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THE LOST ART OF INDIAN BASKETRY.

IT is now a generation and more since Indian basketry flourished in all its original purity. For unnumbered ages it was one of the finest of the native-American arts, and the one in which certain tribes attained a perfection unsurpassed by any civilized people, not excepting the clever Nipponites, who, with their beautifully pliant bamboo as a material, are known as the best basket-makers in the world.

handiwork cannot, even by an expert, be distinguished from Algerian.

Each tribe had its distinctive points in its work and its favorite designs, but the same materials were common to all, grasses, yucca fiber, willow, willow-roots, and the poison oak being usually chosen. The introduction of wampum, feathers, and red wool belongs to a recent period in the history of basketry.



INDIAN BASKETS.

From the Collection of W. D. Campbell, Esq.

1. GAMING BOARD, TULARE. 2. BOWL, TULARE. 3. "LITTLE MEN" BOWL, YOCUT. 4. TRINKET BASKET, YOCUT.
5, 6, 7, 9 AND 10. TRINKET BASKETS, TULARE. 8. HAT OR MEAL BASKET, TULARE.

It was the Indian woman of the great Southwest, remote from all influences of civilization and from the labor-saving birch-bark supply of her Atlantic cousins, who excelled in this aboriginal art of basketry, which art preceded pottery. The best weavers known were found in the tribes composing the largest, ugliest nation, the nation of the Apaches. In their work is seen that mysterious, pre-Christian symbol, the Svastika. Other facts of ethnologic interest are that the weaving of the Eel River Indian is like that of the old Japanese, and a specimen of Moqui

Before the encroachment of civilized neighbors the Indian woman studied only Mother Nature's great book of designs, and the baskets woven by her patient fingers showed conventionalized forms of pine-cones, flowers, snake-skins, fish-fins, feathers, lightning flashes, waterfalls, and chains of mountain tops. These were worked out in black or brown or in the red juice of wild berries, the squaw being an expert preparer of colorings and fixitives. A specimen of very "high" aboriginal art is seen in a certain Moqui food-tray in the fine private collection

of Mrs. Jewett, of Lamanda Park, California. On this old "buck plate," worked out in vivid colors, is an ideographic representation of the rising sun with a very cloudy heaven above and the sea-waves rolling below.

After the basket-maker had trudged weary miles, under a scorching sky, collecting materials for her work and carrying them home on her back, much more of her time was spent in preparing them for use. She dammed up a little pool in the brook, putting into this primitive vat a layer of rushes and then a layer of wild-bird guano, and so on, till the water of the pool barely covered the top layer of guano. The rushes that remained longest in this liquid came out the darkest, richest chestnut in color. Black and brown of various shades, from tan to dark chestnut, with an occasional red, the dye for which was

made from the juices of wild berries, were the prevailing colors in the old-time baskets. Age only intensified the beauty of these colorings, as those who have seen really old baskets will bear witness. A straw-colored water-jug, now in the Jewett collection, taken from the horn of the saddle of the leader of Geronimo's band, shows a bright pink decoration, the stain of the wild strawberry.

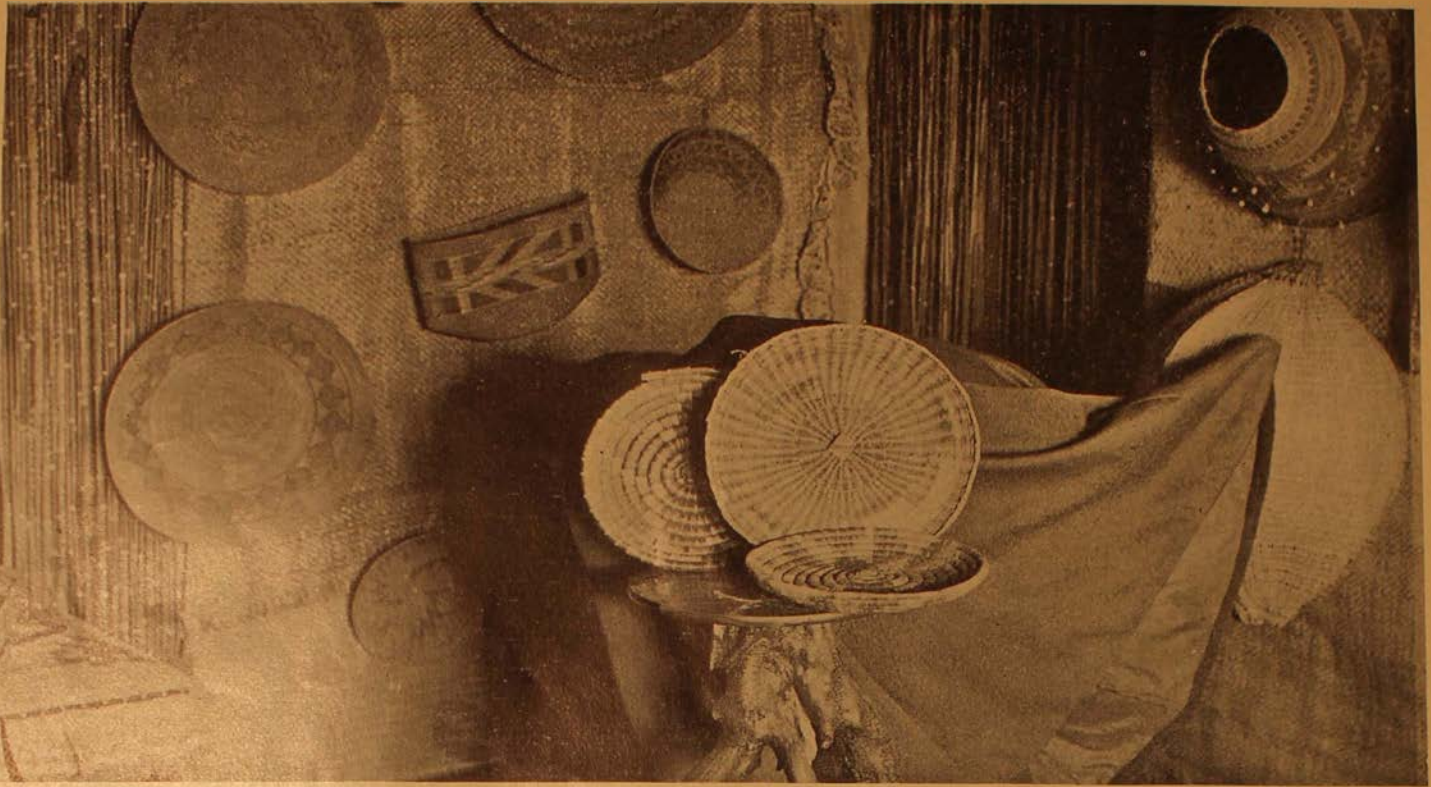
In the old days the young women most expert in basketry were eagerly sought in marriage by the young bucks, who paid the highest prices (about one hundred dollars each) for them, and to whom they proved to be unquestionably good bargains.

For her baby the Indian mother wove a cradle-basket, emulating the golden oriole, from whom she received her inspiration, as she beautified it with bright feathers and



CALIFORNIA INDIAN BASKETS.

From the Collection of W. D. Campbell, Esq., Los Angeles, California.



MOQUI FOOD-TRAYS AND BASKETS.

From the Collection of Mrs. Jewett, Lamanda Park, California.

beads and lined it with the shining, silvery down from the pods of the milk-weed. In bright hours at home this cradle was hung from the branch of a tree; in traveling, it was slung from the forehead and shoulders of the mother.

The clothing and blankets of the household, made of the skins of wild animals, needed protection from the scissor-like teeth of the squirrel family and from the penetrating winter rains; so the pre-historic clothes-press, a strong, finely woven, and waterproof basket, was created from the grasses of the field. Hats much like the fez of

the Turk in form were woven in elaborate designs and gayly colored. One in the possession of the writer, made by a Klamath woman, shows a beige-colored ground and an extravagant "swordfish nose" design in old red, picked out with a dark brown composed of the glossy stems of maidenhair fern.

For long ages all baskets were undecorated, the greatest attention being paid to the evenness and fineness of the weaving. Then came crude bits of decorative weaving, and then coloring. The dreamer ponders long upon the untold number of ages required for the evolution of



INDIAN WOMAN MAKING BASKET.



A GRANARY OF THE COAHUILA-APACHES. MADE OF POISON OAK. CAPACITY OVER ONE-HALF TON.
From the Jewett Collection.

the perfect old baskets from the first rude bits of weaving fashioned by the Eves of this Southwestern paradise.

The baskets for cooking purposes, while not elaborate in design, were finely woven. The cooking was a primitive process; stones were heated and thrown into the basket of water or the basket of soup. After the household baskets were woven (the thrifty squaw was known by the number

of her baskets), which included baskets for the carrying and for the storing of water, grain, pine nuts and acorns (from which a fine meal was ground), the wife made other baskets in which were evidenced her originality and artistic taste. These were listed, appropriately enough, with the household gods, and were displayed on all great occasions. Usually they were buried with the owners.



"LITTLE MEN" BASKET, YOCUT. SHOWING THAT EVERY TWO INDIANS HAVE CUT OFF THE HEADS OF EVERY THREE WHITE MEN.
From the Jewett Collection.

The sun and moon baskets known to the present generation were small, shallow specimens, exquisitely woven. The flaming red feathers of many woodpeckers were interwoven in the sun basket, and the moon basket was glorified with the rainbow-like plumage of the wood-duck. Sometimes more than one hundred birds were sacrificed that one little basket might be made beautiful with their top-knots. Our Indian sisters preferred their feathers in their baskets to wearing them in perishable bonnets.

The baskets made to sell to the white man to-day, notably those of the Maricopas and the Pimas, give but a faint idea of the excellence of those the Indians once made for their own domestic use. The use of inferior materials and glaring inaccuracies of execution and design are all too evident in these. The degradation of the art dates from soon after the unwelcome substitution of a semi-civilization for savagery. Yet this decadent work of the South-western Indians is far more uniquely artistic than that of



THE LARES AND PENATES OF A TULARE TEPEE.

Beads and pendants of the iridescent haliotis were also interwoven in these little baskets, the weaving of one of which required a score of moons and more.

A Moqui woman was not allowed to finish a basket during the period of child-bearing, neither for herself nor for another woman not past the same period; but when her life was (in the Indian phraseology) "rounded" the privilege was given her. These unfinished Moqui baskets are now eagerly sought by collectors.

the Atlantic and Southern aborigines, whose ideas have been borrowed from civilization.

Indian baskets masquerade in various guises in the many artistic homes of Southern California. In front of the fireplaces—for fireplaces there are in this land of sunshine—are seen big "acorn baskets" filled with firewood; Indian "buck plates" do duty as card receivers; the shallow "winnowing baskets" are piled high with tropical fruits; fanciful baskets are fastened to the walls in the



INDIAN BASKETS AND CURIOS.
From the Jewett Collection.

fashion of plaques; and small, deeper baskets, designed for hats or acorn meal (the headgear and meal-baskets being fac-similes and interchangeable), are filled with rose-bloom from "our Italian gardens." The undisguised scorn of the average tourist when informed of the value and reputed age of these baskets would be quite unendurable were it not for the fact that the scoffer in these environs is an easy convert and invariably remains to pray—for Indian baskets. The really perfect ones, alas! are now as rare in the land as are original folios of Shakespeare.

The collector who obtains her baskets from the curio dealer, leaving for them a generous pile of gold and having them sent to her address, need never hope to experience the peculiar love the pioneer collector bore for her very differently acquired treasures. She journeyed far into the wilderness and got her baskets direct from the maker, frequently expediting matters herself by emptying them of acorn-meal dough or angle-worm soup. She bought all the squaw would sell willingly, but established her claim to being an arch diplomat by taking with her on her long and dusty, but triumphant, ride home, the "destiny" basket and the "sun" and "moon" baskets of the household. Possibly it is quite as easy for us daughters of the American Revolution to part with old Colonial plate and furniture when Want—as he sometimes does—holds a big, shining gold piece directly in front of our eyes, compelling us to yield to its hypnotic influence. This same stern-visaged

Want has chosen not a few of his subjects from among these patient Indian sisters of ours.

To get them to part with the gaming-board was next to impossible, as old collectors will regretfully tell you. This "board" was a large, finely woven plaque; the four dice used were made of the halves of California walnut shells filled with brea, and in each were imbedded six tiny bits of native money. The very fine gaming-board in the collection of Mrs. Jewett was secured by a man only after he had hidden in the cactus all night waiting while the Indians were gambling and drinking, after which they bit readily at the gold-baited hook. The titled dame of to-day with Monte Carlo for a background knows not a more thorough fascination for *baccarat* than did the lowly squaw for this Indian game of "ha," which was played by four, a fifth person keeping tally. It was no uncommon thing for her to bet a pinch of flesh from her arm, nor to see the arms of an old Indian woman with lines of hideous scars from wrists to shoulders, the evidence of liquidated "debts of honor."

To-day the Indian women prefer cheap tin pails and tin pans to the laboriously made baskets, as they no longer count time by moons but by "figures on a dial." A progressive woman of Pala puts the question and also furnishes the answer. "Why shall I make a basket? I get a very good pan for 'two bits.'" And when the "two bits" are a minus quantity, old, discarded tin fruit-cans or those which once held canned meats, thrown from the window



HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS AND GAMING-BOARD.
From the Jewett Collection.

of the dining-car or from the back door of the white man, are used as substitutes.

To Eastern people who have seen only the Indian basket of commerce it is hard to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of these finely woven works of art made by the Indian women of the West and Southwest. The Indians of the East have so long been under the blighting influences of civilization that one no longer finds among them any specimens of this beautiful art. But they have learned that the white people set some value on an Indian basket, and during the summer, when the resorts in the Northeast part of the country and Canada are filled with pleasure seekers, the Indians come almost daily with great loads of baskets that are eagerly bought regardless of any real beauty they may possess. Indeed, but few of them have beauty, though there is about them sometimes a pleasant suggestion of rushes and fragrant grasses that makes them tempting to the indiscriminating buyer. For the most part, though, the grasses are too highly perfumed to suggest anything but a large department store of the second

grade; the colors are very like those obtained from some of the celebrated modern dyes, and the bits of blue and pink ribbon, or wool, that are used in their construction have no connection with art or nature.

The old women who made the fine baskets have all but passed away, and with them their skill and their secrets are lost. Their daughters and their daughters' children have been taught new arts in the government schools,—arts, the ethnologist regrets, not always along the lines of natural inclination. And then, too, the grasses and roots from which the materials were chosen, once growing in abundance along the brooks and *zanjas*, have been cultivated out.

To one interested in the native American woman in her natural, guileless condition, the truth is unwelcome; but, be it known, the cambric needle of commerce has superseded the bone basket-needle, once treasured along with the gambling dice and the strings of money, and to the long list of lost arts must be added the art of Indian basketry.

OLIVE MAY PERCIVAL.



MR. WELBECK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

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I.

MR. BARFORD WELBECK lived in Bolton Row, Mayfair, a tiny box of a house that just did for himself, his servants, and his cat; he did not keep a dog—he was of opinion that dogs gave too much trouble in London. It was the sort of house that does for a young married couple very much in love with each other, playing at being poor on £1,500 a year and presents from their relations; but for a gentleman of goodly size and mature years taking to matrimony for the first time it was too small. Mr. Welbeck had convinced himself of this the morning after he had become engaged to Violet Bradbury. But he had been so much taken up with her, with giving her presents and buying himself new clothes, with writing her letters, and considering generally how to prevent her from feeling too acutely the difference in their years, that, since that first morning, he had had no time to think about the house. However, it was only a fortnight ago, and now, as he crossed Berkeley Square on his way home to lunch, he reflected with

satisfaction that he had been to see an agent. It was the beginning of the getting ready for marriage; he felt that he had made a sign to himself that the promise of the future would come true. It had been a little difficult to realize, for Violet was such a child,—that was the worst of it,—and yet that was what he liked best about her, and once he had her to himself, away from her mother, who had no repose, and her father, who was a nuisance, and the rushing, laughing, giddy young people who always surrounded her, it would be all right.

"Lost in a dream, Mr. Welbeck?" Mrs. Jim Baylis and her brother, Joe Collingwood, stopped him. Mrs. Jim, as she was always called, was a lively widow of five-and-thirty. She was beautifully dressed; lavender suited her pale complexion and sparkling eyes; she looked charming and quite young. "This comes of being in love!"

"Oh, no!"—but he liked being told that he was in love; it sounded so young.

"Don't deny it," she laughed, "It is so delightful of you to prove that you are merely mortal. We were charmed to hear it, weren't we, Joe?"

"Yes, charmed," answered Joe Collingwood, a small and pale youth, who looked as if he ought to be attached to his sister by a chain. "Wish you joy and all that sort of thing. When is it to be?"

"Well," answered Mr. Welbeck, slowly,—in speech he was always a little ponderous,—"I have just been to see an agent about the house. That looks like the beginning of things."

"I know you'll take a charming house," said Mrs. Jim, with a little sigh, "and furnish it beautifully, and give her heaps of diamonds, and make the most generous settlements! She's a lucky woman, Mr. Welbeck."

"She's awfully pretty," put in Joe, "and dances better than any girl in London."

"Yes, but I—am not sure—that she cares very much about it," Mr. Welbeck said, hesitatingly.

"She won't," said Mrs. Jim, with a laugh, "when she's married, and I don't suppose she does now. She won't care for anything in the world but you; and you'll be an angel to her. Well, good-bye, good-bye! So glad to have seen you once more like this." She squeezed his hand; Mr. Welbeck felt that there was regret in her voice, but he didn't understand why. She was a nice little woman; probably she could marry again and do very well for herself. He was glad that she had said what she did; it proved to him that Violet was a lucky girl—and she should be lucky. She should have everything in the world that could make women jealous of her, and his reward should be her youth, her beauty, and the envy of other men. He had been surprised at his courage in proposing to a girl; but he reflected upon it with satisfaction as he let himself into his house with the latch-key. He had not lunched at the club once since his engagement; coming home seemed a fitting preparation for domesticity. He picked up the letters lying on the hall table and entered the dining-room.

"Clark," he said to the servant, "Bevan, the agent, will come round this afternoon to put up a bill."

"Yes, sir," answered Clark, uneasily. For this marrying late in life was unsettling to Mr. Welbeck's servants; they had still some hope that he would not persist in it. They considered it undignified; their master had been a silent, uncommunicative man, who had let them do considerably as they liked. It had never occurred to them that he would take an energetic step in life himself.

Mr. Welbeck looked at his letters with a pleased expression. An indulgent smile came to his face as he opened the first one. It was written in a neat, girlish hand, and ran:

"DEAR MR. WELBECK:

Thank you for the things. I have not read the books, but I have eaten the chocolates. It is very kind of you to say you will come and see me this afternoon. We are going out shopping, but we shall be in soon after four. Ernest and Arthur Hamilton are coming to tea. To-night we are going to Lady Fenwick's dance, and I will wear some of the roses you have sent me.

"Your affectionate

"VIOLET."

He read it twice before he began his cutlet. "She's in a greater hurry to eat the chocolates than to read the books," he thought. "She is only a child, and doesn't want to improve her mind. She'll lead me a nice dance by and by, if I don't take care." He seemed rather pleased at the prospect. "I suppose I must give her something to wear at Lady Fenwick's. The handwriting on that envelope reminds me of Jeanie Rattray's." He stopped and looked at the second letter, and out of the past there stepped the remembrance of a walk across a cornfield five-and-twenty years before. He put down his knife and fork and poured out another glass of Burgundy. "Jeanie must be eight-and-forty. What can she be writing to me

about? After all I don't think it is from her. It's a more undecided hand; though as a woman grows old her writing often gets less firm." There were two sides of paper covered with writing. He turned quickly to the signature. "'Mary Rattray'; oh, her mother! She is living still, then. I wonder what she wants?" The furrows on his face showed more plainly than they had done a moment before. Perhaps Jeanie was dead, he thought, and her mother had written to tell him. Jeanie used to be such a pretty girl. Round and blue-eyed, tall and supple: a good girl, too. Her father had been a doctor in the country, who had worked for the pleasure of the thing rather than profit, and Jeanie had made herself a little Providence to his poorest patients, and been perhaps altogether a little bit too much of a saint for mortal man to waste a lasting human passion upon. He had been fond of her; but she had always held him a little way off. He had never been able to make love to her with any conviction of his own fervor. Yet he knew that Jeanie had loved him. She had never married any one else, he thought, as he opened her mother's letter:

"MY DEAR BARFORD:

"It is many years since we met, but I should like to see you again. My husband died fifteen years ago. Probably you did not know it till afterwards, or you would have written to us. We have left Bromley for good, and come to live here. I think it will be better for Jeanie, for I am not likely to live many years more, and we have many friends settled in London. If you would care to come and see us at any time I feel sure that she would like to talk over old times.

"With kind regards, yours sincerely,

"MARY RATTRAY."

"Poor Jeanie!" said Mr. Welbeck. "I dare say she finds it dull living with her mother." He put down the letter and took another glass of Burgundy. He crossed over to the easy-chair by the fireplace. "I must see if I can find something for Violet to wear to-night, and make her give me a kiss for it. She's rather shy with her kisses," he thought, regretfully, as his head went back on the chair, "but I like it; it is much better than being too ready, as women are nowadays. Mustn't take Burgundy in the middle of the day—makes me so drowsy. It won't do to be dropping off to sleep in the afternoon when Violet is here." He stretched out his long legs with the big, well-blacked boots at the end of them, and dozed for a quarter of an hour. He felt satisfied with life, with the responsibilities that were coming, with the thought of the girl who was to be his wife. He smiled as he thought of her blue eyes—different eyes from Jeanie's—they had a shy and frightened look in them, and not a sign of saintliness.

II.

HALF an hour. He rose and stretched, then walked to the strip of looking-glass fitted between the two long, narrow windows, and stood looking at himself. He was a tall man, large and bony. Some men are at their prime in the fifties, some are almost young, others are old. Mr. Welbeck was old. Slow of movement, a little cumbersome and gray. There were deep furrows on his face, round his eyes and mouth crow's-feet gathered thick and severely, as if the years had done their work with an acute sense of duty. He had a scanty gray moustache, and a short pointed beard that was completely gray; from it many hairs seemed to have strayed away, planting themselves about his throat, which was baggy and furrowed as his face. He was bald, and he brushed up what remained of his hair to cover as far as possible the front of his head. At first sight he seemed a little stern, but when he smiled, and the light came into the quick

dark eyes, half hidden by the thick overhanging brows, there was an expression of kindness and shyness in them that made the knowledge of the long years he had passed alone pathetic. He was not stout, but there was a loose bulkiness about him and about his clothes that made him look larger than he was, and added to his years. His hands and feet were large, and his shoes seemed to have been bought for ease rather than elegance; they were long and shuffly.

Looking at him it was strange to think that he was about to marry a girl of twenty. He could hardly believe it himself. But the time had come when he dreaded the loneliness of old age; when he longed to have something of his very own to spend his money upon, and to leave it to when he died. He knew perfectly what he was about. He was fifty-five; in twenty years the probabilities were that he would be dead and buried, and Violet, a young woman still, enjoying life and his money all the more because he no longer fettered her with his presence. What did it matter? She was not mercenary yet; he was certain of it. She had always been pleased when he talked to her; it was this—the pleasure that she seemed to take in his society—that had put the idea of marrying her into his head, and once it arrived there, it stayed and possessed him altogether. Her youth attracted him. He delighted in watching her face, in listening to her laughter and the sound of her young feet; in noting the bits of finery with which she adorned herself, and the little pleasures that gave her joy. He could have given her everything he possessed; he meant to do so, to take her everywhere and watch her surprise and delight, and her dependence on him for happiness. He was so grateful to her; she had given him a reason for living; he had merely accepted life before, and got through the days as cheerfully as he could.

The odd thing had been that even after he had first discovered her attraction for him he did not think of marriage. He had paid her visits every other day, lent her books and given her flowers and bon-bons, watching her pleasure as he might have watched a kitten's. Then one afternoon he saw an expectant look on her mother's face, and went away wondering about it. What did she expect? She had the reputation of being a worldly woman. A couple of thousand a year and an appearance to keep up. An extravagant husband, a delicate son to send to Mentone every winter, three grown-up daughters to marry, and two more in the school-room. Did she think that in spite of his fifty odd years his liking for the child would lead to marriage? And why not? Violet was twenty; girls of that age had married even older men and been content. He stretched his long legs as he walked back across the park, but alertness had gone from them. He thought of her youth and prettiness; he imagined the touch of her cheek against his, the tightening of her arms around his neck.

The longing grew and grew upon him till, not caring one jot whether the worldly mother would triumph at having landed her fish or not, he spoke to her, for he could not screw up his courage to go to Violet first; he did not want to be called ridiculous. Mrs. Bradbury gave an audible sigh of relief and her consent. Mr. Bradbury was rather amused, but though he evidently thought Mr. Welbeck an old fool, he did not throw any obstacles in the way. Then came the interview with Violet; but that was a fortnight ago, and he had got over his awkwardness, though she had not. He liked her shyness and coyness and shrinking. To his old-fashioned ideas it was part of a girl's programme, even with the man she loved. It would wear off when they had settled down together.

"Young men are such puppies, nowadays," he thought, as he walked down Bond Street. "I dare say the little puss is flattered at finding a man of my age in love with her."

At ten minutes past four he knocked at the Bradburys' door. The sound of merry laughter and fresh young voices chattering came to him as he followed the servant upstairs. He felt that he was a little large and gray to break in upon the group gathered in the drawing-room. But it had to be done, and it was part of his business now to adapt himself to young society. Violet, Mary, and Hilda Bradbury were all there, and Ernest and Arthur Hamilton, two young men cousins. One of them had taken a good degree at Cambridge; Mr. Welbeck was convinced that he thought too much of himself, and that the other, who had not yet left Oxford, was an insufferable prig.

The announcement of Mr. Welbeck's name had the effect of a blanket thrown over a cage full of chirping birds; there was absolute silence as he entered. Hilda and one of the young men almost scuttled into the back drawing-room; Violet went over to the mantelpiece and looked a little alarmed; only Mary stood her ground bravely.

"O Mr. Welbeck," she said, "Aunt Henrietta is going to give a carnival-dance. We were arranging our dresses and laughing over them. You must go to it."

"I must hear about it first," he said, as he shook hands with Violet. She looked up at him with a frightened expression in her eyes that he had never seen there till a fortnight ago.

"You know my cousin Arthur," she said, hurriedly. "Arth," she went on, turning to the Oxford prig and speaking in a voice that almost trembled, "this is Mr. Welbeck."

"How do you do," said the young man, stiffly.

Mr. Welbeck measured the prig with his eyes. Six feet two and slim, one-and-twenty perhaps, a struggling, yellow moustache, and a boyish head covered with golden hair. "A good-looking fellow," he thought, and a little envy shot through his heart.

"Mary," called Hilda from the next room, "we want you and Arthur to come here."

"What for?" She went to the curtain that divided the rooms, while Violet's eyes followed her appealingly, as if with a petition in them. Mary disappeared for a moment, then came back and avoided looking at her sister.

"We are to go down stairs," she said, "we four,—Arthur, and Ernest, Hilda and I,—and make drawings in the library. Then we are to have round-table tea in the dining-room,—jam and cakes and buttered toast, you know, Mr. Welbeck. Violet can talk to you till it is ready."

"Let us all go down," Violet said, eagerly.

"You had better wait a little," Mary answered, with a look that said she could not help it.

"We will follow in ten minutes," Mr. Welbeck said, turning to his young *fiancée*. He wanted to be alone with her; he felt awkward and slightly ridiculous before these young people. Arthur Hamilton looked back as he reluctantly followed Mary out of the room. There was something in his expression that made Mr. Welbeck long to kick him; but he reflected with satisfaction that Violet would soon be safely married, and that no good-looking cousins would be allowed to interfere with her married life. "You shall soon go and discuss your fineries," he said, when they were alone, and he stooped to kiss her. She turned her head quickly round, so that he merely brushed against her ear. "She mustn't be afraid of me," he said, indulgently. "Come and sit on the sofa. There,

that is more comfortable." He smiled, and looked as if he were in the seventh heaven. A little more fright came into her eyes and made them brighter.

"It's so kind of you to come," she said, desperately, as if she felt obliged to say something.

"It isn't kind at all," he answered, in the half-amused, half-benevolent manner he had lately assumed. "I wanted to see her." He tried to put his arm round her, but she shrank back.

"I don't like being kissed," she said, with a courage that was growing up quickly from her fright.

"What do you like?" He was half puzzled, half amused.

"I like you to talk to me as you used. You are so clever, and you have always been kind to me. I want you to be just the same and not any different, and not to treat me as if I were a baby." He looked at her for a moment, she was so young and fresh and frightened. He felt as if he were measuring the height and breadth of the years he had lived before she was born. He searched about in them for a moment, as if to come upon some experience that would help him to understand the girl, who watched him with an air of being ready to defend herself.

"I have brought you something to wear to-night," he said, suddenly, and put a little brown case into her hands. She opened it, and gave the cry of pleasure that he liked.

"Oh! you are kind to me, you are kind," she repeated.

"You've always been kind to me, Mr. Welbeck."

"Couldn't she call me Barford," he said, "and not Mr. Welbeck? She's going to be my little wife, and—" he put his face near to hers.

"You're so much older," she said, hurriedly, "it doesn't seem right to call you anything else"; and with her hand she gently pushed his head away from her. Then her eyes fell upon the diamond pendant in the open case on her lap, and for a moment she struggled with the advantages of her position. "Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed, with a flicker of joy in her voice. "Look at it!" She held it up and moved it about. "Doesn't it sparkle?"

"What are you going to give me for it?" he asked. She put up her cheek and held her breath while he kissed it.

"I shall give you lots of things by and by," he said; "anything in the world you like, my darling, but you mustn't be afraid of me."

"Oh, no," she said, putting the case down upon the sofa; "it's only that—" she got up and walked a step or two away from him. He rose and followed her.

"That what?" he asked, and put his big hand on her shoulder. From even that she seemed to shrink. She turned and faced him and said, speaking hurriedly and clearly, as if she wanted to make her position clear to him and the future possible:

"It is only that I can't bear being touched. It is nice if people are kind and affectionate, but I like it to be all words and deeds. I can't bear any one to—come near me."

"But I am going to be your husband," he said, and caught her in his arms. The straggling gray hairs from his throat went against her face.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she cried, trembling with horror. "I can't bear it! I would rather die!"

He drew back aghast, and she, with a quick and almost scared look at his furrowed face and gray hairs, shuddered again.

"I can't bear it!" she cried; "you are old, and it is so dreadful. It can't be," she went on, suddenly and vehemently, while he stood before her astonished and dumb. "I can't—can't be married to you. I didn't know—I didn't think what it would mean,—that it would be so dreadful. I can't do it,—I can't, indeed!" The tears came into her eyes

and she bent her head down on the back of an easy-chair and sobbed, and shuddered between her sobs. "Oh, please forgive me, please forgive me!" she pleaded. "I know how kind you are, but I can't—can't help it!"

"If you feel like this toward me, why did you say you would marry me?" She raised her face and looked at him, feeling that the deed was done, and all she could do now was to try and soften the wrath to come.

"I didn't know till we were engaged," she said. "I thought I shouldn't mind your being old; that it would only be like going about with Uncle Peter. And you are rich, and there are so many of us at home, and mother gets so worried. She said it was a splendid chance—it is, I know that—and you have given me such heaps of things. But, oh, I can't bear it—I can't, indeed. If you want to kiss me—except it is now and then, you know, and like a friend—I can't—can't bear it." She took out her handkerchief and rubbed her burning cheeks with it, as though she had felt his touch to be pollution.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind it if it were that insufferable prig down-stairs." He was astounded and angry.

"Ah, but that's so different. You won't understand! I am young," she cried, stretching out her arms, "and Arthur's young; its different altogether. I can't help it; it is something in me that cries out. I have tried to bear it, but I can't. Oh, Mr. Welbeck, don't think me wicked or ungrateful. You are cleverer and kinder than any one I know, but I can't be married to you. I didn't know that I should feel like this. People ought never to marry any one older than themselves"—she was getting a little mixed—"unless it's just a few years. It doesn't seem like the same flesh and blood," she said in a whisper. "I know all I'm giving up, and mother will never forgive me—"

"Was it your mother who made you accept me?"

"Yes," she answered reluctantly; "she said that your being old wouldn't matter."

"Probably, if she hadn't called me old the girl herself wouldn't have thought me so," he thought, as he winced beneath the unconscious cruelty of youth.

"Oh, Mr. Welbeck, I am so sorry!" Going to him she put her hand timidly on his arm, but he shook it off.

"Most women consider a man of fifty-five almost in his prime," he said.

"Oh, yes, I dare say he is," she answered quickly, comprehending for the first time that there had been pain for him as well as for her in this interview, "but I'm not a woman, I am only a girl. Won't you forgive me," she entreated, "and be just a friend again?"

