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AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN PARIS.



RECENT writer in describing the wondrous house of Alma-Tadema declared that the only conventional impression of modernity one received on entering it was the glimpse of a white-capped English maid who opened the door. Mr. F. A. Bridgman the famous American artist has eradicated even this inconsistency from his surroundings; for if on his Saturday

afternoons you call at his studio in Paris on the Rue Malesherbes you will be bidden to enter the enchanted place by a beauty who looks as though she had stepped from the most wonderful tale in the Arabian Nights. She wears a gown of marvelous Moorish-blue satin, a shade that looks like marine blue grown sober and intense through a knowledge of sea sorrows. The robe is embroidered in disks and crescents of gold, and girdled about the waist with a sash of *satin d'or*. The undersleeves, flowing softly forth and folding back from the round, brown arms, are of white East India cotton wrought with fine silk strands, and a chain of sequins threads its shining links along the ebony splendor of her hair. She is so mystically potent of the romance from Oriental legends and poems that for a moment the visitor's mind is abashed. He finds himself wondering if this woman wasn't what he came to see, after all, and therefore he stands on the threshold and waits for her to give him some marvelous key that will lead to her possessions, or a bottle whose contents may curl out into a fairy palace, or a walnut to be cracked for its multifold fortune.

But Mademoiselle Claire Romanos (such is the romantic name of the artist's beautiful model) will herself break the spell by bidding you to enter and be seated until the master comes. Mademoiselle is a busy girl, like all the women in France, be they dressed like peasants or fairy princesses, and she sits at the entrance and embroiders like Penelope, never lifting her great elegiac eyes from

her task. Now if you are a wise visitor you will take advantage of her absorption and poke about before the master comes, and before he himself is followed by a horde of cackling women who love art with all the hysteria of utter ignorance gone mad over a vague idea.

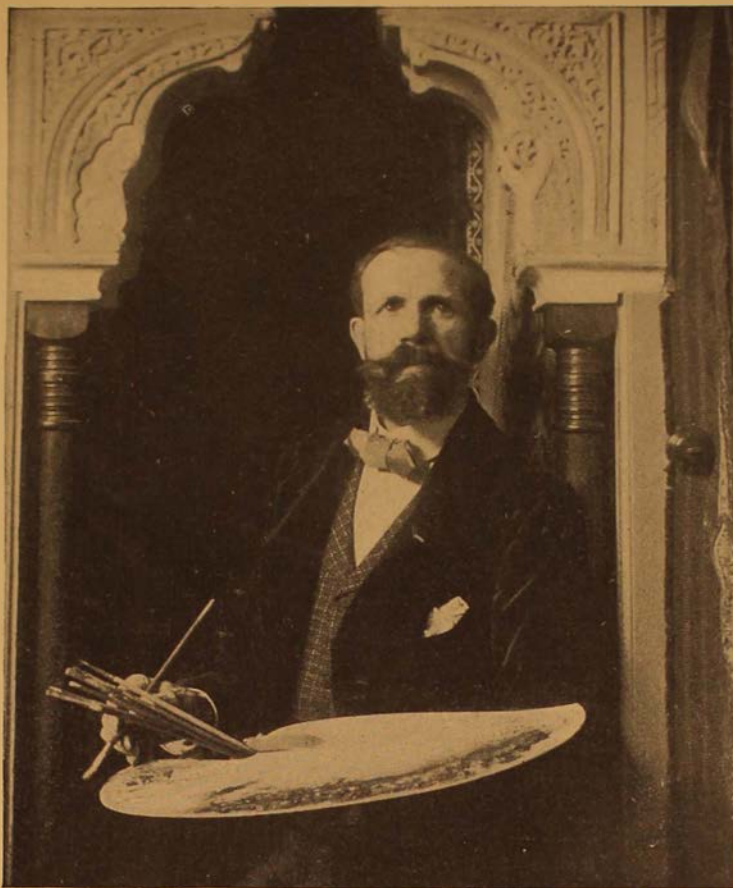
The place is incomparable in beauty. The large studio in which you find yourself is but an opening pean to a perfect artistic harmony. Here the decoration is mainly Gothic and Renaissance. The woodwork is a soft sage-green, and the carving and ornamentation show touches of cream and gold. The tapestries on the east wall are separated by two columns running nearly to the ceiling and crowned by two Greek *stelæ* in cream and gold, and very charming in design, the casts of these funereal stones being procured at the Beaux Arts. Between these columns and above the frieze where the tapestries end are three large mural decorations representing the Acropolis and surrounding country. The room with all its ornamentation is a perfect workshop, having six large lights in



THE ARTIST'S HOME.

the ceiling and three at the sides, besides the smaller ones lighting the Eastern and Mediæval divans on the north side. The columns and friezes are casts from St. Denis' Church, of the 12th century, Gothic.

From the luxurious vantage-ground of the long, low divan, with its softly curtained square windows at the back, and its length broken by pillows of Oriental and Roman satins, one sees directly in front a vista of mystic beauty; for the studio proper is connected with another room that serves the same useful purpose, since the artist often uses it as a background for the Oriental figures that first won and still win him his most lasting reputation in art. The large, uncurtained archway reveals this chamber with its Persian, Arabic, Moorish, and Indian decorations. In the centre is a small octagonal fountain whose spray springs from the cup of a lotus lily. Surrounding palms and ferns lap their leaves in its silvery waters and are reflected below in the basin and the blue and yellow tiles forming the flooring; above hang many



FREDERICK ARTHUR BRIDGMAN, N. A.

sacred incense-lamps, brought by the artist from Indian temples and Moorish mosques. A soft light comes filtering through the palm leaves from the west windows beyond, veiled by mystic broideries and beautified below their lattices with divans richly covered. In the centre is a throne of carved ebony. This is surmounted by an East Indian throne-chair of sandal-wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Two solemn metal hookahs inlaid with coral and turquoise stand as attendant potentates on either side, and the majesty of the picture makes you think that Buddha himself might claim there a serene and holy occupancy if he hadn't strong scruples against smoking. The walls here are tiled, and ornamented with ancient Persian inscriptions and embroideries.

The Greek room that adjoins this one is exquisite; a little chamber it is, with white woodwork and tones of salmon, orange, and pink. The floor is covered with a dull, dark rose carpet and spread with a splendid bearskin, the wicked head being the only thing that suggests



NORTH SIDE OF THE LARGE STUDIO.

anything not immortally good and gentle. The room is a sort of atmospheric dedication to art's beauty in its most delicate and ethereal sense. The ceiling, of course, is much lower than the studio ceilings, and the walls are hung in salmon-colored silk. The mantel shows the front of a Neo-Greek temple with four columns of polished ivory, which, with the figure of Minerva in the centre, are reflected by a mirror at the back. In a moment the room is flooded with roseate light, though the source thereof seems a mystery. The wise Minerva bathed in its pink glow takes on the look of a high-minded, but slightly impressionable, Venus. The figures on the white and copper-colored frieze dance into sentient being; Greek girls and children with wreaths of rosy blossoms, muses and sacrificial maidens, vestal virgins and laughing satyrs, form a chain of enchantment just a bit above you. The deep, pink divan invites you to an actual bath of your beauty-loving senses. You sit there and look about and wish it was all true and that you were a part of it; and then you wonder if it might not have been true,—that is, if Cupid and Psyche had really married and gone to house-keeping.

But dreams must be broken if you wish to go and wander around alone any more before your host comes from the house at the back of the studio, where the garden is in bloom. So you arise and leave the little room, to wonder afterward if it was really anything more than a sip of cordial brewed from sunrise and April roses



FRAGMENT FROM "THE BACCHANTES," EXHIBITED AT THE SALON IN 1896.



ENTRANCE TO THE EGYPTIAN ROOM. MR. BRIDGMAN IN THE COSTUME OF AN ASSYRIAN KING.

In front of the Greek room winds the stairway, light and airy, with Moorish lattice-work for banisters. Each step reveals some detail of beauty,—Oriental embroideries, prints, and first sketches for the artist's paintings, Moorish plaques, and Egyptian ornaments.

The balcony above overlooks the large studio and leads to the beautiful archway of the Egyptian room, the artist's holy of holies. On the wall, to the left, hangs the latest Egyptian painting, "A Princess of Isis," lotus-crowned, with a low, dark brow, and long, insinuating eyes, insolently beautiful. On either side of the entrance are pedestals and statues of

Isis and Osiris, above whose sphynx-like faces hang electric lights in lotus blossoms. The walls of this room are the shade of a turquoise changed from cerulean blue to green blue through its wearer's sorrow. The frieze here is from Lakkarah,—women carrying fruit, ducks, geese, etc.,—while the dado is formed of the ancient hieroglyphics copied from Egyptian tombs. The mantel shows a shrine with sacred barge, and above this the head of a goddess whose lotus crown conceals several globes of electric light, while many other lotus flowers from ceiling and side-wall serve the same purpose.

Upon the tables and furniture, all old Egyptian, lie many curios brought from the land where art had its birth,—scarabs, necklaces, breast-plates, girdles, and embroideries. The window-seat is covered with rich stuffs and embroidered pillows. The windows above,



A PRINCESS OF ISIS.

hung with dull, twilight-hued, diaphanous draperies, give but a filtered golden suggestion of the outward existence of sunny *fin-de-siècle* Paris. The bird-notes out there seem as inconsequent and shallow as the twitter of women at afternoon tea; and you feel like asking the songsters to come into the mystic place and be serious and relate wise stories of those ancestors of theirs whose plumage was woven into fans for the cooling of Cleopatra's cheek.

From the arch at the left you may step forth into the narrow little balcony overlooking the Oriental room below. A light little balcony it is, supported by slender, twisted columns inlaid with Venetian mosaic. Here you get the *mise en scène* complete; and your senses are full, breathless, intense with the power of perfect artistic harmony.

Presently the artist is beside you, and from his own lips you learn that this studio, its exterior and interior, was planned by Mr. Bridgman himself, and that he conceived and perfected his temple of beauty out of a bare old stable at the back of his dwelling-house. The *façade* to this studio and all the decorative woodwork were done after his original designs, while the mural decorations, the statues, and Egyptian figures are literally the work of his gifted hands.

A throng of American callers has gathered, meantime. There is a fat old lady with a weird way and a provincial accent. She has "a house full of them Egyptian things, and don't do nothing but travel and collect. My, my! and such fine rugs and carpets; and they cost a lot, I can tell you!" A young American millionaire, with an

æsthetic presence and an ineffable manner, sucks his cane and rolls his eyes rapturously. A beautiful Russian raises her hands ecstatically over the red hair of one of the dancing-girls on a decorative panel, and exclaims that "it is the most beautiful hair in the world except that which has been bleached from black to flaming auburn."

Verily, all artists are amiable people, and this one is particularly so; for he shows all his paintings patiently, and never smiles nor looks bored, hap what may.

"And how neat a place it is," says one of the visitors. "I thought dust and cobwebs were considered essentials in a studio."

"I could not work," says the artist, "if there were a grimy bit of china, a dusty corner or curtain in the place. Neatness and order are essential elements to my artistic environment, and the care of this place is, I assure you, no small task. My daughter overlooks the maids at their cleaning every morning before I come over."

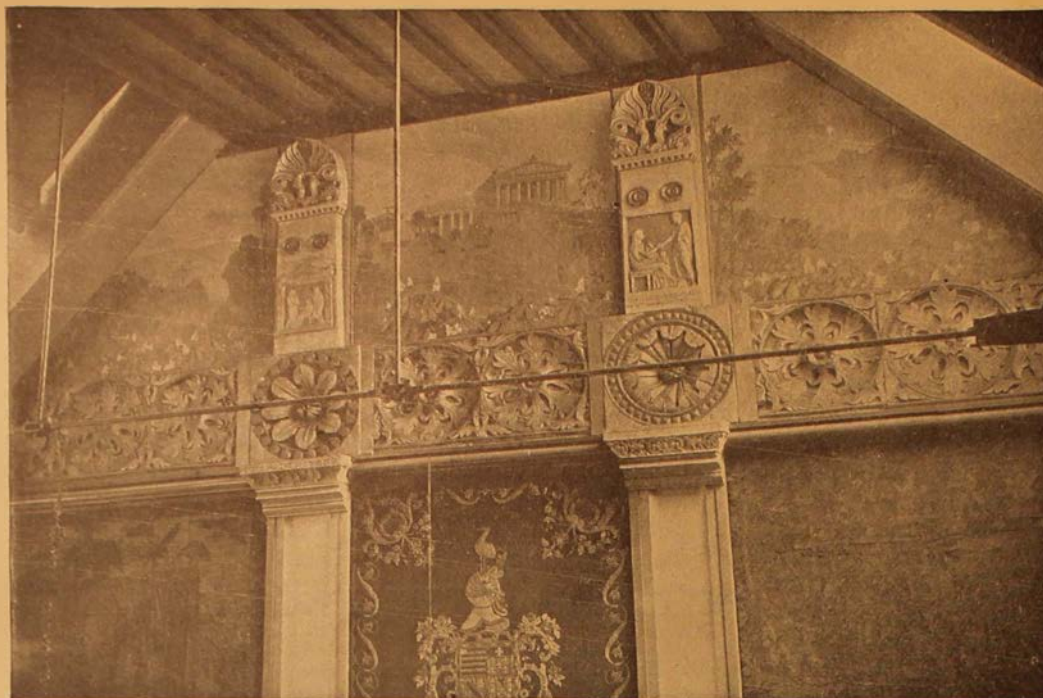
It is almost unnecessary to mention Mr. Bridgman's place in art, for that is known to all civilized countries. The fact that he is from the Southern States is one in which all people from his district take great pride. He was born at Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1847, and when only a child of five years manifested a decided taste for drawing. In 1863 he found an opening for



FRAGMENT OF A DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE MUSIC-ROOM OF F. A. BRIDGMAN'S HOUSE.

his artistic bent with the American Bank Note Company, of New York, and there he spent six months in drawing before working at steel engraving; but preferring color and the brush he abandoned engraving at the end of three years and came to Paris in May, 1866. While waiting to enter the Beaux-Arts he commenced his study in the

atelier of Monsieur Suisse. In the autumn he obtained admission, and chose J. L. Gérôme as his master. During his holidays he spent most of his time in Brittany, but in the winter of 1872 he went to Algiers, and there completely changed his style and color. It was then that he became an Orientalist in art; and a journey up the Nile to Cairo, in 1873, resulted in giving him the subjects that appealed most deeply to his artistic temperament. "The Funeral of a Mummy," owned by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and "The Procession of the Bull Apis," belonging to the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, were two splendid



EAST WALL OF THE LARGE STUDIO.

canvases that first won him fame as a master of Oriental subjects, both in conception and treatment.

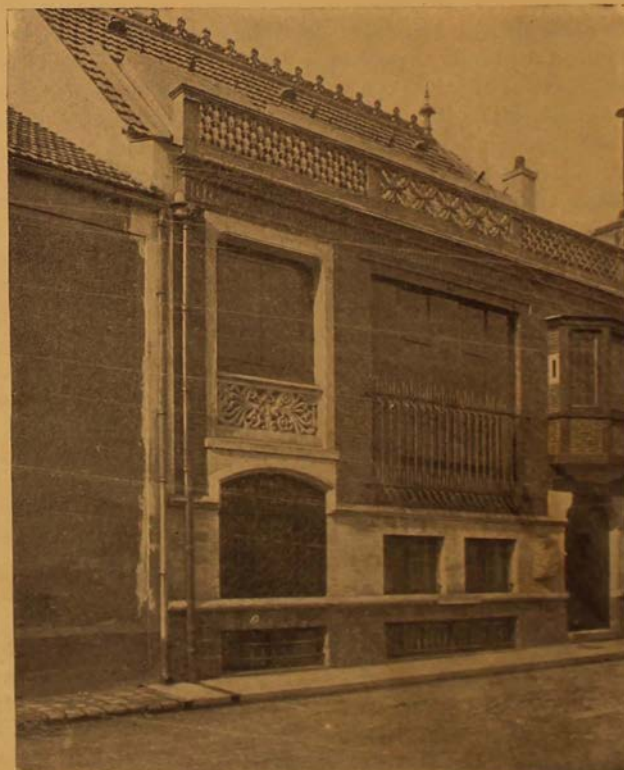
He is essentially a decorative artist, is a fine draughtsman, and a brilliant colorist. He paints broadly, and yet gives a feeling of smoothness and carefulness of detail and technique that many broad painters miss. He is a very prolific worker, and

since 1868 has exhibited nearly every year in the Paris Salon. Three of his paintings, "On the Terraces," "A Summer Evening," and "In a Country Villa," were sent to the Munich Exhibition of 1888, and the second-class gold medal was accorded to his "Summer Evening." From the Paris Salon, in 1877, he received the third-class gold medal, and at the Universal Exhibition in 1878 he was distinguished by the decoration of the Legion of Honor; while at the Expositions in Chicago, Berlin, Antwerp, and London, medals or diplomas have been conferred upon him.

He has exhibited nearly every year at the Royal Acad.



THE GREEK ROOM.



EXTERIOR OF THE STUDIO BUILDING.

emy in London during a period of twenty years. In March, 1881, he gave in New York a special exhibition of more than three hundred and thirty studies, with some of his most important pictures, which met with great success. Later, in 1887, he had a similar exhibition in London, but of fewer works, which had no less success, especially among the artists and critics.

The three pictures by Bridgman reproduced in this article have never been published before. One is a bit of a decorative panel in the music-room of the artist's house; another is a fragment from "The Bacchantes," which was exhibited in the Salon of last year, and which the artist has enlarged for a decorative panel. The part of the panel shown reveals a Greek rather than an Oriental treatment. "A Princess of Isis" is from a photograph of the painting at the entrance to the Egyptian room.

Beside his gifts as a painter this distinguished man has

many other talents, artistic and literary. These he uses more as a matter of diversion from his chosen work than as a serious occupation. He is a cultivated violinist and a successful composer of dance music. He has contributed a number of clever stories of travel, illustrated by himself, to American magazines, and is now writing a book on the modern tendencies of art. Personally, Mr. Bridgman is most attractive. His manners are simple and unaffected as a child's, without a child's egotism. He is tall and slender, with light brown eyes and hair. His family consists of a wife, and a handsome young daughter just grown to womanhood. He is a popular man in his profession, and his studio is a temple of art where gather many men and women of many minds, all of whom would be hard to please indeed if they did not agree, as they certainly do, that Frederick Arthur Bridgman has the most beautiful studio in Paris,

MAUDE ANDREWS.

MR. WELBECK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

[Copyright, 1895, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford.]

III.

HE went quickly toward the park and sat down on a seat that was a little off the beaten track, though luckily it was growing too dark for anyone to notice him. He looked up at the dark line of leafless trees overhead, and to the right, where a pathway stretched into the gray distance. He felt insulted, indignant, and desolate. There was nothing but loneliness before him now; that happy dream of youth and soft laughter, and the little slim form that would turn restfully into his arms for safety from every trouble and even petty annoyance, was at an end. He was bewildered. It had come so suddenly, he could hardly believe that it was true. Then he put up his hand and stroked his beard on either side toward the middle of his chin, and remembered her shudders. It was foolish and unmanly, perhaps, but he felt, sitting there alone and chilled, with the mist and the darkness gathering around him, as if he could have sobbed just as the girl had done ten minutes ago.

