "and the lad is a respectable lad, handsome and weel spoken o', and I'm thinking the Line has got a bargain in him, and is proud o' it; still I'm feared for my bairn in such a wicked-like place as Glasgo'. But she'll hae a floor o' her ain, and a' things convenient, and that's some safety and comfort. She's my one lassie, and I'm sair to lose her; but we canna stop the clock, and ye ken, Marget, that marriage is like death,—it is what we must a' come to."

"Weel, Janet, your Christina has been lang spared from it."

"Christina has had her offers, but what will you? We must wait for the right man or go to the de'il wi' the wrang one."

"You'll be lanely enou' wanting her, for I'm hearing Andrew Binnie isna to be kept single much langer, and Sophy Thrail canna fill Christina's shoes."

"Sophy's weel enou'. She suits Andrew, and it is Andrew has to live wi' her."

So the talk ran on until Marget said, abruptly, "I'll be

going. I hae the kirkyard to pass, and between the day and the dark it's a mournfu' spot."

"It is," answered Mistress Binnie. "Folks shouldna be on the road when the bodiless gang about; they are like to be in the way o' them, and might get ill to themsel's. And here comes Jamie and Christina, and nae doubt they'll be wanting a mouthfu', for love is cold porridge."

But Jamie was off to the boats in a hurry, and Christina was not hungry; she sat down with her mother to talk over again what they had discussed a hundred times before,—the wedding-dress and the wedding-feast, and the napery and plenishing she was to have for her own home; and somehow, as they talked thus confidently, Christina told her mother what Sophy had said about Archie Braelands.

For a moment Janet Binnie was glad; then she lifted the poker and struck a block of coal into a score of pieces, and with the blow scattered the unkindly, selfish thoughts which had invaded her heart.

"It is what I expected," she answered, gloomily; "but say naething to Andrew. He is wise enou' to tak' his ain way, though God knows nane can play the fool like a wise man! But what then? Is there anything to gain by word or warning? Naething. And if Andrew is to hae the fling and the buffet he will tak' it better from Sophy than from any ither body. Let be, Christina."

"Folks will talk anon."

"They are talking already. Do you think I didna hear this clash before? Lucky Sims and Marget Roy and every fish-wife in Pittencraigie ken the beginning and the end o' it. They hae seen this and they hae heard that, and they think the very worst that can be. The first calamity is to be born a woman, and it sets the door open for every other sorrow; the mair so if the lass is bonnie and alane in the world. For mysel' I'm thinking nae wrong o' Sophy; it's Andrew that is in fault. He's that set on having a house for his wife that he'll lose the wife while he's saving the siller for the house. I hae told him, and better told him, to bring Sophy here; but naething but having her a' to himsel' will he hear tell o'. It's pure wicked, selfishness in the lad! He canna thole her giving look or word that isna for him, and him his lane. Perfect scand'lous selfishness!"

"Whist, mother! I'm thinking he's most at the door-step. That's his foot, or I'm much mista'en."

"Then I'm awa' to Lizzie Robertson's. My heart is knocking at my lips, and I'll be saying what I'll want to unsay. Keep a calm sough, Christina. Let Andrew do the talking and you'll be a' right."

Andrew entered with that air of strength and capability so dear to the women of a household. He had on his kirk suit, and Christina thought as he sat down by the open window how much handsomer he looked in his blue Guernsey and fishing-cap.

"You'll be needing a mouthfu', Andrew?" she asked; but Andrew shook his head and answered, "I had my tea wi' Sophy. Where is mother?"

"She's awa' to Lizzie Robertson's. The bairn is still sick, and mother will sit by it till the night turns."

"And Jamie?"

"He said he was going to the fishing. He'll hae caught the boat, or he would hae been back here again."

"Then we've our lane, and I've been seeking this hour. I hae things to tell you, Christina, that must go no further, not even to mother,—unless the time comes. I'll not ask you to gie me your word. You're Christina Binnie, and that is enough."

"That is enough, Andrew. You and me, and God our witness."

"Christina, I hae been this day to Edinboro. I hae six

hundred pounds in my pocket, besides the siller ben the house. I hae sold three shares in the 'Sure Giver,' and, as you ken, I've been saving siller ever since I first put on my sea-boots."

"I hae thought saving siller was your one fault, Andrew."

"I ken fine that it is my besetting sin. Many's the time I hae forced mysel' to gie a white shilling instead o' a penny-bit at the kirk-door, just that I might get the better o' the de'il. But I hae been saving for a purpose, and now I'm most ready to tak' my desire. What think you? I am going to put my siller in a carrying steamer, ane o' the Red White fleet, and I'm to be her skipper and sail her from the North Sea to London. She'll hold three thousand 'trunks' of fish in her ice-chambers, and with good weather I'll make London in forty hours at the outside. Then I'll be Captain Binnie o' the North Sea fleet, and Sophy will hae reason enough for her muslins and ribbons and trinkum-trankums. God bless her!"

"I'm proud to hear tell o' it, Andrew. If you hae the siller and the skill, why shouldna you lift yoursel' a bit? Sophy willna shame any place you put her in,—and you may own a fishing-fleet yoursel' some day."

"I'm thinking o' it," he answered, with the air of a man who feels himself master of his destiny. "Come wi' me, Christina."

He led her into the inner room, moved aside a heavy chest of drawers, and lifted a short plank beneath them. Then, putting his arm far under the flooring, he pulled forth a locked tin box, and opening it displayed to Christina a hoard of sovereigns and Bank of England bills. The money in his pocket was added to this treasured store, the flooring and drawers replaced, and then without a word the brother and sister left the room together. There was a look of exultation on Christina's face as Andrew asked, "You understand now, Christina?"

"I hae seen," she answered, "and I ken weel that Andrew Binnie isna moving without knowledge."

"I'm not moving at all for three months or longer. The ship I want is in dry dock until the winter, and it's the siller I am anxious about. If I should go to the fishing some night and never come back it would be the same as if it went down with me,—not a soul but mysel' knowing it was there. But I'll be happier now for if that thing happens you must tak' the money out o' hiding and give Sophy Thrail one-half o' it, and the other half is for mother and yoursel'. And, above a' things, I charge you never to name to mortal creature the whereabouts o' the hiding."

"Your words are in my heart, Andrew, and they'll never pass my lips."

"That's enough o' the siller, then. I have had a happy day, Christina; Sophy was wi' me to Edinboro. And the beauty o' her! And the sweet innocence and loveliness o' her ways! I bought her a ring wi' a shining stone in it, and a gold brooch, and a bonnie piece o' white muslin, with the lace for the trimming o' it; and the joy o' the lassie set me laughing wi' delight! I wouldna call the Queen my cousin this night."

"Sophy ought to love you wi' all her heart, Andrew."

"She has arled her heart and her hand to me. I thank the Best for this great mercy!"

"And you can trust her without a doubt, Andrew?"

"I have as much faith in Sophy as I have in my Bible."

"That's the way to trust. It's the way I trust Jamie, though bad hearts and ill tongues are aye ready to gie one a sense o' suspicion."

"They canna gie me a moment's trouble. Kirsty Johnson called after me this morning, 'Tak' tent to yoursel', Andrew Binnie, a beauty is hard to catch and waur to

keep'; and I dinna answer her by word or look, for I ken weel women's tongues canna be stopped."

Never had Christina felt so happy as on this night. Jamie had been so tender, so full of anticipation, so proud of his love and his future, and Andrew had chosen her for his confidante. But some divine necessity of life ever joins joy and sorrow together, and while her heart was bounding with gladness she heard footsteps that gave it a shock. They were Jamie's footsteps, and even while Andrew was speaking he entered the cottage. Andrew looked at him with a quick suspicion and said, dourly:

"You said you would tak' my place. I see you canna be trusted."

"I have earned a reproof, Andrew, but I'll no lie about the matter. I met a friend, and he was poor and thirsty, and I took him to the tavern and gave him a bite and a sup. Then we set a-talking, and I forgot the fishing and the boats went awa' without me."

"A nice lad you'll be to trust in a big ship full o' men and women. A glass o' whisky and a crack in the 'public' set afore your word and your duty! How will I trust Christina wi' you? When you mak' Andrew Binnie a promise he expects you to keep it. Dinna forget that. It may be o' consequence to you." With these words he went into his own room and bolted the door, and Jamie sat down by Christina and waited for her to speak. But she could not be as friendly as she wished. It was love out of time and place and season. She would rather he had been with the boats, and her mind was also full of Andrew's revelation; she wanted to be alone to realize all that it meant. So the interview was cold and constrained, and Jamie was offended and finally went away quite out of temper. He kicked the stones in the path out of his way, muttering angrily:

"I'm no caring! I'm no caring! The moral pride o' thae Binnies is ridic'lus. One would require to be a vera saint to come within sight o' them."

This cloud was, however, but a passing one, and the next few weeks went by, as time does go when love and hope brighten every hour. The fishing season was unusually good, the men were making money, and the women had Christina's marriage and wedding presents to talk about. Every now and then some relative sent her a piece of homespun linen, or a quilt, or some china, and each article was examined and discussed by all the wives and maids in Pittencraigie. Christina and her mother had no objections to this kind of popularity; nor was Jamie averse to the good-natured freedom.

Andrew's love affairs were not as promising. Sophy came less and less to the village; she said her "aunt was gone to Perth for a bit of holiday and the shop couldna be left to tak' care o' itsel'," and the excuse seemed to be a good one. At any rate, it satisfied Andrew. He made a deal of money during the fishing season, and was evidently, to Christina, preparing for some great change. He went frequently to Edinburgh, and on his return always gave her a glance full of the assurance of success. And for some weeks he appeared to be very happy with Sophy; then there was a sudden change, and Christina noticed that he often came back from Largo with a heavy step and a grave face. Occasionally he admitted he had been "sairly disappointed;" Sophy had gone away for a week's rest, or she had a headache and couldna see him; or there was a bride's dress making and she couldna spare a moment. The excuses were numerous and varied, and finally they began to cause a sad and fearing wonder, even in Andrew's trusting heart.

(To be concluded in next number.)

CUBA'S STRUGGLES FOR INDEPENDENCE.

A VESSEL sailing due south from Key West will come into view, after a journey of a hundred miles, of breakers rolling upon a white beach, and green hills beyond; and the vessel may sail to the east or the west for days, and still the beach and the hills, which now loom up to noble heights and now sink to mere undulations, will seem

to stretch out indefinitely. The sun shines down upon them unceasingly during the day. The waves sparkle as they break monotonously upon the shore. It is a smiling and a peaceful front that Cuba, in her seven hundred miles of coast, presents to the traveler from the North. During the days of the tropical summer she seems to be placidly and



LANDING OF SPANISH TROOPS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



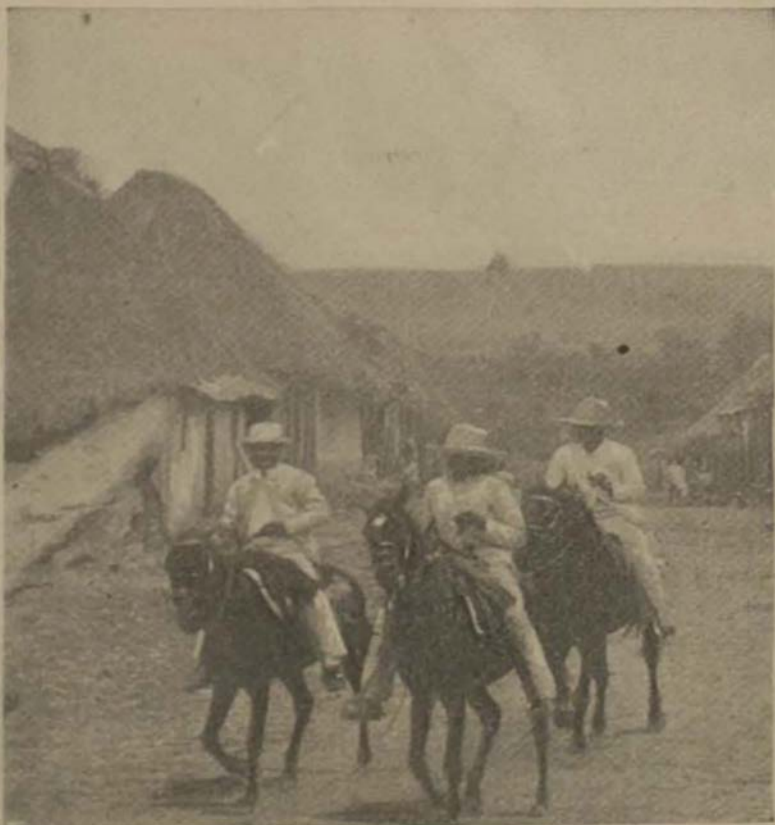
GENERAL CAMPOS DISEMBARKING AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



JAIL IN WHICH TWO AMERICANS, SINCE RELEASED, WERE CONFINED WITHOUT TRIAL.



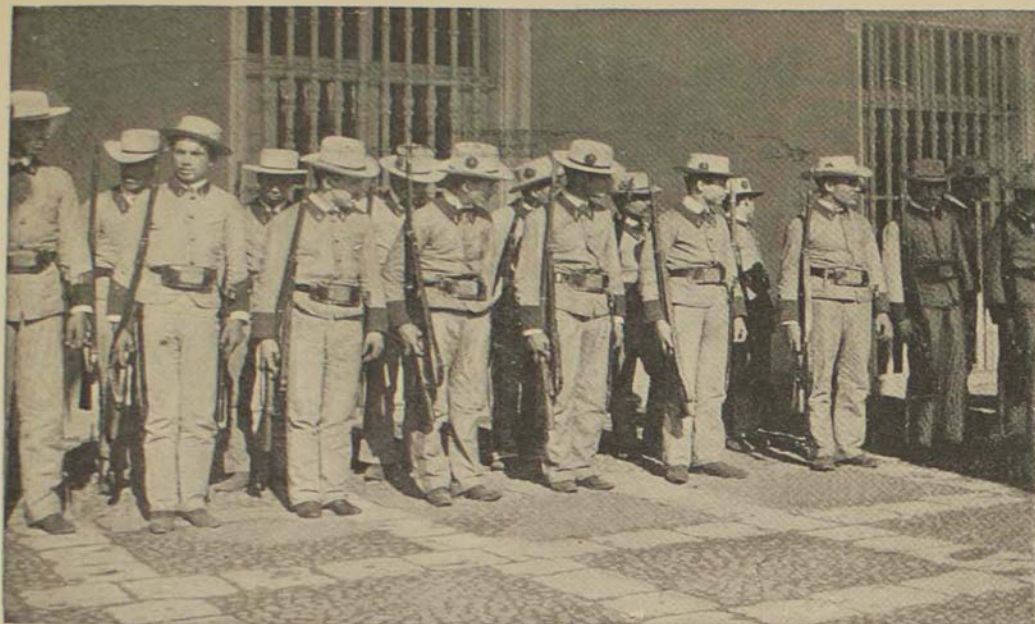
CROWDS ON BARGES WATCHING THE LANDING OF GENERAL CAMPOS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



INSURGENT SCOUTS.



SPANISH TROOPS AT HAVANA.



GUARD RELIEF IN FRONT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.

pline is not that of well-drilled soldiers, and they are most inadequately supplied with arms and ammunition. Their principal weapon is the *machete*, a long knife which is used for cutting sugarcane in times of peace. In consequence they are forced to carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare, consisting principally of sudden attacks and ambushes. The peculiar character of the country and the insurgents' knowledge of safe retreats in dense forests and mountain fastnesses have been advantages which they have not been slow to utilize.

The story of a "Cuban battle" is usually that of a handful of insurgents, or at most not more than a few hundred, rising suddenly out of a tropical jungle and attacking fiercely the unsuspecting Spanish

lazily basking in the sun. There is no intimation that among the hills, that become blue and dim as they retreat inland, the dogs of war are loose. She gives no outward sign that her breast is torn and bleeding from desperate conflicts by her people.

The close of the first year of the Cuban rebellion finds the patriots as strong, or stronger, than at the outset of their present struggle for political liberty, and they are very confident of the realization, before many seasons have passed, of their dream of Cuba free. In many respects their contest with the Spaniards is an unequal one. They are inferior in numbers. Their disci-



SPANISH CAVALRYMEN AT THE FRONT, SANTIAGO.



HAVANA VOLUNTEERS IN DRESS UNIFORM.

columns. The Spaniards, at a disadvantage through their ignorance of their surroundings, are bewildered by the sudden appearance and impetuosity of the enemy, and before they have recovered themselves the insurgents have vanished into the forests and their retreats in the mountains, to which the Spanish soldiers cannot follow them. Meanwhile they devastate the agricultural regions in general, and burn the immense sugar-cane fields from which Spain derives her chief revenue from Cuba. This policy of depredation is born of the urgency and necessity of the case. Besides depriving Spain of the money which she would use in carrying on the war, the destruction of the sugar plantations takes the means of livelihood from thou-



SANTIAGO DILIGENCE HELD UP BY REVOLUTIONISTS NEAR HAVANA.



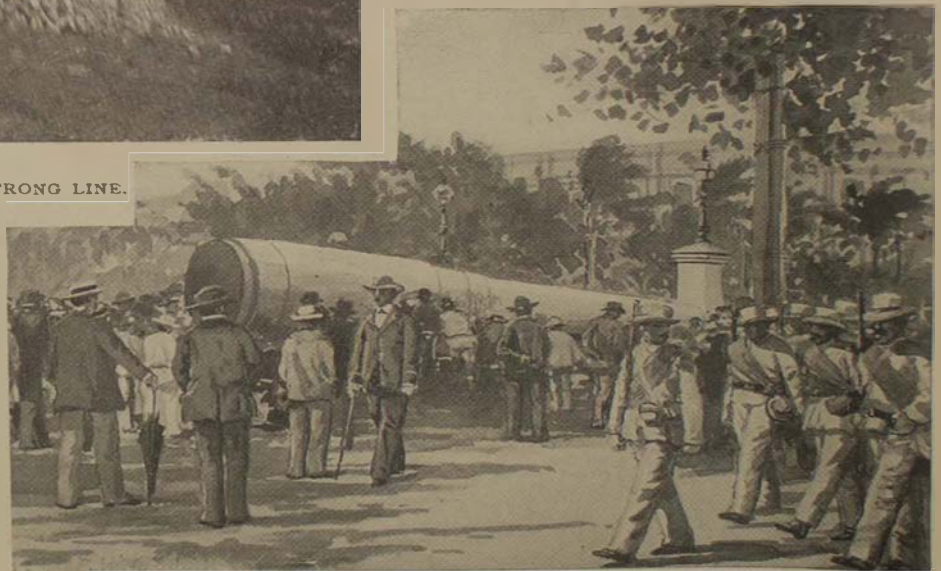
STONE FORT ON HAVANA STRONG LINE.

sands of men, who thus have the spur of need to induce them to join the insurgents.

The Cuban army might be described as the Irishman described the flea: You put your finger on it and it isn't there. But by this method of fighting, the patriots engage the constant attention of a large and expensive army, which, however, cannot crush them. Through their ability to carry on an intermittent war for a long time they hope to wear Spain out financially, and the ground for

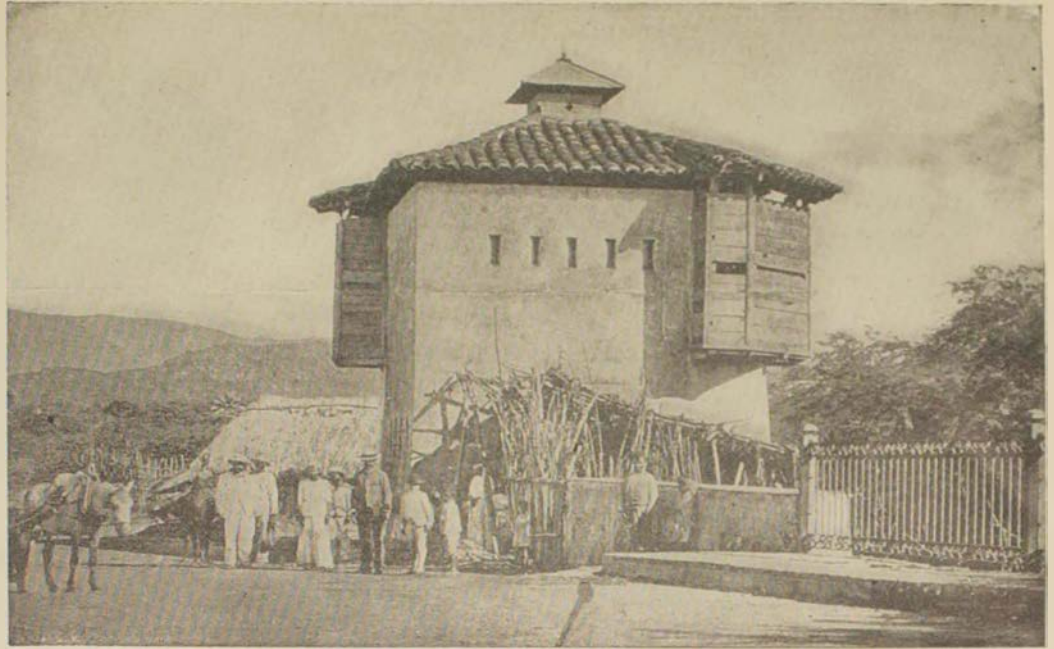
this hope is the well-known fact that the Spanish Government is in financial straits. Cuba has been one of her chief sources of income heretofore; now the island is costing her immense sums instead of bringing revenue into her treasury.