"No!" he answered, in a determined voice. "I am going, and you will not see me again. You can say what you please to your mother. I think you are quite right, and that you will be much happier with the young prig down-stairs." But though he said it bravely, his poor, middle-aged heart was brimming over. He strode toward the door. "Good-bye," he said, and turned and looked at her. She saw the pain on his face then, the deepened furrows, the stern pucker about his mouth. She rushed forward and stood affrighted realizing all that she had dared to do—the pain to him, the anger of her mother, the fact that she had swept away from her all that her elderly lover would have given her.

"Oh, Mr. Welbeck!" she exclaimed, "come back." He hesitated a moment. "Good-bye!" he said, firmly, and went slowly down the stairs. He heard the merry chatter as he passed the library. It sounded cruel. He walked out of the house feeling as if he had left behind him a world in which he had no share or part.

(Concluded next month.)

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE VATICAN.

AMONG the great men now living Pope Leo XIII. is undoubtedly one of the most prominent and interesting. His influence on the politics of Europe during the past ten years has been immense, and it increases every day. To be received by his Holiness, or at least to have a glimpse of him, is the natural desire of all those who visit Rome. Among the thousands who every day beg for an admission to the Pope's Mass are not only Catholics, but Protestants of all denominations, Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists, men of every rank and station in life, diplomats, artists, statesmen, princes, kings, and emperors. And no matter what your religious belief is, or whether you have any belief at all, you will find that nothing is more impressive than to be near this august old man. It is well known that the Emperor of

arrived near the bridge of St. Angelo a large number of carriages, also on their way to the Vatican, were preceding and following us.

At last, half frozen to death, we reached the plaza of St. Peter's. It was covered with people, thousands of whom were rapidly entering the immense church. The Vatican palace is to the right of the plaza. It is an immense three-storied building, as high, however, as one of our six or seven story houses. There the Popes have lived ever since the head of the Catholic Church, in 1377, gave up residing at Avignon. The Vatican was not then as large as it is to-day. Additions of all kinds have been built by one Pope after another, with the result that, far from presenting a *tout ensemble homogène*, it looks like a cluster of palaces, of different and disparate construc-



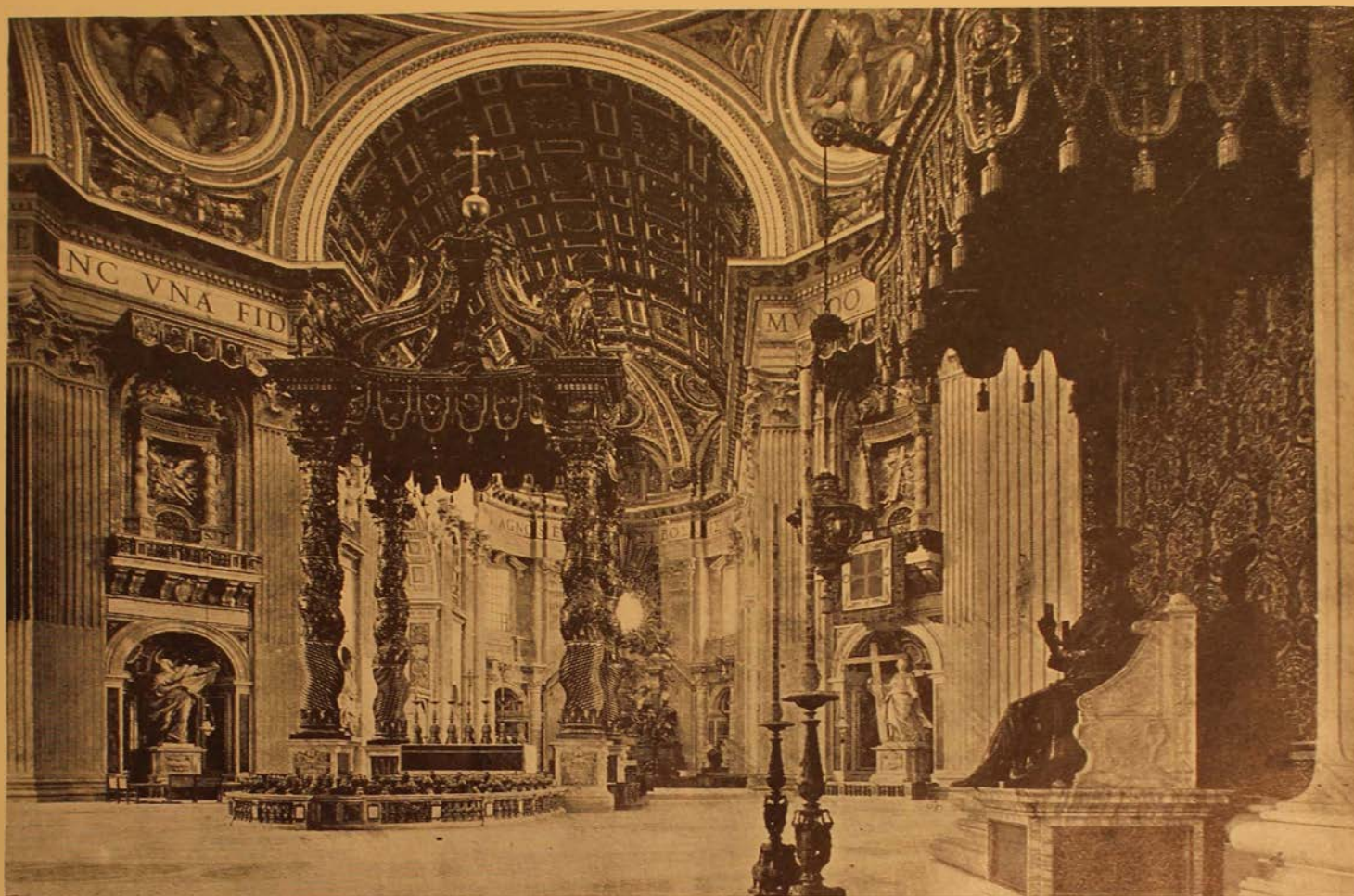
THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Germany was so perturbed when he entered for the first time the room where stands the throne of St. Peter that he trembled like a child and dropped his silver helmet from his hands.

I had the honor of seeing Leo XIII. twice, the first time being on Easter morning, three years ago. The invitation was simply to attend his Holiness' Mass, in the Sistine Chapel, at seven o'clock A. M. The card also said that evening dress was *de rigueur*. As it took three-quarters of an hour to drive from my hotel to the Vatican I left at six o'clock, in an open carriage, the only kind to be had. The streets were already well filled by people gayly attired in their holiday clothes, most of them walking or driving in the direction of St. Peter's. When we

tions, among which are gems of architecture and jewels of sculpture. As for its size, one can readily appreciate what it is after learning that it contains thirteen thousand rooms, twenty open courts, eight principal staircases, and two hundred staircases for the service. The first and second stories are occupied by the museums and libraries, with the exception of his Holiness' private apartment, which faces the plaza of St. Peter's. For one appreciative of art, weeks and weeks are needed to take in all the treasures of the Vatican.

But to return to my first visit to the Vatican. The carriage having stopped at the main entrance, on the plaza of St. Peter's, we entered a large hall filled with the Pope's guards, in their odd and strange costume of black,



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, SHOWING THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

red, and yellow stripes, the very same uniform worn by Papal Guards since the Middle Ages. At one end of the entrance hall was the royal staircase of white marble. Ascending it we soon reached a small door, in front of which stood a servant in evening dress. He took our cards of invitation, glanced at them, and then raised a portière of old embroidered velvet, and we found ourselves in the famous Sistine Chapel. This is a long and wide room, without any kind of division. The seats on the left are for women, those on the right for men; and in addition there is a gallery for foreign sovereigns, and a tribune of gilt wood for the *chantres*.

All the men present wore evening-dress suits. The ladies were in black, and instead of a bonnet each wore over her head a mantilla of black lace. In front of the altar stood the high officers of the pontifical



POPE LEO XIII. PRONOUNCING A BENEDICTION.

household and the commander of the Guards, in resplendent uniforms, their breasts covered with orders.

At seven o'clock, sharp, Leo XIII. entered the chapel, looking so white, so old, and so feeble, that one wondered how he could possibly walk alone. At once, so wonderful is the magnetism of this great old man, one felt strangely impressed, inspired with a feeling of sympathy, of respect, of admiration, and of love. While the Mass was going on, and the Pope was praying and reading in a clear and strong voice, one began to wonder at the immense strength and activity of this man of eighty-four years of age. As usual, he was dressed in a *soutane* of white silk, with a red sash having a gold band. On his head was a small red cap. He also wore red cloth shoes, on which were embroidered a gold cross. During Lent and on fast

days the Pope wears clothing made of plain linen or wool. While officiating he has on his head a mitre like all cardinals, and it is only on great and solemn occasions that he wears the tiara or pontifical crown.

The name of the Pope is Vincent Giacchino, Count Pecci, and he was born at Carpineto, Italy, on March 2d, 1810. Pius IX., his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, did not leave Leo an easy task by any means; he had not only used but abused the spiritual authority. Leo XIII. showed himself to be, from the beginning, as broad-minded, as conciliatory, and as well-balanced as the other had been violent and provoking. At the time the relations of the Vatican were strained, not only with the Italian government, but also those of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, and England. The very night of his election the Pope, announcing the fact by telegraph to the foreign sovereigns, expressed in his dispatch to the German Emperor his personal regret at the misunderstanding which separated Prussia and the Holy See, and the hope that friendly relations would soon be re-established. Ever since it has been the Pope's policy to bring the Vatican nearer Russia,



THE POPE RECEIVING THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

Germany, and England. In the case of England it was especially difficult, as the Irish clergy was opposed to such a *rapprochement*. With Russia he was more successful; and as for Germany, every one knows that the emperor and Bismarck thought so much of him as a statesman and peace maker that in 1885, when trouble arose between Germany and Spain, and this last country, hurt and wounded in its rights and national pride, was ready to go to war against a more powerful empire, the great German statesman did not hesitate to refer the matter for arbitration to the Pope, and submitted to his decision. Thus war was averted. In 1886 the Jesuits were allowed to return to Germany, and a year later Leo XIII. showed his appreciation of this by intervening directly in the German election of 1887, when he brought the whole German Catholic party back to the support of the imperial government.

Twice has Emperor William visited the Pope. The difficulties which arose on each occasion are rather amusing to an on-looker. It is well understood in the official world all over Europe that a visitor to the royal palace of the Quirinal, a guest of the King of Italy, will never be received by the Pope, should he be a Catholic. Furthermore, a Catholic, when received by his Holiness, takes the moral oath of not visiting the Quirinal. For this reason Catholic princes who are on friendly terms with King Humbert and Queen Marguerite never visit Italy, for the Pope, as their religious sovereign, would forbid them from visiting the



AT THE GRAND ALTAR, ST. PETER'S, ON GOOD FRIDAY.

Italian monarch. Thus it is that the Emperor of Austria has not yet returned the visit paid him some years ago by the King of Italy. It will also be remembered that the King of Portugal, having accepted an invitation from the Italian court, had to cancel it at the last minute, menaced as he was by the Pope, and by every bishop, priest, or Catholic person in his kingdom.

The Pope, however, will willingly receive a foreign prince visiting the King of Italy, who is not a Catholic. Thus he has received the Princess of Wales and her chil-

in Rome, one accredited to the king, the other to the Pope. The two ambassadors of these countries never see each other, never visit each other, never communicate with each other. They could not be more separated if one was in Peking and the other in Washington. In the same way society in Rome



MEMBER OF THE SWISS GUARD.



RETURN OF THE PROCESSION TO ST. PETER'S ON PALM SUNDAY.—KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

dren, and the Emperor of Germany. On these occasions, however, great difficulties had to be overcome, as I stated above. For instance, the Emperor of Germany was not allowed to go to the Vatican in the king's carriages, so he had to bring his own carriage from Berlin. Furthermore, he could not drive directly from the Quirinal to the Vatican, but had to go first to the German ambassador to the Holy See, whence he at last drove to the Vatican. Germany, like nearly every other power, has two embassies

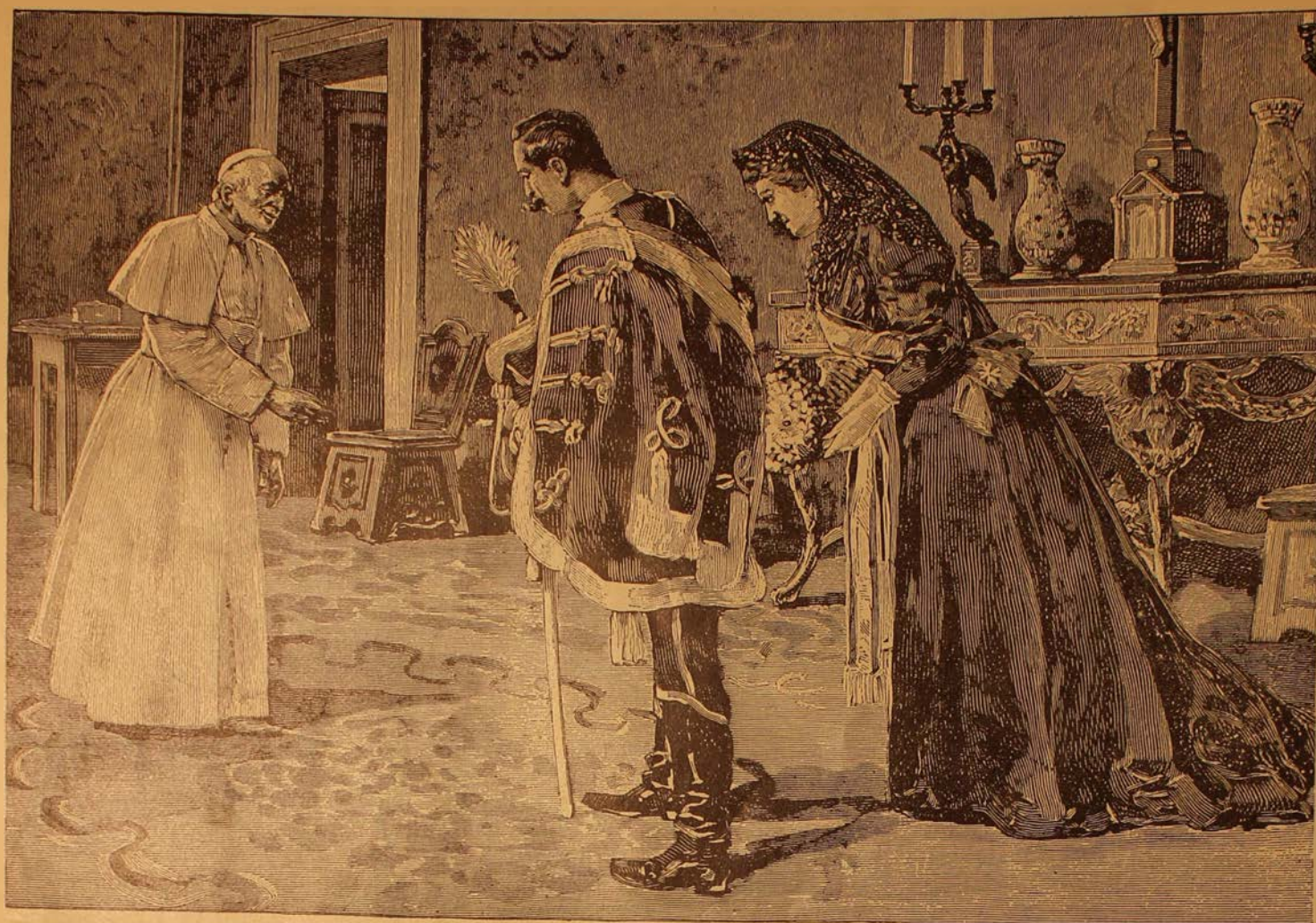
therefore, standing between the two parties which now divide Italy. It is to be feared that it will remain so forever, as the Italian government seems less and less disposed to give up Rome, the young capital which

is divided in two groups; those who recognize the king's right to hold Rome, the new capital of Italy, and those who deny him this right, look at him as an usurper, and consider that Rome, the Eternal City, is the Pope's own, and the capital of the Catholic world. Members of one set never speak to the other; even families are thus divided, some of the members absolutely ignoring the others. As, according to ceremonial, the Pope passes before the emperors and kings, his legates or nuncios (ambassadors) always pass before other ambassadors.

Leo XIII. has never renounced his rights over Rome, but he has recognized the kingdom of Italy and renounced claim to the States formerly belonging to the church. Rome alone remains,



DISTRIBUTING PALMS.



RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY BY POPE LEO XIII.

is like a living triumph of Italian unity and of the kingdom.

It can truly be said that there are two men in Leo XIII.; the theologian, absolute in his faith, and the Italian diplomat. On all questions, religious, social, and political, he has shown his interest, and grasps them all with his tremendous activity. His letters, protocols, encyclics on all the great questions of the day, are masterpieces. Two matters have especially attracted his attention, the social and labor problems, and the maintenance of peace in Europe. His dream is a general disarmament by all the great nations. He deplors this *paix armée* (armed peace) which costs hundreds of millions every year. "Think," says Leo XIII., "of all the good that could be done with this money, or with only a small part of it. Consider that

while the war of 1870 has cost France nearly six billion dollars, the Suez Canal, the Panama Railroad, the tunnel of Mont Cenis, and the Pacific Railroad, these great humanitarian works, together have hardly cost five hundred million dollars." In one of his speeches he further said: "If there was ever a time when the ideas of peace answer to the desire of the people, it is undoubtedly now that the words of fraternity, brotherhood, peacefulness, and tranquillity, are on every man's lips. The sovereigns and their ministers agree all over the world to declare that what they wish and desire, that the continual object of their efforts, is peace and concord. And they are approved by all the people at large who have nothing but hate and repulsion for wars and their consequences. Such a repulsion is legitimate and holy; for if war is sometimes necessary to peace itself, it always carries along with it innumerable and terrible calamities. And war would be at the present time much more horrible than it ever was, favored as it is every day in its work of destruction and progress in the art of killing by the variety, the precision, the power of both the fighters and the instruments which they use."



A PAPAL GUARD.



A PAPAL GUARD.



THE POPE'S GARDEN.

Many believe that Leo XIII. may call upon the sovereigns of the world to disarm and to form an international tribunal to which all discussions may be referred.

The Pope has always taken the keenest interest in American affairs, and he has again and again expressed his love and admiration for this country. He is always more than kind to the Americans who visit him.

It may seem rather early to discuss who will be his successor, especially considering that several Popes have

lived many years more than his eighty-seven; yet it is a question which has already been much discussed.

Out of the two hundred and fifty-three Popes who have sat on the throne of St. Peter, six were Germans, fifteen French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, two Dalmatians, five Spanish, one was English, one Swiss, one Portuguese, two were Africans, two Savoyards, and one hundred and ninety-seven Italians.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

BASILICA SAN PIETRO.

I.

HERE in firm armistice do I behold
Antagonisms commingled with strange ease—
Humility and grandeur blent in one,
And meekness to magnificence allied.

How sovereign these vast ceilings, groined with gold;
This bounty of paintings, frescoes, pillars; these
Rich mausoleums of martyr, pope, saint, nun;
This baldacchino, towering in bronze pride!

II.

And yet the Christ for whose apostle's fame
Such flare and riot of luxury were wrought,
Went barefoot over Galilean sand . . .
Among the obscure and outcast, lowliest he!

Nay, of the suppliant votaries that came,
Seeking his benediction, he besought
Renouncement of their moneys, flocks, and land,
Saying to them, "Leave all and follow me."
Rome, 1896.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

THE Falls of Niagara have long been known as "Nature's Masterpiece," and there is reason to believe that Mother Nature so regards them. Never for an instant will she permit a dimming of their wonders. In the sunlight of a summer day the waters glisten with dancing colors; in the moonlight a sense of mystery is added to that of power; in storms and the darkness of the night their grandeur becomes the more impressive; and in the winter, when the creations of Nature sleep, and she has stilled the turbulent life of Niagara into comparative rest, she gently spreads over it a white mantle more

talline forms enwraps them, and they sparkle in the sun as if decked with a myriad of tiny gems. The warmth of noonday followed by the cold of afternoon puts a gloss upon the garment, and it glistens like polished marble. But all the while the water-smoke is settling softly upon it, and the next morning the beautiful fret-work again appears. Then comes the gloss again, and then the fret-work. And so the white mantle becomes thicker and thicker until the landscape is wholly white, and under their heavy garment the trees and bushes bend and droop. Then the woods begin to speak. Small voices start up



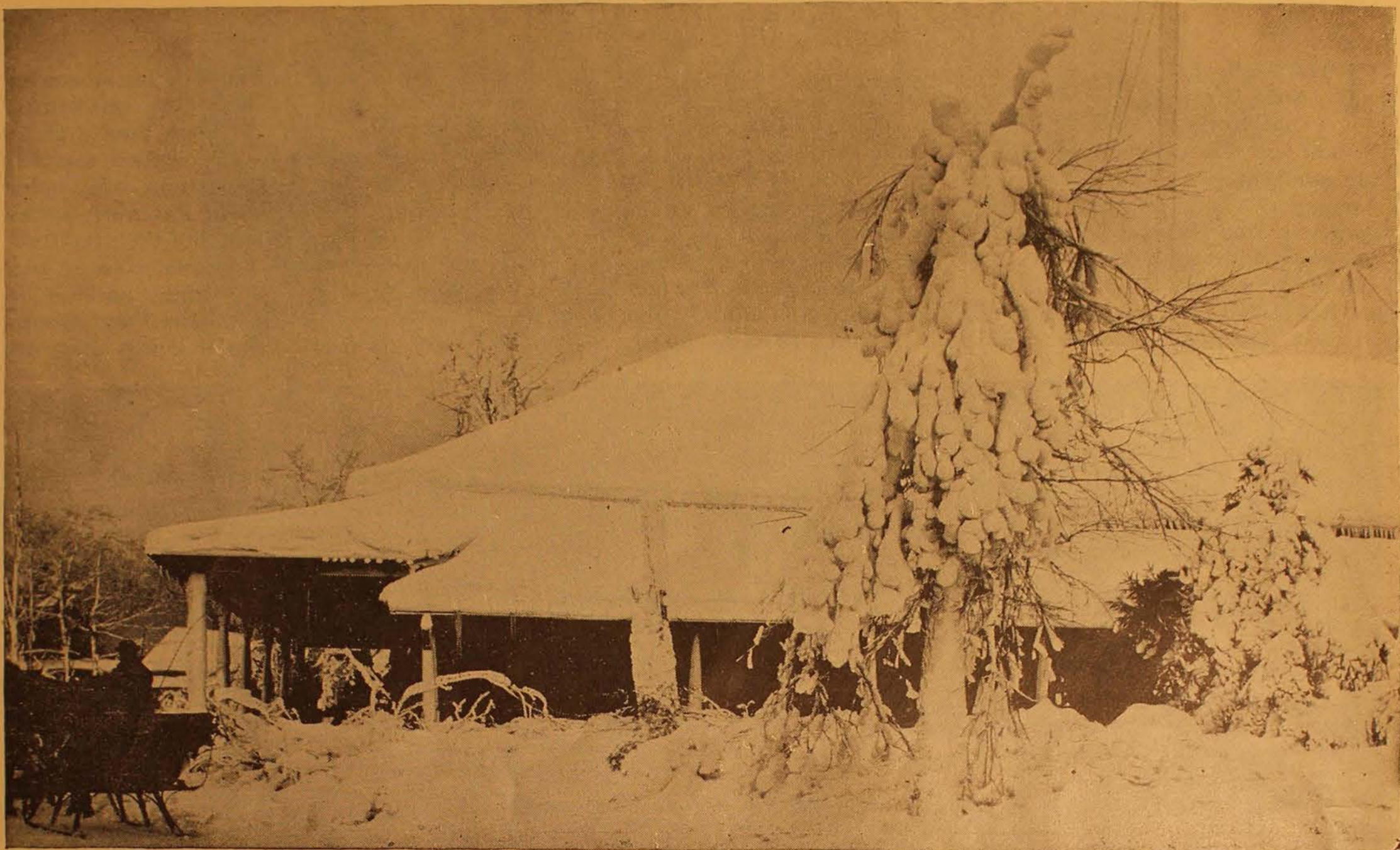
THE AMERICAN FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

beautiful than any other. It might be a wonderful shroud, and this rest a glorified death, so cold and quiet and calm is the atmosphere which surrounds it, were it not that the waters still make the great leap, and here and there show black and deep beside the ice.

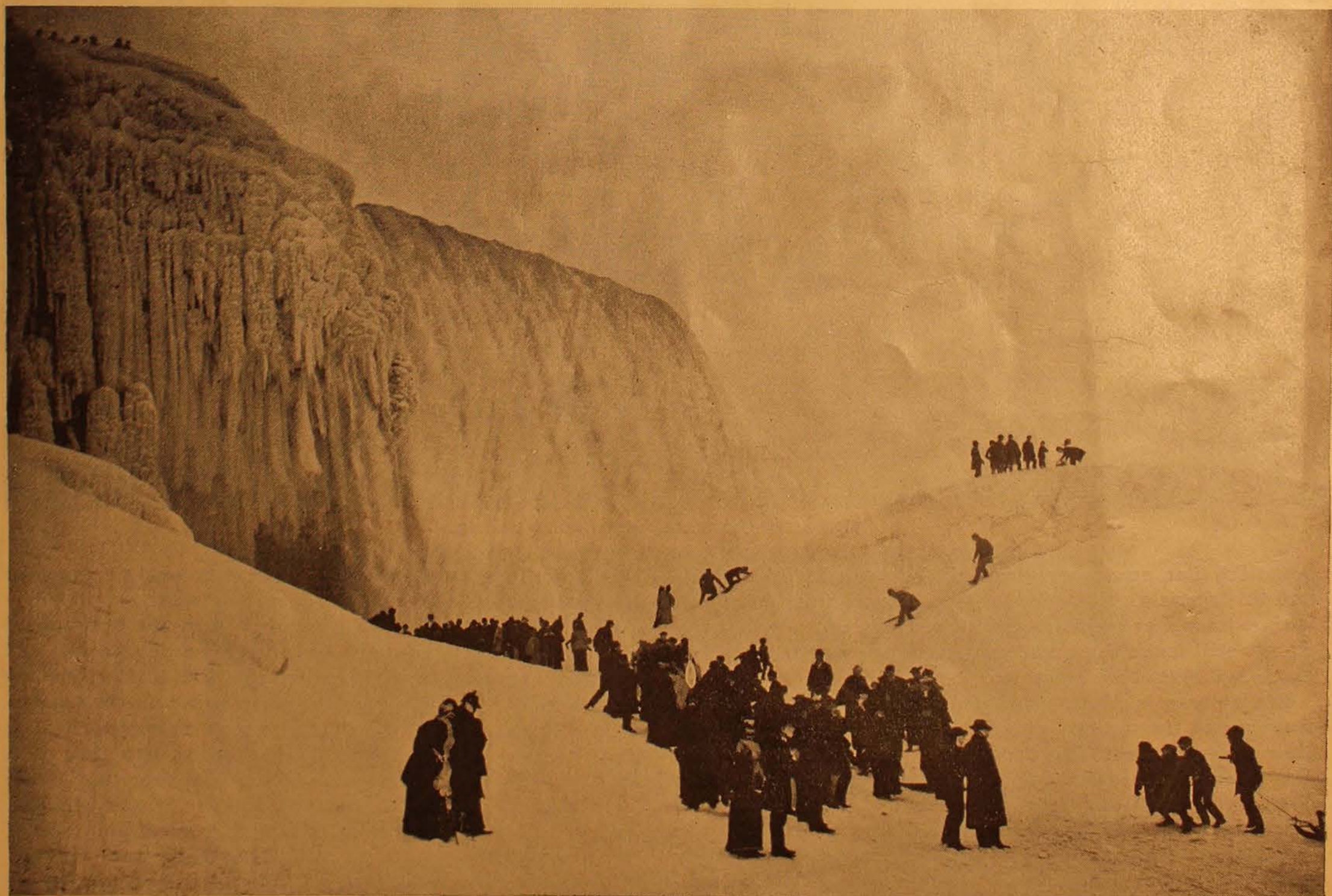
Old Boreas is Mother Nature's chief workman in the weaving of the mantle, and he begins his labors early in the season, immediately upon his arrival from the North. His fabric is the water-smoke which rises from the Falls. With deft, invisible fingers he touches it as it settles upon the branches of the trees and twigs of the bushes and even the blades of grass. In a night they become completely changed. They are no longer brown and ugly. A beautiful robe of the purest white and the most delicate crys-

here and there, and are merged into a constant murmur as the dropping of the ice becomes continual.

Old Boreas is not at all discouraged by the undoing of his work. He labors on and reclothes the trees, and meanwhile is showing impressive products of his industry elsewhere. The Falls themselves have put on the appearance of great age. They have become white and hoary; they have acquired a hirsute adornment like that of a Titan patriarch. In many places, however, this simile does not do justice to the appearance of the gigantic icicles. There are massive pillars and great columns of ice, like marble, which, as you view them from the ice-bridge, have the dignity and impressiveness of classic architecture.



AT PROSPECT PARK.

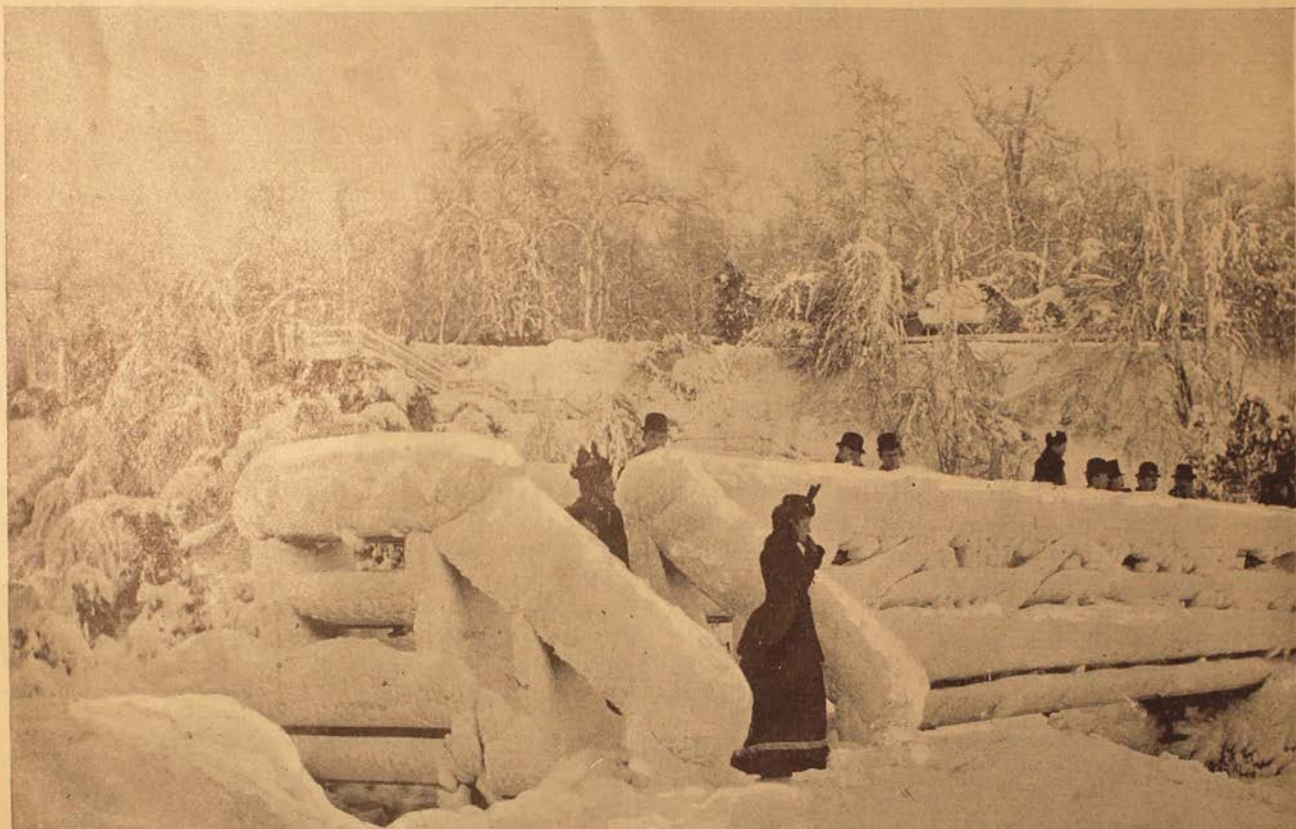


ASCENDING THE ICE-MOUND.