"Well, it's over," he said at last; "it's over, and better now than afterward. After all, it might have led to the divorce court." There was a long pause. "It's an awful thing to grow old," he went on presently, "to be old and alone. When I die, though there may be half a dozen coaches full of decent mourners, I don't suppose there will be a genuine tear,—not a single genuine tear."

But as he said it there rose before him the face of his old sweetheart, Jeanie Rattray. Jeanie had cared for him, had loved him best in the world, in the long-ago days, and he had behaved badly to her,—to poor little Jeanie. She had never married, either; perhaps she cared for him still, and felt old and worn and lonely as he did. He had half a mind to go to see her. It might help to dim the experience he had just gone through. He remembered the address her mother had given,—Inverness Terrace, Bayswater. Poor Jeanie! so many middle-class widows and spinsters lived at Bayswater. It would be unkind not to go, after that letter. He might as well get it over. Probably Jeanie would be glad to see him; and she wouldn't shrink from him with loathing as Violet Bradbury had done.

He wondered what she looked like. A little saintly, like

imagined, smooth and content,—the contentment born of doing good works. He felt that if he had married Jeanie she would somehow have taken him by the hand and led him gently on toward heaven. But that sort of thing was not much in his way; it did not amuse him. It had never seemed to him that heaven would be amusing. Perhaps the years had altered her and made her plump and round and smiling. She might like to settle down with him even now. Her church-going need not interfere with him; and if she were old, why, so was he. If they came together they might some day nurse each other through the uneasy years of old age. He should feel so thoroughly at home with Jeanie, and that would be something. He went out of the park on the Bayswater side. Jeanie used to have such a quantity of hair, he remembered, done up into an enormous chignon; it had been the fashion when she was young. He thought of a flat, wide-brimmed hat that had tilted up behind, and how blue her eyes had looked beneath it, and of the demure bonnet she wore on Sundays. Ah! Jeanie would never have accepted him for sordid reasons, or thrown him over, or said cruel things. He had been a fool not to marry Jeanie; he had half a mind to make amends now if she would have it so.

Mrs. Rattray was at home, but not very well. Would he come in and see Miss Rattray? He walked up the narrow staircase, for it was one of the smallest houses in Inverness Terrace, and entered a little drawing-room, a prim little room that made him smile. It looked so like Jeanie. There were old-fashioned chintz covers on the chairs, and a high-backed sofa against the wall, and chintz-lined curtains at the windows. There was an open work-table by the fireplace, and over the mantel-piece hung a large autotype of the Sistine Madonna. On the round table in the middle of the room stood a lamp with a large glass globe on it, and no other shade. Beside it on the table was a bottle of medicine, a dessert-spoon, and a copy of "Old Moore's Almanack"; he had not seen one since he was a boy. His mother used to buy a sixpenny copy,—there used to be red in the lettering on the title-page; he remembered it quite well. A sofa, another high-backed one, was on the opposite side of the work-table by the fireplace, and on it a white Shetland shawl. He wondered if

it was Jeanie's or her mother's, and if the bottle of physic on the table was for Mrs. Rattray, or whether, too, Jeanie had some ailment.

He went toward it with an idea of looking at the label, but before he reached it the door opened and a tall woman, thin and bony, entered. Her cheek-bones had become very high; that was the first thing that struck him. Her hair was scanty and gray; it was brushed tightly back over a cushion, and on the top of her head there rested a little white lace cap with a black bow in the centre. All over her face were lines and soft wrinkles, as though not only time, but care and sickness and sorrow—and just a little sourness, too—had set their marks upon it. Her eyes looked dim, and her nose—a poor little nose covered with lines like the rest of her face—had a decided pink tip to it. Her mouth had grown weak, and her lips had lost their redness, and lines puckered up at the corners. He saw it all in a moment. He saw her throat, too,—thin like the rest of her; and the prim white muslin frill that made her skin look yellow, and the black dress with the baggy sleeves, and the little hook at her waist from which hung by a steel chain a red-leather spectacle-case. In that moment he knew that the vague idea with which he had come was forever at an end. He couldn't count those wrinkles all his days, or sit opposite that pink-tipped nose. Jeanie was too old to be married. Love, and even sentiment, must have passed her by years and years ago. She was forty-eight,—a prim old maid of forty-eight!

"Why, Jeanie," he said, "how do you do?"

"How do you do, Barford?" she answered, but, though the old calmness was in her manner, it was not the same voice as of yore; it was capable of shrillness. "It's very kind of you to come. I'm glad to see you. My mother is not well; she'll be sorry to have missed you; she is in bed to-day. I think it must be a chill, for she was downstairs yesterday. Do sit down. It's very kind of you to come," she repeated.

They sat down on the sofa by the fire-place, and then he and she looked at each other and thought for a moment of the time that was forever buried beneath the years.

"I only had your mother's letter to-day," he said, awkwardly, not knowing how to begin the conversation.

"My mother's letter!" she said in surprise. "Did she write to you? I didn't know."

"She wrote a line giving me your address," he said. "She knew I should like to see you again;" and quickly he saw it all. Mrs. Rattray had written without telling her daughter. Perhaps she had thought,—but no, that would be ridiculous.

"I suppose she forgot to tell me," Jeanie said, "but I'm glad to see you; I should have known you anywhere." Her eyes seemed full of memories, the ghost of a tone crept into her voice; but the fatal tip to her nose became a deeper pink.

"It's a sad thing to see a woman grow old," he thought. "I never cared about fat women, but Jeanie has turned into a broomstick, a mere bag of bones. Why, I believe they'd rattle if I shook her."

"You're very thin, Jeanie," he said aloud; "are you well?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite well," she answered. "I have suffered a good deal from rheumatism, but I am better now. And you," she went on,—“are you strong and happy,—and are you a bachelor still?” She looked a little eager as she said the last words. He felt that his reply in the affirmative would be a satisfaction to her.

"Yes, yes; an old bachelor still. No one would have me."

"Oh, I don't believe that. You were always fascinating, Barford."

"Ah, that's your point of view; but I don't think anyone has really cared for me, unless it was you, Jeanie."

"It all seems so long ago," she said, uneasily, as though she expected him to go on. He put out his hand and drew it back. He couldn't sit hand in hand with an old woman. It would be too absurd. Besides, for some strange reason he did not want to touch Jeanie's hand; it was thin and the skin on the back of it was loose. He recoiled from her just a little, though he himself was older than Jeanie, but it was difficult to feel that his own age could affect anyone unpleasantly.

"A quarter of a century, Jeanie," he answered. "I expect you would hardly have known me if you had met me anywhere else?"

She crossed her hands and looked at him.

"I should have known you anywhere," she answered.

"But I am old," he said, thinking of Violet's terrible exclamation; "old and gray and wrinkled. You must see a wonderful difference."

"Oh, no," she answered, and the tears were in her eyes. "I shall never see a difference. The wrinkles and the gray hairs are only the evening mist through which one sees the old landscape."

"You're quite poetic, Jeanie." For a moment he felt almost tender. He stretched his hand right out this time and touched her dress; he felt, inside the sleeve of black stuff that set his teeth on edge, the bone that served her for an arm. "Whether they grow fat or thin," he thought, "time is rough on women." He drew back his hand and asked cheerfully, "How is it that you never married?"

She turned and faced him quickly. "I never thought of such a thing," she said; and in that moment he knew that all these years she had been waiting, hoping that after all he might one day come back to her. The sorrow and the sickness and even the sourness written on her face had all grown out of the long waiting. Perhaps the eyes had grown dim with watching, and the cheeks wrinkled with the tears that had fallen down them.

"But it's no good," he said to himself, "I can't help being flesh and blood; I could no more make love to her than I could fly." He determined to cut his visit as short as possible. "Well, we're both too old for matrimony now, I fear. We must pay the penalty of not being wise when we were young. I shall come again soon"—he got up while he spoke—"to see your mother."

"She would like to see you," Jeanie said, anxiously. "She has only a chill; she often takes one. I dare say she'll be down to-morrow."

"It's such a funny thing to see you in a cap," he said, inconsequently, for he had not been listening to her words.

"I am grayer than you. I like growing old," she added. "It is sad in some ways, but it is interesting; it gives one so much to remember."

"She's a sensible woman," he thought. "If only she had Violet Bradbury's youth."

"I have often thought of you, Barford," she went on, timidly, "and now that we have come to London, perhaps we can be friends again."

He grew a little alarmed.

"I have a good deal to do," he said, hurriedly, "and I have got into bachelor ways, you know, Jeanie, and am too old for anything but—but friendship." She looked him straight in the face.

"I was not thinking of anything else," she said, distinctly. A little light shot from her faded eyes, the pink tip to her nose looked almost fierce, her weak lips closed

firmly ; and as she stood up her black frock hung about her in long folds like the habit of a nun. He looked down at her skirt,—he saw the cashmere of her slippers peeping from beneath it,—and up at her face, at her gray hair, and the little bow in the middle of her white cap. Then he shuddered inwardly.

"No, of course not ; you are too sensible," he answered ; and he thought, "Good God ! She has grown vixenish !"

He almost hurried from the room and down the little staircase covered with crimson drugget. She followed him, and he felt as if he were being pursued by a ghoul.

"You'll come again, then?" she said, grimly, as she opened the door.

"Oh, yes ; I'll come again some day when your mother is better. Good-bye, good-bye," and he hurried away. He felt that he could never bear to see her again. He was relieved when a mile had stretched itself between them.

"I expect if I marry at all it ought to be a lively little woman of five-and-thirty, and a widow, perhaps. She is old enough to be sensible at that age, and young enough to be agreeable. But I should never trust one," and he thought of Mrs. Jim's remark that morning. "She always has an eye to the main chance, and would look after the settlements. Besides, I hate widows ; they are

generally too fond of good living and grow fat. A man ought to marry before he is forty, or not at all."

The cloth was laid in the dining-room at Bolton Row when Mr. Welbeck entered. A clear fire and his slippers put to warm ; the silver on the table looked bright, the candles were shaded ; the evening paper and some letters were beside his place.

"Dinner is ready, sir." Clark looked pleased at seeing his master back.

"I shall be down in five minutes," Mr. Welbeck answered. "I am not going to dress to-night." He came down in his dressing-gown. Clark took off the tureen cover ; the clear soup was excellent.

"Clark," he said, suddenly, "did Bevan's man come?"

"Yes, sir." He took away the soup-tureen and put an *entrée* dish before his master. Mr. Welbeck saw with satisfaction that it contained—six smelts.

"Did he put up a bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'd better go and take it down. The house is not to be let." Mr. Welbeck opened his evening paper and wondered if the next course would consist of a cutlet or a bird.

THE END.

IN THE ICE-KING'S REALM.

ON a winter's night when the wind-demons are abroad, making the gaunt trees bend and sigh and sending the snow scurrying along in affrighted clouds, it is undeniably pleasant to sit before a glowing fire and read of lands where the air is always balmy,

blankets, wrapped in slumber, have missed a very distinctive and a very inspiring world of sights and sounds and impressions. There is something mentally uplifting in tingling air and winter scenery. The great tracts of snow and bare trees have an aspect of purity and sim-



ICE-YACHTS READY TO START.

the trees are always green, and flowers are always blooming. But those who dwell in these lands and have never seen a white, silent landscape stretching out beneath the moon, nor heard the stillness of a cold afternoon shattered by jingling sleigh-bells, nor seen noble hills under white

plicity, and the keen winds send the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, bringing a glow and vitality which gives added manliness to the youth and added gentleness and femininity to the maiden.

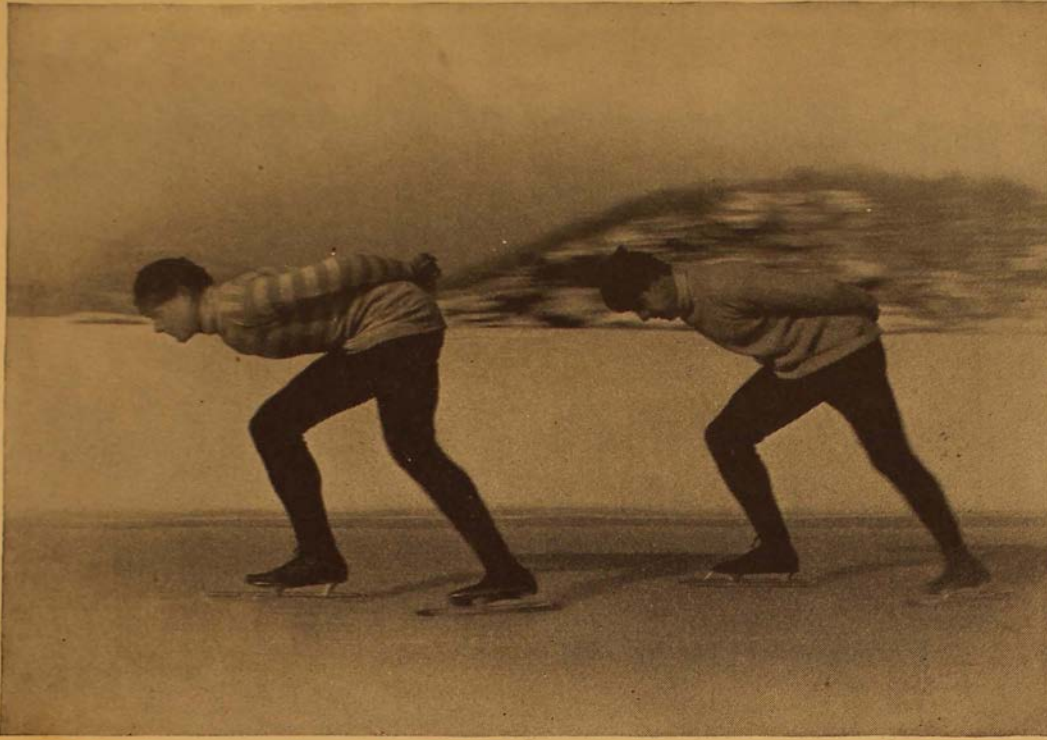
In localities where Jack Frost covers the ponds with ice



CURLING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



SKATERS ON THE LOWER LAKE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



NEARING THE GOAL.

and the roads with snow it would be difficult to find a boy or young man who does not know the joys of skating, or a girl who is not thrilled with pleasure when, in a comfortable sleigh, she glides through a snowy landscape to the tune of tinkling bells ; and in the minds of those who have experienced the de-

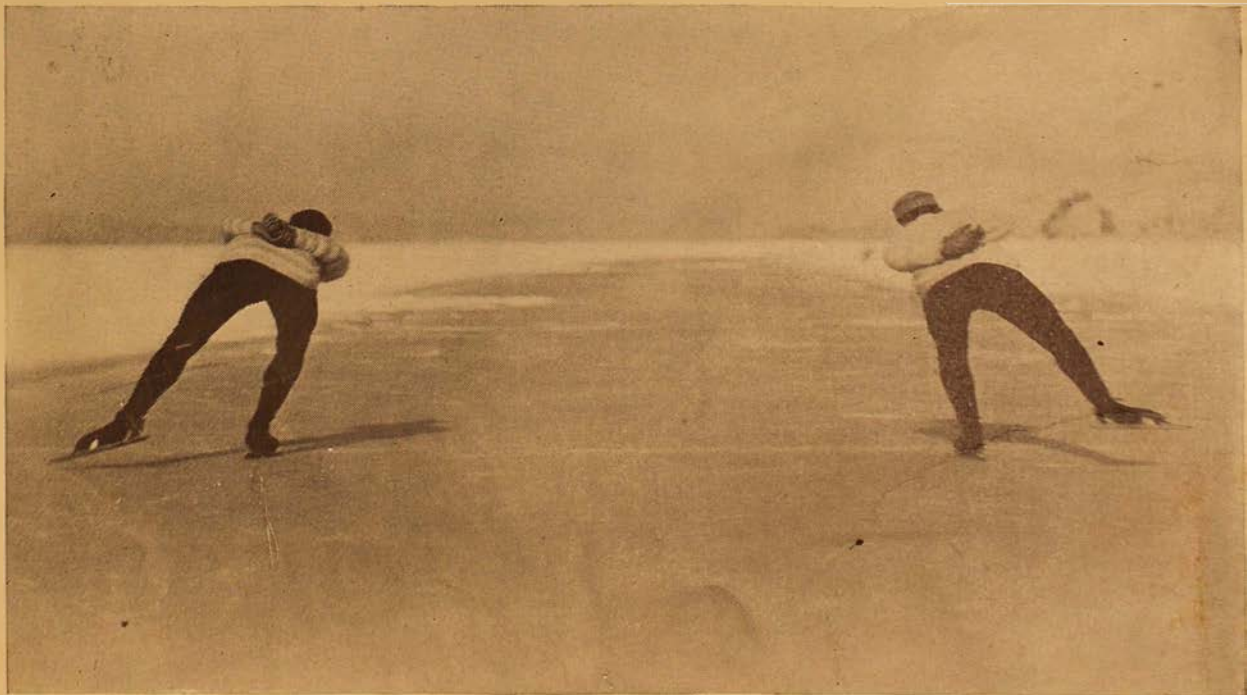
lights of tobogganing and curling and snow-shoeing there are no other sports on earth so fine as those of winter. But of them all skating must be awarded the first place, because it is within the reach of nearly everybody, and affords sensations which are imparted by nothing else. In every northern country of Europe skating may be called a national winter pastime ; even in England, where old Boreas is compelled to contend with the warm winds from the

Gulf Stream and is usually worsted before he makes much ice, there are many figure-skaters of great ability. But for racing on ice and speed-skating the United States can claim the palm, and the champion of many races is envied for his medals.

Skating, however, is not everywhere merely a sport. In Holland it has a very pronounced utilitarian side. Throughout the long winters the canals which intersect the country in every direction are the highways, and the

vehicles are skates and sleds. The children go to school on skates ; the housewife glides to market ; the parson and the doctor use the convenient runners when making calls ; the soldiery skate through their drills and maneuvers. The origin of skating is concealed in the mists of antiquity, but it is unquestionable that it was first practiced by the people of the North, who before the Iron Age bound pieces of bone upon their feet and slid over the ice and snow. The tradition in Sweden is that as soon as iron came into general use—about two hundred years after the birth of Christ—the forefather of the present skate was invented by putting iron runners on snowshoes. When the Anglo-Saxon tribes from across the North Sea subdued the southern part of Britain, in 450 A.D., they brought with them the sport of skating. In an early translation from the

Latin of Fitz Stephen's "Description of London," published in 1180, the following is found : "When the great fenne or moore (which watereth the walls of the city on the North side) is frozen, many young men play on the yce, . . . some striding as wide as they may doe slide swifflie, some tye bones to their feete and under



A CLEAR COURSE.

their heeles, and shoving themselves with a little picked staffe doe slide as swifflie as bird flyeth in the aire or an arrow out of a cross-bow."

The sport was not general, however, for several centuries after this, as we learn from the quaint Pepys, who makes the following reference to it in his diary (1660-69) : "To my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore, and then over the Parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a very

pretty art." It is recorded that once when the Dutch fleet was frozen in the Y, or Ij (pronounced eye), at Amsterdam, and the Spaniards sent a body of men to take the vessels, the Dutch musketeers sallied forth on their skates, and were able to move so quickly and dexterously that they completely routed the attacking party.

