

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. 401.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

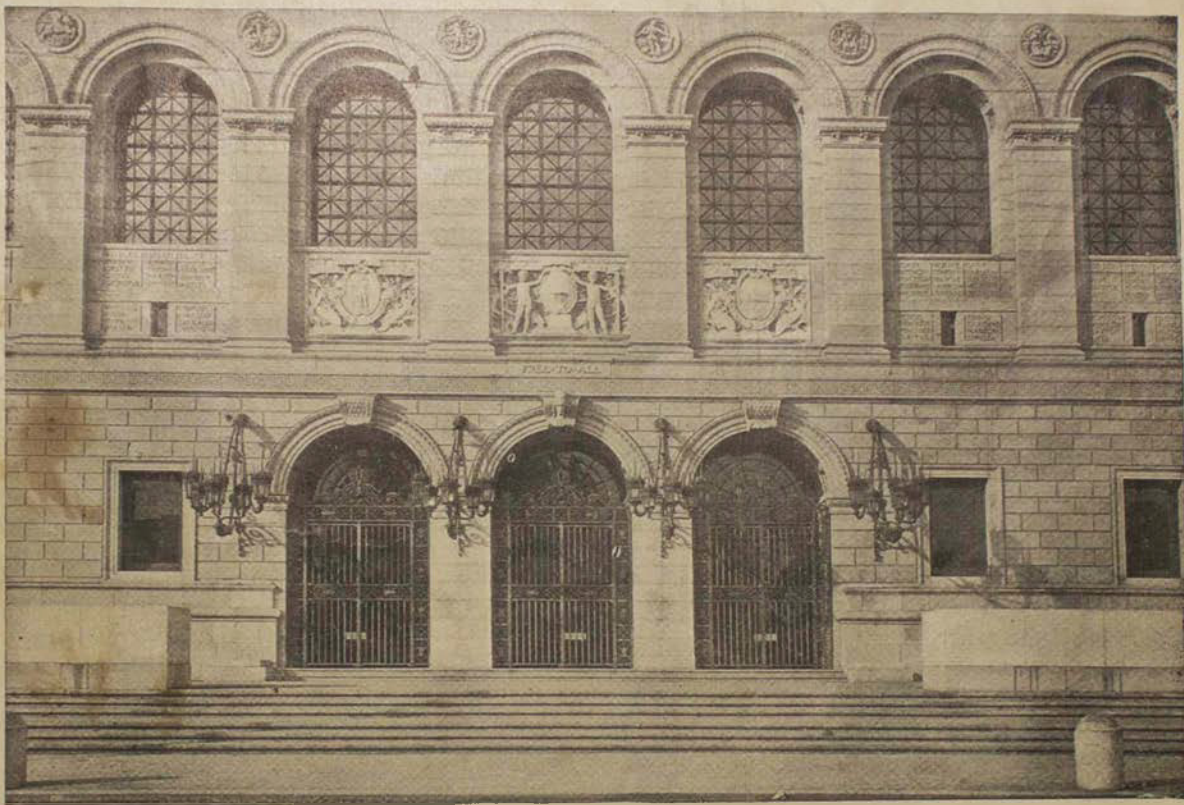
Vol. 33, No. 1.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

COME with me to Copley Square and see this noble structure, the Boston Public Library. It stands to-day the most perfect union on American soil of the sister arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting; and though there yet remains much to be done—the mural decorations are not more than half completed—it is easy for the imaginative eye to picture forth the completed whole, and realize that when finished it will be a monu-

1841, first gave expression to the opinion that a public library was one of the needs of their town, would have been thought Utopians had they, in the spirit of prophecy, ventured to foretell what their children and children's children of this day and generation are enjoying as the matured fruit of the seed then sown.

Would you know who those men are to whom we are so deeply indebted, pause before you ascend the grand

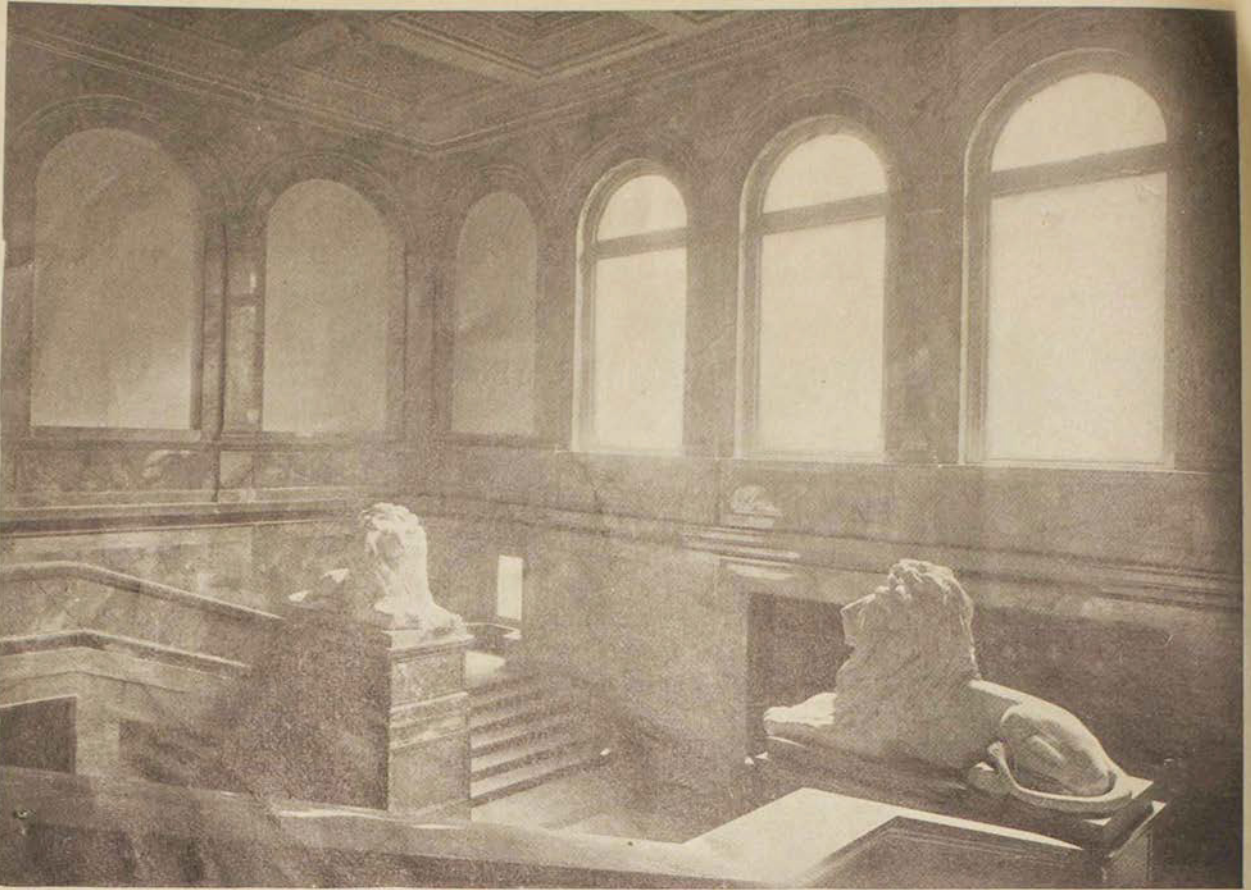


MAIN ENTRANCE.

ment of so exquisite and harmonious beauty that not alone Boston but all America may be justly proud of it, as evidencing that art has found here an abiding place. Even Ruskin, who cannot forgive us for having no ruins, might be reconciled to America and Americans could he see this magnificent edifice, the creation entirely of American genius.

Those sturdy, far-seeing men of Boston, who, back in

staircase, and with reverent attention read their names, inlaid with enduring brass in the tessellated floor,—Bates, Bigelow, Everett, Ticknor, Quincy, Winthrop, Jewett, Vattemare. Better than a patent of nobility should it be to number a forefather in this constellation of noble names. Many are familiar to you,—names of men the whole nation has delighted to honor; but the memory of others is preserved for all time in grateful



GRAND STAIRCASE.

recognition alone of those first efforts to give to the people of Boston a free library. The years immediately following the inception of the plan were discouraging ones, but the project once started was not allowed to drop into oblivion.

Though these details, now matter of history, must be but briefly touched upon, it is of special interest to record that the books forming the nucleus of the present great library, which numbers 628,297 volumes, were a gift from the municipality of Paris, of fifty volumes in the French language, presented through M. Alexandre Vattemare, a Parisian, resident in Boston, who was among the first to interest himself in the foundation of a public library. This gift was later supplemented by nearly a hundred other rare and interesting volumes—some of them illustrated—upon general, historical, and local subjects, as well as statistical and relating to the internal police of France. An upper room in City Hall received these books and others which were given from time to time; but it was not till 1850, when five thousand volumes had been accumu-

lated and the ground floor of the Adams School-house on Mason Street had been fitted up for their accommodation, that the library was opened to the public.

From this small beginning see what the years have wrought! The annual accumulations average 25,000 volumes, and 567,827 books were drawn for use at home last year. The great Central Library is aided in this circulation by ten Branch Libraries and sixteen Delivery Stations, which cover in their distribution an area of forty square miles. It was fitting that the head and great vital centre of so important and rapidly expanding a work should be a representative building; but the wisdom and judgment, skill and genius of the trustees and architects have combined to produce something far greater than that. They worked, perhaps, even better than they knew. In majestic, civic dignity, combining classic purity of outline with reticent refinement of ornament, it offers a model of what a public building should be, and is surpassed by no other in this country. But in affirming that the Boston Public Library is the noblest monument that any



NEW LIBRARY AND NEW "OLD SOUTH" CHURCH.

half-century of labor in any direction has produced, it must be taken not merely concretely as an architectural triumph, but with consideration also of the far-reaching character of its influence educationally.

This, even, is twofold, for every part of the structure is a public education in taste. All who pass the library in their daily walks, even if they never step within its portals, are the better for that fleeting contact. Far more important, however, are the lessons taught by the beautiful interior, where harmony of lines in construction has been aided by every description of ornament that could be appropriately used. Animated by the keenest and most subtle perceptions of what this building must stand for, and governed by the principle that the casket should not exceed in richness its contents, but be a worthy

sunken garden, with terraces, flights of marble steps, balustrades, statuary, shrubbery, and trees. This approach will make very impressive the first view of the library, imparting that element of the picturesque now lacking, increasing the apparent height of the edifice, softening the severe beauty of its classic outlines, and furnishing the dignified and imposing setting which is its due.

It was in 1888, before their great success at the Columbian Exposition, that Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, of New York, began the construction of this building, destined to win for them world-wide renown. Although all the members of the firm have given themselves unflinchingly, with devoted enthusiasm, to the work, it is but right to record that those who should know say the senior



Copyrighted, 1885, by Curtis & Co.

A Copley Print.

"THE MUSES GREETING THE GENIUS OF ENLIGHTENMENT."

Puvis de Chavannes' Mural Painting as Seen from the Staircase Below.

and fitting receptacle for them, the architects have with rare skill and delicate restraint subordinated the first impression to the second,—the exterior to the interior. Thus the beauty and impressiveness gradually unfolds, ascending from a low note, a simple, pure chord, to a higher one of the most intricate and entrancing harmony, and typifying in its influence upon the emotions the gradual and perfect development, from the bud, of the full flower of civilization.

Facing as it does the most important square in the city, already the home of such notable buildings as Trinity Church, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Old South Church, the situation of the library is all that could be asked. Eventually the square—a triangle in shape, the base of which extends the length of the east façade of the library—will be beautifully and ingeniously laid out as a

member of the firm, Mr. Charles T. McKim, drew the plans from the foundation to the purple-tiled roof. The material used is a grayish-white granite, deriving a warm tone from a liberal sprinkling of delicate pink flecks, and called Milford pink granite. The main façade, looking east over Copley Square, is two hundred and twenty-five feet in length. Its height is seventy feet above the raised platform upon which it stands, and it extends two hundred and twenty-seven feet back on Boylston and Blagdon Streets. The ornamental detail of the exterior, simple as it is, bears closest study, for it is crammed with significance. First and most conspicuous, as it was intended to be, cut in bold relief over the helmeted head of Minerva, which ornaments the keystone of the central archway, and beneath the library seal, is the legend, "Free to All," inviting the stranger, or the humblest and poorest creature



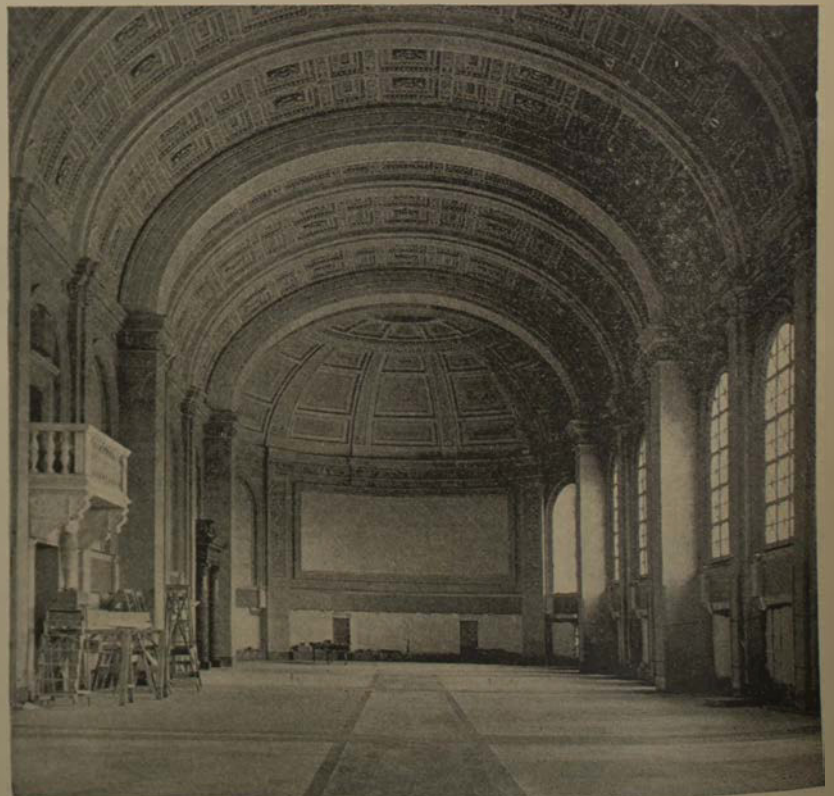
GRAND CORRIDOR.

who has eyes with which to read, to enter. From the first day that the collections of books were made accessible to the public, the most liberal policy has governed the administration of the library. It has been literally "Free to All," irrespective of age or condition.

The carved cartouches over the other archways are the seals of the Commonwealth and the city. All are done in pink Tennessee marble, and are the work of Augustus St. Gaudens, the library seal being adapted freely from a design in metal by Kenyon Cox furnished to the trustees for the official seal. Corresponding to these cartouches, under the other windows are memorial tablets inscribed with the names of the greatest writers, artists, musicians, scientists, statesmen, and soldiers, that the world has known. Five hundred and forty-two great names of the dead and the living, from Moses and Quintilian to Edison, are thus commemorated. It is the most complete historical roll of honor ever inscribed in enduring granite, and among the names so honored those of nine women find place,—Somerville, Maria Mitchell, Edgeworth, Austen, Fuller, Brontë, Geo. Eliot, De Staël, and George Sand. There will be many who will quarrel with this choice, but it is interesting to record the names here.

The line of medallions cut in granite which ornament the spandrels of the window-arches have also their individual interest. With but two exceptions they are copied from the marks or trade-devices of the early printers and booksellers, and

date from 1476 to 1600. The designs were selected more for their decorative effect than intrinsic interest, but include Caxton, Elzevir, and Aldus seals; and it seems an

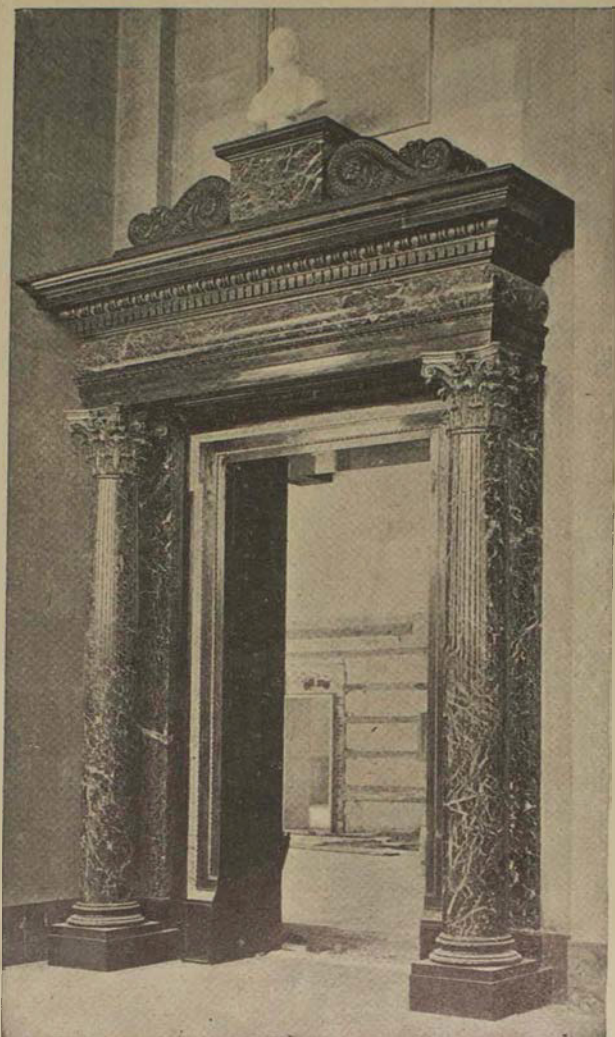


BATES HALL.

especially happy choice of ornament for such a building. On the frieze immediately above these medallions are the following inscriptions in high relief: "The Public Library of the City of Boston. Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning. A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII." "The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty." "MDCCCLII. Founded Through the Munificence and Public Spirit of Citizens."

Thus with brief dignity are the purpose and history of this imposing structure set forth, that he who runs may read, and, mayhap, arrested by the frank invitation, enter and come under the sway of the multitude of influences for good within. One detail alone of the exterior remains to be finished. The waiting pedestals which flank the main entrance are to support heroic symbolical groups of bronze statuary upon which Augustus St. Gaudens is now at work.

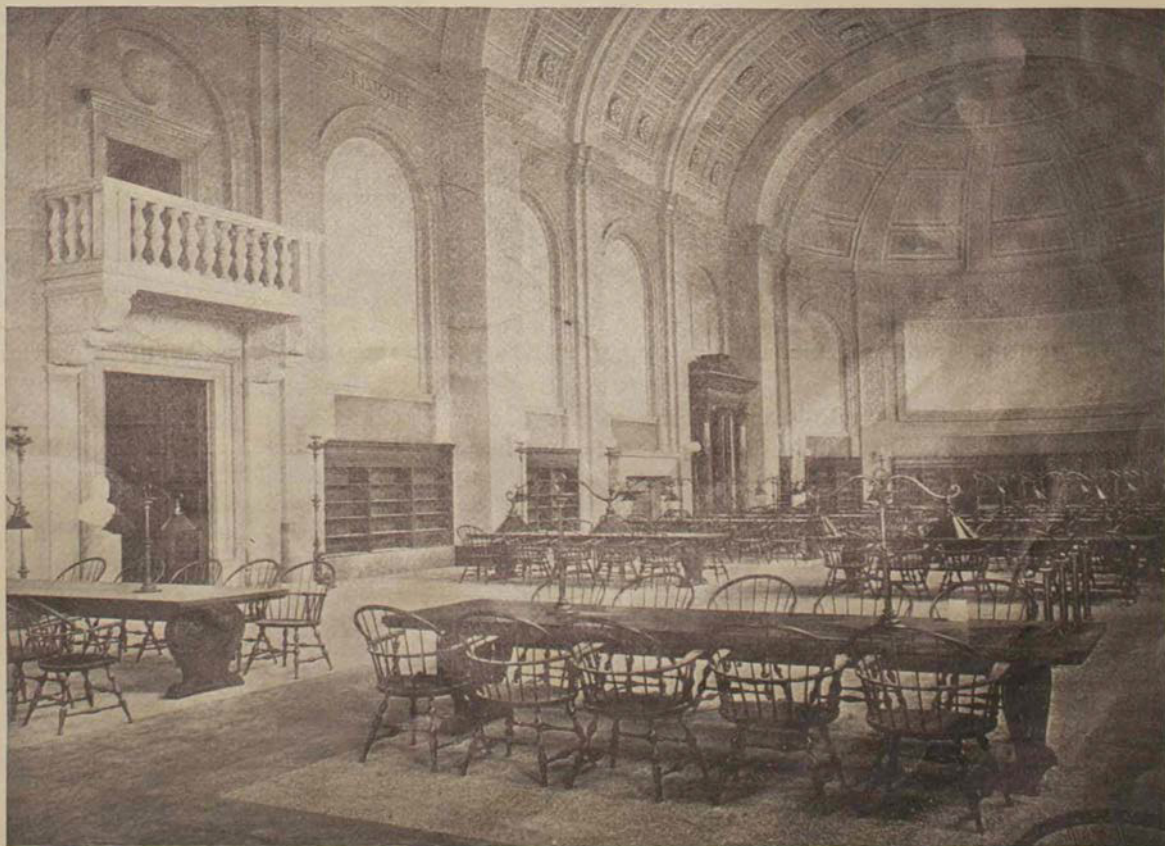
Sumptuously magnificent are the materials and means employed in beautifying the interior. Beautiful and rare marbles have been used everywhere for door-casings, inlaid floors, sub-bases and dados, and wherever appropriate, superb chimney-pieces find place. The eye of the most careless person is caught involuntarily by the exceedingly great beauty, the artistic loveliness on every hand. In a recessed end of the vestibule finished entirely in pink Tennessee marble, stands Frederick MacMonnies's bronze statue of Sir Harry Vane. All the detail of floors and ceiling deserves attention, and the refined ornament of the doorways, copied faithfully from the Erectheum at Athens, will especially attract it. These will be appropriately completed by bronze doors which the sculptor Daniel Chester French is now modeling. The beautiful crypt-like entrance hall might well be called



A DOORWAY, BATES HALL.

a Walhalla. so fittingly and proudly does it proclaim to every visitor the names of Boston's great dead—names dear to every reader, every lover of great deeds and great men. Overhead they are clustered in the vaulted and domed ceiling, forming part of an exquisite design, in marble mosaic, of trellis and luxuriant vines trailing everywhere.

The Walhalla-like character is accentuated as you ascend the grand staircase, all glowing with the translucent, softly blending yellows of Sienna marble, by Louis St. Gaudens's majestic lions *couchants*, which guard the broad landing half way up, and are dedicated to the memory of the officers and men of the Second and Twentieth Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. The ascent continues in a double flight of stairs turning to both right and left, and in the corridor above, facing you, seen through the arches of Sienna marble, is Puvis de Chavannes' great mural painting. It seems to strike the last, satisfying chord in the symphony. I would not change a single tone in the harmony. There is a sort of hallowedness—a



MAIN ENTRANCE, BATES HALL.



From a photograph by N. L. Stabbins.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT'S DECORATIONS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY—"THE CONFUSION OF THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS."

solemnity about the whole—that seems to lift one up out of self and all the turmoil of life into the calm, serene atmosphere of certainty. It is much the same as the uplifting emotion which silences the most frivolous and loquacious stranger as he steps within Bavaria's great Walhalla at Ratisbon, or the exquisite mausoleum at Charlottenburg, where Prussia's beloved Queen Louise is enshrined. One feels that humanity has risen above the conflicts here, and everlasting peace envelops you.

There are those who regret that Sargent or Abbey was not intrusted with the decorations surrounding the grand staircase and in the corridor. It is the post of honor, as it were, in the library, affording the utmost scope, from the beauty of the architectural detail and materials employed, for genius to take its highest flight. But far from allowing my imagination to dwell upon the gorgeous magnificence which might have resulted had

this been done, I shudder at the thought. The work of these famous artists is so thoroughly admirable, so perfectly fitted each for the place for which it was designed, that they have surprised their best friends and warmest admirers,—those who expected the most from them. That their genius could have adapted itself to other conditions is not to be questioned, but that is not the point under discussion. The regret expressed has been solely for the absence of that lavish gorgeousness of color and wealth of imagination in story and detail which characterize the now famous "Confusion of the Ancient Religions" and "Quest of the Holy Grail," and which are as far as the poles asunder from the calmer inspirations of that great master, Puvis de Chavannes.

Since it is more wholesome to seek for and enjoy "The good, the true, and the beautiful," than to find the errors and the flaws, in art as in life, so is it a happier

task to point out wherein these famous artists have each and every one excelled in some particular; and they have so wondrously adapted their work to its permanent abiding place that he must be a carping critic who could wish that one had been chosen to do another's work. Fenollosa's comparison of Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail" to Wagner's music is a very happy one. The subject was subtly and aptly chosen, for the story is one of the highest and purest in all the realms of literature, and the artist has manipulated all the wondrous detail with a master's hand. These pictures are in the Delivery Room, and make of it the most sumptuous one in the



THE COLONNADE, INSIDE.

library, the show room, in fact, drawing crowds of curious and eager visitors at all hours. 'Tis fortunate that it is so, for only here and in the upper corridor—now called Sargent Hall—where Sargent's pictures are placed, could such throngs of sight-seers congregate without disturbing the real workers, the readers and students, in the building.

Sargent has taken the boldest advantage of the free and untrammelled space assigned him. With a flood of light from the sky above and only those architectural limits which could be made to enhance his work, he has allowed his imagination to riot in its opportunities, and has achieved the effort of his life, placing himself in the ranks of the greatest masters. The completed scheme of his pictures will portray "The Triumph of Religion," but the story in detail could fill a pamphlet by itself, hence cannot be touched upon here. When all these mural decorations, so satisfactorily begun, are completed, they will mark a new era in American art.

It is a significant fact that there is as lively an interest in this great library outside of Boston as in the city itself; and a multitude of her citizens are in far greater ignorance of the epoch-making importance of the completion of this superb edifice, with the increased opportunities for freest access to its treasures now offered, than many well-read residents of other cities. For more than a year and a half the library has been in full and active possession of the new structure, and during this time the librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, and his able coadjutors have put into practical working order many schemes for increasing the usefulness of the library and extending its influence. There is so close a connection between the Central and Branch Libraries and the Delivery Stations that a book drawn from any one of them can be returned to any other. This would seem to complicate the clerical work enormously, but the convenience of readers and accessibility of the books are made the first condition. Mr. Putnam is considering a scheme

for the mobilization of all the public—institutional, that is, not free—libraries in Boston and Cambridge; the object being, without changing their separate jurisdictions or jeopardizing any legal rights, to have all work in harmony with the Boston Public Library for a common end—the increase of their individual efficiency and a ready interchange of books to supply a need felt at one, thus making all the million and a half books in the aggregated collections accessible to the scholar. Plans for increased coöperation with the public schools are constantly being considered, and every teacher in any school in the city has the privilege of a special

card entitling her to have out six books at a time and to retain them four weeks.

Can you realize what it means to many—the untraveled thousands—to enjoy the freedom of this beautiful building, the like of which they have never even pictured in dreams, never having before seen anything that compared with it? Not the least interesting sight is it to study the different classes of people who come here to draw books—

they are of every class and condition, race and color; 34,842 names are registered for this privilege, but thousands of others have unquestioned access to the great reading-room, Bates Hall, which extends across the whole front of the building, and is one of the most imposing rooms in the world,—the Throne Room of this



STATUE OF SIR HARRY VANE.

People's Palace, where Freedom and Education sit side by side on the throne. Six thousand books, which the reader can handle at will, are shelved in cases that line the walls of this beautiful hall; and by the aid of the pneumatic tubes, and book-baskets which run on cable tramways and rise or fall automatically on elevators which carry them to any book-stack in the building, the reading-room attendants bring to the student any book in the stacks within ten minutes. I have not space to tell of the special libraries on the third floor where there are other spacious, well-lighted reading-rooms, and 91,550 books accessible with no more formality than the registry of name and address; but the Barton collection of Shakesperiana and the Brown Music Library are specially notable.

The unconscious eye of the ragged street urchin as he sits at a table in this room is being trained to an appreciation and enjoyment of beauty, and involuntarily the refining influences of his surroundings are doing their silent work of elevation. On the walls are many interesting historical papers with original autographs,—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Articles of Confederation, and other State and judicial papers, some embellished with the portraits of noted men, and all calculated to nourish patriotism and reverence. Children over twelve are allowed to take books home with them, and 28,342 volumes were thus drawn last year.

The Periodical Room and the Newspaper Reading-Room are other interesting places offering the reader unbounded



THE FAÇADE FROM COPLEY SQUARE.

The Children's Room, entered from the grand corridor through the Venetian Lobby, corresponds with the Delivery Room at the opposite end of the building, and here a special and most interesting work is being done. The training of the embryo citizen is beginning here, and no material is considered too unpromising to be worth the effort to attract, interest, influence, and elevate. Three thousand books are free to the veriest baby who can read, or enjoy turning the leaves of a picture-book. Not the slightest restraint is put upon their going to the shelves and taking down whatever books they wish to look over or read, and though a lookout is quietly kept for dirty hands it is seldom found necessary on a second visit to repeat the request to go to the lavatory and wash them.

privileges in their special lines. Over three hundred newspapers are on file, and more than seven hundred periodicals lie on the tables and racks and as many more can be had for the asking, while on the shelves of the Periodical Room are bound volumes of all the periodicals analyzed in Poole's Index. Every student knows what an invaluable aid to research this is.

You must not leave the building without going out into the lovely cloistered court to rest for a brief moment, while you try to regulate all the thronging impressions you have received. It is a fascinating place, one that will weave a spell over you, and once enjoyed it must always remain a delightful memory.

THE PRETTY WIT OF CAPTAIN PAUL JONES.

By CLINTON ROSS.

Copyright, 1896, by the Bachelier Syndicate.

I.



ANY things are told of that redoubtable adventurer, Paul Jones—whom I knew well—to concede him, with Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Franklin, the most supreme merit as a man of resource.

Made as he was with the tireless spirit of effort, it was to be expected that he should end as he did, disappointed in his career. I know of nothing sadder, more tragical, than the end of that poor chevalier of the Order of Merit of Louis XVI., who had been a most doughty captain in our navy, and an admiral among the Russians, where political intrigue obscured his ability, dying as he did in Paris in 1792. I like better to think of him as I knew him in the fame that the victory of Le Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis had secured him, when he took on rather the manner of a beau, assumed fine airs, sported the sword the king had given him, was petted by the ladies,—even by Marie Antoinette, then in the fine heyday of her gayety before her sad end. I mean the time when he had his celebrated affair with la Comtesse de Bourbon, and with Madame Thellison.

For this little swarthy fellow, with his peering eye, his boasting over the greatness of the republic he served so well, was ever the admirer of a petticoat when its wearer was fair. I am told he had several duels on his hands on that account, of one of which and its mysterious cause Dr. Franklin himself has preserved the account.

But there is another—one between himself and one of the fairest, cleverest, most charming and dangerous women of the court at Versailles—which I have never seen recorded, and which I will put down as I had it myself from the great captain's lips.

The lady was la Comtesse Hortense le Fèvre, a rich young widow, who, besides Captain Paul, had many aspirants to her favor, among others Lord Whittlesey, of the English Foreign Office. In the end she became, as you will remember, the Countess of Whittlesey, the mother of the present earl (1813).

Now, at that time, the English were piqued at Captain Jones; would not allow him any merits excepting of the Captain Kidd order, and dearly wished to catch him, that they might swing him from a yard-arm.

Well, Captain Jones, just then idle, and because he was a man who must have some activity, even if it were playing with the fire of the devil, found time for many affairs, as I have said. Among others he conceived a passion for Madame le Fèvre. She was of medium height, fair, plump, with the most bewitching lips, and enticing gray eyes, always the most exquisitely gowned among Marie Antoinette's ladies,—always most proficient at the affected simplicity that played about the Little Trianon.

And behold our swarthy American captain, the great son of a Scotch gardener, sighing for her, until all the court noticed it and made sport of him, and called him Madame la Comtesse's "Poor Paul." And madame herself liked it all, counting him but one more victim. But she played him off, as she did many other gentlemen, French, Italians, Germans, and Russians, who wrote verses to her and

called her the fair, cruel, cold Le Fèvre, after the fashion of that day, when sentimentality, as Monsieur Rousseau so well expressed it, but hid under this veneer the horrid seriousness of the time all "out of joint."

She smiled, as I say, on all; had no favorite; flirted and encouraged them just enough, without suffering scandal to touch her skirts. And in the meantime, though no one knew it, she had become secretly plighted to Lord Whittlesey. It would not have been prudent for a lady who courted popularity at Versailles at this period to have confessed a *penchant* for an Englishman.

Now, while our captain was a shrewd fellow on the quarter-deck, he was a simpleton where a woman was concerned, as many brave men before and since have been. More than simple, he was as vain as a peacock, over his achievement in this direction.

And so one night after a great affair at court, when Madame la Comtesse had been particularly cold, he was not surprised, on returning to his lodging, to find a pretty scented note on his table, in Madame le Fèvre's hand, by all the gods of love and war! He puffed up, indeed, after all the chagrin of defeat. "You never can tell about a woman," he muttered. "When her manner is distant she sometimes likes you most." And with this trite reflection, which shows how silly a really brave man may be when out of his element, the doughty captain opened the note, which read:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—If you will be at nine o'clock tomorrow evening entirely alone at the house with the carved griffins, on the Rue Richelieu, you will learn that the admiration of a brave and famous sailor is appreciated. Raise the knocker three times in quick succession. "HORTENSE LE F."

For a moment, despite all his vanity about his achievements with the sex, Captain Jones wondered. Could it be true? But there was the note and her name.

If Captain Jones had been himself he never would have run into the snare. Yet possibly he was, after all, his simple, natural self, the gardener's son, not quite to the manner born,—a bit too vain, too credulous of his possible achievements with great ladies.

The long next day lagged. He powdered his hair, and put on his gayest costume and the fine sword Louis XVI. had given him in compliment of the victory of Le Bonhomme Richard; then when near the hour he sallied forth to keep the appointment, for he never doubted but that his charmer awaited him.

The house, a building of the fourth Henry's time, he often had noticed. For with the curiously carved griffins at each side of the door, bearing the arms of a former Prince of Condé, it was unmistakable.

Now, as he took his eager way through the darkening streets, he had no difficulty in finding it. The streets of Paris were not then as clean as they were to become in the great emperor's time; and the captain, who walked, as a matter of caution, was grieved to think that his shoes and stockings were mud-spattered. He stood there for a moment among the few passers, thinking ruefully that this was the case, and observing closely the shuttered front of the house. And then, although that silent, impassive front had made him a bit suspicious, he lifted the knocker once, twice, thrice, just at nine o'clock. A lover, like a warrior, should be exact in his appointments.

But was he not in fact ahead of time? Was it only a trick? He started to lift the knocker again, when the heavy door swung open a crack, and a wrinkled face peered over the chain.

"Captain Paul Jones?" queried an uncertain voice.

"Yes, I," assented Captain Jones. Then the chain rattled, was loosed, the door swung open on a hall all dark, and the concierge, or whatever she was, motioned him in. The woman closed the door, leaving him in the blackness of the interior, now for the first time with the thought of the need of caution.

And as he thought of possibilities of danger after all the ardor of his hope, he was caught from behind by strong invisible arms, a gag was passed over his face, and though he tried to struggle—and he was one of those little, wiry men—it was all in vain. He was borne to the floor, bound, and his eyes bandaged, his assailants in the meantime saying not a word.

The whole occurrence was uncanny; this sudden attack in the obscurity of the house where he had expected light and laughter; the strong men who mutely held him, and against whom any struggle was vain,—these circumstances left the Chevalier Paul Jones shivering, bound and gagged and blindfolded as he was, and thrust aside in a corner, like a dead thing. And then, as he strained his ears,—his hearing, indeed, being almost the only faculty of which these braves had left him the use,—he heard doors shutting and the sound of heavy steps on the hard floors of deserted rooms. His reason began to return then, and the first thing that occurred to him was that his silent assailants had worn no shoes. Was this man, or men, different? And then, of course, he perceived that, having accomplished the assault, need of silence no longer existed. That was patent. They had put on their shoes. But again the house grew still, excepting for his laborious breathing.