But the frost king is sometimes light and airy and humorous in his work. He turns aside from his serious artistic efforts and adorns the branches of the trees, irrespective of their variety, with ice apples; and he indulges his fancy, too, in the making of fantastic figures. One winter there were nearly perfect forms of a dog and an eagle, which appeared to be carved out of the whitest stone by an experienced sculptor. These embellishments of the frost may be seen in few places to so good advantage as on Luna Island, which extends to the edge of the precipice on the American side, and is said to actually quake and tremble from the torrent that rushes past it. From the grassy slope of Luna Island dancing rainbows may be seen when the moon shines, and in the winter they seem to have been caught bodily by Jack Frost and frozen in the ice. There is a rustic bridge on Luna Island which becomes glorified in winter. Instead of the dull brown color which it wears during the rest of the year, it appears in the purest and most dazzling white.

upon the ice and freezes in layers until it becomes a great ice-knoll, whose top is sometimes higher than the precipice over which the water rushes. To ascend it is almost like Alpine climbing. You must take great care to catch the sharp spikes of your shoes firmly in the ice; otherwise there may be a catastrophe with a serious ending, for there is an element of danger in the climbing of the mound. The grade is so steep that the unwilling coaster slips down with a speed which is apt to be injurious to limbs; and if the descent should be on the side facing the Falls it would in all probability end in death, for the incline veers off abruptly into waters which are churning and seething under the mighty down-pour from above.

An acquaintance of the writer experienced an unpleasant realization of this danger a year or two ago. The mound was rougher than usual, owing to a cover of snow that had melted and then frozen again; therefore he and his companion thought that the ascent would be safe without the spiked shoes that are ordinarily worn.



THE FOOT-BRIDGE ON THE BRINK OF THE AMERICAN FALLS.

The great ice-bridge is one of the winter marvels of Niagara. The waters below the American Falls are much too turbulent for the formation of ice in the usual way. But great cakes of it from Lake Erie are constantly plunging over the precipices, and in the mad rush of waters below, the ice is pushed together and piled up until a gorge is formed. The spray, freezing as it falls, amalgamates the parts, and the ice-bridge, reaching from a point near the American Falls to the Canadian shore, comes into existence. It is a Mecca for visitors. All day their figures, appearing from above like little black ants, may be seen moving slowly in a long serpentine line over the white surface, and toiling up the great ice-mound which is almost under the American Falls.

While the ice-bridge is one of the winter wonders of Niagara, the mound is the wonder of the bridge. It is nothing more or less than a hill of frozen spray. The vapor which ceaselessly rises from the falling water settles

They relied for their foothold upon rubber overshoes. While they were standing upon the very apex, the wind suddenly changed and began blowing the heavy spray from the Falls upon the mound. It froze as it fell, and the feet of the climbers began to slip from under them. They found it impossible to stand upright, or to get away from the dangerous slope on the Falls side. My acquaintance began to slowly slide in that direction. He extended his arms, but there was nothing to grasp; there was nothing to stay his feet. He had apparently begun a fatal journey. "Lie down!" shouted his companion, at the same time throwing himself upon the ice. The imperiled man followed the direction, and just as he was slipping away the other reached over and caught him, and by exerting all his muscular power held him until aid came. This episode illustrates one of the possibilities of the ascent of the mound.

Despite these hazards the mound is a favorite pleasure-



FROST-WORK.

ground. On bright days its glistening sides are black with coasters. An incessant stream of them goes rushing down, and another moves slowly up. A sort of long stairway of ice expedites the slow ascent. Even with the aid of this it is difficult enough, but the merry-makers are glad to make it again and again, for the thrilling downward flight. The toboggan predominates among the vehicles of the passage, but there are sleds of all varieties, from the handsomely painted and highly finished "bobs," with their bright steel runners, to the crude home-made affair of the small boy whose coasting enthusiasm is greater than his financial resources. But whatever the variety of the sled may be, it seems to be possessed of wings as it darts away on its downward voyage; and the cheeks of the passengers are glowing, and their eyes dancing, when it finally stops, out on the level ice, far from the base of the mound. As the afternoon passes, the coasters increase in numbers, until the whir of runners, and the chatter of voices, and the laughter become a constant pappie, a crescendo of sound;

and as you leave it in the distance, and are surrounded by the white stillness of the winter twilight, you hear it as a gentle and plaintive murmur that seems to have a note of sadness and pathos.

Often on moonlit nights the afternoon scenes of merry-making are repeated. There was never a more beautiful pleasure-ground than this one under the glamour of the silvery light. There is a weirdness, an unreality about it which, with the great flood of falling waters so near at hand, is awe-inspiring. The blood is stirred. It is a time for romance and heroism.

The ice-mound remains long after the country to the south has emerged green and bright with blossoms from under its white winter mantle. But at last the sun wins the mastery even over the ice-gorge at Niagara. The great mass begins to groan and crack; there are loud reports like departing cannon-shots before capitulation. The ice seems to go with regret, for it moves only under constant pressure from the winds and rains and sun, and not infrequently it halts further down the river, and be-



VISITORS VIEWING THE ICE-BRIDGE.

comes massed up again. It has been known to rise in a pile sixty feet high and overspread the nearby land, pushing everything before it with irresistible force. Trees are lifted out of the ground by the roots and moved many feet, although the progress of the ice is as imperceptible to the eye as the movement of the hour-hand of a watch.

The gorge on one occasion was so great that it was in effect an immense dam. It backed up to the waters of the whirlpool rapids, and the latter hurled themselves against it in vain. The assault was continued furiously until the waters seemed to tire of their efforts. They became calm

Suddenly the gorge gave way. The waters leapt forward with a roar, and swept the ice majestically before them, resuming, now that they had thrown off their unaccustomed curb, their wonted turbulency and hurry.

Ice-gorges often form above the Falls, as well as below, and here, too, a gorge once had a strange effect. A strong wind had blown an unusually great mass of floating ice from Lake Erie into the Niagara River. There was so much of it that it choked the stream and dammed it up as the gorge below the Falls had done. The river-bed between the dam and the Falls soon became almost dry,



THE CREST OF THE AMERICAN FALL.

and still, and flowed in a gentle current. This was the first time in the memory of the oldest man that the rapids lost their turbulency and were at rest. But it was not for long. The ice at last gave way under the enormous and constantly increasing pressure. There was a great quiver, as of some vast thing in agony. The ice heaved slowly up, and the pieces began an uneasy motion. There seemed to be a frantic rivalry and anxiety among them to reach the top, out of the way of a danger that lurked beneath; and they ground into and crushed each other in their efforts, while the crashing and crunching sound kept growing louder.

and an unprecedented thing happened: the Niagara Falls disappeared. Instead of the spectacle of the mighty flood of falling waters, which had been the source of awe and wonder since first looked upon by men, there were only huge, frowning walls of jagged rock. It was as if the mighty spirit, the soul, of Niagara had fled, leaving only the empty shell. Ugliness had taken the place of beauty. But the waters soon again came rushing down the river, in frantic haste, apparently, to cover the incongruity; and the sonorous voice of Niagara has never since been hushed.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

A PSYCHICAL ENCOUNTER.

I FEEL that what I am about to relate will, by many, be regarded as mere rubbish. But as I am sure that there are a few, principally among people of a scientific turn of mind, who will see in my experience matter worthy of serious reflection, I shall not hesitate to give it to the public.

I have always loved to investigate occult things. I have made some valuable experiments in telepathy and hypnosis, and while I was in London a few years ago I was present at every important meeting of the Psychical Research Society. It was I, indeed, who, in order to make a convert to a belief in telepathy of Sir John Winterby, sent a psychic message to a sailor on the steamship *Mobile*, when she was in mid-ocean, that the father of the sailor had been accidentally killed. Sir John refused to pay over the one hundred pounds wager till the *Mobile* had returned to England and six of the sailor's mates had testified that their comrade had told them all the details of his father's death within ten minutes of the time I had sent the message.

My studies were suddenly interfered with by an attack of appendicitis. I was seriously alarmed, for about a year before I had been stricken down with the disease and my escape from death was little less than miraculous.

Although I was suffering from pain so acute that I could scarcely breathe, I called a cab and went alone to the physician who had attended me before. He was a dear friend of mine, and he could not conceal his dismay when I told him why I had come. He at once put me to bed in his own room and called in two other physicians, Dr. Henderson and Dr. Leadbetter. They examined me, held a consultation, and concluded that if I did not improve in a few hours an operation would be unavoidable.

All that day I lay there, suffering from occasional spasms which were so painful that I thought I should die before each would pass. The doctors held frequent consultations, and finally I was told that the operation must be performed.

"Then I shall die," I said to my friend.

"It must be done," he replied, simply. He was a very conscientious man. "It is your only chance," he added, "and I feel it my duty to say that it can hardly be called that."

I said nothing, and he walked away. I wanted to be alone with the awful thought of death, and he knew it. They decided that the operation must be performed at once, and it was growing dark. And then—they all confessed that it was stupid of them not to have had more forethought—it was found that, owing to the weakness of my heart, it would be safer to administer ether than chloroform, and that it would be dangerous to use the former where gas was burning, and gas was the only means of lighting the operating-room. So the operation was postponed till the next morning, and by daylight my condition was even more critical, and that is saying much.

What a night that was to me! I shudder even now over the horror of it. I did not want to die. I loved life dearly. I was just beginning to make my way, and there was so much that I wanted to do. But I nerved myself to meet my fate like a soldier going into battle, though to go into battle would have been far easier. I made my will. My only near relative was my aged father. He lived in a neighboring city, and his health was so delicate that I refused to have him informed of the crisis which had come upon me.

"The news of this would try him as much as my death,"

said I, "and your next telegram would repeat the blow"; my friend nodded to show that he agreed with me.

The operating-room was next to the one in which I had spent the night, and I was strong enough to walk unaided to the chair, a grewsome thing upholstered in leather, which had been screwed up and extended until it was as flat on top as a table.

I remember that room as distinctly as if I were in it now. It seemed heartlessly bare and unattractive. It contained nothing but a carpet, a small Dutch clock on the mantel-piece, with a lot of pipes and tobacco-pouches. I had a strong desire to take a last look at the noisy street below through the windows as I passed them, but was ashamed to show the weakness such an action would have implied, so I stretched myself on the cool surface of the chair and made some careless remark. They had not provided me with a pillow, and I had a half-childish feeling of resentment in my throat because my head was lower than I liked it. But the feeling soon passed, for they told me it had to be so, and they were as thoughtful for my comfort as men could be. Indeed, out of respect for my feelings, a table on which lay the surgical instruments, lint, needles, ether-holder, medicine-bottles, etc., was not brought into the room till I had lain down. And when I started to turn my head toward it my friend touched me and told me to lie still.

"Have you anything special to say?" he asked, the next moment. "I am sorry to tell you that you have scarcely one chance in a thousand of surviving, and you know, if the operation is fatal, this may be your last moment of thorough consciousness."

"I realize that," I said. "I have fought a fierce battle with myself during the night, and I am more resigned to what may be the result than I ever thought I could be."

"One thought has given me strength, and for the sake of scientific investigation I want to tell you about it. Don't be afraid; I feel strong enough and it won't take long. You know I am a member of the Psychical Research Society. A year ago when you put me under the influence of ether I came back to consciousness with a vague impression, which afterward became a conviction, that the spiritual part of me had undergone a marvelous experience. I could not tell what that experience was, but I believe if I could have held on to the memory of it till I was conscious in the body, it would have done much toward proving scientifically that the soul has two existences."

"It may seem absurd to you all," I went on, noticing that the others were listening attentively, "but ever since that day I have felt sure that my soul was then on the threshold of another existence, and that if I had, when my body was becoming senseless in your hands, concentrated all my spiritual force upon understanding the condition into which my soul was going, I should have brought back a less confused, elusive impression of it."

"I am sure of one thing, and it has driven away every fear of total extinction that I ever had. I am sure that my body became practically a corpse, and that my soul had at the same time never been so strong and so active."

"And you mean to make such an experiment now?" broke in Dr. Henderson. "How wonderful! I have long been convinced that great discoveries will eventually be made in that line, but I have never before seen any one with the courage to think about it at such a moment."

I liked the sensitive refinement of the young man's face. There seemed to be a sudden bond of sympathy between



B. WEST CLINGENS 1895

"I MADE MY WILL."

us as he spoke and drew nearer to me. "Do you think," he continued, "that you will be able to concentrate your mind upon your desire? Ether seems stronger than the human will."

"Fortunately better than most people," I answered, "for I have practiced telepathy for several years. But I suppose you are all ready."

"Yes," answered my friend, "and, old fellow, we are going to pull you through if it is possible."

"I know that and I am ready," I said, and as I spoke I stretched myself on the chair. "Do as you will with my body, I shall try to control my spiritual part."

"Remarkable man," murmured Dr. Leadbetter, and I heard him uncork the ether-bottle and begin to saturate the cotton in the ether-holder. I caught Dr. Henderson's glance again.

"I want you to watch my right hand," I said to him; "if I move my fingers as I go away it will signify that I am succeeding; you know I shall not be able to speak after the ether-holder is over my mouth."

He nodded and smiled, but said nothing. Perhaps he knew I had taken up too much time. The sickening odor of the ether began to fill the room, and Dr. Leadbetter held the muzzle-like thing over my upturned face. I pushed it away. "One other word," I said, fixing Dr. Henderson with a glance; "if I give you that signal and should die afterward, will you report the fact to the Psychological Research Society? My attempt may stimulate further experiments in the same direction."

"I will do so gladly," he promised, and he pressed my hand. Then he cast an apologetic glance at his colleagues and asked if he might say something else to me. They nodded.

"There is one other thing," he said to me, and when he had spoken I knew that he was as well versed in psychology as I was. "Has it occurred to you," he asked, "that a psychic effort, such as you intend to make, might aid your spirit to release itself from your body? Your physical vitality will be, you know, at its very lowest ebb."

A thrill of horror went over me. There was a dead silence in the room. Dr. Leadbetter, thinking I was not going to reply to the question, started to place the ether-holder over my nose and mouth, but I held his wrist a moment.

"I confess I had not thought of that," I said to Dr. Henderson, "and there may be much in your idea, but I shall not alter my determination. Don't forget to watch my hand. I am ready."

I closed my eyes and Dr. Leadbetter fixed the metallic thing firmly over my nose and mouth.

"Breathe as deeply as you can," he said.

I obeyed, and a hot, rasping current raged through me. It was awful. I was choking, burning up inside. I pushed the ether-holder away. "You can give it to me more gradually," I said; "I took it so before."

"He is right," said my friend. "Do not press it down so firmly; let in a little more air at the bottom."

Dr. Leadbetter did as he was directed. At first the burning, choking sensation was almost unbearable, but by degrees it became less and less painful till what had been sheer torture became a delight.

"That's right; splendid!" cried Dr. Leadbetter. His voice sounded far off, and as if it were moving about in space. So delightful and new was the sensation that I came near forgetting my resolution. Suddenly I pulled myself together, and felt a thrill of intellectual delight as I realized that I was in full possession of my mental powers.

I was certainly a spiritual entity without form or sub-

stance, drifting buoyantly I knew not whither. I tried to remember my plans. What were they? I was to move the fingers of my hand as a signal to someone, but I had no hand,—I had no body. My memory of material things was undefined and dream-like; I was floating in an atmosphere of delight. I had a vague feeling that I wanted to tell someone of my discovery.

I tried to speak. I saw Dr. Henderson's face in a blur of light and then it was gone. I cried out, and then a confused murmur, punctuated by the sharp ticking of a clock, broke upon me.

"Give him some more." The harsh, material words lashed my flying spirit like the thongs of a whip. I had come back to the flesh, and for a moment the contrast to what I had been experiencing was disgusting. I closed my eyes to shut out the room and the faces, and breathed the drug as if it had been the breath of my existence. I was soon floating away again. I tried to utter a cry of thankfulness. "Tell the world," I fancied I was saying, "that the soul—." But it was impossible to even think of earthly things.

I was simply free, drinking in spiritual delights of which I have now no distinct remembrance. Was it a dream? Far away in a haze of light I saw friends and relatives who had died. They did not look toward me, and were ever receding, but never disappearing. I saw my mother, a brother, a sister. Would I ever reach them?

"Not now." The question was answered by someone at my side.

It was my father.

"You here?" I said. "Where are we, father?"

"On the border of the spirit-world," he replied, "but neither of us can go farther now, for we are not dead; we are held to earth by our bodies."

"My body!" I said, and as I thought of it a great change came to me. My father vanished, and out of black rolling darkness I heard these words:

"He is the hardest person to etherize I ever saw; that's right; pour it in regularly." I saw the misty outlines of a room. A face bent over me. "Breathe deeply!" a voice commanded. I tried to do so, but I had no feeling that I was doing it. The glare of the two sun-lit windows went out. The voices became a confused hum. The ticking of the clock followed me as I drifted away.

"Where have you been?" It was my father.

I was afraid to reply. I must not think of material things. But there was the ever-present ticking of the clock as he spoke.

"You say we are not dead, father?" I asked.

"No, but I am dying now; they are trying to save me. Fools! If they only knew how much I want to be released. That is the spirit-world over where it is so bright. Don't you see your mother and your brother and sister?"

"Yes," I said, "and I want to go to them."

"You cannot till you die," he replied, "but I am going now. I know it. Don't you see I am slipping away from you? It is almost over. I can see my body down there; they are holding a mirror to my lips. As if I could breathe upon it! Come! Come!" The ticking of the clock seemed to be his voice.

"I cannot follow," the ticking of the clock seemed to be my words to him; "don't leave me!"

I saw three bright forms flying toward him. Before he had reached them he paused, and they stood still also. I heard their voices. They were giving him a message for me. He was all light, all music, when he turned to me.

"They say you cannot come now," he said. "You are to live longer in the flesh and do great good. No human being has ever come so near the spirit-world and returned

as you will have done. But if you do not continue to hold your spiritual self under control all memory of this glimpse of the spirit-world will vanish from you when you become conscious in the body. Try, try, not to forget; all men should know these laws!"

He receded from me. I saw him join the others. They seemed to have no further thought of me, and I stood still and watched them for a long time. Then my father left them and glided toward me.

"We must go," he said; "you cannot come with us, though you are nearer dead than any human being ever was who revived. Your vitality is so nearly spent that if a certain clock were to stop, or lose a fraction of a second in its beats, your soul would be released. It is a law mankind knows nothing—" but his words had resolved themselves into the ticking of the clock, and he was disappearing. Some force seemed to be dragging me downward, and everything was growing vague. A sharp material pain shot through me. Then I seemed to be in a confused sleep—sleep broken by voices and the tick, tick of the clock. Again the voices, again unconsciousness, and then I opened my eyes. My friend's room. Ah, how I hated the sight of it after what I had seen with the eyes of my soul!

I was overwhelmed with nausea. The sickening odor of the ether filled the room, filled my lungs, and exuded from every pore of my skin. My friend bent over me.

"You have had a successful operation," he said in a soft voice, "but we must take the greatest caution."

"I did not want you to save me," I answered; "why did you not let me go?"

"He is delirious," a voice said; "don't talk to him now."

I wanted to deny the statement and explain, but an awful weakness had come over me. I dozed away. Later I awoke. I heard my friend say:

"It is a telegram for him, but he must not read it now; I'll open it."

"Hold!" I cried, and he looked at me in surprise. "Before you read it," I went on, "I want to say that it is to announce my father's death. He died when I was under the influence of ether."

He made no reply. He thought my mind was wandering. But when he had read the telegram I saw him start, and he looked at me steadily for a moment, as if deliberating if he might say more about it.

"I know—positively know that he is dead," I went on. "I saw him and talked with him while you were operating on my body."

"You are right," he answered; "he died half an hour ago,—just a few minutes after you became etherized. Now you must rest and try to get back your strength."

I am well now, but I am called a crank by every one to whom I relate this experience. I have been etherized twice since then, by way of experiment, but it was my nearness to death that caused my experience to be so remarkable.

WILL N. HARBEN.

HOW TO REACH NON-CHURCHGOERS.

IT is estimated that about two-thirds of our population do not attend church. Or, in other words, about forty millions in this country never darken a church door. In some cases there are good excuses, but in many others there is no reason for their absence.

It is not our object to discuss the causes for this condition of things, but to consider how these people may receive the gospel. Two methods appear to me practical, each of which I have seen tested and proved to be successful. The first is to induce the people to come to hear the gospel; the second is to bear the gospel to them in their homes.

If you can make people believe that they are welcome in God's house it is not hard to induce them to come; and if you make the service attractive to them there is no trouble to hold them. The old gospel has never had such power over men as it has to-day, and what we want is Bible-teaching. Plenty of illustrations to make the truths practical and everyday, and a fearless application of them, will always be effectual anywhere. What men want is to be preached *to*, not *over*. A minister was complaining to an actor that while his sermons were true they had less effect upon his hearers than the actor's impersonations over his hearers. The reply was true. "You preach truth as though it were fiction," said the actor; "I act fiction as though it were truth."

Good singing—I do not mean so-called high-class music, but simple, hearty soul-singing—never fails to attract. We want to use hymns that sing themselves through our minds during the week. Music is of God, and He constantly uses it to bear His message. But where you find words sacrificed to notes you may have music, but not

praise such as ninety-nine per cent. of even churchgoers appreciate. Every part of divine service should be intelligible to all and should not be monopolized by the pulpit or the choir-loft.

One of the greatest difficulties we have to meet in inducing the "two-thirds" to attend church is their aversion to it. They associate the church with exactly the opposite from what its Founder intended it to stand for. To them it is a fashionable resort where they are either unwelcome or patronized. Its service, in their minds, consists of long prayers, unintelligible singing, and sermons far above them. They hate the church, only too often because they think that the church doesn't care for them. To disabuse them of these errors should be the first work to be undertaken, for unless we do so we can never hope to bring them within its influence.

The second means of giving the gospel message to those who do not come to receive it is to take it to them. There are families so situated that they cannot attend church if they wished; those whose duties at home or elsewhere keep them away. There are mothers with large families and no one to help them; men who are on duty as policemen and firemen, to whom good books may be taken, and by whom they will be kindly received and read. These people may be visited, and they will almost always welcome anyone as soon as they find that they are not to be patronized. No self-respecting person wants to be patted on the back in my-good-man sort of style.

There is nothing that this world so deeply needs as real, genuine Christianity. No one class needs it more than another, but it is the one great crying need of the nineteenth century. It is the only hope of social and political reform;

the only way of cleansing men's lives and giving them strength to keep them clean.

Our cities do not need more churches or societies; we have enough just now. They do not need more ministers or missionaries; they, too, are sufficient for present needs. There is a need, however, for those who are willing to spend and be spent in work for their fellows and for the Master. For those who will not only welcome the outsider to their church, but will go out into the by-ways and invite them to come. One business man or some young lady may be able to do a work for the church which

no minister could ever undertake. The responsibilities of the church are divided among its members, and only can its mission be fully realized when each is willing to shoulder his or her share.

D. L. Moody

THE GREAT AMERICAN EVANGELISTS.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

THE New York public had barely recovered from the excitement of the Presidential election when a new sensation came to town. This is a rather flippant way of characterizing Dwight L. Moody's great religious

meetings at the Cooper Union, because if ever man's efforts on behalf of his fellow-men were worthy of commendation, such is the case with Moody's. But events in this era of the new journalism seem to be gauged by the space they



DWIGHT L. MOODY AS HE IS.

Mr. Moody has not sat for a photograph for more than twenty years.



MOODY MAKING A TELLING POINT.

take up in the daily papers, and, viewed from that standpoint, the Moody revival, filling up as it did column after column with text and illustrations, comes decidedly within the category in question. Here, however, the analogy ends. The proceedings themselves were not sensational, in the vulgar acceptance of the word. Certainly, Professor Huxley's characterization of the Salvation Army's methods as "Corybantic Christianity" would never apply to the intensely earnest, yet soberly conducted, propaganda of the veteran evangelist and his brother-in-arms, Ira D. Sankey. The day the writer visited the Cooper Union the revival was virtually at its height, but at no moment on this occasion did the fervor of the assemblage overstep the bounds of reason and degenerate into the hysterical emotionalism common to the majority of revivals and camp-meetings. Many present were deeply moved by the rugged eloquence of the great speaker, some to the point of giving way to tears, but personal dignity was not forgotten. The appeal was to the heart, not to the senses.

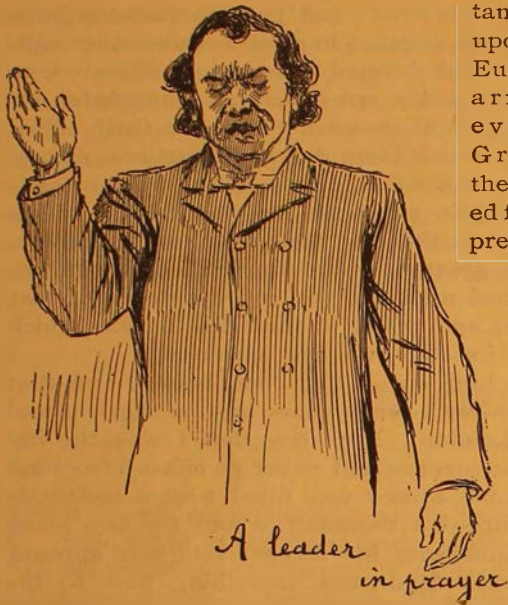
As I watched the movements of the leader, and realized his entire mastery of the situation, the question that presented itself was

this: What might this strong and positive character have accomplished had he devoted himself to some other calling? What if he had devoted himself to politics! One glance around revealed a sea of earnest, thoughtful, intelligent faces—faces of men who had left their office-desks, their work-shops, their divers occupations, during the busiest hours of the day, drawn hither by the fascination of the leader's eloquence, the magnetism of his personality. This is the true test of an orator's power. Moody's is all the greater for the almost homely simplicity of his oratorical methods, the entire absence of that striving for effect and resort to theatrical devices which warp the efforts of some of the best speakers.

I have heard him speak but once before, and that must have been over twenty years ago, in Agricultural Hall, Islington, London. Mere boy that I was, the impression of this occurrence will never be effaced from my memory. The vast edifice was filled with a multitude estimated at twenty-two thousand, whom for two hours he held spell-bound with his fervent religious appeals. Revivalism of this kind was something new to the Londoners, and at the outset the two Americans encountered their share of the insular prejudices. It was, moreover, the age of Phineas T. Barnum and the "woolly horse," and pretty well everything of transatlantic impor-



SANKEY LEADING IN SONG.



tance was looked upon askance by Europeans. The arrival of the evangelists in Great Britain, therefore, furnished food to the comic press for a while,

nature of the man were deepened and accentuated by his early privations. He had only the education that could be acquired at the village school, interrupted by exacting farm duties. When eighteen he went to Boston to make his way in the world, starting in the employ of his uncle, who, almost alarmed at the intensity of the boy's nature, lost no time in interesting him in church and Sunday-school. He soon developed a genius in business; and he possesses an aptitude for organization and a celerity of thought which enable him to act while other men are still talking over the pros and cons.

From Boston he went to Chicago, and there first began in a very small way, in mission Sunday-schools, that evangelical work to which he has devoted his life. It was at first only his relaxation from business, to which he devoted himself with his accustomed

and gave rise to disrespectful comments on the part of the more serious newspapers. A supposedly humorous pamphlet, entitled "Boosey & Swankey," was hawked extensively throughout London at "tuppence-aypenny" apiece, and references to the new-comers were frequent in the topical songs at the music-halls.

However, it required but one or two meetings such as I mentioned above to close the mouths of all detractors and belittlers of the evangelists' work. It was an instance of "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." Never within the memory of man had the spirit of the people been moved in this manner. The torpid, phlegmatic, middle-class Englishman was awakening from his stupor, and the old Cromwellian spirit was arising within him,—the spirit that had swept the Cavaliers away like chaff in the days of old, and would drive the devil from his stronghold in the present materialistic age. Such was the tone of some of the newspapers, and the picture was not overdrawn. The rough-and-ready American preacher of the gospel, Bible in hand, with his homely similes, his illustrative anecdotes, had conquered all opposition. Even the austere and dogmatic dignitaries of the Church of England, whose hostility to public revivals in general has always been but thinly disguised, were forced to acknowledge that the two transatlantic evangelists—the mighty exhorter and the sweet singer—were a power for good, for they had reached the hearts of men who never crossed the threshold of a regular house of worship.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born at Northfield, Mass., February 5, 1837. One of a family of nine children, whom his widowed mother reared in very straightened circumstances, the heroic mold, ruggedness, and earnest



earnestness, reaping corresponding success

But Mr. Moody's work grew till at the time of the great fire he was the pastor of a church, and having met Mr. Sankey at an evangelical meeting, had formed that alliance with him which has been so powerful for good. Losing both home and church in the fire, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey determined to accept an invitation to go to England. Their labors there covered two years, during which time they visited every large city and town in Great Britain.

Returning to this country in 1875, Mr. Moody has since made his home in Northfield, and there founded the seminaries which have grown to so great and important proportions; and after all these years of usefulness we find Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to use a current expression, still "at the old stand" working for the Master, both as full of life and vigor as ever.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



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IS CHIVALRY DEAD?—THE MASCULINE VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

DISTINGUISHED MEN GIVE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE THEIR VIEWS UPON THE PROPER ATTITUDE
OF THEIR SEX TOWARD THE BUSINESS WOMAN

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN.

DWIGHT L. MOODY, THE NOTED EVANGELIST, OUTLINES
HIS IDEAS OF THE DESTINY OF WOMAN.

I THINK that the Almighty intended the work of woman in this world should be, above all, the rearing of a family. He gave into her keeping the souls and characters of the young, to make or to mar. And surely there is no nobler or more responsible work than this. From the home—the domain of woman—spring most of the highest impulses of humanity. And to fit woman for her great work the Creator made her of a finer cast than men; there is nothing on earth so noble, so pure, so exalted, so near the ideal of character, as a good woman. Woman can rise higher than man; but she can likewise sink lower. The very height which she can attain seems to make her fall the greater when she does fall. There is great strength and great weakness in woman's character; and it is a vital duty of men, whose greater evenness of temperament gives them greater self-control, and consequently a commanding position, to do everything in their power to enable the woman to be true to her higher nature.

I believe that, all things else being equal, the happiest woman is the woman who is a mother and the maker of a home; but if she cannot fulfill her true destiny, if she must enter the business world, she should be given the greatest consideration, simply because she is a woman. I have heard women say that they ask for nothing on the ground of sex. Perhaps they don't; but personally I cannot forget their sex. Even in a purely business matter my attitude and manner toward them are not just as they would be toward men.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN THE LAW.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT, THE DISTINGUISHED NEW YORK
LAWYER, SPEAKS OF THE POSSIBILITIES FOR
WOMEN AT THE BAR.

It gives me pleasure to note the movement of women toward the law as a profession. Women's presence as pleaders in the court-room would temper the acrimony of lawyers, and tone down the sharpness of legal controversies. An era of courtesy would ensue which would further rather than defeat the ends of justice. There is no reason in the world why intelligent, educated and refined women should not make able lawyers. They have been kept away from the bar, it is true, so long, that in the eyes of many persons this establishes a moral proscription against them. On the other hand, length of time does not consecrate an abuse, nor make it reputable. So far as there being anything in the constitution of woman's intellect inconsistent with proficiency in the law, she will make, in my opinion, an excellent advocate. She can talk, we all know, and often talk very well. If she has not made orations like

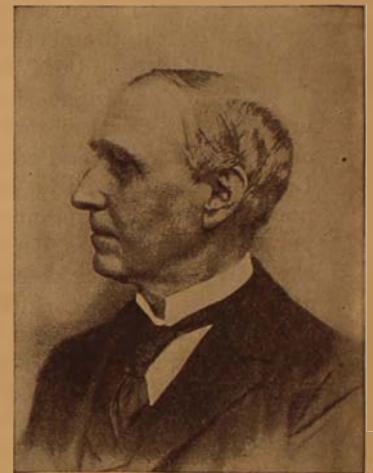


Demosthenes and Cicero, possibly the reason may be that she has never had a chance. She is impulsive and given to acting under the control of her feelings, but this is rather an advantage, for, her instincts being generally good, she will acquire momentum and capacity which earnestness and true feeling alone can give.

WOMAN'S LIMITATIONS.

RUSSELL SAGE, THE EMINENT FINANCIER, SAYS THAT THE
"NEW" WOMAN WILL NOT BECOME A POWER
IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

IN certain spheres woman is pre-eminent. No man could make a home as woman makes it, for the reason that he lacks the home-making instinct. He has not the delicacy of mind, nor the tact, nor that tireless patience in dealing endlessly with little things. But as women are pre-eminent in certain spheres, so are men pre-eminent in others. I think, for example, that it will be a long time before there are women financiers of wide influence and power. The reason is that the financier deals exclusively with masculine forces. He must know men and must handle them. In the keen rivalry and competition of business every intellectual power he possesses is brought into play. He must meet and outstrip men on their own ground. He must keep his finger, moreover, on the pulse



of the world. He must take daily note of the complex ebb and flow of trade, and of the large movements and enterprises in all parts of the world. He must understand the policy of governments, and must calculate to a nicety the exact effect upon commerce of every public happening. To succeed in these manifold endeavors he must, first of all, know men, and the motives which actuate them, in a way that is beyond the reach, because of the sex difference, of even the cleverest women. Woman lacks both the psychological nature and the physical equipment for large financial dealing. All of her woman's instincts would interfere with her success. Of course, I know that there are many women who have been successful in business in a small way, and I am glad of it. I like to see everybody have the opportunity to do what they can do. No obstacle should be put in the way of women in the business world. They should be treated with all the deference which is due their sex. I don't believe that there is any question of this in the mind of any true man; at the same time, there cannot be in a business office that elaborate courtesy which prevails in the drawing-room. I think, moreover, that it is rather an excess of courtesy on the part of a tired business man to give an apparently strong woman a seat in a car.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

THE REV. DE WITT TALMAGE SAYS THAT WOMEN ARE
BETTER THAN MEN.