Despite the antiquity of skating it has never gone out of date. The young skater of the year 1897 is probably even more enthusiastic about the sport than was the young skater of a thousand years ago. It is needless to recount how eagerly the small boy watches the ponds for the first sign of ice, and how he is very apt to take time by the forelock and attempt to skate when the thin coating bends threateningly beneath him. In the northern cities, and in New York and Brooklyn particularly, the chief event of the winter in the eyes of the active boy is the raising of the red flag on the flagstaves in the parks, proclaiming the tidings that the lakes are open to skaters. The news spreads like wildfire. In an hour after the announcement the cars leading to the park are overflowing with eager skaters; the crowd on the ice grows and grows until the silent shores encompass a huge, seething mass. The scene is beautiful, too, when, late in the afternoon, the sun makes long shadows on the ice, and, a lurid, fiery ball, it sinks into a sea of snow. In the evening the skaters throng the lakes again, and until late at night you may see their phantom-like figures gliding about, and hear laughter and voices in the darkness.

But skating is now an everyday affair in New York and Brooklyn, from November until April, regardless of the weather. The enthusiasts have the rinks of artificial ice to thank for this boon. They need no longer anxiously consult the weather probabilities and experience the pangs of hope deferred. Any day and every day during the winter they may be sure of finding at the rinks an ample sheet of amazingly fine ice, and a brass band and coat-rooms, and polite attendants. There are none of the discomforts of old-time skating, no freezing fingers while adjusting skates, no wind, no snow. The temperature, while mild enough for skating without wraps, is yet sufficiently cold to make exer-



A CHAMPION SPEED-SKATER.

cise necessary to comfort. At the St. Nicholas Rink the spectator may sit in an easy-chair behind an immense plate-glass window which is a complete protection from the chilling atmosphere. The rink, in fact, is a skaters' paradise, except when its attractions have brought too many people to it; and its benign influence has led to skating being taken up by the fragile and dainty. The sport has become a social fad. Every day, society belles, clad in short skating-costumes, may be seen within taking the first uncertain strokes with the aid of an instructor, or skating with the free swing and grace of adepts.

Another result of the establishment of the rinks is the rise into prominence of the Canadian game of hockey. It was impracticable when skaters were compelled to rely solely upon our capricious climate, but several clubs have recently been organized, and the young men and women of New York and Brooklyn are rapidly becoming experts at hockey, which may be roughly described as "shinny" on ice.

Curling is another game which could be played with advantage in the rinks, but the canny Scots who practice it are a conservative set, and have as yet shown no disposition to try indoor curling. They wait until the tiny lake in Central Park upon which the boys



A TRIO OF SPEED-SKATERS.

sail miniature boats in the summer is frozen, and then they assemble, a goodly and picturesque company, with their curling "stones," and for long hours send the stones whizzing over the ice, and keep moving the brooms frantically in front of them, so that not the slightest obstacle will interfere with the triumphant progress of the stone toward the "tee." The tees are the objective points in the

placed by those of their opponents, and the play becomes more and more intricate. When the "guards are well laid," and the "ports locked up," the curler has ample opportunity to show his expertness, and he displays it in side shots and other master shots. Each side has a leader called the "skip," and on the curling ground he is a very king. It makes not the slightest difference to him



A RACE DOWN A TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

game ; there are two of them, one at each end of the rink, and thirty-eight yards apart. The tee is surrounded by three circles, somewhat after the manner of a target, and the object is to place the curling-stone as near the tee as possible. At the beginning the game is very simple ; but after two or three stones have been placed the players on the same side try to guard their stones from being dis-

if one of his men happens to be a minister of state or a learned professor. He is an underling for the time being, and he is treated in accordance with his status in the game. One of the peculiarities of the curler, indeed, is that he forgets the outside world when he begins to spin the stone. He sheds his cares as he would a coat ; he is a free man out under the vaulted heavens, with his whole



Drawn by B. West Clineinst.

AN INDOOR GAME OF HOCKEY ON ARTIFICIAL ICE.



A SNOW-SHOE COSTUME.

mind bent upon the one purpose of placing his curling stone near the tee. The merits of curling as a panacea for mental aches and pains are sung in the following verses :

“ Ha' ye trouble, ha' ye sorrow ?
Are ye pressed with worldly care ?
Spin the curling stane to-morrow,
And they'll vex ye never mairre.”

The Scotchman's love for curling is an inheritance from his forefathers. In the year 1715 Dr. Pennecuick, a Jacobite writer, sums up curling as follows :

“ To Curle on Ice does greatly please,
Being a Manly Scottish exercise ;
It clears the Brains, stirrs up the Native Heat,
And gives a gallant Appetite for meat.”

The sports which have been thus far described may be enjoyed within comparatively narrow limits ; but there is another which requires a great sweep of ice, a winter sport on a magnificent scale, and in some of its aspects superior to all others. To those who know the Hudson River or the long inlet from the ocean on the northern New Jersey coast it is not necessary to say that the reference is to ice-yachting. When the Hudson and Shrewsbury Rivers have become great white floors instead of expanses of water, and the craft that sailed these waters lie frozen at their docks, other sails may be seen moving over the noble stretches, and they move more freely and swiftly than the water-boats. There is, indeed, no other craft in the world that sails with the easy grace of an ice-yacht, and there will not be until ships are made to dart and circle through the air. The ice-boat travels faster than that which sails through water, for the reason that there is much less friction. Only three narrow runners come in contact with the ice, one behind and one on each side. The frame of the boat has a shape somewhat like that of a cross, and there is a small platform, or deck, at the stern, for the helmsman and one or two passengers.

Suppose you are one of the latter. You are told to lie down when you take your place. The helmsman gives

the yacht a push, jumps on, and seizes the rudder. The sails belly out ; you feel the boat quiver and start forward like a sensitive horse under the whip ; the trees and houses along the shore begin to dance past you ; faster and faster they move until they seem to be engaged in a frantic race. The runner on the windward side leaves the ice ; it rises higher and higher. Is the boat toppling over ? You take a firmer hold upon your supports, and set your teeth and hold your breath, waiting for the seemingly inevitable ; but the dangling runner wavers, it drops a little, then rises and falls gently. Suddenly you feel yourself swung around ; you seem to be rushing off on a tangent, to destruction, and you close your eyes. But there is no catastrophe ; the yacht is simply darting away on another tack.

The Hudson and Shrewsbury Rivers are favorite courses for ice-boats. Newburg and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Red Bank, N. J., where the arts of ice-boat building and sailing have grown within the last fifty years into their present high development, may be called the ice-boat centres of the world, although a form of ice-boat is not unknown on the canals in Holland and elsewhere in northern Europe. There has long been rivalry between the ice-yachtsmen of the Shrewsbury and the Hudson, and every winter there are thrilling races between the fleetest of their boats. The sport has also been adopted with enthusiasm in the Northwest, and ice-yachts are seen on Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, and in Canadian harbors.

It seems a little strange that the fine sports of winter should be subject to the capriciousness of human nature, but such is apparently the case. A few years ago tobog-



SKI-RUNNER IN COSTUME WITH SKIS IN HAND.

gating was in high favor in the vicinity of New York ; but now most of the slides are dilapidated and neglected. The brilliant night-scenes at Orange, N. J., when the toboggan clubs met, are no more, and the slides at Saratoga are comparatively neglected. Tuxedo, however, which espouses with ardor every form of outdoor sport, still rejoices when the toboggan season is at its height. And the small boy is above fads. He never wavers in his devotion to coasting, which is akin to tobogganing. There are few suitable hills that do not know the presence of him and his sled, and have not rung with his weird cries to clear the track as he goes down the incline.

A comparatively new sport, as yet confined to the Northwest, where it has been introduced by the Norsemen, is ski-running. Skis are long, slender, wooden runners, about six inches wide, and from eight to ten feet long, which are bound firmly to the feet with strong straps,

and in his fatherland the Norseman travels on them over mountain and dale, even climbing precipitous hills, and sliding down them like the wind. In mountainous parts of the country skis have an important commercial value, while as a pastime there is so great interest in speed-contests that the annual tournaments of the ski-runners are important events. The most exciting feature of these is a feat which, at first sight, seems fraught with great danger. It is a slide down a steep hill, ending in a precipitous declivity, whence, with a spring into the air, the runner sails off like a bird. He holds his body firm and erect, and the skis offer sufficient resistance to the air so that the motion is really akin to flying. The jumper has only to maintain his balance to insure landing safely and gently on his feet. One of the longest jumps ever made—which we illustrate—was at a tournament in this country.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

THE LAKE OF THE GREAT SLAVE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

WHEN Tybalt, the tale-gatherer, asked why it was so called, Pierre said, "Because of the Great Slave"; and then paused.

Tybalt did not hurry Pierre, knowing his whims. If he wanted to tell he would in his own time ; if not, nothing could draw it from him. It was near an hour before Pierre eased off from the puzzle he was solving with bits of paper, and obliged Tybalt. He began as if they had been speaking the moment before :

"They have said it is legend, but I know better. I have seen the records of the company,* and it is all there. I was at Fort o' Glory, and in a box two hundred years old the Factor and I found it. Along with the records were other papers, and some of them had large red seals and a name scrawled along the bottom of the page."

Pierre shook his head, as if in pleasant musing. He was a born story-teller. Tybalt was aching with interest, and he scented a thing of note.

"How did any of those papers, signed with a scrawl, begin?" he said.

"'To our dearly-beloved,' or something like that," answered Pierre. "There were letters also, and two of them were full of harsh words, and these were signed with the scrawl."

"What was that scrawl?" asked Tybalt.

Pierre stooped to the sand and wrote two words with his finger. "Like that," he answered.

Tybalt looked intently for an instant, and then drew a long breath. "Charles Rex," he said, hardly above his breath.

Pierre gave him a suggestive sidelong glance. "That name was droll, eh?"

Tybalt's blood was tingling with the joy of discovery. "It is a great name," he said, shortly.

"The slave was great,—the Indians said so at the last."

"But that was not the name of the slave?"

"Mais, non. Who said so? Charles Rex,—like that! was the man who wrote letters to the other."

"To the Great Slave?"

Pierre made a gesture of impatience. "Very sure."

* The Hudson's Bay Company.

"Where are those letters now?"

"They have gone to the governor of the company."

Tybalt cut the tobacco for his pipe savagely.

"You'd have liked one of those papers?" asked Pierre provokingly.

"I'd give five hundred dollars for one!" broke out Tybalt.

Pierre lifted his eyebrows. "T'sh! what's the good of five hundred dollars up here? What would you do with a letter like that?"

Tybalt laughed, with a touch of irony, for Pierre was clearly "rubbing it in."

"Perhaps for a book?" gently asked Pierre.

"Yes, if you like."

"It is a pity. But there is a way."

"How?"

"Put me in the book. Then——"

"How does that touch the case?"

Pierre shrugged a shoulder gently, for he thought Tybalt was unusually obtuse. Tybalt thought so himself before the episode was over.

"Go on," he said, with clouded brow but interested eye. Then, as if a thought had suddenly come to him, "To whom were the letters addressed, Pierre?"

"Wait!" was the reply. "One letter said: '*Good cousin, we are evermore glad to have thee and thy most excelling mistress near us. So, fail us not at our cheerful doings yonder at Highgate.*' Another,—a year after,—said: '*Cousin, for the sweetening of our mind, get thee gone into some distant corner of our pasturage,—the farthest doth please us most. We would not have thee on foreign ground, for we bear no ill-will to our brother princes, and yet we would not have thee near our garden of good loyal souls, for thou hast a rebel heart and a tongue of divers tunes,—thou lovest not the good old song of duty to thy prince. Obeying us, thy lady shall keep thine estates untouched; failing obedience, thou wilt make more than thy prince unhappy. Fare thee well.*' That was the way of two letters," said Pierre.

"How do you remember so?"

Pierre shrugged a shoulder again. "It is easy with things like that."

"But word for word?"

"I learned it word for word."

"Now for the story of the lake,—if you won't tell me the name of the man."

"The name afterward,—perhaps. Well, he came to the farthest corner of the pasturage, to the Hudson Bay country, two hundred years ago. What do you think? Was he so sick of all that he would go so far he could never get back? Maybe those 'cheerful doings' at Highgate, eh? And the lady,—who can tell?"

Tybalt reached over and seized Pierre's arm with a sudden conviction.

"You know more. Good heavens! can't you see I'm on needles to hear? Was there anything in the letters about the lady,—anything more than you've told?"

Pierre liked no man's hand on him, and seldom did he put his hand on any man. He liked it no better because Tybalt was of higher social place than himself, nor because the grasp was friendly. He glanced down at the eager hand and then said, coldly:

"You are a great man. You can tell a story in many ways, but I in one way alone, and that is my way,—*mais oui!*"

"Very well, Pierre, have it so, and take your own time; only tell me all you know."

"*Bien*, I got the story from two heads. If you hear a thing like that from Indians you call it legend; if from the company's papers you call it history. Well, in this there is not much difference between. The papers tell the precise facts; the legend tells how, gives the feeling, is more true. How can you judge of facts if you don't know the feeling? No! what is bad becomes good sometimes, when you know the how, the feeling, the place. If I were a writing man like you I would think of that often. Well, this story of the Great Slave. There is a race of Indians in the far North who have hair so brown as yours, monsieur, and eyes no darker. It is said they are a batch of those who lived at the Pole before the sea broke over the isthmus and swallowed up so many islands. *Bien*, in those days the fair race came to the South for the first time,—that is, far below the circle. They had their women with them. I have seen those of to-day,—fine and tall, with breasts like apples and a cheek to tempt a man like you, monsieur; no grease in the hair,—no, Monsieur Tybalt!"

Tybalt sat moveless under the not very delicate irony, but his eyes were fixed intently on Pierre, his mind ever traveling far ahead of the tale.

"*Et puis*: The 'good cousin' of Charles Rex, he made a journey with two men over to the far-off Metal River, the place of the Sardonyx Stone, and one day this tribe from the North came on his camp. It was summer, and they were camping in the valley of the Young Moon, more sweet they say, than any in the North. The Indians cornered them. There was a fight, and one of the company's men was killed and five of the others. But when the king of the people of the Pole saw that the great man was fair of face he called for the fight to stop.

"Now there was a big talk all by signs, and the king said for the great man to come with them and be one with them, for they loved his fair face,—their forefathers were fair like him. He should have the noblest of their women for his wife, and be a prince among them. He would not go, so they drew away again and fought. A stone-ax brought the great man to the ground. But he was stunned, not killed. Then the other man gave up, and said he would be one of them if they would take him. They would have killed him but for one of the women.

She said that he should live to tell them tales of the south country and the strange people, when they came again to their camp-fires. So they let him live, and he was one of them. But the chief man, because he was stubborn and scorned them, and because he had killed the son of the king in the fight, they made a slave, and carried him north a captive, till they came to this lake,—the Lake of the Great Slave.

"In all ways they tried him, but he would not yield, neither to wear their dress, nor to worship their gods, nor to follow after the sayings of their medicine-man. So that when his clothes were taken away, his gold-handled dagger, his belt of silk and silver, his carbine with rich chasing, and all, he was among them almost naked,—it was summer, as I said,—yet defying them. He was very tall,—taller by a head than any of the other men, and his white skin showed like marble and rippled like soft steel."

Tybalt felt inclined to ask Pierre how he knew all this, but he held his peace. Pierre, however, as if divining his thoughts, went on:

"You ask how I know these things. *Bien*, there are the legends. The people have told me, and there were the papers of the company. They had tried every way, but it was no use; he would have nothing to say to them. At last they came to this lake. Now something great occurred. The woman who had been the wife of the king's dead son, her heart went out in love of the Great Slave, but he never looked at her. One day there were great sports, for it was the feast of the Red Star. The young men did feats of strength, here on this ground where we sit. The king's wife, with a clear voice, called out for the Great Slave to measure strength with them all. He would not stir. The king commanded him; still he would not, but stood among them silent and looking over their heads, as if not thinking of them. At last two young men of good height and sinew taunted him and threw arrows at his bare breast. The blood came in spots. Then he gave a cry through his beard, and was on them like a lion. He caught them, one in each arm, swung them from the ground and brought their heads together with a crash, breaking their skulls, and dropped them at his feet. Then seizing a long spear, he waited for the rest. But they did not come, for, with a loud voice, the king told them to fall back, and went and felt the bodies of the men. One of them was dead; the other was his second son,—he would live.

"'It is a great deed,' said the king, 'for these were no children, but strong men.'

"Then again he offered the Great Slave women to marry, and fifty tents of good deer-skin for the making of a village, if he would be one with them. But the Great Slave said no, making it clear that all he wished was to get back to Fort o' Glory.

"It was not to be. The king refused. But that night, as he slept in his tent, the girl-widow came to him, waked him, and told him to come with her. He came forth, and she led him softly through the silent camp to the wood over there where I point. She entered the wood with him. He told her she need go no further. Without a word she reached over and kissed him on the breast. Then he understood. He told her that she could not come with him, for there was that lady in England,—his wife, eh? But never mind, that will come. He was too great to save his life or be free at the price. Some are born that way. They have their own commandments and they keep them.

"He told her that she must go back. She gave a little cry and came huddling to his feet in a swoon. He would



"HE TOLD HER THAT SHE MUST GO BACK."

not leave her so, but stooped and tried to bring her back. Soon she opened her eyes, then gave a start, and, before she quite knew who he was, said something strange. From this he knew she would be in danger if she went back.

"So then he told her to come, for it was in his mind to bring her to Fort o' Glory, where she could marry an Indian there. But now she would not go with him, but turned toward the village. A woman is a strange creature,—yes, like that! She did not know him. Now he refused to go. She was in danger, and he would share it, whatever it might be. So, though she prayed, he went back with her; and when she saw that he would go in spite of all, she was glad,—which is like a woman.

"When he entered the tent again he guessed her danger, for he stepped over the bodies of two dead men. She had killed them. As she turned at the door to go to her own tent another woman faced her. It was the wife of the king, who had suspected and now discovered. Who can tell what it was? Jealousy, perhaps. The Great Slave could tell, maybe, if he could speak, for a man always knows when a woman sets him high. But, anyhow, that was the way it stood. In a moment the girl was marched back to her tent, and all the camp heard a tale, not true, of the widow of the king's son.

"To it there was an end after the way of their laws. The woman should die by fire, and the man as the king might will. It was the law, and it must be so. So there was a great gathering in the place where we are, and the king sat against that big white stone, which is now as it was then. Then silence was called and the girl-widow was brought forth. The king spoke:

"'Thou, who hadst a prince for thy husband, hast gone in the night to the tent of a slave, the slave who killed thy husband, whereby thou also becomest a slave and shamest the greatness which was given thee. Thou shalt die, as has been set in our law.'

"At that the girl-widow rose. 'I did not know, O king, whom I once called father, that he whom thou mad'st a slave slew my husband, the prince of our people and thy son. That was not told me. But had I known it, still would I have set him free, for thy son was killed in fair battle, and this man deserves not slavery or torture. That I did seek the tent of the Great Slave is true, but it was to set him free. For that did I go; and, for the rest, my soul is open to the Spirit Who Sees. And I have done naught, and never did, nor ever will, that might shame a king, or the daughter of a king, or the wife of a king, or a woman. If to set a noble captive free is death, then I am ready. And I will answer all pure women in the far Camp of the Great Fires without fear. There is no more, O king, that I may say but this: she who dies by fire, being of noble blood, may choose who shall light the fagots,—is it not so?'

"Then the king replied: 'It is so. Such is our law.'