His hands tied behind him and his feet together, with a strong rope that cut into the flesh, his eyes bandaged, his mouth gagged,—finding struggling useless, and only knowing that his assailants had dropped him where they had taken him, our brave chevalier was indeed in a horrid predicament. The only thing he could do was to roll over the floor. He could do that with difficulty, and to and fro, right and left; and he began the examination of the room in that awkward manner, which was the only way that indeed was possible.

Rolling to his right about three feet, he brought up against a wall. To his left, a distance of ten feet, he bumped his head, which the tortoise-like movement brought first against the wall. This was a hall fourteen feet, more or less, broad. He judged the distance from the number of turns his body made, while he paused, breathing hard, as this effort, bound as he was, was most exhausting. If you do not believe me, have yourself bound tight, hands and feet, gagged, and eyes blindfolded, and then try to roll about.

As the Chevalier Jones lay there in this fashion, breathing hard, and his plight apparently hopeless enough, he thought in a revengeful spirit of Madame le Fèvre, who plainly had brought him into the plight. He remembered that two days later there was to be a great ball at Versailles, on which he had counted. He thought of the fine clothes he had worn to the appointment, which were torn and hopelessly ruined. He thought of the sword which the king had given him, and which the assailants had taken away. And as he lay there his heart was bitter over the simplicity of the stratagem.

And what did they intend to do with him? For a moment he was cold with perspiration as he thought the

men would return, carry him out, and perhaps drop him into the Seine. Then he reflected that if they had wanted to be rid of him they would have killed him with a sword or dagger thrust. More likely they wanted to kidnap him. If they had wished to kill him they certainly would have stabbed him without any noise. But why should they wish to kidnap him unless—

The plot suddenly became as clear as day. They would carry him to the coast, put him on some smuggler, and deliver him to the authorities in England, who had offered a large reward for his apprehension as a pirate dangerous to his Majesty's shipping and coast. Had he not himself abducted Lord Selkirk? And now the same methods were tried on him, the abductor: Madame le Fèvre plainly had engaged some desperate fellows, of whom Paris held many, who, having nothing to lose, gladly had embraced the chance of obtaining the reward offered for the apprehension of the "pirate Paul Jones." They had caught him neatly, and now they had gone after the carriage which was to carry him out of Paris.

Impatient and angered over his own simplicity in this matter—his wretched vanity about women—he began to struggle and roll about again. After he had struggled for some time vainly at his bonds the spirit of investigation returned, and he began to roll over and over in the other direction of the room.

Counting the distance with the same method of calculating it he had used before, the length of that room seemed endless. He knew he must make considerable noise with his shuffling about in the house, which apparently was now deserted.

II.

PAUSING out of utter exhaustion and breathing hard, with the gag cutting into his mouth, he almost despaired. And then taking courage he again began to move about, when he thought his hands were not so much hindered. Certain, all at once, that the rope had stretched, he stopped his rolling and tried to move the arm that seemed to be the less confined. As he did this the rope stretched further. With hope he worked at it again. Those fellows were not sailors in the tying of a knot, God be thanked; and after half an hour in this struggle he was able to free a hand.

Now give a man like Captain Paul Jones one hand free and he can accomplish the rest. Twenty minutes after he was on his feet, bruised and maimed between his struggles with his assailants and the scarcely less severe one with his bonds. But he was free again, clothes torn, himself cut and bruised, the ropes and bandages that had confined him in a heap on the floor.

The room was dark except for the light that entered from a high window in the rear.

And just then he heard steps as from some distant part of the house. Trying the front door, which had admitted him, he found it closed. In his desperation he turned through a door at the left, opposite to the direction from which the steps came. Seeing a window in this room, he sprang toward it, pushed it up, while over his shoulder a glare of light fell from the next room.

"Gone!" cried a voice in consternation and in English.

"The devil!" exclaimed another in French.

"Quick, he is in the next room!" said the first. By this time Captain Jones had his window opened, and, without pausing to examine where he was to land, he was over the sill, while a bullet fired by one of the pursuers whistled past his ear. He heard the report an instant after he sank on the soft turf. For, as luck would have it—the luck which favors those men that dare all things—he had fallen on the turf in the little garden at the back of the house.

In the opened window above appeared suddenly two faces. So there were two of them!

"Wretches!" cried the Chevalier Jones, forgetting all prudence. "If I had known there were only two of you I had stopped to kill you."

For answer one of the fellows thrust his leg over the sill and dropped, with an oath, into the garden. Quicker than a flash, and not considering how many others might follow, Captain Jones's fingers, still numbed with the bonds, were at his throat, while the other fellow paused in the window above, disregarding his comrade's plight, or doubtless thinking he should be able to settle a man weakened as Captain Paul Jones certainly must be after his terrible experience. At the moment a loud pounding was heard at the street door. The man in the window, knowing that this probably came from the watch, aroused by the pistol-shot, turned and fled from the window, doubtless considering it nearly impossible to get away over the high wall inclosing the garden, and knowing an exit in the rear.

Captain Jones, left with his man, and being still on top in the struggle, clung to the fellow's throat with the tenacity of desperation, till the man sank back choked into unconsciousness. The noise and cries at the front door still continued.

By this time the excitement of the little action had restored Captain Jones's sense. Kicking the fellow to find whether he was really unconscious, he looked up to see if he could not gain the house to admit the people at the door, who, he thought, undoubtedly were the watch. Noticing a vine that crept up the stones almost to the sill, he found that, clinging to it, he could gain the sill. A lantern was on the floor of the room, as the desperadoes had left it.

In the meantime the knock and voices at the door were imperative.

"Open. In the king's name!"

"I cannot. They have taken the key."

"And who are you?" demanded the voice, the knocks ceasing.

"The Chevalier Paul Jones, beguiled to this house and robbed."

"The Chevalier Jones!" exclaimed the voice, incredulously.

The chevalier, or better, the captain, as was his proudest American title, was known and admired throughout Paris. The watch could not believe that it was he. He insisted he was Captain Paul Jones. He told them to try the rear door, by which he believed one of the men had escaped. The house was on the corner of a lane turning from the Rue Richelieu into the adjoining street. The watch found easily an entrance by which the men in the house had escaped.

Captain Paul Jones now had no difficulty in proving his identity to the captain of the watch, who recognized, for all his bruises and torn and dirtied person, that this was really the redoubtable American sailor.

One man had fled certainly. The woman who admitted Captain Paul Jones was not to be found. The house had no furniture of any kind, and had been rented a week previously by an unknown man who had paid for six months in advance. In the garden the one fellow with whom Captain Jones had struggled was found, just recovering consciousness, and recognized as a well-known Parisian desperado.

This fellow would give no explanation of the plot, though smartly questioned at his trial. Preserving that "honor among thieves" which proves that some robbers might have made, under other circumstances, excellent

and honorable soldiers, he died on the gallows bravely, without a word of confession.

Captain Paul Jones, now having quite recovered that pretty wit which had stood him in such good stead on many another occasion, drove at once to the minister, the Comte de Vergennes. Insistent on seeing him, he succeeded, and told the whole affair over, with his own belief that it had been a plot to abduct him and carry him to England. Monsieur de Vergennes concurred with him that the object of justice might be gained best by keeping the affair entirely private, at least for some days. He congratulated Captain Jones on having escaped as he did, with only a few bruises. Captain Jones, on his part, said that he was glad that he had not suffered the loss of the sword the king had given him, which had been found in one of the rooms of the house.

When Monsieur de Vergennes questioned him narrowly about what had led to the appointment, he said he could not reveal the person's name. When Monsieur de Vergennes was insistent, that the facts might be laid properly before the minister of police, Captain Jones was equally reticent. He would not tell.

"Ah, yes," acknowledged Monsieur de Vergennes, since he was of the ever-gallant race, "I partly comprehend, and suppose I cannot shake your obstinacy."

Monsieur de Vergennes could not. For Captain Paul Jones, though this woman certainly had tried to carry out the most hideous plot against him, did not consider it quite fair to punish her as if she were a man. Besides, he shrewdly guessed that she would swear that her name had been used without her knowledge; that the conspirators had simply played on Captain Jones's well-known vanity about women. Nor, indeed, as a matter of pride, did he care to have himself shown in the ridiculous light in which a statement of the exact truth to Monsieur de Vergennes would put him.

But Captain Paul Jones had his own notion of a fine private revenge.

The next day no soul in Paris except his servant saw Captain Paul Jones. He told the servant to tell all callers that his master had gone away the previous evening without explanation, and had not returned. In the meantime he took needed rest,—as much as he could in his meditation over revenge, and with the painful bruises he had received. One eye was black, and that side of his face badly swollen.

The next evening following was that of the great ball at Versailles, I have mentioned. In the midst of the festivities who should appear, with black eye and swollen face, but this gardener's son, the famous knight of his Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit, Captain Paul Jones.

Everybody smiled. Mr. Franklin, who was our minister then, looked grave. What ridiculous row had Captain Paul Jones been involved in now, to present so disreputable an appearance?

But though ladies tittered, before whom earlier in the week he would have shone, our great captain had no vanity on this occasion. He had only eyes for Madame le Fèvre. In his pocket was the fatal note.

He was rewarded—nay, had almost positive proof. Madame le Fèvre nearly fainted when she saw him.

He walked straight to her, when she was by an evident effort recovering her self-possession.

"The heat here is oppressive, Captain Jones," she said.

"May I have a word with you, madame?"

She scanned him closely. The little captain looked dangerous. Relying on her wiles, she thought it best to humor him, to cajole him out of his bad temper. Some

beautiful women, in the conceit of a thousand successes, believe they can do anything they wish with men ; and was not woman the one vulnerable part in Captain Jones's armor?

So, now smiling, though she was fearful enough, she let him take her aside into one of the recessed windows looking out on the great fountains of the inner court of the palace.

"And what have you to say, chevalier?" she began.

"To commiserate madame on her disappointment at finding I did not take a certain pleasant excursion to England."

Despite her knowledge of the great need of keeping her self-control to meet him squarely, Madame le Fèvre trembled.

"Monsieur—" she began.

"I have your note," he began.

"My note! Give it me, monsieur! Give it me, I pray! Surely you would not torture me so—you would—"

"Ah, madame," said Captain Jones, "you have confessed—and—I despise you—who—with all your charms, your greatness, your virtue, which I believe in, are yet more despicable than the poorest girl who passes on the street."

"You would not, monsieur?" cried the woman, in her desperation.

"Madame, if you appear at court after to-night I will tell all. I swear I will tell all."

Madame le Fèvre began to weep.

Now, Captain Jones, in telling me this story himself, confessed that he never could withstand a woman's tears; and this woman, despicable as she was, yet had made him in love with her charms. So, suddenly, impulsive as he was in such affairs, Captain Jones took the letter from his pocket and tore it into pieces.

"Madame," said he, "I fight men—not women, though I confess they are vastly more dangerous. I believe it is a brave man's part to use no force against a woman enemy, but simply to despise her—to hold her less than the dirt under his feet."

And, turning on his heel, he left her.

Intelling the story long after, Captain Jones said that no one in Paris ever had from him the true version of this adventure, and as I believe he esteemed it wrong, as he said, for a brave man to fight a woman, however dangerous she might be, I readily believed him.

[NOTE.—The lady in the case afterward married the Earl of Whittlesey, a circumstance which may explain her motive in the affair. Her son is that young Lord Whittlesey who lately distinguished himself in the Peninsular campaign. F. Middleton, Naples, January, 1813.]

WOMEN AT THE BAR.

THE United States stands foremost in the numbers of its women lawyers. Indeed, women advocates are practically unknown elsewhere. And the rate of increase here may be gathered from the fact that the census of 1890 reported two hundred and eight women en-

to admit her, she appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the decision was affirmed, Chief Justice Chase alone dissenting. Three years later the Legislature of Illinois passed an act providing that no person should be precluded from any occupation or employment (except military) on account of sex. The victory won, Mrs. Bradwell did not renew her application, but



EMMA HUMPHREY HADDOCK, FIRST WOMAN ADMITTED TO PRACTICE IN UNITED STATES CIRCUIT AND DISTRICT COURTS.

gaged in the practice of law against seventy-five reported in the census of 1880; and the number has probably more than doubled since the last census.

The first woman admitted to practice in the United States was Arabella A. Mansfield, in Iowa, no earlier than 1869. In Illinois, almost at the same time, the late Myra Clarke Bradwell was fighting for admission to the Supreme Court of that State. On the refusal of that court



BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, FIRST WOMAN ADMITTED TO PRACTICE BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

continued to labor on her journal, the *Chicago Legal News*, of which she was the founder and editor.



ELLEN A. MARTIN, IN ACTIVE PRACTICE IN CHICAGO FOR NINETEEN YEARS.



MISS BLANCHE FEARING, LAWYER AND AUTHOR.

A pioneer in the struggle for women's equal rights in the legal profession was Lavinia Goodel; and her experience is typical of that of many others. After three years of close study she opened a law office in Janesville, Wisconsin, and her first case was the prosecution of a liquor dealer for illegal selling. The case was carried from the Judge's court to the Circuit Court, and was twice decided in her favor. It was then appealed to the

The barriers are now almost all down. No State, it is believed, would now offer any serious objection to the practice of law by women; and to most of the law schools they are admitted. In this the West leads the East. The law department of Michigan University has graduated more women than any other such school in the country. In 1890 there was but one Southern school—that of St. Louis—which permitted the co-education of women in the law. Since then several other institutions of learning in the South have admitted them to the law schools, but Harvard, Yale, and Columbia still refuse them the privilege. One woman, however, Alice R. Blake, holds the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Yale by inadvertence of the faculty. Regulations have since been adopted to prevent the recurrence of such an incident. From the woman's law class of the New York University large numbers of women have graduated, many of whom are now active practitioners.

Mrs. Ada H. Kepley, of Effingham, Illinois, was the first woman graduated from a law school in this or any other country; and it seems strange that this should have occurred no earlier than 1870. She was graduated from the law department of the University of Chicago, now the Northwestern University, but has not made the practice of law her regular vocation, though she has conducted a number of cases, and is well known in Illinois.



MARY KENNEDY BROWN.

Supreme Court, and her attempt to follow her legal antagonists to this field and renew the encounter, in which she had been twice successful, was temporarily defeated by the refusal of Chief Justice Ryan to admit her. She straightway prepared a bill removing the disqualification of sex, and had the satisfaction of witnessing its triumphal passage through the Legislature. But her career, thus auspiciously begun, was soon after terminated by death.

Mrs. Clara Foltz, one of the best known women lawyers of New York, and now a general practitioner here, had a

of the United States. She was recently admitted to the practice of the law in the Supreme Court of this State, and will make New York the field of her legal labors. The New York Civil Code provides for the admission of women to the bar under an amendment passed in 1886.

The first woman admitted to practice at the bar of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts,

the event occurring in 1882, was Miss Lelia J. Robinson, now Mrs. Sawtelle, a well known lawyer in Boston, and author of an admirable book intended for popular use, entitled "Law Made Easy." Mary Hall, of Hartford, was the first woman admitted to practice in Connecticut, her application being confirmed without special act of the Legislature. Mrs. Emma Humphrey Haddock was the first woman admitted to practice in the

United States Circuit and District Courts; this occurred in 1875. Her time in recent years has been given to the business management of the Iowa State University. Tabitha A. Halton was the pioneer woman in this profession in North Carolina, and she practiced in association with her brother up to the time of her death in 1886. Belva A. Lockwood, the first



ADA H. KEPLEY, FIRST WOMAN GRADUATE FROM A LAW SCHOOL.



MRS. KATE PIER

hard struggle to gain admission to the bar. Being left a widow with five children while yet a young woman (she had married at the age of fifteen), she determined to practice law in California where she was then living. The California Code did not admit women to the bar at that time; but that was a small obstacle in the way of such a woman.

After succeeding in having the legal disability removed, she applied for admission to Hastings College, San Francisco, and on the refusal of the faculty to admit her, brought suit to compel them, and the case was finally decided in her favor. In 1878 she was admitted to practice in the District Court, in 1879 in the California Supreme Court, and in 1890 in the Supreme Court



KATE H. PIER.



CAROLINE H. PIER.

woman admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, is probably the best known woman lawyer in the country; and Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of Nebraska, the first woman admitted to the bar in that State, is a well-known and successful lawyer.

Conservative old



MRS. MARIAN TODD.



HARRIET H. PIER.

THE PIER FAMILY OF LAWYERS.

New Jersey was the last State to admit women to the practice of the law, and when Miss Mary Phillbrook applied in 1894 for admission to the Supreme Court of that State, the application was refused on the ground that, "until the Legislature grants to women the privilege of practicing law, the weight of reason and authority is against the existence of the right." After the appearance before the Assembly Judiciary Committee of a number of women, among them Miss Carrie B. Kilgore, herself a lawyer of some note in Philadelphia, to argue in favor of the passage of an enabling act, one was passed almost unanimously by the House, only to be defeated in the Senate. On motion to reconsider, however, the bill was finally passed and was promptly signed by the Governor.

Chicago has a larger number of women lawyers than any other city in the Union, there being some twenty-five in all. Of these, Miss Ellen A. Martin has been the longest time in practice, — about nineteen years. She it was who advised the first voting by women in Illinois. After the publication of her brief in the Chicago papers the bar almost unanimously conceded that the Legislature could grant municipal and much other suffrage to women. Another well-known Chicago lawyer is Miss Blanche Fearing. She is a writer of good poetry as well as a practitioner of law, and it is interesting to know that she has made a name in these two fields in spite of the fact that she

is totally blind. Among other women lawyers of prominence in Chicago are Mrs. Catharine G. Waugh, who is an A. M. as well as an LL. B.; Miss Kate Kane Rossi, who has made a specialty of criminal practice, and Mrs. Mary Kennedy Brown, a New England woman who has practiced her profession for about four years in the great Western Metropolis.

A remarkable group is the Pier family of lawyers, of Milwaukee. Mrs. Pier, with her eldest daughter Kate, graduated from the Wisconsin State University, and was admitted to practice in 1887. Following in their footsteps the two younger daughters, Caroline H. and Harriet H., were graduated four years later, and admitted to the bar; and, on motion of United States Senator Vilas, Mrs. Kate Pier was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. They are all devoted to their chosen calling, have a large and increasing business, and a good standing in the legal profession.

It is, of course, impossible to even mention by name all the women who are engaged in the practice of the law in the various States. There is scarcely a State which has not a number of successful women lawyers, many of them a credit to the profession at large, many of them carrying

on a lucrative and complicated business. Not only do we find them in the large cities, but it is not uncommon, especially in the Middle and Western States, to find active practitioners in the small cities and towns. A few names may be enumerated, and among them omission should not be made of Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, of Topeka, Kansas, who was assistant to her husband, the Attorney-General of that State; Laura de Force Gordon, well-known in San Francisco and upon the Pacific Slope; Mrs. Clara H. Nash, who was the first woman to secure admission to the bar in New England, being admitted to practice by the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine in 1872, but who has since retired to private life; Miss Mary A. Green, of Boston, who has a high reputation for legal learning, and is a frequent contributor to the law reviews; Miss Kate Stoneman, the first woman admitted to the bar in New York; Miss Charlotte E. Ray, a young colored woman who was admitted to the

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and who practiced there for a period; Mrs. B. R. Shay, author of a "Student's Guide to Common Law Pleading"; and Mrs. Marian Todd, who practiced law for three years in San Francisco, is the author of several works on the railroad and tariff questions, and in 1882 ran for Attorney-General of California on the Greenback ticket.

There is much difference of opinion as to the fitness of woman for the legal profession, but there can be none as to the success she has so far

attained. It is probable that the future will witness a great increase in the numbers and importance of women lawyers. Much of the popular feeling of antagonism toward woman's adopting the legal profession springs from a misconception of the lawyer's duties, it being assumed that the chief business of a lawyer is haranguing juries and intimidating witnesses. When it is recognized that there are many different fields in the profession and that actual court practice is but the smallest part of the business of law, the prejudice against woman's engaging in its pursuit will be greatly modified.

The duties and obligations of a legal career are onerous and exacting; and the woman who enters upon the pursuit of law must consider all it entails. It will be noted that a great many women who have studied law have never engaged in practice, and a great many who once practiced have now ceased to do so. But it will be noted, too, that perhaps the larger proportion of women lawyers are married; that many are assistants of their husbands; and that quite a number have begun the study and practice of law after marriage.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



MRS. CLARA FOLTZ, LAWYER IN NEW YORK CITY.



FRANK WATCHING ARCHIE WITH A TELESCOPE.

Wm. L. Linscott
New York

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Copyright, 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

VII.—(Continued)

THE first Sunday Kirstie had managed to stay away from kirk on some pretext of indisposition, which was more truly modesty,—the pleasure of beholding Archie seeming too sacred, too vivid, for that public place. It was not until the second, accordingly, that Frank had occasion to set eyes on the enchantress. With the first look all hesitation was over. Here was Archie's secret; here was the woman, and more than that,—though I have need of every manageable attenuation of language,—with the first look he had already entered himself as rival. It was a good deal in pique, it was a little in revenge, it was much in genuine admiration.

"Mighty attractive milkmaid," he observed, on the way home.

"Who?" said Archie.

"Oh, the girl you're looking at,—aren't you? Forward there on the road. She came attended by the rustic bard; presumably, therefore, belongs to his exalted family. The single objection! for the four black brothers are awkward customers. If anything were to go wrong, Gib would gibber, and Clem would prove inclement, and Dand fly in dander, and Hob blow up in gobbets. It would be a Helliot of a business!"

"Very humorous, I am sure," said Archie.

"Well, I'm trying to be so," said Frank. "It's none too easy in this place, and with your solemn society, my dear fellow. But confess that the milkmaid has found favor in your eyes, or resign all claim to be a man of taste."

"It is no matter," returned Archie.

But the other continued to look at him steadily and quizzically, and his color slowly rose and deepened under the glance, until not impudence itself could have denied that he was blushing. And at this Archie lost some of his control. He changed his stick from one hand to the other, and "Oh, for God's sake, don't be an ass!" he cried.

"Beware of the homespun brothers, dear. If they come into the dance, you'll see who's an ass. Think, now, if they only applied (say) a quarter as much talent as I have applied to the question of what Mr. Archie does with his evening hours, and why he is so unaffectedly nasty when the subject's touched on——"

"You are touching on it now," interrupted Archie, with a wince.

"Thank you. That was all I wanted; an articulate confession," said Frank.

"I beg to remind you—" began Archie

But he was interrupted in turn. "My dear fellow, don't. It's quite needless. The subject's dead and buried."

And Frank began to talk hastily on other matters. But although Archie had the grace, or the timidity, to suffer him to rattle on, he was by no means done with the subject. When he came home to dinner he was greeted with a sly demand how things were looking "Cauldstaneslap ways." Later in the evening Frank returned to the charge again.

"I say, Weir, you'll excuse me for returning again to this affair. I've been thinking it over, and I wish to beg you very seriously to be more careful. It's not a safe business, my boy," said he.

"What?" said Archie.

"Well, it's your own fault if I must put a name on the

thing; but, really, as a friend, I cannot stand by and see you rushing head down into these dangers. What is to be the end of it?"

"The end of what?"—Archie, helpless with irritation, persisted in this dangerous and ungracious guard.

"Well, the end of the milkmaid; or, to speak more by the card, the end of Miss Christina Elliott?"

"I assure you," Archie broke out, "this is all a figment of your imagination. There is nothing to be said against that young lady; you have no right to introduce her name into the conversation."

"I'll make a note of it," said Frank. "She shall henceforth be nameless, nameless, Grigalach! I make a note besides of your valuable testimony to her character. I only want to look at this thing as a man of the world. Admitted she's an angel,—but, my good fellow, is she a lady?"

This was torture to Archie. "I beg your pardon," he said, struggling to be composed, "but because you have wormed yourself into my confidence——"

"Oh, come!" cried Frank. "Your confidence? It was rosy but unconsenting. Now, look! This is what I must say, Weir, for it concerns your safety and good character, and therefore my honor as your friend. You say I wormed myself into your confidence. Wormed is good. But what have I done? I have put two and two together; just as the parish will be doing to-morrow, and the whole of Tweeddale in two weeks, and the black brothers—well, I won't put a date on that! Your secret in other words, is poor Poll's. And I want to ask of you as a friend whether you like the prospect? I tell you plainly, I don't!"

Archie arose. "I will hear no more of this," he said in a trembling voice.

But Frank again held up his cigar. "Tell me one thing first. Tell me if this is not a friend's part that I am playing?"

"I believe you think it so," replied Archie. "But I will hear no more of it. I am going to bed."

"That's right, Weir," said Frank, heartily. "Go to bed and think over it; and I say, man, don't forget your prayers! I don't often do the moral,—don't go in for that sort of thing,—but when I do there's one thing sure, that I mean it."

So Archie marched off to bed, and Frank sat alone by the table for another hour or so, smiling to himself richly. There was nothing vindictive in his nature; but, if revenge came in his way it might as well be good, and the thought of Archie's pillow reflections that night was indescribably sweet to him. He tasted that night the sweets of omnipotence, and brooded like a deity over the strands of that intrigue which was to shatter him before the summer waned.

VIII.

A NOCTURNAL VISIT.

KIRSTIE had many causes of distress. More and more as we grow old—and yet more and more as we grow old and are women, frozen by the fear of age—we come to rely on the voice as the single outlet of the soul. Talk is the last link, the last relation. But with the end of the conversation, when the voice stops and the bright face of the listener is turned away, solitude falls again on the bruised heart. Kirstie had lost her "cannie hour at e'en";



"KIRSTIE, WITH A RUSH-LIGHT IN HER HAND, STOLE INTO THE HALL."

she could no more wander with Archie, a ghost if you will, but a happy ghost, in fields Elysian. And to her it was as if the whole world had fallen silent; to him, but an unremarkable change of amusements. And she raged to know it. It so fell out that she was deprived of this delight in the hour when she had most need of it; when she had most to say, most to ask, and when she trembled to recognize her sovereignty not merely in abeyance but annulled. For, with the clairvoyance of a genuine love, she had pierced the mystery that had so long embarrassed Frank. She was conscious, even before it was carried out, of an invasion of her rights; and a voice told her the invader's name. With a sense of justice that Lord Hermiston might have envied, she had that day in church considered and admitted the attractions of the younger Kirstie; and, with the profound humanity and sentimentality of her nature, she had recognized the coming of fate.

She lay tossing in bed that night, besieged with feverish thoughts. There were dangerous matters pending. Now she was re-incarnated in her niece, and now in Archie. Now she saw, through the girl's eyes, the youth on his knees to her, heard his persuasive instances with a deadly weakness, and received his overmastering caresses. Now she trembled lest her deity should plead in vain, loving the idea of success for him like a triumph of nature; anon, with returning loyalty to her own family and sex, she trembled for Kirstie and the credit of the Elliotts. Suddenly she heard feet on the stairs,—his feet,—and soon after the sound of a window-sash flung open. She sat up with her heart beating. He had gone to his room alone, and he had not gone to bed. She might again have one of her night cracks. She tore off her night cap, and her hair fell about her shoulders in profusion. By the faint light of her nocturnal rush she stood before the looking-glass, carried her shapely arms above her head, and gathered up the treasures of her tresses. Hastily she did up the massive and shining coils, hastily donned a wrapper, and, with the rush-light in her hand, stole into the hall. The next moment she had knocked guardedly at Archie's door and was bidden enter.

Archie had been looking out into the ancient blackness, taking the sweet air of the moors and the night into his bosom deeply; seeking, perhaps finding, peace after the manner of the unhappy. He turned round as she came in, and showed her a pale face against the window-frame.

"Is that you, Kirstie?" he asked. "Come in!"

"It's unco' late, my dear," said Kirstie, affecting unwillingness.

"No, no," he answered, "not at all. Come in, if you want a crack. I am not sleepy, God knows!"

She advanced, took a chair by the toilet-table and the candle and set the rush-light at her foot. Something—it might be in the comparative disorder of her dress, it might be the emotion that now welled in her bosom—had touched her with a wand of transformation, and she seemed young with the youth of goddesses.

"Mr. Erchie," she began, "what's this that's come to ye?"

"I am not aware of anything that has come," said Archie, and blushed, and repented bitterly that he had let her in.

"Oh, my dear, that'll no dae!" said Kirstie. "It's ill to blend the eyes of love. Oh, Mr. Erchie, tak' a thocht ere it's ower late. Ye shouldnae be impatient o' the brows o' life; they'll a' come in their saison, like the sun and the rain."

"I have a difficulty in knowing what you mean," said Archie.

"Weel, and I'll tell ye," she said. "It's just this that I'm feared. I'm feared for ye, my dear. Remember, your faither is a hard man. Ye'll have to look in the gurl's face o'm, where it's ill to look, and vain to look for mercy. Ye mind me o' a bonny ship pitten oot into the black and gowsty seas; ye're a' safe still, sittin' quaiet and crackin' wi' Kirstie in your lown chalmers; but whaur will ye be the morn, and in whatten horror o' the fearsome tempest, cryin' on the hills to cover ye?"

"Why, Kirstie, you're very enigmatical the night—and very eloquent," Archie put in.

"And, my dear Mr. Erchie," she continued, with a change of voice, "ye maunae think that I cannae sympathize wi' ye. Ye maunae think that I havenae been young mysel'. Lang syne, when I was a bit lassie, no twenty yet—" she paused and sighed, "there was a lad cam' courtin' me, as was but naetural. Mony had come before, and I would nane o' them. But this yin had a tongue to wile the birds frae the lift and the bees frae the foxglove bells. Deary me, but it's lang syne! But, Mr. Erchie, do ye no think that I have mind o' it a' still? Aye, Mr. Erchie, I ken the wey o' it—fine do I ken the wey—how the grace o' God takes them, like Paul of Tarsus, and drives the pair o' them into a land which is like a dream, and the world and the folks in 't are nae mair than clouds to the puir lassie, and Heeven nae mair than window-straes, if she can but plesure him! Until Tam deed—that was my story," she broke off to say, "he deed, and I wasnae at the buryin'. But while he was here I could take care o' mysel'. And can yon puir lassie?"

Kirstie, her eyes shining with unshed tears, stretched out her hand toward him appealingly. He came toward her slowly from the window, took up her hand in his and kissed it.

"Kirstie," he said, hoarsely, "you have misjudged me sorely. I have always thought of her; I wouldnae harm her for the universe, my woman!"

"Eh, lad, and that's easy sayin'," cried Kirstie, "but it's nane sae easy doin'! My bairn," she cried, still holding his hand, "think o' the puir lass! Have pity upon her, Erchie; and oh, be wise for twa! Think o' the risk she rins! I have seen ye, and what's to prevent ithers?"

"I swear by my honor I have done her no wrong," said Archie. "I swear by my honor and the redemption of my soul that there shall none be done her. I have heard of this before. I have been foolish, Kirstie, not unkind; and, above all, not base."

"There's my bairn!" said Kirstie, rising. "I'll can trust ye noo; I'll can gang to my bed wi' an easy hairt." And then she saw in a flash how barren had been her triumph. Archie had promised to spare the girl, and he would keep it; but who had promised to spare Archie? What was to be the end of it? "Erchie, the Lord peety you, dear, and peety me! And for His name's sake keep yersel' frae inordinate desires; haud your hairt in baith your hands, carry it canny and laigh; dinnae send it up like a bairn's kite into the collieshangie o' the wunds!"

"Aye, but Kirstie, my woman, you're asking me ower much at last" said Archie, profoundly moved, and lapsing into the broad Scots. "Ye're asking what nae man can grant ye; what only the Lord of heaven can grant ye if He see fit. I can promise ye what I shall do, and ye can depend on that. But how I shall feel,—my woman, that is long past thinking of!"

They were standing opposite each other now. The face of Archie wore the wretched semblance of a smile; hers was convulsed for a moment.

"Promise me ae thing," she cried, in a sharp voice. "Promise me ye'll never do naething without telling me."

"No, Kirstie; I cannae promise ye that," he replied.

"I have promised enough, God kens!"

"May the blessing of God lift and rest upon ye, dear!" she said.

"God bless ye, my old friend," said he.

IX.

BY THE WEAVER'S STONE.

It was late in the afternoon when Archie drew near by the hill path to the Praying Weaver's Stone. Through the gate of the Slap the sun shot a last arrow that lighted on the gravestone and the small figure awaiting him there. Archie's slow pace quickened, his legs hasted to her, though his heart was hanging back. The girl, upon her side, drew herself together slowly and stood up, expectant; she was all languor, her face was gone white, her arms ached for him, her soul was on tip-toes.

But he deceived her, pausing a few steps away, not less white than herself, and holding up his hand with a gesture of denial.

"No, Christina, not to day," he said. "To-day I have to talk to you seriously. Sit ye down, please, there where you were. Please!" he repeated.

The revulsion of feeling in Christina's heart was violent. To have longed and waited these weary hours for him; to have been ready there, breathless, wholly passive, his to do what he would with, and suddenly to have found herself confronted with a gray-faced, harsh schoolmaster,—it was too rude a shock. She could have wept, but pride withheld her. She sat down on the stone, from which she had arisen, part with the instinct of obedience, part as though she had been thrust there. What was this? Had she ceased to please? She stood here offering her wares, and he would none of them! And yet they were all his. His to take and keep; not his to refuse, though! The schoolmaster that there is in all men, to the despair of all girls and most women, was now completely in possession of Archie. He had passed a night of sermons, a day of reflection; he had come wound up to do his duty; and the set mouth, which in him only betrayed the effort of his will, to her seemed the expression of an averted heart; and if so—if it was all over—the pang of the thought took away from her the power of thinking.

He stood before her some way off. "Kirstie, there's been too much of this. We've seen too much of each other."

She looked up quickly and her eyes contracted.

"There's no good ever comes of these secret meetings. They're not frank, not honest truly, and I ought to have seen it. People have begun to talk; and it's not right of me. Do you see?"

"I see somebody will have been talking to ye," she said, sullenly.

"They have, more than one of them," replied Archie.

"And wha were they?" she cried. "And what kind of love do ye ca' that, that's ready to gang round like a whirligig at folk talking? Do ye think they have nae talked to me?"

"Have they, indeed?" said Archie, with a quick breath. "That is what I feared. Who were they? Who has dared—?"

Archie was on the point of losing his temper.

As a matter of fact, no one had talked to Christina on the matter; and she strenuously repeated her own first question in a panic of self-defense.

"Ah, well! what does it matter?" he said. "They were good folk that wished well to us, and the great affair is that there are people talking. My dear girl, we have to

be wise. We must not wreck our lives at the outset. They may be long and happy yet, and we must see to it, Kirstie, like God's rational creatures, and not like fool children. There is one thing we must see to before all. You're worth waiting for Kirstie!—worth waiting for a generation; it would be enough reward." And here he remembered the schoolmaster again, and very unwisely took to following wisdom. "The first thing that we must see to is that there shall be no scandal about, for my father's sake. That would ruin all. Do ye no see that?"

Kirstie was a little pleased; there had been some show of warmth of sentiment in what Archie had said last. But the dull irritation still persisted in her bosom; with the aboriginal instinct, having suffered herself, she wished to make Archie suffer.

And besides, there had come out the word she had always feared to hear from his lips, the name of his father. It is not to be supposed that during so many days with a love avowed between them, some reference had not been made to their conjoint future. Again and again he had touched on marriage; again and again been driven back into indistinctness by a memory of Lord Hermiston. And Kirstie had been swift to understand, and quick to choke down and smother the understanding. So now again, at the mere wind of its coming, at the mere mention of his father's name, she fled from it head down.

"Ye havenae told me yet," she said, "who was it spoke?"

"Your aunt for one," said Archie.

"Auntie Kirstie?" she cried. "And what do I care for my Auntie Kirstie?"

"She cares a great deal for her niece," replied Archie, in kind reproof.

"Troth, and it's the first time I've heard of it," retorted the girl.

"The question here is not who it is, but what they say—what they have noticed," pursued the lucid schoolmaster. "That is what we have to think of in self-defense."

"Auntie Kirstie, indeed! A bitter, thrawn auld maid that's fomented trouble in the country before I was born, and will be doing't still, I daur say, when I'm dead!"

"Pardon me, Kirstie; she was not the only one," interposed Archie. "I had two warnings, two sermons, last night, both most kind and considerate. Had you been there, I promise you, you would have grat, my dear! And they opened my eyes. I saw we were going a wrong way."

"Who was the other one?" Kirstie demanded.