In my mind, the fact that a woman is out in the world earning her own living should not lessen in any degree the deference which should be paid her by men. If anything, her efforts should increase the respect and courtesy of men. A chivalrous attitude toward a woman, no matter what her position in life may be, is not a matter of principle with gentlemen; it is a matter of instinct. We cannot forget that our mothers were women, and we cannot overlook a certain fineness in the character of women which men, as a rule, do not possess. The woman is cast in the finer mold, and it is natural that she should be treated accordingly. I believe that women, speaking generally, are more conscientious, more moral, more spiritual than men; and they bring into any sphere which they enter desirable qualities which did not exist there

when it was occupied by men alone. In a business office they have an elevating and refining influence. I bid them Godspeed in their so-called invasion of the business world. Women are more helpless than men when thrown upon their own resources, for the reason that their sensibilities are greater and their self-assertiveness is less; therefore they should be given every opportunity and encouragement in their efforts to help themselves. If I had a position which a woman was competent to fill, and a man and a woman applied for it, I would most certainly give it to the woman.



THREE SWEET SINGERS.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

POMFRET, Connecticut, was honored by the birth of Louise Chandler Moulton, who has been called "the sweetest singer since dark Sappho set her rapture and her passion into song." Being an only child and blessed with good educational advantages, the young Louise Chandler early began to lift those pure, sweet notes of hers, so redolent of passion and of praise. While yet a student at Miss Emma Willard's seminary in Troy she sent some of her poems to a Boston paper. The literary correspondence which followed, led to Miss Chandler's marriage soon after leaving school, to Mr. William Moulton, the editor of the paper. Ever since she has lived with her husband in Boston, where—as well as in London, whither she has journeyed every June for nearly twenty years—she is simply idolized. Since her first visit to England, in 1877, when the late Lord Houghton, an enthusiastic admirer of her work, gave a breakfast in her honor, to which were bidden to meet her Mr. Swinburne, George Eliot, Gustave Doré, Robert Browning, Jean Ingelow, and Thomas Hardy, the summer flight of the singer over seas is longingly awaited by her British admirers. There on Friday afternoons during the London "season" is gathered about her such a crowd of fashionable and literary "celebrities" as is seldom seen outside of Mrs. Moulton's *salon*. In Boston it is the same. The most distinguished Americans and visitors from across the sea are proud to be welcomed at her receptions or informal "evenings."

Mrs. Moulton's popularity is as much due to her irresistible charm as a woman as to a noble appreciation of her genius. She has a most gracious and winning presence, dreamy, hazel eyes, a beautiful color, and brown hair with a golden gleam in it. She dresses handsomely, but in the most perfect taste. Of her voice it is enough to say that a photographer once mourned that he could not put its goldenness into the picture of her which he was taking.

Mrs. Moulton has charmed two worlds with her songs. The English reviewers are as lavish in their praise of the

high tone of her work as are those of her own country. She has written many stories, essays, and letters on literary and social topics, but these, notwithstanding their high excellence, are overshadowed by her poems. She has published twenty books, but her two volumes of verse, "Swallow Flights" and "In a Garden of Dreams," stand high above all her other work.

A pretty story is told of Mrs. Moulton's meeting with Robert Browning. It was at a breakfast at Lord Houghton's. Shortly after entering the room, her host, whose voice was very low, introduced to her a pleasant-faced gentleman dressed in gray, whose name she failed to hear. After a few moments of light conversation on everyday topics she said to him: "They tell me Mr. Browning is here. Pray, which is he?" Her companion, with an amused look, called out gayly to someone standing near: "Look here; Mrs. Moulton wishes to know which of us is Browning! *C'est moi!*" he added, merrily,—and it was.

Mrs. Moulton is more than sixty years young, for she will never, never be old. Her notes are purer and richer and fuller now than they have ever been. The whole world turns aside from the cares and the passions of life to listen to their clear uprising, as one might turn from the heat and the turmoil of the city to hear the rich and lyric notes of the meadow-lark mounting in sweet desire above the fields of wheat.

INA COOLBRITH.

Ina Coolbrith, the "sweetest singer of California," and one of the sweetest now living, was not born in the West, as many suppose, but in Illinois. The death of her father occurring a few weeks after her birth, her young mother removed to St. Louis, where she afterward married Mr. William Pickett, who was foreman of the printing office of the "Missouri Republican." During the 'fifties Mr. Pickett became a victim of the "gold fever," and took his family over the long and perilous way "across the plains" to California. Here Ina Coolbrith grew up to be a woman and awoke to the consciousness that she was a poet. Her youth was spent in Los Angeles, then but a



sleepy little Mexican town, where she entered the first and only school she ever attended, her education being widened later on by conscientious study during the odd moments that she won from work.

A life of toil, of denial, and of loving and noble self-sacrifice has been Ina Coolbrith's. For some years she was a teacher, performing at the same time the greater portion of the household work for a family of seven. Also at this time she commenced contributing to the "Californian," a weekly paper edited later by Bret Harte. When the "Overland Monthly" was founded she became one of its favorite contributors. She wrote also for Eastern magazines. In 1874 Miss Coolbrith became librarian of the Oakland Free Public Library, where she served faithfully for twenty years.

Of her home in San Francisco Charles Warren Stoddard writes: "There was always a kind of twilight in that place, and a faint odor of fresh violets, and an atmosphere of peace. * * * It was a *salon* in the best sense of the word. Here Bret Harte chatted with the hostess over the 'Table of Contents' of the forthcoming 'Overland Monthly'; here the genial 'John Paul' (Charles Henry Webb) discussed the prospects of his 'Californian'; and here Joaquin Miller, fresh from the glorious fields of Oregon, his earnest eyes fixed upon London,"—and, Mr. Stoddard might have added, upon the high, pure stars,— "met the gracious lady who was the pearl of all her tribe."

Miss Coolbrith's first book, "A Perfect Day, and Other Poems," was issued in 1881. It was limited to an edition of five hundred copies, and was not placed on sale at the book stores. Her book, "Songs From the Golden Gate," was published in the autumn of 1895.

In 1884, being in poor health, Miss Coolbrith visited the Eastern States for the first time and was welcomed fraternally by Whittier, Stedman, and other singers. Whittier paid her the high compliment of reciting her best poem, "California," to her. Again, in 1893, she visited Chicago, New York, and Boston. With the exception of these two visits, Ina Coolbrith's life has been spent by the Golden Gate.

Personally, Ina Coolbrith is a beautiful woman, having a beauty that is almost Spanish in its soft, dark dreaminess.



MADLINE S. BRIDGES.
If there is "a lilt and a thrill" in the very pen-name of this sweet singer, so is there a deeper music in her real name of Mary Ainge de Vere. Here is a woman who has made two names famous.

The name at the head of this sketch has for several years appeared in almost every issue of "Judge," "Puck," and "Life," signed to poems or stories, while much of the unsigned work in these publications has been done by this gifted woman. It has appeared, also, many times in "Leslie's Weekly,"—which first published that most beautiful poem of hers, "Good-bye, My Sweetheart,"—"Ladies' Home Journal," "Demorest's," and many others; while readers of the "Century" are well acquainted with Mary Ainge de Vere, although comparatively few are aware that both names are borne by the same writer.

Miss Bridges, as she prefers to be known, is a tall, slender, lovely woman, with quiet, graceful ways that seem somehow to be set to music. She has dreamy, dark eyes, and dark, waving hair, a perfect profile, and the sweetest lips in the world. After meeting her once one can never quite forget the folded scarlet of her lips.

She lives a secluded life in the old home of her parents in Brooklyn, with a large family of brothers and sisters, to whom she and her life are faithfully and affectionately devoted. She is difficult to meet, as elusive as a dream. One knows that she is there, but somehow she is always escaping, like a will-o'-the-wisp. Editors who have used her work for years complain that they have never even had a glimpse of her.

Her lighter poems are just like sun-rays across the dark. She brings the quick tears to one's eyes by the touch on memory's aching chord, and then she brings the smiles to chase them away.

Miss Bridges has had many sorrows. Care sits in her household, as in so many others, and death has been a frequent guest. But she is like Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel,"—"her eyes pray and she smiles,"—even in her darkest hours. And so it is in her poetry, through which a pure faith runs like a golden vein; its lightness is never frivolous, its depth is never despair.



ELLA HIGGINSON.

IN FEBRUARY.

WHEN February comes apace,
The troops of spring not long may tarry,
And every lover seeks the face
Fore-ordained for him to marry.

Rosier buds bedeck the sprays,
By the streams the cattle loiter,
And here two robins—bold estrays—
Come, old scenes to reconnoiter.

Quickening flowers beneath the leaves,
Even where the snow-drifts glisten,
Mind not how the north wind grieves,
But for the steps of springtime listen.

Who can such sweet hints forego
Of glowing signs that never vary?
In the heart of Maud I know
Beats the pulse of February.

He is dull who cannot trace
In her voice a tone more tender,
On her cheek a lovelier grace,
Around her form an aureoled splendor.

And since she knows my heart is hers,
However life's affairs may vary,
Every bud and bird that stirs
Proclaims our troth of February.

JOEL BENTON.

SONGS OF THE SUWANEE RIVER.

To sit in a gorgeous box at some splendid New York theatre, amid a scene of life and brilliant glitter, and hear the marvelous voice of Patti ripple away on the melody of "Way down upon de S'wanee Ribber," is one thing; and to travel through the South until suddenly, with a squeak from the locomotive, one looks from the window of a Pullman car and sees for the first time in all his life the clear, silent waters of this stream, is quite a different thing. How many have seen the Suwanee River through the veil of sentiment and song, under environment of the first-named order; and how few, comparatively, have actually stood upon the banks of the river itself, listened to the soft, low murmur of its meandering waters, so clear, so beautiful, and so blue in eddy places, with trees bending over its bosom, all festooned with long, waving Spanish moss, which so abounds in the western regions of Florida. Fewer still are those who have lived upon the banks of this river, known throughout the world of song, long enough to make a study of the people who dwell permanently in its long, sweeping vales,—the land of flowers, song-birds, and sunshine.

Just how a river, a narrow, little, sand-bottomed, blue-watered river, that plays so small a part in the map of the United States as does the Suwanee, could ever have become, all because of a mere song, so famous in this wide world, does seem strange to one when he comes to think of it. But, after all, it has a charm all its own, and the average visitor will find, when he once falls under its spell, that it will linger with him with surprising tenacity and grow upon him like the shadow of some mysterious fascination. No doubt there was some such inspiration behind the lines,

"Way down upon de S'wanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart am turnin' ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay."

Be that as it may, no such ideal picture-book songs as this are ever heard on the Suwanee River in real life, unless it be, now and then, when some resident of this section chooses to hum a few lines of this same song in a spirit much the same as that of the deacon in church who says "Amen" when the preacher has finished the morning prayer,—simply agreeing to what the author of this immortal song has written.

But there are songs along the Suwanee River that are characteristic and unique in all their plaintive melody, pathos, and humor. The negroes who are found at work along the river, either on the little boats that haul timber up and down from the mills or phosphate from the mines, or out in the lumber camps and fields along the river bank, seem to be all given to song. They go about their work in the morning with a song, and sing all the live-long day, crooning some plaintive air in a monotonous fashion, or else joining in a chorus where there are several of them and making the woods around fairly reverberate with the echoes of their camp-meeting hymns, such as this

"Jes' look over yonder what I see,—
Angels bid me ter come,—
See two angels callin' at me,—
Angels bid me ter come.
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Fur de angels bid 'er me ter come!"

How their rich, mellow voices do melt away in the distance as they join in this sweet old air, and how the plaintive strain seems to die away upon the sighing waters of the famed river! And when they get to the chorus how they swing around at their work and bear down on the loud pedal of their voices and throw the genuine old jubilee vigor of camp-meeting times into the song. If cutting logs for the saw-mill nigh at hand they are apt to swing their axes in full time with the measure of the song, and this gives it all the more interest and peculiar charm.

Of the lively "jig-songs" that are often heard in the lumber and phosphate camps along the Suwanee River, one runs something like this:

"Jay-bird up de sugar-tree,
Sparrow on de groun',
Jay-bird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit eroun'.
Shoo, ladies, shoo!
Shoo, ladies, shoo!
Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal!
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.
Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill;
If times don' git no bettah heah
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill,"
etc., etc.

The music to this song is much in the fashion of the common negro songs, lively, yet full of pathos and plaintive melody. There is something in all negro songs that is plaintive, even their most exasperating foot-shaking and soul-stirring "jig-songs."

True, typical negro songs rarely ever show any particular effort at preparation. They seem to just boil right out of the darkies' heart and soul, and if by chance they manage to get a fairly good jingle or rhyme to them, it is by no special poetical painstaking on the part of the author, and, in fact, is of but little consequence to him. Darkies of the type found along the Suwanee River seem to steer clear of poetical effect, even in their love-songs. Take the following, for instance:

"Good-bye, mer true love,
Good-bye, mer gal;
Farewell, mer han'some gal,

I's comin' back again;
Sailin' down de ribber,
Workin' on de train,
Don' keer what I do, mer gal
I's comin' back again."

While this song has but little of the genuine divine touch of an Alfred Austin about it, one thing is certain: it is a very sweet and soothing melody when the darkies sing it with all the blending parts, tenor, bass, and barytone.

Such are the songs that one hears on the Suwanee River in these modern days of progress and material development. Florida is a great field for the promoter of new enterprises now, and the world of song among the darkies is pretty closely aligned with the new industrial world of development. Florida is rapidly becoming a State of railroads, manufactories, and agricultural industries, and the old luxurious atmosphere of sentiment and song is rising like mist from the region of the Suwanee River in the sunshine of a brighter day.

REMSEN CRAWFORD.

SOCIETY FADS.

HERE is an expensive oddity that excites comment even among the most *blasé* diners-out, who feast among luxuries that would have astonished Lucullus, and yet open their eyes at the sight of ices and creams served in the form of huge gems. Last year and the season before we ate strawberry cream peaches, pistache cream pears, nuts of chocolate cream, and lilies of vanilla. Next season we will probably help ourselves quite solemnly to chocolate toads, pistache serpents, and strawberry flamingos; but for the present it is enough to be offered a slice of a flashing ruby, or be asked to a spoonful of emeralds, that really look so amazingly like the true stones it gives one quite a shiver of pleased excitement. The effect, any way, is in the highest sense splendid, and reminiscent of the Arabian Nights, when on a great silver-gilt platter, towards the end of a dinner, the ices are brought in. They appear to be a heap of impossibly big, unset stones with flashing facets, because every shape is not only almost exactly colored, but is encased in a thin shell of ice, which heightens the deception. A really beautiful dish, however, is an enormous necklace of vanilla pearls, each one as big as a French chestnut, and the whole, fifty or more, actually strung on a wire of silver-gilt. Another attractive device, much used this winter, is that of freezing individual ices in the shape of peers' coronets and royal crowns. The coronets are done in the deepest orange cream, to resemble gold, while bits of crystallized fruits are used to simulate the gems.

SUPERSTITION casts its shadow, lightly, it is true, but nevertheless distinctly, in the sphere of society, where one would think progress and culture would have obliterated even its faintest outlines. Last year numbers of otherwise very level-headed society girls devoted a good deal of time and money to consulting alternately a palmist of note and a very thrifty dealer in horoscopes. Latterly they have fallen under the spell of a smooth-tongued woman who reads character from the face; but her star is waning now before what might truly be called the ascending planet, with moons, of a dark-browed handsome Russian. She says she is a gypsy, and her looks bear her out in this assertion; while her consummate cleverness at telling fortunes by cards has won for her a remarkable fashionable following. She is quite an unconquerable rival of all other seers, in that she does not ostensibly pursue her art for money. Moreover, she can only at intervals look into the future; while she frankly says her prophecies only extend over six weeks to three months at the farthest, when fate and fortune take other tacks and must be followed up. She accepts invitations to houses, however, for a certain sum, to amuse guests with her cleverness; and she assumes to have classes, whereat she teaches wonderful card-tricks, scientific games, and shows her followers how they can daily cast an outline of their fortunes. In consequence of this new influence numberless pretty, clever girls carry about in their pockets small leather cases holding exquisite gilt-edged playing-cards; and morning or evening, for at the beginning and end of the day only are the cards endowed with the quality of prophecy, the pack is shuffled and laid forth. On the turn of a club or spade is seriously read whether an all-important somebody will call within twenty-four hours, a longed-for letter will arrive, the new hat will prove becoming, or Fido get quickly better of his attack of dyspepsia. Meantime, by consulting madame it is discovered whether the great questions of importance, a family illness, an ocean voyage, a marriage, or an investment will come to a successful issue.

SPECIALTIES are the order of the day, not only in law, medicine, and literature, but in the successful appearance of a *débutante*. Mothers who have had daughters to introduce came to this conclusion as long ago as last year; and every girl brought forward this winter is something more than the usual sweet, pretty damsel who has a smattering of all minor accomplishments and is not superlative in any particular. Ask for what the latest bud is admirable, and you will probably be told she is neither good-natured nor very pretty, but "such a marvelous golfer." Everybody discusses her wonderful drives, her supreme ability on the putting green, and her magnificent "form." You listen with awe to the announcement of her score, to the fact that she has played with the great Mr. Arthur Balfour and won several cups in Scotland. The men admire her, the women are envious, and she doesn't pretend to be a fair, fragile creature. Her manners are bluff and hearty, she is proud of her brawny white arm, she affects tailor dresses, wears not a scrap of jewelry, scorns fancy work and culture clubs, and yawns at the opera. Ten to one her cousin, who comes out at the same ball, is a creature all music, dresses her hair in a Botticelli *bandeau*, carries the score to the opera, adores the latest Russian compositions, yearns to live in Weimar, has played before Paderewski, tells you how nervous and temperamental she is, and wears a dress quite plain in the neck to show her long singing throat. In addition to these are the literary *débutante*, the artistic one, and then a long list famous for one special beauty. A pair of fine eyes, a complexion, a figure, a perfect hand, or remarkable hair is enough to make a girl conspicuous, if emphasized properly by judicious advertisements in the newspaper society notes, by Parisian art, and the flying gossip. But the specialist has driven our dear little friend the shy, blushing bud quite out of fashion; and a few conservative folk, who had loved her for her very unsophisticated girlish freshness, deplore her absence.

SOCIETY has turned against its old favorites. The latest fad among opera-goers is not so much to come late, as to come for the enjoyment of some special scene or duo or aria, and then go right away. From this it would seem that music is failing to sooth the *ennui* of the too highly civilized breast. And the joys of the dance are no longer what they were. The german has been set aside to make way for a new series of what are called morris dances, lately become very much the mode. For example, in place of standing up to the lancers in the usual fashion, a tall, golden pole is placed in the center of the drawing-room, and couples, to the number of eight, ten, or even sixteen, each take a ribbon dangling from the pole's top. At the end of every ribbon is a bouquet, and then, by following a series of simple and pretty figures, the ribbons are alternately braided about and unwound from the pole. The figures are in no sense a regulation may-pole dance, but adaptations, in the grand change, *dos-à-dos*, etc., from the lancers and quadrille. Another charming ball-room recreation is what society calls a Spanish fandango, but which in reality is a long-step mazourka. The women all carry tambourines or castanets in their hands, and keep time to the music as they revolve about the room. Of course morris ribbons and bouquets, tambourines and castanets, are all carried off as souvenirs of an evening's amusement; and, for the sake of attracting young business men, no ball holds later revelry than one o'clock of the morning.

MADAME LA MODE.

OUR GIRLS



LEAH OR RACHEL ?

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

D ID you ever think what a curious thing it would have been if Jacob, after serving his seven years and receiving Leah, the undesired, and then, with constancy to appall a modern, serving his seven more for Rachel, the moon-faced and ox-eyed, had found her beauty (which must have been rather mature by that time) but a glamour, her society flat and vapid, and that only Leah—Leah, on whom he had never cast the eye of desire—was the comrade of his mind, the companion of his spirit ?

John Reiver was born on the Western Reserve of Ohio more than sixty years ago, and bred in that country, and amid that pioneer civilization which gave us a Lincoln and a Garfield ; and I have always maintained that there was timber for a great man in John Reiver.

In those days it used to be considered that a young man, sound of wind and limb, who was not willing to work his way through college had no desire to rise in the world. John Reiver went through Princeton, graduating with some honor, and, as he was rather a hard than a brilliant student, it took him five years to do it ; but it cost none of his family a penny.

On the same self-supporting basis he began the study of law in the office of Judge Harland in Toledo, then a village. His plans were big but vague. The endurance of hardship was the boast of the youth of his day, and it seemed to him that if he only stuck to his chosen profession with the dogged constancy and fidelity which he felt was in him, accepting every privation it brought, and denying himself sufficiently, he could not fail to attain some eminence ; which was none the less desirable in his eyes for being rather indefinite.

At this period of his life the society of the Harland girls, the judge's two daughters, was his sole luxury and pleasure. The judge was a widower, and his daughters kept his house. Handsome, intelligent girls they were, voted a little pedantic and emancipated by the gayer young folks of the village, and a hopeless problem to the village youth who might have aspired to them, since, as they were never apart, it seemed impossible to court either.

This peculiarity troubled John not at all. The three soon formed a confederacy, and grew into an intimacy closer and more continuous than their father or their own ideas would have permitted with either one separately. John took his way to the Harland homestead to spend his evenings pretty nearly as regularly as he ate his supper. All his plans were submitted to the girls, and discussed with the girls, before they were put into practice, and a familiar picture to the passer-by of a summer evening was that of the three young people on the porch, chatting and conversing with all the freedom of a family group.

Rachel, the larger and more dignified of the two girls, was a beauty according to the standards of the time. She had the tall, willowy figure, the drooping shoulders, and the

regular features then considered necessary to feminine loveliness ; and these, with a high, white forehead, penciled brows, very beautiful dark eyes, a straight delicate nose, small, sweet mouth, and a profusion of jetty ringlets shading the blooming oval cheek, made up an *ensemble* that might have materialized out of the steel plate of some "Garland" or "Ladies' Casket."

Leah's looks would have been more appreciated by this generation than by her own. She was of the type now conveniently called "piquant"—a charming face without one regular feature. She was a magnetic creature, a rapid and mimetic speaker and one who never repeated a person's words without reproducing his voice and gestures. With a warm, vital temperament she threw herself with almost passionate ardor into her pursuits. Though female lawyers were not then dreamed of, she had, through pure love of learning, read law with her father, and assisted him sometimes in complicated cases with her quick and brilliant ratiocination and feminine intuition.

She and John had many a friendly bout at argument, while Rachel sat silently by, her fine dark eyes fixed dreamily on the evening sky, or rousing herself now and then to put in a kindly word for whichever one seemed to be losing the battle. This latter was usually John. Like Aaron of old he was slow of speech, while Leah was gifted with an Irish fluency and nimbleness of wit and tongue. John used to say, laughing, that when he had a hard case in court he came to sharpen up his weapons on her, and that if he was once able to defeat her, let his legal opponent the next day beware ; he would be ready for him at all points.

But even the musty odor of the law cannot keep Cupid at bay long where three healthy, normal young hearts lie fallow to his darts ; and by the time John had been admitted to the Bar and to a junior partnership with Judge Harland, he found the evenings at the Harland home, from being very pleasant and necessary to his happiness, were becoming bits of Elysium, and he recognized that he was in love with—Rachel.

There was something elusive and suggestive about Rachel that kept his heart beating unusually fast and his eyes watching her all the time, while he and Leah kept the conversational shuttle flying merrily, and she sat silent, feeling, he fancied, a bit superior to their idle chatter, but too gentle and kind to say so. He fancied a fine reserve in her silence ; he wondered very much what was behind her sweet, attentive calm ; he longed to know of what she was thinking when she seemed absent-minded and dreamy ; he longed to hold more intimate converse with her than was possible in Leah's presence : and right here he came to the point where he could sympathize with the village youth aforementioned.

Leah was very nice. He was fond of her society and



"SHE PUT AN AUTHORITATIVE HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. 'I THOUGHT YOU A ROCK FOR STEADFASTNESS,' SHE SAID."

entirely convinced that she would make a charming sister-in-law ; but he would willingly have pushed her aside just now to reach his heart's desire, and he came home from his once pleasant evenings filled with baffled longing and thwarted hopes.

Matters were in this state on the 13th of February in the year of our Lord 1855, when a storm prevented his usual call, and he sat down determined to commit his feelings and the offer of "himself, all that he had, all that he hoped for," to a valentine.

The valentine of that day was not what a flippant writer has called the satin monstrosities of our own, "a decorated liver-pad," but the real sentiments of the sender expressed to the sendee in verse more or less halting, according as his poetical abilities varied. John worked at his valentine with his usual patient industry, and by "unconsciously cerebrating" in bits of Moore and Byron produced five stanzas that almost made him wonder if fate had not intended him for a poet rather than a lawyer. It made a warm place over his heart where he carried it next day, and sent strange, exulting thrills all over him whenever he touched it.

In the evening he went as usual to Judge Harland's. The afternoon was mild and almost spring-like, and he found Leah on the porch trying to tie up a vine that the last night's storm had broken from its fastenings.

"Let me do that," he said, after the usual greeting, "while you read this and tell me what answer the recipient is going to give me."

Leah took the folded paper and opened it ; then, seeing that it was written, she carried it to a window where the candle-light shone through, and standing there, read it. John was still working at the vine and thinking when Leah's touch on his arm, and Leah's voice with a different sound in it from any he had ever heard, roused him.

"She would say yes."

He turned and looked at her, bewildered. Her small, sweet face was irradiated with a passion of feeling, and as he gazed stupidly she put her hand on his arm once more and said, in that voice of divine tenderness :

"I say yes."

In the moment that he stood there like a man shot through, already dead, whose tense muscles hold him balanced to his fall, the mistake and all its dreadful consequences went heavily before him. He saw that she had opened the paper without looking at the address, and believed the verses and the offer they contained were for herself. Rachel's step was heard in the hall-way, her hand was on the door.

"It is your sister coming," he said. "I cannot see her to-night," and turning away he hurried down the steps and out of the gate.

John Reiver's bed knew him not that night. He tramped the muddy streets of the village in anguish of spirit, and even wandered past outlying farms, where farm-yard curs barked at him and sleeping cattle stirred with heavy breathings and faint jangling of bell as he passed. And while his unconscious feet bore him on, his mind plodded its weary round in the pit his own folly had dug for him. The suffering which his miserable blunder had entailed upon him could scarcely have been understood by a smaller mind. To a man of petty vanity, indeed, the revelation of Leah's love for himself might have been a matter for smirking self-congratulation ; but to John Reiver, who united the strength of a man with the pure altruism of a woman, the revelation came with the force of a crushing blow. There seemed but one course open to him. Rachel did not know he loved her, and probably did not care for him. Leah was the dearest and best of women, and he

could not make her suffer for his folly ; but when he came to this point his love and his altruism held a battle royal in his riven heart. Rachel forever unattainable seemed a thousand times more alluring than Rachel to be courted and won ; and in spite of his dogged resolution to abide by his blunder and make good his word to Leah, it was a haggard face he carried the day after his nocturnal wanderings.

When he went down to the Harlands' that evening, strong in his resolution, he was glad to find Leah at the gate. It would be easier to speak to her alone, he thought, and explain, as best he might, his strange conduct of the night before.

She had thrown a little shawl over her head and was evidently waiting for him. He saw that she was very pale, and her face looked ten years older than that of the smiling girl who had said "I say yes." As he began to speak she interrupted him.

"I wanted to see you before you go in," she said. "I gave Rachel your valentine." And then it came to him with a shock that of course she saw the address on it after he was gone, and found out her error.

The thought of her feeling then, the sight of her suffering and evident humiliation now, pained him more than any selfish thought of personal loss had yet been able to.

Somehow this pale, broken Leah seemed to him like the ghost of someone he loved, and the sight of her thus—who was usually so confident and authoritative—broke the heart in his bosom.

"O Leah, Leah!" he said, "I came to make it good—to ask you——"

"Don't," she answered, with more of her own manner ; "that would be folly and make three people wretched instead of one—or, rather"—with a somewhat wan smile—"nobody will be wretched as it is. I gave the valentine to Rachel, and I think I'm safe in saying that the answer is to be yes."

She opened the gate as if for him to pass in. "O Leah!" he said, "do you hate me?"

"No," she answered, gently, smiling a little again. "I'm going away for awhile to my uncle's, in Cleveland. It couldn't be very pleasant for either of us to meet frequently just now, and when I come back we will have forgotten all about it."

Leah to go away ! Leah to forget all about him ! When her love was freely offered, it seemed but a misfortune ; now the thought of its withdrawal struck cold on his heart.

"Rachel is expecting you, I think," said Leah finally.

"I can't see her to-night," John gasped, chokingly, in a tumult of scarcely comprehended emotions. "Leah, you won't forget *all* about me when you're away, and you'll come back soon."

"Why, yes, of course," she answered him, smiling in earnest now, and speaking in the tone a mother might use to a grieving child. "I'll come back soon, and we'll be the same good friends we always have been. Good-by, if you're not coming in. I shall be gone when you come to-morrow." She stretched a cold little hand over the gate, and he took it and pressed it, and went away with his heart so full of Leah and her sorrows that there was scarcely any room in it for Rachel.

I should be wrong if I said that John Reiver was not a happy man in the weeks that followed. He had won his first love, an amiable, beautiful girl, who considered him the wisest, best, and most gifted of men. Her gentle homage was nectar to him,—though whether nectar, as a steady thing, is an altogether wholesome or stimulating diet, may be open to question.

When the first glamour of hearing Rachel say that she

actually did love him, and always had, wore away, he found that they were strangely at a loss for topics of conversation. Rachel was very domestic, and took little interest in outside matters. When he introduced a subject, she was willing to believe he knew all about it without hearing, and best contented to sit quietly holding his hand and gazing at the fire with that thoughtful gaze which he had once conceived to cover so much.

A dozen times of an evening she said, "We miss Leah so!" and indeed they did. They were like two children alone, and the house seemed strangely vague and empty without her vivid, vivifying presence.

In a month she came back, rosy, smiling, full of good cheer, with perhaps a touch of added eloquence from the influence of life in a large town. Anti-slavery was the topic of the day. She had been at a couple of big meetings and conventions, and had heard Abby Kelly speak. She entertained them all evening with her graphic recitals. "And I can speak like Abby Kelly, too," she said, and then gave them an almost perfect reproduction of that once so famous lecturer's speech and style; "but," more diffidently and flushing a little, "I can speak like myself, too."

"And that will be the better of the two," said loving Rachel.

"I thought of a few things on the way home that I wanted to say, things that need saying," said Leah; and rising, she delivered to them, as from a platform, a passionate and eloquent address. It was brief, and she sank into her chair laughing.

"There, did you think I could do it?" she said.

Rachel was full of fond pride. "You ought to lecture," she said. "It was ten times better than Abby Kelly."

"Than my imitation of her, you mean," said Leah. "Well, I should like to try. It would give me a life-work to do."

John Reiver said nothing. This talk of life-work and lecturing seemed to set him very far outside of Leah's interests indeed, and made him feel very lonely and deserted.

When Rachel left the room for something, later on, Leah came to him smiling and said: "I want to set your mind at rest, John, about the folly that caused my going away. I think it was more a sick fancy and being cooped up here, where I could neither see nor hear anything of the world's work, than anything else. When I got out among broader interests and more stirring themes it seemed to vanish entirely."

Poor John! He felt as if his mother had denied him.

"You don't understand," he said, sadly. "I cared as much as you did."

"Of course," she answered cheerfully; "we have always been fond of each other, and always will be as brother and sister."

Then his homesick heart broke bounds. "No, no!" he said. "Not that! not that! It's you I love. Rachel's not——"

She rose and put an authoritative hand on his shoulder. "Don't say anything to Rachel's sister that will make our future meeting impossible," she said, sternly. "Why, how is this? I thought you a rock for steadfastness,—the strongest and best of men,—and I find you unstable and weak as water."

"No," he answered, miserably, "I'm steadfast enough. It was you from the first, only I was a fool."

The matter was never mentioned between them again. Leah thought best to be little at home for a while. She went to Boston and made the acquaintance of Wendell Phillips and other leading spirits of the movement that soon absorbed her whole time and thought. She lectured with Abby Kelly, and alone, at grove meetings and conventions, and she was loved, admired, and respected as falls to the lot of few women to be. She devoted her life to the abolition of slavery and, after it and the enfranchisement of the negro were accomplished, to the bettering of his condition and to the help of the helpless and the succor of the fallen.