"After that there was counseling between the king and his oldest men, and so long were they handing the matter back and forth that it looked as if she might go free. But the king's wife, seeing, came and spoke to the king and the others, crying out for the honor of her dead son, so that in a moment of temper they all declared for death.

"When the king said again to the girl that she must die by fire she answered: 'It is as the Spirit wills. But, it is so, as I said, that I may choose who shall light the fires?'

"The king answered yes, and asked her whom she chose. She turned to where the Great Slave stood, and pointed. And all, even the king and his councilors, wondered, because they knew little of the heart of woman. What is a man with a matter like that? Nothing,—noth-

ing at all. They would have set this for punishment: that she should ask for it was beyond them. Yes; even the king's wife,—it was beyond her. But the girl herself, *voyez*, was it not this way? If she died by the hand of him she loved then it would be easy, for she could forget the pain in the thought that his heart would ache for her, and that at the very last he might care, and she should see it. Ah, she was great in her way, also,—that girl, two hundred years ago.

"*Alors*, they led the girl a little distance off,—there is the spot, where you see the ground heave a little,—and the Great Slave was brought up. The king told him why the girl was to die. He went like stone, looking, looking at them. He knew that the girl's heart was like a flower or a little child's, and the shame of the thing, the cruelty of it, froze him silent for a minute, and the color flew from his face to here and there on his body, like a flame on marble. After a little the cords began to beat and throb in his neck and on his forehead, and his eyes gave out fire like flint on an arrow-head.

"Then he began to talk. He could not say much, for he knew so little of their language. But it was 'No!' every other word. 'No—no—no—no!' the words ringing from his chest. 'She is good!' he said. 'The other—no!' and he made a motion with his hand. 'She must not die,—no! Evil? It is a lie! I will kill each man one by one who says so if he dares come forth. She tried to save me,—well?' Here he made a fine motion and drew himself up. Then he made them know that he was of high place in a far country, and that a man like him would not tell a lie. And that pleased the king, for he was proud, and he saw that the slave was better stuff than himself. Besides, the king was a brave man, and he had strength, and more than once he had laid his hand on the chest of the other, as one might on a grand animal. Perhaps, even then, they might have spared the girl if it was not for the queen. She would not hear of it. Then they tried the Great Slave. Because the girl was found guilty, he must be found so. The queen sent him word to beg for pardon. So he stood out and spoke to the queen. She sat up straight, with pride in her eyes, for was it not a great prince (as she thought) pleading? But all at once a cloud fell on her face, for he asked for pardon for the girl. Since there must be death, let him die, and die by fire in her place! At that two women cried out,—the poor girl for joy, not at the thought that her life would be saved, but because she thought the man loved her now, or he would not offer to die for her; and the queen for hate, because she thought the same. You can guess the rest; they were both to die, though the king was sorry for the man.

"Now the king's speaker came out and asked them if they had anything to say. The girl stepped forward, her face without any fear, but a kind of noble pride in it, and said, 'I am ready, O king.'

"The Great Slave bowed his head, and seemed thinking much. They asked him again, and he waved his hand at them. Then the king spoke up in anger, and he smiled and said, 'O king, I am not ready; if I die, I die.' Then he fell to thinking again. But once more the king spoke: 'Thou shalt surely die, but not by fire, or now; not till we have come to our great camp in our own country. There thou shalt die. But the woman shall die at the going down of the sun. She shall die by fire, and thou shalt light the fagots for the burning.'

"At this the Great Slave said that he would not do it, not if he died a hundred deaths, each worse than the last. Then the king said that it was the woman's right to choose who should start the fire, and he had given his word, which should not be broken.

"When the Great Slave heard this he was wild for a little, and then he guessed altogether what was in the girl's mind. Was not this the true thing in her, the very truest? *Mais, oui!* That was what she wished,—to die by his hand rather than by any other; and something troubled his breast, and a cloud gathered at his eyes, so that for a moment he could not see. He looked at the girl, so serious, eye to eye. Perhaps she understood. So, after a time, he got calm as the farthest light in the sky, his face shining among them all with a look none could read. He sat upon the ground and wrote upon pieces of bark with a spear-point,—those bits of bark I have seen also at Fort o' Glory, two of them, though there have been more. When he had done he pierced them through with dried strings of the slippery-elm tree, and with the king's consent gave them to the company's man who had become one of the people, telling him that if ever he was free, or could send them to the company, he must do so. The man promised, and shame came upon him that he had let the other suffer alone, and he said he was willing to fight and die if the Great Slave gave the word. But he would not, and urged that it was right for the man to save his life. For himself, no. It could never be, and if he must die, he must die.

"You see, a great man must always live alone and die alone, when there are only such people about him. So now that the letters were written he sat upon the ground and thought, looking often toward the girl, who also sat apart, with guards near. The king sat thinking also. He could not guess why the Great Slave should give the letters now, since he was not yet to die, nor could the company's man give a reason when the king asked him. So the king waited, and told the guards to see that the Great Slave did not kill himself.

"As for the queen, her heart was hard, and she hungered for the death of the girl, and was glad beyond telling that the slave must light the fagots. She saw with pleasure the young braves bring a long sapling from the forest and, digging a hole, put it stoutly in the ground and fetch wood and heap it about.

"The Great Slave saw this also, and his face set stern. He noted that the bark of the sapling had not been stripped, and more than once he seemed to measure the space between the stake and the shores of the lake; but he did this most private, so that no one saw but the girl, whose eyes were on him all the time.

"At last the time was come. The lake was all rose and gold out there in the west, and the water so still, so still. The cool, moist scent of the leaves and grass came out from the woods and up from the plain; and the world was so full of content that a man's heart could cry out, even as now, while we look,—eh, is it not good? See the deer drinking there on the other shore?"

He became silent, as if he had forgotten the story altogether. His look was so steady in the distance that he seemed hardly to wink. Tybalt was impatient, but he did not speak. He took a twig and wrote in the sand, "*Charles Rex.*" Pierre glanced down and saw it. He went on, still looking in the distance.

"There was beating of the little drums and the crying of the king's speaker; and soon all was ready and the people gathered at a distance, and the king and his wife and the chief men nearer, and the girl was brought forth.

"As they led her past the Great Slave she looked into his eyes, and afterward her heart was glad, for she knew that at the last he would be near her, and that his hand should light the fires. Two men tied her to the stake, she making no sound, but patient and still. When this was done the king's man cried out again, telling of her crime and call-

ing for her death. The Great Slave was brought near. No one knew that the palms of his hands had been rubbed in the sand for a purpose. When he was brought beside the stake a torch was given him by his guards. He looked at the girl. She smiled at him and said: 'Good-by. Forgive. I die not afraid, and happy.'

"He did not answer, but stooped and lit the sticks here and there. But suddenly he seized a burning stick, and it and the torch he thrust, like lightning, in the faces of his guards, blinding them. Then he sprang to the stake and with a huge pull wrenched it from the ground, girl and all, and rushed to the shore of the lake with her.

"So swift had he been, that at first no one stirred. He reached the shore, rushed into the water, dragging a boat out with one hand as he did so, and putting the girl in, seized a paddle and was away with a start. A few strokes and then he stopped, picked up a hatchet that was in the boat with many spears, and freed the girl from the stake. He then paddled on, trusting with a small hope that through his great strength he might keep ahead till darkness came, and then, in the gloom, they could escape. The girl also seized an oar, and the canoe—the king's own canoe—went on like a swallow.

"But the tribe was after them in fifty canoes, some coming straight along, some spreading out to close in later. It was no equal game, for these people were so deft with the oars, and they were a hundred to two. There could be but one end. It was what the Great Slave had looked for,—to fight till the last breath. And here he could fight for the woman who had risked all for him,—just a common woman of the North, but it seemed good to die for her, and she would be happy to die with him.

"So they stood side by side when the spears and arrows rained round them, and they gave death and wounds for wounds in their own bodies. And when at last the Indians climbed into the canoe the Great Slave was dead of many wounds, and the woman, all gashed, lay with her lips to his wet, red cheek. And she smiled as they dragged her away; and her soul followed hard after his to the Camp of the Great Fires, where she should have no fear to answer all pure women after their kind, as she said."

Pierre stopped and looked at Tybalt, who, for a moment, had no eyes nor tongue; but there kept up a churning in his throat which had to do with the milk of human kindness. It was long before he spoke, but at last he said: "If I could but tell it as you have told it to me, Pierre!"

And Pierre answered: "Tell it with your tongue, and this shall be nothing to it; for what am I? What English have I, a gypsy of the snows? But do not write it; *mais, non!* Writing wanders from the matter; the eyes and the tongue and the time, that is the thing. But in a book!—it will sound all cold and thin. It is for the North, for the camp-fire, for the big talk before a man rolls into his blanket and is at peace. No! no writing, monsieur. Speak it everywhere with your tongue."

"And so I would were my tongue as yours. Pierre, tell me more about the letters at Fort o' Glory. You know his name,—what was it?"

"You said five hundred dollars for one of those letters. Is it not?"

"Yes." Tybalt had a new hope.

"T'sh! What do I want of five hundred dollars? But here; answer me a question: Was the lady—his wife, she that was left in England—a good woman? Answer me out of your own sense, and from my story. If you say right you shall have a letter,—one that I have by me."

Tybalt's heart leaped into his throat. After a little, he said, huskily: "She was a good woman,—he believed her that, and so shall I."

"You think he could not have been so great unless, eh? And that Charles Rex, what of him?"

"What good can it do to call him bad now?"

Without a word Pierre drew from a leather wallet a letter, and by the light of the fast-setting sun Tybalt read it, then read it again, and yet again.

"Poor soul! poor lady!" he said. "Was ever such another letter written to any man? And it came too late; this, with the king's recall, came too late!"

"So,—so. He died out there where that wild duck flies,—a Great Slave. Years after the company's man brought word of all."

Tybalt was looking at the name on the outside of the letter.

"How do they call that name?" asked Pierre. "It is like none I've seen."

But Tybalt shook his head sorrowfully and did not answer.

A CITY AFLOAT.

ABOARD A SHIP OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

IT was a noble squadron that made Fortress Monroe its headquarters last winter; more than a squadron is there this winter—it is a fleet. In it are two battle-ships of the first class, not surpassed in fighting efficiency by any battle-ships afloat, the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*; two second-class battle-ships of splendid ability, notwithstanding the bad name that unfortunately attaches to one of them, the *Maine* and *Texas*; three modern monitors, really of the battle-ship grade, the *Puritan*, the *Miantonomoh*, and the *Amphitrite*, the *Puritan* being unsur-

sant drilling of ships and men. Such drills are going on constantly, and no effort is spared to bring everything to a state of comparative perfection. Should the season give the men an opportunity to display their efficiency, the country will undoubtedly feel justly proud of its modern navy.

There are few people living on shore who know or realize how much the modern war-vessel resembles a city, both in its internal organization and its construction. Particularly true is this in regard to the great steam-

vessels that comprise Uncle Sam's squadrons, and especially those that have of late years been put into commission; for each addition to the navy has come to mean practically one of larger build and with added appointments which make it a more complete city upon the water.

To begin with, an up-to-date vessel of the first class, or any one of the twelve ships at present comprising the North Atlantic Squadron, has inhabitants residing on it to the number of about six hundred; as many souls live there day in and day out, for perhaps years at a time, as there are residents in many of what are styled thriving New England villages. Each is presided over by a captain, who corresponds to the mayor, and



A SHIP'S CREW ON THE "MAINE."

passed anywhere as a fighting machine; two magnificent armored cruisers, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*; the fleet naval greyhound, *Columbia*; and smaller cruisers like the *Montgomery* and *Raleigh*. As a reserve force there are the ram *Katahdin* and the so-called dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, the like of which are possessed by no other navy in the world. Then there will be the torpedo-boats *Cushing* and *Ericsson*, and possibly two or three other boats of this grade before the winter closes.

It takes a tremendous amount of work to bring out the full efficiency of modern warships; there must be incen-

he rules a colony going by a name as distinctive as the name of any town; for who has not heard of the intrepid *Chicago* or the magnificent *New York*, the *Boston* or the *Cincinnati*? Of course he is no more supreme than is the mayor of a city, for as cities make up the power of the State and their mayors are inferior to the governor, so are these floating cities but the parts which make up the power of the squadron, and their rulers are likewise subservient to their head, the admiral. In the same manner as governors do not constitute the highest power on land, the President being supreme, so do the admirals look up



WORKING A SIX-POUNDER.

to a higher authority, their President, the Secretary of the Navy.

It will thus be seen that these large gatherings of people on the sea reside apart as in towns, and have a nautical government in many ways identical to that established on terra firma. They have their own manner of corresponding, which is not accomplished by transmitting letters by the mail, but by sending their orders and messages from one sea-village to the other by means of signal flashes during night and by flag-waving during the day, so that in this manner there is always direct communication.

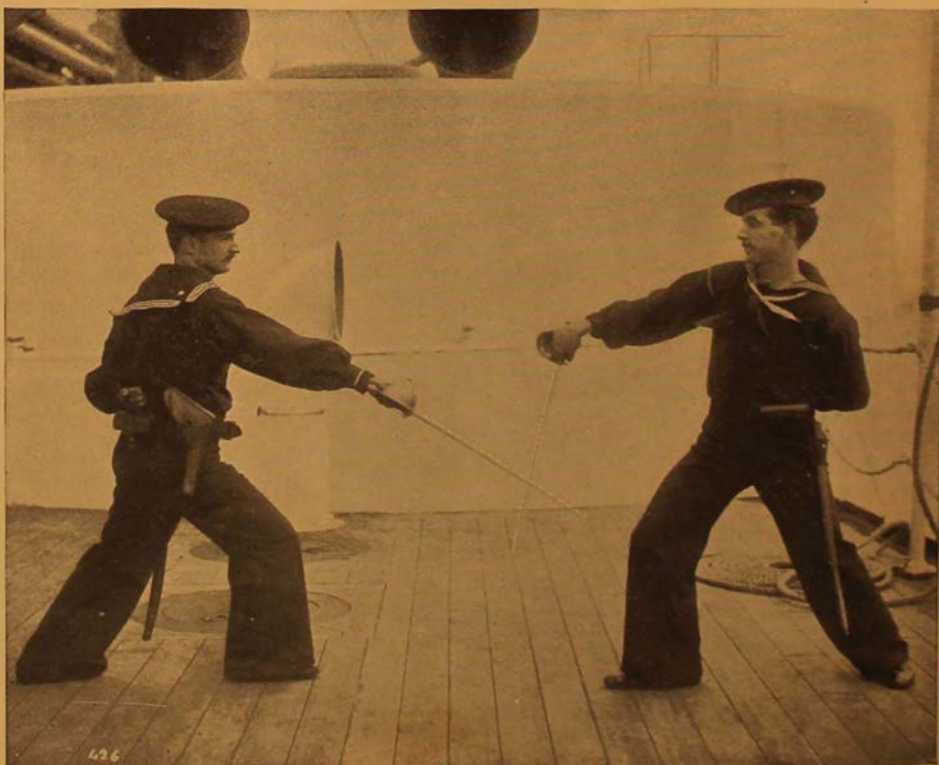
These cities are not without their men of many trades. For example, certain ratings or titles are given to men who are fitted for those special positions and who are paid in proportion to their importance. These professions and trades may be summarized as follows: Clergyman, doctor, electrician, carpenter, painter, barber, baker, plumber, machinist, etc. These are all regular ratings; but there are to be found, besides, men who combine with their other duties shoemaking or repairing, postman, etc.

The clergyman when he is on one of these floating cities is called a chaplain. He is appointed by the President of the United States according as vacancies in the corps exist. He may be of any denomination; and for those who might wish to know, let it be said there are Roman Catholic chaplains in our navy. In time of war the chaplain cannot remain a useless quantity. He need not shoulder a gun and send people into eternity, but he must aid the surgeon all he can. He holds his services on Sunday morning only, and they last no more than an hour. Occasionally he may hold prayer-meetings, and some-

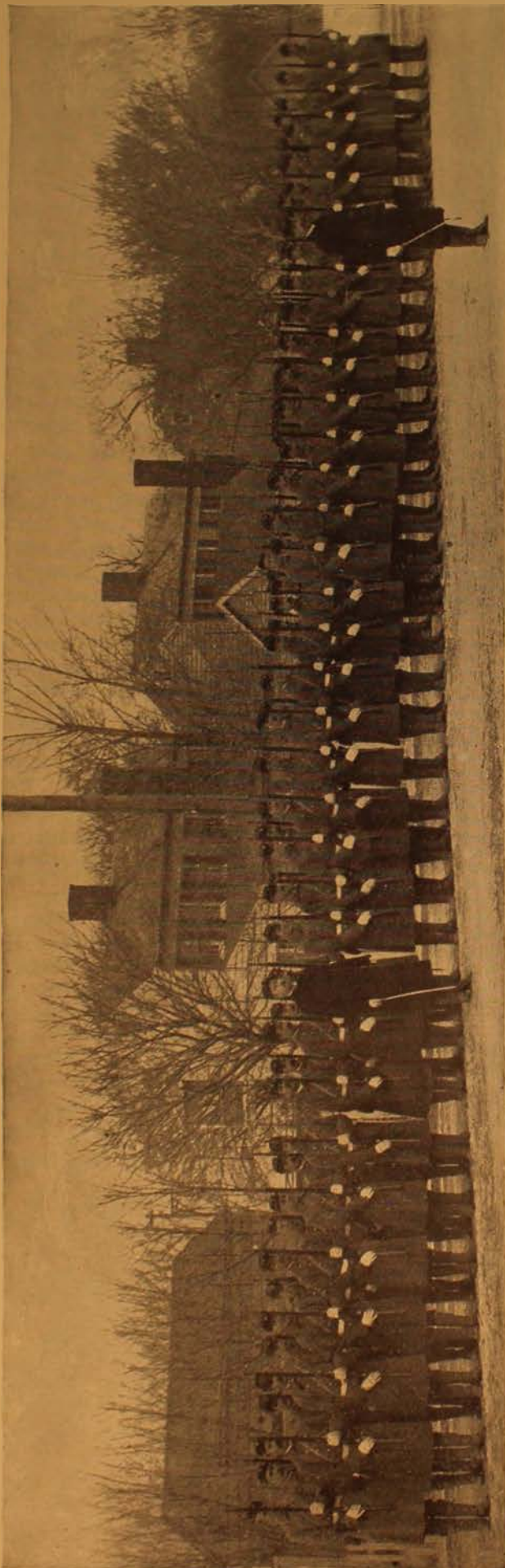
times he gives lectures. The congregation occupies benches, and a choir adds its share to the worship. This choir usually consists of from four to six sailors, and as they generally have good voices their leadership does much toward enlivening the singing. Any recognized hymns are sung. No collection is ever taken up at these services, and although the men are not required to attend they do so either because they desire to worship or because it affords a diversion. The chaplain wears a uniform, or robes, presented by the church to which he belongs. The sailors salute him reverentially as they pass him in their daily work, and frequently they talk and consult with him. He ranks as a lieutenant, and sometimes even higher. His room is made pleasant by a small library of books, and it is generally the case that he is well liked by officers and men.