By this time Archie was in the condition of a hunted beast. He had come, braced and resolute; he was to trace out a line of conduct for the pair of them in a few cold convincing sentences; he had now been there some time, and he was still staggering round the out-works and undergoing what he felt to be a savage cross-examination.

"Mr. Frank!" she cried. "What next, I would like to ken?"

"He spoke most kindly and truly."

"What like did he say?"

"I am not going to tell you; you have nothing to do with that," cried Archie, startled to find he had admitted so much.

"Oh, I have naething to do wi' it!" she repeated, springing to her feet. "A'boddy at Hermiston's free to pass their opinion upon me, but I have naething to do wi' it! But, as you say, Mr. Weir,—most kindly, most considerately, most true, I'm sure,—I have naething to do with it. And I think I'll better be going. I'll be wishing you good evening, Mr. Weir." And she made him a

stately courtesy, shaking as she did so, from head to foot with the barren ecstasy of temper.

Poor Archie stood dumbfounded. She had moved some steps away from him before he recovered the gift of articulate speech.

"Kirstie!" he cried. "Oh, Kirstie, woman!"

There was in his voice a ring of appeal, a clang of mere astonishment that showed the schoolmaster was vanquished.

She turned round on him. "What do ye Kirstie me for?" she retorted. "What have ye to do wi' me? Gang to ye'r ain freends and deave them!"

He could only repeat the appealing "Kirstie!"

"Kirstie, indeed!" cried the girl, her eyes blazing in her white face. "My name is Miss Christina Elliott, I would have ye to ken, and I daur ye to ca' me out of it. What have I done that ye should lightly me? What have I done? What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"—and her voice rose upon the third repetition. "I thocht—I thocht—I thocht I was sae happy!"—and the first sob broke from her like the paroxysm of some mortal sickness.

Archie ran to her. He took the poor child in his arms, and she nestled to his breast as to a mother's and clasped him in hands that were strong like vises. He felt her shaken by the throes of distress, and had pity upon her beyond speech. Pity, and at the same time a bewildered fear of this explosive engine in his arms, whose works he did not understand, and yet had been tampering with. There rose from before him the curtains of boyhood, and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is. In vain he looked back over the interview; he saw not where he had offended. It seemed unprovoked, a willful convulsion of brute nature. . . .

(The recollection of the author's step-daughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, enables the following summary argument to be given of the intended course of the story from the point where it was interrupted by the author's death: Archie persists in his good resolution of no farther compromising young Kirstie. Frank Innes takes advantage of the situation thus created to pursue the purpose of seduction which he has conceived; and Kirstie, though still really loving Archie, allows herself to become Frank's victim. Old Kirstie is the first to perceive something amiss with the girl, and believes that Archie is the man to blame. He desiring to shield her as far as may be, does not deny Kirstie's charge, but goes to find young Kirstie, who confesses the truth to him. Archie, loving her in spite of all, promises to protect her through her trouble. He then has an interview with Frank on the moor, which ends by Archie's shooting Frank at the Weaver's Stone. Meanwhile, the Four Black Brothers, enraged with Archie as the supposed seducer of their sister, seek him out with the purpose of vengeance, and are just closing in on him when he is arrested by the officers of the law for the murder of Frank. He is brought to trial, and the presiding judge is his own father, the lord justice-clerk, who, like an old Roman, condemns his son to death, but presently afterward dies himself of the ordeal. Meanwhile, old Kirstie has discovered the truth from the girl, and communicates it to the Four Black Brothers, who, in a great revulsion of feeling in Archie's favor, determine on an action after the old manner of their house. They gather a following to force the prison in which Archie lies condemned, and, after a great fight, rescue him. The story ends with the escape of Archie and young Kirstie to America.)

THE END.

PARIS PAINTERS AND THEIR MODELS.

BY KATE JORDAN.

THE artist is everywhere, yet never quite where you expect to meet him. He is as numerous in Paris as the buttercups brocading a June meadow, but he is not so self-evident. You have to search for him, in small houses away from the narrow, teeming streets, whose only door opens on a back garden; up twisting passages or behind lichened walls which keep privacy invincible; or under the eaves *au sixième*, where clouds and swallows are his intimates.

But there is one who seems to know by superlative instinct how to unearth him,—know his habits, what he prefers for breakfast, what boulevard tunes he most delights in, just what his intricacies of temperament are; and this sage being is the model, man, woman, or child,—but particularly, because of her birthright of curiosity and intuition, the woman.

Where do they come from, these old, lined *grand-mères*, posing in Dutch caps, with knitting in hand; these stalwart youths of excellent profile, who, in perpetual feathered caps, appear to strum a mandolin; these children of dimpled, delicate beauty; the young women frankly nude, who run the gamut of mythological deities and historical heroines, who, like Trilby, get their daily, crusty bread and bottle of wine out of the "altogether"?

How do they commence the life? Do they seek it? Are they born to it? Is it thrust upon them? What are its requisites? Do women seek it from vanity, wanton-

ness, or fitness? Is it a degrading profession? What does the model think of the painter, and *vice versa*?

In getting an answer to these questions by personal inquiry I spent a week among the studios. "How did I get Marie?" asked Rolshoven, one of the first Americans in the glittering, artistic colony. "Why, it was like this: The model who had posed for my 'Loretto the Beautiful' had gone the way of all models. I was in despair, daily staring at the sketch of my next painting, and running over in my mind the names of a dozen models I knew. Not one appealed to me, lovely though many of them were. I wanted a very young girl, with clear-cut, soft outlines to the lines of the throat and head, yet a southern type. A child of opulent Italian beauty, just budding into womanhood, would exactly suffice for my needs. I could think of none. Youthfulness of line, innocence of mien, soon wither in this life. My only hope lay in finding a novice. A day or two after, a timid knock sounded on my door. Shyly hiding in the shadow stood a *gauche*, poorly dressed child of twelve or fourteen, with a radiant little face of pure Italian coloring. It was Marie. She wanted to be a model. A companion of her elder sister's had formerly been with me, and when the child had to earn money some way, she followed Adele's suggestion and came here. I put her through her paces at once; under those shabby clothes was the exquisite child-woman I wanted. That was four years ago. She has been with

me ever since. She takes pride in her work, and frequently goes to see the canvas when it's hung. I consider her head the most beautiful in Paris, her smile an inspiration. She is a thoroughly good girl." Marie, having no interest in the English conversation, was squatting near the stove, a few yards of green gauze wrapped around her for warmth. She was softly singing and counting her toes.

In MacMonnies's white, plaster-crowded studio, the famous red-haired Sarah Brown was posing as Venus wooing Adonis. It was her airy defiance of all conventionalities in the students' procession which led to the riots two years ago. Sarah is exactly what her fascinating, wicked face proclaims her,—a moth in the Paris glare. She has the manners and wit of a street urchin, never misses an opportunity to proclaim herself a rebel against all decorum, and is regent of her world.

"Innate vanity, self-consciousness, a desire for display, light morality, lead many a woman to choose this profession," said the sculptor. "They apply for trial, and an artist is always glad to make a 'find,' so if the new-comer is sufficiently well-formed she soon becomes known by her first name in the studios. Ten years ago Sarah drifted into this life merely because she had a perfect body and knew it. She made a hit and has earned and spent a fortune. She only poses where and when she feels inclined. Vanity first led her to the life,—she's walked over us in a triumphal march ever since."

Another girl, posing as Eve, the apple lifted to her smiling lips, her down-dropped eyes filled with soft curiosity, had but lately come from behind the counter of a *patisserie*. An artist seeing her selling her tarts had noticed the lithe wrist, the expression of a graceful body under the *chic* black gown, had told her so, and spoken of the romance and good pay to be found on the model platform. Thereafter tarts had become tame, and puffed cream cakes a weariness to the flesh.

There are many like her among the studios,—recruits from glove-shops and bonnet-shops. Sometimes it becomes a question whether to take up the theatre or to pose for so much an hour. The glamour of the free-and-easy studio attracts like the limelight and the crowd; art beckons, and the little milliner decides.

I went one day to a low, gray-walled house in the Rue de Colisée. The artist with me led the way to a room on the first floor. A moment later, in an onion-scented atmosphere, I saw for the first time a family of professional models, all out of work.

They vanished to an inner room—father, mother, three children—and we awaited their reappearance. "They

are going to show their specialties, as I haven't quite decided what character I want to practice on," said the artist. Suddenly a half-nude Indian emerged and assumed a variety of poses, changing with lightning-like rapidity, and holding each position while it lasted, as if made of steel. He knelt, his ear to the ground; gazed at the horizon under a curved, intense hand, as if thirsting to descry a pale-face there; assumed postures of defense, attack, etc. Afterward he was a *loreador*, a beggar, a brigand. Meanwhile, on the other side of the room, his wife, in Neapolitan costume, nun's robes, Spanish dancer's skirts, lived a variety of mimic lives. The children in the centre were everything from Cupids to Japanese, or simply avowedly naked specimens of the genus "kid." The kneeling Indian was hired at four francs a morning.

The engaging of a model at an art school is a pitiable spectacle. Monday morning is usually selected for this test, and the poor creatures who throng the school stairs must hate the ordeal far worse than the traditional horrors of wash-day. I sat among a class of girl students who, in fresh blouses, before fresh canvases, sat in judgment. A nude in a crouching position was to be the study, and the first applicant was a country girl with stolid eyes and

knobby elbows. What she felt as her various anatomical defects were wrangled over, one could not tell, for she went out as expressionless as she came in. A score of others followed, old and young, and after patient posing were rejected. Each model was voted upon, and the least ob-



BETWEEN SITTINGS.

jectionable at last elected,—a girl with thick ankles and large feet, but a tragically fine face, and shoulders which suggested the Milo.

I found, on talking with painters, that a woman or man physically perfect according to stern, artistic judgment is almost unknown. Six models have often been required for one ideal nude. At best, when a model is perfect from chin to ankles, two others must be found,—one for the ideal face, and one for Trilby's chief and rare charm,—the ideal foot.

Artists have frequently married their models, but more often than romance, a certain close chumship such as exists between two friends of the same sex is to be found between master and subject. She becomes a confidante, the sharer of his dreams, and takes enough interest in the work she inspires to go and see the canvas when it is hung, listen to the criticism of the crowd, and rejoice or sorrow over it as if her own reputation as a painter were at stake.

This cozy chumship has been admirably treated in one of the gems of last season's Salon. It is by Barrios, and is called "An Interval Between the Sittings."

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

A LITTLE more than two years ago the name of Aubrey Beardsley was unknown. Now it is on the lips of everyone who, as Rudyard Kipling says, deals in "the jargon of the workshops." And this sudden success—for in this end of the century to be talked about is to be successful—is due as much to the fact that Beardsley represents a dramatic surprise and a revolution as to the intrinsic excellence of his work.



From *The Bookbuyer*, Chas. Scribner's Sons.

James Swain
Aubrey Beardsley

I once happened to be present when an intense admirer of Beardsley displayed a specimen of the artist's work to a literary man of New York who had never before seen any of it. It was the long, thin, weird portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, that appeared in the first number of the "Yellow Book." The literary man looked at it for a long time, then he sighed and said: "What a curious bit of caricature!" I suppose he could have said nothing that would hurt the Beardsleyite more cruelly. "Caricature!" was the retort that followed his words. "How absurd! It is portraiture—the portraiture of character."

The phrase here quoted seemed to me to cover Beardsley's methods and his aim. "The portraiture of character!" There's a phrase and an idea, and there is Beardsley! Beardsley represents the reaction against Oscar Wildeism, against self-conscious æstheticism; in other words, he stands for the apotheosis of the ugly, the exaltation of the grotesque. If one had a fancy for such subtleties, I believe an analogy might be traced between the kind of thing Aubrey Beardsley is doing in art and the kind of thing the symbolists are doing in literature. Of course no one would be more surprised by this than the artist himself, for he has undoubtedly struck out boldly for himself, with the determination to abjure all the new gods as well as the old.

Indeed, when I saw Beardsley in London last summer, this was the very thing he told me he had tried to do. It was at a "crush," one of those terrible London functions that reek with humanity and make you wonder why even the most interesting specimens of the race look commonplace in the mass. But out of the mass one could not help singling the tall, young figure, with the long, smooth, oval

face, marked by bold features and clear, gray eyes. I confess, however, that I had a shock of surprise when I was told that the youth was Aubrey Beardsley. I had heard that he was young, and I had adjusted myself to the fact; but I could hardly forgive him for being so young as *that*. Most of us, I think, are apt to resent early success in the notably successful; the prize seems too precious for any but a long race. However, I had not spoken with Beardsley more than a few minutes before I realized that there was wonderful force behind his achievement; that whether his work were caricature or "portraiture of character," it was undoubtedly the expression of an unusual intelligence and of a surprising originality. He has an abundance of ideas, and these he speaks out with a curious vehemence which is the best evidence that could be given of his sincerity and enthusiasm.

Mr. Beardsley's home is in Cambridge Street, in the neighborhood of Warwick Square. A quieter and more alluring part of the city one could hardly find. A great deal is said about the "hum of London." I confess that, after living in London, I don't know what this means. There are parts of that city, quaint, attractive spots with bits of green near them, sometimes delightful little parks, thick with trees, where the stillness is almost cathedral. Such a place is Warwick Square, and close by, within a few steps of it, opposite a gray, old church, Aubrey Beardsley lives and does his work. And a more attractive place to work in one could scarcely imagine. In the first place, it is in perfect harmony with the artist,—severe, almost frigid, in its arrangements and adornments. There is plenty of space to walk about in, though in the two connecting rooms where the artist receives his friends, the walls are lined with book-cases filled with old books,—the books that have stood the test of generations. Here and there is a bit of drawing, sometimes a duplicate of



AN EXAMPLE OF BEARDSLEY'S WORK.

Beardsley's own work, or a piece of statuary, the whole effect being admirably simple and restful.

Of course, when I called, we fell at once to talking shop, and incidentally I learned something of the life of the artist. Aubrey Beardsley was born in Brighton, in 1873; so he is just twenty-three. He smiled and shook his head when I asked him if he came of a family of artists. "My people have never gone in for that sort of thing," he said. If, however, he was not born into an atmosphere of art, he created one for himself; because at a very early age he displayed a great fondness for music, poetry, and the drama, as well as for drawing. Like most English boys, he was sent to the public grammar school, and while there he read desperately the old English and French writers. He apparently hasn't much esteem for the new names in literature. "I learned to appreciate Chaucer and Congreve, and the men of the eighteenth century," he said, "and the men that made French literature what it was before the new fashion set in. Now I find myself going back to them constantly. A man ought to get his reading done while he's very young; after he goes into active life he doesn't have much time for it. There are certain old authors who I know will give me refreshment and pleasure if I turn to them for half an hour. So, why should I leave them for the new writers? You see, I haven't much sympathy with the young fellows of the present time, who make Flaubert and the other leaders of the new French school their idols."

But books only partially absorbed Beardsley's earlier years. His fondness for music showed itself in a precocious facility in piano-playing and in composition. While still under ten years of age he gave public concerts. Other interests, however, attracted him from music, which, as he grew older, became only a source of recreation to him. He still loves it, however, and he intends to devote much time to it in future, possibly to try his hand again at composition. When I reveal the fact that he also cherishes serious literary ambition, the versatility of his talents will be seen to be rather unusual. Yet, like many men with a decided bent toward the artistic, he did not attempt to earn his living by his art until he had tried more practical things. At the age of sixteen he entered an architect's office in London as an errand-boy. His employers soon discovered, however, that he could be more useful to them as a draftsman, and for a time he served in this capacity.

Then he drifted, by a curious chance, into an insurance office. This was a fortunate move, for he hated the work so much that he determined one day to throw business to the four winds, and to make a desperate effort to establish himself as an artist. So just two years ago last Christmas he set up a studio and went to work with his drawing in earnest.

"At first," he said, in referring to this time, "I worked in the conventional way. Then I made up my mind to get out of the conventional,—to do something that no other fellow had done, if I could. So I tried and I did this." He rose from his chair and took from the wall a small drawing of Raphael. It was an admirable piece of work in black and white, simple in design and execution, full of character, and marked by an embryonic Beardsleyism. In it I could discover suggestions of the qualities that were later to make the artist's manner the theme of every art critic.

"And since doing this," I said, as I looked at the figure, "you have gone farther and farther away from the conventional."

"I have tried to draw things as I have seen them," he replied, quickly. "I see everything in a grotesque way. When I go to the theatre, for example, things shape themselves before my eyes just as I draw them,—the people on the stage, the foot-lights, the queer faces, and garb of the audience in the boxes and stalls. They all seem weird and strange to me. Things have always impressed me in this way. After all, what is modern art good for unless it gives the *feeling* of the artist? And what is a portrait good for unless it shows just how the subject is seen by the painter? In the old days, before photography came in, a sitter had a perfect right to say to the artist: 'Paint me just as I am.' Now, if he wishes absolute fidelity he can go to the photographer and get it."

When I saw Mr. Beardsley last he told me that he was just about to leave for a little town in France, where he intended to pass a large part of the summer in writing his first book. It is now completed and will soon be published. In it he has treated one of the most interesting of the German legends in a realistic manner, and illustrated the text with copious drawings. From what he told me of it I could readily see that the work promised to be as striking in its unconventionality as anything he has yet done.

* * *

GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

(See Full-Page Picture.)

What did grandmother find to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim,
Where the cobwebs hang their draperies gray,
And the afternoon's light steals softly in?
What was the treasure she prizes so?
A baby's cap from the long ago.

A dear little bit of muslin and lace,
Yellowed and worn with the touch of years;
But oh, she can fancy the winsome face,
And her soft blue eyes are dewy with tears,—
The dear little face of her first-born boy,—
And her pale cheeks flush with a mother's joy.

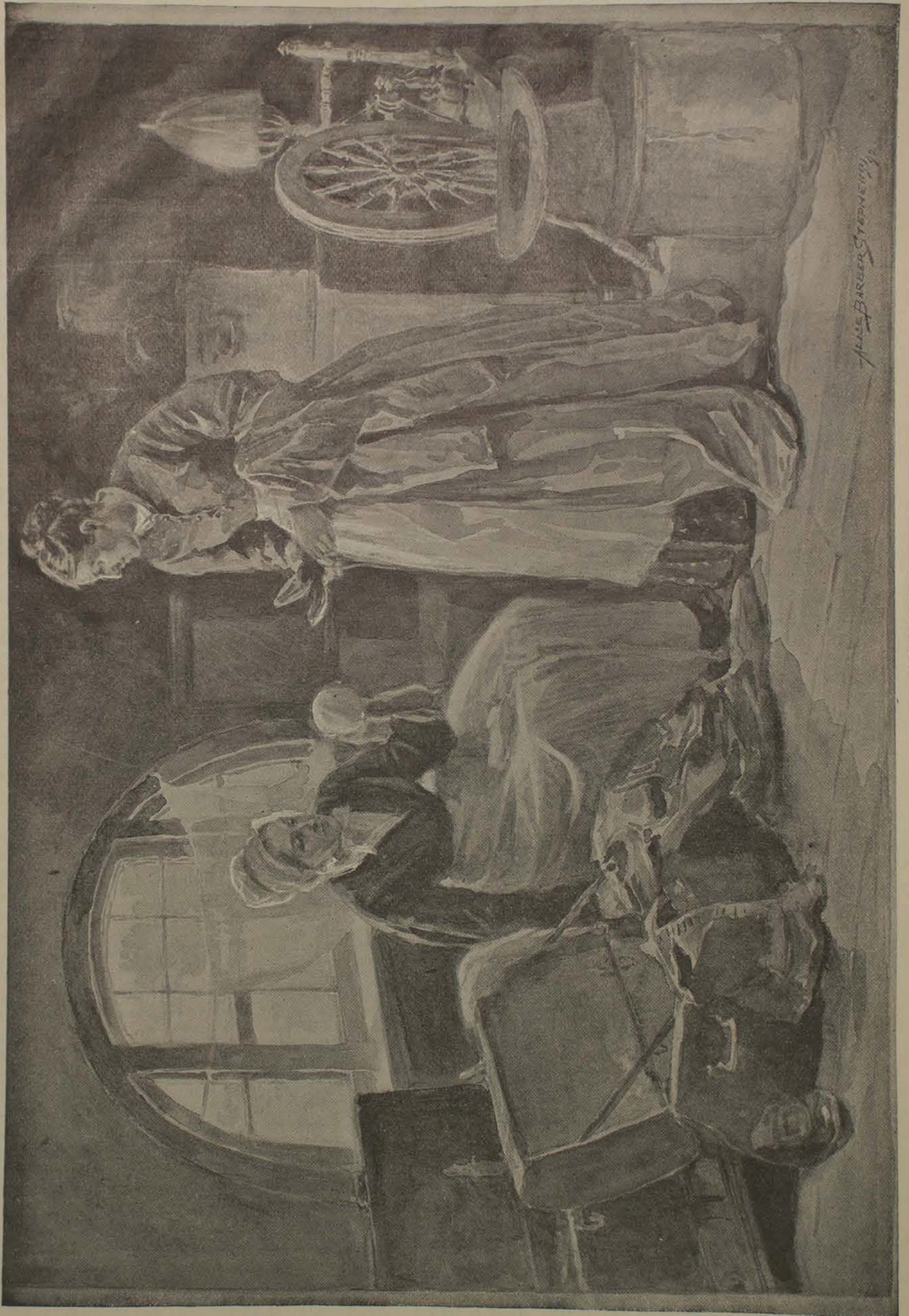
'Tis such a queer little quaint device,
With sewing the fairies might have done;
Beyond all value, beyond all price,
Is the baby cap of grandmother's son.
For over his grave the daisies are white;
But grandmother's heart is happy to-night.

"For oh," she says, "he is happy, I know,
And heaven re-echoes with pattering feet;
And I sometimes dream that I see the gleam
Of the golden curls and the faces sweet.
Oh, better a home up there for him,
Where sorrow can never enter in!"

Wonderful relics we found to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim;
Silks in lavender laid away,
That dames in the old times courtesied in,
Garments of many an old-time beau,
Worn in the days of the long ago.

Grandmother's spinning-wheel spins no more.
Silent it stands in its corner dim;
Quiet its rest, its labors o'er,
And the afternoon light steals softly in.
But the wee little cap in grandmother's hand
Has drifted her back to babyland.

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKETL.



GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

(See Poem.)

LIFE IN THE TYROLESE MOUNTAINS.

TOURISTS in the Tyrol form many incorrect notions as to the life of the people of the mountains. It is by no means the ideal life which many believe it to be. The chief occupations of these people are herding and forestry. The Jersey cow is not more renowned in the United States and England than the Tyrolese breed used to be in Southern Europe and the Russias. Long before railways were introduced, the herders would start on long tours through these countries with their droves of cattle, the journeys often lasting months. The snows were sometimes melting on the mountains before they turned their steps homeward. This trading brought them into direct communication with the outer world, so that over two hundred years ago the Tyrolese were among the best informed of the European peasantry.

The march of civilization and the screech of the steam-whistle sounding through the hills have not been to the Tyrolese the precursors of prosperity, but rather the forerunners of misery, because they have cut off this trade entirely. The drovers now go off as peddlers and rovers, returning home after long trips that take years instead of months, and generally with less profit. The women now take charge of the cattle and flocks, aided by the boys and old men.

The pastures on the mountains are divided into three sections—the lowest, where the snow first leaves the slopes in the spring-time; the middle, or upland, where the grass is ready for the flocks when the first is exhausted; and the third, or the heights which adjoins the snow limit, and which is green only during the latter part of July and August; while the cattle are feeding on this section the others have a chance to grow, so that the descent and ascent are made in the same way.

The shepherdesses—for in almost every instance the flocks are tended by girls or women—live in absolute solitude; only the loudest blast of their horn or a piercing yodel can be heard by the nearest neighbor, who is miles away; it is thus that they know of one another's existence. The girls live, during the summer, in a low hut, without windows or chimney, having an entrance (minus a door) opening toward the south. As a rule, a place beside a sheltering, hospitable rock is chosen as the building site, so that it may serve for one side of the cabin and at the same time be a protection from avalanches that come rushing down the mountains with such deadly power, sweeping all in their path to destruction. Under this rude shelter the young and sickly animals are gathered nightly to protect them from the cold and wet; here the milk is kept and the cheese made. The girl's bed is an elevated shelf on which some leaves and grass are strewn, and which is so high from the

ground that she requires a ladder to reach it. She is here safe from being trampled on by the cattle. The hut is devoid of all comforts, and the only utensils are an iron frying-pan, a large kettle for making cheese, churns, and earthen jars to keep the milk in. The shepherdess only companion is a large sheep-dog, and thus do these women live for months together.

Once a week a yodel is sure to be heard sounding from cliff to cliff. It is the carrier who awakens the echoes in the mountains as he goes his regular rounds collecting the butter and cheese to take to market. His task is the hardest of all; day after day he ascends and descends these mountain paths, leaps across crevasses, jumps from rock to rock, often with not less than one hundred pounds of merchandise on his back. Think of that, ye cowboys, who complain of hardships! He brings with him salt, potatoes, or flour, and, if the sales have been good, a little sugar and coffee.

Sometimes the yodel meets with no response. Marks on the rocks tell, by signs or hieroglyphics, that the flock is in another place; perhaps it has gone to a higher pasture. The carrier pushes upward; yodel after yodel, blast after blast is rung upon his horn, but they bring no answer. His own echo mocks his efforts. After toiling on and following traces which none but a



TYROLESE FORESTER.



FARM-HOUSE IN THE TYROL.



A WOMAN PEDDLER.

trained eye would observe, he comes to the flock. The animals gather around him as if to tell him their story; something has happened. With quickened step he hastens to the hut; the little bunk is empty. The one question is, Where can she be?

The truth begins to dawn upon him; it is not difficult to imagine the sequel. A whistle for the dog generally brings the true-hearted, faithful beast from his watch. To follow him back to his post is only the work of a few moments. Down many feet below the shelving crags, the outlines of a human form can be seen; the birds of prey that hover around tell better than words that life is

extinct. The slow, winding descent; the finding of the poor, mangled body; the digging of a grave among the stones and moss; the erection of a little wooden or stone cross is the work of a few hours or a day. Then all is over. No one can tell the story of the accident; perhaps a stone gave way under her foot, a slip, and then eternity!

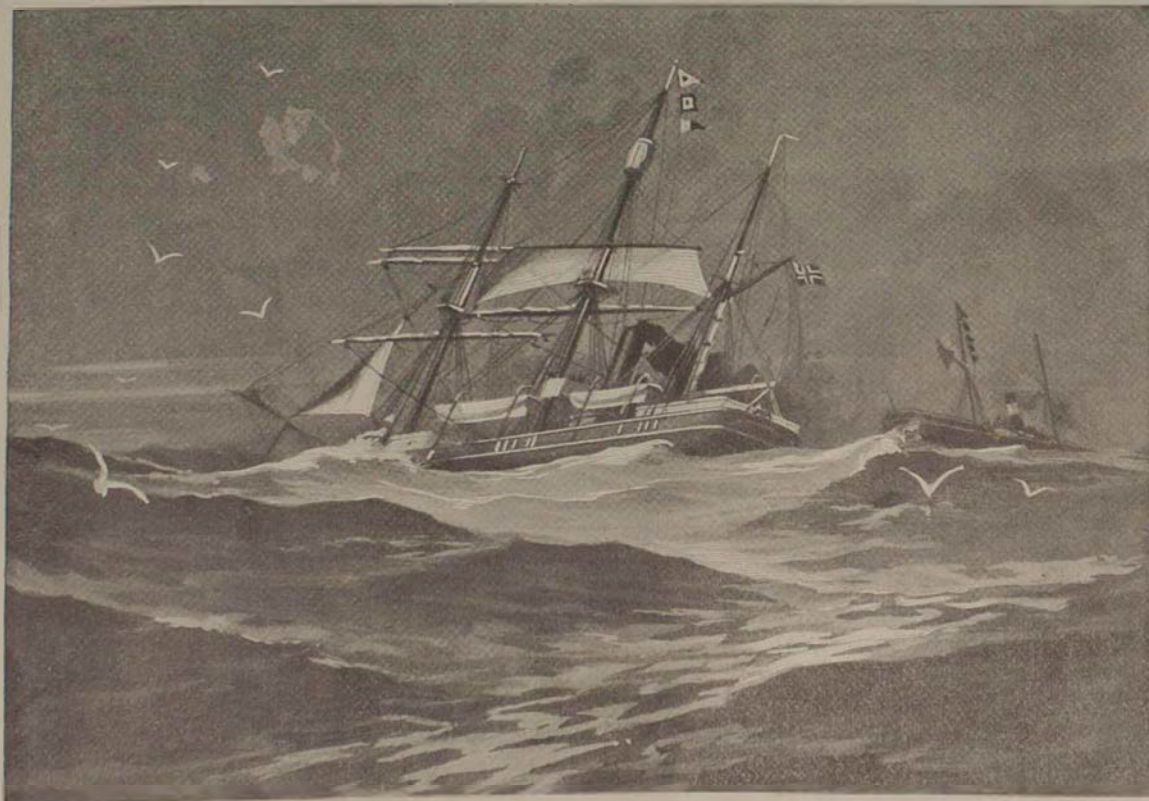
If one could know the pathos of the lives which are spent here among these historic mountains the revelation would often stir the emotions of the most callous heart; not the glamour of romance, but the soberest hues of hard reality are theirs.

W. G.

TO THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

IN the summer daring seal and whale hunters sometimes leave Iceland and the forbidding shores of Norway far behind them in their northward voyages. They cross the Arctic Circle and sail on and on through the solitudes of the northern seas until great ice-clad peaks loom up ahead. They land on the shores of one of many little

trying out of whale oil, and a large cooperage for the manufacture of barrels in which to store the oil for shipment. But so active were the whaling fleets that they almost exterminated the whales in ten years, and their occupation gone, many of the whalers were compelled to abandon their village for lack of game; the climate killed



THE VIRGO SIGNALING A HOME-BOUND WHALER.

bays and are in Spitzbergen, a group of Arctic islands which lie nearly two thousand miles north of London and only about six hundred miles from the great objective point of explorers in the frigid zone, the North Pole. The waters of the great northern ocean here beat upon lonely shores that have never been trodden by the foot of man. Perpetual snow lies upon the plains, and glaciers are always moving down toward the sea.

But despite the inhospitality of these shores parts of them have been the permanent abode of civilized men. There was once a village, the most northerly in the world, in the Spitzbergen Islands. The waters about them were famous for their whales two hundred years ago, and Norse fishermen settled there and established a plant for the

hundreds of them, and on the bleak shores of Dane's Island they lie in forgotten graves. When the remaining whalers sailed away they demolished the great furnaces which had been used in boiling the oil; the houses fell into decay, and at last the islands themselves were almost forgotten in their desolation by the world in the far South.

But the public eye is once more turned northward to Spitzbergen, and the islands are regaining some of the fame which made the great Spitzbergen Fair a subject for illustration in old-fashioned wonder-books: the reason is that in the last few years they have been the base of attempts to reach the Pole, and within a few months will be the starting point of the most unique and daring Arctic expedition ever undertaken.



THE EXPEDITION LEAVING GOTHENBURG ON THE STEAMER VIRGO.

The great obstacle in finding the North Pole is, of course, the all-pervading ice. During the summer, the season of constant sunlight, the Arctic seas open somewhat and the explorers push their ships farther and farther to the north, with the hope strong within them that they, of all the venturesome spirits who have sought the Pole, will find it, and will win undying glory. But these open seas which stretch out so invitingly, are luring them to their destruction. Weeks have been passing while the stanch craft of the explorers has been sailing north. The sun sinks lower and lower in the southwest, and at last leaves the region enveloped in the long Arctic night. The pathway of water between the fields of ice slowly closes. The ship, now in all probability pushing her way desperately toward the south, makes less and less progress and finally stops. The ice gathers round her and presses her with an embrace that constantly grows tighter and more deadly. She is in a trap. She groans and cries like a living thing in pain as her frame is slowly crushed; but the remorseless ice only squeezes her the harder, and finally she becomes broken and useless, and those who brought her here leave her to her desolate fate and begin a journey southward over the ice—a journey which, for many, ends in graves in the frozen solitudes.

This is the history of the majority of Arctic expeditions; the most recent, that of Dr. Nansen, has been the most successful. His vessel, the *Fram*, was not

crushed, and his party has now returned to civilization with the achievement to their credit of having been in a higher latitude than was ever before reached. They were not more than two hundred and seventy-five miles from the great object of their desires; they would have endured any hardship to have been able to plant the flag of Norway upon this uppermost point of the earth, but great guards and barriers of ice rose and kept them back.

And so it has been learned by repeated failures that to reach the Pole the ice must be surmounted, and, furthermore, that with ships it cannot be surmounted. The question arose as to other means, and Prof. S. A. Andrée, a Norwegian, made a bold answer when he said, "We'll get there by balloon!"

There is a vast difference between making this assertion and actually starting upon a balloon expedition to the Pole. Years of preparation, of work to overcome the many difficulties, have intervened since the idea of a balloon trip was conceived by Prof. Andrée; but now he is ready. He is waiting only for the balmy south winds of spring, to start from Spitzbergen upon the voyage which will prove his years of labor lost, or will be a crowning achievement of his life and of the nineteenth century.

If he achieves success he will achieve it quickly. It is estimated that with fair southerly winds the balloon will travel to the Pole in two or three days from the time of its liberation at Spitzbergen. It is for this brief time of trial that the long years of study and preparation have been patiently and even enthusiastically lived; and no precaution, nothing that foresight can provide for, has been neglected to make the trip a great triumph.

No other balloon has ever been so carefully constructed as the one in which Andrée and his two companions, Dr. Ekholm and Mr. Strindberg, will sail northward. It is said to be so impervious that it would remain aloft two years before the escape of gas would bring it to the earth. But the making of the balloon itself was a sim-



TROMSØE, NORWAY, WHERE THE EXPEDITION RECEIVED ITS FINAL EQUIPMENT.



THE BALLOON-HOUSE, SPITZBERGEN.

ple matter compared to the devising of a suitable steering apparatus. Most balloons cannot be steered; they simply float in whatever direction the wind may be blowing. It was obviously necessary that the Andrée balloon, which has a specific point to reach, should be equipped with some means of guidance. This problem of steering is perhaps the most difficult in aerial navigation. French military balloonists are trying to perfect a screw propeller which will drive a balloon through the air by its rapid revolutions. The propeller has been found to move the balloon slowly when there is no wind, but it is powerless against currents of air, and, as the atmosphere is almost constantly in motion, it is therefore useless.

Prof. Andrée took the sailing vessel for his model. He rigged the balloon with an immense sail. If nothing more than this had been done she would have been like a rudderless ship, and but very little more navigable than before. Something was necessary to give resistance, to supply the place of a rudder on a vessel. This is provided

by a long rope dragging on the earth and fastened to the balloon ring from which the basket hangs. It is possible to steer by the rope by changing its position on the ring. If, for instance, the wind should be moving in exactly the right direction the rope is so placed that it will hang out directly behind; the sail will belly out and the balloon will float straight before the wind. But if it were desirable to go, say, a little to the right of the direction of the wind, the rope would be shifted on the ring a proper distance to the right, and its heavy weight would tend to constantly pull the balloon in that direction; while the wind

blowing against the sail set at an angle as on a ship will impel the balloon onward. This, in meager outline, is the manner in which it will be possible to keep the balloon from being completely at the mercy of any changing wind. Of course, it cannot beat against the wind or be



S. A. ANDRÉE.

steered with the facility of a ship. Breezes from a southerly direction will be necessary for the northward progress of the balloon, but they need not blow directly toward the North Pole to enable the balloon to reach it. The prevailing winds will be from the south at the time of the start, and it is expected that the balloon will sail very rapidly to its destination. Provisions for forty days will be taken along. It will probably be necessary to eat cold food, and the passengers will have a rather frigid time of it altogether, for the reason that there can be no fire in the car; the danger of igniting the immense volume of gas and causing the balloon and the expedition to collapse in one great burst of flame would be too great a risk to take.

The balloon was given its final equipment at Tromsøe, Norway, last spring. On June 7th the



HOW THE START WILL BE MADE.

steamer *Virgo* started from Gothenburg *en route* for Spitzbergen with the balloon aboard. A house for the inflation of the great bag was erected there, and it was intended to make the start for the Pole some time last August. But though all the equipment was ready to make the journey, the favorable wind which is so necessary for the success of the expedition failed to come, and after waiting some weeks in vain, Prof. Andrée decided that it was too late in the season. Through the long Arctic night the balloon and its guardians will remain in desolate Spitzbergen; then, when the birds in the South are singing the advent of spring, the balloon and its three occupants will float off over the icebergs and glaciers into the heart of the unknown North. The hazards of the voyage are very great, but the possible rewards are greater.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

SOCIETY FADS.