Many a time, in the years that followed, John Reiver lay waking, when the rain was on the roof and his gentle partner slept placidly beside him, sick with loneliness, the daunted loneliness of a man who finds himself the only mature intelligence in a household of children, and his heart cried out for the stay and guide and companion of which chance and his boyish fancy had deprived it,—for Leah.

A dull man, most people called him; a slow, plodding, useful kind of fellow; a good husband and fond father, who filled his humble sphere well, and had neither ambition nor ability for a higher or more stimulating life; but I shall always believe that John Reiver the husband of Rachel was very unlike what John Reiver the husband of Leah might have been. With his massive grasp and ponderous persistence of intellect, stimulated and supplemented by her fervor and quickness of perception, it seems to me there is scarcely a height he might not have scaled.

Dear heart! She has been dead these twenty years. She never married, but she lived a fuller and more rounded life than many a matron, and the blessings of the friendless followed her "beneath the low, green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are, and do.
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

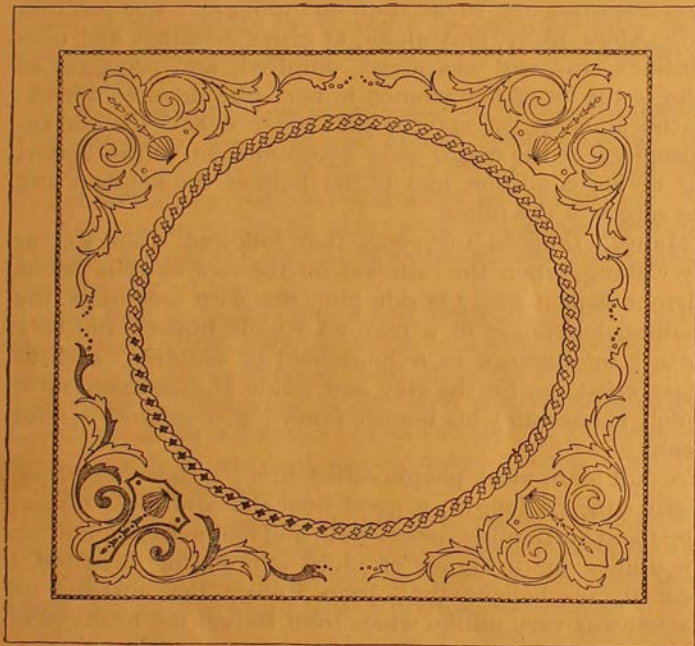
MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

SPANISH RENAISSANCE EMBROIDERY.*

THE accompanying designs are suggestions taken from the architectural ornament of the early Renaissance in Spain, and so called Spanish Renaissance.

The period at which this style was developed is known as the Plateresque, and extended approximately from the



NO. 1. SQUARE CENTREPIECE.

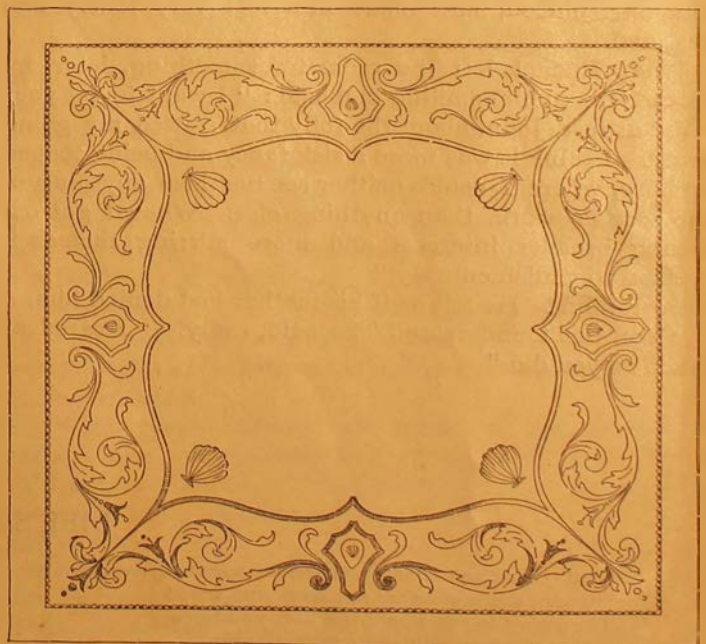
fall of Granada until the death of Charles V., or from 1492 to 1558. It is somewhat surprising that we are not more familiar with the design and execution, but it can probably be attributed to the difficulties and discomforts, until recently, attendant on traveling through Spain.

Splendid examples of the Spanish conception and interpretation of the Renaissance are to be found in all parts of the country, and the ornamental motives of the architecture have both the strength and reserve of the Romanesque, while at the same time the beauty and delicacy of the Eastern design is so clearly depicted that it renders this particular style an advantageous one from which to borrow beautiful features for embroidery and lace work of every description. This can be appreciated by examining the detail in the designs given, the lines of which are so simple as to make it possible for anyone to carry them out on a larger scale to meet any requirement.

During the first half of the sixteenth century Spain had a generous patron of the fine arts in the person of Charles V., who reigned at the time she was at the zenith of her power, having recently acquired the riches of the New World; so this style should be particularly interesting to us as inhabitants of the land from which Spain drew such lavish wealth and spent it with such freedom in fine structures and in embellishing her most prominent buildings, many of which are standing to-day.

Some of the purest of Spanish Renaissance ornament may be found in the centrepiece design No. 1; a good size to make this is from fifteen to twenty-four inches square, outside measure, and it will look well either fringed or hemstitched. Parts of the ornament may be worked solid to good advantage, as shown in the illustration, although an outline treatment is simple and effective. If the solid treatment is preferred it is best not to carry out the entire design in that manner, but rather have a portion of it in outline. This is shown on the inner circle, where the rope effect is obtained and relieved at every twist with a *fleur-de-lis* head. These little heads may be worked solid, but the rope should be worked in outline stitch.

For square centrepieces of any design or style, hemstitched borders are best. They can be more easily laundered, they keep their shape better, and it is much easier to take care of any linen, whether ornamental or useful, with hemstitched or straight edges, than those with fringed or scalloped ones. On a large cloth, such as a centrepiece two feet square, of a design similar to No. 1 or No. 2, a wide hemstitched border is much more desirable than a narrow one. For one of the size named a border from one inch and a half to two inches in width will be in keeping; and for a centrepiece fifteen inches



NO. 2. SQUARE CENTREPIECE.

square from one to one inch and a half would be about in proportion.

Another centrepiece of pure design is shown in No. 2, and it is to be carried out in the same manner as described

* Perforated patterns of any of these designs, in working size, and stamped linen can be obtained from the author by addressing her in care of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.



NO. 7. RUNNING BORDER.



NO. 8. RUNNING BORDER.

for No. 1. It can be made in any size from fifteen to thirty inches square; but perhaps the most desirable size is from eighteen to twenty-two inches. The ornament of this, as well as the other centrepiece, will appear to best advantage if worked partly in outline, and solid where possible to add an element of strength. In one corner of each of these designs part of the ornament is shaded and shows what will appear to the best advantage if worked solid. The entire serpentine band inside the scroll and shield ornaments should be buttonholed, and the shells that are placed one in each of the four corners may be worked in outline, with small lines of stitching in between the corrugated lines, to indicate that each section of the shell has a slightly

slightly crowned surface.

While this design is for a centrepiece it can be adapted nicely to a sofa-pillow or a carving-napkin. For a sofa-pillow the body part of the design should measure about eighteen inches square, as a larger one would be partially hidden by the curve on the outer edge of the pillow, especially if it should be a well filled one. If used for a pillow, white outlining on a blue or gray denim ground would be effective.

A doiley to match this centrepiece is shown in No. 3, but the edges should correspond, of course, that is, either hemstitched, scalloped, or fringed. The doiley can be made in any size from four to eight inches, but perhaps six inches square to outside of fringed edge or hemstitched border will be the most desirable. Larger ones for underlays to tea plates can be made twelve inches square, and the ornament carried out in proportion to the size.



NO. 3. SQUARE DOILEY.

As to the color scheme for making these designs, harmonious shades of several colors can be employed to suit any ideas the embroiderer may have. As a suggestion,

however, the colorings of nature can be used to best advantage. For scroll and leaf work the various shades of green can be employed; for stems and scrolls not a part of leaf or foliage design, shades of soft brown are desirable; while for the shells, ribbons, shields, and flowers, some of the pink, blue, or light orange tints will be in harmony. The designs will also be very effective and rich if embroidered in pure white, which is so suggestive of freshness and cleanliness that many women prefer it for the dining-table; but if a pale tint of any shade is to be carried out, or a color scheme for a complete tea set, the idea of light, varied color can be beautifully arranged to suit one's fancy.

For the corners of a table-cover a yard or more square, an attractive design is



NO. 5. PILLOW-SHAM CENTRE.

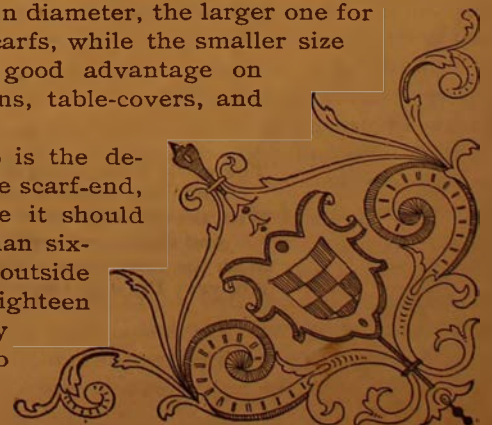
shown in No. 4. Either six or nine inches long on the sides forming the right angle are good sizes for this design, and the suggested treatment of outline and solid embroidery is the most satisfactory way to carry it out.

Another corner, and one with lines a little more simple than the above, can be obtained by using one of the corners shown in the first square centrepiece. It is a little less complicated and the lines more open, and consequently requires less time to embroider.

For a pillow-sham centre, an ornament for portières, or

the ends of a scarf, a beautiful design is shown in No. 5,— a wreath of laurel leaves and berries caught at either side by a bow and ribbons and having as an inner setting a shield of Spanish character. Perhaps the best size for the ornament is one with the wreath either six or eight inches in diameter, the larger one for shams or dresser-scarfs, while the smaller size could be used to good advantage on curtains, lambrequins, table-covers, and small scarfs.

Illustration No. 6 is the design for an attractive scarf-end, and to do it justice it should not be made less than sixteen inches wide to outside of hem; a width of eighteen inches would carry out the design to best advantage, thus making the body of the design



NO. 4. CORNER ORNAMENT.

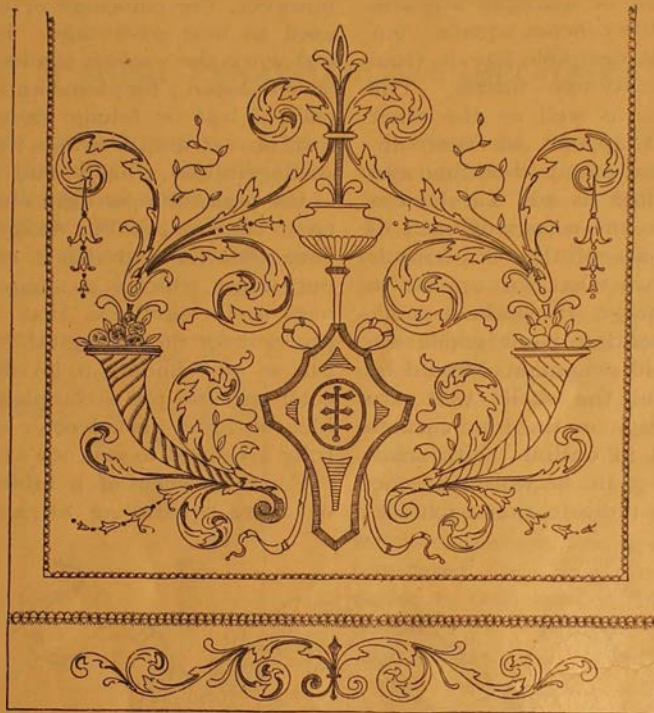
not less than fifteen inches broad. This size gives freedom to the ornament and will not lend it the cramped appearance that a smaller space would. A hemstitched border not less than one inch wide should be divided at the ends of the scarf by a line of fagot-stitching, as the illustration shows, and on the outer side of this a linen end not less than two inches and a half should be left, on which to embroider the end scroll design. While the outline treatment is a good one for this design, it would appear more satisfactory if worked solid in places. The left half of the design is shaded to suggest where the solid embroidering may be done; but it does not follow that these lines must be carried out, as the shading is but a guide to those not knowing just where to employ the solid treatment.

A coffee-dipped scarf worked in white silk is very effective, and a very satisfactory result can be obtained also by embroidering with an *écru* linen or silk on a pure white ground of round-thread butchers' linen. Many beautiful combinations can be carried out in a design of this description, where any liberties may be taken in coloring the ornament, and the general tone of the room in which a dresser stands can be successfully followed with embroidery silks. Of the many attractive running borders the Spanish Renaissance style affords, two are shown here in Nos. 7 and 8. No. 7 is better adapted to pieces not larger than a yard square, while No. 8 may be used on larger pieces, such as spreads, dining-table covers, or portières of generous proportions.

Either the outline or half-solid treatment can be advantageously employed to carry out No. 7, and a good width

to make it will be from two and one half to three inches; but its width is not limited to these sizes, of course, and were it desirable to make it five or six inches the arrangement of the ornament would admit of it. This is not only an easy and graceful design, but it is a comparatively simple one to embroider, and for both large and small borders it appears to equally good advantage.

The border shown in No. 8 is one that will necessarily require more space to spread out in, as the ornaments are much longer and not reversible, as are those in No. 7; and, consequently, being right and left figures, from two to three times more space in length will be required. It is, however, a very attractive design when embroidered on a spread, working the leaf ornament in outline and the body part of the horn of plenty and the fruit in filled, solid embroidery. A light golden-brown horn shaded darker at the lower edge and wrapped with green leaves having veinings of a darker green forms a rich color scheme, and by carrying out the fruit in natural colors and the shield in a light blue, with pink shell in the centre, results in a happy combination of colorings; but if the blue of certain shades is



NO. 6. SCARF-END.

found to clash with the pink or green, it is best to use some other color, such as a darker brown or soft red, which will lend a contrast to the green and emphasize itself. The selection of colors, or any rules relating to them, cannot be laid down in connection with this style, as it offers such a wide field for the exercise of artistic taste, feeling for color, and ingenuity. Several shades of one color are sure to be satisfactory.

HELEN MAR ADAMS.

MY POT-POURRI'

It stands on the desk in front of me,—
A quaint little rose-jar, full of sweetness,—
A queer little, dear little pot-pourri,
Whose charm lacks naught in its completeness.
A relic of happy days long ago,
Oh, sweet days long ago!

The world I am living in drifts away,
And once again in the twilight shadows
With the one white star that holds its sway,
And the clover-scent from the dewy meadows,
With the roses' fragrance I'm young again,—
Ah, yes; I'm a girl again.

I lift the cover, and out of the jar
Into my dreams there sweetly rushes
The vision sweet of one white star
And the glimpse of roses with their soft blushes,
The breath of the dear old garden spot,—
The dear old garden spot.

And though to-night as I sit and write
My little ones' feet around me patter,
And I hear, as far away in the night,
The melody sweet of their gay chatter,
The scent from my dear little pot-pourri
Has given my girlhood again to me.

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

SANITARIAN

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF FRUITS.

IT cannot be too strongly emphasized that pure fruit-juice is among the best blood purifiers and system regulators in nature's pharmacopœia. Few realize that liberal and timely use of fruits or their juices will save many a dollar which might otherwise be expended in the purchase of drugs, or that many physicians' prescriptions have as a basis the wholesome extracts of these most luscious of nature's gifts, which are nutritive, alterative, laxative, and tonic in principle.

To gradually inaugurate the custom of giving fruit—especially the orange, apple, and grape—a prominent place in the daily regimen will work wonders in a short time toward regulating the system, creating a healthy appetite, keeping the blood pure, and generally relieving abnormal conditions.

Many remarkable things have been claimed for oranges taken as a food, such as beautifying the complexion, curing dipsomania, etc.; and doubtless there are those who have made themselves miserable as well as ridiculous by eating oranges by the wholesale in their endeavors to accomplish impossible results. Thousands can attest the remarkable alterative properties of the orange, but, as in all things, use must be tempered by good judgment. Unripe or unsound fruit of any kind is utterly unfit for use, and dire results are sure to follow if it be indulged in.

If an orange be not eaten directly from the skin, by means of a spoon, great care should be exercised in the removal of the peel, for the white pith immediately underlying the yellow rind is one of the most indigestible substances in the vegetable world. It is also advisable to take as little of the cellular matter as possible.

There is an adage that "oranges are golden in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night." This rule, like others, varies with individuals, and one soon discovers at what time fruit is most acceptable and beneficial. Certain it is that there is nothing more refreshing than an orange before breakfast, when its tonic properties are apparent. However, many prefer their apple or orange on retiring, a custom that would be prolific of nightmares and fitful slumbers in others.

The writer knows a chronic dyspeptic who, at the first pang of an attack of indigestion, even if it occur at dead of night, eats an apple, finding relief immediately. Doubtless this would be deemed suicidal by those unfamiliar with the pathological reason therefor. It is a medical fact that such fruits as the apple, pear, and plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish rather than provoke acidity of the stomach. Their vegetable juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which counteract acidity, thus accounting for the salutary effect of the apple in indigestion, which is frequently but the result of acidity of the stomach. Many of the distressing maladies ignorantly termed "heart disease," "neuralgia of the heart," etc., are attributable to this same abnormal secretion of acid. The overproduction of acids in the stomach generates a gas which distends the elastic walls of that organ until it encroaches on the region of the heart, thereby disturbing the function of this most vital engine.

The apple, the lemon, and the cranberry are of singular benefit to those of sedentary habits, whose livers are

sluggish and whose vital processes are generally abnormal. The acids of these fruits serve to eliminate those noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain dull and heavy, impede the circulation, and bring about jaundice, skin eruptions, and allied troubles. It is easy in this connection to trace the source of the custom which prevails of serving apple-sauce with roast pork and rich game, and the inevitable cranberry-sauce as a complement to our national bird.

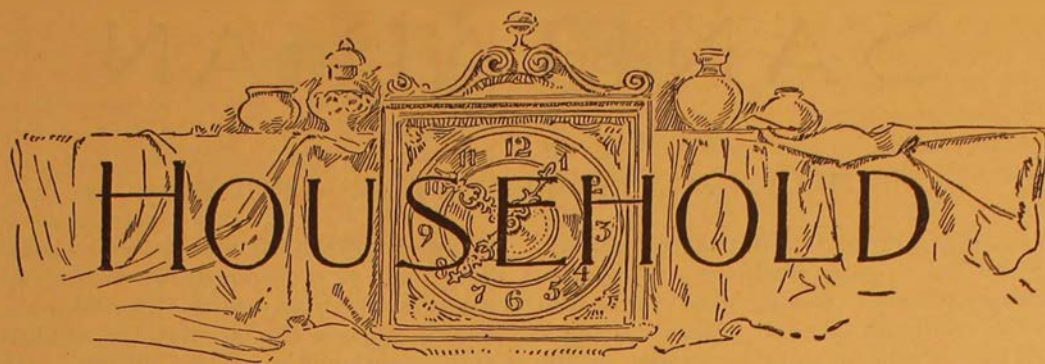
The apple is an invaluable article of diet to brain workers and those undergoing any mental or nervous strain, since it contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The Scandinavian tradition which names the apple as the "food of the gods," who, when they realized the ravages of senility, resorted to this fruit to renew their waning powers of mind and body, is doubtless due to their vague conception of the fact that phosphorus is an essential element in nourishing the brain and the nervous system. The malic acid, which is the refreshing principle of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter which may be engendered by eating too much meat. The apple is also highly antiseptic and of value as a fattening agent.

The lime, the lemon, and the shaddock, or grapefruit, when eaten, undergo an alkaline change similar to the apple, hence their specific value in rheumatism, which is primarily due to a superabundance of acid in the blood. The use of lemonade in this disease as well as in scrofulous and biliary affections is commended owing to its diuretic properties, which act upon the kidneys, eliminating the offending blood-poison from the system by means of these organs. These citrus fruits are far superior to quinine in malarial complaints and ailments arising from a torpid liver.

Figs and prunes, on the market in all seasons, would find a place in every household were their laxative and nutritive values appreciated. The prune is a wholesome and palatable food, grateful to the stomach, and beneficial to the entire alimentary system. If the juice of a lemon be added to the syrup, the beneficial effect will be enhanced.

The ripe, fresh fig is a food fit for the gods; but since in many regions this ambrosial fare is not to be obtained, a good substitute, medicinally if not gustatorially, is the dried article. There is, perhaps, excepting the grape, no greater remedial agent in disorders which arise from a torpid or congested state of the intestines. Health depends so largely upon the regularity of the bowels that inattention to their important function is productive of most disastrous results. Yet this seems such a simple matter that many allow the demands of nature to remain unheeded until habitual derangement ensues, then recourse is had to drastic cathartics or powerful purgatives which leave the organs debilitated and give rise to certain tumorous growths, which are well-nigh incurable. Prevention is always better than cure; and with proper regard for dietary habits there will be no necessity for scouring the bowels with cathartics, for there are few ills which will not yield to simple hygienic treatment.

(Continued on Page 243.)



DAINTIES FOR THE JUVENILES.

A "PARTY" to the juvenile mind is a synonym for bliss untold, a happy time, impatiently anticipated and long remembered after it has passed. These parties for the embryo men and women would appear much less formidable if mothers knew what to serve in the way of refreshments, as the little people do not hesitate to avow their interest in the menu, and thoroughly appreciate the original touches in the way of flavors and dainty methods of serving, that are such important factors in rendering the party a success.

While it is true that the little folk should not be indulged in all articles entering into the curriculum of domestic cookery, the modern child craves his share of appetizing delicacies daintily served. The few choice dishes described, while tempting and attractive in all ways to children, may be partaken of with no fear of dire results.

A dainty bill of fare for such entertainments is:

Chicken in Baskets. Currant Jelly.
Egg Sandwiches Garnished with Cress.
Fancy Rolls.
Fig Salad. Honey Sandwiches.
Raspberry Charlotte Russe.
Jellied Fruits. Sponge Cake.
Fancy Cakes, Iced.
Bonbons in Candy Baskets.
Cocca.

For the chicken in baskets, cook some long pieces of white pipe macaroni in boiling salted water. When tender drain carefully, and immediately plunge into cold water and as quickly drain again. This preserves the form of the macaroni. Partly beat the white of an egg, and dipping one length of the macaroni into the egg proceed to make a round basket by coiling it around and around, small at the bottom, but widening gradually. When one piece of the macaroni is used, join on another length, and proceed in this manner until the basket is of a size sufficiently large to hold about two tablespoonfuls. Brush over with the white of egg, and place in a cool oven until nicely glazed. When a sufficient number are prepared fill with a plain fricassee of chicken.

A good receipt for chicken fricassee is to cut a plump chicken into joints, having, of course, carefully cleansed it. Boil tender in barely sufficient water to cover, with a sprig of parsley, a stalk of celery, two blades of mace, half an onion, and sufficient salt and pepper to season properly. When the chicken is tender lift the pieces carefully and strain the gravy. Thicken with a teaspoonful of arrowroot dissolved in a little cold water; add a small piece of butter and the juice of half a lemon. These proportions are for a pint of gravy. Cut the chicken into neat little cubes, rejecting all skin and bones; add to the sauce, let it boil up once, and ascertain if properly seasoned. Place a few spoonfuls of the chicken in the baskets with

some of the sauce. Wash and dry some nice, crisp, curly parsley, and trim the edges of baskets with it in a fanciful manner.

The jelly may be prettily molded in tiny egg-cups. Render the jelly partly liquid by placing over hot water for a few moments. Rinse the egg-cups in cold water, pour in the jelly, and place on ice to become firm. Invert on a pretty dish, and surround by a wreath of parsley.

The egg sandwiches are made of rye or whole-wheat bread cut into very thin slices and spread thinly with butter. Remove the yolks from some hard-boiled eggs, mash fine with a very little finely chopped parsley, add a dust of pepper, a pinch of salt, and to every three eggs the juice of half a lemon and a quarter of a teaspoonful of butter. Mix well and spread on the slices of bread; roll the bread into little cylinders, and tie with "baby" ribbon. Place a square of snowy damask on a pretty dish, and on this arrange in a pyramid the rolls of sandwiches, and garnish with fresh green cress.

For the fig salad place a quarter of a pint of strained honey in a bowl; squeeze over it the juice of two lemons, and stir together. Beat to a stiff froth half a pint of cream, and stir this lightly into the honey. Strip the skins from two dozen ripe but firm figs, and with a keen-bladed knife divide into quarters. Pour over them the dressing, and place on ice to become cold. When fresh figs are not obtainable, cover some dried figs with lukewarm water and allow them to soak from five to seven hours; dry on a coarse towel, divide into quarters, then proceed as directed above.

The honey sandwiches are simply thin slices of bread spread with honey. Place two slices together, and cut into narrow strips, or stamp with a small cutter in the form of tiny stars.

To make raspberry charlotte russe, cover half an ounce of gelatine with a few spoonfuls of water, and soak for half an hour. Whip one pint of thoroughly chilled cream to a stiff froth, sweeten it with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, added gradually, and flavor with two tablespoonfuls of unsweetened raspberry-juice; other flavorings may be substituted. Or use three tablespoonfuls of some delicate-flavored, bright-hued jelly,—crab apple, quince, or guava. When jelly is used the sugar may be dispensed with.

Add to the gelatine a gill of milk; stir over the fire until it comes to a boil; remove, and beat until it begins to thicken, then add the cream. Begin to stir without delay from the bottom and sides of the bowl. When the mixture begins to stiffen again, pour into lady-finger-lined molds, and place on ice to become chilled. Tiny molds may be made by cutting heavy white paper into strips about two and one-half inches wide and eight inches long; secure the ends with stitches of white thread. Place these cylinders on a flat disk, and line with split lady-

fingers, placing them in a slanting position. Fill with the charlotte russe, and set on ice. When about to serve, cut away the paper cases, and garnish the dish with cubes of bright-colored jelly and drifts of whipped cream.

The jellies are tastefully served in halves of the rinds of fruit,—oranges, lemons, and bananas,—the pulp having been carefully removed without breaking the skin. The juices are used to flavor gelatine or calf's foot jelly. The rinds of the various fruits are carefully packed in a deep dish so they will retain an upright position and form little cups to receive the liquid jelly. Each fruit-skin is filled with jelly flavored with its own fruit, and set aside to cool. When the jelly has hardened, the edges are trimmed with a sharp knife. Bananas and pomegranates may be filled with quince or guava jelly. These jellied fruits, oranges, red and yellow bananas, lemons, and richly hued pomegranates, form a tempting dish.

An excellent receipt for sponge cake is to take the weight of five eggs—weighed in their shells—in flour; the weight of eight eggs in granulated sugar, and any preferred flavor. Let the flour be perfectly dry and the sugar sifted. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs, and beat the latter with the sugar; whisk the whites until they become thick, and mix lightly with the yolks, but do not stir them more than is just necessary to mingle the ingredients well together. Dredge in the flour by degrees with the whites of eggs, and add the flavoring. Bake in a greased pan in a rather quick oven, but do not allow it to acquire too much color. Watch carefully. Care must be taken to place the cake in the oven immediately it is mixed, or it will not be light.

In the manner of baking, this receipt may be varied indefinitely. It may be baked in a round or square tin and elaborately frosted, or in small patty-tins and masked with a dull icing of various colors. The icing is prepared by putting into a saucepan half a pound of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Stir over the fire until the mixture assumes the consistency of a thick, smooth cream. Lay the icing evenly on the cakes with a broad-bladed knife while both cake and icing are warm, and when cool it will be hard. Cochineal tincture will produce any and every shade of red or pink desired; "apricot coloring" and saffron will tint various shades of yellow, from pale cream to rich orange yellow; "damson blue" makes blue tints possible, and with a little cochineal added a lovely mauve color is produced; while spinach juice lends a willing hand in the color scheme, producing various shades of green. As these coloring matters are perfectly harmless and tasteless they can be used without fear. For brown tints add more or less grated chocolate to the icing. When iced the cakes may be decorated with *glacé* fruits, halves of English walnuts, blanched almonds, or chopped pistachios.

For a jelly-roll, bake the sponge-cake batter in a long, shallow pan for twenty minutes. While it is yet warm, trim the edges, and spread with some nice jelly; wild plum is most desirable because of its delicious tartness. Roll up and pin a towel around it. Put in a cool place until serving time, then cut into slices.

A very pretty layer-cake is made with two cupfuls of the sponge-cake batter divided into equal parts. Bake one part in two shallow pans, to form two thin layers. Add to the other part one teaspoonful each of ground allspice and cinnamon, one quarter of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and the grated rind of one lemon. Pour half of this mixture into a pan of the same size as the other layers were baked in. Stone and cut into halves some dates, place them on the batter so they will just

touch, pour over them the remainder of the batter, and bake carefully for twenty minutes in a brisk oven. Put the cakes together while warm, with almond icing, the dark between the two light ones. Ice the top and sides, and arrange a border of stoned dates alternating with blanched almonds around the top of cake.

Pretty little baskets made of spun sugar or braided sugar-candy, filled with bonbons or crystallized fruits, add much to the attractiveness of the table to youthful eyes.

Serve the cocoa in thin cups, with a fleck or two of lightly whipped cream on top.

Another way of serving the chicken is in a thatched house, which is always a delight to the little folk. This is prepared by lining a deep square dish with white paper. Boil and drain some *spaghetti*, line the dish evenly and closely with it, just as the thatches are put on a roof, first dipping each piece in a beaten egg. When the bottom and sides are done, place in the oven for a few minutes to dry the egg. Fill with the prepared chicken, and cover with a plain pie-crust. Fasten the crust securely to the *spaghetti* with egg, and pinch down well. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes, invert on a dish, remove the paper, and place in the oven again for a few minutes to dry off any outside moisture. The *spaghetti* forms the roof and sides, and makes a very good imitation of straw thatches. An artistic cook can improve the dish by browning in windows and doors with the edge of a salamander or hot iron, but they must not be burnt through the *spaghetti*; otherwise the sauce will flow out. In serving, arrange some short sprigs of parsley on a large platter, and place the house in the center. Red and white radishes can be slashed in the form of flowers, some cut in four, some six petals, while others may have the petals deeply fringed. This is readily accomplished with the aid of a sharp-bladed knife. These vegetable flowers thrust into the parsley at intervals present a very pretty appearance.

Again, the chicken may be served in small horns made of macaroni or *spaghetti*. A piece of stiff paper, four inches square, is fastened in the form of a horn. Wind the macaroni around this form, beginning at the pointed end. Brush over with the white of egg, and place in the oven a few moments. Remove the paper, and place in each horn a spoonful of chicken. A pretty garnish for a plateful of these horns is bright-colored jelly molded in small berry-molds. When cold, carefully remove and arrange on little bunches of green parsley.

Another delectable collation for little people consists of :

- Chicken Custards.
- Sliced Tongue. Celery.
- Lemon Buns.
- Chocolate Custards Garnished with Snowballs.
- Assorted Cakes.
- Vanilla Chips.
- Lemonade.

For the chicken custards take all of the white meat from a roast or broiled fowl, chop it fine and pound in a mortar, moistening with two tablespoonfuls of gravy. Pass this through a sieve; add to it the beaten yolks of eight eggs, a little grated nutmeg, and salt. Lastly stir in the whites of eggs beaten to a froth. Having well stirred these together mix with them half a pint of chicken *consommé*. This is obtained from stock in which fowls were boiled; or boil the bones and trimmings from a fowl for one hour in water, and strain. Pour this preparation into twelve small molds, previously buttered for the purpose; set them carefully in a pan containing sufficient boiling water to reach half way up the molds; cover the pan, place in the oven

(Continued on Page 245.)

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The New Journalism.

The extremes of sensationalism which two New York newspapers have reached in their efforts to outdo one another in their lurid field have attracted fresh attention to the new journalism, the chief business of which is the holding up to the public eye of crime and depravity in all their forms. The great majority of intelligent and respectable people condemn these sheets, and yet their proprietors so understand human nature and are so skillful in mingling good with the bad that these papers have a much wider circulation than most of those which are conducted on more commendable lines.

The adroitness with which these journals are edited, the high moral stand which they frequently take on their editorial pages, the full accounts they give of sermons and various movements in good causes, enhance rather than diminish the danger that is in them. There is no doubt that they have become a public menace, and many of the best citizens of New York have lifted up their voices in protest against them.