One of the indispensables is the doctor; for what town could get along without him? Some ships may sail without a chaplain to care for their souls, but never without a doctor; and as these floating cities are so isolated, in case of accident or sickness aboard it would be next to impossible to send for one. Then, too, in time of war the doctor is the most welcome

man afloat, and it is doubtful if the sailors would care to venture on a man-of-war without one being present. Though they may not expect a naval conflict when they "ship," still that is what they are in the business for, and many of them are not so imbued with love of country that they are forgetful of self-preservation. When a doctor goes aboard a ship to live he is styled a surgeon; but the men seem never to forget the old title, and when sick invariably say, "Oh, send the doctor to me." His rank may be that of ensign, or as high as captain; and this is a distinction that does not fall to the lot of a terra-firma



SINGLE-STICK EXERCISE.



MARINES OUT FOR LAND DRILL, OLD POINT COMFORT.

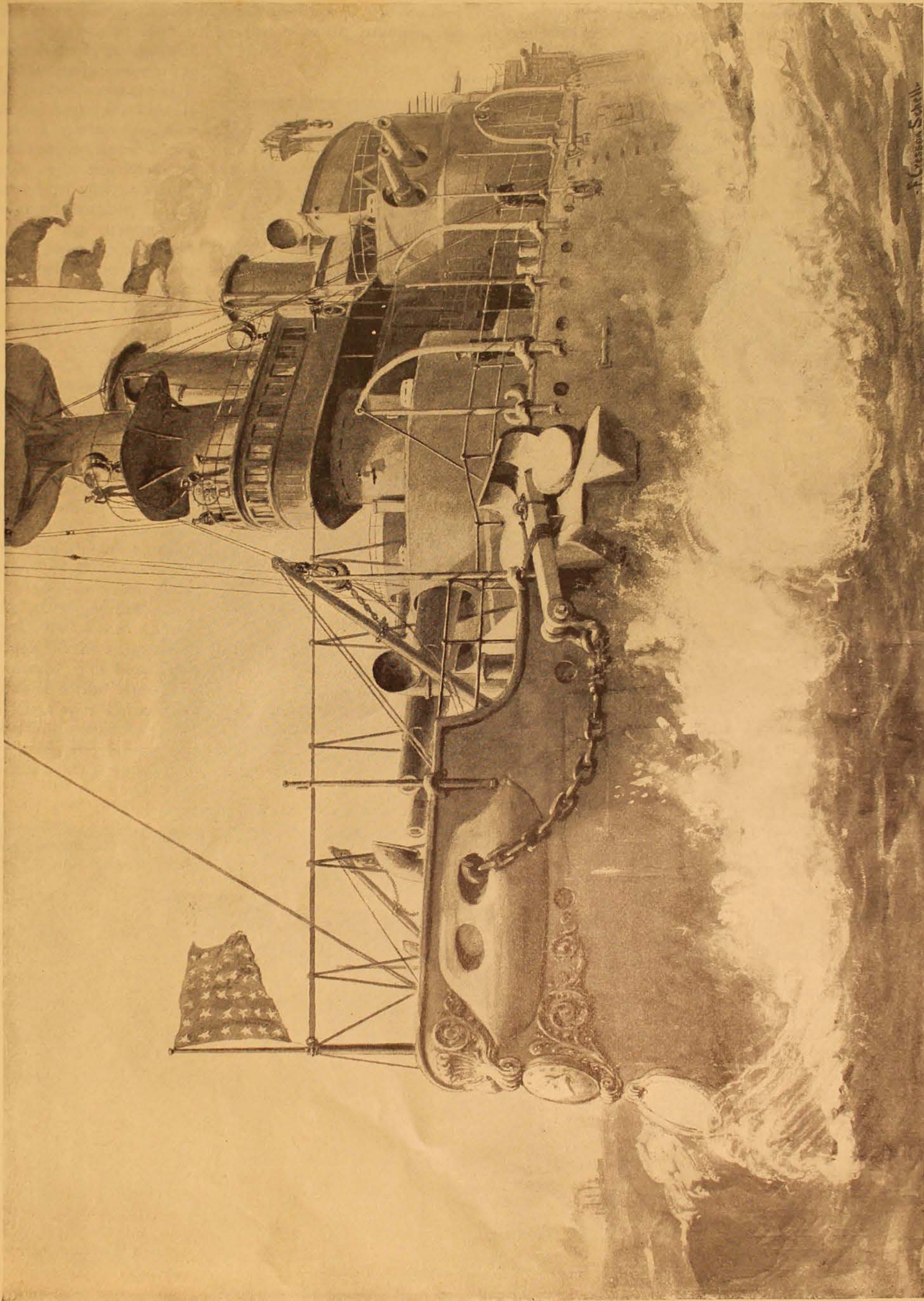
doctor. He is a regularly commissioned officer, but has to pass an examination on entrance and after two years' service. If he passes the latter his pay is increased.

A hospital is a necessity, as much so as in any large town. It is located on the berth deck and is styled by the men "Sick Bay." If an epidemic of some contagious disease break out a certain part of the ship is isolated for the purpose of preventing its spreading, and men are guarded from going there. Of course these cities cannot get along without a drug-store, or dispensary as they call it. It is located on the berth deck near Sick Bay. There is a good supply of the medicines that are usually required. The surgeon can dispense wines for medicinal purposes and of course no license is required to do this, as Uncle Sam furnishes the supply and no Raines Law is operative even should one of those floating cities sail a hundred miles inland into the State of New York, though all other vessels plying the Hudson are affected by it. Although no charge is made at the dispensary for medicines the expense is covered in another way, the men paying twenty cents a month each to defray the cost of running the hospital.

Deaths occur on these floating cities as well as on shore; but the death rate is not high on the water, and the percentage might head the list of cities in any healthful district. One reason may be that the men all lead healthy lives, take plenty of exercise, and retire at nine o'clock; moreover, they so seldom mix with other people that they escape contagion. When one of the inhabitants dies he is always accorded a respectful burial. The funeral takes place on the upper deck. The corpse is wound in his hammock, which is sewed about him, and a thirty-two pound shot is also sewed inside, at his feet. The chaplain reads the service, usually the Episcopal form, "Burial of the Dead at Sea," and at its conclusion the body is laid upon a board placed in the open gangway. There is no disrespectful rush to the side of the ship. The men are lined up on deck, and two sailors are detailed to tip the plank. The body in its shroud slips off, plunges into the sea, a splash, and all is quiet. During all this time the engines have remained stationary, the vessel motionless; but with the body on its course to the bottom they commence again, and the life aboard ship goes on as before. The sailors, contrary to popular supposition, are indifferent to a death at sea and are not more superstitious about the circumstance than are others when a death occurs on land.

The barber when afloat makes more money than does his brother "artist" living in a city on shore; that is, many of them are doing better than when they worked ashore. He is given the pay of a landsman, viz., sixteen dollars per month in addition to his board. He also enjoys the privilege of charging thirty-five cents per month against each man who chooses to employ him, giving in return two shaves a week and hair-cutting when necessary. In a ship with three or four hundred men it will be seen that the barber has quite a large number of patrons, so that a man ashore must do well to equal this and pay not alone for his board but also for his shop rent. Both barber and sailors seem pleased with the arrangement, for there are always plenty of men seeking the position, and the men could ask for no lower rates than he charges.

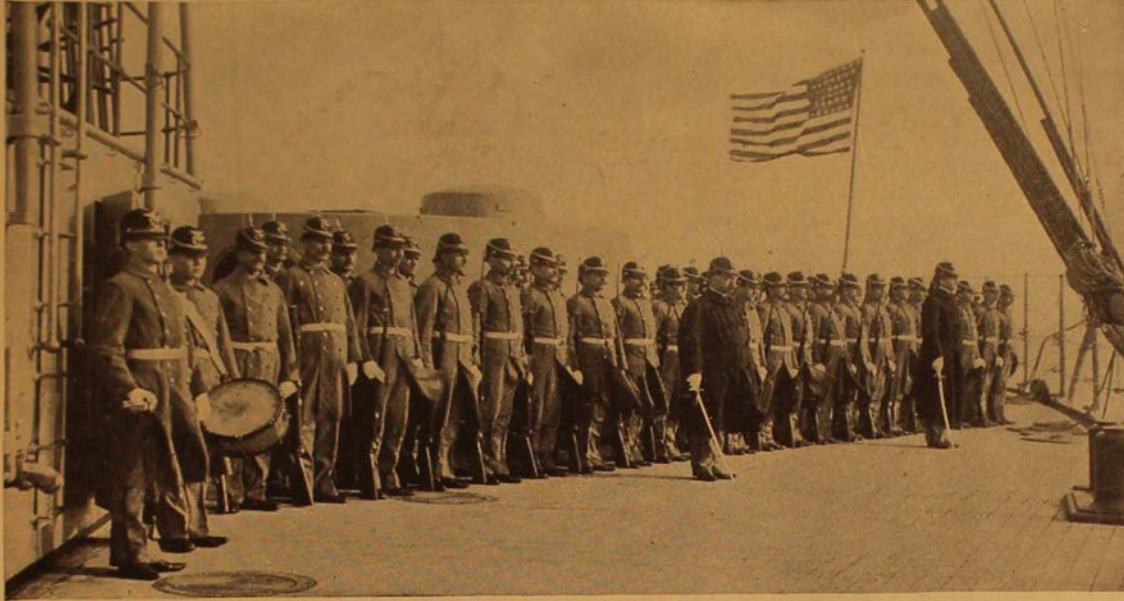
There is a chief of police with assistants, called masters-at-arms. He has charge of the prison, or "brig," as it is called, and looks out for all prisoners, arresting any man found violating the regulations of the ship. Every morning a police court is held, an officer presiding, and the various offenses of the day before, if there are any, are investigated, and punishments are assigned. The extreme penalty allowed is ten days' confinement. Whenever the



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."

offense is deemed too serious to be tried in this way, a summary court-martial is ordered. This court consists of three officers and a recorder, and these constitute both judge and jury. The extreme penalty allowed to be given

indication. No fire company ashore is better drilled, more expert, or surpasses in alertness those afloat, and the unexpected alarms given at different times keep the men in constant preparation to fight the flames at a moment's notice.



MARINES AT QUARTERS ON THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."

by this court is thirty days' confinement in double irons, on bread and water. Should, however, the offense be especially serious, a larger court is ordered, consisting of not more than thirteen nor less than five members, with a judge-advocate who takes the part of the prosecuting attorney. The power of this court is unlimited, even to adjudging the punishment of death.

Perhaps more important for a floating town than for one located on land is a good fire system, for there it is not so easy a matter to flee from the devastating element as when on shore, and fire is one of the greatest perils. The death rate may be lowered by a life of isolation, but danger from fire counteracts this advantage, so that everything is not in favor of those living on the water. Each ship has a fire-main running through it, which has hydrants at different places to which the lines of hose are attached in the neighborhood of the blaze. In this respect these ships are ahead of many small towns, which often make no provision for fire until they grow to the proportions of a city. A system of signals in the various parts of the ship is established so that on an alarm being sounded the men know exactly where to carry their hose. In certain places, such as paint-rooms, storerooms, and coal-bunkers, electric fire-signals are established, which give an early

until the man is discharged. Sailors are paid every month in cash, and the officers receive their salaries as often. The paymaster meets all expenses while on a cruise, no matter in what country they are contracted.

Sailors are frequently great letter-writers. They not uncommonly keep diaries, and from these make up their letters while on a cruise, so that on arrival at a port there

A bank is just as necessary for a man who lives upon the waves as it is for one at work upon shore. Oftentimes the cruise lasts for from six months to a year,—that is, the ship may make stops during that period, but not touch United States ports, and a man receiving wages at intervals and not being able to spend it would lose interest on his money. For this reason Uncle Sam provides that he shall be allowed to put his money in a bank located aboard his ship, and draw a fair rate of interest. They deposit it with the paymaster, but it cannot be withdrawn



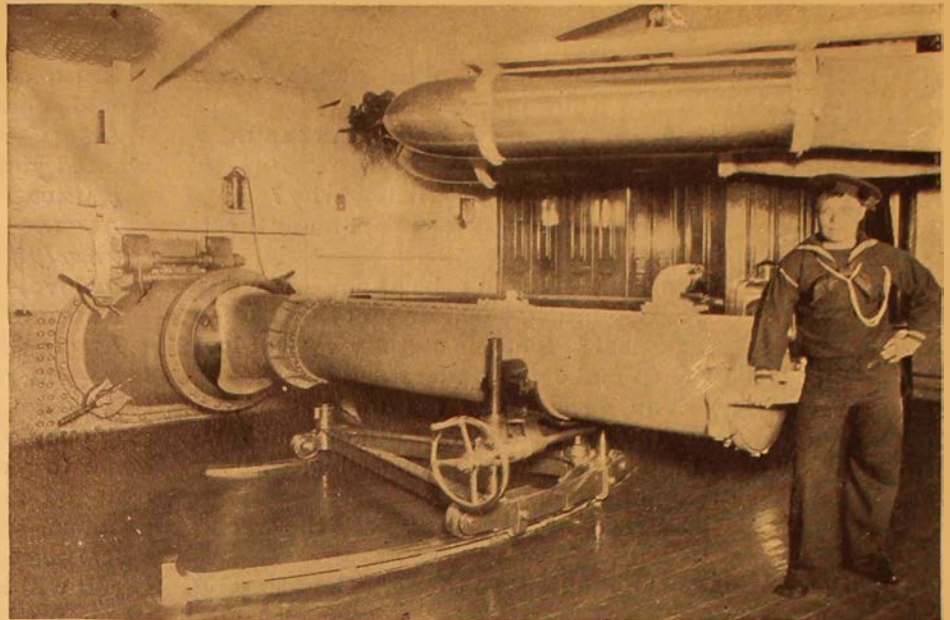
MARINES LEAVING SHIP FOR SHORE DRILL.

is usually a large mail to be sent away. They are allowed the evening to themselves until nine o'clock, when they must retire; and if not engaged in repairing clothes or playing at cards, they usually prepare letters for their

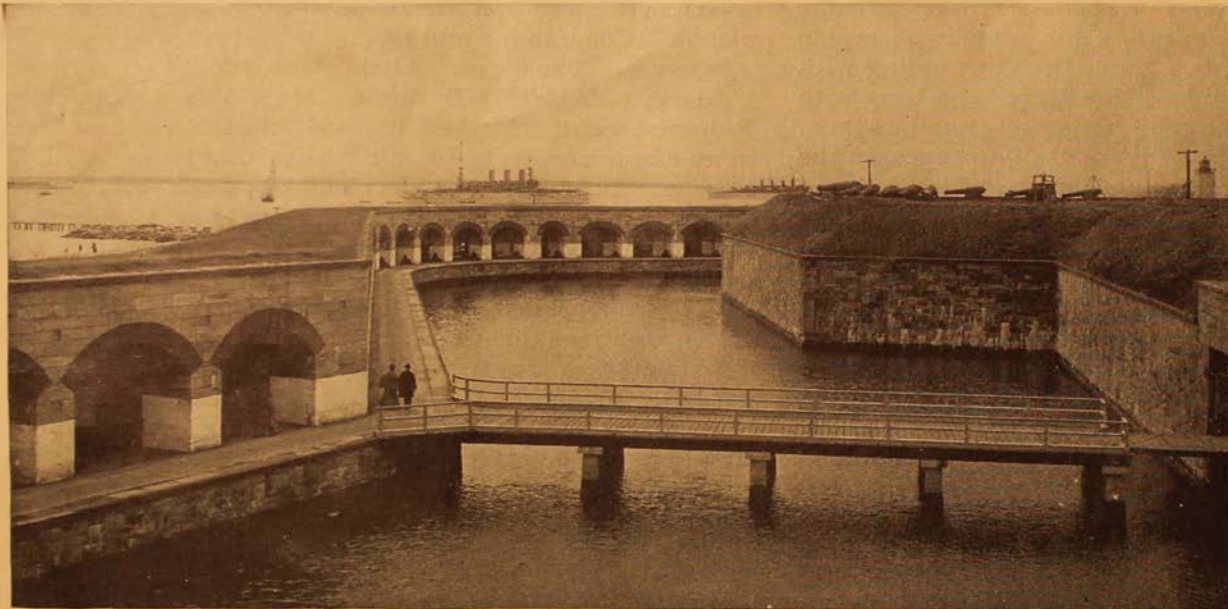
friends. A mail orderly is chosen from the crew, and he takes and brings all mails. The letters are conveyed in leather or canvas bags marked with the name of the ship. There is a mail-box in which letters are deposited for sending, and the orderly distributes the mail when he returns. He does not, however, keep stamps, envelopes, etc., for sale.

Reading is the only relief from *ennui*, aside from work, that Uncle Sam furnishes the floating population of the United States, and it is certainly appreciated. It is accessible to men as well as officers. A large vessel of a squadron has a library composed of about one thousand volumes. These are distributed upon application, a slip is made out, and upon return a new book is furnished. These can be read at the proper hours.

Sailors sleep in one large saloon or hall, more properly, the berth deck. They reside,



A DYNAMITE TORPEDO-TUBE ON THE "MAINE."



THE MOAT AND FORTIFICATIONS AT FORTRESS MONROE, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING THE "NEW YORK" AND "COLUMBIA" IN THE DISTANCE.

as it were, each in his own place, swinging his hammock in the same place nightly, and stowing it away in his own particular spot next morning. They have lockers or bags to contain their belongings, and in which they may keep their clothes. These are numbered to be identified,

and are arranged in available places. Lockers measure about three feet by two, and the bags are a trifle smaller. The men are not known by number, although one might think that in such a large colony it would be necessary to have its members designated in such manner. After a cruise officers know the names of most of the men, and every one is addressed with his proper title, from the highest to the lowest.

It will be seen that it is not forcing a simile to call these handsome ships of the United States floating cities. They have their government and their detail arrangements quite similar to the cities on terra firma, with which the majority of us are more conversant.

CUYLER REYNOLDS.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Up sail! The breeze is fair;
We'll leave the land a-lee;
There's never a mesh of care
On the broad, bright, open sea
What though the west wind veer,
And the sky grow grim as hate?
We'll whistle away all fear,
And laugh in the face of fate!

Oh a free song
For a sea song,
With a dash of the stinging brine,
And every word
A-wing like a bird
In the amber morning-shine!

Once we have won the waste
Where never was man's foot set,
Adieu to the stress of haste
And the worn world's dream of fret!
Now for the clearing eye,
And the heart a-burst with glee!
Over, the great blue sky;
Under, the great blue sea.

Oh a free song
For a sea song,
With a dash of the stinging brine,
And every word
A-wing like a bird
In the amber morning-shine!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

“ LOVE,—FOR A YEAR.”

SCENE 1. A pleasant sitting-room in Alicia's home. Present, Alicia and Raimund.

ALICIA (*With dignity.*)—No, no, Raimund. I can't listen to you.

RAIMUND (*Pleadingly.*)—But why, Alicia; why?

ALICIA—For a hundred reasons. I need not name them, since my answer is final.

RAIMUND (*Desperately.*)—It can't be final. I won't believe it. I love you too much. Oh, do you think I can give you up for one refusal? That is not my way of loving. What can I say to make you understand?

ALICIA (*Gently.*)—You *have* made me understand. I appreciate most truly the depth and warmth of your feeling; but, my dear boy, it is altogether impossible,—wildly impossible, this dream of yours.

RAIMUND—It is in nowise *impossible*. That's the wrong word.

ALICIA (*Firmly.*)—Raimund, listen to me. Counting by time I am four years your senior.

RAIMUND (*Promptly.*)—I don't care.