But Spain will not give up Cuba without a desperate struggle, for it is the sole remaining colony of all the immense tracts of territory she once owned on the western

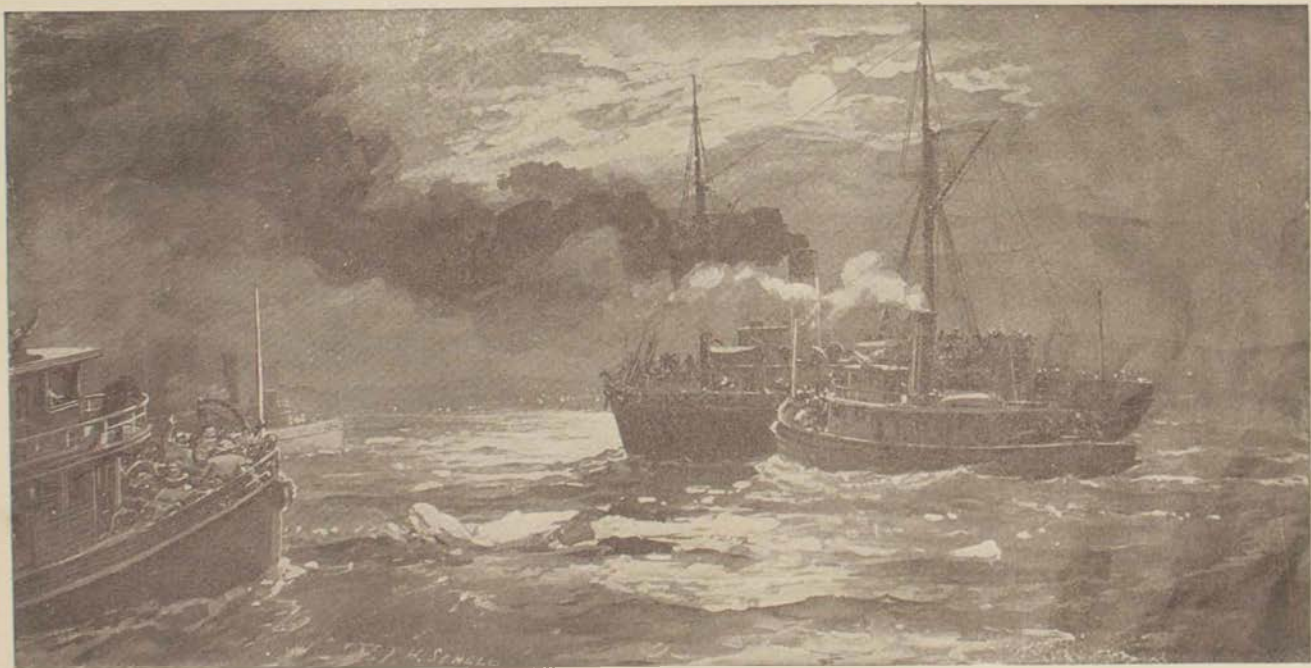


MOVING A GREAT GUN THROUGH HAVANA TO A SEACOAST BATTERY.

hemisphere, and under proper conditions it is one of the richest and most productive islands in the world. So greatly does Spain fear to lose this jewel that a few months ago the Government recalled the able military leader and humane man Martinez Campos from the command of the forces in Cuba because he was dealing too leniently with the insurrectionists, and replaced him with Captain-General Weyler, whose barbarous methods of waging war have earned him the sobriquet "the butcher." Weyler has set about crushing the rebellion with an iron hand. His most recent proclamations show, however, that he has been forced by the pressure of opinion of the civilized world, and particularly of the United States, to modify his original policy of



FORT JARAYO, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



CAPTURE OF THE STEAMSHIP "BERMUDA" IN NEW YORK BAY.



THE VILLAGE OF SONGO, SUBURBS OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, HEADQUARTERS OF SPANISH TROOPS.

crushing the insurrectionists to the point of extermination, if necessary. His position is hardly an enviable one, for, despite his efforts, the rebellion is growing apace. Gomez and Maceo, the insurgent leaders, are making frequent expeditions out of their mountain strongholds in the central and eastern sections of the island, and are gradually growing bolder and approaching closer to Havana. If they could take that city, Cuba would be free.

The patriots are eagerly awaiting aid from the outside. They would long ago have received it if the plans of Cubans in New York City had been successful. It will be



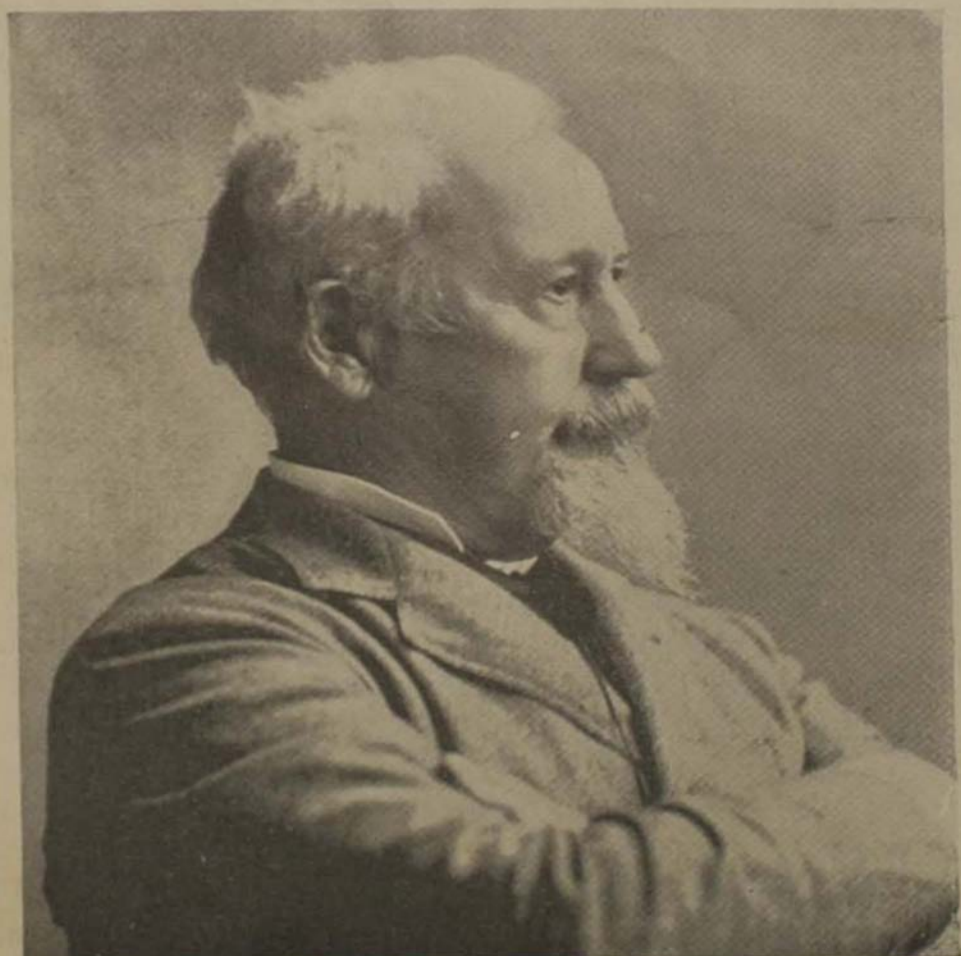
JOSEPH A. SPRINGER, UNITED STATES VICE-CONSUL, HAVANA.



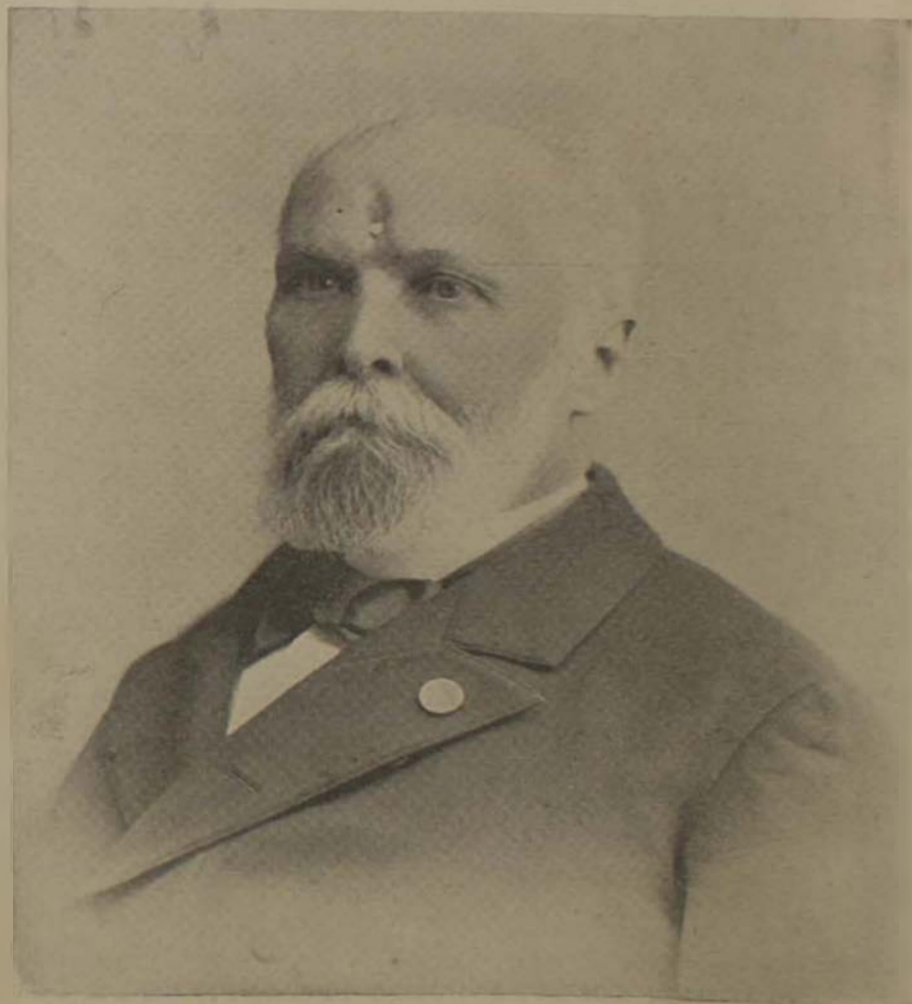
GENERAL D. VALERIANO WEYLER, CAPTAIN-GENERAL AND SPANISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN CUBA.



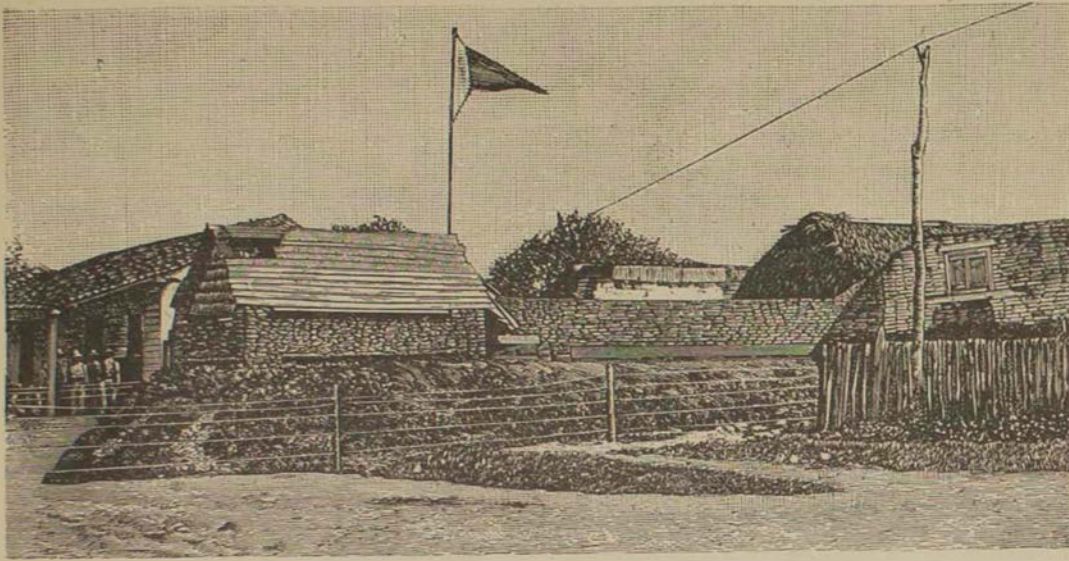
GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, LATE COMMANDER OF SPANISH FORCES IN CUBA.



RAMON O. WILLIAMS, UNITED STATES EX-CONSUL, HAVANA.



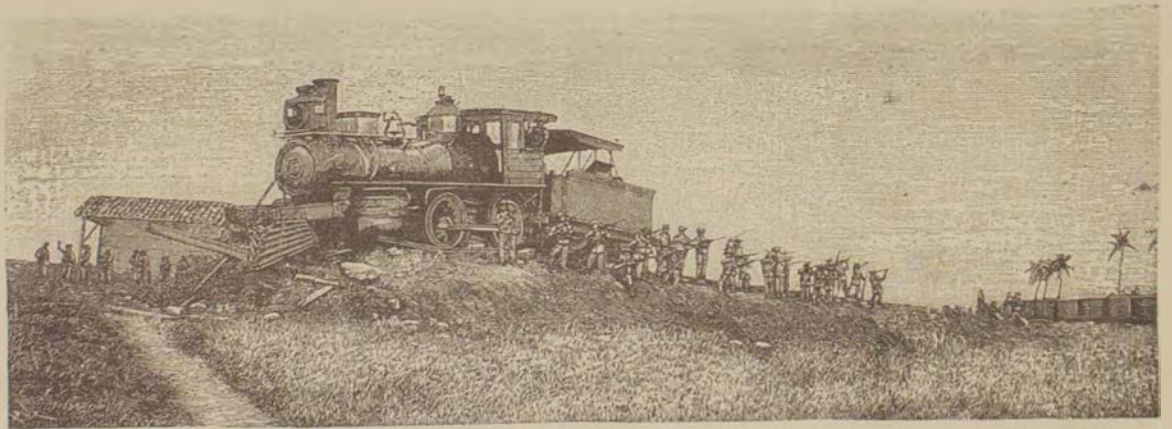
GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.



STYLE OF INTRENCHMENTS THROWN UP BY THE SPANISH TROOPS IN CUBA.

remembered that the vessel *Hawkins*, laden with arms and ammunition, was sunk just out of Long Island Sound *en route* for Cuba, and the *Bermuda*, with a like cargo, was captured when leaving the port of New York. The United States authorities were vigilant in preventing these expeditions, because they were violating our laws of neutrality. General Gomez has naturally expected aid from New York because the city has a large and wealthy Cuban population, and here the preliminary plans for the rebellion were arranged. Both Gomez and Marti, indeed, were residents of New York until they embarked for Cuba, about a year ago, to lead the fight for freedom. They landed on the island in March, 1895, a little over a month after the fires of the rebellion had been lighted simultaneously in Matanzas and Guantanamo.

with Morocco; and in 1878 had succeeded in persuading the Cubans to sign the treaty of Zanjón, and had thus ended the hostilities which had continued for ten years. His advent in Cuba was heralded as the close of the in-



A TRAIN DERAILED BY A BAND OF INSURGENTS.

surrection, which was then confined to Santiago de Cuba, the eastern province of the island.

Campos' plan was to confine it to that territory and crush



SPANISH TROOPS FALLING INTO AN AMBUSCADE.



A TYPICAL GOVERNMENT VOLUNTEER IN CUBA.

it before it could spread. He came with re-enforcements and unlimited power, but his efforts were unavailing. The rebellion did spread, and Campos was recalled to Madrid, where he returned defeated and discouraged; he was received with hisses and hoots by the people who had cheered him with enthusiastic admiration when he had departed.

During this time the Cuban leaders Gomez, Marti, and the brothers Antonio and José Maceo, were gaining thousands of recruits. But while Gomez and Marti were marching to the central province they met, on the right bank of the Cano River, a force of Spaniards, and Marti was killed in the encounter which followed. This was a serious blow to the Cuban cause, for Marti



SCENE AT THE VILLANUEVA RAILWAY-STATION, HAVANA, ON THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



GUERRILLAS LYING IN WAIT.

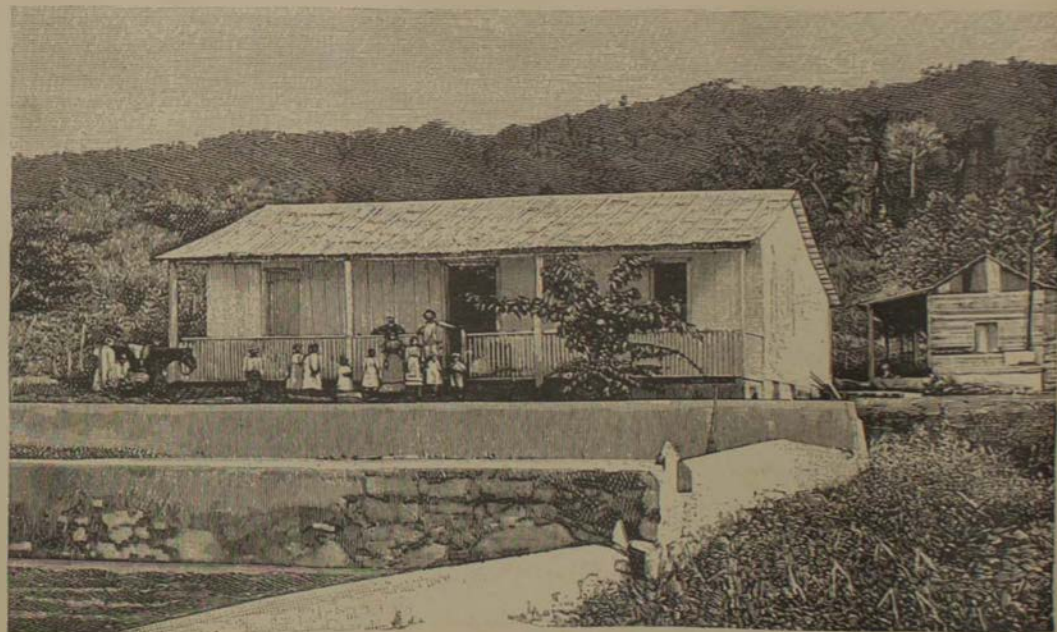
was its leading spirit and was to have been the president of the republic of Cuba.

The administration at Madrid sent General Weyler to take the command left vacant by the withdrawal of Campos. Weyler, as has already been stated, is the most remorseless and relentless of Spanish generals, having made a record of butchery for himself in the last insurrection that causes the Cubans to hate him with all the fierceness of their impetuous natures. They say that his presence on Cuban soil does not frighten them but vastly increases their irritation, and will give rise to greater effort and self-sacrifice for their cause.

One of the important factors in the struggle at present is the rainy season. It is very near

now, and it means death to thousands of the Spanish soldiers, because with it will begin the ravages of yellow fever, which is very fatal to the unacclimated Spaniards. "Yellow Jack" has been given the title of "General," so efficient is he to the Cubans. It is probable that the arrival of the rainy season will result in a temporary suspension of active warfare on the part of the Spaniards. The patriots are sanguine that the campaign that will then begin will be Spain's last upon this continent; but if not, they are willing to continue the fight until their beloved island is forever free from Spanish maladministration.

That the Spanish rule is misrule there can be little doubt. The taxation in Cuba is excessively heavy, and is not expended for the public good of Cuba, but of Spain. The Madrid government, moreover, curbs and hampers the commercial activity of the island



A WAYSIDE INN NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

by attempting to make Spain the only market for Cuban products and Cuba a market for only Spanish products. Aside from this disastrous policy, the administration of affairs on the island is reported to be extremely corrupt. The result is that Cubans see their commerce languishing where it might be great, and civic depression where there might be prosperity. Nature has been kind to Cuba; sugar, coffee, tobacco, and other agricultural products of the tropics grow luxuriantly in her soil. Her possibilities are great, but their realization is small. Like a Cinderella, the fair island of the Caribbean has been abused and kept from her proper position in the world.

Thinking of what their island is and what it might be, it is not surprising that patriotic Cubans should feel in their hearts a great rage against Spain, and should be willing to go to any length to throw off her yoke. At the end of the Ten Years' War, in 1878, she promised Cuba home rule and a constitution. But these were only promises, they were never fulfilled; and Marti and Gomez, observing that the Spanish government had difficulty in sending even a small army of twenty thousand men to Morocco in 1894, and that it was financially embarrassed, thought, a year ago, that the time was ripe for another and a decisive uprising. There was no special irritation; the causes for rebellion have remained about the same for nearly a century. In 1820 they led to a desire on the part of Simon Bolivar to free Cuba, as he had freed the five Spanish colonies in South America; and he might have accomplished this had not the United States given evidence that she disapproved of such efforts. The same causes excited the Cubans to rebellion in 1847. They received substantial aid from our Southern States, which were desirous of having Cuba admitted into the Union so that her senators and representatives in Congress might

turn the tide of legislation in favor of slavery. This rebellion, however, was quelled in 1854. Impelled by the same wrongs the Cubans arose again in 1868 and waged war until their resources were exhausted. The conflict was ended in 1878 by the treaty of Zanjón. Spain, however, did not fulfill its treaty agreement, and in 1880 General Calixto Garcia, who had taken a leading part in the war, and had just been released from a long confinement in a Spanish military prison, headed another insurrection; but the patriots had not yet recovered from the previous long and bloody conflict, and in six months were again subdued.

The people of the United States have regarded the struggles of the Cubans with absorbing interest; the recent resolutions in Congress have left no doubt as to their sympathy for Cuba, whatever may be the principles of international law which prevent them from rendering aid to the Cuban cause. It is very natural that the people of this country should feel keen sympathy for the patriots, because their efforts for independence resemble strongly the struggles of our own nation in its infancy against the oppression of England. The Cubans, indeed, are fighting against greater odds than did Washington and his men. The Continental army consisted, at the most liberal estimate, of about twenty-five thousand men, and was not opposed by a much larger force of British. There are over fifty thousand Cubans under arms, but the Spanish troops in Cuba number one hundred and twenty-five thousand regular soldiers and fifty thousand volunteers. These seem to be overwhelming odds against the patriots, but they have much potential strength in the active sympathy of the people in all parts of the island outside of Havana and some other garrisoned towns.

J. W. HERBERT.

THE LEGEND OF THE GARDENER.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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THERE was once, in the ages gone by, a gardener of rare patience and discernment. He would go out into wild places, and stooping down would detect some tiny plant of no moment to careless eyes, and would bring it home to his garden, and tend it with such loving care that it would gain strength and beauty, surprising him and gratifying him with its generous response to his tender fostering.

People heard of his beautiful plants and came to his garden.

"Ah, you indeed have a rare plant here!" they would say, pointing to one of his treasures. "That must be priceless in its worth."

"No, indeed," he answered; "it is just a wild-flower, nothing more. There are thousands like it."

"But if we bring the wild-flowers home they will die," they answered. "How is that?"

"I cannot tell," he said, "unless it is that I care so much, and that I have put my very heart's desire into the tending which I give them day after day and week after week."

Now one day the gardener was in trouble; great sorrows had encompassed him, and the bright light had faded from his life. It was nothing to him that his garden was beautiful, and that the fame of it had traveled first to one land and then another, and that many strangers sought to learn the secret of his subtle skill.

All this was nothing to him. Heavy-hearted he went about his work, finding neither peace nor comfort, until one early morning, when he was wandering listlessly in the desert, weaving round his soul a network of sad thoughts, his eye chanced upon a tiny white flower. There was something in the whiteness of it which held him for a moment spellbound: it was as white as the surf of the fairy Pacific; as white as an untouched field of Alpine snow; as white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

He stooped down and deftly raised its roots, and, forgetful of all his sorrows, hastened home with his fragile burden.

But, alas! it was so fragile that at first he did not dare to hope that it would live. It drooped and drooped, and the gardener feared that he would lose his treasure.

"If only I could save it!" he thought. "I have never cared for any flower so much as for this one."

Well, he saved it. And when at last it raised its head and smiled to his care he felt a gladness unspeakable.

"Little friend," he whispered, "I found thee in an hour of sadness, and together with thee I found courage and consolation; and therefore I name thee Friendship."