THE very exquisite young man of fashion is looking backward, with envious eyes, on the modes his great-grandfather followed and, though he dare not imitate in all things the splendors of the masculine eighteenth century toilet, he is borrowing a suggestion here and there. In Paris he ventures to carry about a *bonbonnière* of fragrant pastilles, in imitation of the snuff box, and now, not only does he use a set of splendid shirt studs, but exploits handsome, jeweled, waistcoat buttons. These are of frosted, delicately-chased gold, or are set with tiny stones and slip into the front of his lusterless black silk vest.

ONCE more the elaborate fob, with slides, buckles, and seals, has been recalled for modish wearing, and the walking-stick of the smart young man is no longer a rough, heavy bludgeon of knotted hickory or blackthorn. Instead, a daintily lacquered, elegantly slender cane is the proper thing, and its head or handle is a marvelous example of the most elaborate silver- or gold-smith's work. No jewels are set here, but an ornamental design is usually worked out in colored golds, and just below the handle a couple of silk tassels depend from a cord fastened about the stick. Not least among the latest fashionable acquisitions of young men is a flat, gold vinaigrette that fits into the waistcoat pocket, but is not meant for masculine use. It is filled with a fragrant salts and is intended for emer-

gencies when lovely woman elects to faint, for use in heated ball- and reception-rooms, or to be passed about in event of the intrusion of a noxious odor. Lastly, the snow-white beaver is being experimentally worn by those young men who have sufficient prestige and dignity to run the gauntlet of ridicule, and the fashion is in favor of very huge *boutonnieres* made up of flowers in a variety of colors.

PERFUMED bouquets are the latest institutions in society. Their object is to flatter the senses of the guests, not only by the sight of lovely decorations and the flavor of delicious viands, but to give them, with every dish, some distinct and charming fragrance, to overcome the vulgar savors brought out in the course of the cooking. By a process, so far only known to the able French *chef*, soup is dished up with an aroma, faint yet perceptive, of lemon verbena. It vanishes, however, at the conclusion of the course, evaporates like the steam that rises from the hot liquid, and when the fish is served a sharp-nosed diner easily detects the fragrance of Southern wood; mignonette distinguishes the salad, lavender is noticeable with the game, and on every one's plate, when cheese is offered, is laid a cluster of nasturtiums. Violets and coffee are now companions. This is however only a fad, for hostesses say that perfumed dinners and luncheons are costly.

At big afternoon receptions where tea, ices, sandwiches, and cakes are dispensed from a buffet, the delicate slices of bread and butter are heaped on porcelain platters about the dining-room. A butler, or charming *débutante*, dispenses the liquids, but to make a selection of sandwiches one need only glance at the fretted silver torch-fork thrust in the top of a sandwich pile and read the legend on its card. On this, in gilt or silver lettering, the character of the sandwich is set forth, and a great convenience this information is, to the hungry and fastidious guest.

AN interesting little book is just about to be issued, dealing with the question of social slang and colloquialisms and giving long lists of the proper terms to use in polite conversations. The rules are elaborated under the authority of that slightly vague but nevertheless irresistible power commonly known as the smart set. "Slang," truthfully remarks this little book, "changes as to feminine fashions. What may have sounded most appropriate and expressive in drawing-room conversation two years ago is regarded as almost a solecism when falling from the lips in this year of grace, and nothing so surely marks the provincial as the out-of-date, called-in terms, once dear to the heart of the social leader, but to-day branded as a vulgarity." For example, the country cousin betrays herself by speaking of one neighbor as "a swell" and another as "a dude;" describing Mrs. Jones as "refined," Mrs. Brown as "very bright" and Miss Robinson as "stylish." Dear little country cousin! does she not know that we call "a swell" "a smart person," "a dude" "a dandy," define Mrs. Jones's bearing as "good form," speak of Mrs. Brown as "excessively engaging" and Miss Robinson as "smart"? "Don't," cries out the compiler of the book quoted from, "call your bag or satchel 'a grip,' don't speak of the housemaid as 'the girl,' don't call six-o'clock dinner 'supper,' your purse or *porte-monnaie* 'a pocket-book,' your coat-box 'a dress-suit case,' and do use the words 'real' and 'want' as sparingly as possible." "Do you do stints at the piano?" is the new method of asking the guest if she will play or sing, and almost everything that excites admiration, "is quite charming."

TO BE asked down for the "shooting" is the very most flattering sort of country-house invitation that can nowadays fall to the lot of the girl in society. She probably does not herself shoot, with bow and arrows or shot-gun, and neither does her host go to the vast extent of owning and protecting well-stocked preserves. He does, however, send to a breeder of quail, buy as many pairs as his guests will probably flush and hit, set the poor birds free in some fields in the neighborhood of his house, and hire dogs and properly costumed men to conduct the ceremonies in adequate English fashion. After this manner shooting has become the autumn pretext for house-parties, to which a carefully selected number of men and women friends and acquaintances are asked. Now, not one of the accepting guests, whatever may be the individual abilities as a shot, pretends to go on such a visit without preparing the most admirable apparel for appearing in the field. Short skirts, leggings, cartridge-belts, shooting-coats, and irreproachable linen are the things for the women, who at nine in the morning have breakfast with the men, served like the hunt breakfasts, before riding to hounds. A very few of the daring ladies hop into dogcarts along with the men and ride to the fields, to take places at the butts, but the majority wait for the great festival of the day, luncheon in the stubble.

At one o'clock the gentle Dianas drive to the pastures in a coach, inside which hampers of delectable dainties, ice,

hot meats, table furniture, and footmen are stored. At an appointed spot the coach sets down its precious freight, luncheon baskets are opened, the Nimrods troop in, and from the buffet of a log under a tree, the servants serve the viands. The hungry men find seats where they can and the women wait on them, then the footmen wait on the Hebes and a tremendous amount of sport and novelty is supposed to be derived from this unique method of taking a meal. At country houses this autumn, where no shooting is to be had, the fun of picnicking is gained by inaugurating a golf luncheon. This is not nearly so English, so truly sportswoman like, and so new as lunching after bagging many half-tame, alarmed, plump partridges, but it serves. A golf breakfast is given first, then those who choose troop off to the links, and near the last putting green luncheon is set forth, while the host awards a prize both to the man and woman who have done the best morning's work.

THERE is no doubt that the newly awakened interest in the fashions and customs of the early half of our century has brought a pleasing diversion into society. We call it a revival of Victorian modes and the surest sign to tell a truly Victorian girl by is the arrangement of her hair. She wears ringlets, not on her brow, but a goodly bunch of them caught with combs or ribbons over her ears, entirely hiding these pretty features and almost falling on her neck. Her hat is a vast soft-brimmed affair of rich uncut velvet, tied with big bows under her chin and she wears her skirts rather short all around, just about a half-inch below her ankles; that is, if it is a house skirt and her feet are small and slim. The object is to display these dainty extremities and their quaint Victorian coverings that usually consist of very pale tinted silk hose, delicately open-worked on the ankle and little heelless, black satin slippers, held on by ribbon-straps criss-crossed over the instep and up onto the ankle. Not a bow, or a buckle sets off this trying but distinctly picturesque foot gear. The third badge of distinction with the Victorian girl is her album of memories. In the days when the present queen of England was in her teens, every well ordered damsel possessed a big blank book in which she copied down moral reflections, sentimental quotations, worthy maxims, and good receipts for clear starching, poultice making, and joint boiling. The queen's pretty imitators all have at some expense, had board-backed books prepared, and in whimsical orthography copy down their fancies, formulas for dressing burns, for dosing Fido, along with couplets from the poets and lines from Emerson. It is the correct fashion to have one's album somewhere conspicuously placed in the drawing-room, where the masculine caller waiting the descent of his goddess is apt to see, read a few pages, and fall a prompt victim of the authoress of so much good sense, romance, and thrifty, housewifely lore, as this subtle volume always displays.

FOR the moment a good deal of serious attention is being given to the use of perfumes, and the lady who has reintroduced the custom said recently at a dinner party that once a week she regularly had her house perfumed. A tall, bronzed, mysterious product of the East, whose pockets are filled with brown beans and strange, fragrant shavings, and bottles no bigger than your thumb, has thus sprung into an interesting ephemeral fame; for he now goes about perfuming houses. He charges a good deal for his job; but, really, when he leaves one's home, a vale of roses or a dell of heliotrope could not greet one's senses more deliciously than the atmosphere of the rooms he has perfumed. MADAME LA MODE.

THE PASSING OF THE SMALL WAIST.

DAME FASHION'S FROWN UPON TIGHT LACING IS DISCUSSED FOR DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE BY SEVERAL PROMINENT WOMEN.

FROM THE ARTISTIC STANDPOINT.

MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS, ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN ILLUSTRATORS IN THIS COUNTRY, CONTRASTS NATURAL WITH ARTIFICIAL LINES IN WOMAN'S FIGURE.

IT IS evident as women give themselves greater freedom of action, either in the daily going abroad for business engagements, or out-of-door sports, they have found it necessary to conform their dress to the muscular emancipation of the physique; and as custom gradually wins the eye to find beauty in a new contour of fashion, we will doubtless be easily converted to admire the natural lines of the woman's figure brought to the surface of her dress, and when the lines of the dress fall into harmony with the entire lines of the structure, we will be satisfied with the result.

The artist's eye recognizes so many kinds of beauty; the very word has many different meanings to him. Not only is there charm to him in the slender, delicate beauty of the young woman of city culture, with her soft, lithe movement, and the essence of refined finish in the tapering, flexible lines of her youth, but the peasant woman at work

in the fields, bending and rising with her labor, simply clothed so the strong lines of her figure can be seen, has also its charms.

There is a certain fascination in the rich, full lines and daring curves of the tailor-made gown, but this exaggeration of the natural lines of the figure is painfully out of place in the unclothed figure. The sculptor would not dare to use such a model;

and the painters having to depend upon the modern corseted figure for their Arcadian subjects, fail utterly to take our minds to the golden age. Our imaginations force us to cover the forms with the familiar dress of the city streets.

We may hope that as the demand for costumes suitable to the various work, sports and exercises of our modern woman's life, brings creations of dress entirely tasteful and harmonious to the purposes required, our eyes will not only be delighted, but that the more valuable reform will be accomplished of securing woman a gradual return to the health and strength which should be hers, that she might be prepared for her wonderful functions in creation, which the faults of a false civilization have made so generally tragical.

FROM THE MEDICAL STANDPOINT.

DR. FANNIE W. OAKLEY, CHIEF INSTRUCTOR IN GYNECOLOGY IN THE BROOKLYN POST-GRADUATE SCHOOL OF CLINICAL ELECTRO-THERAPEUTICS, BELIEVES THAT THE PASSING OF TIGHT LACING IS DUE TO THE BICYCLE.

As a physician, I can say nothing but good of the fashion which is discountenancing tight lacing. It is a most sensi-

ble fashion, and it is largely due, I think, to the almost universal riding of bicycles by women. The wheel has done a great deal for my sex, and I want to add my protest, as a physician and a woman who has ridden longer than any other woman in this part of the country, against the strong condemnation of the wheel, which has recently been given much notice in the newspapers. Women may disabuse their minds of any fear that in cycling for health and pleasure they will at the same time deform any portion of their anatomy. If nature has granted harmonious and graceful outlines to any person, the use of the bicycle will help to perfect and preserve them. The assumption of some teachers of physical culture, whose lectures are deserted for the cycle path, are not founded on reason.

In my experience as a physician, and treating none but my own sex, I have never seen a case of even the slightest physical distortion, deformity, or injury caused by the exercise of cycling. Its influence upon the waist and muscles of respiration is entirely for good, and the addition of an inch or two to the average waist measurement by the building up of sound and strong muscles throughout the body will only be an inestimable benefit to the present individual and the future race.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN ACTRESS.

LOIE FULLER, THE FAMOUS DANCER, ASSERTS THAT THE LARGE WAISTS WILL INCREASE A WOMAN'S CHARM.

THE business of a woman on the stage is to be charming, to have the vitality and high spirits which make up what is called magnetism. She cannot have all the vivacity and charm of which she is capable, unless she is in good physical health. It is a part of her business to be always feeling just as well as possible, and that is why she should welcome the era of the large waist. I do not admit that she loses anything in appearance by it, and even if she did, the loss would be more than counterbalanced by the increase of the vitality which gives her much of her charm. This reasoning applies to women in general, because there are few of us who do not desire to be attractive. Personally, I have not worn corsets since childhood. Time and again when I was a girl I cried because my mother commanded me to wear them, but finally my father said I needn't if I didn't want to, and I and corsets have been strangers ever since. I regard it as very fortunate for me that it is so, because if my waist had been cramped and the muscles undeveloped, I probably could not now perform my dances, which require much physical exertion and endurance.



FROM THE STANDPOINT OF COMMON SENSE.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER EXTOLS THE NEW FASHION.

I AM glad that I have lived to see the day when women are beginning to discard the abominations in dress which have been robbing them of their good health and happiness and usefulness as women and members of society. In my eighty-four years of life I have noticed many things, and one of the most distressing from my standpoint has been the habit, on the part of women, of cramping and pushing the vital organs out of their true positions in the anatomy, by tightly laced corsets. For this supposed enhancement of their beauty



I have seen women afterward pay heavy penalties. I don't object to corsets, but they must be worn with discretion. My hope in regard to the new fashion is that it has come to stay.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF STYLE.

MME. DONOVAN, ONE OF NEW YORK'S LEADING DRESS-MAKERS, SPEAKS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHION.

THE small waist is no longer fashionable; I have just returned from Paris, and the most modish costumes there provide for a waist about twenty-five inches around. Of course the American women, who follow the French closely, are adopting the new style. Those who are extremely fashionable are determined to have a waist of twenty-five inches, irrespective of what their normal waist measure may be. Personally I don't believe that the style will be a becoming one, although gowns will be made so as to make it as attractive as possible. It will be so very much more comfortable, however, than the small waist that I think it will be more lasting than fashions usually are. The active, out-of-door life fashionable women are now leading makes the small waist almost an impossibility. But Dame Fashion is never altogether sensible. She particularly offsets her favor of the large waist by the discarding of the puffed sleeves, which everybody will admit are very much more comfortable than the tight sleeves which will be worn by modish women this winter.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

(See Full-page Picture.)

ONE of the chief attractions to the tourist in Alaska is the great Muir Glacier, the most wonderful in the world. One who has looked upon its towering front will never forget the spectacle. It differs from the Swiss glaciers in the fact that it is not a stream of ice winding down a mountain-walled valley, but a broad, gently undulating prairie surrounded by innumerable icy mountains, from the shadowy depths of which flow the many tributary glaciers that form the great central trunk. One who has visited it says that "there are seven large tributaries, from two to six miles wide where they enter the trunk, and from ten to twenty miles long, each of them fed by many secondary tributaries; so that the whole number of branches, great and small, pouring from the mountain fountains, must be upward of two hundred, not counting the smallest. The area drained by this one grand glacier can hardly be less than one thousand square miles, and it probably contains as much ice as all the eleven hundred Swiss glaciers combined. The length of the glacier from the frontal wall back to the head of the farthest fountain is estimated at fifty miles, and the width of the main trunk just below the confluence of the large tributaries is about twenty-five miles. Though apparently as motionless as the mountains, it flows on forever, the speed varying in every part with the seasons, but mostly with the depth of the current, and the declivity, smoothness and directness of the different portions of the basin. The flow of the central cascading portion near the front, as determined by Professor Reid, is at the rate of from two and a half to five inches an hour, or from five to ten feet a day. A strip of the main trunk about a mile in width, extending along the eastern margin about fourteen miles, to a large lake filled with bergs, has but little motion, and is so little broken by crevasses that one hundred horsemen might ride abreast over it without encountering much difficulty.

"The great ice-wall or front of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the sheer middle berg-producing

portion that stretches across the inlet from side to side, like a huge green-and-blue barrier, is only about two miles wide. Its height above the water is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet; but soundings made by Captain Carroll show that seven hundred and twenty feet of the wall is below the surface, while a third unmeasured portion is buried beneath the moraine detritus that is constantly deposited at the foot of it. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus cleared away, a sheer precipice of ice would be presented nearly two miles long and more than a thousand feet high. Seen from a distance, it seems comparatively regular in form; but it is far otherwise,—bold, jagged capes jut forward into the fiord, alternating with deep re-entering angles and sharp, craggy hollows with plain bastions, while the top is roughened with innumerable spires and pyramids, and sharp, hacked blades leaning and toppling, or cutting straight into the sky."

This glacier takes its name from the celebrated John Muir, who is well-known in connection with his discoveries of glaciers and his investigations pertaining to them. It was he who succeeded in finding a number of other and smaller glaciers along the western coast of our country, much further to the south, in the Sierras near the Yosemite Valley, on Mount Lyell, Mount McClure, and Mount Hoffman. He has been a most intrepid explorer and the American people owe him a debt which yet remains to be paid. The glories of the Muir Glacier can never be told by pen or picture, and those who have seen it think it alone more than repays the trouble of the long Alaskan journey to see. Its ascent is attended with great difficulty and hardship, and except for the name of standing on the great ice-field the reward for the fatigue is nothing. During the long hours while the steamer lies at anchor before it, the falling bergs keep up a constant cannonading, and render close vicinity to the shore very dangerous.

We are indebted for our picture of this great glacier to Mr. E. O. Thompson, 245 Broadway.

OUR GIRLS



THE SAVING OF THE “?”

EVIL days had come upon the “?”. According to the official announcement it was in debt to the extent of \$72 00 and the treasury was empty. Let it be known to all to whom the “?” (Query Mark) is unknown, that it is the official organ of one of the most popular and most delightful of all the girls' schools in New England.

The girls who had founded the “?”, had nursed it through its infancy and gloried in its triumph, objected decidedly to acting as pall bearers for their pet and protégé. So with proof sheets in their hands, pencils in their mouths and tears in their eyes, they put their pretty heads together to solve the problem of “How to pay off the debt without writing home for more pin money?” A subscription list was old and uninteresting as a method. It lacked the element of excitement, too, and that was a grave drawback. Fairs were too suggestive of a church sociable, “where they couldn't dance.”

The editor-in-chief wrinkled up her smooth brow until she reminded the girls of the corrugated visage of a Barye bronze lion; or, at least, they said she did; but all of no avail. The assistant editors and business manager devoured their pencils and glared at the printers' bills just received; but bills as a source of inspiration have ever been more or less of a failure. In years gone by it would all have been settled so easily—just a few tears and a few pathetic letters to tender-hearted parents, and the “?” would have been easily reincarnated for another year; but the girls of Rosebrier were made of sterner stuff. They were girls who like to spell character with a capital “C”, and who get a deeper meaning from the word self-sacrifice than the mere stylish effect of the hyphen.

All at once the wrinkles vanished from the brow of the editor-in-chief. “I have it,” she said; “we will all work.”

“But what can we do?” chorused the staff; “who can work and study at the same time. Besides, we don't know how.”

“There may be a few things we can't do,” the editor-in-chief acknowledged reflectively; “washing and ironing, etc.; but there are no end of occupations for which we are fitted and without much practice. I'll manage to find something that each one can do if you'll all

agree to accept without demur the occupation to which you are called.” Having received nods of approval from each of the staff the editor continued: “The first-assistant editor, whose well-groomed hair is always the envy of Rosebrier and whose finger-nails as ‘the bright stars of Heaven shine do shine,’ shall hold a hairdressing and manicuring establishment every Saturday afternoon. She shall also take private orders for hairdressing from Rosebrierians temporarily disabled from initiatory bicycle rides. She shall use her own discretion as to prices and issue no free tickets.

“Second-assistant editor, whose room is always the pink of neatness, could, if so inclined, lay up a snug sum for the ‘?’ by making the beds of the less active of her schoolmates on the morning, once a week, when that delectable duty is not performed by the maid.” The second assistant editor looked a trifle depressed, but bravely smiled her consent.

“As for the business manager, of kodak fame, she shall spend all her leisure moments making ‘blue prints’ of Rosebrier and the vicinity, which the various other Rosebrier photographers shall finish up in their best style. The prints can then be arranged in portfolios and sold as the ‘Rosebrier Blue Book.’ It would be permissible to sell a single print for five cents.

“As for myself,” the editor-in-chief continued, “I'm death on a needle. Of

course, I mean,” she added, hastily, “I can sew pretty well, and I intend to ‘take in’ sewing. In fact, I already have an order to make an organdie gown for one of the teachers. But as we, unfortunately, most of us have clothes enough, I shall likewise darn the humble stocking, collect rents in wheeling suits, and, in general, make a practice or doing for the girls all those little things they in turn make a practice of leaving undone. I shall charge from five to ten cents a darn according to the destructive habits of each particular Rosebrierian. So far so good,” announced the self-appointed darning. “But the mind grows with what it feeds upon, and I have still other plans. We are soon going away for a holiday, and I vote that ere we sever we have an auction. You know we always do exchange a



SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

lot of things, anyway, and this time we can auction off to the highest possible bidder the shirt-waists, hat-pins, night-lamps, banjos, etc., with which we are surfeited. It will be more fun, and pay in the bargain."

No sooner was the executive council dissolved than each girl set about putting in practice the various suggestions of their versatile editor. The first-assistant editor promptly hung out a shingle announcing to the Rosebrier public that from two to four o'clock every Saturday afternoon she would open her room as a manicure parlor and hair-dressing establishment, and that she would also arise one half-hour earlier every morning to await individual calls for assistance. The latter announcement was supposed to represent about the greatest sacrifice of which the first-assistant editor was capable. The second-assistant sent out written slips to every school maiden offering her services as chambermaid one morning in the week for the trifling sum of a dime. Great was her horror to find her offer accepted in every instance. However, she faced the situation bravely; getting advice and a white apron from the maid, who regarded the arrangement with marked favor. The "Rosebrier Blue Book" became famous before the winter was over, adding greatly to the credit of the business manager and to the funds in the treasury.

The editor-in-chief received six dollars for her first own, and not only that but deserved it, too. Every morning she placed a huge basket outside her door in which to receive dilapidated garments, and the hour which she devoted to mending was also converted into an afternoon tea. Five cents was charged for a cup of tea with crackers thrown in. "Not in the tea," as the business manager explained in making the announcement, but "in the bargain."

The auction was a great success. Shirt waists, that had seen their best days, went for three dollars and a half. Hat pins, that were bent crooked in their well-meant efforts to spare the Rosebrierian brains, were purchased as interesting souvenirs; while battered college badges were positively scrambled for. Rosebrierians who were not directly interested in the "?", that is to say, were not members of the official board, also added their mites. One girl, of a mechanical turn of mind, constituted herself as bicycle repairer, and another gave lessons in mounting the unwary wheel. As a last resource before the final business meeting in the spring, the staff started the subscription list: whereupon every student "came up to the scratch," as the editor-in-chief tersely expressed it, and signed for one dollar.

When the four co-workers met to settle up accounts and to investigate the treasury just before the close of school, it was discovered that not only were they in a position to pay off the old debt of \$72.00, but that the year's expenses for the "?" had been met, and the little paper, free and



THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

unencumbered, stood ready to weather the financial storm of another school year. To say that the staff regarded each other and the last edition of the "?" with pardonable pride, is to fail to do justice to the scene. For the time being there was no greater publication in the United States and no prouder group of editors.

"It is not just because we have saved the '?' that I'm so delighted," remarked the editor-in-chief, as she patted herself, as well as the other three girls; "it is because we have faced the emergency and it is ours. And we have learned self-control, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, a lesson in domestic economy, and how to make tea in the bargain."

The closing remarks of the editor-in-chief are noteworthy, not merely in their editorial significance but as voicing the new sentiment of the twentieth-century school-girl. For there is a "new girl" as well as a "new woman." She has not been much talked about and she would not like to be: but she exists—strong of muscle and keen of intellect; modest and dignified; fearless yet tender; self-reliant yet never aggressive; a girl more often beautiful than otherwise, for beauty is the divine right of every woman properly bred and nourished. She is well groomed and dressed, unconsciously expressing her harmony of thought in harmony of appearance. She is a loving, lovable girl, with a splendid capacity for romance: but none for "sentimentalism." She is the newest growth of a new country—an exponent of the freshest and strongest civilization in existence.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

DAT THANKSGIV'N' TURKEY.

(See Full Page Picture.)

TURKEY gobbler, proud an' fat,
Scratchin' grabble like a cat—
Now he don't know wha' he's at—
Oh, dat wishbone!
Scratchin' grabble wid he's feet,
Dat's what makes such tender meat.
Golly, ain't he plump and sweet—
Sweet wishbone!

Now's de snowflakes in de sky,
Co'n pones costin' mighty high,
I mus' make dese feathers fly—
Oh, dat wishbone!
Lightwood fire de cabin cheer—
Turkey, now we glad you's here—
Thanksgiv'n' come but once a yeah—
Sweet wishbone!



Copyright, 1895, by Leellie's Weekly.

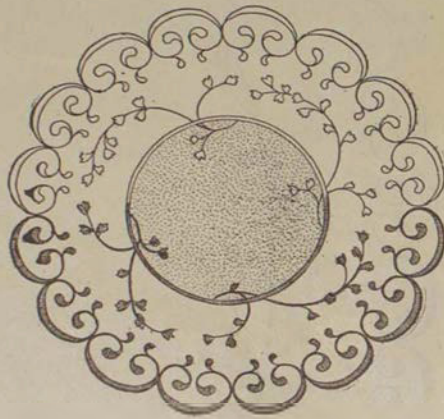
DAT THANKSGIV'N' TURKEY.
(See Poem.)

From a Photograph by R. Eicheneyer.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

NOVEL LINEN EMBROIDERY.

SOME beautiful designs are here given for a novelty in embroidery which, owing to its simplicity and beauty, is becoming very popular. The distinctive feature of this work is the combination in the ground material of two colors or shades, and selecting such colors to embroider the designs as will be in harmony with them. For instance, a centre-piece on which sweet peas are to be embroidered should have an overlaid centre of delicate pink linen, while that for forget-me-nots would require a pale blue centre. This is quite clearly shown in a round centrepiece on which the maiden-hair fern design is to be embroidered in its natural green shades, with the stems of a rich brown. A convenient size for this piece is sixteen inches in diameter, and the overlaid centre should be eight inches and a half. The applied piece is a light shade of green linen. It should be basted firmly around the edge, and finished with a close buttonhole stitch worked with a light shade of green silk over a fine welt-ing-cord, taking care to keep a true circle. The edge of the centrepiece is finished with buttonholed scrolls as shown at one side of the drawing; these should be about two inches long and one inch and a half wide, not including the little inner ends which, if added, would increase the width to two inches.



DESIGN FOR ROUND DOILEY.

sprays will be found much more effective than to mass them together closely without regard to their arrangement. Four shades of light green silk and two of brown will carry out this pattern in a very pleasing manner. For the maiden-hair fern-leaves three shades of green may be used, while for the stems the two shades of brown are to be employed.

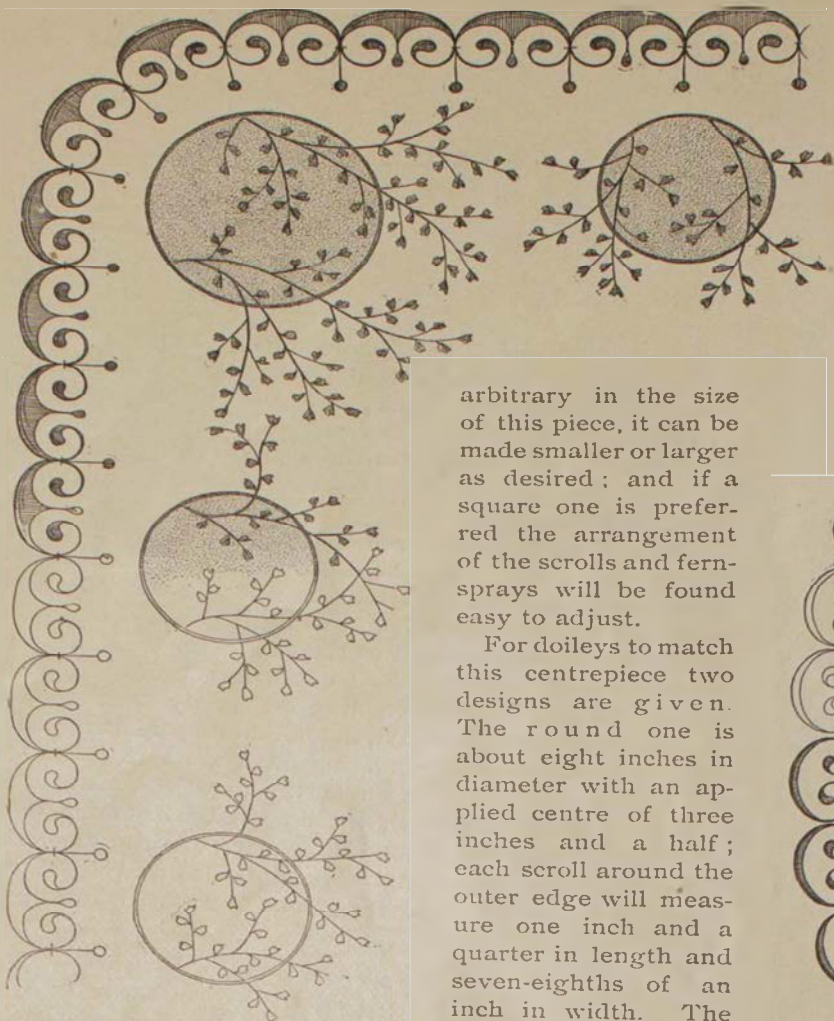
For the edge and the couching of the applied centre, the fourth shade of green can be used, but if a contrast be desired a light shade of pink may be selected for this part of the work. To be in keeping with the couched edge the scrolls should be filled and worked solid as indicated on the drawing, but if the raised effect is not desired both the scrolls and inner edge may be simply buttonholed without either filling or cord, thus obtaining a flat appearance and insuring the laundering in a more satisfactory manner. The white linen under the applied centre may be left in place or cut away after the edge has been button-holed. This will depend, however, upon the fineness and firmness of the materials employed, and must be determined by individual judgment. There is nothing



TABLE-COVER—CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN.

When enlarging such a design to the desired size, it is well to make the arrangement as simple as possible and not overcrowd the decoration.

To gracefully place a few



CORNER AND RUNNING BORDER.

arbitrary in the size of this piece, it can be made smaller or larger as desired; and if a square one is preferred the arrangement of the scrolls and fern-sprays will be found easy to adjust.

For doileys to match this centrepiece two designs are given. The round one is about eight inches in diameter with an applied centre of three inches and a half; each scroll around the outer edge will measure one inch and a quarter in length and seven-eighths of an inch in width. The general treatment is the same as described for the centrepiece,

and similar shades of silk are to be used. If smaller doileys are desired they can be made five, six or seven inches in diameter, making the size of the centre in proportion. The other doiley is about eight inches square but can be made larger or smaller. It may also be enlarged and adapted to a centrepiece from twelve to twenty-four inches square, and by making the scrolls around the edge smaller in proportion this pattern can be adapted to a table-cover a yard square.

The design for an oval carving cloth corresponds with these pieces. When embroidering this pattern the same suggestions and colorings are to be employed as described for the other pieces. A good size for this cloth will be

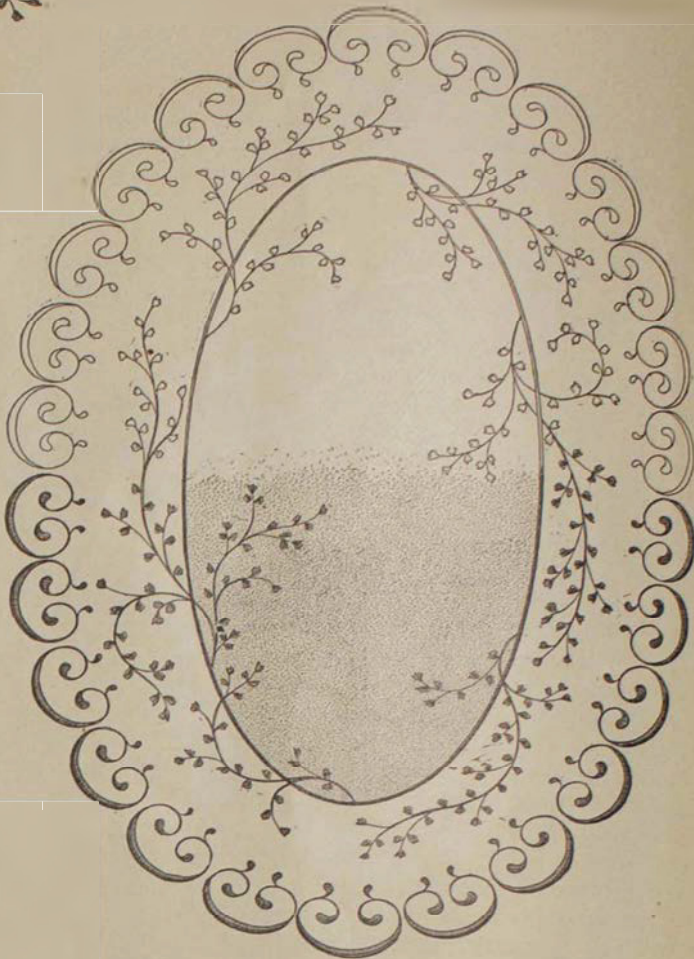
twenty-four inches long and sixteen inches wide; but if a larger one is desired it can be made thirty inches long and eighteen inches wide. The border scrolls should not be enlarged, but should be kept about two inches and a quarter long by an inch and a quarter wide. The num-



DESIGNS FOR BORDER SCROLLS.

ber of fern-sprays need not be increased, but a few sprigs and leaves may be added to the arrangement shown.

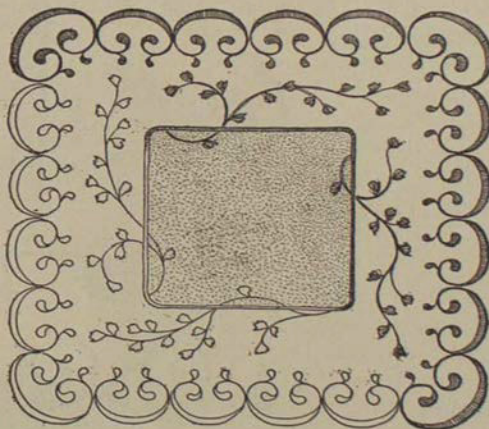
The chrysanthemum design for a table cover has an applied band or inner border, leaving the centre of the same material as the margin. For a cloth a yard square this border should be two inches and a half in width, and the outside measurement can be eighteen or twenty inches square.



CARVING CLOTH.

The inner and outer edges of the applied piece are to be finished as before described, and the sprays of chrysanthemums have the effect of being caught under the couched edges in a graceful and easy manner, as suggested in the drawing. The scallop scrolls may be from two to three inches in length, and not more than an inch

and three-quarters in width. Their length must be governed, however, by the size of the cloth. The space on each of the four sides should be measured, and the scrolls drawn the right size to fit without leaving any spaces between them. Filled and solid

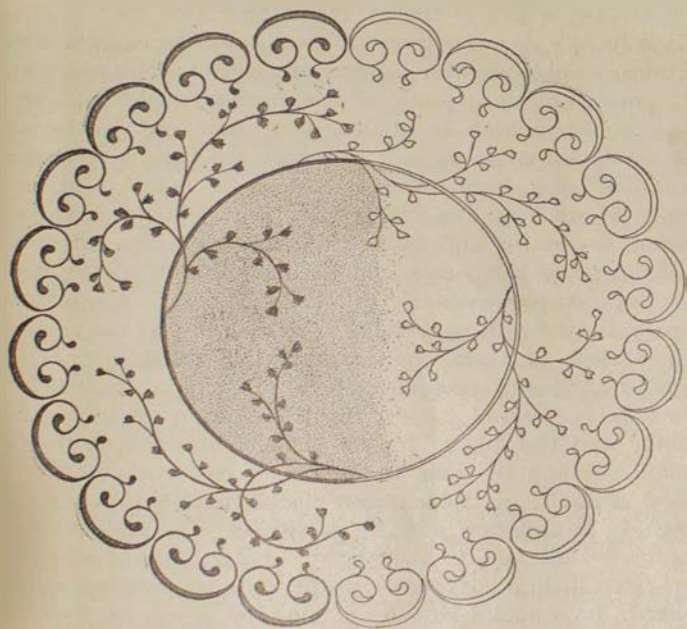


MAIDEN-HAIR FERN DOILEY.

embroidery has the richest effect for this edging. For yellow or light orange-colored chrysanthemums, *écru* or pale straw-colored linen is suggested for the applied band, but if it cannot be obtained, a pale green to correspond with the color of the stems and leaves will look well. This colored linen is comparatively new, but as it is becoming very popular for fancy work as well as for gowns, it may be found in most of the leading dry-goods shops in the large cities.