ALICIA—And counting by experience—

RAIMUND (*Interrupting.*)—“Experience”? If you come to that your experience can't rank for a moment beside mine. I am twenty-five, but I have been struggling with the world since I was sixteen. You have been busy with your books and music, going out into society now and then. What can you learn of life, of its real significance, in the pleasant drawing-rooms of your select little circle of friends?

ALICIA (*With a retrospective smile.*)—Enough for disillusionment,—enough to see the folly of such a marriage as you suggest.

RAIMUND—Then you have learned very little. I have been out battling with Fate,—struggling against worse odds than you can dream of; but I was working my way to you.

ALICIA (*Smiling.*)—And I was growing old in the meantime. Come, now, be sensible.

RAIMUND—I am sensible, therefore I refuse to accept your decision. I repeat again, I love you, and I want you for my own. Oh, Alicia! (*His voice breaks a little.*) If you don't quite hate me,—if there is no one you care for more,—don't you see that I *can't* give you up? I *must* hope.

ALICIA (*Softly.*)—There is no one else, and I am very, very fond of you. I see so much in you that is noble and manly—

RAIMUND (*Quickly.*)—Don't—don't praise me. You never did before, and it makes me feel afraid. I know quite well I am not worthy to tie your shoe ribbons, but I worship you so. There is nothing in God's world I would not do to prove my devotion.

ALICIA (*After a pause.*)—I wonder if you would do one thing I might ask of you,—make one little sacrifice for both our sakes?

RAIMUND (*Fervently.*)—Yes; anything—anything in my power, Alicia, except to leave you, and that is not in my power now.

ALICIA—But that, dear, is what I would ask you to do. No, let me speak. I do believe that you are true and loyal and full of love—

RAIMUND—Oh, Alicia!

ALICIA—Hush, now! And it is for this reason that I wish you to go away. Yesterday, when you spoke of your partner trying to persuade you to take a business trip—

RAIMUND—But I told you I would not go because it would separate me from you.

ALICIA—I thought it was what you ought to do. He wanted you to stay a year, you said—

RAIMUND—Yes, but I won't.

ALICIA—And take charge of the house in San Francisco. (*Gravely.*) Suppose I demand of you to make this test of your love,—to stay away a year?

RAIMUND (*Impetuously.*)—I *can't*, that's all.

ALICIA—If you love me—if you are sure your love will last—you *can*. Now see, dear. I will say this much: if you go away for a year among new interests and new people, getting the new experiences that are sure to come to you, and then return to me with the same unchanged regard, I might be able to see,—but I won't promise,—only—perhaps—

RAIMUND (*Passionately.*)—Oh, yes, you will promise,—you will let me *hope* for a promise. That is what you mean, my best and dearest. Then I'll go. It's hard, it's heart-breaking; but I'll leave you for a year, Alicia. And when I come back you'll marry me; say you will?

ALICIA (*Giving him her hand.*)—Don't ask me for any pledge. Come to me and see.

SCENE 2. The same. Alicia alone.

ALICIA (*Musing.*)—It doesn't seem like a year since Raimund went. Ah, yes, it does. And it seems a little more like five years! I can't realize that I shall see him so soon. Dear boy! he has changed; I can feel it in his letters. He seems more dignified, more guarded. I notice that especially in his writing of his friendship with my cousins. I know from Helen's letters that he has been with them constantly since he went to San Francisco, and yet he mentions them always in the most distant way, as if he saw them once a month or so. Perhaps that is significant. I rather fancied that he might be attracted permanently, they are both such charming girls, though Amy, of course, is very young,—not eighteen yet. He has spoken of her more often than of Helen, perhaps because he knows she is my favorite. Heigho! Poor Raimund! I hope he has come back cured, or—do I hope it? I am a year older, but am I a year wiser? I—don't know. My heart goes beating as if it belonged to a young girl expecting a call from her first sweetheart. (*Smiling softly.*) I am Raimund's first sweetheart,—at least I *was*; but much can happen in a year. I have a curious feeling as if something were coming to make me sorry. I wonder—there's the bell. It can't be so soon! I told Nora to send him up. Yes, that's his footstep. (*Controls herself and stands waiting until a tap is heard.*) Come in. (*Enter Raimund.*) Raimund!

RAIMUND—Yes, I'm here, dear—dear Alicia! (*Grasps both her hands warmly.*) How glad I am to see you again!

ALICIA—And I am more glad than I can say.

RAIMUND—Is it possible you are more anything than you can say? You never used to be. (*He laughs.*)

ALICIA (*Mentally.*)—Oh, he's changed. How brown he is, how handsome! No, it is only that he has grown to be a man.

RAIMUND (*Still keeping her hands and looking brightly into her face.*)—Well, do you recognize me? I think I must be altered, the life out there is so different from our New York life; but I like it,—it is splendid! I am glad I gave it a trial.

ALICIA (*With sense of depression.*)—Yes, you are altered, Raimund. You seem to have grown every way—

RAIMUND—Thank you. My views of life I know are wider. You? You don't seem changed at all, but you look pale. Were you always so pale, Alicia?

ALICIA—I am a year older, you must remember.

RAIMUND (*Heartily*.)—And a year lovelier, indeed you are. I think I must have forgotten about your being so very pretty. It strikes me so forcibly now. And your eyes are just the same. I have thought of them so often. Your cousin Amy's eyes and yours are very much alike.

ALICIA (*Mentally*.)—How bold he is! (*Withdrawing her hands*.) Yes, they are alike, I think.

RAIMUND (*Critically*.)—Amy's are darker, a little. By the way, they've sent letters and packages,—your aunt and cousins,—but I've not got at my trunks yet. I just stepped off the train, took a bath, and came straight to you.

ALICIA—How nice and kind!

RAIMUND—To myself. It's such a delight to sit and talk with you again; but there's so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin! I've had a glorious time with your cousins, and your aunt has really been like a sweet mother to me. Right at once they made the strange city seem like home.

ALICIA—And Aunt Laura's health is so wonderfully improved, Helen writes me.

RAIMUND (*Enthusiastically*.)—“Improved”! You never saw anything like it. And the girls are really—well, really beauties, both of them. They are coming on to New York, I suppose Helen has told you, very soon now.

ALICIA—She has not spoken of it.

RAIMUND—Oh, they are coming; at least I hope they will,—that is, I think—they ought to.

ALICIA (*Mentally*.)—How confused he seems. (*Aloud, smilingly*.) Why do you think they ought to? Aren't they quite happy in San Francisco?

RAIMUND—Well, I'm selfish, I suppose. I'll miss them a good deal.

ALICIA (*Sympathetically*.)—Oh, I can understand that. Helen is so charming, don't you think? I said at once when I knew you were to stay in San Francisco that Helen would be just the friend you needed there.

RAIMUND—She certainly is splendid, but—it's curious—somehow I took to Amy more.

ALICIA—Oh, *did* you? She's very young.

RAIMUND—I liked that. I never had such companionship before. I mean—er (*Reddening lightly*)—ah—I'm glad Amy is your favorite, too.

ALICIA (*Slowly*.)—But I've scarcely thought of her, except as a child. We have not met in three years, you know.

RAIMUND—She is a child,—or rather a child with a woman's heart. But if you've not seen her in three years you'll be surprised and delighted. I have her picture here. (*He detaches a little locket from his watch-chain, and hands it to Alicia*.) That is just as she looks now.

ALICIA (*In surprise*.)—Is it possible she allows you to wear her picture?

RAIMUND (*Calmly*.)—Yes. She fastened it on my watch-chain before I came away.

ALICIA—How strange! But (*Smiling faintly*) perhaps it isn't strange. Perhaps there was a good reason.

RAIMUND—Well—yes. I will tell you the reason in a minute, but you must admire her lovely face a little first.

ALICIA—I do, extremely.

RAIMUND—And she's such a darling!—the best of darlings, the sweetest and sincerest.—Why, what's the matter?

ALICIA (*Bravely*.)—“The matter”? Nothing.

RAIMUND—There is; you're so awfully pale, and—you're crying!

ALICIA (*With a sob*.)—Oh, not crying,—only—this sweet young face—and I'm thinking—hoping—that—you may be very, very happy, Raimund?

RAIMUND (*Very gravely*.)—That is for you to say, Alicia.

ALICIA—And I say it, with all my heart. Be happy! Yes, I wish you to be. Don't mind a few tears. They only come because (*Hysterically*.) I am—glad,—glad—

RAIMUND (*With soothing tenderness*.)—Because you are glad to see me,—that's right! It's *all* right! Let me dry your tears, and then I must ask you one little question which Amy told me to ask.

ALICIA (*Imploringly*.)—Oh, wait,—wait,—give me a moment. Do you think I have no feeling,—no remembrance of what is past? You and Amy have all your lives to be together,—all the days and years that are coming—

RAIMUND (*In astonishment*.)—I and Amy? What in the world are you talking of, Alicia? What do you mean? Do you suppose,—you don't suppose—

ALICIA—Ah, dear Raimund, I *know*, I *know*! And it is natural,—it is just what should be. There! I won't be selfish any more. Now talk and tell me about her. Pour out all that is in your heart.

RAIMUND (*Still astonished*.)—But there isn't anything to pour. Amy only wanted me to ask you if you would let her be your bridesmaid when—we are married.

ALICIA—Raimund—O Raimund! (*Sobs wildly in his arms*.)

RAIMUND (*Enraptured but perplexed*.)—My blessed girl! Oh, don't, Alicia! You break my heart! What is it, dearest? What makes you grieve? Oh! (*Suddenly turning pale*) you can't—you don't mean to—cast me off after all!

ALICIA (*From his coat collar*.)—Does this—seem like—casting you off?

RAIMUND—No-o—but—speak to me, for heaven's sake!

ALICIA (*With an effort*.)—Oh, I thought you had come to tell me you loved Amy, and wished to marry her.

RAIMUND—“Loved Amy”? How could you get hold of such an idea?

ALICIA—You wore her picture.

RAIMUND—She was sending it to you, dear, locket and all, and snapped it on my chain so it would be sure not to be forgotten.

ALICIA—But you spoke of her so much,—every moment.

RAIMUND—Because for this long year she has been my little helper and *confidante*. She knew all my doubts and uncertainties. I could go to her and simply rave about you, and I did. An older woman would not have listened. And when your freezing letters came it was such a relief to tell her how wretched they made me.

ALICIA (*Repentantly*.)—Oh, po-o-or boy!

RAIMUND—And she knew how I dreaded to put my fate to the test,—that I was afraid, as the time drew near, to come back to you for my answer. It was she who suggested that I should appear before you, carelessly and recklessly, as I've tried to (with my heart in my boots at the same time), and pretend to take everything for granted. And she told me I must not make you a proposal at all, but merely ask you if you would let your cousin Amy be your bridesmaid. Will you, darling?

ALICIA (*Almost inaudibly*.)—If you still think I am—worthy—to be—the bride.

“ LOVE,—FOR A YEAR.”

SCENE 1. A pleasant sitting-room in Alicia's home. Present, Alicia and Raimund.

ALICIA (*With dignity.*)—No, no, Raimund. I can't listen to you.

RAIMUND (*Pleadingly.*)—But why, Alicia; why?

ALICIA—For a hundred reasons. I need not name them, since my answer is final.

RAIMUND (*Desperately.*)—It can't be final. I won't believe it. I love you too much. Oh, do you think I can give you up for one refusal? That is not my way of loving. What can I say to make you understand?

ALICIA (*Gently.*)—You *have* made me understand. I appreciate most truly the depth and warmth of your feeling; but, my dear boy, it is altogether impossible,—wildly impossible, this dream of yours.

RAIMUND—It is in nowise *impossible*. That's the wrong word.

ALICIA (*Firmly.*)—Raimund, listen to me. Counting by time I am four years your senior.

RAIMUND (*Promptly.*)—I don't care.

ALICIA—And counting by experience—

RAIMUND (*Interrupting.*)—“ Experience ”? If you come to that your experience can't rank for a moment beside mine. I am twenty-five, but I have been struggling with the world since I was sixteen. You have been busy with your books and music, going out into society now and then. What can you learn of life, of its real significance, in the pleasant drawing-rooms of your select little circle of friends?

ALICIA (*With a retrospective smile.*)—Enough for disillusionment,—enough to see the folly of such a marriage as you suggest.

RAIMUND—Then you have learned very little. I have been out battling with Fate,—struggling against worse odds than you can dream of; but I was working my way to you.

ALICIA (*Smiling.*)—And I was growing old in the meantime. Come, now, be sensible.

RAIMUND—I am sensible, therefore I refuse to accept your decision. I repeat again, I love you, and I want you for my own. Oh, Alicia! (*His voice breaks a little.*) If you don't quite hate me,—if there is no one you care for more,—don't you see that I *can't* give you up? I *must* hope.

ALICIA (*Softly.*)—There is no one else, and I am very, very fond of you. I see so much in you that is noble and manly—

RAIMUND (*Quickly.*)—Don't—don't praise me. You never did before, and it makes me feel afraid. I know quite well I am not worthy to tie your shoe ribbons, but I worship you so. There is nothing in God's world I would not do to prove my devotion.

ALICIA (*After a pause.*)—I wonder if you would do one thing I might ask of you,—make one little sacrifice for both our sakes?

RAIMUND (*Fervently.*)—Yes; anything—anything in my power, Alicia, except to leave you, and that is not in my power now.

ALICIA—But that, dear, is what I would ask you to do. No, let me speak. I do believe that you are true and loyal and full of love—

RAIMUND—Oh, Alicia!

ALICIA—Hush, now! And it is for this reason that I wish you to go away. Yesterday, when you spoke of your partner trying to persuade you to take a business trip—

RAIMUND—But I told you I would not go because it would separate me from you.

ALICIA—I thought it was what you ought to do. He wanted you to stay a year, you said—

RAIMUND—Yes, but I won't.

ALICIA—And take charge of the house in San Francisco. (*Gravely.*) Suppose I demand of you to make this test of your love,—to stay away a year?

RAIMUND (*Impetuously.*)—I *can't*, that's all.

ALICIA—If you love me—if you are sure your love will last—you *can*. Now see, dear. I will say this much: if you go away for a year among new interests and new people, getting the new experiences that are sure to come to you, and then return to me with the same unchanged regard, I might be able to see,—but I won't promise,—only—perhaps—

RAIMUND (*Passionately.*)—Oh, yes, you will promise,—you will let me *hope* for a promise. That is what you mean, my best and dearest. Then I'll go. It's hard, it's heart-breaking; but I'll leave you for a year, Alicia. And when I come back you'll marry me; say you will?

ALICIA (*Giving him her hand.*)—Don't ask me for any pledge. Come to me and see.

SCENE 2. The same. Alicia alone.

ALICIA (*Musing.*)—It doesn't seem like a year since Raimund went. Ah, yes, it does. And it seems a little more like five years! I can't realize that I shall see him so soon. Dear boy! he has changed; I can feel it in his letters. He seems more dignified, more guarded. I notice that especially in his writing of his friendship with my cousins. I know from Helen's letters that he has been with them constantly since he went to San Francisco, and yet he mentions them always in the most distant way, as if he saw them once a month or so. Perhaps that is significant. I rather fancied that he might be attracted permanently, they are both such charming girls, though Amy, of course, is very young,—not eighteen yet. He has spoken of her more often than of Helen, perhaps because he knows she is my favorite. Heigho! Poor Raimund! I hope he has come back cured, or—do I hope it? I am a year older, but am I a year wiser? I—don't know. My heart goes beating as if it belonged to a young girl expecting a call from her first sweetheart. (*Smiling softly.*) I am Raimund's first sweetheart,—at least I *was*; but much can happen in a year. I have a curious feeling as if something were coming to make me sorry. I wonder—there's the bell. It can't be so soon! I told Nora to send him up. Yes, that's his footstep. (*Controls herself and stands waiting until a tap is heard.*) Come in. (*Enter Raimund.*) Raimund!

RAIMUND—Yes, I'm here, dear—dear Alicia! (*Grasps both her hands warmly.*) How glad I am to see you again!

ALICIA—And I am more glad than I can say.

RAIMUND—Is it possible you are more anything than you can say? You never used to be. (*He laughs.*)

ALICIA (*Mentally.*)—Oh, he's changed. How brown he is, how handsome! No, it is only that he has grown to be a man.

RAIMUND (*Still keeping her hands and looking brightly into her face.*)—Well, do you recognize me? I think I must be altered, the life out there is so different from our New York life; but I like it,—it is splendid! I am glad I gave it a trial.

ALICIA (*With sense of depression.*)—Yes, you are altered, Raimund. You seem to have grown every way—

now, their nature becomes "subdued to what it works in,"—namely, corruption, and they lose all their feminine delicacy and reserve. They stop at nothing, so long as there is promise of notoriety. Every day in the year these depraved sheets, with glaring headlines and crude, indecent pictures, find their way into many thousands of households. Can they not be shut out? Let the women, the mothers and teachers, co-operate with those of their husbands and brothers who demand a decent, civilized newspaper or none at all, to boycott the "new" journalism that ought never to have been let loose.

MORE GOOD THAN EVIL.

MRS. HETTY GREEN, MILLIONAIRE AND WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, HAS A HIGH OPINION OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN GENERAL.

My experience with the newspapers is not, of course, that of a writer for them, but of one whom they write about; also, one who reads them extensively. In both these relations I like the press myself. Whatever people may think about the newspapers in general, or about certain ones in particular, they are bound to exist and circulate; and certainly they do more good than evil. Some persons complain that the papers abuse them, and at the same time charge that the editors and reporters can be bribed. But if these persons had bribed the press, why should the press abuse them? I say the journalists prove their independence by printing the facts, no matter who is hit, nor how hard. They have made fun of me, and of my clothes, and sometimes made me responsible for things I never said; but they mean right, and they have mainly taken my side in reporting legal and business

affairs that have become matters of public news interest. I am a believer in true reform, though I have no faith in certain individual reform politicians and lawyers. What the newspapers need is, not to be reformed, but to be improved; and they are improving, in the natural current of progress. As to their influence upon young people, I think that depends upon the young people themselves. Habits and principles are formed from contact with life itself, and journalism simply reflects the daily panorama of life. Determination and good sense will be of more use to a young man or woman than any reading matter, good or bad. A college education is of no use to a young person who is going directly into business. In the professions, of course, it is different; but in business, the earlier in life a boy or girl begins work, the better. Those who have future success marked out will not waste time in thinking about other people's ideas, or things in general, but will keep their minds fixed upon the individual end in view.



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SOCIETY FADS.

PRIVATE collections of jewels are in process of rearrangement. You can make just now the best bargains in diamonds and turquoises, emeralds and sapphires, for a new fashion has come to reign over well-stocked caskets. This is all because the women who wear jewels have just discovered that in order to get the best effects from the stones they must wear only those that match their eyes. For instance, the girl with hazel orbs in which a tint of yellow is unmistakably seen is devoting herself exclusively to yellow topazes and emeralds. Adorable strings of pearls, diamond brooches, and the loveliest sapphires are sacrificed to add to her store of green and yellow gems. They are supposed to possess the faculty of emphasizing the color of her eyes, of brightening and enlarging them as no other jewels can. The blue-eyed women are buying up turquoises. If the blue eyes are accompanied by blonde hair, pearls also are worn; but the blue-eyed woman whose tresses are black collects sapphires and sets them about with diamonds. She never wears ornaments showing diamonds or sapphires set alone, for solitaire diamonds are only allowed the black-eyed damsels. Brown, rose, and yellow-tinted brilliants are all the especial property of the matron or belle of several seasons, whose glance is deep and dark as midnight, whether her hair be blonde, or brown, or dusky as her eyes. To that great majority of the gentler sex whose eyes are distinctly brown, red gems are recommended. This, of course, has given rubies an additional value; while garnets, besprinkled with white diamonds, are, in the shape

of brooches and dog-collars, the most fashionable jewels of the hour.