The position of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the Board of Police Commissioners gives him peculiar qualification to speak of the demoralizing influence of these sheets. He recently said: "The evil effect of these sensational papers is direct, widespread, and fearful. They exert a power which

the illiterate, the weak-minded, and the young find it difficult to resist. Putative criminals become thus confirmed, and wherever a character hangs in the balance these papers tend to turn it to the bad. Unfortunately these corrupters of youth cannot be directly brought to judgment; it is not practical to 'raid' or suppress them; nor, as in the case of other obscene matter, to forbid the exposure of their wares for sale or their transmission through the mails. The average scandal-monger is an expert evader of the law. There is one step that might be taken in dealing with this corrupt phase of journalism, and that is a quiet but concerted policy of public ostracism; in other words, a moral boycott. The newspaper which is not fit for the home circle should be banished from the club reading-room and the public library. It should be made a point of honor by ladies and gentlemen to let the avowedly unclean journal severely alone, with the *Police Gazette* and a certain species of railroad literature. This would not amount to much at first; but by degrees the organization of decent sentiment would begin to count."

Dr. Parkhurst, who is the President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, is also in a position to speak upon the subject with authority. "The viciousness and degradation of these papers," he said in an interview, "has reached an extreme that passes belief. A great change must come, and quickly. The influence of these papers is widely subversive of the ends that reformers and the champions of good government are striving about. I can testify, from direct experience in the work of the City Vigilance League, to the fearful power of evil wielded by these monstrosities of modern journalism, not

merely upon individuals, but upon whole classes. They exhale a deadly moral miasma which none can wholly escape. What remedy can be applied? I have an idea, which is growing to an enthusiastic conviction. I believe it is the women who are to abolish this plague. In their pure-minded sentiment lies the subtle power to clear the moral atmosphere and to drive out the unclean things. Let the women unite, let their concerted influence be felt in this direction, and the depraved news-monger will lose countenance at once and forever."

The Industrial Revival.

The extravagant predictions that there would be a great and immediate business boom upon the election of Major McKinley have not been realized, and it is well that this is the case. There are few things which are more dangerous commercially than an inflated and unnatural business activity. It is the result of artificial stimulus, and is invariably followed by reaction and collapse. The prosperity which grows slowly, and is the result of many combining causes, is the prosperity which endures. Therefore it is a matter for congratulation, rather than regret, that there has been no sudden boom. That business is slowly increasing, there is no doubt. The manufacturing establishments which were closed or curtailed in their activity are resuming full operation, as is shown by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which records the starting of three hundred and seven factories, and an increase in the laboring force of two hundred and seventeen more, in the first ten days after McKinley's election. The revival of business, however, is probably due almost as much to the fact that the election is over as to the choice of candidates. Uncertainty and suspense are the elements which are most depressing to commerce. It is true that at present there is a great army of unemployed, but this is not so indicative of a lack of prosperity as it would seem to be. According to the census of 1890, there were in that year, during which the country was in a fairly prosperous state, about three and a half millions of persons unemployed for part of the year, and considerably over a million unemployed constantly during the twelve months, out of a population of thirty-two million seven hundred thousand engaged in the chief gainful occupations. The year being normal, as far as industry was concerned, these statistics indicate that there are always five men out of every hundred, who cannot obtain work. It will be seen from this that whether the country is prosperous or not, the problem of the unemployed is always present and pressing.

The Woman's Bible.

About two years ago it was announced that Elizabeth Cady Stanton was preparing a Woman's Bible. This was a rather sensational statement, and attracted wide attention. When the volume appeared, however, it was seen to be a commentary upon the Old and New Testaments with reference to the position allotted therein to women. Mrs. Stanton was led to undertake the work by the conviction that the Old Testament does not accord to woman her true standing in the world, and that this has been the great obstacle in the way of her general and political advancement. Whatever the merits of the work may be, it has been considerably read. The second edition is now nearly exhausted, and one for circulation in England is being prepared. Mrs. Stanton is now at work on the second volume, and has recently convened a revision committee. Her activity has led to fresh discussion of the influence and merits of the Commentary, concerning which there is a wide difference of opinion among women. Some of them condemn it unequivocally as a covert attack upon revealed religion, and others uphold it as a conscientious effort to find the real Biblical position of women. The Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford says that the Woman's Bible is a success in one particular at least. It shows, she says, that the political status of woman is the direct result of the statements concerning her in the Old Testament, and thus has led to a closer study of the rights of the sex and women's duties and responsibilities. On the other hand Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster takes the ground that women owe all the joys of their present enlightened condition to the Bible. "The Old and New Testaments give woman a queenly place." The feminine view of the Woman's Bible seems to depend largely upon whether the woman holding it is content with her present social and political position, or is hoping for "advancement."



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



REV. DR. PARKHURST.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The Venezuelan Arbitration.

The position of the United States in the Venezuelan matter is rather awkward. Last winter, it will be remembered, President Cleveland extended to the South American republic the protection of this country against what threatened to be oppression on the part of Great Britain. He even went so far as to hint at war unless the rights of Venezuela were respected. We assumed the rôle of that nation's protector, and England accepted us as such. After months of diplomatic intercourse between Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister of England, and the Venezuelan Commissioners appointed by President Cleveland, an agreement has been reached by which a tribunal of arbitration is to be appointed, consisting of two members from Great Britain, two from the United States, and one to be selected by these four. This arrangement was satisfactory to both this country and England, and the Venezuelan question seemed to be in a fair way of amicable settlement. President Cleveland announced the terms of the treaty to President Crespo, of Venezuela, and the latter, in reply, expressed the gratitude of his country to the United States, and said that the Venezuela Congress would give the treaty the attention it deserved. He had reckoned, however, without the hot-blooded people over whom he rules. They immediately evinced a very strong opposition to the agreement, on the ground that there was no representation of Venezuela in the tribunal for the settlement of the boundary question; and they condemned President Crespo for not repudiating, or at least showing his dissatisfaction with, the treaty, immediately upon its receipt. The Congress of Venezuela has no regular session until the middle of February, but it is probable that it will be convened in special session to consider the treaty. It is not at all unlikely that the Congress will refuse to acquiesce in its terms, and the United States will be placed in the unpleasant situation of having her kind offices rejected and the position in which she has stood in the eyes of the world discredited. There is little doubt that Venezuela is wrong in her attitude. For some years she has had no diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and when the question of the boundary came up in 1895 she was very glad to accept the protection of the United States, and let the matter rest entirely in her hands for settlement.

A Larger Standing Army.

In proportion to the size of this country its standing army is smaller than that of any other nation. The question of increasing the force has come up from time to time, and Major-General Miles, Commander of the United States Army, strongly recommends, in his recently issued annual message, a larger standing army. In his opinion the enlisted force should be one soldier for every two thousand of population. This would involve an increase of ten thousand men, making the total number thirty-five thousand. By an act of June 18, 1874, the maximum of enlisted men was fixed at twenty-five thousand, to which the army had been by degrees reduced in the years intervening between that date and the Civil War. General Miles' contention is that the army has not kept pace with the growth of population, nor with the increase of public and private wealth. He advocates a standard of strength fixed according to the population and wealth of the nation, which standard, he says, "would be judicious, patriotic, and eminently wise, not only for the welfare of the people of the present day, but of the existence of the Republic for all time."

There are two reasons why the standing army of the United States is so small. The chief reason is that the position of this country, free from the close proximity of jealous powers, minimizes the danger of war, and thus renders great strength in arms unnecessary. The other, and a comparatively insignificant reason, is that there is a deep-rooted feeling that a very large standing army is a menace to republican institutions. It is not probable that this reason would have much weight, balanced against general expediency. In regard to the other reason cited it may be said that while it is undoubtedly true that there is not enough danger of foreign war to justify a large army, there is more danger of civil strife than the founders of the republic anticipated. The prospect is that the United States has not seen her last grave social disturbance, and there are many who believe with General Miles that a time may come when there will be need of a larger army than the present one, to protect property and to preserve internal peace.

MacMonnies' Bacchante.

Grave public questions have rarely received more attention from a community than Boston has been giving within the last three months to the figure of the Bacchante which was presented by Mr. McKim, architect of the building, to the Boston Public Library. The debate has been upon the question whether or not the Bacchante, being a nude figure, is immoral, and would have a pernicious effect if displayed in a conspicuous place in the Library. Those who take the affirmative view brought forth the further argument against the statue that it is the figure of a priestess of revelry and questionable pleasures. Moreover, the attitude, they said, is too suggestive of lightness and frivolity for the Library's dignified atmosphere. Many preachers have denounced the statue on these grounds, and the agitation which they succeeded in arousing bore fruit. The trustees decided that the Bacchante was inappropriate for the Library, and rejected it. This seemed to settle the matter, and the objectors were content. But the trustees reconsidered their decision and concluded to accept the figure after all, and the storm of protest broke out with even greater fury than before. It has been ineffectual, however. The Bacchante has a conspicuous position in the court of the Library. The statue is by MacMonnies, one of the greatest of American sculptors, and its beauty and high merit as a work of art overbalanced all the arguments brought against it. The trustees took the ground that it could have no evil effect upon the unsullied mind; that its art and beauty gave it an uplifting rather than a degrading influence, except upon vulgar individuals who are on the lookout for suggestiveness.

An interesting minor point in the discussion concerns the pronunciation of the word Bacchante. Boston takes great pride in her accuracy in matters of this kind, and the question of the proper pronunciation assumed the proportions of a matter of much importance. Opinion was divided between Bac-chan'te, pronounced in three syllables, with the accent on the second and the a as in cat, and Bac-chante, pronounced in two syllables, with the second a broad as in calm. The former is the more usual way of pronouncing the word, but authority is in favor of the latter.



MACMONNIES' "BACCHANTE."

The Curative Power of Music.

It would be trite to say that good music is soothing and uplifting to the mind. This is a truth with which everybody has become familiar from pleasant experience, but everybody does not know that it is a truth of practical as well as of æsthetic importance. Physicians are beginning to utilize music for the curing of disease. This, at first glance, may seem to be absurd, but a little thought will show it to be entirely reasonable. One of the fundamental truths of the science of medicine is that the mind and the body strongly react upon one another; the condition of either, whether good or bad, has a very pronounced effect upon the other. It is in nervous diseases, in which both the mind and the body, but principally the mind, are involved, that music will be chiefly employed as a medicine. A musical sanitarium for the treatment of women who are sufferers from insomnia, nervous prostration, hysteria, and kindred troubles, has been established in New York City. In the Old World the musical treatment has been carried much further. The London Guild of St. Cecilia has a permanent choir, consisting of three vocalists and three instrumentalists; and it is proposed to increase the musical company until there will be a large number of musicians ready at a moment's notice to answer the summons of the doctors. Russian physicians have used music with nervous patients successfully, and it is being introduced into the French hospitals. The therapeutic value of music lies, of course, in its power to soothe and divert the mind. Dr. Blackmann, of the London Guild, says that violins have the greatest usefulness in this respect, harps ranking second. He says further that the effects of music should be studied as carefully as those of any other medicine. That which is designed to produce sleep should be very soft and monotonous, while that used to alleviate pain should have greater variation, but should still be soft.

THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

QUIDA never shakes hands. She declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation.

ANTHONY HOPE has written a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which will be published some time during the coming year.

FREDERICK JESSUP STIMSON, already well known as "J. S. of Dale," has just made a new reputation for himself with his novel "King Noanett."

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT has two working desks, one in her own house at South Berwick, and one in the house of Mrs. Fields at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where so many of her summer and autumn days are spent.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, who has not been heard from as an author for some time, is presently to bring out a story called "Puss-in-Boots," which is said to give her impressions of life in a German town.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS' "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," with its stories of Br'er Bar, Br'er Fox, and others, is about to be republished in the form of a companion volume to Kipling's Jungle Books.

UNDER THE management of Major Pond, Mr. Dunbar will give readings from his poems in various cities this winter. As he is the possessor of an attractive personality and a fine voice, these will doubtless be successful.

JULES VERNE is one of the most laborious of authors, and a popular one, too. But, considering the fashion in which his books have gone round the reading world, he has had but a small return. He has never made more than \$4,000 a year in his life.

THE LOVERS of James Whitcomb Riley, and we think they are many, will be glad to welcome the new volume of verses which his publishers have just announced as ready. It is called "A Child World," and is partly in the child dialect, which he does so inimitably.

JUST BEFORE she died Miss Mamie Dickens put the finishing touches to a book entitled "My Father as I Knew Him." The proofs have been read by another daughter of Dickens, Mrs. Perugini, and the work may be expected to appear in a few months.

THOMAS HARDY'S forthcoming story is practically new, though it is a version of his already published tale, "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." In its original form it did not suit him,—it was produced in something of a hurry, and failed to meet his subsequent self-criticism. He has, therefore, rewritten it. It will be interesting to note the changes made by this most exacting literary artist.

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," Mr. R. H. Davis' forthcoming "Scribner" serial, will be an interesting test of his powers as the author of a *bona-fide* long novel. His ability to frame a plot upon which a story of three-volume size might be built up has been doubted, even by those who most admire his work; consequently the successive chapters of his South American romance will be watched with curiosity. Mr. Charles D. Gibson has illustrated the story.

STEVENSON wrote certain opening chapters for his "Travels with a Donkey" and discarded them. It might be assumed from this that he did not care to have them go before the world in any form. But the London "Studio" has got hold of the abandoned work and publishes it in the latest number, with a number of verses and drawings made by Stevenson during his retirement at Davos and privately printed.

ELEONORA DUSE, considered by many to be the greatest living actress, was in Greece not long ago, and saw a

young Greek woman named Katherine Verony play in one of Dumas' dramas. Mme. Duse was amazed at the wonderful talent of the maid of Athens, and, after studying her closely and silently for a long time, finally said, softly and slowly, "She is greater than I." Miss Verony is twenty-five, exquisitely beautiful, more than ordinarily gifted, and possessed of that subtle force called magnetism, to a wonderful degree.

LORD TENNYSON died a rich man, his will showing a personality of over a quarter of a million of dollars. His early publishers paid him \$25,000 a year for the privilege of publishing his poems, and a royalty besides, which was above the conventional ten per cent. paid to most authors. It is fair to suppose that he changed his publishers to his profit, for Messrs. Macmillan paid him, during recent years in which they were his publishers, a still larger sum, which may readily have reached, with royalties and other returns, \$50,000 annually.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* says of William Morris, the poet and artist: "He was the very incarnation of ceaseless mental and bodily energy. Once he was asked if he were subject to that extreme despondency which so often accompanies the essentially poetic temperament. 'I dare say I am,' he answered, 'but I've never had time to think about it, so I really can't say.' Probably one of the few despondent remarks that Morris ever made was quite recently; when told of Millais' death, he said, half jocularly, 'I'll be seeing the old boy before long.'"

IT IS stated by a Hoosier authority that more people write poetry in Indiana than in any other State in the Union. The *Midland Monthly* says: "In the last two decades Indiana has seen a hundred or more men and women who toiled—who actually performed manual labor—in the daytime and burned the midnight oil in the noble ambition of becoming contributors to American literature. And this has not only bred a great strength, but a literary atmosphere, which is not appreciated nor understood. They are breeding singers and tale-tellers in the State of Indiana, and the twentieth century will have the benefit of a literary atmosphere that has no parallel on the globe."

IT WAS only a short time before the death of Professor Francis J. Child, whose portrait was in the December DEMOREST'S, that the following item appeared, and it is especially interesting, since it was not prompted by the desire to say kind things that one's death often induces: In calling attention to the fact that by the death of Professor J. D. Whitney, the geologist, Professor Francis J. Child becomes the *doyen* of Harvard instructors, a Boston journal says that "it will be a sad day for Harvard College when Professor Child's quaint figure is no longer seen plodding between Harvard and Sever Halls and his residence on Kirkland Street." It might be added that no American instructor's death would be so sincerely deplored by so large a circle of college alumni as Professor Child's. His rare combination of accurate scholarship and kindness of heart has made him universally beloved, most of all, probably, by the children of Cambridge, who could be seen trooping about him at times for a trip into the woods to hear weird tales of folk-lore and of plant-lore. The very sight of his short, "stubby" figure and curly head arouses affection. Professor Child is the greatest living authority on British ballads, and he ranks high for scholarship in England. Oxford tried in vain to secure him many years ago.

ABOUT WOMEN.

IT IS SAID that the professional trunk-packer has become an actuality, and that she is a woman.

MISS NELLIE PATTERSON, of Mount Carmel, Conn., has completed a four years' apprenticeship to the machinist's trade. Her specialty is tool making.

MISS ETHEL BELLE APPEL is one of the best-known designers of book-covers in New York. She says the greatest need of her profession is originality that is practical.

MISS CLARA STIMSON, of Houlton, Maine, runs a shingle mill with great success. Her father was a lumber manufacturer, and when he died she continued his business.

MISS MINA ZAIGLER, of Dresden, Ohio, has just been admitted to membership in the Philadelphia Horological Society, an honor of which no other woman can boast.

IN THE Medical School of Agra, India, seventeen young native women recently passed the examinations, and one of the number, Miss L. Singh, made the second highest mark in the university.

WOMEN PROMPTERS are taking the place of men in Covent Garden, London, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage than men's and are less audible in the auditorium.

MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE in England is not confined, as many suppose, to a few rich women. The property qualification for both sexes is small, and more poor women than rich ones exercise the franchise.

MISS ELLEN TERRY always has a basketful of clothes for the poor in her home, in South Kensington, and when callers come she produces the basket and makes them knit, sew, or crochet while they talk.

PARIS HAS a woman's club where homeless women can spend their evenings and get their meals. There is a good library, and for sixty francs a year a woman may become a member. All the employés about the place are women.

A WOMAN in Milpitas, Cal., is said to have invented a novel and effective cure for despondency and kindred evils. She made it a rule to laugh three times a day, with occasion or without, and is now enjoying excellent health and spirits.

MRS. M. S. WADE, of Chicago, manufactures the peculiar yellow paper used by the telegraph companies and the press associations, and she has grown wealthy from it. The process of manufacture is a secret which she will not disclose.

MRS. MARTHA CANNON, of Utah, is the first woman ever elected to the office of State Senator. She is a Mormon and a fourth wife, and her opponent was her husband, whom she defeated by four thousand votes at the election last November.

THE SENATE of Alabama has passed a bill allowing women, single or married, to practice law when properly qualified, in every court of the State. This is the first Southern State to recognize women lawyers as regular members of the profession.

A CHINESE girl, the daughter of a prominent magistrate in the province of Shantung, China, is her father's treasurer and accountant and general assistant in the business pertaining to his public office. She is called a "new woman" by her associates.

THREE YOUNG Indian girls have recently completed the course for trained nurses in the Philadelphia Hospital. Phœbe Hood, one of the young women, is the daughter of a Pawnee chief. Of the others, Kate Greenod is of the Wyandotte tribe, and Lily Wind, of Canada, belongs to the tribe of the Ottawas.

IN ENGLAND a number of young women are regularly employed in coal mines, and are perfectly satisfactory in their work. They do not go down into the deep shafts, but work at the mouths of the pits, and shovel coal as easily as men. They receive twenty-eight cents a day. They wear heavy trousers made in knickerbocker style, blouses, and short, heavy skirts turned up like the washerwoman's overskirts of the past.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1897.

| | |
|--|---|
| Roses. Oil Picture. | |
| A Newly Discovered Madonna by Raphael. Full-page Picture. | |
| Morning on Milford Sound, New Zealand. Full-page Picture. | |
| Two Pages of Portraits. | |
| Mr. Gladstone in His Study. Full-page Picture. | |
| Grace Before Breakfast. Full-page Picture | |
| The Lost Art of Indian Basketry. (Ten Illustrations.) | |
| | <i>Olive May Percival.</i> 185 |
| Mr. Welbeck's Experiences. (To be concluded.) | |
| | <i>Mrs. W. K. Clifford.</i> 191 |
| Pope Leo XIII. and the Vatican. (Twelve Illustrations.) | |
| | <i>A. B. de Guerville.</i> 195 |
| Basilica San Pietro. Poem. - - - | <i>Edgar Fawcett.</i> 200 |
| Niagara in Winter. (Seven Illustrations.) | <i>J. Herbert Welch.</i> 201 |
| A Psychical Encounter. (Illustrated.) | <i>Will N. Harben.</i> 206 |
| How to Reach Non-Churchgoers. - - - | <i>Dwight L. Moody.</i> 209 |
| The Great American Evangelists. Moody and Sankey. (Illustrated.) - - - | <i>V. Gribayédoff.</i> 210 |
| Is Chivalry Dead? The Masculine View of the Question. (Illustrated with Portraits.) | <i>Dwight L. Moody, Frederic R. Coudert, Russell Sage. Rev. De Witt Talmage.</i> - - - 213 |
| Three Sweet Singers. (Illustrated.) - - - | <i>Ella Higginson.</i> 214 |
| In February. Poem. - - - - - | <i>Joel Benton.</i> 215 |
| Songs of the Suwanee River. - - - | <i>Remsen Crawford.</i> 216 |
| Society Fads. - - - - - | <i>Madame La Mode.</i> 217 |
| Our Girls. | |
| | <i>Leah or Rachel? The Story of a Valentine.</i> (Illustrated.) |
| | <i>Grace MacGowan Cooke.</i> 218 |
| Life's Mirror. Poem. - - - | <i>Madeline S. Bridges.</i> 221 |
| Home Art and Home Comfort. (Illustrated.) | |
| | <i>Spanish Renaissance Embroidery.</i> - <i>Helen Mar Adams.</i> 222 |
| My Pot-Pourri. Poem. - - - | <i>Harriet Francene Crocker.</i> 224 |
| Sanitarian. | |
| | <i>Medicinal Properties of Fruits.</i> <i>Genevieve T. Kemble.</i> 225 |
| Household. | |
| | <i>Dainties for the Juveniles.</i> <i>Eleanor M. Lucas.</i> 226 |
| World's Progress. | |
| | <i>The New Journalism. The Industrial Revival. The Woman's Bible.</i> - - - - - 228 |
| | <i>The Venezuelan Arbitration. A Large Standing Army. MacMonnies' Bacchante. The Curative Power of Music.</i> 229 |
| The World of Letters and Arts. - - - - - | 230 |
| About Women. - - - - - | 231 |
| Mirror of Fashions. (Illustrated.) | |
| | <i>Review of Fashions.</i> - - - - - 232 |
| | <i>A Reception Gown. For Receptions and Dinners. A Theatre Jacket.</i> - - - - - 233 |
| | <i>A Braided Cloth Gown. A New Sleeve. Two New Hats.</i> 234 |
| | <i>Some Novelties in Wraps. Two New Night Gowns.</i> - 235 |
| | <i>Supplement of Fashions.</i> - - - - - 237 |
| | <i>Modish Jackets. A Becoming Jacket.</i> - - - - - 238 |
| | <i>For Afternoons. Of Plaided Wool.</i> - - - - - 239 |
| | <i>For Small Girls. Standard Patterns.</i> - - - - - 240 |
| | <i>Description of the Fashion Supplement.</i> - - - - - 240 |
| Correspondence Club. - - - - - | 241 |
| Gleanings. - - - - - | 245 |
| Biographical Sketches. - - - - - | 249 |
| Purchasing Bureau. - - - - - | 250 |
| Spice Box. (Illustrated.) - - - - - | 252 |
| Pattern Order. - - - - - | 253 |



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—FEBRUARY.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 253. 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.

THE genius of invention is resting this season on laurels previously won, and there is almost nothing absolutely new to chronicle. The variations rung on favorite modes, however, leave nothing to be desired; for so adaptable are these styles that every form, face, and complexion cannot only be suited, but set off to the best advantage. There was never a time, in fact, when good taste and a small outlay of money could, together, accomplish so much for the adornment of woman. It is not alone that fabrics are exceedingly beautiful and many of them very cheap, but with the passing of the monstrous stiffened sleeves and the awkward, cumbersome, *godeted* skirts which so soon lost their shape, the rational and artistic styles evolved from them allow for the expression of every woman's individuality. If she move with grace, her skirt does not now conceal the fact; the short woman has ceased to resemble a perambulating cube, being as broad as she is high; and the lines of the figure no longer describe distracting angles.

Of the old favorites which have been accepted with *empressement* this winter, the short jacket is pre-eminent; and its return is emphasized by an audaciousness of combinations, a sumptuousness of embroidery, and such elaboration of detail as has never before been equaled. Some form of this irrepressible jacket is the favorite style for the cloth gown and the velvet one, for morning wear or for the most elaborate dinner-gown. An exquisite little affair which completes a gown of black-and-white *chiné* silk is of Duchesse point, lined with black and finished on the edge with a narrow knife-plaiting of white taffeta. It opens over a blouse-front of white *chiffon*, accordion-plaited, and depending from a pointed yoke of the Duchesse lace lined and finished like the jacket. The back and sleeves of the corsage are of the gown silk, and the stock-collar and girdle of black satin. Many lace jackets, however, have small short backs, to match the fronts, and a great many of the exquisitely embroidered velvet and satin ones are also whole jackets that can be worn over any suitable corsage. The very newest decoration for these is bands or appliqués of kid covered with Oriental embroidery in which jewels, and especially the favorite turquoise, are lavishly used. Russian and Oriental motives play a prominent part in all the embroideries and passementeries which now add so much glitter

and sparkle to woman's dress. One more jacket must be mentioned because it can be so easily made at home and is so becoming to slender figures. It has front pieces only, cut to meet a high girdle and showing about three inches of the corsage in the centre. Black *mousseline de soie* and cream-colored lace are the materials. The upper part is tucked, with lace insertion between the tucks, and the lower part, cut with square corners, is a mass of plaited frills edged with the cream lace, one frill being carried up the fronts.

Trimmed sash-ends, matching the corsage and sometimes the whole gown, have appeared. They taper to the waist from wide pointed ends, and are trimmed all around with narrow lace or *chiffon* frills. No fluffy loops head them, often they hang straight down from the folded girdle, fastened perhaps by handsome buttons, and if there are loops they are short, severely conventional, and flat.

The most luxurious things of all in this winter of luxurious dressing are the sumptuous evening-wraps, which are the most important article in a society woman's wardrobe. The long garments, reaching to the ground, and sometimes even extending in a train, are, of course, the most magnificent; but newer, and the favorite with young girls, is the half-length wrap. Of the long cloaks, the "Empire" is one of the most graceful, and much liked. A superb one, of quiet elegance, is of cream satin brocaded with green and purple; it is lined with changeable taffeta, and the only trimming is a fringe of sable-tails bordering the square yoke across the bust and in the back. The Medici collar is bound with sable, and a border of the tail-fur outlines the yoke over the shoulders. A feature of the cloak is its circle sleeves, which are lined with white Thibet. More youthful for young girls than the rich brocades for these wraps are the soft cloths and camel's-hair fabrics. Many of these cloaks are lined with fur, ermine, Thibet, mink, fox, and squirrel being used. Very full and long garments, however, have the fur only the depth of the yoke or to the waist line, in the back, the skirt being lined with satin, as the weight of the fur would be cumbersome. There is less trimming of these cloaks with lace—except as it frames the neck and is *jaboted* down the front—and more with fur; and on the whole it may be said the smartest depend for their style upon the materials and cut more than upon elaboration of trimming. Often a cloak of soft-tinted chuddah or zibeline with large rolling collar and trimming down the fronts of Thibet or *moufflon* will achieve a degree of smartness entirely eclipsing a sumptuous affair of richest brocade and ermine.

Our thanks are due Mme. O'Donovan and Messrs. B. Altman & Co., for courtesies received.

FOR RECEPTIONS AND DINNERS.

THE still very popular combination of a fancy coat-jacket worn with a skirt of different material is illustrated in this very becoming gown. The accordion-plaited skirt is of gray taffeta, and the coat of white with *chiné* figures in black and silver gray. The plaited skirt should be hung over a plain gored skirt of the same silk, cut in similar fashion to the "Carroll." The jacket-waist—the "Alceste"—is fitted without side-forms in the back, and has no darts. The revers are faced with cherry silk, which also lines the turret-like pieces forming the skirt, and all the edges are finished with a narrow Venetian lace. The full front may be of white satin veiled with Venetian guipure, or of accordion-plaited *chiffon*. The neck is trimmed with a very full frill of lace which forms a large bow and is *jaboted* down the front. A girdle of cherry silk completes this charming jacket.



FOR RECEPTIONS AND DINNERS.
ALCESTE JACKET-WAIST. ACCORDION-PLAILED SKIRT.

A RECEPTION GOWN.

NOTHING exceeds in popularity, this season, for the usefully smart gowns that are not too elaborate for the street yet are sufficiently handsome for afternoon social functions, the whole family of plain cloths,—broadcloth, faced-cloth with a satiny lustre, and silky-haired zibelines. All rich dark shades are popular in these cloths, but especially choice are dark plum and heliotrope, a rich hunter's-green, and golden brown. Among the blues a very trying, intensely bright shade, having a purplish cast, is occasionally seen, but it should be avoided as a snare by all but very young women. It is so dominating a color that in most cases it eclipses its wearer and causes her to look countless years older.

The gown illustrated is of nut-brown faced-cloth, combined with rich brocade in shades of brown, gold, and green, and trimmed with brown passementerie. The skirt is the "Vivien," having seven gored breadths, which measure about four and a half yards at the foot and taper to fit perfectly around the hips, with slight fullness in the back. The corsage—the "Tryston"—is of the brocade, fitted smoothly with the usual seams, and there is a bib like arrangement of the cloth, the same in the back as in front, trimmed with passementerie, to match the Vandyke of the skirt. These Vandykes can be made entirely of passementerie, or be formed of material like the corsage and finished on the edges with passementerie. Velvet, plain, figured, and plaided, is also combined with cloths in a similar fashion. Other favorite combinations are French gray cloth with black-and-white velvet or brocade, and heliotrope with green velvet.



A RECEPTION GOWN.
TRYSTON CORSAGE. VIVIEN SKIRT.

A THEATRE JACKET.

(See Page 234.)

THIS smart jacket is intended for afternoon or evening wear at home, for informal dinners, and the theatre. Worn with a plain velvet or dark silk skirt, it forms a smart enough costume for any occasion not demanding evening dress.

The back is fitted with the usual seams and has a short basque with double box-plaits in the centre, which should be pressed flat. The jacket-fronts flare open to disclose a

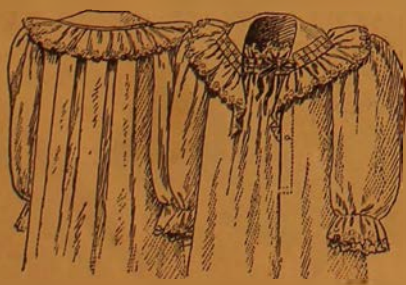


A THEATRE JACKET.
THE "EGERTON."

full front of lace-frilled and tucked white *mousseline de soie*. The model is of blue-and-white *chiné* taffeta, and the revers, basque, and blouse-front are lined with white satin. If more color is desired, plain silk or satin, matching one of the colors in the *chiné* figure, can be used for the linings and girdle. The falling collar is square across the shoulders and the edges are finished with a frill of doubled *chiffon*. The stock-collar is of the taffeta with *chiffon* rosettes at the sides. The pattern is the "Egerton,"

A BRAIDED CLOTH GOWN.

HUNTER'S-GREEN broadcloth is the fabric of this smart gown. The skirt is the "Carroll," which has five breadths, and measures about four and a half yards at the foot. Three rows of heavy black *soutache*, put on close together, trim the bottom, and at every seam a trefoil ornament, like those on the front of the basque, is formed with the upper row of braid. The basque—the "Wallace"—is fitted with the usual seams; it sets easily over the hips without flutes, and in the back are two box-plaits, which should be pressed perfectly flat. The waistcoat and collar are of *écru* cloth, finished with rows of stitching or with fine gold *soutache*. The black felt hat is trimmed with *merle* feathers and green satin.



EMPIRE NIGHT-GOWN.
(See Page 235.)

GORED skirts are preferred for stout girls and plaids are avoided. The jacket is becoming to them, but should be cut well down to the waist line.

A NEW SLEEVE.

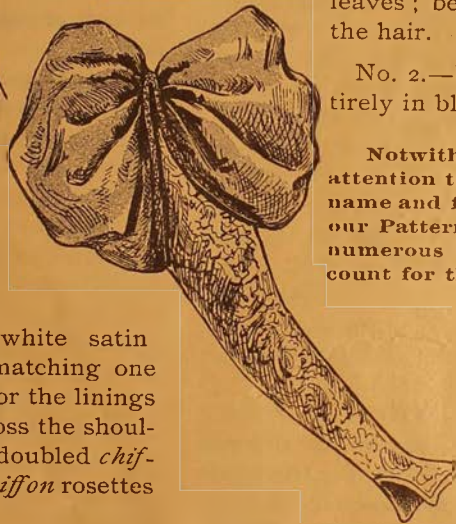
THIS illustration shows one of the many ways in which different fabrics are combined. The long, tightly-fitting sleeve is of rich brocade, and the puff at the top is of plain satin matching one of the colors in the brocade. Velvet is combined with plain and fancy cloths, and satin, brocade, or taffeta, with lace, *chiffon*, and contrasting silks. The fitted part is also often of plain silk or satin under Venetian guipure, and there is also a fancy for tucking this fitted part in groups of fine tucks running round the arm its whole length. The opening at the wrist is most becoming when filled in with frills of lace, plaited *chiffon*, or ribbon. A novelty is to use two or three overlapping ruffles of different colored ribbons matching or contrasting with all the colors in the gown. The pattern is the "Celia."