Designs for a few running border scrolls are given which can be enlarged to any desired size and used for the edges of almost any piece of embroidery. Either the outline or solid mode of working can be used, but the treatment suggested for some of the pieces described before will be found desirable.

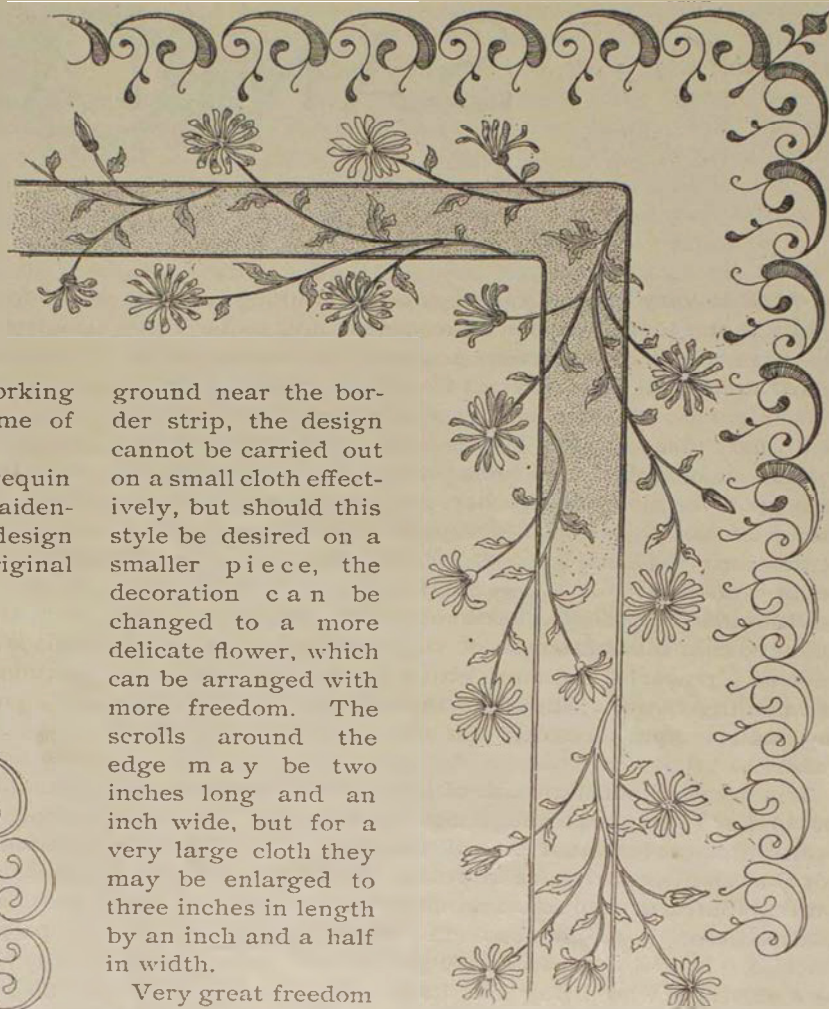
For a dresser scarf, a large table-cloth, or a lambrequin a running border and corner of applied circles and maiden-hair fern is given. From the small portion of the design shown it is difficult to see what a beautiful and original



MAIDEN-HAIR FERN DESIGN FOR CENTREPIECE.

cloth this motive would result in; but if carried out in the colorings of the centerpiece and carving cloth the result will be most artistic, and all these pieces will together make a very complete and beautiful set of ornamental table-linen. For a table-cover a yard and a half square, or a dresser scarf about two yards long, the applied corner disk should measure four inches and a half in diameter and the smaller ones three inches and a half. The applied pieces can be from four to five inches apart, and far enough in from the edge of the material to allow a good space for the border scrolls. The small scrolls are two inches long by an inch in width, but if desired larger, can be two inches and a half in length and proportionately wide. Two sprays of the fern will be enough for each circle, and their arrangement should be about as shown, to avoid crowding. The scrolls of this design can be changed to match those of the other pieces, so that the borders of all the pieces may correspond, or any of the border designs shown in these illustrations may be adapted to suit the fancy of the embroiderer.

Another running border and corner with an applied band similar to the table-cover design is shown, which can be adapted to a cloth of any size larger than a yard square. As the floral decoration covers most of the



CORNER FOR DRESSER COVER.

ground near the border strip, the design cannot be carried out on a small cloth effectively, but should this style be desired on a smaller piece, the decoration can be changed to a more delicate flower, which can be arranged with more freedom. The scrolls around the edge may be two inches long and an inch wide, but for a very large cloth they may be enlarged to three inches in length by an inch and a half in width.

Very great freedom in the adaptation of all these designs is not only permitted, but encouraged, for, as there is nothing regular in nature, so also in our imitations of her work, a careless and graceful irregularity, which after all has a certain method in it, produces always the best effect.

HELEN MAR ADAMS.

BEAUTIES OF BIRCH BARK.

OF late years Adirondack camps have become very popular among people able to indulge in an ideal outdoor life, and the chief charm in their arrangement is the simplicity and appropriateness which characterize their appointments. Very little furniture is needed, and that of the coolest, simplest kind, and the daintiest effects in decoration are obtained with birch bark found in the woods about the camp; while the ingenuity required to adapt the material in its roughness to the purposes it is designed for, enhances the enjoyment after completion. We all enjoy contemplating the results of our own skill, and also take pleasure in the delight and appreciation of others.

The bark is prettiest for many articles just as it comes from the tree, as, for instance, the long, narrow boxes for growing-plants on window-sills or piazzas, the lovely silvery tones of the outer bark giving a cool frame-work for any brilliant-hued blossoms, geraniums especially. The bark should be cut in strips as wide as possible and tacked on the boxes. A very pretty and useful umbrella-stand is made by inclosing a length of terra cotta drain-pipe in a roll of the outer bark, allowing it to stand on a

(Continued on Page 61.)

SANITARIAN

THE CULTIVATION OF BEAUTY.

NOT so very long ago there was an opinion prevalent that clever women have permission to be ugly, and even in some cases, to abuse the privilege ; that their intellectual gains detract from their grace ; in short, that talent chokes out beauty with disastrous jealousy. But that idea is now obsolescent. The really clever woman is beautiful too. She brings her cleverness to bear upon the clearness of her complexion and the symmetry of her figure, as heartily as upon her art or her profession ; yet acts upon the knowledge that woman's beauty does not lie solely in form and feature. She realizes that physical charm alone may soon cease to attract ; that mere fairness of shape and color has never exerted a powerful influence either in deciding destinies or in ruling nations ; and that the key-note to real, lasting, and swaying beauty can not be struck by selfish vanity.

The first and constant aim of every wise woman should be to keep young, although not by means of the acute youthfulness of manner sometimes assumed as a disguise for the relentless advance of years. It deceives nobody ; on the contrary, it makes a woman that is past her first youth thoroughly ridiculous. Time will not be so easily tricked. But it does deal very gently with some women,—with those who bring the imaginative faculties into play in every-day life, and surround their sordid cares with a little halo of their own ; who constantly muster courage, self-sacrifice, energy ; who bridle vanity and annihilate self.

AN ELIXIR OF YOUTH.

There is an elixir of perpetual youth which may be compounded by every tactful, intellectual woman if she will cultivate the power of sympathy. Not only should she throw herself often into the sunshine of bright, hopeful spirits, but she must let her own face be bright and go through life like a fresh breeze, forgetting her own tribulations in the effort to bring light and sunshine to friends, to servants, to the poor. To possess the power of sympathy is to possess a rarer, sweeter charm than wit or beauty. The woman ambitious to please should also follow with interest the thoughts and doings of to-day ; but she must not shrivel to a mere "literary grasshopper," continually skipping from page to page of magazines, newspapers and novels, and indulging immoderately in the mental dissipation of seductive monthlies. She should keep one little period of the day apart from the worries and hurries of existence for the peaceful association of the English classics, and the grace of their beauty will help to develop her into that most fascinating of all people—an "interesting woman."

But in cultivating mind and manner she must not fail to study physical deficiencies as well, and try to lessen them by the aid of harmless though artistic efforts. Women should always make the best of themselves, and there are modern aids to beauty as innoxious as the sweet still-room washes of our grandmothers. Cosmetics are of very ancient use ; they ante-date soap ; but nowadays we do not speak of *cosmetics* ; we say "toilet accessories." We have creams and lotions for the skin, brans and tab-

lets for the morning "tub" ; but all these have the prime motive of clearing the pores ; of promoting cleanliness, not concealing the lack of it.

When women did not know real exercise, shuddered at soap, and had an instinctive horror of cold water, they might well resort to cosmetics ; but if the woman of this wholesome present day has only a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, she can golf, wheel, and massage herself into glowing beauty,—grace of form, bloom of color and smoothness of complexion are hers as the reward of right living.

THE BATH AND THE BATH-ROOM.

It is hardly necessary now, when even the most modest cottage is not considered complete without its bath-room, to mention the daily bath as the primary means of keeping the complexion in a clear condition and developing the skin's latent beauty. Although the bath is no longer classed among luxuries, the bath-room is made as luxurious as one's means will permit ; but it is quite as great an aid to health and beauty when very plain. A most charming result of care and taste is found in the bath-room of a cottage recently finished. The walls are painted a pale Indian red, very faint in shade, and at the top is a broad frieze of Morris paper, a quaint, straggling iris design in shades of red and white. The paint is all white, the floor is covered with a tile linoleum in dark red and white, and the bath blanket is of white felt, with the corners etched in pale red wool. Above the tub is a wooden shelf, on which are placed flesh-brushes, soap-trays, bath-vinegars, meals, perfumes,—the various toilet comforts that add to the luxury of the bath,—and hanging from little hooks screwed to the under-part is a white, netted, hammock-like receptacle for sponges, loofahs, and bath-mittens. An ordinary laundry clothes-horse of dwarf size, painted white, is generously hung with Turkish and Cuban towels ; there are a hammock-chair, and a small, low table,—these, also, painted white,—and the seat of the chair is covered with a conventional design in pale tints of red.

For sharpening the body for its work, the cold bath is tonic and bracing. The warm bath is soothing and restorative ; it tranquilizes the nervous system, removes restlessness and fatigue, and restores muscular power. Therefore, according to one of the most renowned authorities on the hygiene of the skin, the morning bath is the bath of labor and should be cold ; the evening bath is the bath of repose and should be warm.

Thorough and frequent bathing is the fundamental remedy for that most prevalent complexion disfigurement, known as acne,—or more commonly, as blackheads. This is oftenest the result of too infrequent washing of the face with soap, although it may also be the result of using inferior soaps. Again, it may be due to indigestion, when special care should be taken with regard to diet,—rich foods strictly avoided, and plenty of fresh, ripe fruit eaten at breakfast.

As acne is caused by insufficient action of the skin, the sebaceous glands being filled with an over-accumulation of oily matter, an excellent and vigorous remedy is face

massage, which assists the flow of blood through the veins and braces the nerves and muscles, invigorating and stimulating them into flexibility and health.

So much for general measures. But the woman who wishes to "look her best" while waiting for radical means to take effect, may hide deficiencies by making a judicious use of creams and lotions. She can make them herself or have them mixed by a chemist from her own receipts, at much less expense than she can buy those already prepared for sale; and they are so soothing and refreshing that she must be a very apathetic person who has not an array of them upon her dressing-table. Aside from the economy of having these prepared under personal direction, it is wiser; because the face-creams of trade often contain either vaseline or lanoline, and these ingredients, although very healing and cooling, are likely to bring an unbecoming growth of down upon the most satin cheeks, if used persistently. Therefore a collection of formulas that have been tested are very beneficial and perfectly harmless, and can easily be prepared at home, may be found useful.

SOME HARMLESS LOTIONS AND POWDERS.

The best remedy for enlarged pores and blackheads is a slightly astringent lotion, used in conjunction with a good emollient. For the lotion mix the following ingredients: Emulsion of bitter almonds, one and a half ounces; rose-water, three ounces; borax, half a drachm; simple tincture of benzoin, one drachm. Apply every morning, after washing the face with sulphur soap. The emollient requires: of spermaceti, one and a half ounces; white wax, half an ounce; oil of sweet almonds, four fluid ounces; borax, a quarter of an ounce; glycerine, one and a half fluid ounces; orange-flower water, half an ounce; oil of neroli, three drops; and attar of roses, two drops. Melt the wax, spermaceti, and oil of almonds together; dissolve

the borax in the orange-flower water and glycerine, previously mixed; pour the solution, a little at a time, into the melted mixture, stirring the preparation without ceasing until all the solution has been fully incorporated, and a homogeneous product results; finally, add the essential oils, stirring in the same way. Place in porcelain or glass jars and cover closely. Every night a little of this should be taken on the fingers, and rubbed well into the skin, until it is completely absorbed by the tissues.

This is an efficacious remedy for a greasy skin: Tannic acid, ten grains; simple tincture of benzoin, half an ounce; elder-flower water, two ounces; rose-water, six ounces. It is also a valuable remedy for excessive perspiration of the hands. In this case, apply it with a sponge after washing the hands; allow it to dry on, then apply the following powder: Oxide of zinc, two drachms; boracic acid, two drachms; pulverized lycopodium, four drachms; powdered starch, one ounce. Hands that have a tendency to redness and coarseness can be kept white and soft by thoroughly rubbing into them every night this preparation: Borate of soda, two drachms; glycerine, four drachms; curd soap, finely shaved, a quarter of an ounce; eucalyptol, one drachm; essence of bitter almonds, twenty minims.

A powder for the bath that not only gives out a delicate and refreshing odor, but improves the tone and color of the skin, is composed as follows: Attar of roses, five minims; oil of petitgrain, eight minims; oil of origanum, thirty minims; oil of rosemary, thirty minims; oil of neroli, three drachms; oil of lemon, three drachms; oil of bergamot, six drachms; borax, in powder, eight ounces; white castile soap, eight ounces. The powders should be mixed in a mortar, and the oils gradually incorporated. A table-spoonful is sufficient for a bathful of water.

ALETHE LOWTHER CRAIG.

DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

If you have not provided yourself with our Portrait Album, prepared especially to contain the portraits which we publish each month, you are missing an opportunity which you will regret more and more as time passes.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing, eight portraits in each number, is incalculable. Each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. Such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading matter on the backs, so that they can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in each Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and have it filled, send your order

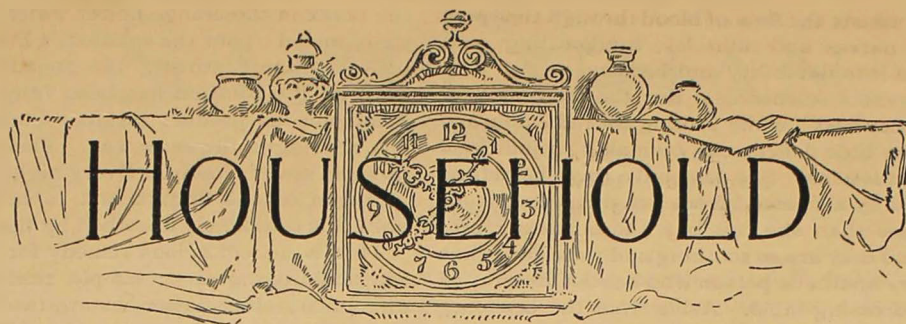
for another at once and avoid delay. Or, if you have none, send for one, and start your collection.

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

DEMAREST'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive Magazine than the December number of DEMAREST'S will be.

We have spared no pains to employ the best talent on it and feel quite sure that the result will justify us. The Rev. Dr. Thos. P. Hughes, Rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in New York City, will have an article on The Holy Land of to-day, which can hardly fail to be interesting since the author has traveled all over that part of the world and is very familiar with it. John Gilmer Speed, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Edwin C. Martin, Kate Erskine, and other well-known writers, each contribute to the excellence and sprightliness of the number in a timely manner. There will be a larger number of full-page pictures than we have ever given before, on subjects which will give an especial Christmas flavor to the Magazine and by artists well-known as among the best illustrators in the country. Among them are H. Helmick, famous for his clever drawings of negro life; B. West Clinedinst, whose beautiful pictures illustrating Weir of Hermiston are already familiar to our readers; and Frank H. Schell.



THE MODEL HOSTESS.

MUST BE AT EASE.

ONE of the greatest charms a hostess can have is the air of entertaining her guests with ease and pleasure. No one really prefers to be troublesome, and even the most inconsiderate and thoughtless person is more comfortable if she is made to feel that no one is disturbed by her demands, while a visitor who strives to be as agreeable and as little trouble as possible is often greatly distressed by evidences of flurry, or worry, or weariness on the part of her hostess.

But one cannot long seem to be at ease and without care if she is not really so, and, hence, it becomes the duty of every one who would please by her hospitality, a duty toward herself as well as toward her guests, to endeavor to arrange her affairs so that entertaining her friends will be the least possible burden to her, both in the extra work required and the extra demand upon her nervous force. In a large house with plenty of servants it would seem that this would be an easy thing to do. That depends upon the temperament of the hostess, for some persons never do anything easily. But, other things equal, the woman who is provided with these luxuries has a much easier task before her in entertaining than the average woman in moderate circumstances, who usually has no more room than her family requires and no more servants than are actually needed in carrying on the daily routine.

It is the average woman, then, who must devise ways and means to entertain her friends with such ease that the visit may be a pleasure to all concerned. Because she has not all the conveniences, she is not released from the duty of making life pleasant for her guests. An invitation carries that obligation with it. If one is not prepared to meet the obligation she has no right to lead her friends to think she can by inviting them to visit her.

GIVE GUESTS A SEPARATE ROOM.

If it is possible to spare it at all, one should always preserve a chamber for guests and have it furnished especially for their convenience. If this is a large, light room, so much the better, but it is not necessary that one should keep the best room for this occasional service. A very small one that might not be agreeable for any one to use constantly can with a little management and good taste be made very comfortable and convenient for the temporary uses of a guest.

If one cannot keep a room especially for visitors, then some room in the house should be so arranged that it can be vacated for short periods if necessary and easily turned into an appropriate guest chamber. And if one's house is too crowded to yield even this much to the demands of hospitality she should frankly say that she has

no room and deny herself the pleasure of asking people to her house.

No one but a child or a very near relative whose tastes are well known in the household should ever be crowded into a room to be shared by some member of the family. Many persons find it very difficult to sleep with any one, particularly any one to whom they are not accustomed, and any mature person, however willing to bear the inconvenience of sharing his room with others, cannot but feel that he is more or less in the way when he sees that he is put into a bed-chamber already occupied.

FURNISH THE GUEST CHAMBER COMFORTABLY.

Having provided the room, see that it is appropriately furnished. Convenience should be the first care. Make it as pretty as possible, of course, but do not sacrifice convenience to decoration. Any visitor will enjoy a beautiful room if he is comfortable in it, but even one keenly appreciative of beauty will take scant pleasure in a room where his convenience has been made subordinate to decorative effect.

Have a clean, comfortable bed, even though it be of the cheapest kind, a good-sized washstand with a cover that one will not fear to splash a little water on, plenty of towels and water and washcloths and new soap, a proper receptacle for toilet articles, and a pitcher and glass for drinking-water.

On the dressing-table, whether it is mahogany or a pine box covered with muslin, have a cover that can be laundered, a good comb and brush, a hand glass, a pin-cushion well filled with white and black pins and a few safety pins, a pair of scissors that will cut, a whisk broom, and as many other little toilet conveniences, such as a powder-box and tools^s for manicuring, as you can afford to furnish.

Even if the room is small, manage in some way to have a table that one can write on, and have it completely furnished. It should have good ink, new pens, sharpened pencils, or something to sharpen them with, paper and envelopes for pens and a pad of soft paper for pencils, a blotter, a paper-weight, pen-wiper, paper-knife, and a calendar. Unless the table is a very rough one, do not have a cover on it. Covers are an annoyance if one writes much. They are so easily slipped out of place and so often become mysteriously spotted with ink, giving the guest some concern lest she has been careless.

Somewhere in the room a place should be found for a basket or box containing needles, a few spools of thread, coarse and fine and in black and in white, a thimble and a few odd buttons, particularly shoe buttons. Not quite so necessary as the things already mentioned, but still very useful things to have about, are a thermometer, a railway time table, and some current magazines and books.

This may seem a rather formidable list of furnishings, but not one of them should be omitted if one really cares for her guest's pleasure and her own comfort. The very smallest room will not be crowded with them, and there is no great expense incurred in getting them together. Many of them cost nothing; most of them are already in some part of the house and can be well spared; and it would indeed be a scantily furnished house where an outlay of more than a few cents would be necessary to procure them all.

Most people who are in the habit of making visits, or who are careful not to be troublesome when they do, are likely to come provided with all necessary articles for the toilet and writing-table. But it is not safe to count upon such forethought, as every one who entertains much will soon learn. A great many very excellent people have no forethought in little practical matters, and even the model visitor is likely to forget some of the things she may need. If the things you have provided are not used no harm is done, and the little trouble it has been to get them together is nothing in comparison with the pleasure it gives a visitor to find all her wants thus anticipated or the annoyance a hostess must feel from the continual borrowing that she is often subjected to when these little needful things are lacking.

SERVE GUESTS WELL, BUT SIMPLY.

But one may be never so well prepared to receive her visitor and yet make life a burden to herself and her household during the visit by trying to do too much to entertain the guest. A little extra work, of course, is inevitable, but it is a great mistake to change the whole routine of family life because a friend has come to share it. Almost any one would feel extremely uncomfortable if she felt that her visit was causing so much trouble. The ordinary way of life with but little change ought to be good enough for any one but the most formal of visitors. If it is not, one really ought not to ask people to come; but should devote the time and money she would expend in entertaining to the improvement of her way of living.

Of course one has no right to invite persons to her house and serve them with scant and ill-cooked food or at an untidy table; but then one has no right to treat her own family in that way. What is proper for the family is proper for the informal guest, and the wise housekeeper will serve to her visitors such meals as she is accustomed to have every day, and save herself the expenditure of thought and labor which more elaborate meals would entail.

BE PREPARED FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Another way in which one often allows herself to be-

come worn and wearied with entertaining is in minding too much the irregularities in the daily routine which a guest is likely to occasion. This is something that one ought to count upon and be prepared to meet. If she has arranged her house as conveniently as possible and has wisely avoided attempting to keep up a style of living to which she is not accustomed, it will not be very difficult to put up with a few irregularities. At any rate it is much more difficult if one frets under the ordeal than if she takes it coolly.

It is not a question of whether one has reason to be annoyed or not. Guests are often strangely incapable of adapting themselves to the habits of the family. If they are not trained to be thoughtful at home they will not be so abroad. One does not care to demand strict justice in such cases; and, then, a visit is but a temporary thing, any way, and the desire to make it pleasant ought to enable one to make some cheerful sacrifices to her visitor's peculiarities. If we expect some concessions from our guests we should be willing to meet them more than half way.

RESERVE SOME TIME FOR COMPOSURE.

One of the most trying things about a visit is the constant demand upon one's time in actively entertaining her guests. One may not be a very busy woman, and hence her time may not be as valuable as it perhaps ought to be, but still if she is accustomed to have some time alone she will find herself utterly exhausted after a week or two of the incessant talk with which many visits are filled, under the impression that it is necessary in order to be agreeable.

If some time alone is not needed for work it is needed for composure, and is needed almost as much by the guest as by the hostess. The wise hostess will, therefore, go to her own room for at least an hour or two each day, and thus gain for her guest as well as herself some relief from the restraints of visiting. One should be permitted to have some freedom even in a stranger's house, and however agreeable a visitor may be she will surely be fresher and brighter for some rest from the never-ceasing talk which is likely to go on when friends are together.

One does not need to be urged to be always cheerful and agreeable and so far as possible to consult the tastes of her visitors and do what she can to please them. Every amiable woman wants to do these things and is more apt to do too much of them than too little. But many an amiable woman fails to be a model hostess because she does not cultivate the charm of entertaining easily, and does not know that this accomplishment is attained mainly by forethought and management.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

OUR BENCH SHOW.

THIS tiny panel picture of saucy little dogs is a reproduction in miniature of Van Vredenburg's fascinating oil painting showing a dozen puppies of high degree in playful attitudes and as natural as life. The picture has been greatly admired by lovers of dogs and lovers of art, and justly so, for it represents in a most artistic manner each mischievous and restless little fellow.



With each copy of Demorest's Magazine for December we shall give a handsome copy of this painting, in every respect a work of art worthy of the original from which it is reproduced. The picture is ten by thirty-six inches—just the size for a pretty panel. It will be printed in fourteen subdued and harmonious colors and cannot help but win admiration wherever it goes.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Era of the "Sky-Scraper."

Every succeeding year sees an increase in the height of buildings in New York City. Ten years ago a building of twelve stories was considered a marvel. Now, however, the St. Paul Building which has twenty-five stories and towers up to a height of three hundred and thirty-seven feet, attracts no special attention. Thousands pass it every day in the heart of the business section of the city without realizing that it is the highest office-building in the world. From the uppermost stories, however, one receives a very vivid impression of its

great height. The city and suburbs lie far below, seemingly in a vast arena inclosed on three sides by blue hills, and on the fourth by a great expanse of sea. Even Old Trinity's spire, which long rose gracefully and proudly above all rivals in skyward reach, is dwarfed; an observer on one of the upper floors of the St. Paul Building can look down upon it.

The extremely high buildings which may now be found in some of our great cities, and particularly in New York, have received much adverse criticism; but the narrowness of Manhattan Island, together with the lack of adequate and rapid transit to the districts beyond the rivers, seems to make them a necessity. It has been said that they are dangerous, but architects as a rule deny that they are, if properly constructed. The framework of iron girders is firmly riveted together into one huge skeleton, and it is said that this could not fall unless the immense foundations should be torn up, when the structure as a whole would topple over. In Chicago, however, an enactment has been passed prohibiting the construction of any building over twelve stories, or one hundred and thirty feet in height.

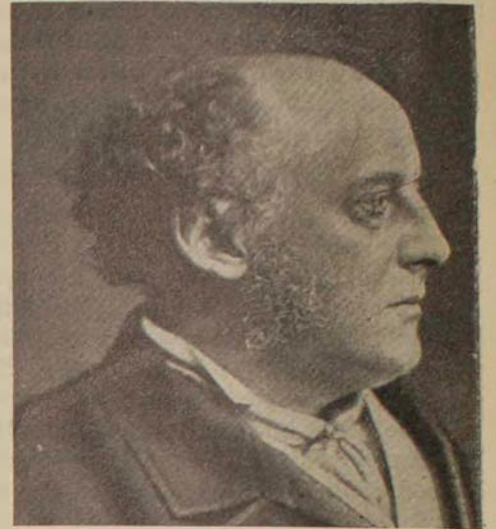


Sir John Millais.

In the death, last August, of Sir John Millais, president of the Royal Academy, the world of art has lost one of its most noble figures. Millais was born in Southampton, England, in 1829, and at a remarkably early age gave indications of his great artistic ability. When only six years old he drew well, and at the age of nine he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts by a drawing from the antique. During his teens he won the silver medal of the Royal Academy, a gold medal for his work in the life classes, and became one of the most valued

contributors to this association, of which he was long afterward made the president. When barely of age he painted a master-piece, called "Christ at the House of His Parents," and a year or two afterward produced "The Order of Release," which attracted more attention than any other picture of the time. When twenty-five, Millais was made an associate member of the Royal Academy, and nine years later was elected to full membership. In 1885 the Queen made him a baronet.

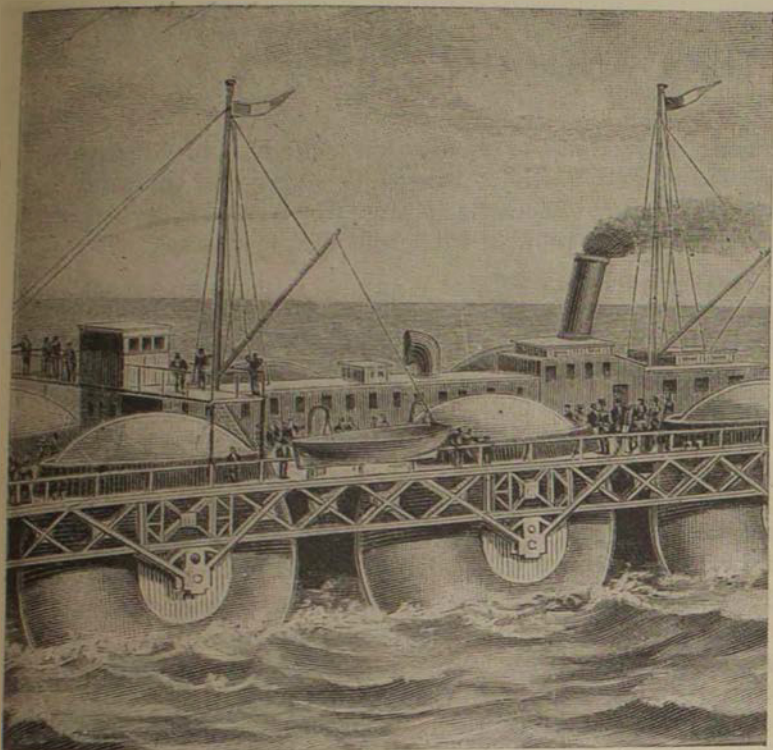
He was a prolific painter; among his most celebrated works are "The Black Brunswicker," "Proscribed Royalist," "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon," "Sisters," and the landscape, "Chill October." John Ruskin pronounced Millais' "Autumn Leaves" one of the masterpieces of the world. A strong friendship existed between the writer and the painter, and it continued after a mutual attachment sprung up between Mrs. Ruskin and Millais, when the great art critic permitted his wife to obtain a divorce and marry his friend. The Royal Academy has mourned the death of two presidents within a twelve-month, Sir John Millais having succeeded Sir Frederick Leighton, who died early in the year.



Lord Russell on Arbitration.

The address of Lord Russell on "International Law," which he delivered before the American Bar Association during his recent visit to this country, is important in that it comes from the Chief Justice of England, and reflects the most conservative and influential English opinion on the much discussed subject of arbitration of international disputes. Lord Russell said in part: "Men do not arbitrate when character is at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate on questions touching its national independence, or affecting its honor. Again, a nation may agree to arbitrate, and then repudiate its agreement. Who is to coerce it? Or, having gone to arbitration and been worsted, it may decline to be bound by the award. Who is to compel it? These considerations seem to me to justify two conclusions—the first is that arbitration will not cover the whole field of international controversy; and the second that unless and until the great powers of the world, in league, bind themselves to coerce a recalcitrant member of the family of nations we have still to face the more than possible disregard by powerful states of the obligations of good faith and justice."

Lord Russell goes on to say that at the present time a permanent tribunal of arbitration is neither practicable nor desirable. He closes his address with the expression of the hope that the United States and the mother-land, who have the making of history in times to come, will yet work in harmony for the progress and peace of the world.



A Steamboat on Wheels.

A small steamboat was recently launched in France which will bring about a revolution in steamship construction if the promise it holds out is realized. It is the invention of M. Bazin, who has applied the roller principle to navigation. M. Bazin, however, does not use the wheels, or disks, as paddlewheels or propellers; they are employed merely as devices to overcome friction. The experiments which led to the discovery of the principle are interesting. The inventor first vertically floated a hollow wheel in a tank. He spun the wheel around, and it continued to revolve for some time, moving but little from its place. Then he pushed it forward without revolving it, and it moved just as an ordinary keel does, pushing the water in front of it, and leaving a trail; it was stopped by friction and the bulk of water in front of it, after moving four or five feet. M. Bazin then spun the wheel and pushed it forward at the same time; it traveled rapidly, and with but slight agitation of the water over the entire length of the tank. These experiments suggested to him the vital principle of his boats. An ordinary propeller sends it through the water, and the revolving disks reduce friction to the minimum. It is claimed as a supplementary advantage that the vessel is much safer than those constructed according to present methods. There are to be eight wheels or disks, and if one or two or even more were perforated the others would keep the boat afloat.

Admiral Coulombeaud, a French naval authority, is said to prophesy great success for M. Bazin's invention.

Li Hung Chang on Chinese Exclusion.

Li Hung Chang, Viceroy and virtual ruler of China, announced when in New York that his chief reason for choosing a route through Canada for his homeward trip across this continent was his inability to offer satisfactory explanations to the Chinese immigrants in our Western States, and particularly in California, for his failure to better their condition under this Government, of which they had often complained to him. The Chinese Exclusion Act which discriminates against the natives of the Flowery Kingdom is what aggrieves them most. In an interview in New York, Li Hung Chang, through his interpreter, expressed the Chinese side of the question. The interpreter said in part: "The Viceroy says that the Exclusion Act is a most unfair one, because it is admitted by political economists that competition, whether in labor or commodities, will always keep the market in good health. This act is influenced by the Democratic party, by the Irish party, by the laboring-class party. They wish to monopolize the labor market, and as the Chinese are their strong competitors, they exclude them. It is the same thing if you bring a good many goods to China, and can sell them cheaper than the European countries, and we exclude you from the market. Is that fair? The Viceroy says, to put aside

the fact that he is a high Chinese official or mandarin; to suppose he is a disinterested cosmopolitan, looking at the question from the standpoint of America. Is it good policy or not to exclude the cheaper labor from the market, or to exclude the cheap commodity, to prefer to buy a commodity which is inferior in quality, but superior in price?" Li Hung Chang goes on at some length in this strain, saying among other things that while our people are the most inventive and mechanically expert on earth, the markets of the world are not open to our mechanical products because they are too expensive, owing to high-priced labor; and that the Irish hate the Chinese because the latter can live more frugally and possess higher virtues.

To Turn Silver into Gold.

So marvelous have been the scientific progress and discoveries during the last half-century that astonishing new achievements which would have been hailed as miracles in years gone by are accepted as a matter of course and create hardly more than a ripple in the surging tide of life. Such was the case in the discovery of the new element, argon, and of the wonderful X-ray of light, and such is the case with the announcement by Dr. Stephen H. Emmens of New York, a scientist of high standing and reputation, that he has found a method by which silver may be transformed into gold. Dr. Emmens' announcement has aroused much interest and curiosity among scientists, but no astonishment. It has, indeed, been long anticipated. Chemists have known for years that no difference except one of weight exists between hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, iron and the other elements, and, furthermore, that molecules composing the elements have exactly the same properties of color, chemical affinity and the like when their weights are similar. But molecules are made up of atoms, and it has been found that if the molecule of any element is broken up into its atoms, the matter which results will have none of the properties of the original element. It has been thought highly probable that atoms are all alike; that atomic matter of the same kind composes the various elements, such as gold, silver, copper, platinum, etc., and that if it is possible to break up an element into its atoms another element may be made from them by re-combining them into molecules of greater or less weight and complexity. Dr. Emmens, following in the footsteps of Cary Lea, of Philadelphia, who, succeeding in making a very great subdivision of silver, states that he has succeeded in completely breaking up silver molecules into their constituent atoms, and in uniting them again has produced a heretofore unknown form of matter which he calls argentaurum, and which possesses properties akin to those of gold and silver. If, he says, the particles of argentaurum are caused to unite in greater density than those of the original silver, a metal is produced which will pass the gold tests of any government mint in the world.

What Dr. Emmens says he can accomplish was merely an alchemist's dream during the Middle Ages. But Dr. Emmens is a practical man of science, who has a reputation to maintain, and it would be surprising if he would make an announcement so apt to attract widespread attention unless it had a basis in fact.



THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY and Stephen Crane are becoming known in France through recent translations.

Mrs. OLIPHANT, who has written seventy-eight novels, never writes in the daytime. She thinks the stillness of night conducive to good writing.