It grew up strong and beautiful, white as the surf of the fairy Pacific, white as an untouched field of Alpine snow, white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

Of all the plants which the gardener cherished this one called Friendship far outshone them all. Strangers could

never pass it by without a tender word of praise, and without asking the name of this plant, which looked so chaste and calmly beautiful; and when they had learned its name they all wanted it. The rich were willing to pay any price for it, and those who had not money would fain have offered the best service of their minds, their brains, their hands.

But the gardener smiled always and shook his head.

"Nay," he said. "I cannot sell it, neither for money nor fame, nor anything which the world may hold. It is my very own,—part of my own self. But go ye out into the wild places and ye will see many such plants. There they are for everyone to take or leave. Only have a little care in the lifting of them and in the nursing of them. They are very frail. Still, if you use every care you know, your little white flower Friendship will grow up strong, revealing to you all the time new beauties and fresh delights. At least, thus it has been with me."

Then, so runs the legend of the gardener, those who were eager enough to take the trouble wandered into wild and lonely places and found the tiny white flower,—as they thought. But they often gathered the wrong plant, and took it triumphantly to the gardener.

"See here," they said, "we have had no trouble with this flower. From the very first it flourished and grew apace."

The gardener looked at it and smiled sadly.

"So many have made that mistake," he said. "This is

not the plant Friendship, but merely its counterfeit, which after a time loses its whiteness, and then it could not deceive anyone."

But others who came to the gardener had indeed found the real plant Friendship, only they could not rear it. They brought their faded plants to him and pointed to them sorrowfully.

"Mine did so well at first," said one of the strangers. "I felt so confident of success."

"Perhaps thou wert too confident, and so neglected it," said the gardener, kindly. "If thou triest once more, remember that thou must never relax thy watchful care."

"Ah! how can I ever hope for success now?" said the stranger, sadly. "My heart is sore with disappointment."

"One never knows," said the gardener; "and if thou shouldst ever tend another plant, hasten to tell me how it has fared with thee and it."

The gardener lived to know that many, taught by him, had learned to find the fragile flower Friendship and to rear it with success; some had failed once and twice and thrice, and then succeeded; and others had failed altogether. But there were many who had divined his secret, and he was glad. For he knew how much the world would gain of whiteness.

Then he died, and it is not known to whom he bequeathed his own beautiful plant.

Maybe you have it; perchance I have it. It is surely among us somewhere.

A MIGHTY POWER FOR GOOD.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

PERHAPS it is superfluous and didactic to say that no era of the world's history has been so strongly marked by human progress as these last years of

the nineteenth century. It is a great truth, however. The historian of coming ages will dwell long upon the period and will note at length the great advancement in



"LET US HEARTILY REJOICE IN THE STRENGTH OF OUR SALVATION."

scientific knowledge and in mechanical development; but if he is a true historian he will not close his chronicle with these, nor with the wars and political changes of the times. He will look deeper; he will search for the impelling forces of the great happenings and discoveries in the social conditions, and there his eye will rest upon a movement which cannot be overlooked, because it is unique and powerful and highly influential for the right. That movement is the rise and extension in all quarters of the globe of the Salvation Army.

The organization of the army began in London in 1865, and the time was ripe for it. London and some other great cities of the world had become so congested that a vast number of the population were pushed so far below the average level of the social stratum as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary spiritual and moral influences. They were living lives of wretchedness and degradation, all powers of good and self-help within themselves withered by the hard conditions,



GENERAL BOOTH.

and the benign influences of church and school passing over their heads because of the very depths of their fall from the normal state of life. Misery was their master; and crime, untrammelled and unrestrained, stalked among them like a king.

The problem as to how to improve this deplorable condition confronted London in 1865, and it confronts the great cities of the world to-day. But it is not quite so urgent now as then; the evil has been alleviated, and the man who has done more than anybody else to bring about this result is William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, whose headquarters are in London.

The Salvation Army and its methods have suffered severe criticism; sensitive people find them noisy and sensational. Yet these are the methods which appeal most strongly to the people whom they are designed to

aid, as has been proved by the remarkable growth of the army; and even supposing there are real grounds of criticism on this score, they will certainly weigh but little in



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



EX-COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

the minds of just people when balanced with the enormous good which the Salvation Army is known to have accomplished. It has nearly seventy thousand members in the United States alone; and it is not unconservative to say that the number of people whose lives have been made better and happier through its influence mounts into the hundreds of thousands.

It will be seen from this that the Salvation Army, whatever may be said against it, is a tremendous power in the world. It is a power, moreover, which is every day becoming more generally recognized. Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of ex-Commander Booth, who is a son of the General, and was leader of the army in the United States until the unfortunate trouble in February, which led to his resignation, has in her charming yet forceful way explained the purposes and



"SLUM SISTERS" SINGING GRACE BEFORE MEALS.



A SALVATION ARMY DAY-NURSERY.

aims of the organization to people of education and wealth in many of our large cities, with the result of new understanding and sympathy on their part, and substantial financial aid. An auxiliary of the army has been formed with six thousand members of the most cultivated and intelligent people in the country. They wield much influence, and they have fostered and protected the army, not alone by the weight of their names, but with pen, voice, and pocketbooks.

A fine, commodious building in New York City, recently erected, is occupied as the national headquarters. From here the vast army is controlled and directed; here the multitudinous details of the administration of affairs

The general organization is divided into departments, as, for example, the finance and statistical departments, and a vast amount of detail is involved in their administration. Scenes in the quarters of the trade department are particularly bustling and varied. Many sorts of articles of use to the members of the army in their households are manufactured here by members who learned trades before conversion. An enormous number of letters come pouring in and go out of the headquarters every day, for Commander Booth and his assistant officers keep in very close communication with the army throughout the United States. The goings and comings, the successes and failures and details of the personal lives of the officers



AFTER A MEETING.

in the organization are attended to by a great corps of clerical members. Here, too, the "Conqueror," the monthly magazine of the army, and the well-known "War Cry" are published. In few office-buildings in the city is more business transacted in a day than in the headquarters.

scattered everywhere in the country are duly made known at headquarters by frequent reports.

The organization partakes of a military character. This is due to the wisdom of General Booth. He perceived, when he began his work, that if it were to grow to great dimensions and be really helpful to those whose falls were due chiefly to weakness and self-indulgence, strict discipline would be necessary. This and perfect organization account, in large measure, for the wonderful success of General Booth's plan. Before the difference between Balington Booth and his father there was absolute obedience to a recognized head, with the result of unity of effort and action



throughout the entire immense body, not alone in this country, but in all parts of the world.

There are twelve territories of work in all, in as many countries. Each territory is governed by a commissioner appointed by and subject to the general-in-chief. This territory is subdivided into divisions, under the command of a major or brigadier; districts, under an adjutant or staff captain; corps, under a captain and lieutenant; and wards, under a sergeant. These are the field officers, of whom there are about two thousand in this country. The soldiers under them do not give up their ordinary occupations; the lives of the officers, however, are consecrated to re-



COMMISSIONER F. DE LATOUR BOOTH-TUCKER.
Courtesy of *The Outlook*.



SEEKING TO RECLAIM A DRUNKARD.

ligious work as completely as those of Sisters of Charity. They do nothing else, and their labor is not limited by hours. Night and day they are engaged in efforts to help the unfortunate and encourage the despairing. Every evening during the week, and four times on Sunday, there are meetings which the officers conduct and try to make as interesting as possible by their enthusiasm. At least three hours a day, and oftentimes many more, are devoted to visiting the sick and doing general missionary work.

The feminine members of the Army, many of whom are girls in years, enter fearlessly the reeking tenements and the hotbeds of crime in the slums of our great cities. With a confidence born of

their faith they mingle with the most desperate and depraved men, and often succeed in touching a chord of manliness and good feeling in these withered hearts. Week after week they take the "War Cry" to dives and dramshops of the lowest type, and they find many purchasers among the *habitués*. They never forget to stop to speak a few words of sisterly sympathy to members of their own sex who have fallen so low as to be found in these places, and the words on innumerable occasions have taken seed, and souls have been reclaimed. It may be that these words do not always conform to the rules of grammar, but they are full of pity and kindness and sympathy; and for this reason may perhaps be accounted of more value in the world than the correct speech of the woman who draws away and looks askance at an unhappy abandoned creature in the street.

It is not an easy life, this of a member of the Salvation Army; it entails sacrifices to embrace it. The officer lives on the merest necessities of life, the general officers at headquarters being paid salaries which are extremely small, and the local officers, such as captains of corps, depending upon the meagre collections at meetings, of which they take for their own use no more than is necessary for their bare support. There is no luxury, no pleasure of the ordinary sort. The workers in the slums, in order to get into close touch and sympathy with the unfortunate and degraded people for whom they are laboring, often live among them, sharing their privations, and under-

going any hardship which will help to gain the confidence of their beneficiaries.

There are at the present time in New York City two children's nurseries, one children's home, one receiving home for homeless persons who desire to become soldiers, five rescue homes, where unfortunate women are given temporary shelter after being reclaimed from lives of sin, and fifteen slum posts supported by the Army.

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SALVATION ARMY HEAD-
QUARTERS, FOURTEENTH
STREET, NEW YORK.



The work is carried on by sixty-five slum and rescue officers. It may be interesting to give a brief statistical report of what they have accomplished in the metropolis during the past year. According to the department of statistics at headquarters, 13,339 hours have been spent in visiting the sick; 6,608 little children have been nursed and cared for; 11,806 garments have been stitched and mended and given to children perishing with cold for want of clothing; 13,406 meals have been given to the starving in wretched abodes; 637 sick have been constantly cared for; 1,103 meetings in saloons have been held; 28,138 persons have been personally prayed with; 54,030 separate saloon and dive visits have been made; 40,400 families have been visited; and no less than 88,900 persons separately dealt with in the streets. These cold figures portray but meagrely the intense, pulsating daily life of the Salvation Army slum-workers, but they give an idea of the wonderful magnitude of the work, and a hint, at least, of the enlightening of dark lives and the easing of burdens by these good Samaritans of the Army.

The life of a "slum sister" means daily contact with vice as well as poverty; it means the endurance of cold and often hunger, and threadbare and insufficient clothing; it means, in short, companionship, day and night, with misery and degradation; and yet the slum sister is always smiling. She has an inexhaustible store of cheerfulness at her command, and is, besides, wise and tactful. She teaches no creed. She meets the Romanist or the Jew, not on points of doctrine, but on the common ground of love of righteousness and hatred of sin. The day's ministrations in the tenement houses is wearying both to soul and body, and at night comes even more difficult work in the saloons and dives. As many as fifteen short meetings have been held in one night's round of saloons,—a song and prayer or two, with no attempt toward haranguing or argument; or, if permission to sing is not given, a few words are spoken, and a slip, with a short, direct text, is presented to each man.

"Often," said one of the slum officers, in telling of her experiences, "I have had a bit of paper slipped into my hand as I went out, with just the words 'Pray for me' scrawled on it."

In dives and in the streets the lowest stratum of womanhood is touched—literally "touched"—by the workers. "Sometimes they treat us roughly," said the officer, "but one doesn't mind that. And sometimes they shrink away from us and say, 'Let me alone; you're a good woman and I'm not fit for you to touch.' And then"—her eyes warming with a great sweetness—"we know that they are ours, because they feel their own sin." When this crisis comes, when the woman is filled with loathing for her life, she is taken to a rescue home, where pure and uplifting influences help her in her struggle upward. "We look for the day," said the officer, "when we can give to every man the shelter he needs, and to every woman the protection she deserves."

On the surface there seems to be little system in a Salvation Army meeting. The captain, lieutenant, and soldiers assemble on the platform and sing and pray and tell of how they were converted, without regard, apparently, for sequence or order. Yet a leader never conducts a meeting without a well-defined plan in mind. It is the purpose always to have "a warm, free, living" meeting. There must be energy and vitality, and the enthusiasm which moves others. The seemingly haphazard method is usually intentional; it gives the meeting an atmosphere of spontaneity. The guiding principle is that no one must be allowed to become bored or weary. If the

audience seems to be losing interest, the leader, whose finger is on the pulse of the meeting, his or her eye watching every face, begins to infuse fresh life into the services. A hymn with a lively air is sung; the tambourines and the drums sound more loudly than before.

"Neither sinners nor the devil," says the F. O. Book, which is the leader's guide, "should know what is to be done next."

When the meeting is over and the last of the penitents who have come forward have been prayed with and talked to, the soldiers exchange their uniforms, which are cut in a military style and adorned with much red braid and the words "Salvation Army" across the cap or bonnet, for ordinary dress, and return to their homes. The officers, however, remain in the garrison. Here they live a very simple and very busy life. Every hour of the day is full, and has its own distinct duty. It begins with "bugle call" at seven; after the breakfast at eight, with its closing grace of singing and prayer, the girls are detailed by the captain to the household duties; at ten o'clock there is Bible reading and study, prayers, singing, lectures on certain days, and any special branches of education which may seem desirable. Dinner is served at one o'clock and is followed by "a silence hour," which is devoted to meditation and quiet prayer. Then comes the house-to-house visitation and the selling of the "War Cry" in the saloons and streets.

There is not much time for social pleasures, yet they are not altogether lacking. There is even love and courtship. Marriage is encouraged, but it cannot be contracted without special permission from headquarters, and an officer cannot marry outside of the Army. A husband and wife, who are officers, usually command a corps, and it is necessary that together they should possess all the qualifications for the work. If it is not believed at headquarters that they would make successful leaders the marriage is forbidden, and there is no appeal.

Most great movements begin in a very small way, and the Salvation Army is no exception to the rule. As is known, it was organized by William Booth, who had been a preacher and revivalist in London from the age of nineteen. His experiences in this field enabled him to comprehend with vivid clearness that the methods of the church were wholly inadequate to meet the spiritual needs of the lower classes of society. He realized that a religious body was demanded which would go to them, and not compel them to come to it, and which would present religious precepts in such a way that the hearers' own experience would teach them that they were truths. After much labor and thought, and partially as a result of an evolutionary process from missions and out-of-door services and camp-meetings, the army was organized. The first step toward this end was a meeting on Sunday, July 2, 1865, under a tent in a Quaker burial-ground of Whitechapel, in the East End of London. Impelled by curiosity and the novelty of the affair, the people of the neighborhood flocked to the first meeting. The force and charm of the enthusiasm and eloquence of William Booth brought them to subsequent meetings, which continually grew in size. Others were started by followers of Mr. Booth in other sections of the East End, and gradually the Salvation Army, with hundreds of thousands of soldiers, scattered through Christian and pagan lands, became a great fact.

Ex-Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth labored in the Salvation Army in the United States for nine years, and their untiring effort and devotion to the Army has caused it to grow from an infancy of weakness into lusty youth, with continually increasing usefulness and power.

Recently, in accordance with a general policy of occasional change of posts among the higher officers, the Commander and his wife were recalled by General Booth from their leadership in America. It is not necessary to detail the unfortunate complications, arising from this recall, which led Ballington and Mrs. Booth to withdraw from the great field in which their sowings have borne so fruitful a harvest. Commissioner Eva Booth, a sister of Ballington Booth, was made temporary commander of the army in the United States, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker and

his wife, of India, have been appointed to the command. The ex-Commander and Mrs. Booth have formed a new organization, which has been joined by many of those who labored with them in the Salvation Army. The new army will appeal to wage earners who are without religious faith rather than to slum classes. The blatant drums and tambourines will be discarded for good music, and the uniforms will be less conspicuous than those of the other organization

W. H. J.



FIRST EFFORTS FOR SUCCESS.

SEVERAL FAMOUS PERSONS TELL DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE OF THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES AND THE GUIDING PRINCIPALS OF THEIR CAREERS.

AN AUTHORESS AT EIGHT.

HOW ELLA WHEELER WILCOX WROTE HER FIRST BOOK, AND LONG AFTERWARD BECAME A SUCCESSFUL POETESS.

I PLUNGED boldly into literature at the age of eight. Of course it was a romance that I wrote, and it was a very thrilling one,—I thought then. Its title was: "Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dimley; an Eloquent Novel," written by Miss Ella Wheeler. And for the preface I wrote: "The following novel is a true story. I suppose the reader will doubt it, but it is true. It was a scene I witnessed while living in England, and after I came to America I published it. The reader may believe it now."

This was quite brief and to the point, you see. I did not make the mistake of some other authors, of writing a long preamble to my story. It was a narration of lost children and cruel stepmothers. I had a good deal of difficulty with my penmanship in those days, but I did not let small obstacles like that interfere with my work. When I grew tired writing the letters I printed them, which was easier, because I was more accustomed to it. The manuscript was made up of scraps of waste paper, and was carefully bound by pieces of blue wall-paper sewed together with white thread. I often opened a chapter with an original verse. I think the first of these was my earliest attempt at rhyme. On this account I give it:

Head covered with pretty curls,
Face white as snow,—
Her teeth look like handsome pearls,
She's tall and merry, too.

I still have that queer little book, and I am very fond of it. It is not without its uses. If anybody accuses me of literary indiscretions, isn't it irrefutable proof that I began when I was too young to know any better? It was my first step, moreover, toward a career that I, at least, do not regret, although there are some special things in it I wish were undone. For example, when I was about eighteen years old and editors began to accept almost all of my poems, I thought nothing of writing four or five a day. Of course most of them were trash, yet they supplied necessities which were wanting in my mother's house. That is my only excuse for writing them. I sacrificed art to pay doctors' bills, and to carpet my

mother's room, and to buy clothing for myself. I was a passionate lover of dancing in those days, and once when I noticed after an evening at a party that I had danced through my slippers, I sat down and wrote four bad poems, and with the proceeds bought myself a new pair of slippers and a pair of gloves.

I am not at all proud of these achievements, and I should certainly advise no young writer to attempt to duplicate them. Indeed, such attempts would not meet with much success nowadays, for the reason that a great many more people are writing, and the standard of literary production is higher. But even in those days I was not always successful. I had many trials and disappointments. After my first successes there were whole seasons when nothing of mine was accepted. As I grew older and began to learn something of life and human nature and myself, I realized that I had not yet achieved a place in literature. I began to see the necessity of hard work and study, and despaired of any sudden literary success. When my "Poems of Passion" was published I was astonished at the sensation it made and at some of the criticisms. I had not realized that I was saying unusual things. My whole purpose was merely to express strong emotions strongly and truthfully. During the last four years I have written little; but this spring and summer I expect to publish three new books. One of these is a novel, although I once made up my mind that I had no gift for prose story-writing and would never attempt it again. The others are books of poems, one for children and the other a long dramatic story in verse, which I am striving to make better than anything I have yet written. My methods of composing have undergone a great change since I was a girl. I consider ten lines a very good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration and am in the best possible condition.

I am often asked by ardent girls, full of enthusiasm and vitality and ideas that they can succeed in literature,



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whether they shall adopt it as a profession. This is a very serious question. If the girl has undoubted talent, and is patient and persistent, and strong enough to bear many disappointments without becoming discouraged, I tell her to go ahead. She will probably succeed if she waits long enough, and has the spirit of a young friend of mine. For her the road was very hard and rough for a long time, but when asked one day what she was doing she replied, "I am doing everything but stopping." She has succeeded.

And yet, as far as happiness goes, I think the woman is most happy who is the wife of a good man and the mother of children, and who devotes herself to them and to her home.

THE HARDSHIPS OF STAGE LIFE.

ROSE COGLAN, ONE OF OUR MOST EXPERIENCED ACTRESSES, ADVISES SENSITIVE GIRLS NOT TO BECOME STAGE-STRUCK.

I was a very little girl when I made my first appearance on the stage. It was in "Fanchon," and I played the part of Cupid in a then popular play. It seems a long time ago when I think of the ups and downs, the disappointments, and the hard work of my life since. When I look back and remember these things I become very cautious about advising girls to go on the stage, even if they have great talent. More than talent is required to succeed. It is a curious world, ours of the stage. There are no more kindly and generous and good-hearted people on earth than those in the dramatic profession. One is always ready to help another in any way in his or her power, when once away from the foot-lights. But when it comes to questions of relative prominence in a play, jealousy is rampant; there are many heartburnings, and some of our profession, unfortunately, are willing to go to almost any lengths to attain their objects. A girl must be strong in will and character to resist the pernicious influences which are brought to bear upon her. She must cover herself with a sort of adamant crust, so that the hard knocks she is sure to get will not hurt her very much. She should have, moreover, a certain amount of push, and a good deal of self-confidence, because theatrical managers do not usually trouble themselves to discover talent; it must be brought to their attention, and if a girl doesn't believe in herself very few other people will. Of course, it is only the very young and unsophisticated who believe that a stage career is nothing but glitter and music and applause; yet very few realize how really hard it is, and how much they must give up when they enter upon it. It is the most difficult of all careers for a woman. If she is ambitious,—and I need hardly say that she won't succeed unless she is,—the labor of a theatrical life is endless. No, I certainly should not advise a sensitive girl to enter upon a dramatic career, unless driven by necessity to support herself.

Even if successful, what does she gain? A good income, it is true, and applause and fame. But these latter add but little to her happiness; they are like soap-bubbles in her hand. And to counterbalance them she lives constantly in an artificial atmosphere, and loses completely the home life, which is, after all, I think, the thing dearest to the heart of woman.

A MOMENT OF SUPREME HAPPINESS.

SARA BERNHARDT, THE EMINENT FRENCH TRAGEDIENNE, TELLS OF THE RAPTURE OF HER FIRST SUCCESS.

VERY vividly I remember the evening. It was at the Odéon, in Paris, in 1869, and I, a girl brimful of the enthusiasm and vitality of youth, was about to play a part in "La Passant," a little one-act play by François Coppée. Mine was the part of a page, and I, a novice and unknown, was given it because I was much more slender and therefore looked better in the costume than the actress who was to have played the rôle. There were only two characters in the play, so I would be very prominent. I was graduated from the Imperial Conservatoire, where I had taken the first prize in tragedy and a *medal d'honneur* in comedy, and should have felt, I suppose, some confidence in myself; but when the time to appear came, I was about ready to faint from nervousness. Even after these years I can see the theatre and the rows of upturned faces almost as vividly as I saw them that night when I stepped out upon the stage. Everything seemed startlingly distinct. My voice sounded loud and strange in my own ears. But I had only uttered a few words when I forgot my nervousness, forgot everything but the part I was playing. When it was all over, the people shouted "Brava! Brava!" and thronged around the stage door and cheered me on my way home.

Providence has been kind to me; I have had many pleasures in my life, but never since have I felt such an intoxication of joy as I experienced that night. All doubts were at an end. The public had agreed with me that I could act, and my future seemed assured. I have had much greater triumphs since then, but they have not taught me that a woman can find her happiness on the stage. If she has genius for acting she must act; she must give vent in that way to something within her that will not let her rest, that is always spurring her on. In this case, of course, she will succeed. But many young girls mistake a mere craze for genius. Most of them, fortunately, never get as far as acting on the professional stage. They marry and become good wives and mothers. But a few of the mistaken ones do really get parts in plays. They adopt the stage as a profession, and they regret it, almost invariably. The lives of some of them, indeed, are deeper tragedies than playwrights have ever written.