TWO NEW HATS.

No. 1.—A charming hat of dark green felt trimmed with shades of green silk and velvet. A puffing of the silk drapes the low crown, which is trimmed with bunches of violets in different shades of purple with their natural leaves; beneath the brim white violets rest on the hair.

No. 2.—Black velvet picture-hat trimmed entirely in black with satin and plumes.

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



A NEW SLEEVE.
THE "CELIA."



A BRAIDED CLOTH GOWN.
WALLACE BASQUE. CARROLL SKIRT.

SOME NOVELTIES IN WRAPS.

(See Page 236.)

THE most noticeable change in dress this winter is the sudden disappearance of the very full fur shoulder-collar, which reached the high tide of favor last season. Some of them re-appeared in the autumn, but with the donning of winter wraps a new boa has taken their place. It is wider than those of last year, shaped a little in the back, and has a shower of tails down the front. The distinct feature of most winter garments is the high Medici collar which frames the head, and as it is strikingly becoming to most women it is deservedly popular.

No. 1.—Empire cloak of *velours du Nord*, trimmed with spangled passementerie and black Thibet, and having a *chou* of black satin ribbon at the back of the neck. The picture hat of black velvet is trimmed with a *panache* of black plumes and a large bow of violet-and-green ribbon.

No. 2.—Belted coat of black velvet, trimmed with jeweled passementerie and bands of ostrich feathers. The collar is of ostrich tips, having a huge bow of black



1. GREEN FELT HAT.

satin ribbon supporting it in the back. These bows are much used in combination with fur and feathers, and constitute a smart feature of many wraps. The handsome hat is of hunter's green velvet, and trimmed with gold embroidered point de Venise, and shaded green ostrich tips.

No. 3.—Sable cape and muff, trimmed with *Lierre* lace and purple satin ribbon. Hat of purple velvet, and trimmed with black plumes.

No. 4.—Matronly wrap of *velours du Nord*, trimmed with jetted passementerie and black Thibet. Toque of

purple chenille braid, trimmed with satin of a lighter shade and a white aigrette.

No. 5.—Novel coat of dark green velvet, trimmed with passementerie and sable. The sleeves are cut in circular fashion, and lined with *chiné* taffeta. Toque of green velvet, trimmed with bunches of violets and a leaf-like *pompon* of green satin.



2. VELVET PICTURE-HAT.

TWO NEW NIGHT-GOWNS.

(See Pages 234 and 239)

DAINTY lingerie appeals to women and girls always with an irresistible fascination, and never have the styles, especially of night-gowns, been more attractive. We give two new patterns in this number, one for ladies, in medium and large sizes, and another for girls, in sizes for ten, twelve, and fourteen years. The lady's gown is the "Empire," which from its simplicity, comfort, and becomingness is a general favorite. The fullness in the back is laid in three box-plaits, which should be stitched the depth of a yoke, or to the waist if preferred. The front is cut whole and fastens under the left side; it is finished at the top with insertion and a standing ruffle of lace or embroidery, and a ribbon run through the insertion draws it in as closely as desired in the neck. The front corners of the deep collar are trimmed with a similar insertion, and a ruffle finishes the edge.

The pattern for girls is a full Mother Hubbard with a round yoke, which can be made as elaborate or as plain as desired. All-over embroidery is the simplest way of obtaining a rich effect, and tucks and insertion are, of course, always pretty; but the specially becoming feature of the gown is the full ruffle of embroidery or lace which surrounds the yoke. A narrow ruffle finishes the neck and the sleeves.



SOME NOVELTIES IN WRAPS.
(For Descriptions, see Page 235.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 240.)

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

MODISH JACKETS.

THE revival of the jacket is really a delightful change from the enveloping masses of wide, white lace which have been worn for so long without the slightest *raison d'être* over heavy cloth gowns as well as with silk. It is easier to avoid unsuitable combinations with the jacket, as every possible material is used in its construction.



1. JACKET OF VENETIAN GUIPURE.

Some charming suggestions for these, which can be infinitely varied and carried out in many ways, are here illustrated.

No. 1.—Jacket-fronts of Venetian guipure or passementerie over a waist of accordion-plaited India silk. Epaulets of *mousseline de soie* drape the tops of the sleeves, which are like the waist.

No. 2.—Jacket of emerald-green velvet lined with *ciel* blue silk over



4. APPLIQUED JACKET.

They reach only to the wide satin girdle, and are cut down to a point in front. Black velvet revers, trimmed with Venetian guipure or embroidered, and finished with lace frills on the front edge turn back upon the jacket. The revers alone could be draped upon a full waist and give a jacket-effect.

No. 4.—Either cloth or satin is used for the foundation, and with either fabric the appliqué is of velvet couched on

with metal threads, and frequently further enriched with jewels, especially turquoises, amethysts, and emeralds.

No. 5.—*Beurre* lace, velvet, and *mousseline de soie* are used in making this jacket, which opens up to the neck in the back, but has square instead of round corners. It can also be whole in the back, the insertion and velvet running down from the neck.



2. GREEN VELVET JACKET.

CHILDREN'S clothes are simpler this winter, and therefore vastly more becoming and attractive than for many seasons. Corduroy and velveteen are again popular for their use, and nothing makes prettier everyday gowns for the younger ones than cashmere



3. SATIN AND VELVET JACKET.

fronts of jeweled lace; a frill of the lace extends across the back. The armholes are draped with wing-like pieces of the velvet, and an immense bow stands up at the back of the neck.

No. 3.—Jacket-fronts of plain satin harmonizing with the *chiné* taffeta waist beneath.

A BECOMING JACKET

THOUGH the short jacket is worn by old and young alike, and its forms are legion this season, there is a certain jauntiness and youthfulness about it which make it especially becoming and suitable for young girls; and the prettiest street-costumes made for them now have usually some kind of a jacket.

The costume illustrated is of dark blue camel's-hair, with a perfectly plain, gored skirt. The jacket, opening over a blouse-front of green-and-white striped silk, has a box-plait in the back and single side-plaits in the fronts, which must be pressed very flat. Rows of black *soutache* and small gilt buttons are the only trimming. The folded girdle of black satin is matched at the throat with a bow of the same. The round gray felt hat has a very low



5. JACKET OF VELVET AND LACE.



A BECOMING JACKET.
THE "YANONE."

crown and is trimmed with gray satin and blue plumes. The pattern of the jacket is the "Yanone," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

FOR AFTER-NOONS

SILK-AND-WOOL novelty goods, in shades of brown with threads of green and red, is the fabric of this simple and be-

OF PLAIDED WOOL.

This graceful little frock is made of plaided wool, soft in texture, in which the ground colors, blue and green, are brightened by narrow stripes of red and yellow. The skirt is ungored, and if the plaid is not woven on the bias it is well to cut the breadths so, for the effect is prettier and more becoming. It can be



FOR SMALL GIRLS.
LORANIA FROCK.
(See Page 240.)

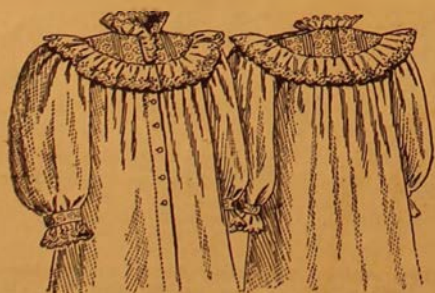
coming gown. The skirt is a new pattern—the "Barbara"—having a wide front and five other gored breadths; it is lined with percaline, and the gown stuff is turned up to form a two-inch facing around the foot. The fullness of the waist—the "Annella"—is held in place by a fitted lining. Green velvet is combined with the novelty goods in the waist, forming a square yoke in the back, and descending in a plastron point in front. The girdle, and straps which band the sleeve-puffs, are of the same velvet. A plaiting of *chiffon* or lace finishes the velvet collar. Plain cloths, all novelty goods, cashmeres, and light silks and challies are effectively made by this simple model. The patterns are in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.



FOR AFTERNOONS.
ANNELLA WAIST. BARBARA SKIRT.

finished with a deep hem or lined, as preferred, and should be gathered to a band which hooks to the underwaist. This can be made of silk or cashmere, as preferred; it has a plain back, and full

Among the smooth cloths used for tailor suits are the glossy satin-cloth, repped woolen fabrics of several varieties, and a new material called *poil de chèvre*, which resembles a mixture of mohair and silk, and comes in brown, gray, and black. Double-faced cashmere, known as *drap d'été*, India cashmere, and Fayette cloth are much used for house gowns.



ROUND YOKE.
MISSES NIGHT GOWN.

blouse-front, made of dark red surah. The jacket is cut in deep scallops at the bottom, and the edges are finished with pipings of red and green silk. The girdle and stock collar can match the blouse or be of black satin. The pattern is the "Luvia," in sizes for ten and twelve years.



OF PLAIDED WOOL.
LUVIA FROCK.

FOR SMALL GIRLS.

(See Page 239.)

THIS charming little frock offers a simple model which, according to the materials employed, is suitable for a school-frock or for the dancing-class. The frock illustrated is of silk-and-wool *crépon* in silver-gray. The plastron, epaulets, collar, cuffs, and girdle are of yellow silk overlaid with Irish point. The plain, straight skirt is sewed to the waist in gathers, with the fullness held easily across the front and round the hips, and massed in the back. A fitted lining holds in place the fullness of the waist, which in the back is the simple "baby" style with a square yoke. For everyday use plain serge or cashmere combined with velvet or plaided wool makes neat and attractive gowns; while between these two extremes of daintiness and service are pretty frocks of fancy wool in dark, rich shades, trimmed with velvet or silk. The pattern is the "Lorania," in sizes for six and eight years.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

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

- 1.—Pale blue satin evening-gown veiled with skirts of *mousseline de soie*; corsage of plaited *mousseline de soie* over the satin, with girdle and bretelles of jeweled green velvet. Sleeves of lace and *mousseline de soie*.
- 2.—Green felt hat trimmed with puffs of black velvet, bands of gold gimp, and bird of Paradise feathers.
- 3.—Round hat of black velvet with purple feathers; violets under the brim.
- 4.—Pink satin evening-gown, with corsage of white *chiffon* and heliotrope velvet.
- 5.—Tailor-gown of brown cloth; white satin waistcoat braided to match the white satin revers with gold soutache; trimming of mink-tail fur.
- 6.—House-gown of dark red camel's-hair, trimmed with black velvet and Venetian guipure.
- 7.—Reception-gown of plum-colored novelty-cloth, trimmed with bands of embroidered brocade and chinchilla. Hat of gray velvet, trimmed with plumes shaded to violet.
- 8.—Street-gown of brown-and-blue-mixed camel's-hair, with triple jacket.
- 9.—Reception-gown of gray cloth, combined with white satin and black velvet.
- 10.—Basket-woven novelty-cloth in a green-and-brown mixture, brightened with metal threads, is the fabric of this simple gown, and the trimming is of three shades of green velvet.
- 11.—Reception-gown of blue velvet with *tablier* front skirt yoke, and jacket of baby lamb; corsage of elaborately braided pearl-colored cloth.
- 12.—Collar and muff of sable, trimmed with brown velvet, lined with heliotrope satin.
- 13.—Calling-gown of silver-gray *moiré* poplin; pink gauze blouse and black velvet girdle.
- 14.—House-gown of golden-brown zibeline; jacket of brown velvet with blouse-front of yellow silk, and wide girdle of black satin.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on it.



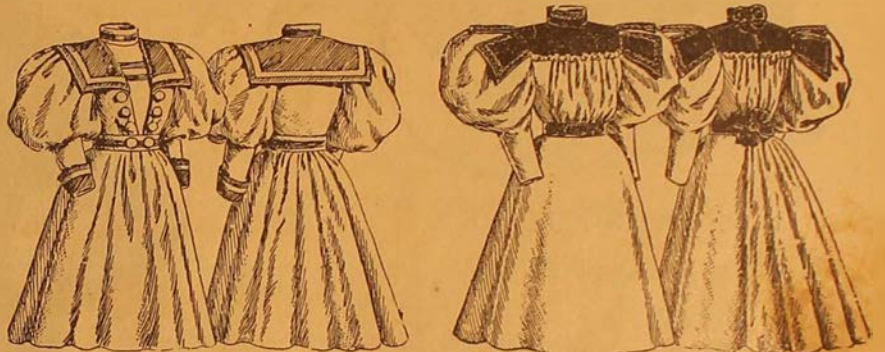
DAISY APRON

LOUNGING ROBE.



LADIES' PETTICOAT.

CLAIRETTE FROCK.



WINNIE FROCK.

ROSBELL FROCK.



STARELLA WAIST.

MERESIA JACKET.



VALENTINA WAIST.

TORQUAY WAIST.



PET CAP.

SACQUE WRAPPER.

AGATHA CORSET-COVER.



NIGHT DRAWERS. GIRLS' DRAWERS.

LADIES' SACQUE NIGHT-GOWN.



TRELAWNEY COAT.

RAMONA CORSAGE.

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.



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CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

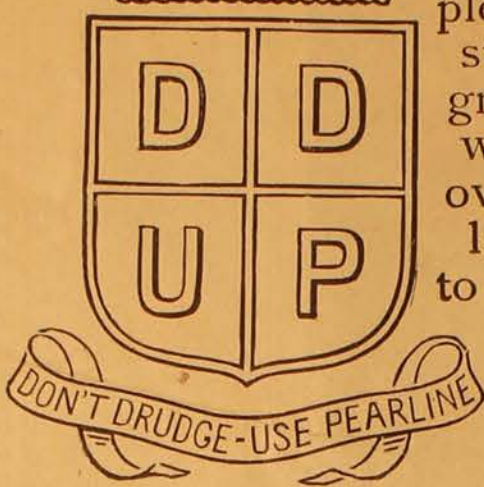
The large number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining 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.

"M. F. L."—Karl von Piloty's picture of "Thusnelda at the Triumphal Entry of Germanicus into Rome," in the Metropolitan Museum, N. Y., is not in the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe collection. It was presented to the museum by Mr. Horace Russell in 1887, and the whole story of the picture is told in the catalogue (See hand-book No. 1). Thusnelda was wife of Arminius, the great German hero who conquered Varus; and Germanicus, nephew of the Emperor Tiberius, when marching against Arminius, took Thusnelda prisoner, she being betrayed and delivered to the Romans by her own father, Segestes. He has been compelled by Tiberius to stand on the steps of the throne, a witness to the degradation of his daughter. She is of course the central woman's figure, and leads her little son, Tumelicus, accompanied by the nurse and attendants. Germanicus is in the triumphal car in the dim background at the left. We recall no picture the least resembling this in the Vatican gallery. The Piloty picture in the Wolfe collection is "The Parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins."—"Boniface VIII." is the subject of the picture by Maignan, about which you inquire.

"HUDSON."—There is an erasive, cleaning soap made by Bazin—for sale by most chemists—which is the best and easiest thing to use for removing wheel grease from woolen fabrics. It will not injure the most delicate colors, and is especially efficacious in cleaning black fabrics. An old method for taking out wheel grease is to rub the spots first with lard and then wash with strong suds. This answers with white cotton stuffs, but would be severe treatment for many gown fabrics.

"MRS. S. K."—For your "meetings of eighteen or twenty women in a country town" why do you not form yourselves into a club and select some one subject in which all are interested for your winter's entertainment and profit? The study and discussion of current events, which are cer-

(Continued on Page 242.)

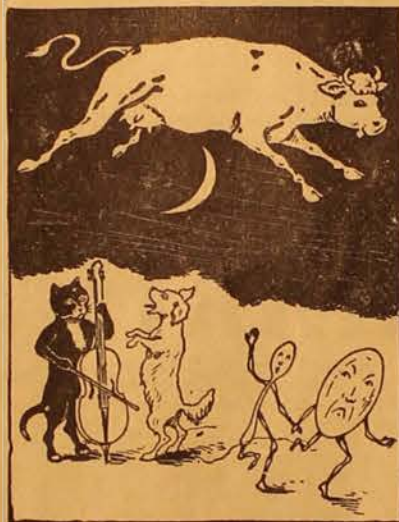


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There is the secret of a comfortable, pleasant, healthy life for women. Don't stand up over the wash-tub, doing that grinding hard work that isn't fit for any woman. Use Pearline. Soak the clothes over night, while you sleep; boil them a little; then there's no work to do but to rinse them. Don't make a slave of yourself trying to scrub things clean in the ordinary ways. Use Pearline, and make all such work easy and quick and more economical. 537

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

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The Famous Fable

of "the cow that jumped over the moon" is not more barren of fact than the claims of some of the "cure all" silver cleaners which are supposed to clean everything from dishpans to diamonds

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

is specially prepared for cleaning and polishing Gold and Silver without scratching or wearing. It's unlike any other and will do what no other silver cleaner will. **It's absolutely harmless.** If you value your Silverware

BE SURE to get the right kind, to bear this in mind.

All leading grocers sell the right kind.

THE ELECTRO-SILICON COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Reduced Prices.

WE are offering decided bargains this month in Suits and Cloaks in order to close out our entire line of Winter goods.

Tailor-Made Suits and Dresses, \$5. up, Formerly \$8, \$10 and \$12.

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Fur Capes, Separate Skirts, Plush Capes, etc.

Write to-day for Winter Catalogue, samples of materials, and Bargain List of reduced prices. Be sure to say that you wish the Winter issue.

Our new **Spring Catalogue** of Suits and Dresses will be issued in February. It will be a handsome fashion book of the latest Spring styles. Write now and we will send you a copy with a full line of new Spring Suitings as soon as it is issued. Be sure to say that you wish the Spring number.

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

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BLUE BOOK FOR EMBROIDERERS. Just enlarged and giving directions for embroidering over 170 Fruits, Flowers and Leaves. Sent for 6c. Address, **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,** 15 Union Street, New London, Conn.

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LADY AGENT writes: "I am making \$10 to \$12 a day selling Mackintosh Dress Skirts, New style Dress Shields and other new goods." Send for proof and catalog best sellers FREE. Big profits. **LADIES SUPPLY CO.,** 3118 FOREST AVE., CHICAGO.

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MODELS FOR 1897 READY



Columbia

GREATEST BICYCLE-FACTORY IN-THE-WORLD.

DOPE MANUFACTURING CO
HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.
 NEW CATALOGUE FREE FROM ANY COLUMBIA AGENT
 OR BY MAIL FOR A TWO CENT STAMP

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\$500 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY!

We have had a number of word contests in the past and prizes have been awarded fairly. The owner of every winning list has received prizes, and all testify to the square dealing of Mr. Plummer. In entering this contest you are sure of getting the money to which your list entitles you. We first adopted these word contests this season. We have given away \$800, since we began these word contests, to 94 persons, and would like to publish the names and addresses of all the winners, but it would take too much space. We do publish, however, the names and addresses of the winners of first prizes in each of our preceding contests. Here they are: \$50.00—Dr. E. H. M. Sell, 137 W. 94th st., New York City; \$10.00—Miss M. Louisa Allen, Upper Village, Marion, Mass.; \$20.00—E. H. Burt, West Winfield, N. Y.; \$10.00—Mrs. O. H. Coolidge, 93 Maple st., Rutland, Vt.; \$20.00—Mrs. Emily Burt, West Winfield, N. Y. This is our largest and best contest. We give

\$500 IN GOLD | **FREE** **61 Prizes, aggregating \$500;**
a Genuine Bona-Fide Offer. We give nothing but cash for prizes. No trash. Here is our proposition. Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in INSTRUCTION? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more than once. Words spelled alike, but with different meanings, can be used but once. Use no language except English. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns, allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: INSTRUCTION: In, Tin, Ton, Sin, Son, Sir, Seion, Run, Us, etc. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$100.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INSTRUCTION; \$50.00 for second largest; \$25.00 for each of the next three largest lists; \$20.00 to each of the next three; \$15.00 to each of the next three; \$10.00 to each of the next nine, and \$2.00 to each of the next forty largest lists—sixty-one prizes in all to the sixty-one largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of these sixty-one? You will enjoy the making of the list. Why not try for the prize? The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, thirty-two to thirty-six pages, each page containing four long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 25 cents (money-order, silver or stamps), for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 25 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a 100-page book, "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH," by the famous Ian Maclaren. This book has attracted more attention in the United States than any book of recent years. We give a complete unabridged edition, handy size, finely printed. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than April 20. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in May issue, published April 25. Our publication has been established ten years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 225-226-227 Temple Court Building, New York City.



IAN MACLAREN

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PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. You can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker, worth \$1.00. Mailed for 10c, stamps for postage on outfit and catalogue of 1000 bargains. Same outfit with figures 15c. Outfit for printing two lines 25c, postpaid.

INGERSOLL & BRO.

Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To introduce our great new illustrated Jewelry Catalogue, we will send our handsome 1897 solid Sterling Silver Ring, 925-1000 fine, suitable for Gentleman or Lady, to any address, for TEN CENTS in stamps or silver. Send piece of paper size of ring wanted.

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 By using the **ROCKER WASHER**

It is warranted to wash a family washing of 100 PIECE in ONE HOUR as clean as with the WASHBOARD; Address the **ROCKER WASHER CO.**
 FORT WAYNE, IND.

× Liberal inducements to live local Agents ×

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(Continued from Page 241.)

tainly stirring enough in these times, would help every woman "tired with home duties" to enlarge her horizon both of vision and feeling. Plenty of material for this subject can be obtained from the best magazines and newspapers, and if few of these are taken by the different families, you might arrange to subscribe for a number as a club. Another most interesting subject for you would be "Household Economics." The subject, under the head of "Home Science," was referred to briefly in "Gleanings," on page 312 of DEMOREST'S for March, 1896. You can write to the register in Albany, N. Y., for information on the subject, or to Professor Ellen L. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, who is one of the foremost lecturers on the subject. She will be glad to render you all the assistance possible.

"MRS. E. A. TURNER-MUNRO"—Please send to DEMOREST'S your full address. Until it is received the magazine will be sent to former name, as it is impossible to make the change without the address.—We cannot understand how it is possible to make any mistake now in using the Pattern Order. "This Order is good only when sent with four cents for each pattern" means that four cents should be sent for one pattern, eight cents for two, twelve for three, etc. When you consider that but few of the patterns published in DEMOREST'S, if for sale in a pattern shop, could be bought for twenty-five cents, that most of them would cost thirty, forty, and fifty cents each, and the largest, skirts, house-gowns, and wrappers, from seventy-five cents to a dollar, you will realize that four cents, far from paying for the pattern, does not cover the expense of wrapping and mailing it.

"CHEROKEE."—In cutting the fur for the "Pilar" collar you must be governed somewhat by the length of the nap. A short-napped fur like seal should run up from the lower to the upper edge of the whole collar. Closely curled astrachan and Persian lamb should be pieced at the neck, letting the nap run up in the flaring collar and down over the shoulders, and mink should be cut in the same way. Do not let the seam in the back show in either collar.

"THEODORA."—Advance copies of the January number were on the editor's desk when your letter was written.—Dickens' stories maintain the place they have always occupied, a unique one, in the world of English letters. The style of writing has changed vastly since his day, but as character-drawings his works have never been excelled, and Dickens will always be Dickens, just as Scott is Scott, and Thackeray, Thackeray.—Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," gives a picture of the man as citizen, friend, and author, as well as in his close family relations.—It was not "Living Pictures," but "Hidden Pictures," which were suggested to "Polly" in the February, 1896, number. The hints given there can be expanded indefinitely by a play upon the names of familiar pictures, characters, or subjects.—The young woman you mention is in private life, and we could not give her address here.—Thanks for your words of appreciation.

"ENGINEER."—There are about as many forms of Christmas greeting as there are minds to dictate them, and no one expression is adopted as "the correct form." The one rule governing all is that they should be cordial and unaffected. Such simple phrases as "Merry Christmas," and "A Christmas Greeting," written upon a calling card, either upon the reverse side or above the name, are suitable

(Continued on Page 243.)

(Continued from Page 242.)

alike for either a formal acquaintance or a friend. There is no choice between the expressions you use: "Amy, from Blanche," or "Blanche to Amy"; oftener, however, the name of the receiver of the gift is omitted, and a calling card with inscription similar to those suggested above is used. According to the degree of intimacy it may express greater warmth, as, "A Loving Greeting," "Merry Christmas, with Love," "A Heartfelt Christmas Greeting." It is a pretty fashion to tie the card with bright "baby ribbon," run through one corner, to the gift. The dainty wrapping of Christmas gifts in white or tinted tissue paper, tying them with ribbons to match, greatly enhances their attractiveness.—Baptism is required for admission to membership in all Christian churches. The doctrines taught in the Congregational churches are in accordance with the confession and catechisms compiled by the Assembly at Westminster in 1643. The form of baptism is by sprinkling.

SANITARIAN.

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF FRUITS.

(Continued from Page 225.)

The laxative quality of the fig is due largely to the numerous tiny seeds, which excite the mucous secretion of the intestines, thus reducing the alimentary matter to a semi-fluid state, in which it may be freely and easily voided. This is also true of many of the berries having small seeds; though all these, and especially the black raspberry, must be eaten with extreme caution by those with weakened digestion, lest the organs have not strength to expel them. An excellent fig preparation, which rivals in effectiveness the much-advertised remedies, may be made at home. Make an infusion by steeping one ounce of senna in a pint of boiling water. Select one pound of plump dried figs, and having placed them in a layer in an earthen dish, pour over them the well-steeped and strained senna tea. Place in a moderate oven and allow them to remain until the liquid has been entirely absorbed by the fruit. Keep in a closed jar for use as required, one fig on retiring being a dose for an ordinary case of costiveness. The excellence of this remedy is due to its being a perfect laxative presented in a pleasant form, which will be found particularly acceptable to children. It will effectually cleanse the system, dispel maladies arising from a clogging of the intestines, and will permanently cure constipation.

Grapes act in much the same way on the bowels; but they possess many additional virtues which make them a food *par excel-*

(Continued on Page 244.)

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Mr. J. H. Plummer, publisher of the Woman's World and Jenness Miller Monthly offers \$500.00 in gold to the persons forming the largest number of words from the word "instruction." These contests have proved very popular in the past, the competition for prizes being very close. See his advertisement in another column.

"The Only
Dentifrice
of International Reputation."

Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH & BREATH

I recommend it to every
body - Miss

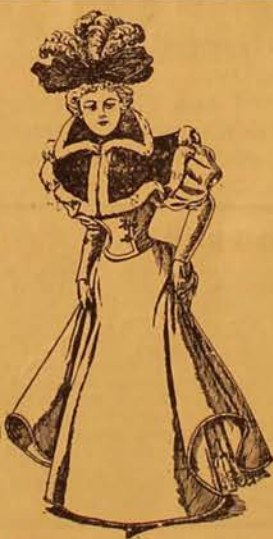
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STOP TO LOOK and consider the remarkable results obtained by the faithful use of **SOZODONT**. It is the only complete and perfect Dentifrice of world-wide celebrity, presenting both liquid and powder in one package.

Fragrant SOZODONT preserves the Teeth from decay, hardens the Gums, perfumes the Breath, imparts a delightfully refreshing sensation to the Mouth, and is at all times free from harmful ingredients.

DENTISTS OF DISTINCTION have recommended SOZODONT; all leading Druggists sell it. A sample, with sample cake of Sozoderma Soap, for three cents. Address P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City. If you cannot obtain SOZODONT of your Druggist, send to above address Seventy-Five Cents for a full-size package (complete), prepaid by mail or express; or SOZODONT and 4-oz. cake of Sozoderma Soap, for \$1.00. HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, New York. London: 46 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

The Up-to-Date Young Woman



discards the unsatisfactory "cords," "braids," and "velveteen" bindings heretofore in use, and finishes and protects the bottom of her skirt with

"FEDER'S BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR"

The only perfect dress edge. Supports the bottom of the skirt without aid of wire or bone. Does not soil or wear the shoes, or become hardened by dirt or dampness.

It cleans easily—

*A shake and the dust is off
A rub and it's clean
A brush and it's new.*

At all dry-goods stores,—or write

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ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

Aster—New Victoria, 25 best colors.
Alyssum—New Compact, Trail'g; fine.
Coxcomb—Improved Dwarf, 6 colors.
Nasturtium—Climbing, 15 fine sorts.
Pepper—Fancy, 25 sorts, many colors.
Poppy—New Fairy, 18 lovely varieties.
Phlox—New Large-Flow'd, 30 fine sorts.
Pansy—GIANT, Sweet Scented, 40 colors.
Petunia—New Bedding, 15 rich hues.
Pink—Large-Flow'd Japan, 15 varieties.
Stock—Dwarf Dwarf, German, 30 sorts.
Sweet Peas—Large-Fl'w'd, 35 colors.
Nicotiana—Jasmine-s'nd, ev' r-bl'm'g.
Complete Mixture—1,000 varieties.

10 cents pays for these 14 packets first-class warranted seeds, enough for a whole garden of choice flowers; also cultural Guide and Park's Floral Magazine three months on trial. They are not cheap seeds, but the best to be had; worth a dollar. Barnard's New Lobelia, Imperial Japan Morning Glory, New Cosmos-flowered Dahlia, Improved Margaret Carnation, or Giant California Petunia for club of two, or all for club of five. Club with friends. This is my best offer. Don't miss it. Order at once.

GEO. W. PARK, B 36, Libonia, Pa.
TUBEROUS BEGONIAS at a bargain. Seeds packed inexpensively by steam machinery, hence our low prices.

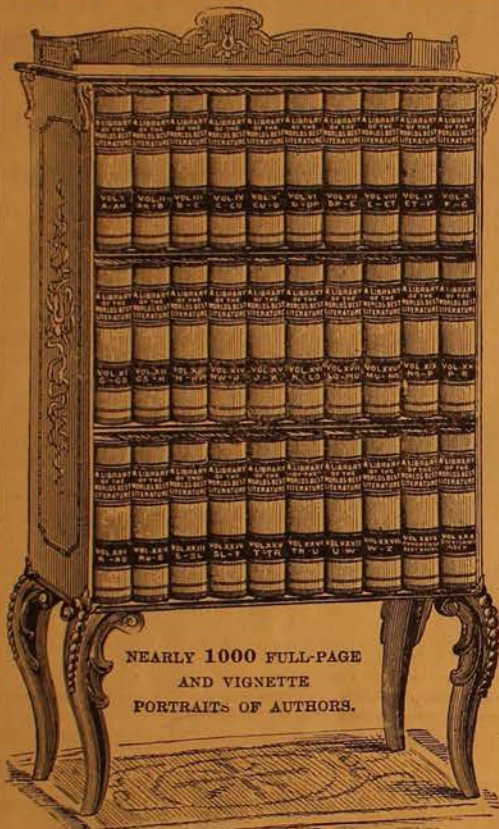
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(Continued from Page 243.)

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And Prices will Positively be Advanced.

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| Half Morocco, | 4.00 | 2.20 | 54.00 |
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NOTICE This Club will close during the present month, and as memberships are being taken up rapidly, it is safest to order at once, as the right is reserved to close the Club immediately **WITHOUT NOTICE.**

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB, HEADQUARTERS, 91 & 93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. C. L. BOWMAN, Manager.

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

BLINDNESS CAN BE PREVENTED.

The absorption treatment a success.

There should be no waiting to be blind.

HUNDREDS successfully treated for all diseases of the eyes or lids without knife or risk, at their homes and at our Sanitarium, the largest and most successful institution in America. Pamphlet free, describing treatment.

Mr. Nelson Cook, the noted oil portrait painter, paints and presents E. H. Bemis, originator of the Absorption Treatment, with his master-piece, upon recovering his eyesight, which is considered the greatest cure on record, as Mr. Cook was past 80 years of age and blind in one eye and nearly so in the other, with cataracts, complicated with paralysis. All become amazed at the fineness of the painting.

Bemis Sanitarium, 163 Glens Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. Branch Office, 200 Columbus Ave., Boston. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

lence at all times, in sickness or health. As food, medicine, and beautifier, they stand without an equal in the kingdom of fruits. What more nourishing, exhilarating, and delicious than the pure, unadulterated, and likewise unfermented, product of the vine? It is said that the peasant women of Arles who are famed for their beauty, owe much of their charms to the liberal use of grapes, which grow abundantly in their district, and which in conjunction with coarse black bread contribute the main part to their subsistence. There is no denying that a plentiful use of grapes—either whole or in the pure extract—will give tone and vigor to the system, brilliancy to the eyes, color and clearness to the complexion, and result generally in buoyant health. They are especially recommended in anæmic conditions. In extreme cases of gastric debility, the grape, with skin and seeds removed, has proved digestible and otherwise beneficial to a sensitive stomach.