Mr. CLARK RUSSELL's new sea story, "The Two Captains," is almost ready for serial issue. It will probably appear in book-form early next year.

AMELIA BARR is dramatizing her novel, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," for the actor E. H. Sothorn, at the request of Daniel Frohman, the theatrical manager.

A NEW edition is about to issue of Mary Mapes Dodge's charming story "Hans Brinker," which will have more than a hundred drawings made expressly for it in Holland by the artist Allan B. Doggett.

AT THE Massachusetts Chautauqua, at South Framingham, a vote taken on the question of the five greatest works of fiction resulted as follows: Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

THE EXPECTED sometimes happens, says *The Critic*. The book oftenest called for at the Sing Sing Prison Library is Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." This is pathetically natural. Nor is it strange that "Put Yourself in His Place" should come second in popularity with this class of readers. Reade is followed by Lever, Lytton, Lover, Dumas, Dickens, and Doyle.

IT IS PLEASANT to know that Mr. Anthony Hope already counts the receipts from the dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in a sum of four figures, proving that it is a lucky chance to write a novel which has in it the elements of a successful play, for these are hard to find. Mr. Hope is a born dramatist, possessing the rare art of writing lively dialogue, which is the foundation of a play.

RUDYARD KIPLING's greatest ambition is said to be to serve as a war correspondent, and it is said that the next big war will take him into the field. Mr. Kipling sailed with his family last month for England, and goes thence to India, where he will probably remain for two or three years. It is not understood that he has abandoned his Vermont home, though he has stored his household goods and left his house vacant.

GRANT ALLEN is a noted naturalist as well as a novelist, and has lately been elected president of the Microscopic and Natural History Society at Haslemere, in Surrey. There was strong opposition to his election on account of the moral views expressed in his novel, "The Woman Who Did," and when it was found that he had been elected by a majority of two votes, several members expressed their determination to resign.

THAT most theatre-goers prefer plays that are pure in tone and elevating instead of depressing in their influence has recently been proved by the very great favor with which New Yorkers have received the dainty comedy "Rosemary," which is now the success of the hour, as it is played by Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams. It has far distanced in popular esteem the so-called problem plays, which have left few subjects and few details untouched in their straining after realism on the stage.

Most people have healthy minds, and are interested in the simple and direct portrayal of normal men and

women. Now that the reaction has come in favor of plays like "Rosemary," with its pretty love scenes and sparkling comedy, we may expect many more like it, and everybody interested in the theatre will profit by the change.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD, who has been publishing serially some autobiographical papers under the title "Chapters from a Life," has collected them, and with some additional matter they will be published this fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Judging by the chapters which have already appeared the collection will be a most interesting one, since Mrs. Ward has, in one way and another, come in contact with most of the best known writers in America during the last generation, and must have a fund of reminiscence which others would like to share.

It is always interesting to know the age of famous writers, and when they happen to be one's favorites, it is sometimes pleasant to know how many more years of active work we can count upon having from them. Here are the ages of some English writers who have many admirers among us: Richard Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," has just passed his seventy-first birthday; George Macdonald is one year older; George Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are both sixty-eight; Miss Bradon is fifty-nine; Sir Walter Besant, fifty-eight; Ouida fifty-six, and William Black fifty-five.

AMONG the interesting art publications of the autumn is a new edition of Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," which Scribner has published in four octavo volumes. It is brought up to date through the help of much valuable biographical and historical research since the old library edition was published, and will be thoroughly appreciated by students and all literary workers, who have felt the need of it for many years. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Blashfield and Mr. A. A. Hopkins, who have edited and annotated this new edition, are guarantees that the work has been faithfully and understandingly done. It is beautifully illustrated with reproductions in photogravure from masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture, and the edition is limited to five hundred copies for America.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH, the author, artist, and civil engineer, says in an article which he calls "Journeying Through Life. Let us Recreate by the Way," "I began early to control my business, and not to allow my business to control me—at least to the extent of allowing me to take recreation," and he continues: "In Venice, where I generally spend sixty days, I have a gondola; in Holland, I live in an open boat, having an old Dutchman for my companion. In Constantinople I pick up some bright dragoman who speaks English and the language of the country, and he goes around with me. During the time I am playing, I am not attending to business. When I am attending to business, I am not playing. But when the year is closed, I have had a large amount of enjoyment from it."

IN STARTING this department in the first number of our new volume we aim simply to give short bits of information about books and writers that are of interest to the reading public generally, together with some notes of pictures and music and plays that have a timely interest. Our only desire is to extend the usefulness of our magazine and to please our readers, and we should be very glad to receive expressions of opinion, or suggestions, concerning this page, so that we may determine whether it is desirable to continue it or not.

ABOUT WOMEN.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1896.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT gave the Londoners a glimpse of the American authoress in a new aspect—that of a witty after-dinner speaker—the London journals being full of praise of her speech at the dinner given her by the Authors' Club.

LILIUOKALANI, the dethroned Queen of Hawaii, has purchased a large plot of ground in Austria, not far from Vienna. Foreign papers say that she will live in Austria permanently. A palace will be built upon the grounds, it is announced, which will be in keeping with the occupant's former rank.

THE Northwest possesses a story-writer of rare ability in Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, whose home is in Portland, Oregon. She is the sister of the poet and story-writer, Ella Higginson. Mrs. Morgan has furnished some of the brightest short stories that have been written by any Western story-writer of late years.

IT is becoming a favorite occupation with the widows of great men to "write for the press," as the contributions to daily newspapers of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Custer, and Mrs. Logan would indicate. Mrs. Logan is the latest of these to take to this form of literature, and during the past six months she has written some graphic letters of foreign travel for a Chicago journal.

OF all the ladies who have instructed the public in the art of cooking in recent times—and the list is a full one—Marion Harland, who in private life is Mrs. E. P. Terhune, has probably had the greatest financial returns. She told a St. Louis reporter recently that her cook-book had sold to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and been twice as popular as her novels. Her daughter, too, when left a widow a few years ago, found that a knowledge of cooking was a talisman of success in New York "woman's-page" journalism.

THE young girl who will eventually inherit the enormous fortune of the late Baron Hirsch will be the greatest heiress in the world. Lucienne Hirsch is now fourteen years of age, and is being quietly educated at Brussels, under the tutelage of a sister of Baroness Hirsch, Mme. Hatime Montefiore Levi, who is herself possessed of immense wealth, and is chatelaine of several castles in Belgium. Mlle. Hirsch is the daughter of the lady who does not now use her husband's name, but is known by her old name of Mlle. Premelic, and the only son of Baron Hirsch.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, now Mrs. George Riggs, has made the hospitality of her New York home noted. Sometimes her entertainments are unconventional to a degree, as was the case when she entertained three foreign celebrities, one of them a newly-made lord and a stickler on dinner-table etiquette, at a chafing-dish supper. Host and hostess enacted a scene from one of Mrs. Wiggin's children's stories, where a boy plays the part of butler and a girl that of maid. The guests had no warning of what was going to happen, and had a new story of American eccentricities to set down in their note-books.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON lives with her brother in a fine old Mobile mansion with a charming garden attached, in which the novelist spends most of her working hours. Mrs. Wilson is growing old very gently and gracefully. Her home is noted for its hospitality. Even the interviewer is welcomed, and one with a bent for statistics learned recently that her seven successful novels were written in fourteen months—an average of only two months each. One of these, "Vashti," has earned her nearly twenty thousand dollars, and the others were correspondingly remunerative. Mrs. Wilson has wholly given up the writing of romances, and the short story she never attempted.

Autumn Landscape. Full-page Water-color.	
Mme. Emma Eames, American Grand Opera Prima Donna. Full-page Picture.	1
Lawn Tennis in Central Park, New York. Full-page Picture.	2
Two Pages of Portraits.	
Clearing the Hurdle and Water at Morris Park. Full-page Picture.	3
The Great Muir Glacier, Alaska. Full-page Picture	4
The Boston Public Library. (Illustrated.) <i>E. A. Fletcher.</i>	5
The Pretty Wit of Captain Paul Jones. - <i>Clinton Ross.</i>	13
Women at the Bar. (Illustrated.) - <i>Joseph Dana Miller.</i>	16
Weir of Hermiston. (Illustrated.) VII., VIII. and IX. (Concluded.) - <i>Robert Louis Stevenson.</i>	21
Paris Painters and Their Models. (Illustrated.) <i>Kate Jordan.</i>	25
Aubrey Beardsley. (Illustrated.) - - - - -	27
Grandmother's Find. (Poem.) (Illustrated.) <i>Harriet Francene Crocker.</i>	28
Life in the Tyrolese Mountains. (Illustrated.) - <i>W. G.</i>	30
To the North Pole by Balloon. (Illustrated.) <i>J. Herbert Welch.</i>	31
Society Fads. - - - - - <i>Madame La Mode.</i>	34
The Passing of the Small Waist. (Illustrated.) <i>Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Fannie W. Oakey, Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, Madame Donovan, and Miss Loie Fuller.</i>	36
The Muir Glacier. - - - - -	37
Our Girls. (Illustrated.) <i>The Saving of the "?"</i> - <i>Mary Annable Fanton.</i>	38
Dat Thanksgiv'n' Turkey. (Poem.) (Illustrated.)	39
Home Art and Home Comfort. (Illustrated.) <i>Novel Linen Embroidery.</i> - <i>Helen Mar Adams.</i>	41
<i>Beauties of Birch Bark.</i> - <i>Lila Graham Alliger.</i>	43
Sanitarian. <i>The Cultivation of Beauty.</i> - <i>Alethe Lowther Craig.</i>	44
Demorest's Magazine Portrait Album.	45
Our Christmas Number.	45
Household. <i>The Model Hostess.</i> - <i>Josephine E. Martin.</i>	46
<i>Thanksgiving Menus.</i> - <i>F. A. E.</i>	64
Our Bench Show. - - - - -	47
The World's Progress. (Illustrated.) <i>The Era of the "Sky-Scraper."</i> <i>Sir John Millais.</i> <i>Lord Russell on Arbitration.</i>	48
<i>A Steamboat on Wheels.</i> <i>Li Hung Chang on Chinese Exclusion.</i> <i>To Turn Silver to Gold.</i>	49
The World of Letters and Art.	50
About Women.	51
Mirror of Fashions. (Illustrated.) <i>Review of Fashions.</i>	52
<i>A Walking-Gown.</i> <i>The Favorite Waist.</i> <i>A Smart Tailor-Gown.</i>	53
<i>A Becoming Rain-Cloak.</i> <i>The Newest Coat.</i> <i>Some Modish Sleeves.</i>	54
<i>Autumn Hats.</i>	55
<i>Supplement of Fashions.</i>	56
<i>For the Neck and Corsage.</i> <i>Simple and Becoming.</i>	57
<i>Of Novelty Goods.</i> <i>Autumn Walking Costumes.</i> <i>Children's Hats.</i>	58
<i>A Mother Hubbard Cloak.</i> <i>A Cashmere Frock.</i>	59
<i>Description of Designs on the Supplement.</i>	60
<i>Standard Patterns.</i>	60
Correspondence Club.	67
Gleanings.	69
Biographical Sketches.	72
Spice-Box. (Illustrated.)	75
Pattern Order.	77



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—NOVEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 77. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

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

WE have an embarrassment of riches in the autumn cloths, which are as attractive in weave as in color combinations. There is the usual assortment of the favorite Scotch and English fabrics in coarse, rough weaves, with many bourette and long-napped effects; and though the coloring is vivid, the combinations are so harmonious, and so toned down by the deft intermingling of grays, browns, and black and white that the effects and shadings are very beautiful. All the autumn forest tints appear in some, artfully blended with wood browns; and certain shades of blue and green, and of heliotrope or darker prune with green, are charming and very popular.

The new canvases are so coarse in mesh as to look almost like crocheting,—the tip of the little finger could be passed through some of the meshes,—and consequently they show to great advantage the bright taffeta lining which is *de rigueur*. Dark blue is most effective over a bright cherry or deep red, but the favorite combination is over green; and changeable taffeta in a light blue with rose or brown is not so striking but is very charming. Under brown canvas a light shade of heliotrope is quite *chic*. Faced cloths, and even quite heavy broadcloths will be more worn than last year, and a third claimant for woman's favor is the beautiful long-napped zibeline, which has been imported much more freely than heretofore and is shown in a variety of new and desirable colors.

Melton cloth is one of the new smooth fabrics which attracts fastidious buyers, and as the colors are as choice as the weave this is not surprising. Among the colors are hunter's green and a dark sage green; many shades of brown, both reddish and yellow; a deep, rich red, and a lovely shade of heliotrope. A peculiarity of the cloth is its grayish nap which blends with and softens the color. Among the noticeable tailor-gowns at recent openings were some of heliotrope melton, made with perfectly plain skirts, and double-breasted short coats, half-loose in front but fitted trimly under the arms and in the back, without *godet* fullness, and with high flaring collars.

The coats of all tailor-gowns for street wear have a flat, plain effect in the back. It is safe to say that we shall be allowed to bid good-bye to the ruffly, mussy *godet* flutes, and it is not expected there will be any mourners. Coat sleeves have had some reefs taken in them; the change, however, is not so noticeable as in the sleeves of gowns, the principal feature being a closer fit on the

lower arm. But some of the latest importations flare in a very becoming and pretty fashion at the wrist, which allows room for the full wrist trimming without crushing.

Very many of the so-called tailor-gowns are so elaborate in style as to be quite unfitted for the ordinary uses with which we associate the name. They are quite dressy enough for any social function in the daytime, ranging from club meetings, luncheons, and matinée musicales to wedding receptions; and they would look out of place on the street, being too conspicuous. A very smart gown of this sort is of blue cloth, with a narrow band of Persian lamb around the foot of the skirt and up the left-hand seam of the front breadth to the waist, headed by a vine of jet embroidery about four inches wide. The short bolero jacket is trimmed to match, and the sleeves are covered with the embroidery in sprawling vines. A blouse-front of velvet-brocaded satin, and a deep girdle of black satin complete the gown. This model, with slight variations, is seen also in tan-color and chocolate.

The short jacket is a veritable *furor*. It is everywhere, and in every shape, and a part of everything, from the young girl's dancing-school gown to the matron's tea-gown. The very newest thing in fancy waists is a bolero of delicate-flowered taffeta, in evening colors, finished on the edges with an inch-wide knife-plaiting of white ribbon or *chiffon*, with sleeves also of the silk, and worn over a blouse of white *chiffon*. The bolero is cut very short to disclose a broad girdle of white satin folds. They are also made of everything from fur to *chiffon*, and those of velvet, lace, and *chiffon* are often glittering marvels of beautiful jeweled embroidery. Jeweled and tinsel effects prevail in passementeries and set pieces,—revers, collars, cuffs, yokes, and plastrons,—and the jeweled *chiffons* are exquisite beyond anything before achieved. My lady will look more than ever this winter as if the Shah's treasury of jewels had been rifled for her adornment.

Black holds its own among the smartest and most *distinguished* gowns. A very handsome one is of finest broadcloth with a perfectly plain skirt and a short bolero, or rather two boleros, for under the fronts of the cloth one are others of finest mohair passementerie. There is the inevitable wide girdle of black satin, and above it a blouse of tucked green taffeta. Another extremely smart gown is of bourette cloth with accessories of white in the very unique jacket-bodice. The seams of the skirt are trimmed with a half-inch band of black satin, and a narrow ruffle surrounds the foot and runs up each seam for a half yard, thus making a succession of graceful waves around the skirt.

OUR thanks are due Messrs. Lord & Taylor, and Simpson, Crawford, & Simpson for courtesies shown.

A WALKING-GOWN.

A HEAVY-WEIGHT striped mohair in prune and green is the fabric of this smart gown. The model is suited, of course, to all the new autumn stuffs, and especially the handsome ones for semi-dress occasions. The skirt is the "Khiva," which has seven breadths, measures five and a half yards at the foot, and fits smoothly around the hips. Taffeta is the first choice for lining, and percaline—not the rattling kind—the second. The mohair requires no interlining, and in any gowns, the "Reginia"—and the outside smoothly over a lining no seams but arms. The reverse is velvet, and the trope-and-green which is used also colored felt hat.



A WALKING-GOWN.
REGINIA CORSAGE. KHIVA SKIRT.

THE FAVORITE WAIST.

CHANGEABLE silk waists came before autumn leaves and promise to stay with us all winter, being the convenient substitute for the multitude of shirt waists which are every woman's and girl's standby during hot weather. So pretty are these waists of changeable silk that the only wonder is they have not before taken the public fancy. Combinations of blue with black, red, or green, are much worn with blue serge skirts, and all the shades of heliotrope with black or green are great favorites, while almost every possible combination appears in an occasional waist. Of course there are many styles of making them, but the favorite one is like our illustration, with tucks in the tops of the sleeves which form a straight line with the tucked yoke in front and the tucked shoulders of the

very little is used. The round waist—is double-breasted, fabric is drawn fitted lining, show those under the collar is of green girdle of helio-changeable silk, to trim the prune-



A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.
YATES BASQUE.

back. The plait in front can be of white linen or lawn, with lace or lawn frills, or it may be of the silk, with or without the frills. The plain plait of silk is most generally used, and with a plain linen plait a turn-down linen collar is worn. It is well to finish the neck with a simple band, so as to vary the neck trimming according to occasion and convenience. The cuffs can be of linen or of silk. There is a fitted lining, and it is finished around the waist with a narrow facing or cord, so as to be hooked into the skirt-band and fastened outside of it. The pattern is the "Yorke," and it is commended also for waists of black or brown satin.

A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.

SOME very *chic* tailor-gowns are shown, made with very short basques, simply flaring a little over the hips, and pointed in the back as well as the front, or else cut with a short postilion. There is great variety in the arrangement of the fronts, which may open to disclose a waistcoat, as in our illustration, be cut double-breasted, or fasten invisibly under brandenbourgs of fancy soutache. There is a disposition to introduce

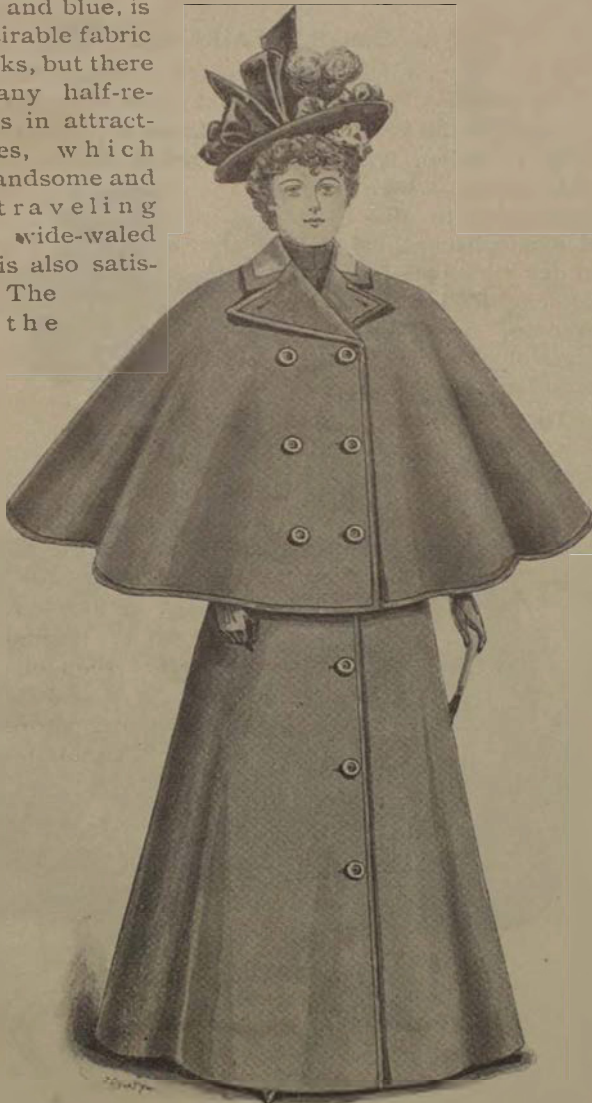


THE FAVORITE WAIST.
THE "YORKE."

quite elaborate braiding on these gowns, but the simplest ones are the most effective. Our model gown is of the new plum-colored melton cloth, and the plain skirt is the "Carroll," which has five breadths and measures only four yards and a half at the foot. The basque—the "Yates"—is fitted with the usual seams, and if the postilion is not desired, it is a simple matter to cut it to a point in the back as in front. The waistcoat is of lavender faced-cloth, fastened with ball buttons of pearl. Smoked pearl buttons and loops of black cord finish the fronts of the basque, and the revers are trimmed with similar cord. A linen chemisette and black satin tie complete the costume, but it is a good plan to have other chemisettes of black or white satin or of fancy silk. The high puffed sleeve is of becoming and conservative moderation, a style which is expected to be the favorite sleeve of the season.

A BECOMING RAIN-CLOAK.

A RAIN-CLOAK is a very necessary part of every woman's wardrobe, and it is generally recognized now that its utilitarian purpose need not detract in the least from its style and becomingness. Our new pattern is a conservative, standard mode which will always look well. The long cloak is sleeveless, loose in front, and fitted trimly in the back and under the arms. The double-breasted cape affords considerable warmth and protection when closed, and when open hangs with easy grace. Cravenette, which can be had now in attractive browns and grays, as well as black and blue, is the most desirable fabric for these cloaks, but there are also many half-repellent cloths in attractive mixtures, which make very handsome and serviceable traveling cloaks, and wide-waled storm serge is also satisfactory. The pattern is the "Gerald."



A BECOMING RAIN-CLOAK.
THE "GERALD."

THE NEWEST COAT.

SEEKERS after novelty this autumn will find just what they want in the new loose coats, which are shown in both light and dark cloths, as also in velvet and brocades, and with many variations of detail. The most pronounced style of these coats is full in front as well as in the back, the stuff hanging in box-plaits from a shallow yoke. The more conservative style, a pattern of which—the "Thornton"—we give, dispenses with the extra fullness in front, and even omits the yoke if preferred. The garment is so perfectly shaped under the arms that it has much the effect of the regulation box-coat in front, and the fullness



THE NEWEST COAT.
THE "THORNTON."

in the back falls in easy, graceful folds. The model garment is of dark-green cloth, with a yoke and high collar of velvet, ornamented with fancy *soutache*. Coats of box-cloth have usually a yoke of the cloth finished with rows of stitching; and sometimes a tiny silk or bullion cord is on all the edges of the garment. Brocaded silks and fancy taffetas are the usual linings, but a few extremely dainty coats of light cloth are lined with white satin.

SOME MODISH SLEEVES

A FEW of fashion's vagaries are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The bishop sleeve is cut like any sleeve of that sort, but enough longer to turn back the depth of the plaiting; the fullness is held in box-plaits at the wrist, and confined by a wristlet and bow of ribbon, just loose enough to pass over the hand. This is a handsome sleeve for matinées and room-gowns. The other sleeves are laid in plaits upon a fitted lining, have a plain

under-arm piece like the lining, and flare at the top in *rigot* fashion.

Very many sleeves of dressy waists are rucked from the wrist to within a finger's length of the shoulder. The arrangement of the top is entirely according to the whim

of the wearer or maker, and varies infinitely. This rucking, which has been compared to a wrinkled mousquetaire glove, was formerly arranged by cutting the outside longer than the lining and wrinkling it upon it; but now the

lining and outside are cut the same length, and the sleeve is pushed up on the arm in wrinkles. The top puff is usually of very irregular form, and

greatly moderated in size. The prettiest are those that are cut in one with the rest of the sleeve, and the fullness is adjusted as is most becoming; either drawn up quite high, so that it seems to form overlapping puffs and falls forward and back of the arm more than on top, or plaited up from the sides to throw all the fullness on top like an epaulet. Where two fabrics are used in a gown, often both are seen in the sleeve, the richer one, usually, forming the drapery.

The one important thing to be borne in mind is that all sleeves are much smaller than they have been, and all dressy sleeves are nearly tight-fitting.



AUTUMN HATS.

RICH coloring, variety in shape and trimming, and extreme picturesqueness mark the autumn and winter hats. It is a season when the average woman, she who is hard to please because she wants something becoming and at the same time modish but not conspicuous, can be easily suited; though there are also an immense number of those daring structures of such amazing eccentricity in form, height, and breadth, as well as trimming, that it takes one's breath away to look at them.

Every color that is in vogue can be matched in a felt hat, and the texture and kind vary as much as the color. There are daintily fine and soft felts of satiny smoothness, and delightful rough ones with a brownish camel's-hair nap on a gray or dark green ground; then there are braided felts of countless patterns and kinds, — braided with satin, with ribbon, with Neapolitan,



and with chenille. In every shop the combination most frequently repeated is that of blue and green, and next in popularity is that of shades of heliotrope with green. While the coloring is very brilliant, a shop-window full of hats rivaling the florist's stand all glowing with gorgeous asters and roses, it is yet richer and deeper, not so high in key, as that of the spring. Feathers are in every brilliant color and there are blue and green birds and wings of an intensity of hue never before seen outside of a museum or tropical forest.

No. 1.—Prune-colored felt hat, trimmed with changeable satin

in green and violet, and plumes a shade darker than the hat; a large Rhine-stone buckle, clasps the trimming in front, and beneath the brim behind is a mass of purple Sweet Williams.

No. 2.—Black velvet hat, trimmed with gray satin and a gray and white dove.

No. 3.—Camel's-hair felt hat in a brown-gray, with trimming of green-and-brown *miroir* velvet and brown Paradise feathers.





Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, See Page 60.)

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

FOR THE NECK AND CORSAGE.

No. 1.—Collar and full front of *beurre* lace over white satin, with strip of jeweled insertion down the front.

No. 2.—Stock-collar and plastron of ivory *chiffon*, *Lidre* lace, and spangle passementerie, with large bow at the back of the neck.

No. 3.—Stock-collar formed of loops of heliotrope satin ribbon rising above a band of jeweled passementerie.

No. 4.—Collar and plait extending to the waist, of embroidered lace and lawn. A ribbon is run through the insertion in the center of the plait and around the neck. To be worn with any blouse front.



No. 1.

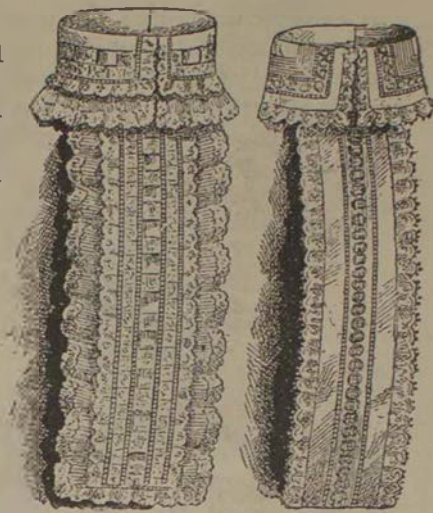
No. 5.—Collar and front plait of fine linen and embroidery.

No. 6.—Collar and cuffs of lace-trimmed lawn, cut in circle fashion from a square, and thus falling in irregular flutes and points.

No. 7.—Neck ruche of plaited lawn or *chiffon*, falling over a stock-collar of black satin, with bow under the chin.



No. 2.



No. 4.

No. 5.

silk and wool are suitable fabrics to make by this model, and for home evening-gowns it would be charming made up in light cashmere or challies with bright ribbons. The waist is the "Madeline," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years, and the skirt can also be had for twelve years.

SIMPLE AND BECOMING.

DARK blue serge, of the broad wale so popular now, is the fabric of this youthful and attractive gown, which is so simple in its lines that it can be adapted to any use according to the materials employed. The skirt is the "Doris," having six gored breadths, and fitting smoothly around the hips. The waist fastens in the back, and has a slightly drooping blouse front. The only trimming is a generous use of black velvet ribbon, which forms the stock-collar and girde, gives a yoke effect across the front and back, and bands the sleeves. All the fancy cheviots and tweeds, which are shown in attractive mixtures, and the novelty goods of



SIMPLE AND BECOMING.
MADLINE WAIST. DORIS SKIRT.



No. 6.

THE NEW ribbons are beautiful in colors and in design, and show many velvet effects in stripes or intricate lines upon satin grounds.



No. 7.

MARIE ANTOINETTE ruches of velvet-bound taffeta, in every rainbow color, trim many autumn hats. Lace also is plaited in the same fashion, and there are many variations of the motive.



No. 3.

OF NOVELTY GOODS.

A FANCY canvas-like fabric in which dark blue threads seem to lie on a changeable green-and-gold silk ground is the material of which this charming frock is made. The skirt is the "Doris," which has six gored breadths, flares widely at the foot, and fits perfectly around the hips, the



OF NOVELTY GOODS.
MARJORY WAIST. DORIS SKIRT.

slight fullness in the back being confined to a narrow space in gathers or plaits. It can be sewed to the bottom of the waist or mounted separately, as preferred. If lined with percaline, the fabric should be turned up in a four-inch hem to face the lining. The waist is full over a fitted lining, and there is a full chemisette of plaited or shirred India silk or *crêpe*,—this can be white, gold, or pale blue, as is most becoming. The revers, and the collar—which is square in the back—are faced with blue silk, finished on the edge with a plaited ruche of ribbon combining the colors of the canvas. The stock-collar is like the chemisette, and a belt of black satin ribbon bowed at one side finishes the frock. The pattern of the waist is the "Marjory," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

AUTUMN WALKING COSTUMES.

HEAVY mixed cheviots and plain meltons in dark blue and green are the fabrics most used for these comfortable, long coats. The garment illustrated is of blue-and-green cheviot; it is finished with rows of stitching, buttoned with large pearl buttons, and the collar is faced with blue velvet. The back is a loose, seamless sacque, but the under-arm forms secure a trim, neat fit, and the double-breasted fronts give comfortable warmth. The pattern is the "Highland," in sizes for eight and ten years.

The frock on the adjoining figure is snow-flecked bourette mohair, in shades of green and brown. The plain skirt—the "Doris," described elsewhere—is finished at the foot with a bias band, piped with green silk, and similar bands finish the edges of the jaunty and becoming jacket. This is a simple Eton, fitted loosely, to be worn over a blouse-waist or with a fancy chemisette. It has the new sleeve, fitting the arm snugly till it flares out in the high puff. The pattern is the "Pierette," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

CHILDREN'S HATS.

AUTUMN styles for children's head-wear are more picturesque than those for their mammas and older sisters, and not so daring. An abundance of trimming is lavished on best hats, and very many rich colors are mingled in them, but the effect on the whole is attractive. There is very great variety in shapes, and especially for wee toddlers and small girls the granny bonnets, hood-like pokes, and wide, softly flopping, shapeless brims are affected. Many of the crowns are large, soft, puffed affairs, of most irregular shapes, and the ribbons, velvets, and satins with which they are trimmed show combinations of many softly blending colors in rich, dark shades. In stiff felts, rather wide brims and low, broad crowns prevail, and these are trimmed with fancy velvets—cut on the bias—in plaids, stripes, and changeable effects, or with velvet-plaited satin ribbons. Some of them have the Marie Antoinette ruche, but more frequently the trimming is swathed in regular folds, and bunched in rosettes and loops.

No. 1.—Granny bonnet, for child from four to six years old. The crown is of chenille and felt braid in silver-gray, and the wide shirred brim of *miroir* velvet in rose and gray. A wide ruffle of Irish guipure drapes the outside, and loops of dark-blue satin trim it.

No. 2.—Poke-hood, of tan-colored satin shirred in puffs, and lined with ivory satin. Suitable for baby of two years or girl of five.

No. 3.—Walking hat, of old-rose felt, trimmed on the edge with a plaiting of black satin, and around the crown with ivory satin ribbon put on in careless folds and loops.

No. 4.—School hat of brown braided felt, bound and trimmed with black velvet.



AUTUMN WALKING COSTUMES.
HIGHLAND COAT. PIERETTE JACKET.



A MOTHER HUBBARD CLOAK.

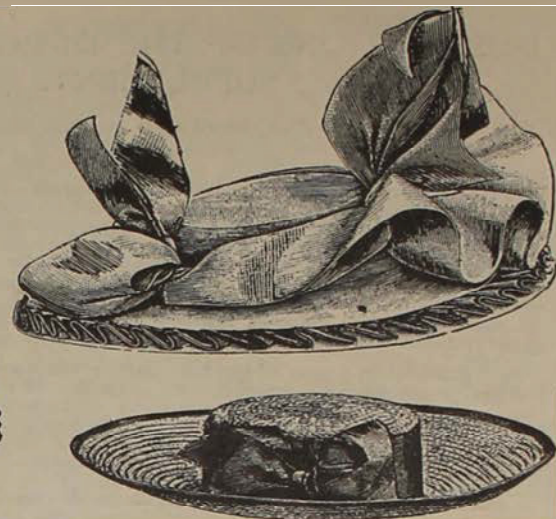
NOVELTY goods in a mixture of green and blue with golden brown is the fabric of this graceful and becoming cloak. It is a simple Mother Hubbard in shape, the full skirt being suspended in box-plaits from a shallow yoke, and the back is like the front. For growing children it must always be a popular shape, for so little fit is required that the garments are usually worn out by the time they are outgrown. The collar, cuffs, and straps which band the yoke and sleeves are of green velvet, braided with fancy *soutache*, and the cloak is lined with changeable green-and-brown surah. The pattern is the "Ruth," in sizes for four and six years.

A CHARMING little party frock for a child of eight is of accordion-plaited Liberty silk, in pale blue, made in Mother Hubbard fashion, the yoke being of Irish guipure over white silk. The sleeves are made of two doubled ruffles of the plaited silk, the lower one reaching only to the elbow, and over the shoulders are bands of white satin ribbon, which fasten under large rosettes at the corners of the yoke, and streamers depend to the bottom of the skirt. The lawn petticoats to wear under such frocks are very full and trimmed with many lace ruffles. Stockings and slippers usually match the frock.



A MOTHER HUBBARD CLOAK. THE "RUTH."

ALL THE rich, dark cloths in rough effects, which are soft and warm, but light in weight, are used for little folk's coats and cloaks. Wee toddlers are seen in long cloaks of almost invisible plaids in blue and green or of dark red, trimmed with black fur.



A CASHMERE FROCK.

THOUGH every year sees many novelties put forth to win popular favor, there are a few old standard materials that never lose their hold upon conservative taste, and among them is cashmere, which is especially suited for children's wear. The little frock illustrated is of cadet-blue cashmere trimmed with rows of narrow, black velvet ribbon. The straight, full skirt is finished at the foot with a deep hem and banded with rows of the velvet. It is gathered to the waist, and on each side of the front several tucks headed by rows of velvet are run down for five or six inches, the velvet bands ending in loops. The lower, close-fitting parts of the sleeves are trimmed to match, and so is the square bertha. For the bertha trimming striped ribbon can also be used with very pretty effect, instead of the cashmere and velvet. The waist is the regulation full "baby" style, held in place by a fitted lining, and the yoke is of Irish point,—velvet or fancy silk can be used for this. The back is like the front. A blue felt hat trimmed with black velvet and black and blue plumes is worn with the frock. The pattern is the "Francine," in sizes for eight and ten years.

THE NEW homespuns, in two or three tones, forming pin-head checks, and the tweeds and cheviots in rich, dark mixtures, or in browns and greens with white and gray, are chosen for every day and school wear for girls of all ages over seven years.

TRIM LITTLE jacket-suits in green and blue mixtures, or soft grays with red and green, and also many shades of warm browns, are liked for young girls' street wear. Their stiff felt hats match the gown in color.



A CASHMERE FROCK. THE "FRANCINE."

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.—Reception-gown of golden-brown zibeline; revers and collar of ivory satin, embroidered with jewels, and finished on the edges with a doubled ruffle of black *chiffon*; black satin girdle, in which is thrust a spray of yellow chrysanthemums.

2.—Tailor-gown of silver-gray melton cloth; a fine silk and steel cord finishes the edges of the coat and outlines the skirt seams, and the revers and cuffs are of ivory satin.

3.—Reception-gown of green-and-gold canvas cloth; jacket of green velvet, elaborately embroidered, and opening over a blouse front of blue *chiffon* over green silk; sleeve-ruffles edged with ruches of black *chiffon*; girdle and sash of black satin.

4.—Tailor-gown of brown faced-cloth, with revers of brocaded silk.

5.—Reception-gown of silk-and-wool diagonal in green and heliotrope, with collar of fancy heliotrope velvet, which is square in the back and extends over the sleeves in volants; the edges are finished with a very full puff of black *mousseline de soie*; wide girdle of black satin, and stock-collar of the same with a plaiting of changeable taffeta, green and violet, falling over it.