A REMARKABLE FIRST SUCCESS.

STEPHEN CRANE, THE YOUNG NEW YORK WRITER WHOSE FIRST NOVEL, "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE," IS HAVING PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN LONDON, TALKS ABOUT HIS WORK.

I HAVE heard a great deal about genius lately, but genius is a very vague word; and as far as I am concerned I do not think it has been rightly used. Whatever success I have had has been the result simply of imagination coupled with great application and concentration. It has been a theory of mine ever since I began to write, which was eight years ago, when I was sixteen, that the most artistic and the most enduring literature was that which reflected life accurately. Therefore I have tried to observe closely, and to set down what I have seen in the



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simplest and most concise way. I have been very careful not to let any theories or pet ideas of my own be seen in my writing. Preaching is fatal to art in literature. I try to give to readers a slice out of life ; and if there is any moral or lesson in it I do not point it out. I let the reader find it for himself. As Emerson said, "There should be a long logic beneath the story, but it should be kept carefully out of sight."

Before "The Red Badge of Courage" was published I often found it difficult to make both ends meet. The book was written during this period. It was an effort born of pain, and I believe that this was beneficial to it as a piece of literature. It seems a pity that this should be so,—that art should be a child of suffering ; and yet such seems to be the case. Of course there are fine writers

who have good incomes and live comfortably and contentedly ; but if the conditions of their lives were harder, I believe that their work would be better.

Personally, I like my little book of poems, "The Black Riders," better than I do "The Red Badge of Courage." The reason is, I suppose, that the former is the more ambitious effort. In it I aim to give my ideas of life as a whole, so far as I know it, and the latter is a mere episode,—an amplification. Now that I have reached the goal for which I have been working ever since I began to write, I suppose I ought to be contented ; but I am not. I was happier in the old days when I was always dreaming of the thing I have now attained. I am disappointed with success. Like many things we strive for, it proves when obtained to be an empty and a fleeting joy

SOCIETY FADS.

A CHARMING and remarkable series of ladies' luncheons have been given this spring by a novelty-loving woman who is, as well, rather poorly off for extra dimes and dollars with which to shine among her rich and fashionable friends, yet she is an inveterately hospitable soul, and a housekeeper of the first water. Taking all these drawbacks and inducements into consideration she invited ten congenial feminine souls to luncheon. The table was daintily laid as to silver, china, glass, and napery, but the food was a wonder. There were six courses in all, with the requisite *hors d'œuvres* and relishes, but at every plate lay a prettily decorated menu-card showing, in an itemized list, exactly what the hostess had spent in providing for every plate. Mrs. Goldbonds' eyes fairly goggled to see that she was luncheoning off nine cents' worth of oysters, sixteen cents' worth of lobster, two cents' worth of bread, half a cent's worth of pepper, two cents' worth of butter, and so on down the list, and that, when every atom and ingredient was carefully accounted for, her delicious meal had cost, all told, but sixty-nine cents. Her admiration, envy, and amazement at this culinary achievement was shared by the nine other equally rich guests ; and if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then this little hostess has been a well-complimented woman. Not only all her personal friends, but the smartest women in town, are giving what they call "marked down" luncheons,—feasts that cost per plate ever and ever so much less than ordinarily. Some of the housekeepers have contrived to get up excellent little banquets for ten cents less than the first woman managed ; and Mrs. Goldbonds says the proudest moment of her social career was the day she regally lunched twelve friends at forty cents a plate. It's true it took her nearly a week to study receipts and market prices of meat, vegetables, etc. ; but then it's the trying to work out the puzzle that supplies the chief fun in the entertaining, and incidentally it is teaching the wealthy women a good deal they didn't know of plain, valuable domestic economy.

SPRING fashions, let me tell you in time, have not come exclusively from Paris this year. The women who lead in the modish world have grown a-weary of following the laws set down by the Parisian dictators, and the popular young artists have come to their rescue. Before going to the dressmakers, young women with their season's outfit to be made up consult painters versed in the science of colors, draperies, etc., and have a scheme of costume worked out. That is, for a consideration, the portrait-maker will

study and decide exactly what colors suit an applicant's complexion, hair, and eyes ; what draperies best become her figure ; whether for her cut of features a wide or narrow brimmed hat would be most suitable ; and even the tints of parasols, the shape of shoes, and the glint of jewels are studied out. Now everybody knows that blue and parchment color are the tone selections for the season, according to Parisian decision ; but the modish girl leaves the slavish following of these dictums to commonplace folk. She will turn up at the next afternoon tea, may be, in a long, close-clinging gown of violet-colored wool, with a delicate little cape of white muslin over her shoulders, and her sleekly combed head covered with a wide, black hat, embowered in snow-white plumes. The Parisian potentates in Fashion's world would shudder at the very sight of this ; but the free-born American girl says she will wear what best becomes her, and nothing else. Some women have learned that their eyes and complexion admit only of their wearing certain shades of green, and in green will they defiantly appear while others wear white ; and another woman will meekly put off her jewels if the new arbiters of the mode, the portrait painters, say so. There are numbers of conservative women who still, of course, are loyal to the presiding geniuses of the dressmaker's sanctum ; but they carry their schemes of color or drapery with them, engraft the new ideas on Parisian models, and the effect is, usually, very good indeed.

IN that interval between the actual breaking up of winter festivities and the departure for the country, in place of conventional dancing and dinner parties a great many idle fashionable people have been amusing themselves with "phantom" evenings. Everyone invited to such a dubious festivity must come provided with a thrilling ghost-story, not to last in the telling over twenty minutes. The women all wear white gowns, and in the dressing-rooms are the appliances for making up one's face after a ghostly likeness. The hostess receives in white, her face penciled and powdered to produce a lugubrious effect, and the drawing-rooms are very dark, except for lights winking through the eyes of skull-shaped candle-shades. No one is allowed to speak above a hoarse whisper ; and for a time the guests are entertained by a lecture on spirits that walk by night, or some hideous tale of a walking haunt, all illustrated with lantern slides. The slides of course represent skeletons, graveyards, haunted rooms, and grinning spectres. After this the guests tell their short stories. At one such entertainment famous histor-

ical ghost-stories were pictured and read. All the while a hidden corps of musicians plays blood-curdling music. A *prestidigitateur* makes shocking discoveries of cross-bones in one pretty girl's pocket, or picks a skeleton's joint out of a nice young man's hat, and a skilled lady reads everybody's fate from a crystal globe. Usually the fun winds up, if one can call it "fun," with a supper and a Virginia reel after the pencil-marks and powder have been washed off.

EVERY style of girl is said in society to have her day; and just at present the type of feminine looks in greatest demand and admiration is she of the very sallow, nay, of a distinctly yellow, complexion, whose countenance shows no animation whatever, but who can boast a pair of large, gloomy, black eyes. Can you trace the likeness? These unfortunate girls have come to the fore since Eleanora Duse has won such popularity here. Well, the sallow, dark-eyed girls are enjoying their day hugely, and do their hair in soft, languid-looking folds about their faces, and drop an occasional Italian, instead of French, word into their conversation. In fact, Duse has made the soft language of Italy wonderfully popular since she has been in this country, just as she has brought into favor the custom of wearing a large turquoise ring on the first finger of the left hand. It's the only jewel she honors with daily usage; and the unique ornament is at present one of society's whims.

THERE is beauty in the bath; perhaps Venus and Diana knew that, but feminine mortals of to-day have looked upon their ablutions as necessary chiefly for health and comfort. Well, that is about all the ordinary tubbing is good for; but there are baths and baths, and various ways of taking them, and if you are eager to be admired be-

cause of your slim, delicate figure, why just wash in the fine lissom lines with water. But the water must come from above, and it must come as the showers from heaven, cool and gentle. This is why the newest lavatories in splendid private houses are fitted up with rain-baths, the water arranged to fall from the height that will have the exact effect of a summer shower. Beneath the perforated canopy of nickel, whence comes the rain, the bather, wearing a wash-silk robe and her hair in a waterproof cap, stands at a point where the bathroom's marble floor scoops out like a shallow basin. She stands also in a sort of pen made of bright nickel rods, and all around the pen runs a rubber curtain. When safely inside she turns a faucet, and not only does the water come pattering down, but it dashes out as fine spray from tiny holes along tubes in the nickel-plated pen, and for ten minutes she takes a drenching. This process she undergoes three times a day, and in time she comes in weight and shape much to resemble a nymph of a mythological fountain. A bath like this she takes, too, when she has the blues, for sleeplessness, and, more than all, to get up her golfing muscles; but if she cares for pink cheeks, in spite of the Duse craze, she takes her bath in the back yard. That is, early in the morning she goes down into the back premises, where there must be a goodly grass plot, and if, in the city, no gentle dews from heaven have pearled the grass, she has her maid go over it with a gardener's watering-pot. Then she drops off her slippers, lifts her wrapper ankle high, and in her bare feet begins to race around the grassy domain. Here she dances, pirouettes, and whirls on her toes till thoroughly exhausted, then dips her pink feet into clear cold water, resumes her slippers, and goes back to her room and her bed for another hour. The result is color like "the red, red rose." These baths are also recommended as a remedy for any nervous trouble.

MADAME LA MODE.

AFTERNOON TEA WITH "LA LOIE."

LIVES there the woman with heart so indifferent to the fascinations of that never-stale topic woman's dress, that her eye will not brighten with interest if she be invited to take tea with "La Loie," and, incidentally, to enjoy an intimate inspection of her newest Paris gowns?

Naturally, these gowns are stamped by the marked individuality of their wearer; but, for certain reasons, in this case the subject is of more than ordinary interest to women. Miss Loie Fuller is one of the quietest but firmest advocates of what, for want of a better name, we must call "reform dressing." First adopting the most simple and healthful form of dressing possible, which varies not from year to year, she ingeniously modifies and adapts the styles of the season to her own use; and the results are so lovely and unique that every woman who sees them feels 'hat she would be glad to become an humble imitator.

All unspoiled by the marvelous success of recent years, which has made her known throughout the world, Miss Fuller, seen in the privacy of her own parlor, is a charmingly hospitable and most unassuming woman. Her sweet, low voice is musical in its well-modulated tones, and to this charm is added a natural and unaffected manner, which is not only very winning, but also a surprise; for, living her life as she does in the blinding glare of stage-light, in a succession of posings for public favor, it

would be small wonder if the multitude of pretty airs and graces which win rapturous applause behind the footlights were unconsciously assumed in private life. It would be hard to exceed the simplicity of her daily life and habits; she drinks no wine, and never indulges in late suppers after the theatre.

Questioned by a friend of many years as to how she felt concerning her great foreign successes, "La Loie" replied: "Why, I look at the newspaper accounts, and I cannot believe it is all about me; but I'm just as interested in each fresh triumph as if it were the first, and when I read eagerly all about it, it seems as if it were somebody else."

"La Loie's" originality and genius have been rewarded with, perhaps, the greatest pecuniary success ever achieved by a woman. Her annual income has gone beyond the hundred thousand dollar mark; and she clears from her latest engagement in New York City about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Only a Philistine who would ridicule his own mother for five cents a line could find in the affectionate relations between Mrs. Fuller and her daughter matter for flippant space-writing. They are always together, and very delightful is it to see Miss Fuller's constant thoughtfulness with regard to her mother, who is in delicate health, and whose needs are always her first concern. Both mother and daughter have formed valued friendships abroad,

friendships that have admitted them to the intimate home-life of many noted people ; but they are still true Americans at heart, and have enjoyed their return to America and American things intensely.

It has pleased Miss Fuller more than a little that for the first time in her artistic career she has been asked here in New York to pose in private dress. "Why," she says, "they are interested in me, now, not the dancer; it is I they want to see." And then she bubbles over with gleeful pleasure. As it is in herself and her dressing in private life that we are specially interested, I will only say with regard to the dancing-gowns that the five-hundred-yard gown is no fable, and that those who see it find it easy to credit the story that so many yards of silk were used in making it.

As a rule, all of Loie Fuller's gowns, both for the stage and home, are cut in the Empire style. Besides her shoes and stockings, Miss Fuller handles but three garments in making her toilet. She dons a Union or combination suit of wool or silk, and knickerbockers of flannel or silk, according to the season and temperature; then over her head is thrown her Empire gown, all in one piece, a few hooks are fastened in the back, and, presto! my lady is gowned and ready for the day's events. Think what a labor, strength, and time saver such a unique system of dressing is! On a transcontinental journey it would rob a Pullman dressing-room of all its horrors!

These Empire gowns have the simplest possible little plain, short, round waists, extending only a few inches below the armholes, and the very full skirts, cut in umbrella-like gores, are sewed to the waist. The gores are very tapering at the top, something in Princess style, and define the waist a little, flaring widely at the bottom in the fashion of a cart-wheel. From the daintily simple little blue alpaca, lined with blue-and-white checked taffeta, which is Loie Fuller's pet gown at present, to her most sumptuous evening-gown, all are cut the same. To complete the alpaca for traveling and the street is a very smart Empire coat, with long, circle skirt joined to the waist under a belt which straps in front just beneath the bust; full bishop sleeves, broad revers, and a high collar protecting the back of the neck, complete it.

An exquisite rainbow-like gown is of black moire with



"LA LOIE" IN HER SHELL-PINK MOIRE.

sleeves of Pekin moire, the narrow stripes being of rainbow colors; the seams of the skirt are *pailletted* to match the stripes, one color on a seam, thus with every movement there is a shimmer of rainbow colors waving round the figure. A wide band of rainbow spangles finishes the high square round the throat, and there is a berth-like arrangement around the shoulders of leaves and points of the moire bordered with spangled guipure, which gives the crowning touch to a perfect Parisienne gown.

Charmingly dainty and flower-suggesting is a gown of a warm, stone-colored tricotine, the daring but effective

color-combinations in which proclaim the French designer. Like most of the skirts the seams of the narrow gores are *pailletted*,—this one with steel spangles,—and the skirt is mounted to a short-waisted, close-fitting bodice of heliotrope velvet; the high square neck is bordered with a band of steel-embroidered emerald-green velvet, and folds of the same on the shoulders and banding the bishop sleeves above the purple velvet cuffs are clasped by huge buckles of cut steel. Two fans of lovely *duchesse* lace suggested to Miss Fuller the unique cuffs which fall toward the hands and are faced with the filmy lace.

Of course "La Loie" is too sensible to wear throat-cutting choker collars. All the necks of her day-gowns are cut in a high square, bordered with a flat trimming of lace or spangles, which is most becoming to her lovely round white throat. To wear with these for occasions, Redfern, her Paris dressmaker, has cunningly contrived little yokes, or plastrons, to match the gowns, which are finished with soft folds around the throat having the most fascinating little collars of points and frills falling over them.

Looking at Loie Fuller as the folds of her voluminous skirt fall gracefully around her in quaint old-time fashion, there is an enchanting harmony between herself and her gowns. It is impossible to think of her as gowned in the manner of other women, yet it is a simple thing to fancy other women gowned like her.

As the exquisite evening-gowns of richest silks and satins—shell-pink moire, pearl-white satin, all a moonlight shimmer of silver spangles, and ivory *faille* lined with American Beauty silk—were displayed before our admiring eyes, a little chorus of ecstatic "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" resounded through the rooms. Dainty French touches give a beauty of detail impossible to describe,—a knot of bright velvet here to accentuate a sleeve-band; folds of soft *chiffon* to cross the white shoulders, and fall thence upon the skirt, mingling with its folds; and such an artful restraint in the employment of all these little additions that the whole effect is the most artistic expression of simplicity.

With all a woman's fondness and pride Miss Fuller handles her treasures of rare lace and shows us an exquisite bertha of rose point which her ingenious brain, aided by deft fingers, evolved out of a parasol cover, by ripping out the centre. The odd little centre meantime makes the smartest possible toque, mounted over one of Virot's

inimitable puffs of heliotrope velvet, with tossing plumes galore.

Two cloth tailor-gowns—one a rich puce-color, the other dark blue—are models of severe simplicity, and furnish hints of coming moderation in styles which women of taste will be glad to see. They are the only conventional gowns in Miss Fuller's wardrobe; but even these bear the stamp of her individuality. The plain gored skirts measure about three and a half yards at the foot; the narrow front breadths are buttoned at the top to the side breadths



HER IVORY FAILLE EMPIRE GOWN.

with three large pearl buttons, and there is no placket in the back. This convenient as well as ornamental feature is "La Loie's" own idea, and has since been reproduced many times by Redfern, who recognized its value. One gown has a round Eton jacket with the simplest possible revers, rolling back from the waist line to the top, and faced with velvet matching the cloth. The other jacket has trim little coat-tails across the back, and is worn with a leather belt.

E. A. FLETCHER.

OUR GIRLS



A DAY AT VASSAR.

SNUGLY bestowed among the beautiful foot-hills which roll picturesquely between the Highlands and the Taghanic Mountains, with the Hudson flowing not far from its rich estate, Vassar College owes a debt of gratitude to its location. Quitting the Poughkeepsie station, a short drive of two miles over a pleasant road which winds about under arching trees soon brings one

use for his modest million than to devote it to the spiritual, mental, and physical instruction of young women, when as yet college courses were heard of only in connection with the brothers of the family. "It occurred to me," said Mr. Vassar, "that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development."



ON THE LAKE IN WINTER.

to the lodge entrance. Here one gets a direct glimpse of the great central hall built by Matthew Vassar at a cost of a half-million dollars; and over this entrance, facing the building, a huge clock, like the eye of the giant Polyphemus, stares unwinkingly out, and warns maids scholastic of the flight of time and the approach of examinations and vacations.

The epoch of college-making, at least of the making of women's colleges, has been as brief as fruitful. The year which closed the Civil War saw the opening of Vassar College, the pioneer in this good path, and because Vassar has successfully met and grappled with the many problems concerning the higher education of women, the way for her younger sisters has been far easier than it would otherwise have been.

Vassar was founded while the martial spirit was still abroad in the land, when courage and energy, devotion and loyalty, were working out in many ways, and for this reason, perhaps, the democratic spirit is particularly strong here, and distinctions of wealth and position have little place beside the better distinctions of character, disposition, and scholarship.

A wise man—far wiser than his day—was Mr. Matthew Vassar, the benevolent brewer who could find no better

For the physical he provided, first, a resident physician, then an innovation on established custom; second, a well-equipped riding-school, later transformed into a museum; and third, another innovation, a system of gymnastic practice with a teacher.

But not more directly have these contributed to the health and comfort of Vassar students than has the excel-



THE LODGE.



A VASSAR GIRL'S PRIVATE KITCHEN.

lent arrangement of rooms in the dormitory. On three floors of the great building, which is five hundred feet long, five stories high, and has two large transverse wings, small hallways extend back and open into suites of four or five rooms each. So perfect is the arrangement of rooms that although this great building shelters three hundred students and a large force of in-

consisting of three or four bedrooms and a common parlor, every Vassar girl remembers with delight. If the warning sign "Engaged" is not out, we may knock at the door and catch a glimpse of a cozy parlor adorned with pictures, bric-à-brac, books, and the omnipresent divan with its tempting pillows. The well-ventilated, always single bedrooms open from the parlor, and the little family of students who make their school home so attractive can always command hours of retirement or of sociability. Tempting spreads are suggested by the chafing-dish and alcohol lamp, and great clusters of *fleurs-de-lis*, yellow lilies, and boxes of ferns testify to woodland tramps through the glorious wooded region in the vicinity.

Besides this great hall, a new and handsomely-furnished dormitory for one hundred students, called Strong Hall, is near at hand, and there is a fine gymnasium, the gift of alumni, a music hall and art gallery, a museum, an observatory, and the Vassar Brothers' Laboratory of physics and chemistry.

structors, besides providing recitation-rooms, general parlors, residence rooms for the president and his family, general offices, and library, yet one is not conscious of the presence of a great company or of the amount of mental and other industries transacted under its roof. The home-like parlors are central and hospitable; in the messenger's office all sorts of information is courteously proffered, and pleasant young ladies are in waiting to guide one over the building or transact errands of love, mercy, or business.

Those delightful little suites of rooms,



STAGE SET FOR "HALL" PLAY.



IN THE LABORATORY.

"How are they governed?" is an interesting problem to the visitor in this great household. No rules are promulgated by the faculty, yet the daily life moves on simply, quietly, and with great apparent freedom. The secret of it all, so the student-president will tell you, lies in the organization known as the Students' Association of Vassar College. On entering, each student is given her choice of being governed by one of two powers: the Student Association

or the faculty. The mischievous girl who hopes to escape the Scylla of community discipline falls into the Charybdis of government by the higher powers. But the general spirit of the college is so excellent that cases involving severe discipline are almost unknown.

The rules of the Student Association are mainly preventive of disturbance to students and are classed under

this action is given to the faculty. But the Vassar constituency is a rarely fine, honorable body, and its spirit is against willful violation of the rules which obtain in all well-ordered, refined communities.

The effectiveness of Vassar's social education is best attested by the great body of its alumni. From its earliest years a prominent feature of its administration has been the cultivation of social graces, not by formal enactments, but by the daily influence of the entire household. The student whose home life has been devoid of social opportunities finds herself surrounded by the refinements of a sphere in which she soon learns to move with grace. Several formal functions occur during the year, notably a dinner given by the lady principal; also the general receptions on the Philaethean anniversary and on Founder's Day, when the college halls are merry with dancing and song, the Vassar girl is out in her very best gown, and unlimited tea and ices are served. The opening of the seniors' parlor, which is newly furnished each year by the incoming senior class, and before whose draped doorway shines out, just now, a brilliant '96, in gas jets, is another grand occasion, and everyone looks forward with delight to the four "hall plays" of the Philaethean, given under distinguished auspices in the hall of the gymnasium.

The ordinary week-days are full of serious work. There is the Strong department of science under able leadership. The biological laboratory, with its microscopes and scalpels, its dissecting instruments, incubator, paraffine baths, and aquaria, its charts and fine collections; and its excellent library is filled with enthusiastic students, any one of whom can give the visitor a clear, interesting explanation of her investigations, and with her colored pencil sketch the anatomy of clam or tadpole with perfect ease.

The Vassar Brothers' Laboratory of Chemistry and



THE GYMNASIUM.

provisions for securing quiet, for chapel attendance, for daily exercise, and for the hour of retiring. Quiet in the main building is provided for from ten at night to seven in the morning, and noise in the corridors or the playing of musical instruments is not expected at hours when they would be annoying. Exercise for one hour a day, either in the open air or in the gymnasium, is required, but active committee work, such as moving chairs, placing scenery, or otherwise preparing for dramatic or other entertainments in the hall, is accepted as an equivalent. The process of retribution or reform is very simple. Any student whose neighbors prove troublesome may enter a complaint in writing to the president of the association, always a senior, and due warning is given by this officer to the offending parties. A second admonition is rarely necessary; but in extreme cases the offender may be summoned before the committee, or by vote of any seven of its members may be temporarily suspended from the association for the semester, and notice of



A TEACHER'S PARLOR.