"There is always," says an authority on jewels, "an element of red in every true brown eye, so that the ruddy stones serve to heighten the latent fire and so beautify the glance, giving it splendor and feeling. Persons whose eyes are more on the treacherous but beautiful yellow tone must adopt certain green stones, as olavines, chryso-prase, tourmaline, and beryl. Then, between the eye and the jewel a wonderful spark is struck out, at once coquettish and defiant." Such philosophy of the jewel-box has succeeded in completely fascinating rich modish women with red hair, who cling for salvation to the opal. The authority on jewels declares that a red-haired woman if her eyes are blue can wear opals with perfect impunity, and that opals never scintillate to so glorious an effect as when worn in the brightest red hair.

THERE is a woman in New York City who has found a new occupation for the idle, but by no means unintelligent, brains of the rich society leaders, both *débutantes* and matrons. The woman blessed with a fresh idea for diversion is a tall, imposing, sandy-haired daughter of Caledonia, who put forth the notion of teaching lovers of the new Scotch literature to read and speak the dialect both of the Highlands and the Lowlands. Her suggestion was accepted with delight, and she is busy as a bee with her classes in Scotch. To some she teaches broad Gaelic, a distinct language, difficult to speak but musical and

interesting to hear ; others she merely instructs in various broad dialects, with a special view of giving her pupils the proper brogue, whimsical turns of speech, and humorous provincialisms. In consequence down has tumbled that late idol of dinner-tables and drawing-rooms, the girl who could tell negro jokes and sing negro songs, and up in her place has risen the girl with Scotch jests, and who can warble "King Jamies' Farewell," "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," and a dozen more good Jacobite melodies. The Gaelic and dialects are taught in regular classes, and there is a club, as well, at which Scotch literature is discussed and readings are given.

HERE are some new dinner-table customs that deserve notice, because they are not only novel, but pretty and amusing. Nowadays, instead of placing bouquets and *boutonnieres* beside every cover, the hostess orders that just as dinner is announced a white-capped maid or a boy in buttons shall carry about the drawing-room a silver tray on which are gracefully disposed corsage bouquets for the women. Sometimes in place of the tray a broad, flat basket, of the most delicate wicker and heaped with

bouquets, is circulated through the room. Tied to every bouquet, by a white silk thread, is a *boutonniere*, and this every lady breaks from her own flowers and offers to the gentleman who comes up to escort her into the dining-room. At the very elaborate dinners, before the host leads the way, a couple of musicians, in smart gold-laced Hungarian uniforms, head the procession, blowing valiantly on flutes, and in the footsteps of the hostess come the remainder of the musicians, with violins, guitars, and mandolins. These, when the guests are seated, circle the table once or twice, then retire ; but they come forward to precede the ladies into the drawing-room, and as the guests bid their entertainers farewell play some appropriate melody in the hall. Finger-bowls, in very fashionable houses, are no longer sent to the table with flowers floating in the water. Silver bowls are now the proper mode. The water they hold is slightly warmed, and the butler passes to every guest, in turn, a small silver tray, holding four or five tiny cut-glass bottles of perfume. The idea is to select the odor you prefer, dash a few drops of it into the water, or merely pour a little on your fingertips for sweet fragrance's sake. MADAME LA MODE.



A TRIO IN A FLAT.

THE greatest happiness of my life came to me through an advertisement.

You think the business manager "stood in" with me to get me to say that ; but he didn't, at all. It was this way. My father died when I was four years old ; and my mother, a woman of great good sense and energy, maintained herself and me in comfort, and even considerable luxury, by keeping a girl's school. There was only mother, my brother Donald, and me, in the little household after father's death ; and Donald, being fifteen years my senior, was then nineteen. Mother died six years after father, leaving me, a girl of ten, and Donald, a man of twenty-five, entirely alone, so far as relatives in this country are concerned ; you will judge from our name, McGregor, that we are Scotch.

Donald wouldn't put me in a boarding-school, as most of our friends advised him. We were such a tiny remnant of a family there wasn't enough to divide ; so we boarded and I went to school for two very uncomfortable years. Then Donald concluded to set up an office for himself,—he's an architect, and a very distinguished one, now, too,—and we took a flat in an uptown street ; took the top floor, where there was a charming view of the Hudson, and one large room with a skylight, that made a handsome office. This was home at last.

Brought up as I was, I should have been a shiftless, out-at-elbows child ; but, in spite of the usual rule in such matters, the housewife woke within me at the possession of something to keep and tend, and I soon developed into a notable home-maker.

I loved, on Saturdays and after school, to mess and cook

in our little kitchen, though we usually had our meals sent up from the restaurant on the first floor. I tried my hand at fashioning my own dresses and hats, and took the decorating and house-furnishing mania, then prevalent, in an extremely violent form. This last was mercifully tempered by Donald's educated taste, so that our rooms were made simply charming, and did not present an appearance half-way between a museum of antiques and a fancy-work bazaar, as might have been the case had I been allowed to work my will on them alone.

When I was fourteen Donald took me into council,—he always did, though he was so grave and quiet, and so much older,—and told me he thought he must have an assistant in the office. My offer to serve in that capacity met with immediate refusal "till after I should be through school, anyhow," and we had two or three boys, all of whom turned out poorly.

"Helen," said Donald, in the face of these failures, "I've a mind to advertise."

"Do nice people ever answer advertisements?" said I, dubiously.

"We don't need to take any of them if they don't suit," replied Donald; and advertise he did.

It seemed to us that every "young man about nineteen years of age, with some knowledge of drawing," in New York, was desirous of "being employed in the office of an architect, to make himself useful, attend to general matters, do plain drafting, and fit himself for the profession.

Donald was out when the boy he finally selected came I was keeping office. I told him to wait, and that Donald would be in directly ; and then sat demurely at my table

pretending to write, and taking notes of the new arrival through my eyelashes. For some reason, perhaps because I had passed all my life with older people, he seemed very young to me; though he must have been nineteen or more, and I was barely fourteen. He was tall and slim, a boy who had grown up suddenly, with a turned-up nose, some freckles, and a trace of the urchin surviving in his expression. This latter was not so apparent, however, as I glanced at him, for he was looking somewhat anxiously about him as he turned his little soft hat around in his hands.

When Donald came in I saw it was all right. I had been dreading that he wouldn't suit, and I hate to see any one refused or sent away; not so much because I am particularly kind-hearted, as from a selfish shrinking from witnessing pain or distress. The boy's name was Melville Sterrett; he was an intelligent young fellow, and well educated, and it was wonderful how soon and how completely he became one of us. He was almost as much alone in the world as we were; and, sometime in the first six months, he rented a room of the lady on the floor below us, and we became quite one family.

Donald is quiet,—between ourselves, the driest old stick of a handsome bachelor you ever saw. I myself take my high spirits by fits and starts; but Mel, as we soon came to call him, like a child in the house, is a well-spring of joy. I never heard any creature (except a mocking-bird) whistle as he can; and his good humor is perpetual, effervescent, and irresistible.

Donald is a big, handsome, distinguished-looking man, with an indifferent air,—which is not an air merely,—whose clothes always fit him, and who is always in the style without seeming to care to be. I'm immensely proud of him. If you met him on the street you'd take him for no less than the president of half a dozen banks and a railroad or two. And Donald doesn't like people much, generally,—he regards them with a kind of gentle toleration; they all talk too much, and are too "unanimous" for him. But Mel suited and pleased him from the first; partly, I think, because no human creature could fail to fall under the spell of his perfect good humor and sweetness of nature, and largely—to quote Donald himself—because he was "such a young tiger to work, and so ambitious."

Mel and I were as constantly together in those days as the fact that I was in school and he working hard and ambitiously at his profession would admit. We read the same books, when we had time for reading; we went together to the theatre and opera; we thought enough alike to care for the same things, and differed sufficiently to make an interchange of opinion interesting.

And Mel was always the best of good companions. He was ugly, there was no mistake about that; but in such a delightful way that it was much more charming than being handsome. He appreciated to the full the style of the costumes I was so fond of constructing for myself, and frequently told me, with a patronizing air, that I was really growing such a fine young woman he was proud to take me around. I had a particularly gorgeous house-dress which he called my "Queen of Sheba gown"; and Donald's "purple and fine linen" were a source of continual diversion to him. It was about this time that he named our little family "A Trio in A flat,"—and a most harmonious trio it was.

When I graduated at the high school I announced my choice of a profession. I had decided to be an architect. Donald rather laughed at it, but Mel, to my delight, said, "Why not? It's a nice profession for a woman. Maybe Helen will get the designing of the annex to the Capitol,

which we need so badly at Washington, and support us both in our old age."

"No, Mel," I said, "that's sweet of you, but I'll let you and Donald design the public buildings. I am going to devote myself to reforming domestic architecture. A woman, and a good housekeeper like me, ought certainly to know more about planning a house, a home, for folks to live in and some woman to keep, than a man."

"How is a girl like you to superintend a building and see that her plans are properly carried out?" said Don.

"Well, I can have a partner, can't I?"

"You can," said Mel, with emphasis; "and I am the man. You're such a good girl to work, Helen; and being a female, you won't expect a full share of the profits. Donald's getting fat and elderly, and wants now to poke off all the hard work on me, and I'm looking for just such a fellow as you'd be to pass it on to."

"I don't see"—here I appealed to Donald—"why you shove me out this way. If I can make myself about twice as good a designer and draftsman as you are,—and I ought easily to do that,—why don't *you* want me?"

Donald laughed his patronizing laugh, but I had my way.

About this time Donald began drawing the plans for a handsome villa on the Hudson for a very wealthy lady by the name of Van Valkenburg. Mel told me a great deal about her, and, indeed, although my 'prentice hand was not allowed to touch the work, I was allowed to make suggestions about the more simple domestic arrangements of the plan. I found myself rather at sea, however, on a house intended for a housekeeper, butler, and a half-dozen house-servants.

"She was as poor as anybody and taught school a year and a half ago," said Mel, "when her old uncle, who owned a big brewery and lots of other stuff, died. The old gentleman was Dutch, as you may have gathered from his melodious name, and he didn't believe in display,—never displayed anything but a keen eye to the main chance himself. He didn't give his niece much but a hundred-dollar bill every Christmas for a Christmas present, and as she couldn't live on that, and didn't fancy living with him, she taught and supported herself. Now she's so rich that it makes her tired,—at least she mostly looks so."

One day as I sat busily at work Mel came in and put down a bag of apples on the drafting-table. I took one and ate it while I went on with my drawing, in which I was much absorbed.

"That's awfully nice of you, Mel; I do love sour apples," I said as I worked away.

"Were they sour?" said Mel. Then, as I looked up astonished, "I didn't know; I didn't have any standard of comparison."

Seeing he was in one of his ridiculous moods, I went on with my work. A moment after I looked up to find Mel's face very close to mine and his wicked eyes looking at me with the oddest expression. Before I realized what was coming he bent further forward and kissed me lightly; then, with an expression as near embarrassment as I had ever seen on his impudent countenance, said, "Those apples *were* sour."

The whole performance was so absurd that I laughed, but not so freely nor unconcernedly as I could have wished; in fact, I found myself blushing very red, indeed, and was relieved when Donald came in. This incident, trifling in itself, haunted me. Mel and I had been on a brotherly and sisterly footing of perfect freedom for so long, I wished he hadn't disturbed it by such foolishness. I brooded and worried over it till I found

myself wishing that if he must kiss me at all he had done so in seriousness, and not in a miserable burlesque. When I got to this point I gave up trying to delude myself any longer. Helen McGregor, I said, you're in love with that boy,—with a person who regards you as a female relation. And the more I thought about it the more unbearable the humiliation became.

Mel was the same gay, affectionate, good comrade, evidently fond of me, and no more; while I, day by day, found more and more how natural and everyday a thing it had become to me to love him. I found myself waiting for his coming, depressed if he was away, watching his face to see what his mood was, and wondering always how this or that thing I thought of doing would strike him. All this had probably been, unconsciously, more or less so before; but now my self-consciousness and self-love were all alert, and every such indication struck me a fresh blow, and abased me further in my own eyes. Oh! youth, youth, that can extract such boundless happiness or such infinite misery from the simplest materials! I bore this strange new state of affairs as best I could for a short time, till it seemed to me that I was beginning to treat Mel in a constrained and different way. I even thought that I saw a difference in his manner toward me. If I had had a mother, or a girl friend even, I might have managed matters differently; but as it was, when things came to this pass I resolved on a bold stroke.

One day, when we were sitting together over the drafting-table again, and I felt my cheeks beginning to get hot with remembrance, I opened my campaign with:

"Mel, you ought to be thinking about getting married, or you'll grow up an old bachelor; and they are terrible,—all but Donald."

"Do you think so, Helen?" said he in a somewhat hurt tone, regarding me with evident surprise. "Don't you think it would break in on our trio?"

I felt, with a sinking heart, that my bold stroke was in a fair way to be a failure; but I floundered desperately on.

"No, I don't," said I. "She'd be nice, and it would fill out our number: Donald and I, and you and she."

Silence again, and Mel regarding me with a grave quiet, unusual with him.

Finally: "Well, Helen, since you are bound to hurry my youth and innocence to the matrimonial mart, maybe you'd kindly suggest a lady worthy of the honor."

My patience gave way. Here I had done the thing I had been planning in secret for weeks as my one salvation, and seemed merely to have succeeded in making an awful fool of myself, and Mel was taking the whole matter as a joke.

"You know I don't know many girls, Mel,—and I dare say nobody would have you, anyhow," I said crossly; "but I'd try for a girl with some money, if I were you. It's just as easy, and it's horrid to be poor all your life." I had reached a measure of success with this abominable speech, for Mel didn't look "jokey" now.

"That's your advice, is it?" he said, almost contemptuously.

"Yes, it is," I replied, with an assumption of blunt simplicity. "I think you'd be a gump to marry a girl without money, when you might as well try for one with some."

"I suppose, then, you think a girl without money would be a fool to marry me," said Mel with angry deliberation, fixing me with his glittering eyes.

"Oh, no," I answered with an unmoved front; "she might be in love with you, you know. I don't see why she shouldn't."

Mel worked in silence for about three minutes; then

his good humor came back with a rush. Mel's face would grow tired if he didn't laugh for ten minutes at a stretch.

"Help me to plan," he said, leaning forward across the table, laying down his pencils, and turning to me with an absurdly languishing air, which sat most comically on his ugly, good-humored face. "Since my beauty and fascinations are to be disposed of to the highest bidder, who shall she be?"

"Try Miss Van Valkenburg," I answered, shortly; "she has plenty of money, and she's old enough to be flattered by the preference of a younger man."

Mel looked at me a little oddly. "Do you really suppose so? She's an awfully nice girl, if you only knew it, Helen." Then after he had gathered up his things and prepared to go, "I'm taking these sketches of interiors up there now, and I mean to view her with the eye of a future proprietor"; and in a more serious tone, "Really, I don't suppose she would have me, but, as you say, it's worth trying for"; and with these dreadful words he departed and left me to the enjoyment of my barren victory.

I had said it. I had vindicated myself. No man, certainly, would think a woman in love with him who deliberately gave him such advice. But look at the cost. I had advised Mel, my own dear Mel, to go and marry some other woman,—for her money, at that; Mel, every expression of whose impudent face was dear to me, whose every virtue or talent was a source of pride and fondness, and whose little faults were all familiar and dear as belonging to him. And worse, oh, far worse than I could have imagined or dreamed, Mel had, in spite of his joking, rather taken up with the idea. He was now going to see that "Dutch woman," as I now called her; he had actually said she was "nice."

I appeared to myself in any but an enviable light. How much more womanly it would have been to fight for my happiness, to do my best to win, let the issue be what it might; and the hot tears of humiliation bedewed the elevation of a two-thousand-dollar detached cottage upon which I was working.

There followed on this day some of the most unhappy weeks of my life. Older people may smile at that; but I am older now myself, and I have never gotten to the point where I could make light of their remembrance. Mel was continually at "the Dutch woman's," so, indeed, was Donald; but the whereabouts of that seasoned bachelor troubled me little.

My cup of misery was filled and several drops sent trickling down the side, about this time, by meeting Miss Van Valkenburg, whom I had not so far seen. Donald insisted on my going up with him one day to see the frieze that was being painted in her dining-room. I found her not Dutch at all, nor even German, though her name and her uncle certainly were; but very handsome, in a severe way, and with the quiet air of one to the manner born. How soon we women acquire it when we have the chance!

I comforted myself by thinking that she looked all of her thirty years, which was true, and that she had a school-ma'amish air, which was not. She evidently made a special effort to be nice to me,—which was noticeable in a woman of her reserved manner,—and seemed to be on the most intimate and friendly terms with Donald and Mel.

Soon after this she came to the office late one afternoon to discuss some point in the work. She had come in from Brooklyn, and by previous arrangement her carriage was to call for her at six. It failed to appear on time, and Donald came out and told me to go in and insist on Miss Van Valkenburg's staying for tea. I went with perfect willingness. Things couldn't be any worse than they were; and my heart was entirely broken, anyhow. She already had all

I cared for,—she had Mel; and she might just as well be made welcome beneath my roof-tree and eat my muffins and jelly. I was even rather glad of the chance of displaying to her what a notable housekeeper I was, and how daintily our little *ménage* was ordered. We had been housekeeping since my graduation.

I followed Mel out into the hall to say: "I've got everything prettily arranged now, all but the flowers, and Miss Van Valkenburg is in my room making herself neat for tea. Please stop and order them up for me, if you're going out." He looked at me with an expression that made my heart jump, and then spoiled it all by saying, with evident sincerity, "Isn't she a lovely woman, Helen?" Then, as he stepped into the elevator, "Are you going to change your dress?"

"Isn't this one all right?" I answered, but Mel had disappeared down the shaft, and I went back into my dining-room to add a few little extra touches and wait for my flowers, and to wonder bitterly whether Mel was so crazy about Miss Van Valkenburg that he thought I ought to put on full toilette to take tea with her.

When the flowers came up the matter was explained. Besides those for the table there was a bunch of long-stemmed La France buds, evidently for me, as they harmonized exactly with my gown of paler pink. I grew quite jubilant in a subdued way. Time was when it seemed a small matter to have Mel send me flowers, and all I cared for was the blossoms themselves. Now the gift was nothing; but the fact that he cared to notice the color of my dress and to buy me a posy to match it was everything, and I was amply content till Miss Van Valkenburg came from my room with her fair, clustering hair freshly arranged, her lace scarf crossed low on her bosom, and in its folds a bunch of roses, the very twin of my own.

I thought, drearily, that it was bad taste of him to get them just alike, but that, after all, it didn't really matter, and my joy in my nosegay entirely evaporated.