6.—Hunting-costume of wood-brown covert-cloth finished on the edges with narrow bindings of soft leather put on with several rows of stitching.

7.—Walking-gown of one of the new fancy wools in a fine basket pattern of prune upon blue. The skirt is shirred around the waist to meet a plain girdle of prune velvet; full blouse of fancy silk beneath the short jacket.

8.—Tailor-gown of plum-colored melton cloth; the corsage is cut to a point in the back and all the edges are finished with fine mohair braid.

9.—Reception-gown of brown-and-gold changeable taffeta; the sleeve-volants and shoulder-collar are finished with a double ruffle of black *chiffon*, and a very narrow jetted gimp finishes the foot of the skirt, and the front and neck of the bodice. A chemisette of butter-colored *chiffon* fills in the square neck, and a black satin girdle completes the gown.

10.—Fancy waist of *chiné* taffeta trimmed with ribbons and a yoke of Venetian guipure.

11.—Traveling-gown of gray homespun, finished with rows of stitching around the skirt, and trimmed with silk cords.

12.—Hunting-costume of Irish frieze.

13.—Little maid-of-honor's gown of ivory Liberty satin, made in Empire style with yoke of tucked satin and guipure insertion; dark blue satin ribbon borders the skirt, and streamers of it hang from the yoke. White satin ribbons are tied on the shepherd's crook.

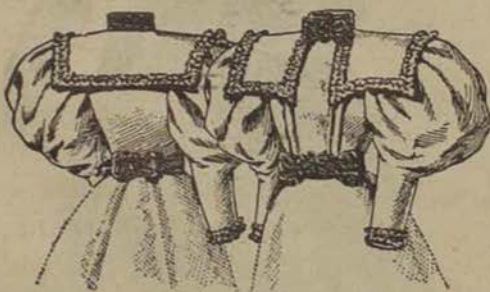
14.—Bridesmaid's gown of shell pink *peau de soie*, trimmed with white *chiffon*. A long scarf of Liberty gauze encircles the waist and hangs at the left side.

15.—Reception-gown of gray faced-cloth, trimmed at the foot with self-folds confined by knots of gray velvet. The close-fitting lower sleeves and the tucked blouse front are of changeable blue-and-ivory satin. Gray felt hat, with crown of gray velvet, trimmed with feathery, green sprays.

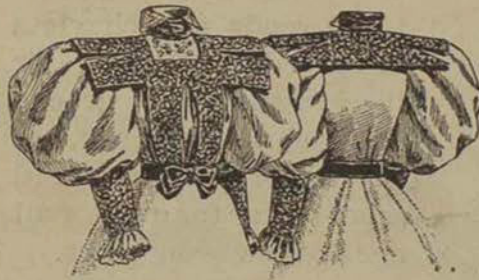
It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns.

Always send four cents postage when you send for a pattern.

STANDARD PATTERNS.



GRENCIA WAIST.



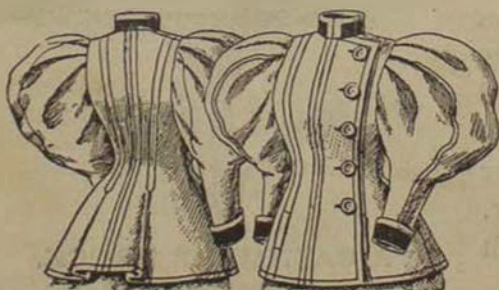
LADONIA WAIST.



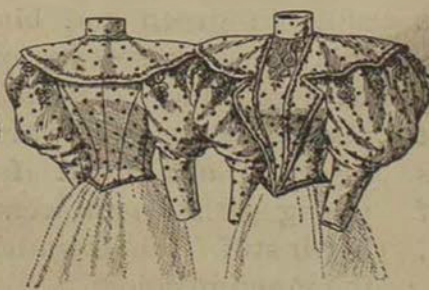
LINTA FROCK.



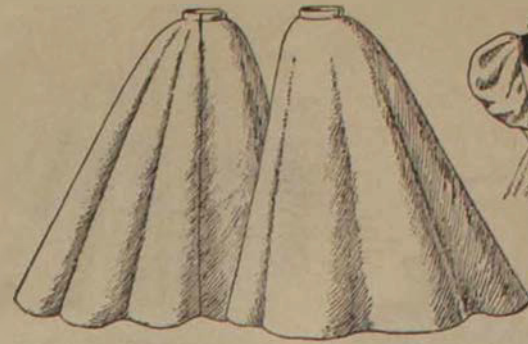
FALICITA FROCK.



BELMAR COAT.



ROSEVANE CORSAGE.



ROLF SKIRT.



AMÉLIA WAIST.



MELON SLEEVE.



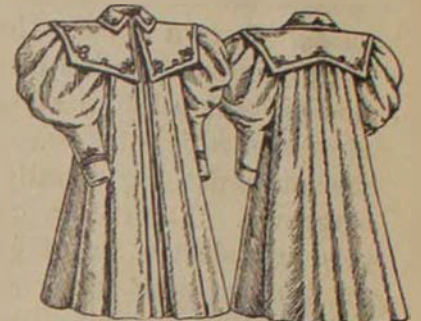
MAVIS COAT.



MANANA WAIST.



CONSTANTIA COAT.



VELMERE CLOAK.

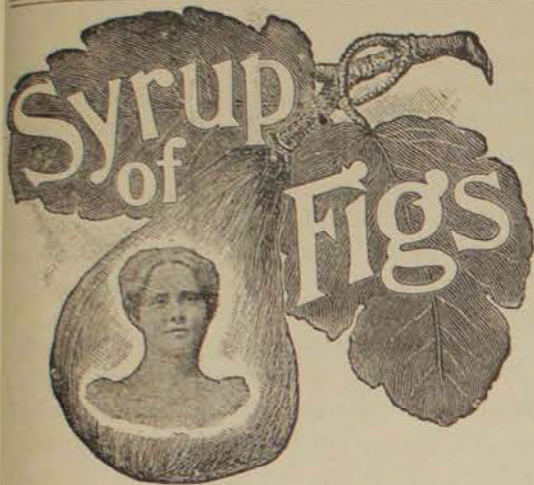


LAURENS COAT.



BONNABELLE CLOAK.

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.



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

Agreeable

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

Syrup of Figs

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

Mild and Sure

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

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT.

BEAUTIES OF BIRCH BARK.

(Continued from Page 43.)

tin pie-plate, which should be painted green or the color of the bark. As the water drains into it, it is easily emptied, for the top lifts from the bottom. Very few people appreciate the fact that a scrap-basket is a very active agent in keeping clean the piazza, which is often the airy sitting-room of the family, and nothing is more appropriate for one than a loose, large, low roll of bark tacked to a square or circular wooden bottom, and held together with nickel clamps, as in the umbrella-stand. Don't commit the fatal error of tying ribbon around either of these receptacles. It is highly inappropriate and tawdry in effect, only serving to remind one that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

A hanging-basket of a hollowed-out birch log filled with ferns and trailing vines from the woods is charming, and should hang by

(Continued on Page 62.)

Millions use Pearline they're satisfied

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

Your Kitchen Maid,

whether competent or incompetent, can clean your Silver—do it easier, quicker, giving it the silversmith's brilliancy, if she uses

ELECTRO-SILICON

It's best for you, for her, and the Silver, because it never scratches, never wears. It's unlike any other silver polish. Ask your grocer for it.

Trial quantity of us for the asking. Box post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



The Glasgo Lace Thread Co., Glasgo, Conn., offers \$1,000 in premiums for the best work done with Glasgo Twilled Lace Thread. The prizes are divided into 4 classes, giving every one an opportunity.

\$1,000 CASH PREMIUMS

Extra prizes will also be given to those using the greatest amount of Glasgo Lace Thread. Particulars of competition in detail with sample of thread sent free. Sample spool of 500 yards, 10c. THE GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Box 5, Glasgo, Conn.

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



Perfection Dress Stay

Improves the fit and reduces waist measure.

Better than Whalebone.

Warranted not to cut through.

SOLD BY ALL RETAILERS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

The HOLDFAST ALUMINUM HAIRPIN*



See That Grip

Finished in white and black; different sizes and weights. Will not split, warp or break as most all hairpins do.

"They hold securely and cannot slip. They ne'er let go, as they have the grip."

Superior to all others. If dealer hasn't them, don't take any other, but send five cc. stamps for sample.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
CONSOLIDATED SAFETY-PIN CO.,
Box G, Bloomfield, N. J.

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

(Continued from Page 61.)

SPONGE CREPON



**Mrs.
Wm. McKinley.**

A Testimonial
From
Her Dressmaker.

Barton, Ohio, June 26th 1896
Sponge cloth mfg. Co. Lockport N.Y.
 Gentlemen: Having made many dresses
 for Mrs. McKinley I desire to inform you that
 your "Red Selvedge" Sponge Crepon is the best
 interlining I have ever used. The linen
 interweaving makes it strong as well as elastic
 and I can conceive of nothing better for the
 purpose intended, (its lining of skirt and dress)
 I find the color to be absolutely fast in color
 Very respectfully yours
Julia H. Cormick

"RED SELVEDGE" SPONGE CREPON.
 The Ideal Interlining.
 Light, Stiff, Uncrushable, and with its Linen Interweaving,
 which does not separate from wear, all the requirements
 for Fashionable Dressmaking are met

FOR SALE AT ALL DRESS LINING STORES.
64 inches wide. White, Slate, Cream and the only
 positively Fast Black manufactured.

Send for Shawl Strap filled with Free Samples to Dept. "N."

THIS IS RED SELVEDGE—ON EVERY PIECE—RED SELVEDGE—ALWAYS LOOK FOR IT

SPONGE CLOTH MFG. COMPANY, MAKERS, LOCKPORT, N.Y.
GILBERT MFG. COMPANY, GEN'L AGENTS, 514-516 BROADWAY, N.Y.

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

Durkee's

Salad Dressing

Challenge Sauce

Celery Salt

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

Guaranteed



Pure.

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

E. R. DURKEE & CO., New York.

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

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

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

CREATES A PERFECT COMPLEXION.

Mrs. Graham's Oucumber and Elder Flower Cream.
 Book "How to be Beautiful" to stamp. **MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, CHICAGO.**

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

inconspicuous chains, up which the vines are trained. Canoe-shaped or square baskets of the heaviest bark are also lovely for this purpose, and, besides, make effective table-decorations, retaining their beauty for many weeks, when carefully filled in the first place, and given a little care—needed water and the freeing from drying leaves—at regular intervals.

Another convenient thing on a piazza is a table and it is very simply made. Three birch sticks of equal length crossed in the middle, and nailed to a square or circular top (a flour-barrel top, though prosaic, is easily adapted to this purpose) make a good foundation. Cover the top with thin layers of inner bark glued on, or else use some of the straw matting which comes over tea-chests, and which can be obtained for a few cents, often indeed, for nothing, as sometimes tea dealers are glad to give it away. Around the edge, nail a small manilla rope, joining it in a bow-knot with frayed ends. The legs, having been first nailed, may apparently be held at the centre of the tripod by the same kind of bow of manilla rope. If a larger or more substantial table is needed, use four legs, and two square table-shelves, a hole being bored with an auger in each corner, large enough to slip over the legs. Let the lower shelf be a few inches from the ground, and the legs extend an inch or two above the top shelf and be shaved off obliquely.

Perhaps one of the daintiest uses to which this bark may be turned is in framing pictures. An etching is charming in a mat of the rough outer-bark, framed in *passepaspartout*, and bound with a narrow band of dark gray or black. It sounds dull, but try it; particularly if hung against a colored wall the result is entirely satisfactory.

(Continued on Page 63.)

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

The woman of to-day, the woman who wishes to look cool, fresh and sweet, can not be too careful in choosing a toilet preparation that has so much to do with making or marring a delicate complexion as face powder. Few realize what a vast difference there is in the ingredients, the quality and texture of powders; that a powder may be soft and silky to the touch of the most sensitive finger tips and yet contain irritant properties which instead of benefiting the complexion make it harsh and red. The only proof of the quality of a powder is its continued use. Women who do not care to endanger a fine complexion by experimenting with unknown preparations should profit by the experience of the many who have for years used a powder that can be recommended as absolutely safe. This exquisite preparation is manufactured by Henry Tetlow, Philadelphia, Pa., and is always spoken of as Henry Tetlow's Gossamer Powder.

We believe that every lady who reads Demorest's Magazine would be interested in a book of fashions which has recently been issued by The National Cloak Co., Ladies Tailors, 152 and 154 West 23d street, New York. The title of this book is "What to Wear," and it illustrates the very latest styles in ladies' dresses, jackets and capes. Any of our readers who will write to The National Cloak Co., mentioning Demorest's will have a copy of this book mailed to them free of charge together with a complete line of samples of the latest fabrics for suits and cloaks. This firm makes garments especially to order at very reasonable prices.

Don't simply blacken your stove—
burnish it.

ENAMELINE

—the brilliant black—
STOVE

POLISH
does both.

A few rubs
brings a
bright gloss.
Dustless
and
odorless.



Sold Everywhere.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 62.)

Sepia tints, or the reddish-toned prints are best framed in the thin bark, underneath; and water-colors seem to have found their natural abiding-place if mounted on either bark, and inclosed in a frame of delicious gray-green, lichen-covered branches picked up in a morning ramble. An easel to support one of these frames could be made of birch limbs, or of lichened-branches, by nailing the pieces firmly together, binding them with thongs of the bark,—it tears naturally in strips,—and joining the back-support to the front-frame with a hinge screwed evenly into place.

Most of these things will aid in forming a delightful souvenir corner in your town home, and especially on stormy, bleak days, will be so suggestive of happier, pleasanter scenes, that they will well repay the trouble of transfer.

If you are provident when you are in the birch-bark regions, you will not only make many of these attractive and useful things for your immediate enjoyment, but you will hoard up a generous quantity of the beautiful bark with which to make pretty souvenir gifts for the friends who have not been so fortunate as to enjoy a mountain outing. Provident ones, who are always aforesaid with their Christmas preparations, occupy many of the delightful idle days of autumn in the mountains with the making of these charming trifles. Not only dainty boxes, baskets, and picture-frames are thus evolved at the cost only of ingenuity and leisure hours, but from the inner layers of the bark,

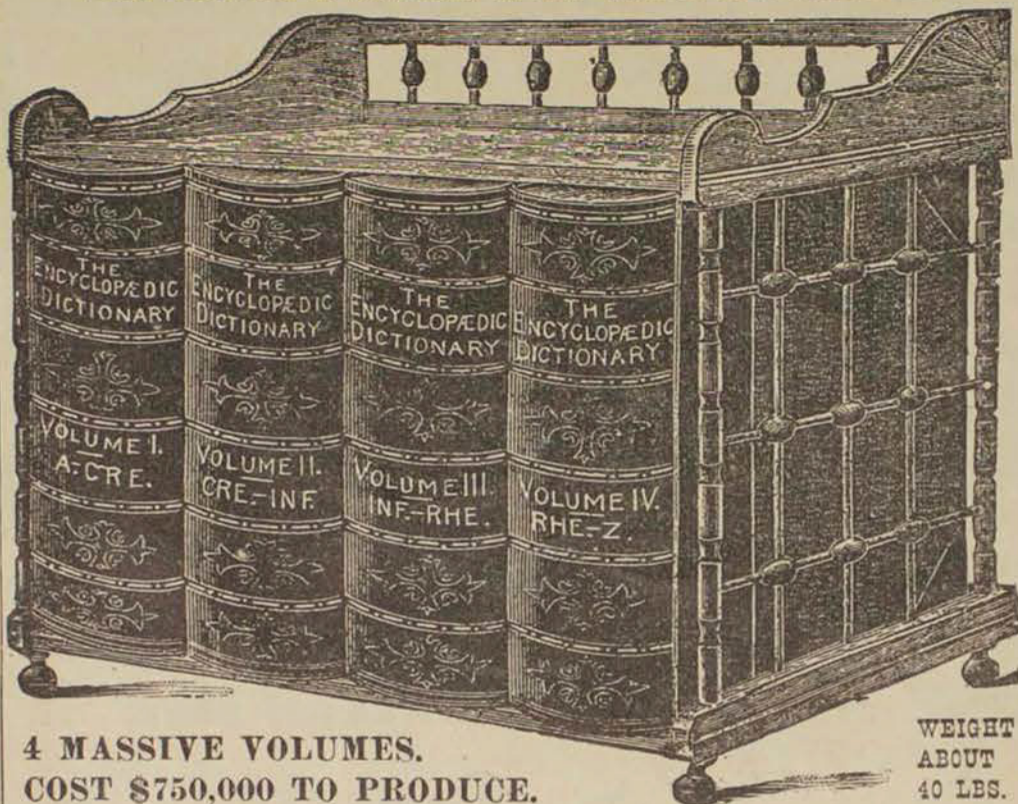
(Continued on Page 64.)

Mr. Ford A. Carpenter, in charge of U. S. Weather Bureau at Carson City, Nev., writes: "The Rochester (stove pipe) Radiator is giving excellent satisfaction, a perfect circulation of warm air in the entire room. I have several Weather Bureau thermometers placed in various parts of the room which is heated by a small stove and the Rochester Radiator and it is remarkable how quickly and how uniformly the temperature rises." Any one interested in economical house heating may obtain some valuable information free by sending address to Rochester Radiator Co., 57 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

The perfume of flowers is agreeable and soothing to the most fastidious persons, and in the genuine Murray and Lanman Florida Water this floral fragrance is concentrated in all its freshness and purity. The health giving qualities of this superior preparation are among its most notable features, it being invaluable as an alleviator of nervous headache, dizziness, etc. To distinguish the genuine article from its imitations look out for the "Trade Mark," a narrow white strip label bearing the fac-simile signature of Lanman & Kemp, New York, sole proprietors.

Two Superb Christmas Gifts.

MORE SETS SOLD IN 1896 THAN OF ANY WORK OF LIKE MAGNITUDE.



4 MASSIVE VOLUMES.
COST \$750,000 TO PRODUCE.

AT ONCE A DICTIONARY AND AN ENCYCLOPEDIA.

WEIGHT
ABOUT
40 LBS.

A
TIMELY
SUGGESTION.

The Great Encyclopedic Dictionary

(Revised to 1896).

Made to Sell at \$42 a Set.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

(SIX MONTHS'
SUBSCRIPTION.)

GREAT SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER—CLOSES DEC. 25TH, POSITIVELY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW announces that it has concluded a remarkably favorable arrangement with the publishers, enabling it to offer a full set of that great reference work, THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY (including six months' subscription to THE REVIEW), on terms which will appeal to every one desiring to at once secure two "good things," either for personal possession or for holiday gifts.

ABOUT THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIC."

Because of the comprehensiveness, intensity, accuracy and wonderful utility and educational value of this great work, no more appropriate selection could be made; for it covers the entire field of knowledge so thoroughly and concisely as to entirely meet the demands of the scholar, the professional and business man, and, in fact, of every one needing a general reference work. Its possession is a valuable aid to education in any home, and on this account 'twill constitute A Superb Holiday Gift.

ABOUT THE "REVIEW."

This Magazine, now in its Eighty-Second Year of publication, is everywhere recognized as the leader of intelligent discussion of all important questions in which intelligent Americans are interested. Vital topics, domestic, foreign and international affairs, are treated by the thinkers and writers best able to discuss each subject. Its list of contributors forms a roll of the most eminent men and women of the time. Your estimate of the intelligence and progressive spirit of another could not be better expressed than by presenting a subscription to THE REVIEW as a Holiday Gift.

A SPECIAL NEW EDITION THOROUGHLY REVISED TO 1896.

The superb new edition of THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC now offered is printed from new plates never before on press. It constitutes not only a peerless reference work—the only one in the world that is strictly up-to-date—but is also a genuine triumph of art. It contains all the newest words, phrases and definitions in use today; also, more than 700 superb new illustrations, in seventeen colors and in monotone, comprising 54 elegant single and double page plates—the most attractive and expensive art features ever made for any reference book. These extensive improvements have added thousands of dollars to an original investment of three-quarters of a million. Although made to sell at \$42 A SET, this special new edition is offered for a limited time at the remarkably low price and on the exceptionally easy terms below mentioned, affording in connection with THE REVIEW two superb holiday gifts.

HOW TO SECURE BOTH GIFTS.

Send \$2 to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the complete set of 4 superb volumes of THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY, in cloth binding, will be at once forwarded to any address; or it will be sent to any one you indicate, beginning with the Christmas number. The balance on the work is payable at the rate of \$1.50 monthly for 1 year. If you prefer Half Russia binding (which we recommend for so valuable a work) the monthly payments will be \$2, and for the Full Sheep the payments will be \$2.50 per month for 1 year. Owing to the nominal price of the work, cost of delivery must be paid by purchaser, therefore please indicate how you wish the volumes sent. The entire confidence of THE REVIEW that the work will be thoroughly appreciated, highly valued, and cheerfully paid for, is clearly shown by sending such a valuable set of books, the subscription price of which is \$42, on an advance payment of only \$2. Sample pages from the work sent if desired. Address

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 East Fourteenth St., N. Y.

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

11
by
14
in.

FREE STAMPING OUTFIT 107 PATTERNS

This beautiful and lifelike design, size 11x14, is only one of a Mammoth Stamping Outfit that we are giving away to increase the subscription list of our Popular Monthly. There are also designs of Pond Lilies, 11x14, Sunflower, 8x11, Roses, 5x9, Owl, 8x11, Parrot and Branch, 8x9, Bleeding Hearts, 8x11, Forget-me-nots, 4x7, School Girl, 6 in. high, Girl Rolling Leaf, 2 Choice Alphabets for ornamental marking, 7 braiding patterns for flannel embroidery, besides numerous designs for ties, dollies, splashes, traycloths, etc. With every outfit, we include full and complete instructions for tidies, dollies, splashes, traycloths, etc. FREE, to all who send only 10c. in silver, or 11 one cent stamps, for six months trial subscription to our very Pop. Illus. Monthly, THE COLUMNIAN. We refer to any publisher in N. E. Add. L. N. Cushman & Co., Pubs., 32 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

sample Design
11x14 in.

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

RHEUMATISM

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

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

THERE IS ECONOMY IN WEARING THE



SHAWKNIT HALF-HOSE

They are the most durable as well as the best-fitting.
Ask your dealer for them, or send for Descriptive Price List.

Testimonials to the effect that they are the best, and

CHEAPEST IN THE END
are received every day from all classes of wearers.

None genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

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

(Continued from Page 63.)

which split so thin that they have the softness and pliability of satin, charming sachets for neckties, gloves, and handkerchiefs are made. For this purpose the bark is manipulated just as any rich silk or satin would be, the sachets having wadded and perfumed silk linings, and the outsides being ornamented with pen-and-ink sketches or fanciful lettering.

LILA GRAHAM ALLIGER.

HOUSEHOLD. THANKSGIVING MENUS.

(Continued from Page 46.)

In these days of new thought, new ways of doing things, and changes manifold in lifetime habits, it is not surprising that iconoclasts have arisen who would unseat the household traditions which associate the turkey with the Thanksgiving Day feast, and declare that in our bountiful land there are many things which deserve to share the place of honor. Although we have invented no new foods, we have developed greater skill in their preparation and acquired a daintier and more discriminating taste in their combination; and the bright housewife who delights in giving her family little surprises, and also in impressing something of individuality into all that she does, is always in search of helpful suggestions. If the members of the family do not want the time-honored fowl displaced, it can be supplemented with a fillet of beef or some toothsome birds, or surprises may be furnished in the *entrée* and salad.

It is, after all, the happy choice of the right things to go together that makes the success of a dinner menu, and there are some people who never seem to grasp this or are utterly lacking in the nice discrimination required. The following menus will prove acceptable to both the hurried housekeeper and the inexperienced one, as well as to her whose remoteness from markets greatly increases her perplexities in catering successfully:

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Consommé aux asperges. | Potatoes sautées. |
| Codfish à la crème. | Brains en coquille. |
| Roast Turkey. | Cranberry Jelly. |
| Stewed Celery. | Mashed Potatoes. |
| | Salad à la surprise. |
| | Graham Wafers. |

(Continued on Page 65.)

THE ART AMATEUR.

THE BEST AND LARGEST
PRACTICAL ART MAGAZINE.



SPECIAL
\$2
OFFER

SEND two dollars direct to the Publisher, mention Demorest's, and you will receive THE ART AMATEUR regularly for seven months beginning with any number and

EITHER

1 A portfolio of Six Color Studies (worth at least \$1.50) for Oil, Water-color, Pastel and China Painting, suitable for copying by the Art Student or framing by the Art Lover. These you may select from our latest illustrated catalogue, containing over 300 examples of Flowers, painted for "THE ART AMATEUR" by Paul De Longpré; Animals, painted for "THE ART AMATEUR" by Helena Maguire; Figure Subjects by J. G. Brown, Albert Lynch, Charles Sprague Pearce, etc.; Fruit, Flowers and Still Life by Victor Dangon, Maud Stumm, Patty Thum, etc.; Landscapes and Marines by Bruce Crane, Edward Moran, James M. Hart, etc.; Genre and other pictures by F. C. Jones, A. D. Turner, Gamba, Chialiva, etc.; China Painting Designs, Floral Sprays and Decorations,

OR

2 A portfolio of 50 practical working designs in Black and White either for China Painters, Wood Carvers or Metal Workers, or a portfolio of 50 Embroidery Designs and Needlework for Church and Home Decorations.

The 7 numbers will include over 200 pp (16x11) of illustrations and text, giving directions, suggestions and descriptions for Flower, Marine, Portrait and Still-Life Painting, in Oil- and Water-Colors; Pen Drawing for Illustrating, Designing for Manufacturers, Art Needlework, Interior Decorations and every kind of Home Adornment and Art Work. They will also contain over 50 large-sized pages of supplements of Practical Working Designs in Black and White for China Painting, Wood Carving, Metal Work, Pyrography and Needlework, for both Church and Home, and **14 New Color Studies in addition to those contained in the Portfolio.** Specimen copy, post free, for 25 cents. Color Study Catalogue mailed to you on receipt of 2-cent stamp.



Would you make your Home Artistic? Subscribe to The Art Amateur.

To make Art Work Pay, Subscribe to The Art Amateur.

A \$1 Trial Subscription Offer. For one dollar we will send you THE ART AMATEUR for THREE MONTHS with color plates and other supplements, together with the valuable little Manual of Hints to Beginners in Painting—giving you the privilege of sending only \$3.00 to secure a portfolio of 12 Color Studies as above and the additional NINE MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION for 1897.

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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

BUY NO INCUBATOR
and pay for it before giving it a trial.

The firm who is afraid to let you try their incubator before buying it has no faith in their machine. We will sell you ours

ON TRIAL
NOT A CENT until tried, and a child can run it with 3 minutes attention a day.

WE WON
FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR.

and will win you for a steady customer if you will only buy ours on trial. Our large catalogue will cost you 5 cents and give you \$100 worth of practical information on poultry and incubators and the money there is in the business. Plans for Brooders, Houses etc., 25. N. B.—Send us the names of three persons interested in poultry and 25 cents and we will send you "The Bicycle: Its Care and Repair," a book of 180 subjects and 80 illustrations, worth \$5 to any bicycle rider.

VON CULIN INCUBATOR CO.,
Box D. Delaware City, Del.

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

(Continued from Page 64.)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Plum Pudding. | Pumpkin Pie. |
| Oranges. | Grapes. |
| Cheese. | Coffee. |
| — | |
| Celery Bisque. | |
| Lobster <i>en coquille</i> . | Bread Sticks. |
| Roast Duck. | Currant Jelly. |
| Potatoes <i>au gratin</i> . | Stewed Tomatoes. |
| — | |
| French Peas. | |
| Jardinière Salad. | |
| Mince and Lemon Pies. | |
| — | |
| Pineapple Ice Cream. | |
| Fancy Cakes. | Raisins. |
| Nuts. | Coffee. |
| — | |
| Oysters on the Half-Shell. | |
| Chicken Consommé. | |
| Lobster Patties. | Bread Sticks. |
| — | |
| Celery. | |
| Roast Capon. | Grape Jelly. |
| Macaroni à l'Italianne. | Cauliflower. |
| — | |
| Mashed Potatoes. | |
| Cress and Shrimp Salad. | |
| Graham Wafers. | |
| Plum Pudding. | |
| Chocolate Mousse. | Fancy Cakes. |
| Fruit. | Sweets. |
| Cheese. | Coffee. |
| — | |
| Beef Consommé. | |
| Olives. | Celery. |
| Boiled Salmon. | Potato Balls. |
| Chicken à la Terrapin. | |
| Roast Turkey. | Cranberry Timbales. |
| Salsify <i>Sauté</i> . | Baked Sweet Potatoes. |
| Tomatoes with Onions. | |
| Grape-fruit, masked with Mayonnaise. | |
| Cheese Sticks. | |
| Mince and Cream Pies. | |
| Orange Granite. | |
| Candied Fruits. | Cheese. |
| — | |
| Coffee. | |
| — | |
| Oyster Soup. | |
| Pickles. | Olives. |
| Celery. | |
| Chicken and Ham Pie. | |
| Potato Croquettes. | Grape Jelly. |
| Roast Venison. | Jelly Sauce. |
| — | |
| Cauliflower <i>au gratin</i> . | |
| Lettuce and Celery Salad. | |
| Plum Pudding. | |
| — | |
| Nuts. | Raisins. |
| Roquefort Cheese. | Coffee. |

Receipts for brains and lobster *en coquille*, lobster patties, chicken à la terrapin, and *jardinière* and cress-and-shrimp salads were given in DEMOREST'S for April, '96,—see "Entrées, Salads and Sauces." Potato balls, which are always nice with a fish course, are very

(Continued on Page 66.)

We call attention to the advertisement of the Natural Body Brace in another column. Its manufacturers prove by the most skilled physicians and thousands of wearers that this Brace is the best of cures for ailments peculiar to women and girls, and for abdominal weakness, backache, lung troubles, or general weakness of either sex. Their book of plain, common-sense reasoning, which is fully illustrated, is sent free to all who ask for it. They refund the purchase price to any who are not pleased with the Brace after 30 days' trial. The high standing of the company and its management are abundantly vouched for. They offer a rare opportunity to sufferers who have found other things of no use, as well as to those who have lighter afflictions. We suggest that you write for their full information at once.

\$25. A WEEK CAN BE MADE.
We want agents to introduce our **PERUVIAN SILVER GOODS**, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc. A new metal equal in appearance to Coin Silver, and wearing better. **SOLID SILVER**, and wearing better. **SOLID** metal throughout, no plating to wear off, and **GUARANTEED THIRTY YEARS**. Engraved with Beautiful Initial Letters Free. All Express charges paid. Write for free circulars, or send 50c. for 6 Spoons with Initial. Dep't 25, Hartford Silverware Co. Hartford, Ct.

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

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,
TOILET
AND
BATH.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME.

A NECESSITY
FOR THE
ELEGANT AND REFINED.

FAVORED BY THE FAIR SEX
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE HOMAGE OF BEAUTY.

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

The old, old question—

“What to Wear”

is solved for you in our book of styles and samples of materials mailed free if you send your address. We make ladies' suits and cloaks—the good kind—at the lowest prices you have ever known perhaps. No ready-made goods—but we study *your* needs and *your* figure and make the garment that you wish especially to order for you by our own system. Skillful designers with original ideas, and clever tailors, trained for fine work, produce the costume or wrap that will please you. We pay express charges to any part of the world.

Our Catalogue illustrates:

- Tailor-made Suits and Stylish Dresses, \$7 up.
- Jaunty Jackets and Capes, \$3.50 up
- Plush Capes, \$7 up.
- Fur Capes, \$6 up.
- Separate Skirts, \$4.50 up.
- Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.

To the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost we will mail—*free*—our new Winter Catalogue of suits and cloaks and more than fifty samples of the suitings, cloakings and plushes from which we make our garments, to select from Write to-day—you will get Catalogue and samples by return mail.

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

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

FAT 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., 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.**

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

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

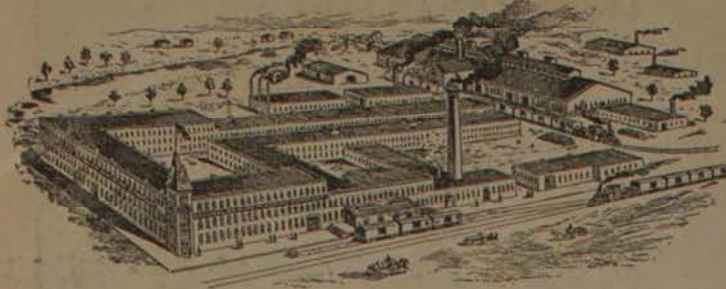
GRAY HAIR RESTORED
to its natural color by **LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT**, no dye, harmless, pleasant odor, \$1.00 a bottle. **LEE MEDICANT CO** 108 Fulton st., N. Y. **FREE** Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application

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

I Want a Woman
TO REPRESENT ME in every city, town and county in the United States. \$100 to \$300 per month made easy. A pleasant, profitable, permanent business, NO CANYASSING. Particulars 10c. Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1250 Mich. Av., Chicago

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

THIS IS THE FACTORY



**WITH \$1,000,000
WORKING CAPITAL
WHERE THEY ARE
MADE, AND WILL BE
SHIPPED TO YOU
DIRECT.**

THE IMPROVED "MELIGENT."

Style A.

Perfect. High Arm. Light Running. Noiseless.

It is adjusted to the nicety of a watch movement, with automatic bobbin winder, double extended and positive feed, encased in the finest woodwork—oak or walnut—and put together and polished in a manner that makes it a delight to the eye.

PRICES:

Style A Machine, with 2 Drawers, for	\$17.25
Style B " " 4 " "	18.50
Style C " " 6 " "	19.50
Style E " Desk Cabinet,	26.90

Style E is a practical writing-desk and sewing machine combined, an ornament to any library or sitting-room; when closed it looks like, and is, a practical writing-desk, and would never be taken for a sewing-machine.

Unreservedly Warranted by the Makers.

The Attachments, on which there are twelve patents, are as follows: Ruffler, Tucker, Binder, Braider Foot, Under Braider, Slide Plate, Shirring Slide Plate, four Hemmers of assorted widths, Thread Cutter, Foot Hemmer and Feller.

They are all made throughout of the best steel, polished and nickel-plated, without a particle of brass or other soft metal, or a single soldered joint about them. They will be found in the long center drawer, which is neatly lined with velvet. They are, further, all of the latest designs, interchangeable and constructed to slip on the presser bar.

The Accessories.—Twelve Needles, six Bobbins, Oil Can filled with oil, large and small Screw Drivers, Sewing Guide and Guide Screw. An elaborately illustrated instruction book will also be delivered with each machine, and will take the place of a competent instructor.

They will be delivered at your nearest railway station, freight prepaid at the prices given. Further, if after a week's trial you do not care to keep it, it may be returned and your money will be refunded.

Do not purchase any other machine before you get a catalogue with names of people all over the United States who are using them. Catalogue free for the asking. Send for one at once.

ADDRESS, J. S. BAYNARD, ROOM 62, WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.

IN THIS CITY: J. H. Parker, President the U. S. National Bank, Wall St.; Wm. L. Trenholm, President the American Security Co.; Hugh S. Thompson, Comptroller the N. Y. Life Insurance Co., and Riordan & Co., Cotton Exchange. IN THE SOUTH: The Bank of Charleston, N. B. A., Charleston, S. C.; J. C. Hemphill, Editor and Manager the *News and Courier*, Charleston, S. C., and Rev. O. P. Fitzsimons, Birmingham, Ala.

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

THIS IS THE MACHINE.



(Continued from Page 65.)

easily prepared if the kitchen is supplied with a vegetable cutter. The potatoes are pared, cut into balls the size of a good hickory nut, and tossed into a bowl of cold water till needed. Fifteen minutes' boiling cooks them perfectly; drain in a colander, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

POTATOES SAUTÉES.—Cut enough raw potatoes into cubes or balls to make a quart; put in a stew-pan, cover with boiling water, and cook for ten minutes; drain off the water, and toss over them four table-spoonfuls of clarified butter; shake the pan over a hot fire till the cubes are turned a golden brown; dredge with salt and pepper, and serve on a napkin-covered plate.