STRONG HALL.

Physics is a generous building, with qualitative and quantitative laboratories fully equipped for individual work; while at the astronomical observatory, made famous by the achievements of the late Miss Maria Mitchell, one of her trained pupils assists the students to work out celestial problems.

By a new requirement in the departments of music and art, the standard of excellence in these branches has been materially raised. Until recently, special students have been admitted to the departments without passing all of the ordinary entrance-examination; but, believing that excellence in any study can best be attained by well-disciplined minds, Vassar now requires all art and music students to take the entrance-examinations, and the result has been most favorable in the music hall and studios.

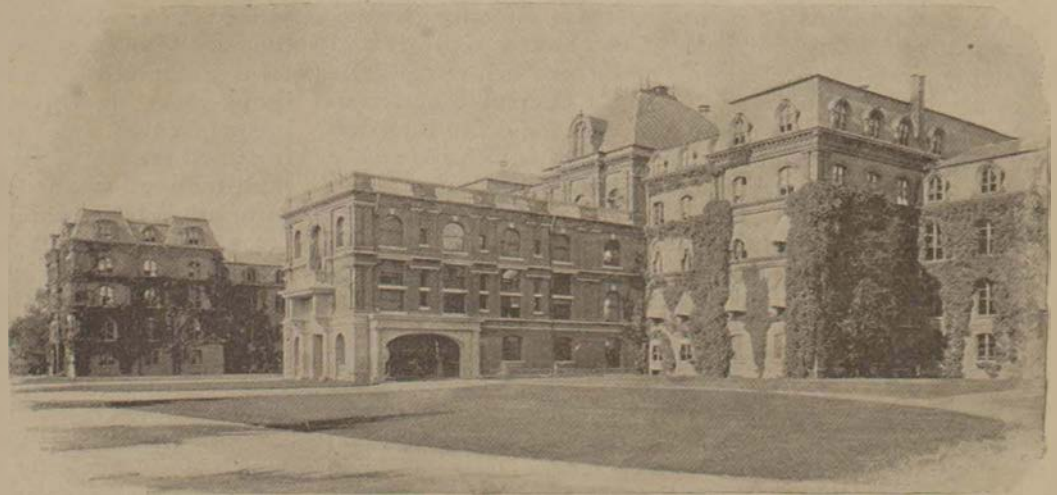
All Vassar girls are fond of the well-equipped gymnasium, but for out-of-door amusements perhaps their first choice is for a fine long tramp over the hills, rowing or skating on the neat little lake close by, or a game on the tennis court. "We like to be country girls and wear cotton dresses and go without our hats," said one fresh-faced, healthy student; and the statistics of the woman physician in the infirmary on the top floor, which is a complete little gem of an infirmary, bear witness to the Vassar girls' wise choice of recreative amusements. Increasing interest in athletics has been manifested the past year. Basket and bottle ball teams have been formed, and as the college is situated far away from the town, and the tennis and ball grounds are in the shelter of the Plaisance, the students are encouraged to this sort of exercise and allowed to count it as time spent in the gymnasium.

Even the casual visitor learns to respect the work of the Vassar student. Her day begins early. She breakfasts at half-past seven, puts her room in order, and at half-past eight is ready for the first recitation hour. With analytical geometry or calculus, Aristophanes, French conversation or Sanskrit, psychology, theory of art, study of harmony, or analytical lectures in music, laboratory work or

botanizing, each one is busy, and finds her course so well chosen that while she has no leisure hours hanging heavily on her hands, yet she is not overworked or forced by too rigid requirements to the point of nervous exhaustion.

On Friday evening, with the consciousness of duty well done, the Vassar girl dons a prettier gown than usual, and takes a longer spin than usual in room J, which serves as a dancing-hall, or arranges a special "spread" in her little parlor for her special friends. Or perhaps there is a class-meeting or some special function of one of the numerous big or little clubs without which no girls' college is quite complete. Of course there is a Shakespeare Club and a Dickens Club, also a Faust Club, an art, music, and a tennis club. The Young Women's Christian Association conducts weekly prayer-meetings in the chapel and has a branch club for special missionary work.

The Floral Club is an old and highly respectable society of Vassar life. A small fee secures to each member the entire control of a generous plot of ground, which she may cause to bloom with flowers of her own choosing. At the end of her course these plants revert to the general beds, from which any member of the society may gather flowers. The beds are arranged around the beautiful evergreen-enclosed Plaisance which is devoted to tennis courts, and this favored section of the grounds is bright with flowers and pretty girls on all pleasant summer days. The Eleanor Conservatory, a memorial gift to the college, also contains many treasures for the flower-lover.



THE MAIN BUILDING.

But the great clubs are undoubtedly the old Philaethea, or "Phil," with its three chapters,—Alpha, whose color is red, Beta, white, and Omega, blue; the "T and M," a debating society modeled after the House of Commons; and the Qui Vive. The Thekla is an enterprising musical society, and each class has its own glee club. The Current Topics Club posts a daily bulletin of the news of the world outside of Vassar, very helpful to busy students. The New England Club had last year thirty-four members from Massachusetts, and twenty-five from Connecticut; while the Grand-daughters of Vassar is composed of noble representatives of their student ancestors. Two new clubs have been formed the past year. One is composed of Greek students and is happily named the Hellenic Society; while the other has for its object the

discussion of topics of general interest, and is called the Civitas.

If the Vassar girl is not born a scribbler she certainly is inspired to write when she becomes a student. The "Vassar Miscellany" is a notable, well-edited college journal, containing matter which would be called excellent by any just critic. Dramatic writing is much affected by the Vassar student. As trigonometry has been dropped down to the freshman year, the time-honored "Trig" ceremonies are no longer observed. In their place the sophomores substitute an original play, written and presented by members of the class.

It is gratifying to know that the number of students in this peculiarly symmetrical college for girls is every year increasing. This year the enrollment is five hundred and forty-two, of which one hundred and nineteen students are in the senior class. With these numbers the halls are more than well filled, and the trustees have found it necessary to provide additional dormitory space. They have leased a large house, formerly occupied as a school, one mile from the college, and here seventy students find a home. It is hoped that at no distant day a fine new dormitory may be erected on the grounds.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT



FURNISHING THE SUMMER HOME.

THE summer home is coming to occupy a most important place in the plans of a rapidly increasing army of families, for thoughtful people are waking to the immense influence this annual flitting has upon the general health. It is very widely recognized, now, that, not alone for the children, but also for the grown people, are freedom from town restraints and the advantages of an out-of-doors life of enormous value.

In the discussions of plans for these summer outings very many cunning methods of combining comfort and economy have been devised; and there is a remarkable concurrence in the opinion that one's own vine and roof-tree, be it nothing more than a modest log-cabin camp on the banks of a lake or in the mountains, affords vastly more comfort than any boarding-house or summer hotel. Experience has proved, also, that in some of the most delightful places, the quietest and most restful, it costs no more to rent a house for a whole season than to stay for a week or two at the huge caravansaries where gregarious humanity herds.

Naturally, woman's part in the making of these summer plans is a most important one, from their first inception to the success with which they are carried out. The happiness of the family depends upon the skill, ingenuity, and wise forethought of the home-maker, who, with her hand on the tiller, guides the craft through peaceful waters into havens of rest and delight; but if she be unfit for the trust she is carried by every unfavorable current into whirlpools of contention, unwise expenditure, and the embarrassment of inability to provide for needs. With the cunning born of a true appreciation of what she herself needs, as well as all her flock, the sensible woman will establish two beacon-lights by which to be guided: the choice of a house, cabin, abandoned farm, or tent, in a healthful locality where there is plenty of air and sunshine and pure water; and such a selection of furnishings for it as shall insure the utmost comfort with the least care and expense.

It is quite possible to have everything daintily bright and attractive, and even luxuriously comfortable, without employing any of the delicate and perishable things which add so much to a housekeeper's cares, and without great expense. The simpler the summer home is and all its

arrangements, the easier it will be to run it with little labor, and the more time there will be for rest and the enjoyment of out-of-doors life. The change from town to country life should bring to every member of the family, and especially to the mother, as much freedom from care and as complete change from the daily routine as possible.

The hall in the summer home should be next in its inviting appearance to the broad piazza, which is in reality the most important part of the house. If there is not room for a parlor and large hall, combine the two in one as the living-room; it will be found much more enjoyable, giving a greater sense of spaciousness, better air, and lending itself readily to picturesque effects in furnishing. The multitude of small details, collections of various sorts, rare bric-à-brac, choice porcelains, etc., which have in recent years turned town houses into museums, should be studiously avoided; for not only is it a weariness to the flesh to take care of these things, but it is actually a strain upon mind and eyes to be confronted at every turn with a multiplicity of objects. Therefore a wise restraint should be exercised in the selection of everything of a purely decorative character. Every piece of furniture should be for use and comfort; you want no stiff, spindle-legged chairs, which invite one only to perch lest they fall beneath one's weight, nor stiff, upholstered chairs and *tête-à-têtes* which proclaim their ceremonious purpose.

The great, roomy hall should invite to restful ease, and there should be couches, divans, and lounging-chairs, with plenty of soft cushions wherever they can be placed, as well as low willow chairs by work and tea tables. If there can be but one open grate in the house let it be, by all means, in the hall, where a cheery fire on cool evenings and mornings will be most enjoyed, and whence the genial warmth will most easily pervade the whole house and dispel its dampness.

If the floors can be painted that is the next choice to a hardwood finish; but if neither of these is available it costs but a trifle to cover all the floors in a house with neat matting, and it can now be had in attractive patterns and colors which harmonize with any scheme of decoration. The walls can be kalsomined, painted, or papered, or

(Continued on Page 421.)

SANITARIAN

HEADACHES.

EMERSON says: "The first wealth is health," . . . which "has to spare,—runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities." Now, just as wealth comes by saving the dollars, so is health gained by saving strength; but the woman who is careful even to parsimony in the spending of her nickels and dimes lavishes her strength, often, upon the pettiest trifles, undertaking herculean tasks with a prodigal recklessness in reference to the drain upon her physical strength which often amounts to criminal carelessness.

The penalty paid for every such violation of inherent laws governing all income and outgo is suffering of some sort,—Nature's check, as it were, to arrest the unwise expenditure before the culprit plunges into complete bankruptcy. The number of women who are chronic sufferers from headache of some sort are legion; but who of the number realizes that in most cases she is simply paying the penance for an overdraft upon her strength? A great deal of the suffering of this sort that afflicts womankind is self-inflicted; for although there are many kinds of headache, which arise from many causes, the real root of the difficulty, back of other immediately producing causes, is, oftener than not, overwork.—fatigue to the point of exhaustion.

Usually a headache is not to be regarded as a disease, but as a symptom of internal disorders,—a warning sent out by Nature of troubles which but for this arresting pain might pass unheeded till grave complications had set in. Both nervous and sick headaches arise from over-fatigue more frequently than from any other cause, and absolute rest must be part of the treatment in each case. The woman who persists in ignoring the racking pain of a nervous headache, and by the exercise of a strong will-power drives herself on to accomplish whatever duties or engagements lie before her, is heaping up for herself days of bitter reckoning. She should accept the pain as a danger-signal, and give the tired brain and body the care and rest they need. Many cases will find almost immediate relief from bathing with hot water. If someone can do this for you, all the better; but if you must be your own nurse, put on a loose wrapper, knot your hair high, out of the way, and, sitting in a low chair by the side of the bath-tub so the head can be bent over it, bathe the back of the neck with water as hot as can be borne. Rub the sponge up back of the ears, also, and across the forehead. Ten minutes of this treatment should afford relief; if it does, sponge the whole face and throat for a few minutes with hot water, then dash cold water over the face, and lie down for a half-hour, or, better still, sleep for an hour or longer.

Obstinate cases which are not relieved by the hot-water bathing must use also a hot foot-bath with mustard and salt in the water. This is also the first remedy to be employed for a dizzy, congestive headache, often produced by prolonged mental work, and greatly, aggravated by indigestion, constipation, and any disturbances of the

circulation. If the pain be increased by using the eyes, it is perhaps caused by eye-strain, in which case it is often confounded with bilious and sick headache, being frequently accompanied by nausea, restlessness, and sleeplessness. Of course, for this, perfect rest for the eyes is necessary; reading, sewing, etc., are absolutely forbidden, and if they be used at all it must be with frequently changing focus, as in looking at near and distant objects out-of-doors. When the weather permits, rest in the open air will be more beneficial than in a darkened room; and under no circumstances must it be a close room. An abundance of fresh, pure air is of the greatest importance in all cases of headache.

The liver is a greatly abused organ of the internal economy, and it frequently revenges itself for the ill-treatment by causing severe pain in the forehead and over the eyes; the skin and the furred tongue are yellow, and there is a bitter taste in the mouth; vomiting gives partial relief because the excess of bile is thus thrown off. Indiscretions of eating and drinking, causing a morbidly active condition of the liver, sedentary habits, want of exercise, insufficient sleep, and other violations of hygienic laws disturbing the normal and healthful action of one or all of the excretory organs, are producing causes of this form of headache, as also of sick headache, which closely resembles it.

A simple remedy which will often afford speedy relief when the headache is caused by any disturbance of the stomach is a half-teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a half-glassful of hot water. It can be repeated every half-hour till three doses have been taken, but often one dose is sufficient. A hot, close room is a frequent cause of keen suffering, producing a dull, heavy feeling over the eyes, and even a cracking, congestive-like pain in the whole top of the head. These cases are most apt to occur in the evening and in crowded auditoriums where not sufficient care has been exercised to provide for the combustion of air by artificial light. People who are subject to this form of headache should always have with them a vinaigrette with camphor or lavender salts, which afford temporary relief; and if they be wise they will avoid evening crowds as much as possible.

In all cases of headache attention to a careful diet is of the utmost importance. It should be moderate and of the most nutritious and easily digested food. Everything of a clogging nature should be avoided; whole wheat bread, plenty of fruit and green vegetables, with rare beef, well-cooked mutton, poultry, game, and fish afford sufficient variety from which to choose. Wherever it can be had the pumelo, shaddock, or grape fruit,—as it is variously called,—should be eaten freely; and always that or an orange or apple should form part of the breakfast, with some well-cooked cereal, toast, and a bit of rare beefsteak or crisply broiled chop if there is any appetite for meat.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

A Court of International Arbitration.

The truth of Shakespeare's observation that there is "good in everything" is constantly receiving illustration. One of its latest conspicuous proofs is the movement which has resulted from the controversy between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuela boundary line, for the establishment of a court of arbitration to settle international disputes. It is true that there has been much talk of arbitration in the past, but the danger of war with England over the Venezuelan matter has brought it very prominently before the country; it may be said to represent a national sentiment, and has the support of practically all of our men of influence and distinction. An organization has already been formed to further the project, and it is the intention to call a great national convention at Washington for the purpose of impressing Congress with the importance of international arbitration. The time seems ripe for this radical advancement in the relationship of nations to each other. All the parties in Great Britain are said to be in favor of the peaceful settlement by arbitration, instead of the sanguinary settlement by war, of international disputes. The present movement has as its particular aim the arbitration of differences between the United States and England; but if the court were established other nations would undoubtedly enter into the arrangement, with the result of one of the greatest and most important strides in civilization the world has yet seen.

The Italian Disaster.

The Italian government is not entitled to much sympathy for the crushing disaster which overwhelmed its army in Abyssinia, although it is a matter of regret that thousands of soldiers should have lost their lives. The termination of the invasion of Abyssinia will probably put an end to Italian projects for colonial aggrandizement for some time to come; and that this is true is not to be regretted, for the Italian aggressions in Northern Africa had little foundation in reason or justice. In fact, they were carried on simply for Italy's glory. There was much less excuse for them than for British colonial aggression, because wherever English settlers are found there is trade and enterprise; their presence in a locality is an almost certain guarantee of its prosperity, and British men-of-war follow them only to protect their trade interests. There were, however, no such utilitarian motives in Italy's attempts to found a great colony in Africa. She was simply desirous of extending the Italian influence, and was forgetful of the fact that she is not strong enough to accomplish results which present little difficulty to England, France, and Germany. She over-

Ballington Booth's "Volunteers."

Ballington Booth's offshoot of the Salvation Army has at last found a habitation and a name. The habitation is the Bible House, New York City, and the name is "The Volunteers." The flag of the new army has also been adopted. The background of the standard is white, emblematic of purity; in the centre there is a five-pointed blue star, typical of hope; and in the centre of this star is a white cross, which signifies sacrifice for others. In the upper corner of the standard nearest the staff there is a blue field containing as many white stars as there are States in the Union. Over the central blue star is inscribed the Volunteers' motto, "The Lord Our Banner." The flag is intended to embody in its design the cardinal principles of the new organization. With such principles Ballington Booth's army deserves the support and encouragement of the people of this country. That it is animated by the American spirit and not dominated by foreign influences should be a point most decidedly in its favor when compared to the Salvation Army. The latter's sphere of usefulness in this country has been wide, but governed as it is there was nothing to expect but that a schism would occur and a distinctively American organization be formed. Ballington Booth's nine years' residence in the United States has made him an American at heart, and, in accordance with the logic of the circumstances, he has formed an American army. There is hardly a doubt that it will be successful; and there is no reason why this success should interfere with the work of the Salvation Army. There is plenty of room in this country for two such organizations. The Volunteers will follow the example of the parent society by adopting uniforms and an organization of a military character, but it will appeal to a somewhat different class. Mechanics and other wage-earners who are not reached by the churches will be made to feel the influence of the Volunteers, while the Salvation Army will continue in its endeavors to raise and care spiritually for the outcasts. The Volunteers seem to be occupying a new field which borders but does not encroach upon that of the older army of God. Upon consideration it seems that the secession is not to be regretted except from the personal standpoint of those concerned. As a doubling of instrumentalities for good it appears to be a positive gain to the country.

Arbor Day.

The observance of Arbor Day by schools throughout the country is one of the prettiest and most poetical of national customs. It cultivates among children a love of nature, and gives them reverence for the mighty power which animates it. But this is not the limit of the day's usefulness. It has vast practical utility, as will be seen when it is known that the planting of trees on Arbor Day in the wood has given the prairies many thousands of acres of new and much needed woodland. According to reports made at the Forestry Congress there are four hundred and fifty millions of acres of forest in the United States. Of these no less than twenty-five million are cut annually. The country's supply of timber is being depleted at least twice as fast as it is being reproduced. If this process continues at the same rate it will not be many years before great tracts of land will become barren, with streams dried up and vegetation scarce. The decreased supply of water in rivers and creeks has already become noticeable, particularly in the Mississippi River's upper tributaries, which flow through a country from which a vast amount of timber is taken every year.

The ceremonies of Arbor Day teach the children to admire the trees, and give them an understanding of the importance of preserving them. The day is now observed in all the States except Delaware and Utah, although the date, of course, varies with the climate. Thus in Florida the growth of vegetation is far enough advanced on January 8 to celebrate Arbor Day, while in North Dakota it is not observed until May 8. In the other States the tree planting time comes between these dates. To the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, our present Secretary of Agriculture, the credit for the adoption of Arbor Day in this country is due. At his instance his own State, Nebraska, took the lead in the matter, twenty-four years ago, by setting aside April 22 as the day to be devoted throughout the State to nature and her trees.



GENERAL BARATIERI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN ARMY.

looks the fact that she is no longer a first-class power, and she overtaxes her strength in attempting to imitate such powers. While she had as good reasons for her efforts to colonize Abyssinia as had the French for invading Madagascar, resources were lacking. The French enterprise has been exceedingly expensive, rather than profitable, to the government. From these two failures the conclusion may be deducted that colonization for mere glory is not a profitable or sensible business.

The Founding of the Red Cross Society.

Clara Barton and her fellow-workers in the Red Cross Society, who went from us on their great errand of mercy into Armenia, are winning the world's applause and encouragement. They deserve it, of course, yet the world is forgetful; it almost entirely overlooks the founder of this tremendous instrument for good. In a little watering-place in the mountains of Switzerland, called Heiden, he lives, a venerable man of nearly seventy. His great work has been accomplished; in many lands he has seen the Red Cross Society carrying on its work of goodness, and he, personally, is content that the world should not be familiar with the name of Henri Dunant, and should have apparently forgotten that he is the author of the great International Treaty which at Geneva, in 1864, and at Berlin, in 1868, bound the civilized nations of our earth into a compact of mercy. Henri Dunant was born in Geneva, and when he was still a boy he was a member of a society founded to aid the poor and unfortunate of his city. Before he had attained his majority he began to consider the formation of a great international league for the alleviation of suffering. The great need of this became even more urgent than before in his eyes after the Austro-Frankish campaign, and he wrote a book, called "A Souvenir of Solferino," which made a deep impression and gave the first impulse to the organization of the Red Cross Society. As a result of Henri Dunant's energy and enthusiasm military leaders became interested in his idea, and finally it was brought to the attention of the royal families of Europe. They approved of it emphatically and gave its projector very valuable aid and encouragement. This was particularly true of King William of Prussia; in 1868 at Berlin was held the convention in which all of the States which had not been parties to the treaty drawn up at Geneva joined in an agreement to recognize as neutrals in war the wounded and the military and volunteer physicians who attend them. This was a long stride toward humane and merciful methods in warfare, and it was Henri Dunant, now neglected and obscure, who accomplished the unprecedented achievement.

The Exclusion of Illiterate Immigrants.

An intelligent population is a vital thing to a republic; therefore the bill to exclude ignorant and unintelligent immigrants from this country, which has recently been recommended in the United States Senate by the Senate Immigration Committee, is important and commendable. The bill provides that no alien over fourteen years of age who cannot read his native language, except aged persons who are parents or grand-parents of an admissible immigrant, and are provided for by him, shall be admitted to any part of the United States. It is obvious that a person who cannot read or write his own language is not likely to master that of his adopted country. Entirely ignorant of our institutions, this illiterate foreign population, which gathers chiefly in the seaboard cities, presents to unprincipled politicians an easy instrument for political corruption. Moreover, being made up of the lowest classes in Europe, many of the individuals in it become either paupers or criminals and public charges whose presence in a community is very far from beneficial to it. There is no doubt that the bill should become a law.

Women and Bicycles.