The remedial properties of berries, all of which are of great value in different diseases, may be preserved through the home manufacture of cordials, shrubs, vinegars, etc., and by drying, to be steeped, strained, and used as needed. It is universally known that blackberry preparations are of inestimable value in all dysenteric and diarrhoeal disorders, while strawberries are excellent in diabetes. Black raspberries, both fresh and dried, are remedial and tonic in summer complaints. An infusion of the dried fruit, sweetened to taste and taken either warm or cold, may be retained on a highly sensitive stomach when all else will be rejected, and it is equally good for both infants or adults.

The cherry has a virtue but little known. In cooking, the flesh absorbs from the pit just that modicum of prussic acid which our system requires as a tonic. The green gage plum, and peach, cooked, are valuable for the same reason.

Of especial worth to dyspeptics is the pineapple. Taken as an accompaniment to

(Continued on Page 245.)

Everything for the garden seems a broad term for any one firm to adopt, yet the widely known seed house of PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt street, New York, supply every want of the cultivator, both for the greenhouse and garden. In their handsome and comprehensive catalogue for 1897 (which by the way is their "Jubilee" number, the house having this year attained its fiftieth year), will be found offered, not only "everything for the garden," but all things needful for the farm as well. Our readers will miss it if they fail to send for this gorgeous catalogue, which may be had of PETER HENDERSON & CO., this their "Jubilee" year, free, on receipt of 10 cents (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing.

It has been demonstrated beyond doubt that Catarrhal Deafness can be, and is being permanently cured in thousands of cases by the use of the new discovery and invention known as Aerial Medication. This treatment is based on purely scientific principles, and has received the highest endorsement from the Medical Profession, and has been used with phenomenal success in over twelve thousand cases in this country alone. Those of our readers who know persons afflicted with deafness, are urged to send the names and address of such persons to Dr. J. H. Moore, Cincinnati, O., a reputable physician of the highest professional and moral standing, and he will send full particulars and medicines for three months treatment free.

(Continued from Page 244.)

other food it facilitates digestion; but it should never be taken alone, as, failing anything else to work upon, it attacks the lining of the stomach itself. It is this tendency which makes the pineapple of prime worth in certain forms of dyspepsia and in diphtheria, for its juice will cut away mucus that nothing else can remove.

GENEVIEVE T. KEMBLE.

HOUSEHOLD.

DAINTIES FOR THE JUVENILES.

(Continued from Page 227.)

and bake for fifteen minutes, when they may be turned out of the molds into a napkin, and garnished with parsley and slices of cut lemon. For chocolate custards dissolve an ounce and a half of the best chocolate in rather more than a cupful of water, and then boil it until perfectly smooth; mix with it a pint of milk well flavored with vanilla, and two ounces of white sugar, and when the whole boils stir it into the well-beaten yolks of five eggs that have been strained. Put the custard into a jar and set in a pan of boiling water; stir without ceasing until it is thick, but do not allow to boil or it will curdle. When cool, pour into a low glass dish.

For the snowballs, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten them to taste, and flavor with rose. Drop them into a pot of boiling water in tablespoonfuls, for a minute or two, to harden them; set them on a sieve to cool, and garnish the top of the chocolate with them.

To make vanilla chips, mix and whip three whole eggs and ten ounces of sugar; add half a pound of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Mix well, roll the paste out on the molding-board in a thin sheet, and cut into narrow strips six inches long. Lay on a greased tin, and bake carefully in a hot oven for about ten minutes. When done, twist them around a stick to give the chips a spiral form. If kept in a closed tin box they will remain fresh and crisp for a long time.

ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

GLEANINGS.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

One of the chief defects of our common schools has long been that the same work is required of all pupils, dull and bright alike. Recognizing this, the trustees of the schools

(Continued on Page 246.)

FACE POWDER,

Aromatic Spirits Vinegar, Cosmetics, Wires, Confectionery, etc., made at home. 300 valuable recipes in all, will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Address

A. L. KEARTH, 132 East 2d St., Plainfield, N. J.
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Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

SEEDS FOR AN ENTIRE FLOWER GARDEN FREE!

For several years past we have made liberal offers at this season to gain trial subscriptions to our Magazine. Our success each year has exceeded that of the previous year. We are therefore encouraged to make the most generous offer ever put out by us or any other reliable publishing house. Our publication is now recognized as a national success, having the largest circulation of any similar periodical in America, but we want to add at least a quarter of a million (250,000) trial subscriptions to our list at once, and so have contracted for an unlimited number of Large and Magnificent Collections of Choice Flower Seeds, sixteen packages in each collection, to be given away free to all who send us only 25c. in silver or 30 one c. stamps to pay for a trial subscription to Jan. 1, 1898 to The Columbian, a large, 80 col., Illustrated Magazine, brim full of the best fiction and most helpful topical departments obtainable. Here is a full list of the seeds sent free to every subscriber. They are not mixed in one package, but put up in separate packages, with cultural directions for each of the 16 varieties:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pansies, sweet scented, very large, lovely, 30 col. | Marigold, French striped, dwarf stocky plants, mixed, 10 col. |
| Pinks, finest double bedding sorts in mixtures, 14 col. | Larkspur, dwarf double rocket, very showy, hardy, 10 col. |
| Asters, new sorts, finest double varieties mixed, 20 col. | Sweet Peas, large flowered, all newer shades, robust, 10 col. |
| Poppies, giant flowered, double, very showy, 20 col. | Nasturtiums, flowers last until frost, full bloomers, 5 col. |
| Petunias, finest single mixed, profuse blooming, 30 col. | Portulacas, single mixed, charming dwarf plants, 20 col. |
| Zinnias, rich and showy, immense double flowers, 10 col. | Candytuft, free flowering annuals, beds or borders, 15 col. |
| Sweet Alyssum, very pretty for edgings, bright, 12 col. | Drummond Phlox, grandiflora, fine, large flowering, 20 col. |
| Sweet Mignonette, large flowers, superb scented, 2 col. | Morning Glory, sturdy, well marked rich flower, 40 col. |

The above sixteen varieties of choice flower seeds, put up in sixteen separate packages, with cultural directions for each, will be sent you free if you send only 25c. in silver, or 30 one cent stamps for a trial subscription to Jan. 1, 1898, to The Columbian, America's Great National Literary Success. The Columbian is edited by Madame Higgins-Glenorne, the "Female Dante," acknowledged by European authority as the greatest living female poet. Among our contributors for this year are, HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, poet, traveler and literateur, for over 20 years editor of Youth's Companion, and "OLIVER OPTIC," the world's greatest writer of boys stories. We make this unparalleled offer simply to get The Columbian into new homes. We shall trust to its merits for renewal and permanent subscriptions. Send full name and address to-day, with 25c. in silver, or 30 one cent stamps, and get all; five collections and five trial subscriptions for One Dollar. We refer to any publisher in New England as to our reliability. Address, The Columbian, 13, 15, 17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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PADONA INSTANTLY REMOVES HAIR FROM THE FACE, FOREVER DESTROYS HAIR NECK AND ARMS

and other parts of the body, and leaves the skin white and beautiful. Padona is a scientific marvel. By one or two applications the roots of the hair are completely destroyed and return growth is rendered impossible. Padona is absolutely free from the injurious substances so common in remedies for the removal of hair growth and is so harmless that a child can use it freely without fear of injury. A great blessing to old and young.

\$1,000.00 Forfeit Up

For Any Case Where Padona Fails

or leaves the slightest trace of injury or discoloration of the skin. An enthusiastic purchaser writes: "I have used many preparations to remove hair on the face, without results. I sent for a box of Padona and now I am free of the ugly face blemishes, and it has beautified my complexion." It is recommended by thousands of persons of culture and refinement who have used it successfully, and is absolutely guaranteed. Padona is sent by mail, postage paid, in safety mailing cases approved by postmasters, securely sealed, on receipt of \$1.00 per box. Safe delivery of your letter is insured by registering it at any Post-office. All correspondence held strictly confidential. Please cut this out as it may not appear again and mention this paper.

The Padona Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Live Agents wanted everywhere.

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(Continued from Page 245.)

96 1897-1847 48
 95 Most of Eve's 49
 94 Fair Daughters 50
 93 love flowers, and depend upon 51
 92 us annually to supply their 52
 91 garden wants. Our 1897 "JU- 53
 90 BILEE" CATALOGUE, describing 54
 89 these "wants," is simply superb. 55
 88 To commemorate our fiftieth 56
 87 business year, we have pre- 57
 86 pared the most beautiful and 58
 85 valuable SEED and PLANT 59
 84 CATALOGUE the gardening 60
 83 world has ever seen. Every 61
 82 copy costs us 25 cts. to produce, 62
 81 but in honor of this our "JU- 63
 80 BILEE" year, we will send it 64
 79 this season FREE to any one 65
 78 on receipt FREE of 10c. (in 66
 77 stamps) to cover postage and 67
 76 mailing. This "JUBILEE" 68
 75 CATALOGUE of "EVERYTHING 69
 74 FOR THE GARDEN" is a mag-
 73 nificent book of 170 pages, on
 72 which are displayed over 500
 71 beautiful illustrations of Seeds
 70 and Plants, the work of our
 own artists. Also six full-size
 colored plates which in artistic
 beauty have probably never
 been equaled, certainly never
 surpassed.
 The gorgeous products of our
 Gardens and Greenhouses are
 not only faithfully pictured and
 described in the Catalogue, but
 equally so every other desirable
 requisite, new and old, for both
 Farm and Garden.
 A "JUBILEE SURPRISE SOU-
 VENIR" will also be sent without
 charge to all applicants for the
 Catalogue who will state where
 they saw this advertisement.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

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FREE STAMPING OUTFIT TO HELP INTRODUCE



Into 100,000 new homes this season. Over 100 Pat-
 terns. Our new illustrated magazine has the largest circulation
 of any similar publication in this coun-
 try, but we are not satisfied. We have
 therefore contracted for 100,000 "Grand
 Prix" Stamping Outfits to be given
 free to the first 100,000 persons who
 send only 10c. silver or 12c. stamps
 for a trial subscription. This hardly
 pays for cost of postage, mailing, etc.,
 but we are so sure that those who send
 will always want to read
 The Columbian and re-
 new their subscription ev-
 ery year, that we now make
 the offer of the age.
 The "Grand Prix"
 Stamping Outfit
 contains over 100 pat-
 terns of almost every
 variety, among them: Two
 full and handsome alphabets,
 1 Sunflower, 8x11; 1 Parrot
 and Branch, 8x11; Bleeding
 Hearts, 8x11; Bunch Forget-me-nots, 4x7; 1 Design Owl, 8x11; Roses,
 6x9; Pond Lilies, 11x14; Bunch Grapes, 8x8; also designs Rabbit's
 Head, Butterfly, Maple Leaf, Tray cloth pattern, of many designs,
 Turkey on Platter, Bunch Strawberries, Four Leaf Clover, Bunch
 Pinks, Lilies, Little School Girl Rolling Hoop; also seven braiding
 patterns for flannel embroidery, several conventional designs, and
 82 others, a total of over 100 very pretty and useful pat-
 terns, making in all the Grand Prize Outfit of the season.
 Bought separately at the stores they would cost \$2.00; we
 send ALL FREE if you send us only 10c. silver or 12c. stps.
 for trial subscription to magazine, and include with every order Full
 instructions for Stamping, also for making powders of all kinds.
 Any publisher in New England will satisfy you as to our reliability.
 Address, THE COLUMBIAN, 288 Otis St. Boston, Mass.

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at Waukegan, Illinois, have put in operation a plan which is intended to assist pupils who cannot go along with the quickest workers; and the result of this innovation will be looked for with much interest. The new scheme was put on trial at the beginning of the school term this last fall. In addition to the regular departments in each school an "ungraded department" was opened, the province of which "is to care for those who have not been to school for several years, and who now desire to avail themselves of school privileges, but do not seem to class well in any of the regular departments; for those who have completed the grammar grades and who do not desire to take the regular work of the high school, but are anxious to become more proficient in the so-called common-school branches; and for all pupils over fourteen years of age and less than twenty-one, whose education, in the judgment of the superintendent, can be better provided for in this department than in any other department of the school." In this new department special emphasis will be placed on the practical side of education. The arithmetic of the farm, of the workshop, and of the store, will be made prominent, and this will be supplemented by teaching in elementary bookkeeping and in other features of commercial life. There will also be enough work in manual training to assist the pupil in relating his school work to any trade or occupation in which he may expect to engage.

DIET AS A MORAL AGENT.

An experiment is making at the Reformatory in Elmira, New York, testing the effect of diet as a moral agent in the work of reforming the prisoners. Under the wage-earning system of the Reformatory the inmates must earn their living and keep a credit balance to their accounts in order to progress towards their release by parole. To maintain this credit balance a prisoner must restrain, regulate, and exert himself in a way which shows his improvement. Hitherto the diet rate has been inflexible; but now an enlarged scale of dietary privileges is provided, increasing from grade to grade, so that the prisoners can out of their own accumulations select meal by meal at their pleasure, provided always that they keep their expenditure within the limits of indulgence allowed by the government of the Reformatory. It is believed that many of the prisoners will, for an inviting table menu, pay the necessary price of more attention to work and discipline, and thus progress along the lines of reformation.

CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.

For hall and vestibule doors silk is not so much used as formerly for curtains, and the newest thing is lace without any fullness, but made to hang perfectly smooth and flat against the glass, like a window-shade. Such curtains are held straight by having a brass rod run through them at the top and

(Continued on Page 247.)

Standard for Purity **MAY'S SEEDS**
 The U. S. Department of Agriculture's report on one million packets of seeds which we supplied shows an average test of 99.29 PER CENT PURE, a record said to be unequalled in the seed trade. Our seeds were subjected to a most severe test by Mr. G. H. Hicks, the U. S. Gov't Seed Expert.
Seeds for Trial.
 For only 10 CENTS (silver or stamps) we will send one packet each the following rare Pan-
 sies: KING OF YELLOWS, yellow; BEAUTY, fawn shade; SNOW QUEEN, white; BLUE PRINCE, blue; OR Six packets of Vegetable Seeds, including Beets, Radish, Lettuce, Carrot, Tomato and Turnip, OR for FOUR CENTS in stamps, one large packet of GERMAN SHOW PANSIES, MIXED COLORS.
 Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue Free on Application, to Intending Purchasers.
MAY & CO., Seed Growers, St. Paul, Minn.

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PALMS and ROSES

we will send you postpaid
 Nice Little
3 Palms
 for 25c
 All different and distinct named kinds,
The Champion Six Everblooming Roses for 25 cents.

Champion of the World. The great everblooming rose.
Snowflake. The purest white, always in bloom.
Fransiska Kruger. Lovely shaded, deep copper yellow.
Gen'l de Tartas. Brilliant deep carmine, shaded violet.
Star of Lyon. The richest golden yellow.
Crimson Bedder. Deep rich velvety crimson.
 For 50c we will send above palms and roses and one extra rose. Our beautiful new catalogue free, send for it.
McGREGOR BROS., Springfield, O.

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

PRETZINGER'S CATARRH BALM
 Cures COLD in the HEAD
 IN ONE NIGHT.

The following testimonials are taken at random from among hundreds of others equally as strong:

Julius Cahn, Mgr. Booking Department, Frohman's Theatres, Broadway and 40th St., N. Y., writes: "The benefits I have derived from the use of your Balm are surprising as well as pleasing, and I sincerely trust that suffering humanity will use it to same advantage as I have done."

Stops Earache Instantly.

C. C. Drake, of Lufkin Rule Co., Saginaw, Mich., writes: "Gives instant relief and certain cure."

D. B. Thomas, Antiquarian, Sunman, Ind., writes: "It cured me of catarrh with which I was afflicted for twenty years and for which I spent much money."

E. L. Allen, Waterville, Maine, writes: "Since using your remedy I have lost all traces of this loathsome disease."

Mrs. S. E. Hopper, 96 Starr St., Brooklyn, writes: "Was treated in several hospitals, given tablets, washes and sprays—all did no good. Was told of your Balm and after using it some time, am perfectly cured."

Only 2 Cents for Sample.

For a two-cent stamp for postage, we will send you a sample—or for 50 cents, a full size package—of this wonderful remedy, which will certainly and effectually cure all kinds of nasal catarrh, colds in the head, catarrhal sore throat and deafness. It acts like magic with children, and is perfectly safe under all conditions and circumstances.

A most welcome exception to everything which has ever been offered to the public.

D. PRETZINGER & BRO., Chemists, - Dayton, O.

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

(Continued from Page 246)

bottom. A handsome one that may be used as a model is made from the heavy cream-white fish-net that looks like Brussels net, with a wide insertion of Renaissance lace in the center, and extending from the top to the bottom of the curtain. The insertion is laid on the net and sewed down, and the net under it cut away. Sometimes a figured lace is used instead of the plain net. If one does not want to go to the expense of the lace, plain net is very pretty; but if used, should, of course, be a little full, as the chief reason for using the lace plain is to show the pattern, and in order to be effective it should be handsome.

In houses where they are in keeping with other things, cotton velvets make beautiful rich-looking hangings. They are soft, look heavy, and are cleaned as easily as cretonne. Some of the white cotton velvets are said to wash as easily and perfectly as unbleached cloth. When dry, they are shaken and brushed to raise the nap.

TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SERVANTS.

The scarcity of trained domestic servants and the large demand for them has started more than one effort towards providing means for the scientific and practical training of such as are willing to take it. In Orange, New Jersey, such a school has been opened, and on a much larger scale one was opened last month in Chicago. The school in Chicago, if successful, will be of great value, and will, no doubt, serve as a model for many others; for women all over the country are feeling an imperative need for better servants, and are only waiting for someone to show them how such a need can be supplied. The Chicago school is incorporated under State laws, with a house provided with ample grounds for its extension if warranted by the success of the venture. The first class consists of twenty-five young women, who have the best of references for faithfulness in performing their duties. The instruction given will be not only in cookery, but in all branches that have to do with economy, comfort, and health, and the proper maintenance of a house. The best and most improved methods will be taught. The pupils are received free of charge, also without compensation from the school for the first six months. After this probation \$3 a week will be given to each pupil until she graduates, which will be at the end of two years. At that time a diploma and the sum

(Continued on Page 248.)



100 all dif. Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., & **POCKET ALBUM**, only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agts. wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmann, 5941 Cote Brilliant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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COINS

If you have any rare American or foreign coins, paper money, or stamps issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps for Ill. Circular No. 20, Fortune for somebody. Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass., Coin Dept. RR.

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The China Closet. China, Cut Glass, Pottery, Bric-a-Brac, 142 W. 42d St., N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

U. 25 dif U.S. stamps 10c., 100 dif. foreign 10c. Agts w'td @ S. 60%. List free! L.B. Dover & Co., 5938 Theodosia, St. Louis, Mo.

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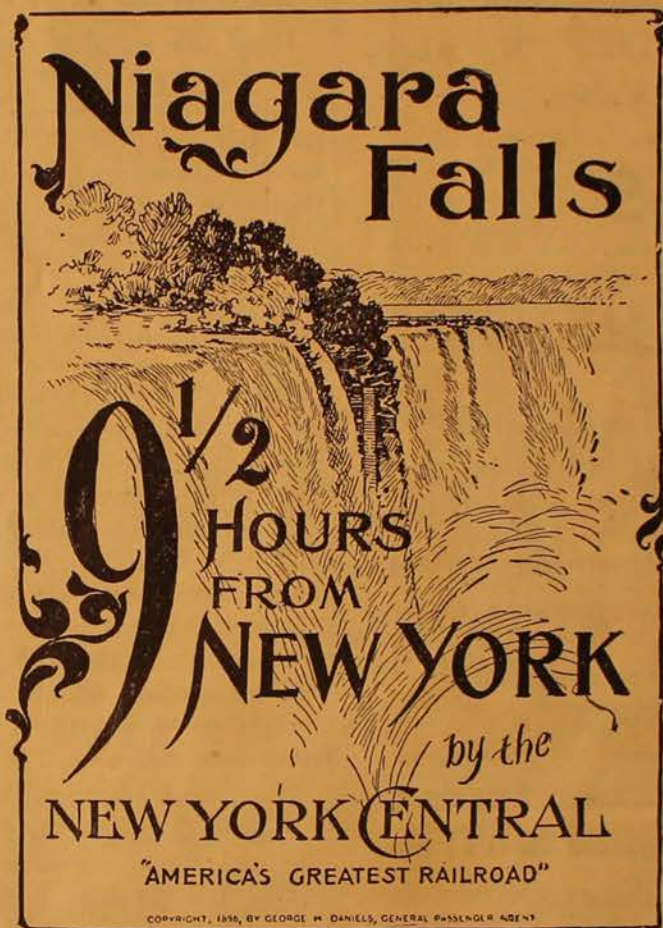


Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well. They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with the shape of the human foot.

Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a Descriptive Price-List to any applicant.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY - - - LOWELL, MASS.

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BUY DIRECT and pay but one profit. Our assortment is one of the best and most complete in

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Roses, Vines, Bulbs, Seeds.

Rarest new, choicest old. Send for our catalogue today; it tells it all; an elegant book, 168 pages, magazine size, profusely illustrated, free.

Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., by mail post-paid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed, larger by express or freight. 43d Year. 32 Greenhouses, 1,000 Acres.



THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 39, Painesville, O.

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BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL 1897 FOR

Tells the plain truth about **The BEST SEEDS that Grow!**

Hundreds of illustrations and remarkable Novelties, painted from nature. Known as "The Leading American Seed Catalogue." Mailed FREE to all.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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



CLEAN HANDS.

Every lady buys a **STOVE POLISHING MITTEN** at sight. Polishes the stove better and quicker than a brush. Sample by mail. 30c a set; 4 sets \$1. **NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY MFG. COMPANY.** 21 Q Portland St. Boston, Mass. Agents can make \$3. per day.

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



The family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, some weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, throat or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sister, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking.

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a few lines of type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book, telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you FREE. To-day would be a good time to send for it. For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

(Continued from Page 247.)

of \$100 will be given. Special courses of instruction will also be given to those who desire to fit themselves for one single branch of work, but only after the preliminary six months' training required as a basis for any kind of service.

A LAUNDRY HINT.

For those who like the fresh, clean odor of orris-root, some one who has tried it suggests that a small piece of orris-root be placed in the boiler when boiling bed-linen and underwear. It imparts a delightful fragrance and does no harm to the clothes. In fact, some people think it even helps the appearance of them.

HOUSEKEEPING ON AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.

Here are some of the articles and the quantity required in a general way for such a ship as one of the big Atlantic liners. For the first cabin alone, there must be 3,000 spoons, 2,000 forks, 3,000 knives, 500 finger bowls, 300 salt-cellars, 2,000 tumblers, 1,000 cups and 1,000 saucers, 6,000 plates of various kinds, 12,000 napkins.

In the outfit of the cabins there will be required at least 2,000 blankets, 1,000 counterpanes, 500 mattresses, 800 pillows, 7,000 sheets, 1,000 bath towels, 10,000 other towels. It will surprise many to know that about 35,000 yards of carpet are necessary to fit out the ship.

When one considers that the second cabin requires from one-half to two-thirds as many articles as the first cabin, and that in these days there is very little difference in the quality of the articles used in the two cabins, one can see the addition there must be to the cost and quantity in the furnishing of the second cabin.

A NEW ROUND-THE-WORLD ROUTE.

San Francisco is now looking forward to the time when a line of ocean greyhounds, flying the Russian flag, will ply between the Golden Gate and Vladivostock, the eastern terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway. Although there yet remain to be built about fifteen hundred miles of the iron road across those vast wastes, the marvelous undertaking is progressing so steadily and so rapidly that ere we know it there will be a grand gala celebration of its completion; and it is confidently predicted that when the last spike is driven, there will be steamships waiting to connect Russia with America.

PERSONAL FADS.

"Ouida" has more fads and fancies than even a *fin-de-siecle* college girl. The scent she uses is made specially for her by a celebrated Venetian perfumer, and costs forty dollars an ounce. She cannot bear starched muslin; the touch of velvet makes her feel creepy; and she faints at the smell of honey. She lives in a very pretty villa near Florence, and is, as those who have read her books can see for themselves, an enthusiastic lover of dogs. "Ouida" always dresses in white, summer and winter, and has a splendid collection of mediæval curiosities.

FREE until June 1st.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:

"Whereas I was deaf, now I hear."



verify this statement.

WILLIAM RITCHIE, Derby Center, Vt.

Deaf Forty Years.

Am 58 years old, had catarrh in a very bad form 40 years, which greatly affected my eyes, almost entirely destroyed my hearing, was confined to the house a great portion of the time, and coughed almost continually. Used Aerial Medication in '94, which fully restored my hearing; my eyes are well and I am entirely cured of catarrh; can work and feel better than I have for forty years.

JOHN GARRIS, Flatbrookville, N. J.



I had catarrh 21 years, was deaf eighteen years, could not hear common conversation, had roaring in ears, dreadful headaches, green offensive discharge, bad taste in mouth, and eyes so weak I could not see to read. I used Aerial Medication in '92; it stopped the roaring and discharge from my head, fully restored my hearing and for over four years my hearing has been perfect and am entirely free from catarrh.

JANE P. BASTIC, Shelby, N. C.

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.

N. B.—This offer will expire June 1, '97.

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.

CUT THIS OUT

and return it to us with 10c. for a year's trial subscription to new 64-col. Illustrated Magazine just being boomed, and we will publish your Name Free in our Agents Directory. You will get bushels of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties and Music from Publishers and Manufacturers who want agents. All for 10c. (This firm is reliable.—Ed.) Addr. The Columbian, 3 Old St., Boston, Mass.

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

The EVERETT PIANO.

If not sold by local dealer, write THE JOHN CHURCH CO., CINCINNATI or CHICAGO. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS' ADVANTAGE.

LADIES' RUBBER GARMENTS.

No lady can afford to be without a waterproof garment. It quickly pays for itself in the protection it gives in stormy weather, and, as now made up, in both light weight, single and double texture, is a stylish outside wrap, durable and comfortable in cool as well as wet weather. The outside cloths are in the double



INVERNESS' SINGLE CAPE.

texture goods, lined with a pretty plaid lining, the rubber being between the cloths and not showing at all. The regular sizes are bust 32, length 54; 34/56, 36/58, 38/59, 40/60, 42/60. Other sizes will cost \$1.00 extra and 50 cents extra for each additional inch in length.

They are bought of the largest and most reliable manufacturers in the world, whose trademark will be a sufficient guarantee. Each garment is made in the most approved manner. In cut and finish they cannot be excelled, and are not sold for less than one-third additional to the prices at which we offer them.

No. 1 is a double texture cashmere with neat print lining, with seams neatly and securely stitched; black or blue.

SINGLE CAPE, \$4.50.
DOUBLE CAPE, \$5.00.

No. 2 is double texture of fine cashmere, with very pretty fancy linings; black or blue. Seams sewed and cemented.

SINGLE CAPE, \$5.75.
DOUBLE CAPE, \$6.25.

This garment can be furnished in lighter weight (single texture) for as follows:

SINGLE CAPE, \$5.00.
DOUBLE CAPE, \$5.75.

No. 3. The following grade of garments can be furnished also:

Style B. Double texture fine cashmere, with a lining of very fine silk, or
Style C. Double texture, good wool tricot, with a woven lining. Both sewed and cemented; black or blue.

SINGLE CAPE, \$9.50.—DOUBLE CAPE, \$10.00.

A good serviceable velvet collar will be put on these garments for \$1.25 additional, or a better one for \$1.50. Subscribers pay the expressage. This will be of no consideration, as the garments are light and will be shipped in a small package.

U. S. SIGNAL BAROMETER.



No. 5033.

The barometer is becoming more popular every year. The many inquiries we are having prove this fact, and have prompted us to include these instruments in our list.

This barometer is most reliable; it indicates every change of weather with the extreme sensitiveness with which it records all differences in the pressure of the atmospheric column.

It is mounted in brass, 5 in. in diameter, has a porcelain dial, beveled glass front, and comes in a morocco-covered box.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, including a year's subscription, \$7.60; alone, \$6.15.

ALLOW ME, IF YOU PLEASE,



To Kindly Inform You

that you need not be at a loss for the following seasonable articles. We would remind you also that the Bureau is no longer an experiment, as a very great number of orders have been filled and sent the country over without one word of complaint. We insure satisfaction in every case. Consult:

The August '96 number—For Watches, Chains, Shoes, Clocks, Optical Goods, Flags, Syringes, Electric Battery, etc., etc.

The September number—For Cook Books, Bibles, Shoes for Gentlemen, Jewelry, Silverware, Music Books, etc., etc.

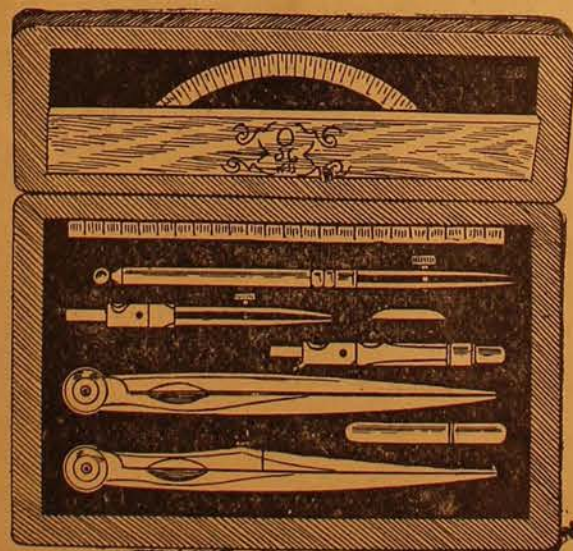
The October number—For Chinaware, Optical Goods, Sheet Music, Shoes for Ladies, Standard Medicines, Fountain Pens, Lamps, etc., etc.

The November number—For Invernesses, Mackintoshes, Cutlery, Music Boxes, Fire Arms, Cameras, etc., etc.

The January '97 number—For Jewelry of all kinds, Lamps, etc., etc.

If you have misp'aced either of these numbers, send for it. You should also SEND AT ONCE for full catalogue and testimonials of as good a sewing machine as can be made. Sent on trial and DELIVERED at about half of retailer's usual price. Also, SPECIAL BICYCLE for ladies and gentlemen. None better on earth. Direct from factory. Do not invest before seeing catalogue. Send for one.

SCHOLARS' SET OF DRAWING INSTRUMENTS.



No. 5046.

Drawing Tools are at times a necessity to everybody; they train the eye of the schoolboy, help the student to do better work, and are invaluable to the expert. This set contains seven pieces of nickel-plated instruments: a divider, 4 3/4 inches long, with attachable pen and pencil leg; a plain divider, 4 inches long; a black-handled ruling pen; box of extra leads; key for dividers; a wood rule; triangle and nickel-plated protractor. The whole, fitted into a leatherette-covered, velvet-lined pocket-case, makes a splendid set for the first elements of drawing.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, including a year's subscription, \$2.80; alone \$1.35.

RUBBER GARMENTS.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

It is false economy to be without a rubber garment when they can be bought at these prices. The better class of goods offered can be used both as waterproofs and overcoats. At the prices, from \$7.35 up, you may take your choice of a Mackintosh, Sleeveless or Double-breasted Coat. The others can only be furnished in the Mackintosh style as illustrated. All double texture. The regular sizes are:



MACKINTOSH.

ditional inch in length. Add \$1.25 for a good, serviceable velvet collar, if desired, or \$1.50 for a better one.

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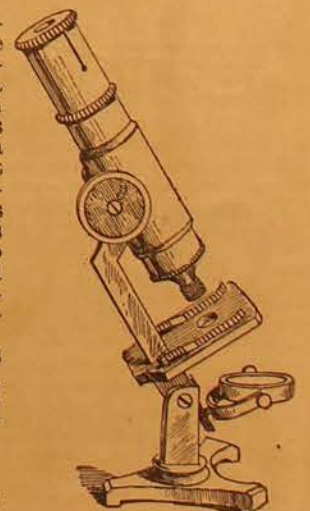


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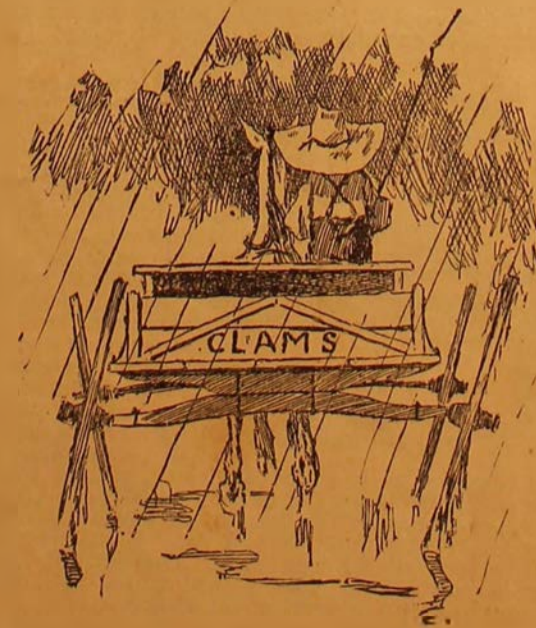
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(Continued on Page 253.)

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