POTATOES AU GRATIN.—Cut a quart of firm, cold potatoes into cubes, and spread them on a buttered earthen platter or gratin dish, dredge with salt and pepper, and sprinkle a teaspoonful of chopped parsley over the dish, cover with a pint of cream sauce,—see DEMAREST'S for April, '96,—and place in the oven till slightly browned. Serve at once.

SALADE A LA SURPRISE.—As its name implies, this is a daintily deceitful arrangement. Take a sufficient number of fine apples, pears, or quinces, or some of each if you have them all, tomatoes in their season, round, red beets, and full, green peppers; wash and polish the skins well, cut off the tops and set aside; hollow out the insides, and fill with various preparations of finely cut vegetables and meats—anything that is a good salad mixture—mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Chicken and celery are delicious in the fruits, grape-fruit and lettuce in the tomatoes, and the insides from all the fruits and vegetables, or the latter and sweet-breads, make a good filling for the beets and peppers. When filled, the tops are restored carefully, and all are arranged in a salad bowl on a bed of lettuce decorated with rings of boiled eggs.

CRANBERRY TIMBALES.—Stew fruit in a little water till tender; strain through a sieve; return the pulp to the saucepan and boil fifteen minutes; add sugar and water in the proportion of four cups of sugar and two water to two quarts of the fruit, and boil just long enough to dissolve the sugar. When nearly cold, pour into timbale molds which have been dipped in cold water and sprinkled with granulated sugar. Set on ice or in a cold place, till firm.



FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it's yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address
THE OXFORD MERCHANDISE CO.
300 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

FISCHER PIANOS.

56 Years Established.
THE ARTISTIC PIANO OF AMERICA.
Highest Possible Award, World's Fair, Chicago.
GRAND AND UPRIGHT.
Over 100,000 Manufactured.
Prices Moderate (quality considered).
110 FIFTH AVE., COR. 16TH ST., N. Y.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

BY FAR THE BEST dentifrice; antiseptic—harmless—effective. No soapy taste. A trial will make you its lasting friend. Substitutes are not "as good." All druggists or by mail 25c. C. H. Strong & Co., Chicago.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WALL-PAPER

Samples mailed free from the largest concern in U.S. Prices 30% lower than others. PAPERS from 2½c. to \$3½ a Roll—8 Yards. DEALERS can have large books by express with **TRADE DISCOUNTS.** A MILLION ROLLS—An Unlimited Variety
KAYSER & ALLMAN
932-934 Market St.
418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

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

STOUT LADIES:

I am a trained nurse. Reduced my weight 45 pounds six years ago by a harmless home treatment. Health is perfect. I have not regained. For particulars address with stamp, MISS J. TOPPING, 321 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DEAFNESS and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.
213 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, [Room 229] New York.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The large number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First—Brevity. Second—Clearness of statement. Third—Decisive knowledge of what they want. Fourth—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. Fifth—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. Sixth—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.**

"C. T. H."—A course of physical culture exercises should remedy a stoop-shouldered habit in a girl. It is seldom in this country, now, that any apparatus is resorted to in order to effect a cure; but a simple French device is a slender strip of wood like a ruler, long enough to extend from the nape of the neck to four inches below the waist-line; a hole is pierced in the strip, just between the shoulders, through which a long ribbon is passed, and this is brought up over the shoulders, then under the arms, crossed in the back, brought forward, and then tied around the waist. The wearing of one of these strips several hours a day is thought to secure an erect carriage. All the directions given in "Sanitarian" by Marcia Duncan—see Demorest's for October, '95, and March, '96—for carriage of the body in walking, and for breathing exercises are excellent. See, also, "Natt...e's Method for the Cure of Stooping Shoulders," in DEMOREST'S for December, 1895.

"M. R."—Read answer to "Valencia" in October number.—The maid of honor may walk with the bride or precede her. It is a question decided by individual taste and convenience. She is usually distinguished from the bridesmaids by wearing a more elaborate gown; as, for instance, the maids might wear white organdies over pink silk slips, and the maid of honor a gown of pink brocade. The bridesmaids may carry shepherd's crooks with a bunch of flowers tied at the top, flower baskets, or shower bouquets; the bride a prayer-book or a bouquet; and the maid of honor flowers, either a cluster of long-stemmed roses or a bouquet.—When two rings are used in the

(Continued on Page 68.)

Buddington Dress-Cutting System.

Cheapest and simplest instructions and system. Prepaid for \$6.00. Send for circular. MISS L. J. CHANDLER, 311 W. 116th St., New York City. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BETTER THAN MATTING.

BRUSSELINE (trade mark.) Our celebrated yard-wide, reversible carpet in Brussels designs and colorings, 80 cents a yard.

Send 10 cents for samples and circulars.

LACE CURTAINS, 3 yards long by 80 inches wide, 90 cents a pair post-paid.

W. J. ELDRIDGE, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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



Brown's French Dressing

For Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes

It is a brilliant, lasting and reliable polish which does not injure the shoe or soil the skirts in wet weather.

Ask your dealer for it, and accept no substitute. Take only

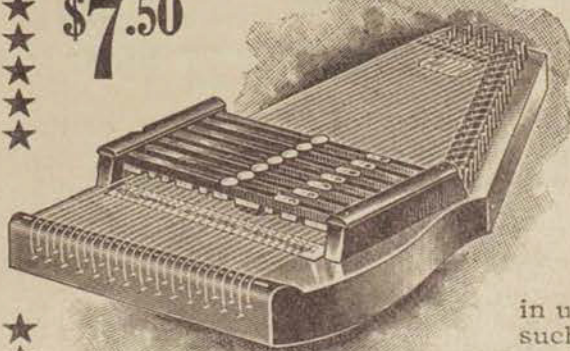
Brown's French Dressing

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

THE NATION'S FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. MAKES A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

No. 2 7/8

\$7.50



— The — Autoharp

Easy to Play—Easy to Buy

The Autoharp embodies all of the desirable features and essential requirements of a musical instrument. Anyone can learn to play it.

There are over 500,000 Autoharps in use. Nothing but real merit will secure such a phenomenal sale of any article.

Autoharp, Style 2 7/8, is perhaps the most popular of all. It has 28 strings and 7 bars, producing 7 chords. The whole is nicely finished. Instruction book, music and trimmings, go with

each instrument. Price, \$7.50.

All Music Dealers sell this style, or we will send it prepaid upon receipt of price. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Write for our beautifully illustrated story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family;" also catalogue.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON, Dept. Z, Dolge Building, New York.

Salesrooms and Studios, 28 East 23d Street.

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

Chautauqua Reading Circle

A definite course for 1896-1897 in French-Greek politics, art and literature, showing their influence on

Modern Life and Thought

Desultory reading is unsatisfactory. The C. L. S. C. enables busy people to make good use of spare moments by having a well-defined plan.

Address JOHN H. VINCENT, Dept. 5, Buffalo, N. Y.

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



DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads

If not familiar with them, mention "Demorest's Magazine," and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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

LADY AGENT writes: "I am making \$10 to \$12 a day selling Mackintosh Dress Skirts, New style Dress Shields and other new goods." Send stamp for proof and catalog best sellers. Big profits. LADIES SUPPLY CO., 3115 FOREST AVE., CHICAGO.

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

... TAKE A COMBINATION BOX OF THE ...

LARKIN SOAPS

On Thirty Days Trial.
From Factory to Family.

And get a "Chautauqua" Desk Free. *Most Popular Ever Made.*

Number in use exceeds any other one article of furniture. Has gladdened half a million hearts. Solid Oak throughout, hand-rubbed finish. Very handsome carvings. It stands 5 ft. high, is 2½ ft. wide, writing bed 24 in. deep. Drop leaf closes and locks. A brass rod for curtain.

... OR A ...

"Chautauqua" Rocker and Reclining Chair



It can be adjusted to *any position*, and changed at will by the occupant while reclining. A synonym of luxurious ease and comfort. It is built of oak, polished antique finish, with beautifully-grained three-ply veneer back. The seat, head and foot rests are upholstered with silk plush in crimson, old red, tobacco brown, old gold, blue or olive, as desired. It is very strong and perfectly simple in construction. It is fully guaranteed. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits with a guarantee of purity. Thousands

of families use them, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.



OUR GREAT COMBINATION BOX.

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP . . . \$5.00 Enough to last an average family one full year. For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.	1-4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP30 Infallible preventive of dandruff. Unequaled for washing ladies' hair.
10 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP70 A perfect soap for flannels.	1-4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP30
12 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER (full lbs.) 1.20 An unequalled laundry luxury.	1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME .30 Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.
1-4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP . .60 Exquisite for ladies and children. A matchless beautifier.	1 JAR, 2 OZS., MODJESKA COLD CREAM .25 Soothing. Cures chapped skin.
1-4 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP . .30	1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER .25 Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.
1-4 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP .25	1 PACKET SPANISH ROSE SACHET . . .20
1-4 DOZ. ELITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP .25	1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP . .10
All for \$10.00. (You get the Premium you select Gratis.)	THE CONTENTS, BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST \$10.00 PREMIUM WORTH AT RETAIL . . . \$10.00 \$20.00

Subscribers to this Paper may use the Goods 30 Days before Bill is Due.

After trial you—the consumer—pay the usual retail value of the Soaps only. All middlemen's profits accrue to you in a valuable premium. The manufacturer alone adds **Value**; every middleman adds **Cost**. The Larkin plan saves you **half** the cost—saves you half the regular retail prices. Thousands of readers of this paper know these facts.

If after thirty days' trial you find all the Soaps, etc., of unexcelled quality and the Premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit \$10.00; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order, we make no charge for what you have used.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the **Box or Premium** does not prove all expected. We guarantee the safe delivery of all goods.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating other Premiums sent on request.

Estab. 1875. Incor. 1892.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTE.—The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., make our readers a wonderful offer. Not only do they give you a box of excellent laundry soap and toilet articles of great value, but they also give each purchaser a valuable premium, and we personally know they carry out what they promise.—*The Independent, New York.*

NOTE.—After a personal trial we willingly take the responsibility of recommending the soaps sent out by the Larkin Co., of Buffalo.—*New York Observer.*

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



WANTED

competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys)

in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES. BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad. and 16c. in stamps.

and we will mail you a 1-4 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars. (D. F. M.) THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P. O. Box 289.

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



BICYCLE.

THE "New Haven" BEST \$100 Cycle on Earth.

The U. S. Government and good judges buy of us. Lists of each sent free.

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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

Rolling Chair.

A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.



BANNER

OIL

HEATER

\$6.00
FREIGHT PAID

NO SMOKE
NO ODOR



2 ft. 6 in. high.

Comfort for Cool Days.

Will heat a room from 15 to 20 feet square perfectly in the most severe weather. Our patent double drum gives twice the radiation of any oil heater made. Indicator shows exact amount of oil in fount. Burns till oil is exhausted. Outside ratchet controls flame perfectly. Handsomely made and the most powerful oil heater ever offered for the price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. When not kept by dealers, will send, freight paid, on receipt of \$6. Our book of points on stoves and lamps free.

No Chimney to Break.

The PLUME & ATWOOD MFG. CO.

New York—Boston—Chicago

FACTORIES: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.

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

(Continued from Page 67.)

marriage service, the bride furnishes the one for the bridegroom.—Handsome silver trifles for personal use, scarf-pins, or books are suitable presents for a young woman to give her *fiancé*.

"CORINNE."—The small Japanese hand-warmers are also useful as foot-warmers, when placed upon a cushion or in bed. They burn a kind of fuel prepared expressly for them, are inexpensive, and can be bought in any Japanese shop.

"MRS. G. K."—Your address was very indefinite,—no State given,—but we made one guess, and sent you a postal card with the desired information.—Sleeves are no longer stiffened with any interlining.

"LUCILLE."—Read the Fashions—Review and Descriptions—for the latest word concerning the lining and finish of gown skirts.—You have so little stiffening in yours that I should think it would need no change, and the cut is as modish as any. The wire is little used at the foot now, except across the front breadth.

"L. Y. M."—There is a great fancy now for painting country or suburban houses which have a setting of trees and lawns, in a light, soft shade of yellow. It is not much deeper in tone than the rich cream which rises on a pan of Jersey milk, and it has a warm, cheerful, sunshiny look in winter. Blinds and trimmings should be white. The next choice is a deep Indian red with green—very dark—or chocolate trimmings. Finish the sitting room in blue and soft wood colors, with a very little Indian red, or in shades of light green and cream color.—If you will read the Pattern Order carefully, you will see that four cents in stamps are required for every pattern. When you want two patterns, send eight cents.

"JEN."—If your elbow cape of Astrakhan fur is quite full you can wear it a great deal without the under cape, and, unless the under cape is very narrow, you can wear them both, as they are, in extremely cold weather. If too scant for present modes, have the long cape shortened to from 25 to 30 inches and widen it with the fur cut off.

"NINA."—There are many teachers of physical culture in New York who aim to accomplish what is so brightly described in "Two Afternoons with

(Continued on Page 69.)

ROYAL (COMBINED) WAIST AND HOSE SUPPORTER.



Two garments in one. Just the right thing for children; supports whole weight of skirts, drawers, pants and stockings from the shoulders. Prevents buttons being torn off. Made in Black and White. Four sizes, adjustable. Price 50 cents postpaid. For a cheaper waist the PERFECT at 35 cents and the IMPERIAL at 25 cents. Circulars free.

Agents write for special prices of these and other quick selling goods. Address,

G. W. HOYT & CO.,
Sole Manufacturers,
245 Monroe St., Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



Faces Fair

are made fairer with a touch of Tetlow's Gossamer Powder. It corrects the little mistakes of nature—imparts a delightful softness and a delicate beauty to the skin without becoming visible to the eye. Pure and harmless. Makes the skin feel well cared for. Be sure and get

HENRY TETLOW'S Gossamer Powder.

Price 25c. by mail, or at druggists. Send 2c. stamp for sample.

HENRY TETLOW,
Cor. 10th & Cherry Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



Costs You Nothing
To Try It.

The Natural Body Brace

Cures Female Weakness.
Makes Walking and work easy.

Thousands of letters like this:

WEST HAVEN, CONN., July 29th, 1895.

"I am wonderfully improved. Can walk, eat, sleep and work with comfort. Was miserable before using Brace—with falling womb, pains all through abdomen, painful menstruation, constipation, poor circulation, stomach trouble, etc. I cannot begin to say enough in praise or thanks for the Brace. All who have gotten Braces here are much pleased with them. The inventor ought to have a monument erected to him as a lasting testimonial."

Mrs. L. W. TRYON.

Money Refunded if Brace is not satisfactory. Send for full information.

Natural Body Brace Co.,
Box 148 Salina, Kas.
Every Pregnant Woman Should Have This Brace.

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

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

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

(Continued from Page 68.)

Physical Culture." Address on the subject the Misses Thomas, 254 West 55th St., New York City. The School of Expression, in Boston, has a four years' course for training teachers in the system.

"ZEPHYR."—You will find much help in your work, and an answer to your inquiries about the durability and value of certain colors, in Marion Kemble's book, "How to Learn to Paint with Oil Colors," to which you refer. See the chapter "On the Selection of Colors." The list of twelve given in the book are perhaps in more general use by artists than any others.—Cadmium is comparatively a new color, but as far as known it is permanent; of the blues, cobalt is the most permanent and Prussian blue the least; in the reds, vermilion and the lakes are the most permanent. All colors under certain conditions change. If you have no teacher you should give yourself all the help possible from standard text-books, for it does not pay to grope in the dark.

"MONTROSE."—A Poster Supper, adapted from "A Poster Luncheon," described in Demorest's for July last, would be a novel entertainment. Progressive Suppers, also, like "Progressive Dinners," where the gentlemen change places between the courses, are new. "Hidden Pictures" and "Library" parties are very entertaining, and have been described in the Correspondence Club within the year. See answer to "Polly" in Demorest's for February, '96, and to "Pauline" in the January number.

"GYPSY."—Find answers to your questions in the Fashion Review of this number.

GLEANINGS.

SARGENT'S "TRIUMPH OF RELIGION."

To appreciate or in any way understand Sargent's magnificent mural paintings in the Boston Public Library it is necessary not only to read the story but also patiently to unravel it in the complex lines of the pictures. They portray certain epochs of Jewish and Christian history; and the parts now finished depict "The Confusion of the Ancient Religions." The first impression is of the mighty grandeur of the whole, and there is a sense of struggle and conflict and intense purpose that catches the most idle and untutored eye, and holds it, even if in uncomprehending awe. The story is not to be understood in a moment, for its complicated imagery and symbolism require study, and a drawing upon those powers of imagination, latent in us all, but which in too many minds lie fallow. For it is by a wonderful imaginative grasp that Sargent has here concentrated the

(Continued on Page 70.)



"PARTED BANG."

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

E. Burnham, 71 St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A ROLL OF PERFORATED STAMPING PATTERNS.

containing Designs for all kinds of Art Work, sent on Approval to responsible parties. Stamp for circular.

MRS. S. S. HUBBELL, Fort Edward, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"WIVES AND MOTHERS."

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED without the patient's knowledge; will send receipt free to those who need it. Address with stamp, Mrs. May Hawkins, Lock Box 131, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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



A RAY OF LIGHT thrown into the midst of gloom, is not more certain to dispel it than the constant use of VELVET-SKIN SOAP is to heal, soften, purify and refine a coarse unhealthy skin. It is beneficial alike for the infant or the adult—makes a bad skin good and a good skin better.

Costs twenty-five cents a cake and is worth it.

THE PALISADE M'F'G CO.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Send ten cents in stamps for sample of soap and powder.

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



Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35 cents. Catalogue Free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$100.00 IN GOLD!

And Hundreds of Valuable Prizes
To be given away before Christmas, by

The COLUMBIAN

To help introduce the magazine into new families.

THE COLUMBIAN already has a larger circulation than any similar publication in Massachusetts, but we are not satisfied. So, in order to familiarize its name in every household where it is not now taken, we offer \$100.00 in Gold and hundreds of other valuable prizes to the readers of this and other papers who can form the greatest number of words from the nine letters in the word COLUMBIAN. Here are a few examples: can, calm, cabin, an, am, aim, bin, lamb, etc. Every person who makes a list of twelve words or more will receive a prize. You ought to be able to think up twelve words with the help given you above. Some may study out fifteen or twenty. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the nine letters in COLUMBIAN will receive \$50 in gold; the second \$20 in gold; the third \$15 in gold; the next two \$5 each in gold, the next five \$1 each in gold and the next five a neat American movement watch. All who send a list of twelve words or over will receive by return mail a valuable souvenir buttoniere of McKinley & Hobart or Bryan & Sewall, as you prefer.

The Grand Prizes will be awarded just before Christmas, and the list of successful contestants published in the first possible issue of the THE COLUMBIAN thereafter. Do not use proper names, foreign language words or any letter more than once. We guarantee satisfaction in every case or will refund your money. We offer these awards simply to get THE COLUMBIAN into new homes and desire to please all so as to obtain permanent subscribers. All we ask is that with your list of words you send 10c. silver or 12c. stps. to pay for trial subscription to magazine. We refer you to any publisher or bank in this city as to our reliability. Get to work at once and send in a list, with 10c. silver or 12c. stamps for trial subscription and win your prize. THE COLUMBIAN, 254 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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

... THE ... KEELEY —CURE

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons, that

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug Using

are *diseases*, not simply habits, and to be cured they must receive medical treatment.

The method of treatment, originated by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, and administered only at Institutes authorized by him, cures these diseases. This statement is easily substantiated by facts. Three hundred thousand cured men and women are glad to testify to its truth.

The treatment at these Institutes is pleasant. The patient is subject to no restraint. It is like taking a vacation of four weeks. He only knows that he is cured.

The detail of the treatment, the reason for this detail, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following Institutes:—

Address The Keeley Institute at either

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| West Haven, Conn. | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| Dwight, Ill. | 358 Niagara Street. |
| Plainfield, Ind. | White Plains, N. Y. |
| Crab Orchard, Ky. | Cleveland, Ohio. |
| New Orleans, La. | Warren, Ohio. |
| Lexington, Mass. | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| Detroit, Mich. | Cor. 4th and North Sts. |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Deering, Maine. | 312 N. Broad Street. |
| Kansas City, Mo., | Pittsburg, Pa., |
| 1815 Independence Ave. | 434 5th Ave. |
| Newark, N. J. | Providence, R. I. |
| Fargo, N. D. | 306-308 Washington St. |
| | Waukesha, Wis. |

Address the Institute nearest you.

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

LADIES

We number among our representatives a vast number that make big money working for us in spare moments. Kindly investigate, particulars free, and if you desire a *Souvenir* we will mail a valuable sample of our goods in *Solid Silver* upon receipt of three two cent stamps for postage etc. Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

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

LADIES, If you have superfluous HAIR ON THE FACE

send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope Mrs. M. N. PERRY, B. 73 Oak Park, Ill.

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

(Continued from Page 69.)

essence, as it were, of centuries of events and the history of many peoples in a blazing outburst of boldest imagery, in which every brush-stroke has a meaning.

The painting, or paintings, for, though we view the work as a whole, it yet must be analyzed in parts, consists of three sections: the arched ceiling; the lunette; and the frieze beneath, which is in three panels. On the rib between the lunette and the arch, the text of the subject, condensed from verses 21-45 of the 106th Psalm, is inscribed in blue letters upon a gold ground.

THE STORY OF THE CEILING.

The ceiling is covered with the symbols of pagan religion—the gods of Polytheism and idolatry. But mingled with them are those of nature's beneficent influences, which were always associated and even confounded with the gods by their worshipers. The goddess Neith, the All Mother, typifying the eternal, changeless forces of nature, underlies the whole,—by turning our reproduction of the picture to the left her head can be distinctly seen.

THE LUNETTE.

The lunette illustrates the victory of Monotheism over Polytheism, and shows the Children of Israel—twelve in number, for the Twelve Tribes—crushed beneath the yoke of the heathen kings, and appealing to the mercy of Jehovah, whose arms are stretched from the clouds to stay the hands of their destroyers. Pharaoh is on the left hand, and the Assyrian king on the right; and in depicting them and the accessories surrounding them Mr. Sargent has faithfully followed the conventions of Egyptian and Assyrian art.

THE FRIEZE.

Coming to the frieze we reach the most satisfactory and eloquent part of the picture, showing us a stately procession of the Hebrew prophets, "scorning the idols of Polytheism, and looking only to the one and un-

(Continued on Page 71)

VOSE

ESTABLISHED 1851

PIANOS

OVER 34,000 SOLD.

Distinctly Superior and
Up to Date.

Highest Award Columbian
Exposition, 1893, for Tone,
Touch, Scale, Action, Design,
Material, Construction.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS TAKEN.

Delivered, Freight Prepaid, at your house.

Send for Handsome Illustrated
Catalogue, FREE.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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



FREE! We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:

Had Catarrh ever since I can remember, often avoided company on account of the offensive discharge, hawking and spitting; throat was dry and sore, the least change in the weather gave me cold; dull pain over my eyes caused a stupid and drowsy feeling; ears began to ring and in a short time my hearing failed and grew worse until I became so deaf I could not hear one talk unless they were close to me and spoke very loud. Have used Aerial Medication eight weeks, hearing is fully restored, roaring and pain gone, and Catarrh is entirely cured. I do not see why any one should suffer from Catarrh or deafness when there is such a good cure as this
MISS CARRIE BOWERS, Rouseville, Pa.

Deaf 25 Years.



For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Aerial Medication, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve, and now I can hear common conversation across a room; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, thirty feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored.

EDWIN COLEMAN, Box 585, Wichita, Kas.

Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., DEPT. A. 5,
Cincinnati, O.

The publisher of this paper has reliable information that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician, and recommends every interested reader to write him at once and investigate Aerial Medication.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

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



SOLID SILVER RING.

10 Cents by Mail.

This ring we warrant sterling silver 925-1000 fine. It is our famous LEAF YEAR RING, with the figures 1896 beautifully engraved on it. It is a rare and costly solid silver ring and only sold for TEN CENTS in order to introduce our New Great Illustrated Catalogue of Jewelry, etc. Send a piece of paper size of ring wanted. Postage stamps taken. Address: LYNN & CO., 45 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

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



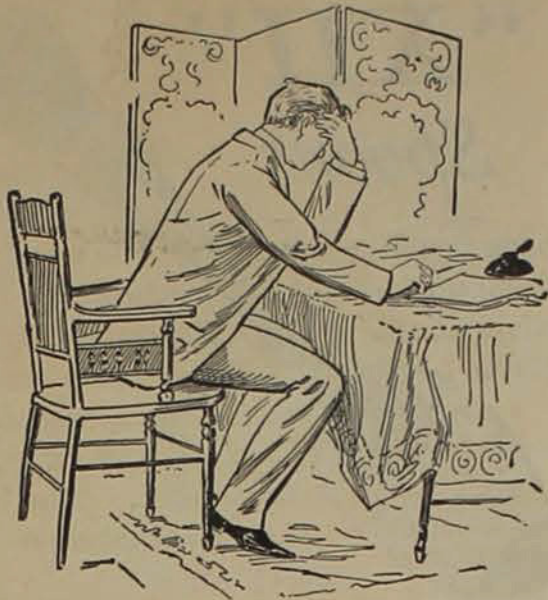
FUJI.

The celebrated Japanese remedy for CATARRH. Price 50 cents at all Druggists or sent prepaid for 60 cents.

THE KEK-KO REMEDIES CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

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

Carrie B.



Sarsaparilla Symptoms.

Can't work, can't sleep, can't eat; feel irresolute and unsettled. What's wrong? The blood. Energy, sleep, appetite will return if you try a course of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Send for the Curebook. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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



New Fancy Work Book

for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells just what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet. 96 pages. Over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 6 cents in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Florence Home Needlework."

NONOTUCK SILK CO.,

31 Bridge Street, Florence, Mass.

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

SATIN-SCENT PERFUMES

Lasting extracts of real blossoms by my cold process. Ounce size any odor 50c. Free trial vials Violets, also Crab Apple for stamp. **Satin-Skin** 25c perfumed soap by mail for 12c. ALBERT F. Wood, Perfumer, 675 Wood Ave., Detroit, Mich. Agents employed.

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

100, all dif., and fine **STAMP ALBUM**, only 10c.; 200, all dif., Hayti, Hawaii, etc., and fine album, only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmann, 5941 Cote Brilliant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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

EAFFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.

Our **INVISIBLE TUBE** Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. **NO PAIN.** Whispers heard. **FREE** Send to Hiscor Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"XII" Spoons

most exposed to wear, as indicated in the illustration. They wear three times as long as ordinary spoons, and cost but little extra. The full trade-mark (stamped on each piece) is

1847 Rogers Bros. XII

For sale by dealers everywhere. Made by MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. MERIDEN, CONN.; 268 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK. The largest manufacturers of high-class silver-plated ware in the world.

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



To Show Your Heels

To other skaters wear the

Barney & Berry Skates.

Highest Award World's Fair.

Catalogue Free.

BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.

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



SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) RADIATOR. With its 120 Cross Tubes, ONE stove or furnace does the work of TWO. Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

TO INTRODUCE OUR RADIATOR, the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, and secures an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR COMPANY,
57 Furnace St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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



Perfect Picture!

New method, without chemicals, lenses, baths, sunlight or flash-powder. Carried in vest-pocket ready for instant use day or night. A beautifully finished picture every minute. Complete apparatus, with impression slips, 10 cents, postpaid.

D. T. STRACK & CO.,
23 Chambers Street,
New York City.

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

FOR ONE CENT you can get any of our catalogs. Don't buy till you see our immense assortment and cheap prices.

WE SELL Sewing Machines, \$1.25 to \$27;
Watches, 75 cents to \$75.00;
Baby Carriages, \$2.75 to \$35;
Organs, \$25 to \$65;
Bicycles, \$15 to \$50. OXFORD MERCHANT CO., 300 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

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

SHORTHAND

for note-taking in a few HOURS. No reporting in a few WEEKS. No shading, no position. Expressions. WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. Free circulars. Write H. M. Pernin, Author, Detroit, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BEST & CO



Boys' Clothing made by Boys' Tailors.

Take two tailors of equal skill and experience: Let one make men's clothes part of the time, and a boy's suit occasionally; let the other have nothing to do but think about design, cut and make boys' clothes exclusively:

Which tailor is likely to be most satisfactory—for Boys?

An example of this tailoring exclusively for Boys is to be seen in our double-breasted, all-wool, Cheviot Suits—in gray and brown mixtures and plain blue, color and satisfactory wear guaranteed, at

\$5.00.

Catalogue with over 700 illustrations of the best things for children, for 4c. postage.

Our goods are not for sale by any other house, we have no agents.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

16 oz. to 1 lb.
U. S. Standard
Hundreds of Specialties at less than Wholesale prices, viz:
Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Organs, Pianos, Cider Mills,
Carriages, Carts, Buggies, Harness, Safes, Bone Mills,
Letter Presses, Jack Screws, Trucks, Anvils, Hay Cutters,
Press Stands, Feed Mills, Stoves, Drills, Road Plows,
Lawn Mowers, Coffee Mills, Forges, Lathes, Dump Carts,
Corn Shellers, Hand Carts, Engines, Tools, Wire Fence,
Fanning Mills, Crow Bars, Boilers, Watches, Clothing &c.
Hay, Stock, Elevator, Railroad, Platform and Counter SCALES.
Send for free Catalogue and see how to Save Money.
151 S. Jefferson St. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

LOST 32 POUNDS OF FAT



Used Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Fruit Salt and Band.

Ruby Alexander Balestier, author of "Rex," "Hal" and other popular novels, whose portrait is here given, writing from her home in Brooklyn, says: "Dr. Humphrey prescribed for my reduction of fat shoulders, bust and arms Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt. In about five weeks these remedies reduced 32 pounds, made my form more symmetrical, and cured me of stomach trouble. The Obesity Band afforded me much comfort."

Dr. Edison's Pills, Salt and Bands will make you thin and comely. No Rigid Dieting. No Purging. No Inconvenience. No danger. No Loss of Time. Perfectly Harmless. Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1.00 a bottle. Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle. Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up. Measure as indicated by figures. We send free "How to Cure Obesity."

SEE PRICES ABOVE. We send free "How to Cure Obesity." Every fat person should read it. Send letters and mail, express or C. O. D. orders to Loring & Co., General Agents for the U. S. To insure prompt reply, mention Department as below. Use only the nearest address.

LORING & CO., Dept. 117,
No. 3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

No. 42 W. 22d Street, New York City.

No. 115 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

SPICE BOX.

De preacher dat hollers de loudes' don't git de biggest wages.

RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

WIFE: "John, I wish you'd split some of that wood in the back yard."

HUSBAND: "Haven't time. Johnny will do it."

WIFE (half an hour later): "Johnny, I want you to split some of that wood in the back yard."

SON: "Where's pa?"

A COLD PLUNGE.



"Wouldn't think it was so heavy."



"Guess I'll take a rest—let it down easy. Don't want to spill any."



"There she goes. Whoopla!"

(Continued on Page 76.)



Designers

...and...

Makers

...of...

High-Class Goods

The Celebrated B. & H. LAMPS
Best in Every Particular.

GAS and ELECTRIC FIXTURES
ART METAL GOODS, Tables,
Figures, Candelabras, Vases, Etc.

FENDERS, AND IRONS, FIRE-
SETS, ETC., GRILLE-WORK
and RAILINGS in Brass
and Wrought Iron.

B. & H. Oil Heaters. Best made.

Ask your Dealer for BRADLEY & HUBBARD
MFG. Co.'s Goods. Perfect in Construction
—Superior in Finish—Always Satisfactory
to the Purchaser.

Correspondence from Architects Solicited.

Our Little Book, giving more informa-
tion, mailed upon application.

MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA

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

"The Light-Running" **DENSMORE** "The World's Greatest Typewriter."



SUPERIORITIES ESTABLISHED.

Lightest Key-Touch, Greatest Speed.
Most Convenient Paper Feed, Best for both Corre-
spondence and Manifolding, Best System of Seales
FROM THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, Nov. 23, 1895.
Densmore Typewriter Company.

GENTLEMEN: We have now in use in the Bureaus of this De-
partment nearly eighty Densmore machines. We have no
complaint from the users of them, hence we conclude they are
giving entire satisfaction. Respectfully,
(Signed) HIRAM BUCKINGHAM, Custodian.

FREE: Illustrated Pamphlet containing testimonials from
leading concerns.

DENSMORE Typewriter Co., 316 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



NURSING CORNS

doesn't pay when you can cure 'em for 15c.
A-Corn Salve is made to cure—does cure
—corns. At the nearest druggist's, or mailed by
GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 305 Cherry St., Phila.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

The EVERETT PIANO.

If not for sale by local dealer, write
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., CINCINNATI or CHICAGO.

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

Buttermilk
TOILET SOAP
AMERICAS FAVORITE TOILET SOAP
FOR THE COMPLEXION AND BATH
LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE WRAPPER.
COSMO SOAP CO. CHICAGO

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

THE "R & L" STOCKING.



Dr. P. Kahler & Sons,

Sole Makers and Retailers of the Celebrated

"KAHLER" BROAD-SOLE BOOTS,

convinced that stockings with narrow toes often cause distorted and misplaced joints and ingrowing toe nails, are manufacturing a

RIGHT AND LEFT STOCKING

so shaped that without cramping the toes they fit snugly and can be worn with any style shoe.

They are made in cotton and cashmere yarn for fall and winter wear, with **Black** legs and **White** feet. These **Right** and **Left** stockings can be obtained **ONLY** at our store,

928 and 930 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Write for descriptive circular and price-list.

P. S.—FREE. An illustrated 50-page linen-bound book on the "Dress and Care of the Feet," by DR. P. KAHLER. Send 2 cent stamp for mailing.

DR. P. KAHLER & SONS,

Surgeon Chiropodists.

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

High Arm TRY IT FREE

for 30 days in your own home and save \$10 to \$25. No money in advance.
\$60 Kenwood Machine for \$23.00
\$50 Arlington Machine for \$19.50
Standard Singers, \$8.00, \$11.50, \$15.00 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials free. Write at once. Address (in full), **CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B-51, Chicago, Ills.**

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

FRECKLES

Permanently removed by FRECKLE CREAM. Results guaranteed. Harmless. Quick in action. Particulars for stamp. Price, by mail, 50 cents. **PARIS CHEMICAL CO., 112 Sixth Ave., New York.**

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

(Continued from Page 75.)



—!!!—



BALLOONING IN CHICAGO.

"Say, Phil, where are you going?"
PHIL—"Up to my office, I'm on the nine hundred and ninety-ninth floor."

HARD TIMES.

"I suppose you find times pretty hard," said a kind-hearted old lady to a tramp, "and often don't get enough to eat?"

"It's worse than that, mum," was the candid reply. "In these days it is hard to get enough to drink, let alone to eat."

SHE HAD ALSO OBSERVED IT.

"It's a cold day when I get left," remarked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Beacon Street of Boston, "I have observed that your isolation is always co-incident with a frigid section of the hebdomad."

(Continued on Page 77.)

Guaranteed 25 years.

Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks

give the service of solid silver. Half the cost.



Made only by—

Holmes & Edwards.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SALESROOMS--N. Y. City, 2 Maiden Lane
Chicago, 65 Washington St.
St. Louis, 307 N. Fourth St.
San Francisco, 120 Sutter St.

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

Ease for Mothers
Comfort for Children
IN THE

YANKEE WAIST



Great Bicycle Waist for Boys and Girls.

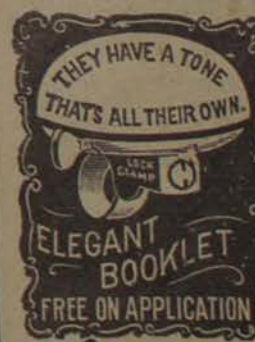
Yankee No. 1, 50c

Yankee No. 2, 25c

Buttons don't come off; Button holes don't tear out. Gives absolute freedom of motion. Prevents round shoulders; saves strain on clothes, and will outwear two ordinary waists. Thousands of mothers now using them and will not have any other. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Free: If not sold by your dealer send us his name and 50 cents, state size wanted, and we will mail you our best waist and include a pair of hose supporters, worth 20 cents, free.

Also, our circular about poem contest where we offer the children \$1,000 in gold.
WM. H. BURNS CO., Mfrs., Worcester, Mass.

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



"Hear dem bells a ringing, dey's ringing everywhere."

The Chimes of Normandy could not excel in sweetness and purity of tone

THE
New Departure
BICYCLE BELLS

The standard of excellence the wide world over. In 16 different styles and prices. All dealers sell them.

The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.

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