It has been said that the year 1895 will be a landmark in the progress of women, and for no other reason than that it was "the great bicycle year",—the year in which the women of the civilized countries put aside their scruples and their uncertainty as to the propriety of the practice and came boldly to the front as devotees of the wheel. The Queen of Italy and princesses of several royal families learned to ride; this, of course, banished the last remnant of doubt from the minds of the fashionable as to the good form of cycling. Undoubtedly the vogue of bicycling among women this spring and summer will be as great as ever, and the acceptance of the divided skirt or bloomer costume as the proper dress for cycling will be even more general than last season. This is not to be regretted, because it is proved that the divided skirts can be made pretty and graceful, and because they are a decided gain on the side of safety and convenience. There is little doubt that cycling is a boon to womankind; yet the exercise has its dangerous feature. Physicians are beginning to sound the note of warning against excessive or untimely cycling on the part of women. Every woman knows when she is riding too much or should not ride at all. The doctors say she should be careful to act in accordance with this knowledge if her wheeling is to benefit and not injure her.

The Dangers in Acetylene Gas.

Acetylene gas has of late been receiving much attention as the illuminant of the future, particularly where electricity and ordinary illuminating gas are impracticable for lighting purposes. Acetylene furnishes a light of much brilliancy, and it is cheap and convenient. With these valuable properties the prospect seemed bright for widespread adoption and great usefulness for the gas, but an apparently fatal objection to acetylene as an illuminant has been developed. It is stated by several authorities that the gas diffused in the air of a room produces in a very short time symptoms of an active and insidious poison in persons inhaling it. The amount of gas necessary to cause these symptoms is very small,—so small, in fact, as to be imperceptible to the sense of smell. It will be necessary, therefore, to use acetylene with great caution; indeed, it would hardly be safe to use it at all unless the difficulty of its poisonous effects be obviated.

Further Developments of the X Ray.

The wonderful ray of light, which, though invisible to the eye, will penetrate wood and many metals, is still the most talked-of thing of the day in scientific circles. As experimentation goes on the possibilities of Professor Röntgen's discovery seem to increase. Thomas A. Edison, who has devoted himself to the study of the new form of light since its discovery was announced, has already achieved the important result of being able to see objects through thick boards and blocks of wood with the naked eye. This may seem incredible, yet the explanation will show that it is easily within the bounds of possibility.

While the X ray is invisible to the eye, it may be made to become visible by means of what is called a fluorescent screen. This is a very simple affair. It is composed of two small sheets of mica, one laid upon the other, and between them are spread tiny crystals of platino-cyanide of barium, which is a rare and costly salt. The virtue of this salt, so far as the X ray is concerned, is that it has in a marked degree the property of phosphorescence or fluorescence; that is to say, it holds and gives out light. The invisible ray enters it, and in the fluorescence which it causes immediately becomes visible to the eye. Mr. Edison's plan, in outline, is to place this "screen" between the Crooke's tube, which generates the X ray, and the blocks of wood, tools, or whatever is to be looked through. In the successful experiments a glow is seen through the object, and the outlines of a hand placed between it and the screen are plainly visible.

The great difficulty at present is the uncertainty and unreliability of the Crooke's tubes. "When these have been perfected," says Mr. Edison, "there is no reason why we cannot look through bones; and we will yet, mark me, see the day, and within a very short time, when a surgeon can hold one of those lamps on one side of the head and look through and see with the naked eye what is going on inside. My experiments convince me of that, although my progress so far has been very slow. Even now, with proper arrangements, I can see with the naked eye all the bones of the hand, and can see moving objects through eight inches of wood."

Another important result of experimentation with the X ray is announced by Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, a well-known scientist. He says he has discovered that the mysterious rays exist in sunlight and in places where no light is visible to the eye; that, in fact, the radiance is universal. "Supposing this deduction is capable of practical application," says Dr. Emmens, "it would seem to make the way clear for the conversion of dark radiant energy into ordinary light, and then we shall solve the whole lighting problem. We can use the radiant energy which surrounds us everywhere, and obtain our light to dispel darkness from the darkness itself."



SKELETON OF A FROG.

ABOUT WOMEN.

THERE ARE twenty-two women in England who are acting as certified sanitary inspectors; and it is worthy of note that their districts are in better order than others which are under the control of men.

MRS. MARY E. G. DOW, of Dover, N. H., has proved her ability to manage a street railway; and, to the satisfaction of the stockholders, has turned over to them very acceptable and most surprising dividends.

MRS. ALICE CRAM, of Boston, has secured the contract from the Chase Granite Company, of New York, to team 40,000 tons of stone to be used in elevating the tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway.

MISS HELEN GOULD has endowed the Helen Day Gould Scholarship of Vassar College with \$8,000, in memory of her mother. By its assistance will be given to worthy students of small means. Miss Gould will be at liberty to name the holder of the scholarship.

MISS NELLIE CHEELEY, of Morrill, Minn., has taken a homestead claim, and is going into the honey business on a large scale, starting her apiary with fifty colonies of bees. She is experienced, and will doubtless make a success. This enterprising Minnesota girl will teach school in winter and care for her bees during summer.

MRS. NANCY MCKEEN, of West Stoneham, Me., has the honor of having killed the largest bear ever captured in that region. The bear was chasing her sheep, when she attacked him with a club, and, after a hard-fought battle, succeeded in laying him out. Mrs. McKeen is eighty-three years of age, in good health, and says she is ready for another bear.

MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, the founder of the Daughters of the Revolution, has presented to that order a valuable collection of letters, reports of meetings, newspaper clippings, and other matter bearing upon the subject, all arranged in perfect chronological order, and forming an interesting and complete history of the organization, from its first inception to the present day.

MRS. RIGGS (Kate Douglas Wiggin), whose deepest interest in life is kindergarten work, and who was the pioneer of free kindergarten work on the Pacific coast, advocates the training of girls for kindergartnerins as "the highest finish that can be given to a woman's education," believing that the study does more for self-development along a certain line than all other mental discipline.

MRS. ARONSON, of New York, under the name of Alma Almina Dolma, made a very successful debut in March on the operatic stage at Milan's famous opera house, La Scala. She appeared in the leading soprano rôle of Giordano's new opera, "André Chénier," and is engaged for operas, to be produced later, by Mascagni, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet. She has studied since 1890 with Mmes. Marchesi, Viardot-Garcia, and Laborde.

MELBA is exceedingly fond of the drama, never missing a chance to see her favorites, Bernhardt, Terry, and Rehan. She never, however, attempts any form of athletics, a long walk or drive every day comprising all of her physical exercise. Her one dream now is to sing at Melbourne, her old home, where she has never appeared, owing to her father's opposition to her stage career. Since her great success, however, he has become reconciled to it and is anxious to have her sing at Melbourne.

MISS MAY FRANCES STETSON, a Maine woman, who has devoted many years to the study of Shakespeare, has evolved a new theory respecting the character of Macbeth. She does not make him the diplomatic villain that Irving does, nor the superstitious prince that Booth created. She treats him as a Highland chief, brave, superstitious, ambitious, cruel, and intellectual,

—one who embodied the vices and virtues, faults and excellences, of his age. She applies the same principles to Lady Macbeth, whom she treats as a type or exponent of her period.

KATE SANBORN'S magazine theories concerning the conduct of an abandoned farm were so good that when she bought a farm for herself not far from Boston some doubt was expressed about her ability to live up to them in practice. This apprehension has, however, all been dispelled by her successful management of her estate. She has made it the show farm of the neighborhood, but it is said to abound so in hammocks and hospitality and flowers as to rouse the contempt of plain farmers; and there is no record of Miss Sanborn's taking prizes for pumpkins or hogs at fairs. But her ambition does not lie in that direction.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 437. 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.

THE tailor-gown, like the blouse-waist, is always with us, but it never looks more attractive than on spring days, when it comes out with some new or especially *chic* touch to announce that it is fresh from the skilled work-er's hand. Although a great many mixed cloths, tweeds, cheviots, and Irish friezes, are made up in these gowns, they have by no means displaced the smooth, fine fabrics. The handsomest tailor-gowns are made of covert cloths, corkscrews, whip-cords, and medium weight plain cloths in solid colors, dark green, blue, brown, and tan. These show to advantage the stitching and cloth bands which are the favorite finish. Coats are of medium length or quite short, and the majority have ripple backs, which flare so the colored silk lining shows effectively in every flute. The fronts of many of these coats are half-fitting and lap broadly to the left, being fastened at top and bottom only with large pearl buttons. The regulation small coat-revers and turn-down collar finish the neck, which opens just low enough to disclose a tiny bit of the cambric or linen chemisette worn with the new stock necktie. This is a stiffened band of satin, fastening in the back, whence the narrowed ends are brought forward and tied in a prim, conventional bow under the chin.

Smarter gowns of plain cloths and more elaborate finish have cutaway coats with waistcoats of satin or the rich waistcoat cloths, which are often embroidered or finished with dainty appliqué of finest guipure. Very dressy blouse-fronts are also worn with them, made of white or cream satin and often veiled with guipure lace. Loie

Fuller wears with her simple tailor-gowns dainty blouses of white taffeta, which button in the back. The fronts are of ivory moire, Dresden-figured white taffeta, and heliotrope-and-white silk, arranged in three loose box-plaits over the fitted front of plain taffeta. The sleeves are only moderately full, and the necks are finished with soft folds fastening under fetching loops of lace-frilled silk. Mohair gowns and those of smooth-faced fancy silk-and-wool mixtures are made with round waists and with very short, full basques. There is a growing disposition to add some sort of tabs, coat-tails, or frills around the waist, which indicates a return

of the basque to popular favor. Very

many Louis Quinze coats, of light *chine*

silks, gayly brocaded satins, and

Persian velvets, are worn with

dark skirts of *crépon* or satin

for the theatre and con-

certs; but they have by

no means displaced the

separate round waist,

which can be so easily

made at home, and of

so many pretty and

inexpensive fabrics

not suitable for the

coats. Not so many

chiffon waists are seen,

embroidered and jetted

nets and laces taking

their place and making

the dressiest waists worn.

For afternoon functions

plain and brocaded black

satins are the first choice, and

they are oftenest completed with

coats of the same or of plain velvet,

black, heliotrope, dark green, or brown.

A model gown is of black brocade, and the

Louis Quinze coat is worn with a smart

waistcoat of peach-colored satin, embroidered

with a vine of spangle and jet embroidery,

and fastened with jeweled buttons. Widely flaring cuffs

of the peach-colored satin, edged with embroidery, are

faced with others of the brocade so only the embroidery

shows. With these coats the neck dressing is very full,

overlapping frills of plaited *chiffon* or soft lace framing

the face, with jabots falling to the bust.



A RAINBOW WRAP.
"LA LOIE." (See Page 414.)

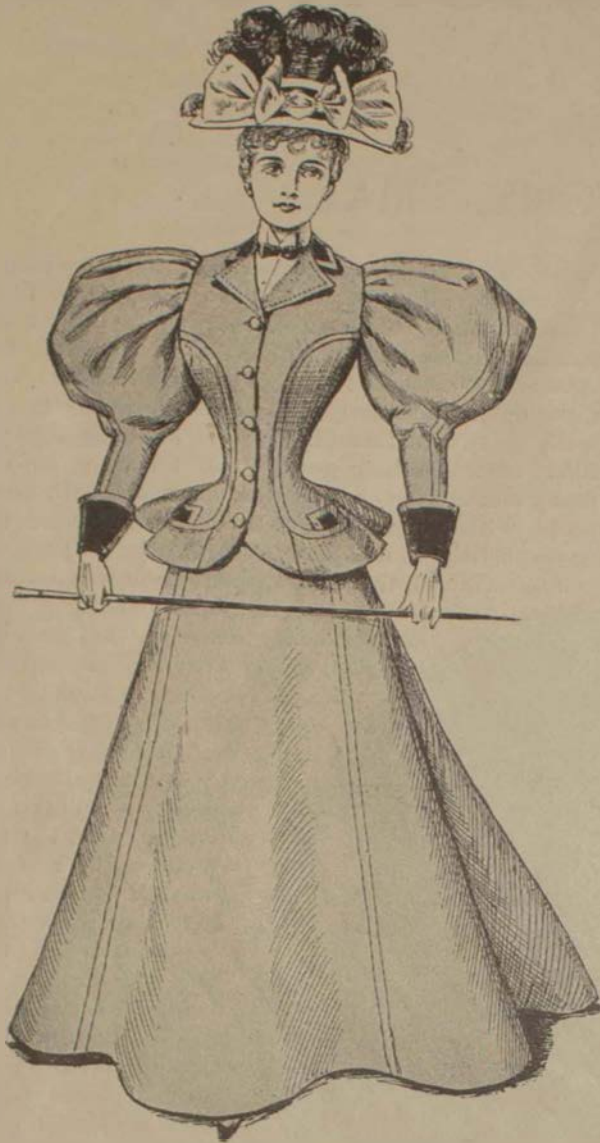
and fastened with jeweled buttons. Widely flaring cuffs of the peach-colored satin, edged with embroidery, are faced with others of the brocade so only the embroidery shows. With these coats the neck dressing is very full, overlapping frills of plaited *chiffon* or soft lace framing the face, with jabots falling to the bust.

OUR thanks are due Messrs. Hilton, Hughes & Co. and Simpson, Crawford & Simpson for courtesies shown.

A RAINBOW WRAP.

(See Page 413.)

This charming wrap completes Miss Fuller's rainbow gown described in "An Afternoon Tea with 'La Loie.'" It is of black moire, lined with heliotrope silk and finished on the edge with a ruffle of doubled velvet, beneath which are full frills of black and white *chiffon*. The broad revers, a deep rounding collar in the back, and the band



A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.
ROWENA COAT. HADDU SKIRT.

of trimming are of ribbon-run jetted passementerie, the "baby" ribbons being of all the rainbow colors. A narrow band of chinchilla fur borders the trimming in the original garment, but for summer wear feather trimming or ruches of *chiffon* or lace can be effectively used. A plaited ruche of black *chiffon* with loops of black satin ribbon finishes the neck. The pattern is named "La Loie."

A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.

This gown is of tan-colored covert-cloth, with cuffs and collar-facing of brown velvet. The skirt—the "Haddu"—has ten gores, all rather narrow, and measures about six yards around the foot. The fullness at the top is laid in three backward-turned side-plaits just back of the hips, and the centre is gathered. The coat—the "Rowena"—has considerable fullness across the back and over the hips, and single darts in the fronts. A chemisette of linen, cambric, or batiste, with a trim necktie, finishes the neck.

MODISH HATS.

(See Page 416.)

- 1.—RUSH-STRAW hat in shades of green and brown, trimmed with natural wallflowers in corresponding tones and a white osprey aigrette.
- 2.—Round hat of shot green straw, trimmed with folds and loops of green velvet, in two shades blending with the straw, and with black-and-white gauze.
- 3.—A becoming toque of green rush-straw; a ruche of violets surrounds the crown, and tea-roses with a green-and-white aigrette complete the trimming.
- 4.—Hat of fancy straw and chenille braid, trimmed with plaitings of black *mousseline de soie*, and pink roses with an abundance of foliage.
- 5.—A toque of jetted crinoline-lace, trimmed with tulle rosettes, Rhinestone ornaments, jeweled feathers, and a white osprey aigrette.



A MOHAIR GOWN.
CYANZE CORSAGE. VOLYTA SKIRT.

- 6.—Black fancy straw hat, trimmed with plaited tulle, black plumes, and pink roses.

- 7.—English picture-hat of burnt straw; the high crown is banded with black velvet fastening under jeweled rosettes; black plumes nod over the brim, which is faced with *beurre* lace; and a half-wreath of pink roses rests upon the hair.

breadths, and measures nearly six yards at the foot. The trimming is a band of batiste insertion finished on the edges with a narrow black lace or a ruche of *chiffon*. The corsage is the "Cyanze;" it is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining of the taffeta, and the mohair is cut out under the insertions so the silk shows through. A ruffle of embroidered batiste finishes the sleeves, and black satin ribbons are looped over the shoulders and used for girdle and stock-collar.



THE POPULAR WRAP.
LUCINE CAPE.

A MOHAIR-GOWN.

TAN-COLORED illuminated mohair, showing green and violet tints in some lights, is the fabric of this becoming gown. The skirt is the "Volyta," which has six gored



THE "LUCINE" MADE IN LACE AND SATIN.

below. Our pattern—the "Lucine" is shown in three different styles, adapting it to various tastes and occasions. The lower wrap is of heliotrope-and-black changeable silk richly embroidered with jet, and finished on the edge with plaitings of black *chiffon*, which are *jaboted* down the fronts and form a very full ruche around the throat; loops of black satin ribbon and tiny black ostrich-tips are fastened at intervals in the ruche. The plain cape is of tan-colored cloth, lined with brightly plaided taffeta and trimmed with stitched bands. White silk guipure appliqué on Brussels net, lined with silver-gray silk, is used for the last wrap. The full ruche finishing the neck and edge is of black grenadine veiling with a satin edge and sprinkled with white polka-dots. It is gathered so the width of the veiling makes a puff between two satin-edged frills; it is more durable than *chiffon*, and is very becoming.



THE "LUCINE" MADE IN SILK AND JET.



MODISH HATS.

(For Descriptions, See Page 414.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 418.)

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

A BECOMING NEGLIGEE.

This pretty *matinée* is made of India silk,—an ivory ground with blue flowers trailing over it. The full front is of plain silk; and the trimming, blue ribbons and wide *platté* Valenciennes. Soft cashmeres and challies are also very pretty and comfortable for these jackets, and for hot weather dainty lawns and dimities are used. For morning home wear, French importers show skirts to match the jackets, which are trimmed with deep Spanish flounces and are a billowy mass of lace, ruffles, and ribbons. They are made fuller than petticoats, but not so full as dress skirts, being a sort of compromise between the two, and not to be mistaken for anything else. The pattern of the jacket is the "Kadijah"; it is fitted in the back with the usual seams, and has a Watteau fold in the centre. A fitted lining crosses the front and holds the back and the flowing front in place.



A BECOMING NEGLIGEE.
THE "KADIJAH."

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.—Tailor-gown of brown faced-cloth, with revers of white *faille* and trimming of brown and-gold cord.
- 2.—Dinner-gown of *chiné* taffeta with corsage of plaited *chiffon* and guipure lace.
- 3.—Commencement-gown of plaited organdy over yellow silk, trimmed with insertions and frills of *Lierre* lace.
- 4.—Visiting-gown of heliotrope *crêpon* and satin; fichu of batiste and *chiffon*, and girdle of black velvet.
- 5.—Tailor-gown of blue serge with white cloth waistcoat banded with black velvet. Burnt-straw hat, trimmed with blue feathers and *ruche* of black gauze.
- 6.—Louis Quinze coat of green velveteen with revers and waistcoat of white satin embroidered with gold thread.
- 7.—Louis Quinze coat of Liberty velvet, blue ground with pink and golden-brown pattern; the edges are finished with guipure appliqué, and the open fronts disclose a waistcoat of ivory *faille*.
- 8.—Hat of fine black chip, trimmed with black plumes and green velvet.
- 9.—Coat of brown faced-cloth and heliotrope velvet, elaborately embroidered with gold and silver *soutache*.
- 10.—Blue camel's-hair skirt with waist of fancy taffeta in blue and red.
- 11.—Fancy coat-waist of embroidered batiste over American Beauty taffeta. A box-plait of the silk, held by jeweled buttons,

extends down the front, and frills of *beurre* lace form a becoming finish.

- 12.—Rush-straw hat in brown and green, trimmed with brown velvet and ivory-white plumes.
- 13.—Visiting-gown of silk-and-wool novelty goods in shades of brown, gold, and green, trimmed with apple-green taffeta. Fancy straw toque, trimmed with spring flowers, green velvet, and gold-and-green taffeta ribbon.
- 14.—Bridesmaid's frock of rose-colored silk with yoke of guipure lace; hose and slippers to match frock; picture-hat of white Leghorn trimmed with rose-colored plumes.
- 15.—Reception-gown of blue and white mohair, with coat of Liberty velvet; jabots of black and of white *chiffon* are cascaded down the front, and the skirt is trimmed with three tiny puffs of the *chiffon*, white over black.
- 16.—Bicycle-costume of brown coaching-twill; the skirt opens in front under the box-plait at the right.
- 17.—Visiting-gown of black grenadine over green taffeta, trimmed with tiny frills of yellow Valenciennes. Black toque, trimmed with green gauze and a white osprey *aigrette*.

A BATISTE BLOUSE.

THE woman-world must by this time have been relieved of one cause of anxiety, for there seems to have been in the minds of many a great state of uneasiness concerning the continued vogue of blouses, or shirt-waists. We can assure all such that until something equally as convenient and comfortable is designed there is not the least danger that sensible women will relinquish so important an article of their wardrobes. Batiste harmonizes so well with many colors and stuffs, and repels soil so readily, that although in the finer qualities its first cost is greater than lawns, Chambréys, etc., it is found that for blouses it is an economy in the end, as it keeps its freshness

twice as long as any of the other fabrics. The blouse illustrated is of embroidered batiste; the back is full but not drooping, and the fullness is held in place by a fitted lining of simple cut, having no under-arm pieces and only single darts in the fronts. The skirt-piece at the back may be worn under or outside of the skirt. The collar and cuffs can be of linen or of the batiste, and the front of the blouse fastens invisibly under the front hem. The pattern is the "Dunbar."



A BATISTE BLOUSE.
THE "DUNBAR."

NARROW gold and silver ribbon belts are fastened with

buckles of filigree, and the newest are studded with jewels.

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.

A NEAT WOOL FROCK.

(See Page 420.)

THIS is a convenient and pretty frock either for school wear or for second best; and it is so simple in style that it is also commended for washable fabrics. Brown-and-white plaid wool brightened with threads of red, green, and yellow, is the fabric of the model frock. The skirt is cut on the bias but

OF CLOTH AND SILK.

A BECOMING corsage for a young girl, suitable as a model to complete a gown of challie, cashmere, or fancy wool, or for separate waists of silk *crêpe* or batiste. The illustration is of pearl-gray mohair with a full front of shell-pink *chiné* taffeta. The waist is full in the back but without trimming. The fitted lining fastens in front, but the full blouse should be without opening and fasten under the fullness on the left side. Stitched straps of the mohair band the folds and are fastened with cut steel buttons. The girdle, neck band, and sleeves are finished to correspond. The pattern is the "Val-



OF PLAIDED WOOL. FIDELIO FROCK. (See Page 420.)



BOYS' SPRING SUIT. THE "ARNALDO."

oria," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

BECOMING NECK-RUCHES are made of grenadine veiling, either plaited or plain, but gathered in a very full puff between two ruffles, and mounted on satin ribbon; artificial flowers are bunched at one side of the chin.

is without gores. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place. The belt and collars are of green velvet, finished with rows of gold *soutache*. For gingham gowns the collars are made of plain Chambéry, which can also be used for the plain parts of the sleeves. White collars trimmed with lace or embroidered frills are the prettiest with lawn and Chambéry. The pattern is the "Minette," in sizes for ten and twelve years.



OF CLOTH AND SILK. VALORIA WAIST.

INSERTIONS OF BATISTE, lace, and embroidery, trim everything, and are more beautiful than ever before.

BOYS' SPRING SUIT.

DARK blue serge is the standard fabric for these little suits, but fancy cloths in heather mixtures, light-weight covert-cloths, and coaching twills in grays, tans, and browns, are also used. The little kilted skirt is left plain across the front; it should be mounted to a straight band and buttoned to an underwaist of satine or silesia. The jacket is generally like the skirt, but sometimes black, blue, or green jackets are worn with kilts of shepherds' plaid or fine checks. The full blouse is of white lawn with collar of all-over Hamburg embroidery, and cuffs and ruffles of the same. Pale-tinted Chambéry, ginghams, cheviots, and cambrics are also used, but only in very small figures or dainty stripes, and in light colors. The pattern is the "Arnaldo," in sizes for two and four years.



FOR COOL DAYS. LENOA CAPE. (See Page 420.)

FOR COOL DAYS.

(See Page 419.)

A GRACEFUL and convenient wrap for young girls, of dark blue camels'-hair serge lined with plaid silk. A narrow fold of blue velvet surrounds the cape, and the turn-down collar matches it. Long loops and ends of blue satin ribbon finish the front. Wraps like this are made to match simple street-gowns, and are found very convenient for school use and traveling, as well as for games, when something that can be thrown on and off with ease is indispensable. The pattern is the "Lenoa," in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.



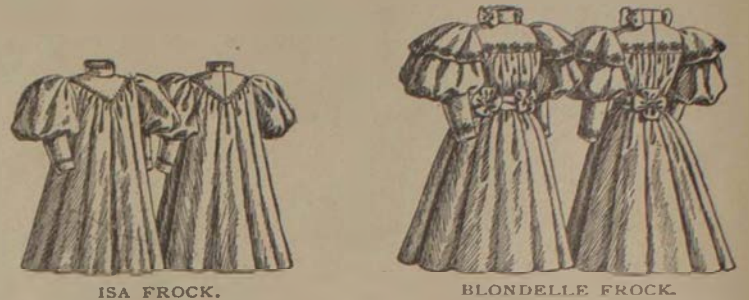
A NEAT WOOL FROCK.
THE "MINETTE."
(See Page 419.)

the plaitings over the shoulders are of green taffeta. A ribbon belt of the same color encircles the waist and hangs in long ends behind, and a cord of the silk finishes the foot of the skirt. The stock-collar and cuffs are of overlapping folds of the two colors. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place, and it fastens in the back. The pattern is the "Fidelio," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

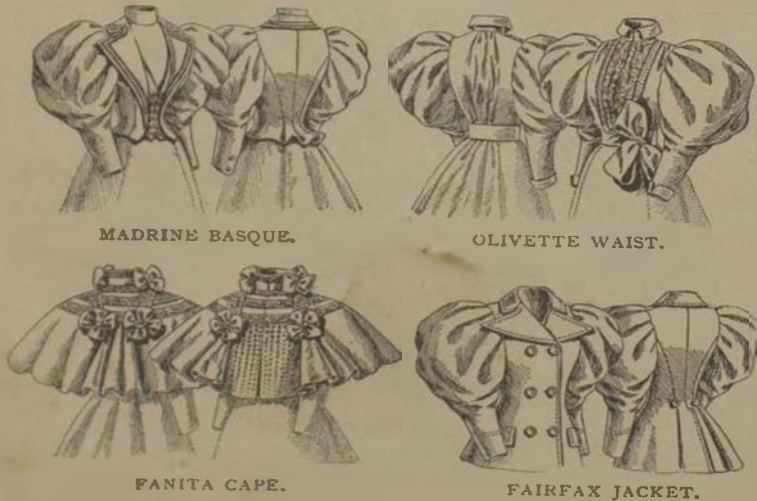
OF PLAIDED WOOL.

(See Page 419.)

THIS simple and charming gown offers a model for washable fabrics as well as those of mixed wool, chilies, and soft India silks. A blue-and-green plaided wool, cut on the bias, is used for the gown illustrated. The square neck is filled in with dark blue silk under batiste embroidery, and



STANDARD PATTERNS.



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.

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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.

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HOME ART AND

HOME COMFORT.

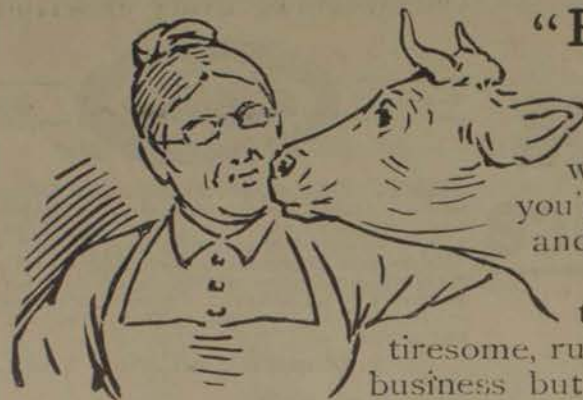
FURNISHING THE SUMMER HOME.

(Continued from Page 408.)

covered with some of the cheap fabrics now so much used for the purpose. Both hall and dining-room should have dados, and nothing is more suitable for the purpose than India matting. It has even been used with admirable effect to cover entire walls, the woodwork being painted to harmonize with the matting, and the ceiling paneled with bamboo strips in irregular Japanese fashion.

Burlaps is now made in effective art-colors, —dull blues and reds, golden browns, and a mixed blue and red; it has a high, glossy finish, is fifty-four inches wide, and costs but seventeen cents per yard. This and the figured art denims, as well as the cotton crêpes, chintzes, and India cottons, are used for wall coverings or as a dado or frieze with a painted wall. Thus one bedroom wall is covered with unbleached cloth and has a dado

(Continued on Page 422.)



"Every one to her taste

—as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." If you'd rather do your washing and cleaning in a slow, laborious way, spending your time and strength in useless, tiresome, ruinous rubbing, it's nobody's business but yours. You are the one

that will suffer by it.

But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use **Pearline**. There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it.

515

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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This Drawing made by Master Frank Lovejoy. Age 11.

GUESS WHAT MAKES THESE LITTLE FELLOWS SO JOLLY?

THAT'S EASY! THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE

Beardsley's

SHREDDED COD-FISH

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Every package of this popular dentifrice contains

A large bottle of liquid Sozodont.

A box of Sozodont Powder.

A sample cake of Sozoderma Soap, for the skin.



A small sample bottle free, if you mention this Magazine. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Is what everybody is after, and not to give, and I am again going to "cast my bread upon the waters" for great returns, as before. On your sending me the names of five afflicted friends who need a remedy no man can make, I will send you by mail a free package of **Vitae-Ore**—and **to them too**—that will convince you that man never did, can, or will compound its equal for man's ills of all nature—that it is a God-made remedy, nothing added or extracted; the best thing in, on, or out of the earth for all who suffer from ills and aches brought on from old age, over-work, mental and physical prostration from long illness. It is the most potent, powerful, and effective antiseptic constitutional, blood, brain, and brawn tonic and rebuilder ever known to man. I do not advertise and sell as quack nostrum-notion-dope makers do their vile and disease-making poisons, but as an honest man, scorning to take anyone's money before being convinced, at my expense, that V.-O. will do more good than all else—a would-be public benefactor whose life is an open book, and whose efforts are in the line of a Christian's duty. If you are ill—I care not what the doctor calls it—give me a chance to prove to you that you need V.-O. worse than I need your money and if you are honest I'll provide the way for you to buy it. No female suffering from weakness and general debility lives but that V.-O. will cure her, no matter from what cause. Try it free at my expense. No man needing strength from general debilitation will use it but to bless it, and no sickly child should be without it. Write on a postal card for free samples and full particulars.

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, 713 Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill.

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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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—the modern ready-to-use

STOVE POLISH



makes your stove bright with little work. No dirt, dust or odor. At all dealers'.

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(Continued from Page 421.)

and frieze of blue-and-white *crêpe*, a half-breadth being used for the latter and the whole width for the former. Hemp rope is used for the dado and picture rails. A lovely morning-room has all the woodwork finished in bird's-egg blue; the walls are painted a soft blue-gray below a frieze of ivory chintz having a pattern of pink and blue morning-glories trailing over it. The same chintz covers the divan and chair cushions, but the windows are draped with dotted Swiss muslin tied back by pink ribbons.

The cool deep blues and bronze greens have a most restful effect in a hall or living-room with southern exposure, and the inexpensive Japanese jute rugs in softly blended blues and greens on brown and white grounds harmonize perfectly with such a scheme of decoration. If, however, the hall or living-room have a northern exposure, a warm Indian red with terra cotta, or yellow with rich warm browns, should be the choice. Yellow when properly toned and relieved with golden browns or bronze colors is especially effective, as it seems to flood a room with sunshine in itself. Denim can be bought in any of these colors for portières and couch and ottoman covers.

It is well to remember that the draperies, curtains, and cushions of a summer house have more to do with its appearance than all else. Full curtains, if they are no more than cheese-cloth, do more to furnish a room than any other one thing; but you are no longer confined to cheese-cloth when economy must rule, for there is a host of pretty as well as cheap fabrics from which to choose, and these inexpensive stuffs, snowflake, Madras, cotton *crêpe*, dotted muslin, etc., are always a better choice than cheap lace, for which a woman of taste finds no use whatever.

Cushions, of which we have learned there cannot be too many, should be covered with such washable stuffs as denim and duck, or

(Continued on Page 423.)



EARN A GOLD WATCH!

Many ladies and young people are having fine success in introducing our Teas and Baking Powder. Sell 50 lbs. to earn a **Gold Watch and Chain**; 25 lbs., for a **Silver Watch and Chain**; 10 lbs., for a **Gold Ring**; 50 lbs., for a **Dinner Set**; 200 lbs., for a **High Grade Bicycle**. Send your full address on postal for Catalogue and Order Sheets.

W. G. BAKER, Springfield, Mass

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

Write Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 122.)

India silks and silkolines, and here a love for brilliant color can be safely indulged, as all that is asked now is that the colors in a single group of pillows shall not fight one another. On the piazza, especially, brilliant colors are very effective for rugs, cushions, and hammocks; but beware of painting chairs, settees, and jars in staring reds, blues, and yellows. Cool browns, greens, and olives should be chosen for these. For the piazza there should be floor cushions, also, covered with the flexible Japanese matting. India grass-cloth, or Mozambique curtains, all of which will bear any amount of hard usage.

There is a growing fancy to have the wall-paper and draperies of a room alike, and it is quite easy now to match a Delft chintz or boldly flowered cretonne with paper of exactly the same tone and pattern; but a lavish use and repetition of any design are very apt to fatigue the eye, and more satisfying results are obtained by the judicious mingling of plain and figured surfaces and stuffs. A perfect Delft room has the woodwork finished in ivory, the walls covered with a gray-blue ingrain paper, above a dado of blue-flecked matting, and finished with a frieze of the narrow Japanese crepe in a quaint Oriental design of dull blue on a white ground. The bed and window curtains are of Delft chintz, which covers also the chair cushions and one large pillow on the divan; but the divan itself is covered with figured blue denim to match the portieres, and the floor with plain blue denim of a slightly darker shade. The toilet-table is draped with white Swiss muslin over blue satine, and its silver fittings are mingled with a few bits of Delft.

Of the cushions which heap the divan blue and white prevail, but no two are alike; and one glowing beauty has a mass of trailing yellow roses on a faint blue ground. A Delft clock and some odd vases are on the

(Continued on Page 124.)

Ill Tempered Babies
 are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

We wish that every lady that reads DEMAREST'S could see the splendid line of Tailor-made Suits which are being shown by The National Cloak Company, 152 and 154 West 23d Street, New York. Of course, those of our readers who live at a great distance from New York cannot visit their sales-room, but this enterprising firm obviates this difficulty by issuing a splendid catalogue illustrating every one of their styles in Tailor-made Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Capes. They will send this catalogue free to any lady living at a distance from the city, and they will enclose with it a line of samples of the materials from which they make their garments. Their prices on Tailor-made Suits are from \$7.50 up, all materials included. They make every garment especially to order, thus insuring a perfect fit, and prepay all express charges to any part of the world.

To Demorest's Readers.

The following Bargains will appeal with rare force. Every item is a money-saver—carefully selected for our mail order trade.

Your mail and express orders will be filled carefully, promptly and well..

This Spring Wrapper of Simpson's Best Prints



Style No. 6.

In shepherd plaids, indigo and mourning patterns, extreme sleeves, extra wide skirt, Watteau back, neat trimming. In short, a lovely House Gown.

Sizes 34 to 46 usually \$1.75.

Advertising price

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Add 21 cts. for postage. In ordering, ask for Style No. 6.

This Double Warp Surah Silk Waist, In Black Only,



Style No. 7.

is made on fitted linings, boned and with dress shields.

It is made with the newest bishop sleeves and is a perfect garment, sure to please.

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WAIST MAKING MADE EASY.

ADJUSTABLE WAIST FORM, \$1.98.



Indispensable to the dressmaker and to all who do their own dress-making, or have it done at home. Adjustable to the exact size of the person to be fitted. Made in two models:

MODEL A measures 32-inch bust when closed; can be easily adjusted to any size up to and including size 38 bust. Waist and neck always in proportion.

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Our Jack-Tar Outfit



Style No. 32.

AT **\$1.99** Breaks every Record.

It consists of a beautiful Sail-or Suit and Extra Trousers made of Pure Wool, Fast Color Navy Blue Twilled Cheviot. Blouses trimmed with Soutache Braid, Black or White. A Handsome Toy Watch and Chain with every Outfit gratis.

Your money back for the asking.

To DEMOREST readers **\$1.99.**

Sizes 3 to 12 years. Postage 21c each. In ordering ask for style No. 32.



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buys a pair of

Ladies' 4-Button Glace Kid Gloves

with 3 rows Embroidery in Black or Self color—the Gloves are in colors, Oxblood, Tans and Blacks—all sizes—everywhere retailed for \$1.00 per pair.

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Every Demorest reader has now a grand chance to secure a high-grade Musical Instrument at little price. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

This Beautiful Mandolin—of walnut or mahogany, seven-ribbed, deep shell, beveled top, inlaid sound-hole, rosewood finger-board, inlaid position dots, Italian model, patent head—value \$6.00, to go at



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This Professional Concert Accordion—open nickel action, assorted colored panels, nickel corners and clasps, 10 keys, 2 sets of reeds, double bellows, bellows folds pocketed with metal corners, two stops—worth \$4.00, for

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This Music-Stand of Japanese Iron, of the folding umbrella style—worth \$1.00, now at

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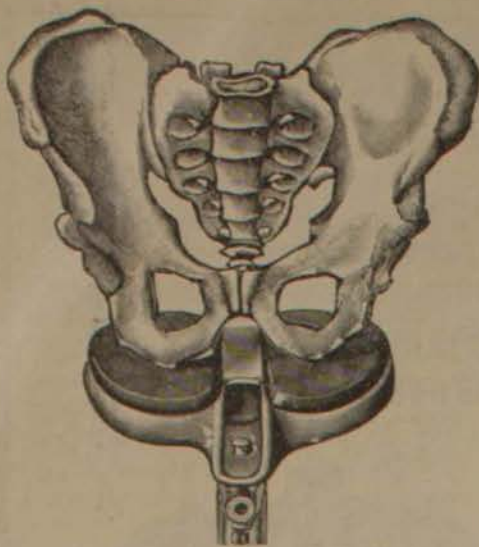


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 64 " .49
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Shows Pelvis as it rests on the Christy Saddle.

CHRISTY ANATOMICAL SADDLE.



Shows Pelvis as it rests on Ordinary Saddle.

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The only saddle that is built on anatomical principles. Used, recommended and endorsed by all physicians. Has thick cushion pads where pads are needed; cannot possibly wear out and will last a lifetime.

If it is fitted to your bicycle, there will be no chafing, stiffness or soreness, and riding will be made a pleasure.

Especially adapted for women riders. Booklet on Christy Saddle sent free to any address.

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NEW YORK.



PHILADELPHIA.

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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.

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CLEAN HANDS.

Every lady buys a STOVE POLISHING MITTEN at sight. Polishes the stove better and quicker than a brush. Sample by mail. 35 cts. a set; 4 sets, \$1.00. New Eng. Novelty Mfg. Co., 240 Portland St. Boston, Mass. Agents can make, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day.

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FREE STAMPING OUTFIT, 105 PATTERNS



New and beautiful, for every kind of embroidery, conventional, floral, Grecian and motto designs for tidies, doilies, splashers, tray cloths, etc. Choice alphabet for ornamental marking, and full instructions for stamping without trouble. Everything new and desirable; over \$2 in value as sold separately at stores, and all sent FREE to every one who sends 10c. for trial subscription to our new 64-col. Illustrated magazine, from now until January, 1897, containing stories and brightest household departments. Enclose 2c. stamp for postage, etc., 12c. in all. Address, POPULAR MONTHLY, 56 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.

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(Continued from Page 423.)

ivory-finished mantel-shelf, and some very good plaques hang on the wall. The writing-desk and iron bed are finished in ivory, but part of the chairs are blue. Some blue-and-white Japanese rugs and a white fur one in front of the bed complete this inviting room, and none can deny that the judicious use of solid masses of color gives to the designs more distinction and produces a more restful effect than when one pattern runs riot over a whole room.

F. A. E.

HOUSEHOLD.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BENZINE AND FRENCH CHALK will remove grease from matting. Scrape the chalk freely over the spot, and then sprinkle enough benzine over it to moisten it. When the benzine has evaporated, brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

If you wish to set a pencil-written address or page of writing, hold it over the spout of a boiling kettle and then dry perfectly.

THE TASK OF DRAWING THREADS for hem-stitching is greatly facilitated by soaping the fabric. Make a lather and apply with a shaving-brush; when the linen is dry the threads will pull out easily.

NEVER STORE FRUIT-JARS in the silver closet. It has been discovered that one rubber ring around the neck of a fruit-jar will discolor a whole closetful of silverware. To keep silver from tarnishing, place it near a lump of gum camphor.

REMEMBER THAT SOFT WATER absorbs the lead from lead pipes more rapidly than hard water.

STAINS CAUSED BY WHITEWASH will disappear if vinegar be applied to the discoloration.

(Continued on Page 425.)

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

All Artists and Lovers of Art who would like to learn Landscape Painting, should get

The Only Self Instructor in Art, just out. It contains more plain practical instruction than you will receive in ten lessons from a teacher. Write for particulars to

W. M. REED,

Tyrone, Blair Co., Pa.

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Your Dinner
can be cooked all at one time on one burner of any kind of stove, if you use the **Peerless Steam Cooker**. Prevents steam and odors. Whistle blows when cooker needs more water. Catalogue free. The agents' bonanza. Agents wanted. **PEERLESS COOKER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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(Continued from Page 424.)

A SIMPLE PROCESS for removing fresh ink-stains from a garment is to cover them immediately with paste made of starch and cold water. If the stains are noticeable when the dried starch is rubbed off, repeat the operation.

TINCTURE OF IODINE will remove tartar from the teeth, and will cause soft, diseased gums, to become healthy.

PONGER should be soaked in salt and water for twenty-four hours and then ironed before it is cut. After that it may be washed when soiled without spotting or shrinking.

A UNIVERSAL ANTIDOTE is made by mixing equal parts of calcined magnesia, powdered charcoal, and hydrate oxide of iron. The mixture is simple and harmless, and is given in cases where the poison is unknown.

INGROWING NAILS can be painlessly relieved by the following treatment: Paint the intruding portion of nail with a 40 per cent. solution of caustic potash warmed. In a few seconds the upper horny layer will be so softened that it can be scraped away with a bit of glass; repeat the painting and scraping till nothing but a thin layer of the nail remains, which can be easily cut away with the points of a pair of manicure scissors.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY for sprains, bruises, etc., attended with painful inflammation, is a poultice of hot molasses and salt; stir the molasses so stiff with salt that the poultice can be held in place by a muslin bandage, and wrap the affected parts well so as to retain the heat as long as possible. This is good for beasts as well as humans.

AMONG THE VALUABLE uses of borax which experiment is constantly bringing to light, it is said that all dry, small fruits, as currants, blueberries, gooseberries, and cherries, can be perfectly kept in their natural state for many months by packing in layers with a liberal sprinkling of borax between. The fruit should be well selected, perfect, and dry, and the borax must completely cover each layer. It can be used repeatedly for

(Continued on Page 426.)

There has been a difficulty, so it is alleged by the chief importers of China and Japan teas in the United States, in obtaining a tea that was absolutely pure and free from all artificial coloring.

They lately petitioned Congress to impose a duty on all teas, as, according to their petition, this duty was absolutely necessary to effect an improvement in the quality of importations. This admission, from this source, is an important one to the tea drinkers of America.

These gentlemen are perfectly well aware that the Teas of Ceylon and India are pure, wholesome and uncolored, and that they are manufactured, without contact with human hands (after picking), entirely by the most improved machinery, and, therefore, stand as 100 to 1 when compared with the cheap trash of China and Japan, which is made entirely by the hand labor of coolies.

Tailor-Made Suits \$7.50

We wish to send—free—to every reader of DEMOREST'S our new Summer Catalogue of Suits, Skirts, etc., and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments, to select from. We make every garment especially to order and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay express charges to any part of the world. Our catalogue illustrates:



New designs in Tailor-Made, Blazer and Outing Suits, \$7.50 up. (In Serges, Mixtures, Whipcords, Coverts, Cheviots, etc.)

Mohair and Brilliantine Suits, delightfully cool for Summer wear \$7.50 up.

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Silk, Satin and Crepon Skirts, \$10 up.

Jackets, \$4 up. Capes, \$3 up.

Duck, Crash, Teviot and Pique Suits, \$4 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.

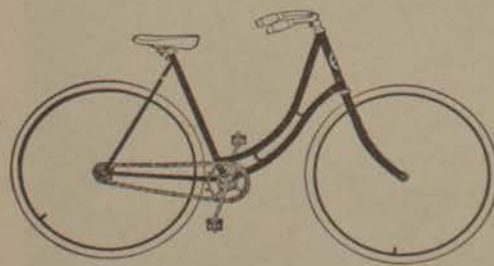
We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades.

Write to-day—you will get catalogue and samples by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 152 and 154 West 23d Street, New York.

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THE Woman's Bicycle



In strength, lightness, grace, and elegance of finish and equipment there is no other bicycle for woman's use that approaches the

MODEL 41

Columbia
\$100

Standard of the World.

Columbias in quality and construction are in a class by themselves.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

A visit to the nearest Columbia Branch House or Agency will secure the Columbia Art Catalogue, or we will mail it for two 2-cent stamps.

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Waverley Bicycles. \$85

AMERICA'S FAVORITES.

Are Built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory on Earth.

Our unequalled facilities enable us to supply better bicycles for less money than other makers can afford to market an inferior production, hence in purchasing a Waverley there is a clear saving of \$15.00 or more. A higher grade bicycle, it is impossible to produce. Our catalogue explains all. Send for it.

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BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D.

Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices without asking one cent in advance. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save deal—\$18.50 Carriage for \$9.25. ers' profits. Large—\$12.00 " " \$5.95. Illustrated catalogue \$5.00 " " \$2.00. Free Address CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West Van Buren Street, B. 51, Chicago, Ill.

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Rubber Stamp Toys

Comical or Brownie Sets No. 1, contains 5 figures, 15c. No. 2, 10 figures, 25c. Magic Clown Circus, 16 large figures, 50c. Rubber Type, five alphabets, 25c., all with suitable ink and pad, mailed on receipt of money. Circulars free. SCHWAAB STAMP & SEAL CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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DO YOU PLAY CARDS?



Send ten cents in stamps for a pair of our new

GAME COUNTERS INDIANA BICYCLE CO. Indianapolis, Ind.

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.

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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, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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SIMMONS AUTOMATIC SKIRT SUPPORTER



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

(Continued from Page 425.)

the same purpose, after being spread and thoroughly dried.

ONE OF THE SIMPLEST WAYS of disinfecting a room is to pour a drachm or two of sulphuric acid in a saucer of salt, and set it in the middle of the room; the fumes do the disinfecting.

CHAMOIS OR CANTON-FLANNEL bags are better for silver than those of any woolen stuff, as the sulphur in the latter tarnishes silver.

DON'T WASH GREEN PEAS; it destroys their delicate flavor. Shake well in a colander, remove the fine particles, and prepare in the usual way.

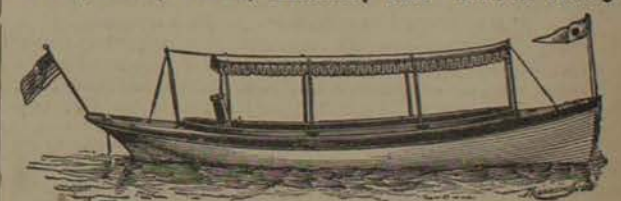
CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

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.**

"B. H. M."—Age lines in women's lives have been so extended in recent years that we seldom hear the terms middle-aged and old used in specific cases. It is very much a question of character and mentality. Some women are old at thirty-five, and others are young at forty. A man of the world recently asserted that "A woman may be any age she chooses to be. I know several charm-

(Continued on Page 427.)

No Fire, Smoke, or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send for Catalog.



\$250 and up.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO, Drawer E, St. Joseph, Michigan.
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FAT
CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials.
L. E. Marsh Co.,
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MADE
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.

LEAN

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For \$1.50 We deliver Free, anywhere in the U. S. This Ladies' Solid, Flexible, French Dougola Kid Button Boot. Send us \$1.50 in Cash, Money Order or Express Order.

This is a better shoe than Retail Stores sell for \$2.50, and, being our own make, we guarantee the style, fit, and wear. If not satisfactory we will refund money or send another pair. WE CAN FIT YOU in Opera Toe or Common Sense, or Opera Toe with Patent Leather Tip, widths C, D, E, and EE; whole and half sizes 1 to 8. Catalogue free.

WEARERS SHOE MFG. CO., 284 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

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

(Continued from Page 426.)

ing young women of fifty.—it is simply a matter of temperament."—All shades of purple and lavender are worn by women of even seventy years, and all other bright colors are worn in moderation, as accessories, by women of fifty or sixty; these older women do not choose whole gowns of a single bright color, but they wear all the fancy taffetas and brocades which have gay flowers strewn over dark grounds.—If you need to widen the skirt of your embroidered surah, put in kilted panels on the sides of the plain, and use it for a Louis Quinze coat, with full front of the embroidered surah, or *vice versa*.

"NELLIE."—For wording of invitations, menu, etc., in celebration of the silk-and-linen anniversary.—the twelfth,—read answer to "Mamie" in the February number and to "Moderate Circumstances" in the April number.—If you have not too many guests to seat, the best form for serving supper is to prepare enough small tables for the purpose and have them placed in the dining-room and carried into the rooms adjoining; then the supper is served in courses, beginning with *bouillon*, then creamed oysters or lobster *coquilles*, followed by chicken croquettes or mushroom *pâtés*, salad and cheese-sticks or sandwiches, ices or jellies and cakes, *bonbons*, and coffee or chocolate. For a reception follow directions given Mamie.—A pretty light India or taffeta silk would be the prettiest thing for your gown; or, if you wish to emphasize the anniversary, you could have a silk skirt and a Louis Seize coat of batiste, as described in Fashion Review for April.—Decorate the house with gardenias, crape myrtle, and magnolias. With your wealth of southern flora you do not need suggestions on that score.

"EVA."—Women are governed by the question of comfort, solely, in the wearing of velvet skirts; they are so much the vogue that they will be worn through spring and summer whenever the weather is not too warm.—Velvet will also be combined with washable fabrics in the form of shoulder-collars, adjustable yokes, plastrons, stock-collars, and girdles.

"S. K."—Mourning for a brother or a sister should be worn one year; for aunts, uncles, and cousins, from four to six months is the usual term; but degrees of intimacy and attachment govern this very much, and people generally are laws unto themselves in this respect.—Men have always exercised greater freedom than women in the matter of going into society and attending places of amusement when in mourning; otherwise the forms are the same.

"A. B. S."—Your black surah with the bright set flowers will make a pretty waist or a nice petticoat.

(Continued on Page 428.)

SATIN-SKIN is a 25c. soap, sent postpaid for only 12c. Gives a lovely complexion, white hands, soft satin skin, and is fragrant with Satin-Scent cold-process natural-flower perfumes. To induce you to use and recommend Satin-Scent Perfumes, five trial vials (5 odors) mailed for 70c., or both soap and perfumes for 20c.

ALBERT F. WOOD, Perfumer.
726 Wood Ave., - - - - Detroit, Mich.

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CARDS The FINEST SAMPLE BOOK of Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards ever offered for a 3 cent stamp. These are GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. UNION CARD CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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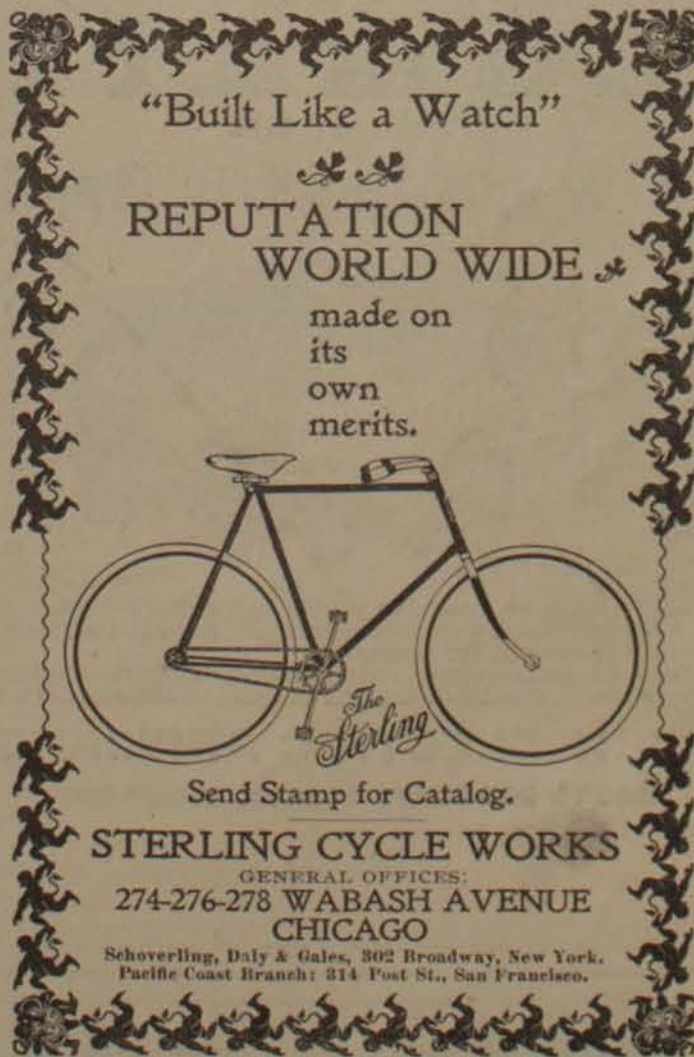


That attracts the cycling world and holds wheelmen loyal to **UNION CRACKAJACK II.**

Send for catalogue. - - - - - Built on a Gold basis.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH, UNION CYCLE M'F'G CO.,
814 Arch Street. - - - - - Boston, Mass.


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"Built Like a Watch"

REPUTATION WORLD WIDE

made on its own merits.




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Pacific Coast Branch: 314 Post St., San Francisco.

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SHORN OF ITS THORNS. Sewing becomes a pleasure if you have the proper tools.

Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Scissors." It will interest men as well as women.

Clauss Shears and Scissors are the sharpest, most easy working and the most convenient. At 20,000 hardware dealers. One sample pair 50c.

CLAUSS SHEAR CO., FREMONT, OHIO.

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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.

Dr. H. Sanche.
 Dear Sir:—I suffered with lame back and partial loss of lower limbs, I grew worse and could not lift my feet from the floor, all I could do was to slide them along, my head bothered me so I was not fit for business or anything else. I stopped taking medicine and used the Oxydonor for about six weeks when I regained the use of my limbs and have been all right ever since; my head improved from the start, and now I cannot speak too highly of the Oxydonor. Yours respectfully,
 Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 21st, 1895.
 J. R. MOSHER.

Large book of information, and latest price-list mailed free.
Dr. H. SANCHE, Discoverer and Inventor, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

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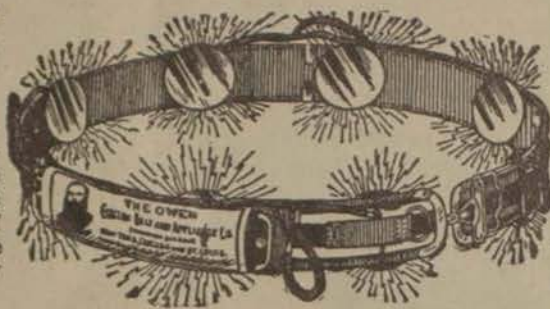
RHEUMATISM

CURED BY THE

Dr. A. Owen's Electric Appliances.

Mr. Henry Wendt, of Peru, La Salle Co., Ill., under date of July 27, 1895, writes:

"I had Rheumatism all over my system. A few applications of Dr. Owen's Electric Appliances gave relief and after six weeks' use of them I was entirely cured."



Mr. J. H. Matteson, of Morrice, Mich., in a letter Oct. 14, 1894, says:

"I had tried several kinds of medicine and two doctors for my Rheumatism, but could get no relief. I bought one of Dr. Owen's Electric Appliances and experienced relief at once; after two weeks' use I was as limber as an eel and could work all day. Now am entirely cured."

Our large illustrated catalogue contains many endorsements like above, besides cuts and prices of Appliances and much valuable information for the afflicted. Write for it at once, enclosing six cents in stamps for postage.

We have been before the public many years, and our Electric Appliances have become a recognized standard of merit, curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.

205 TO 209 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

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RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The latest, surest and best. Sample sent free on mention of this Magazine. The Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind.

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

UNCLE SAM will bring you a cake of NEW PROCESS DOG BISCUIT for 5c.; a cake of BIRD MANNA for 15c. This is a most wonderful SONG RESTORER for Canaries and all other Cage Birds. U. S. will bring you FREE either a Bird Book, Dog Book, Horse and Cattle Book, paper of Fronsfield's Cattle Powder, box of Corn Salve or Dye Color, if you name the paper in which you saw this. Address THE BIRD FOOD COMPANY, 400 N. 3d St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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Karezza —OF— ETHICS MARRIAGE.

By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Is a supplement to TOKOLOGY, containing valuable instruction for the married. Circulars free. Prepaid \$1.00. ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago

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

(Continued from Page 427.)

"Mrs. F. C. K."—A carpet of small quiet figure in tones of golden brown, or a mossy pattern of brown and stone color will harmonize with your red plush furniture.

"Mrs. L. L. Q."—The skirt of a heavy duck bicycle-suit needs no lining. Finish the skirt with a six-inch hem and stitch it five or six times round at intervals of a half-inch. This gives considerable firmness. To keep the skirt from blowing up, sew rubber straps to the front side-seams with a curtain ring on the end, which is slipped over a gaiter button before buttoning it.

"MARGARET."—The Correspondence Club does not answer letters by mail.—If the bride is married in the daytime, whether at home or in church, her gown should be made high in the neck with either elbow or long sleeves. The "Lauriola" corsage in the April number would be suitable. With elbow sleeves long *Sudde* gloves are worn; with the others, four-button *glacé* or *Sudde*. White kid or satin slippers and white hose must be worn with a white gown. The veil is a matter of taste, but usually worn except with colored gowns. A simple one of tulle is the least expensive. China silk, *crépe*, organdy, and nun's veiling, named in the order of choice, are the only inexpensive fabrics we can suggest.—The groom wears a Prince Albert or cut-away coat, as is most becoming,—a matter of personal preference,—and a scarf tie; a white flower in his buttonhole.—In the marriage service of most churches now the bride receives a wedding ring.—The bride may give the groom a present or not, as she chooses; it is not the custom, so not required.—The groom may carry his gloves in his hand, but he usually wears them, and does not remove them.—Get a fancy taffeta or a black brocade for the bride's "second" dress.—Read answer to "Two Correspondents" for reply to next question.—A four-roomed cottage could be furnished neatly for from three to four hundred dollars.

"PORT ANGLER."—It is impossible in these columns to give the space necessary for the information you desire. If you have worked much with water-colors you will certainly succeed after a few trials.

"Mrs. H. S. C."—The Lenox and Astor Libraries in New York, and the Newberry Library in Chicago, have probably the largest collections "of old and rare books" in this country.—Marie Corelli's name is pronounced as spelled, giving the Continental sound of e to the i, and dividing the syllables as follows: Cor-el'li. She is known in private life as Miss Mackay, the name of her adopted father; but it has been recently stated that Corelli is her real name. She lives in London and may be addressed through her publishers.

GLEANINGS.

CALVÉ'S "OPHELIA."

Mlle. Calvé has surprised her best friends and warmest admirers by the versatility she has displayed during the past season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her perform-

(Continued on Page 429.)

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 Blistches, 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.

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(Continued from Page 428.)

ances are always in the nature of a delightful surprise, for she never does anything as anyone else ever did it, nor does she often repeat herself. Her wonderful "Ophelia," which is accepted by the critics as the most unique, delightful, and altogether satisfying interpretation of Shakespeare's love-crazed heroine ever seen upon our stage, is not the result of inspiration alone, but of thorough study aided by genius. Calvé studied lunacy in many phases, and visited the lunatic asylum in Milan repeatedly, paying special attention to the young girls who had been crazed by love affairs. She found that the most gentle characters were subject to violent outbursts and unlooked-for paroxysms which impelled them to do and act directly opposite to their natural bent; a fact which all who have had the misfortune to be thrown in intimate connection with the insane have always known, but one that *prime donne*, as a rule, have heretofore entirely overlooked when acting "Ophelia," whom they usually portray as a gentle, wide-eyed, idiotic creature.

THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY'S PEARL NECKLACE.

The story goes that the beautiful matched pearls which compose the Empress of Germany's famous pearl necklace have lost color from being too long shut from light and air in their closely guarded casket, and on the advice of the court jeweler they are being submitted to a novel treatment. They have been placed in a glass case so constructed as to admit water, and the case has been sunk in the North Sea, close to the shore. Sentries are on duty, day and night, to guard the treasure; and it is confidently expected that this sea-water cure will restore the precious jewels to their pristine purity and beauty.

(Continued on Page 430.)

WOMEN TALK
over the **FAULTLESS QUAKER DISH WASHER**—and it is little wonder. It is such a boon to suffering woman-kind. Makes the home happy. Agents make money with it. Better write for a place-to-day. We have a new plan that will make you happy
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Poets Break Out...

in the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

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(Continued from Page 429.)

A LEAP YEAR PINK TEA.

The most *fin de siècle* leap year function yet chronicled was a debut tea for twelve young masculine buds who poured tea and dispensed chocolate with all the earnest devotion of the girly-girly buds. They wore pink hyacinths and yellow daffodils, blushed furiously at times, but struggled manfully to bear their honors becomingly.

A SCHOOL FOR HOUSEMAIDS.

The Women's Improvement Society of Orange have taken up as part of their work for village improvement the problem of domestic service, and they hope they have found the key to the problem in establishing a training-school for servants. A house has been taken, and a graduate of the Boston Cooking School has been engaged as instructor. The scope of the work is such that when a girl enters this up-to-date school she will be guided through the whole routine of housework in such a way that her hands will learn to work in harmony with her brains, and the latter will be taught to save her heels. The best way to do everything and the reason why will be patiently instilled into the dullest mind, unless it prove wholly unteachable. To increase the beneficence of the work, men servants as well are to receive instruction in their duties.

SOME MUSHROOM TESTS.

All edible mushrooms have an agreeable smell, and the poisonous ones either a bad

(Continued on Page 431.)

THE LEADING CONSERVATORY OF AMERICA.

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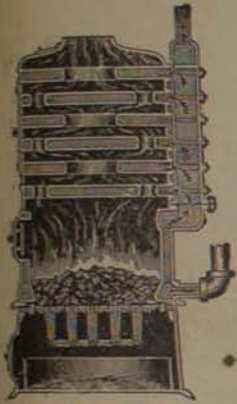
JUST BEFORE THE ANTHEM.

LITTLE ROBERT—" Say, pop, is gran'marm goin' ter sing?"

HIS FATHER—" S-s-sh! Of course she is."

LITTLE ROBERT—" Better tell 'm ter take up th' c'lection first."

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The Providence Shell Works, Providence, R. I.
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(Continued from Page 430.)

smell or none at all. All senses of smell, however, are not sufficiently keen to be trusted, so it is safer when in doubt to sprinkle salt on the spongy undersides of the fungi: if they turn yellow they are poisonous; if black, they are good. When cooking, stir the mushrooms with a silver spoon; if they are not good they will blacken it.

A NEW DISEASE.

The worries, anxieties, and strivings attendant upon the efforts to trace one's ancestry and establish upon an indisputable foundation one's claim to membership in one or more of the patriotic societies of the day have already produced disastrous results upon woman's health, giving rise to a new disease which threatens dire effects. "Ancestral prostration" is said to be marked by the most distressing symptoms of nervous prostration, and much more heroic treatment is required to effect a cure. Those who are allowing themselves to become engrossed in a mad search for distinguished ancestors should heed this note of warning, and avert the dread disaster by timely rest and change of occupation.

A FREAK FRUIT-TREE.

There is in an orchard near Gallipolis, Ohio, a remarkable apple-tree which has displayed such vagaries in fruit-bearing that its owner is now prepared for anything as a crop, from grapes to tomatoes. The tree was bought for a golden russet, and the first year of fruitage it was true to its name and produced beautiful russets. The next year it bore sheep-nose apples; and the following season a crop of early sweets surprised the owner. Last autumn its branches were laden with beautiful large red winter apples, unlike anything known in the vicinity. What it will do next is awaited with interest.

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- JANUARY, 1895.
- | | |
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| William Cullen Bryant. General Booth. | George Inness. Nicholas II., Czar of Russia. |
| Mrs. Ballington Booth. Ballington Booth. | Princess Alix, wife of Nicholas II. |
- FEBRUARY, 1895.
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| George Washington. Martha Washington. | Neal Dow. Rembrandt. |
| Anton Rubinstein. Lord Byron. | James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. |
| | "George Sand." |
- MARCH, 1895.
- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Louisa M. Alcott. William Dean Howells. | Schiller. Joseph Addison. |
| Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. Madame Melba. | Robert Louis Stevenson. Victor Hugo. |
- APRIL, 1895.
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Chauncey M. Depew. Robert Fulton. | Charles Kingsley. Madame Nordica. |
| Prince of Wales. Princess of Wales. | Julius Cæsar. Queen Marie Antoinette. |
- MAY, 1895.
- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| Levi P. Morton. Richard Wagner. | Wilkie Collins. Lucretia Mott. |
| Walter Damrosch. Louis J. M. Daguerre. | Queen Victoria. Pope Leo XIII. |
- JUNE, 1895.
- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| W. Jennings Demorest. John P. St. John. | Sir Isaac Newton. Joan of Arc. |
| Daniel Webster. Horace Greeley. | Jean Ingelow. John Milton. |
- JULY, 1895.
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| Benjamin Franklin. Henry Clay. | Peter the Great. Catherine II. of Russia. |
| Charles Sumner. Thomas B. Macaulay. | Mme. Sarah Grand. Heinrich Heine. |
- AUGUST, 1895.
- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| James Russell Lowell. Wendell Phillips. | Emily Faithful. Louis Pasteur. |
| Sir Walter Scott. George MacDonald. | Raphael. Queen Louisa of Prussia. |
- SEPTEMBER, 1895.
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. | George du Maurier. Professor Louis Agassiz. |
| The Marquis of Salisbury. | Amelia B. Edwards. Dinah Mulock-Craik. |
| General Lew Wallace. | Professor Huxley. |
- OCTOBER, 1895.
- | | |
|---|--|
| C. Oliver Iselin. The Earl of Dunraven. | Mary A. Livermore. William B. Allison. |
| Mrs. Humphry Ward. Rider Haggard. | The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter. |
| "George Eliot." | |
- NOVEMBER, 1895.
- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Dean Stanley. Robert Burns. | Madame Blavatsky. Margaret Fuller-Ossoli. |
| Edward Everett. Matthew Quay. | Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. |
| Prof. Felix Adler. | |
- DECEMBER, 1895.
- | | |
|---|--|
| Josephine Diebitsch-Pearcy. | Mme. Helena Modjeska. General Nelson A. Miles. |
| Lieut. Robert E. Peary. Harry Nelson Pillsbury. | T. Hall Caine. M. P. Marsick. |
| Hon. Seth Low, LL.D. | |
- JANUARY, 1896.
- | | |
|---|--|
| Charles R. Darwin. Frances Power Cobbe. | Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Paul Bourget. |
| "Mark Twain." Thomas Jefferson. | Anthony Hope Hawkins. Nikola Tesla. |
- FEBRUARY, 1896.
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Eugene Field. "John Oliver Hobbes." | Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Theodore Roosevelt. |
| Alfred Tennyson. "Pierre Loti." | R. Heber Newton, D.D. John Hall, D.D. |
- MARCH, 1896.
- | | |
|---|--|
| Julian Hawthorne. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. | James Monroe. John Quincy Adams. |
| F. Marion Crawford. George Augustus Sala. | Ella Higginson. Alice Barber Stephens. |
- APRIL, 1896.
- | | |
|---|--|
| Eleanora Duse. Dr. A. Conan Doyle. | Miss Clara Barton. Sir Frederick Leighton. |
| Bernhard Gillam. Maurice F. H. De Haas. | R. A. Jules Verne. Alfred Austin. |

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