I was forced to admit, before Miss Van Valkenburg's carriage came and the evening was over, that she was not only a very handsome, but, when she so chose, a very charming woman as well. As I watched her sitting, fair and gracious, opposite Mel at table, talking with him and with Donald, seeming to be aware of their tastes and prejudices as fully as myself, who had grown up with them, and giving to the on-looker an impression of such delicate self-poise and tact, I wondered if being young—as young as I, for instance—was, after all, such a very desirable thing; and whether any man for whom she cared could resist the sweet, flattering charm of her manner. I was aware that I seemed dull and quiet, but for the life of me I could not be otherwise, and Hamlet's words, "But you would not think how ill all's here about my heart; but 'tis no matter," kept chiming over in my mind till our guest was gone, and I could bid our little family good-night and be alone.

The next week Mel stayed at the hotel up near Miss Van Valkenburg's, superintending some final work on the villa; and I may as well say I cried most of the time. It was wretched weather, and rain always makes me low-spirited. Donald was his cheerful, phlegmatic self. Neither the weather nor anything else seemed to make any change in him.

The Sunday Mel came back the blow fell. We had eaten a rather glum dinner, and Mel had taken himself at once into the office and shut the door. When I went to leave the dining-room Donald stopped me, with an air of slight embarrassment that sat strangely on him.

"Helen," said he, "Miss Van Valkenburg has promised to be my wife. I hope you will be pleased."

I stared at him, and when I got my breath I must have said something that sounded like a protest; for he came over and put his arm about me with a caressing air quite unusual with him, and said he was sorry; it must seem to me that he had kept me on the outside in the matter; but, indeed, he'd given me the first definite information he had on the subject;—which was such an exposition of Donald's didactic, business-like way of stating things, that I laughed a little, and then gasped, "Mel!"

"Oh, yes," said Donald; "Mel's very much attached to her, and she to him; they got on nicely from the first. I'm sure you'll love her when you know her well."

The fatuity of a man in love! Well, as he didn't know, it was better not to tell him; so I turned with a vague notion of hunting up my poor, abused boy, who had, through my officious advice, been so hurt, and saying what I could to comfort him.

I opened the office door, and saw him sitting at the fatal drafting-table. His arms were thrown forward on it, and his rumpled, dark head rested on them. At sight of that bowed, boyish head all the flimsy sentiment, the self-consciousness and despair I had been cherishing for weeks, dropped away before my real affection and sympathy. I hurried in and knelt down beside him to bring my head on a level with his.

"Oh, Mel," I said, "I never thought it was so bad as this. I didn't know you really cared so much."

"Go away," came in a muffled voice, for reply.

This incivility, so like the old Mel and the dear old days, quite washed away my last reserve, and left me feeling only that I loved Mel very dearly, and he was suffering.

"Never mind, Mel," I said, "she isn't everybody in the world. We love you,—I love you, anyhow"; laying my hand on his shoulder.

This brought the bowed head erect and Mel's face around toward me, to my surprise, looking more angry than hurt. "Yes, I believe you do,—in a milk-and-cider kind of way," said he, angrily. "Oh, Helen!" with a sudden break of voice and face; "why can't you love me as I love you?" Which was an inadvertent quotation from a juvenile classic, if either of us stopped to think of it. "I've loved you so much, ever since you were a little girl, and cared about things because they pleased you, and noticed your dresses and your little ways and expressions, till I hardly knew whether there was any other girl in the world; and now," with a change to withering scorn, "I believe you're going to offer to be a sister to me."

"I'm not," I said, decidedly.

Mel told me after that he had seen how things were going with Donald and Miss Van Valkenburg from the first. "I wasn't sure of it, though," he added, "till I saw him buying flowers for her the evening she took tea with us. I thought that nothing less than a 'natural convulsion o' natur,' as Sam Weller says, could account for that."

"You knew all about it, and never told me," I said, accusingly.

"Well, I did come very near it once or twice; but," with a return to his usual teasing manner, "you know you had other views in regard to the matter."

I turned rather red, and was silenced.

After a brief, happy pause Mel said, very softly,—almost in a whisper, "Do you think you won't mind so much about being poor?"

"Oh, Mel," I answered, shamefacedly burrowing my face against his shoulder, "you couldn't have thought I meant all that horrid stuff."

"Why, yes, I did," he answered, soberly, "there's no reason you shouldn't. A bright, beautiful girl like you

has a right to expect something better than a fellow like me, who hasn't anything to offer her but just himself and his love. If that last is any inducement, though, you'll never do better, sweetheart."

"I don't want you to have anything else," I answered, hotly. "It's all very nice for Donald and his Fräulein to be rich and live in stately style,—seems to sort of become them both,—but you and I are going to conquer our destiny hand in hand. I'm going to be *such* a help to you, Mel, and if you were rich already you wouldn't care for me to be, you know."

I should blush to repeat all the things Mel said about the help and inspiration I was going to be to him, and how much better fate I deserved, and all the extravagant views he seemed to hold regarding me and my deserts; but when he came to announce the matter to Donald, what he said was:

"Well, I've promised Helen to be hers 'in the spring.' I don't think I can do better. I need a good energetic wife to take care of me, and as Helen announces herself a candidate for the position, my mind is at rest about my future."

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

WROUGHT-IRON WORK.

WITHIN the past few years wrought iron has become very popular as a metal for both exterior and interior construction and decoration. A few years ago, brass, finished in silver and gilt, with oxidized effect, and in various bronze tones, was universally used, and iron was seldom seen except, perhaps, in some odd room in a handsome and costly house. Now, however, very few homes are without some wrought-iron pieces,

such as standard or hanging lamps, grilles, or fireplace fittings; and the artistic work done at the present time in this metal, in its various finishes of Berlin black, makes it very acceptable and desirable for many purposes.

The beautiful hanging lamps and lanterns framed in this metal are found most effective for doorways, vestibules, halls, and Oriental dens, and the one illustrated is

suitable for any of these places. The globe is of opalescent glass, in pink, amber, or pale green, enclosed in a frame of the grille-work, the pattern of which is attractive, and at the same time strong and substantial. This lamp is adapted for gas or elec-

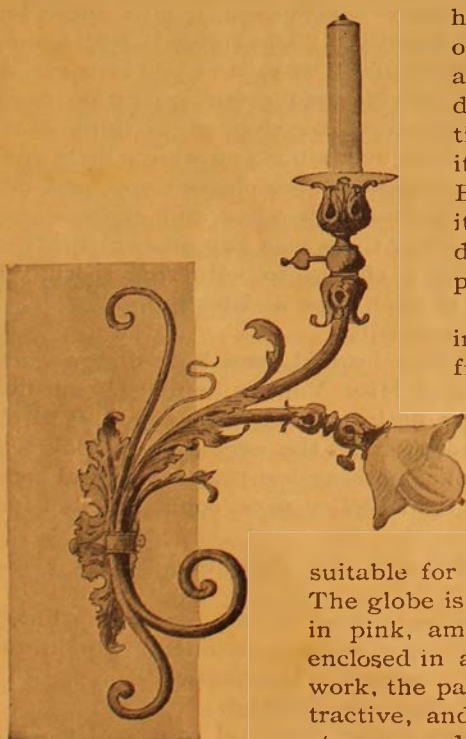
tricity, and is open at the top and bottom; but if necessary it could be arranged for an oil lamp.

Grilles of every description are particularly attractive in wrought iron, and, from the smallest affairs in light Venetian iron-work to heavy ones for door and window protection and ornamentation, they are to be found in an end-

less variety of styles. The handsome grille illustrated is for a double doorway, and the design is carried out in the Italian Renaissance style. The scroll-work is embellished in places with thin sheet-metal leaf-work, which adds a most attractive feature to the modern wrought-iron work. For halls, dining-rooms, libraries, smoking-rooms, and vestibules, wrought-iron trimmings are very desirable, and the ease with which they can be cared for, as well as their durable and lasting finish, is a great advantage over other metals in decorative construction.

A grille similar to the one illustrated is very effective in the upper part of a high window, with the curtain hung from the lower edge of the grille, or from a rod directly under it, as are the portières. For archways, transoms, skylights, and screens, ornamental wrought-iron grilles are very popular, and the demand for them is constantly increasing.

Artistic fireplace fittings are carried out in the dead-black finish, and for this use the metal is particularly adapted. Many rich designs in andirons, fenders, fire-sets, frames, linings, fire-baskets, and in fact everything pertaining to the fireplace, can be had in the sales-rooms of mantel and fireplace houses; and in combination with tile or brick facings and hearths in harmonious shades the black-finished metal adds an attractive feature. An illus-



SIDE BRACKET.



JARDINIÈRE STAND.



ENTRANCE DOOR.

tration is given of a handsome pair of wrought-iron and-irons. They are connected by a bar which takes the place of a fender, and for this reason are very desirable for a small fireplace. Their size, however, about thirty inches high, gives them sufficient dignity to adapt them to a large hall, a library, or billiard-room, where, of course, other furnishings of the room should harmonize.

For a fire-set, consisting of shovel, poker, tongs, and stand, an original design is given. The shafts and handles are of antique quartered oak, with a dead polish, and ornamented with wrought-iron leaves in thin metal worked to fit the wood snugly and having no projecting sharp edges or points to catch the hands or clothing. The lower end of each iron, for a distance of fifteen inches, is of wrought iron, insuring the wood from charring, and the entire staff of the stand, as well as the bottom or platform on which the fire-irons rest, is usually made of the oak, though the platform is often covered with an iron plate. Two designs of jamb-hooks are shown in the illustration also, and where there is not room for a stand, or where the hooks are preferable, they may be fastened to the side of the chimney-piece or to the tile or brick facing, where they act as a rest for the fire-irons which stand on the hearth. Hooks on both sides of the fireplace are desirable, as the shovel and poker occupy

one hook, while the other may be used for the tongs and perhaps a brush, which may be hung from the end of the hook.

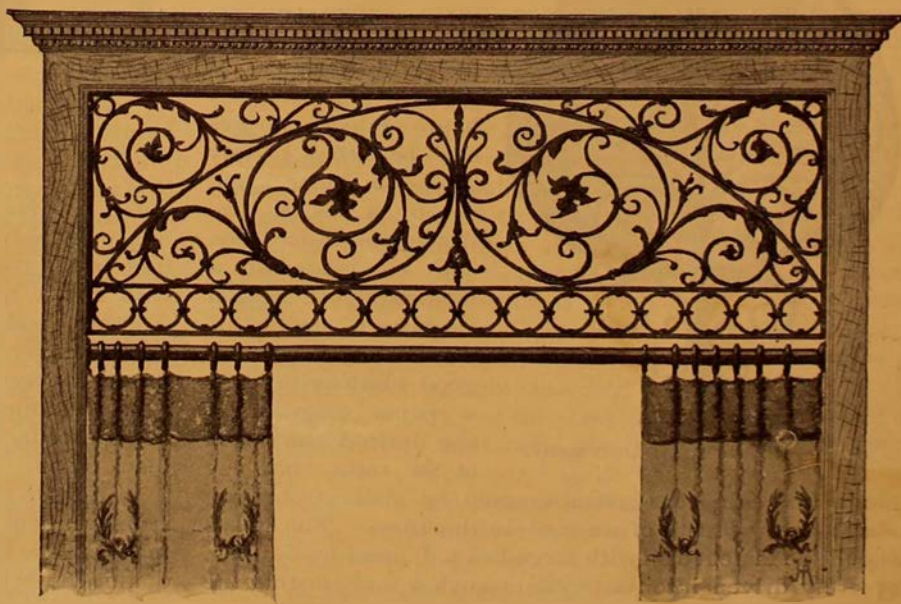
The decorative purposes to which wrought and bent iron can be adapted are limited only by the ingenuity of the designers and workers. Most people are familiar with the pretty lamps, sconces, chandeliers, and candlesticks, which have multiplied so rapidly in recent years; but it is a pleasure to notice the new uses to which wrought iron is constantly being adapted. A gratifying fact, also, is that with increased uses the designs are also improving.

The design for a large vase or *jardinière* frame is so simple that it is quite possible for almost any blacksmith to carry it out to fit any large vase that it may be desirable to support in this manner. The height of the stand must be governed by the dimensions of the pottery, if in the shape illustrated; but if it is a low *jardinière* the stand should be lower. As a receptacle for a large bunch of roses or chrysanthemums such a *jardinière* would make a most effective decoration in a large hall or library; and for the piazza in the summer time similar vases filled with growing palms or rubber plants would be particularly attractive.

Designs for chandeliers and side-brackets in wrought iron are countless, and they are especially commended for gas and electric fixtures in the hall, dining-room, or library. The beautiful ornamental leaf-work that can be so artistic-

ally wrought from thin sheet-iron is an acceptable embellishment to the oftentimes monotonous scroll-work, and its judicious application to the necessary places lends a grace and freedom to many motives of ornament that would otherwise be harsh and unattractive.

In the ornamentation of doors and windows wrought iron now plays an important part, and this is particularly apparent to any one familiar with the entrances to many



A DOORWAY GRILLE.



A PAIR OF ANDIRONS.

new city and country houses. A very artistic design for the ornamentation of a divided door is illustrated. While the decoration is in itself attractive, it will be readily seen that an element of strength is given to the fastenings, as well as security to the plate glass and curtain effect in the upper half, which is most appropriate. A



GLASS AND IRON HANGING LAMP.

grille thus arranged in a door or window should be on hinges, so that it may be swung away from the glass when necessary to clean it; but the fastenings should be quite secure, as the constant opening and shutting of a door is liable to loosen a grille of heavy construction.

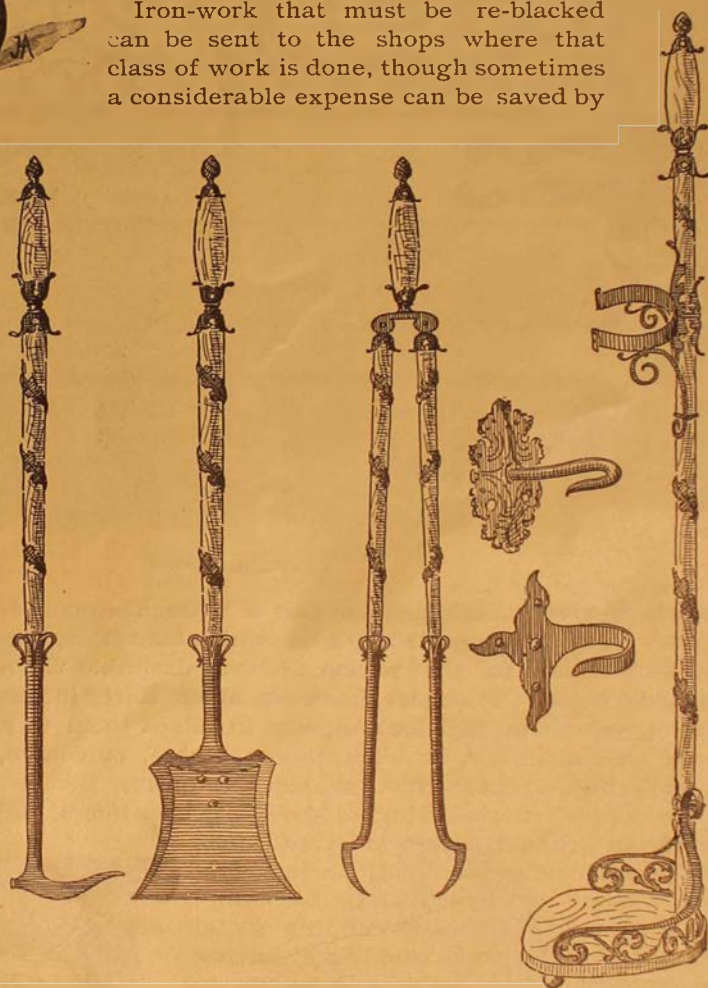
It is not necessary to have hinges and hasps or escutcheons made with the ornamental straps attached to them. They can be separate pieces, made by a blacksmith, if desired, and applied to an old door. Grilles can be fitted to any glass-top door, and one of a design similar to the illustration can be made at a moderate cost. Such a pattern could be worked out by any good blacksmith over a paper diagram of the desired size; and at the same time the

hinge and escutcheon straps could be made from iron about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The straps should be fastened on with large-headed, hand-made nails, securely driven into the wood in such a manner that the constant jarring of the door would not loosen them.

These beautiful designs suggest some of the uses to which wrought iron is being put, and those who are contemplating building, or improvements, would do well to inquire further into the decorative possibilities of the most popular metal finish at the present time.

To keep the dead-finished wrought iron constantly fresh and clean it is only necessary to rub it with a flannel cloth on which a little crude oil has been poured. Only the pure crude oil or kerosene should be used, as other oils gum on the surface and in a short time spoil the original finish. The occasional application of the oiled rag will keep the Berlin black finish in perfect condition; where it is not possible to get into the small places with the rag, a stiff bristle brush can be lightly dipped in crude oil and worked into all the little nooks and corners.

Iron-work that must be re-blackened can be sent to the shops where that class of work is done, though sometimes a considerable expense can be saved by



OAK AND IRON FIRE-SET.

doing it at home. To prepare a good and lasting black, mix a little ivory-black paint, ground in oil, with turpentine, to the consistency of cream, and apply it to the iron with a soft brush in two or three successive thin coats. Another good black can be made by adding lamp-black to brass lacquer, and if too thick, thinning it with alcohol; this, however, cannot be applied over a surface that has once been oiled, while the turpentine and ivory-black may be repeatedly used, and every time it will dry with a dead-black finish.

Visitors to the Columbian Exposition will recall interesting specimens of this wrought-iron work which they saw made at the forge in one of the Irish villages; and the quaint, branched candlesticks bought there are treasured souvenirs.

J. HARRY ADAMS.



IN THE LINEN CLOSET.

THERE is probably no other part of her household shopping which the thrifty and capable housewife so thoroughly enjoys as that for the plenishing of her linen closet. In fact, there is a sort of inborn instinct in every womanly woman which makes the possession of a goodly stock of fine linen a thing especially to covet, and additions to it are the subject of careful forethought and wise selection. Hence it has become an established custom in most well-regulated houses to examine the contents of the linen closet after the holidays, taking stock, as it were, of present possessions, and making memoranda of needed additions preparatory to re-stocking; and if we perform this pleasant task with regularity we have the satisfaction sometimes of increasing our possessions, and adding, perhaps, some coveted piece, instead of merely replacing the things worn out and relegated to other and baser uses.

It is not merely chance which has determined the season of this annual custom, but rather is it an inheritance from Colonial days, when the "festival of the distaff," celebrated on the seventh of January, marked the beginning of quietly busy days in the household. After the interruption of the holidays women drew forth their wheels and proudly strove to excel each other in the amount of flax they spun and wove, and young girls plied busy fingers industriously filling those bridal chests, the contents of which, in some notable instances, are the present-day treasures of their descendants.

It so happens that the convenience of the housekeeper is also that of the merchant; for with both of them these weeks are the lull between the rushing crowded ones which mark the changing seasons, and which reach their culmination in the short, hurried days before the holidays. It is not surprising, then, nor simply a coincidence, that the merchant, anticipating the demand, takes this time to display household linens of every description, and fills his shop windows with the newest and most attractive things in his stock. At the same time, with a view to attracting the thrifty buyer, he makes liberal reductions on a great many things, and offers such tempting bargains as would lure the money from even a miser's purse.

The first thing one notices in examining these displays, this season, is the increasing prevalence of hemstitching on both bed and table linen. The hems of even cotton sheets and pillow-slips are usually finished with hemstitching, and so perfectly is the work done by machine that it quite equals handwork. Insertions, also, of drawn-work, copied from the Spanish design, are now done by machine, and beautiful borders of this work ornament naperies as well as linen sheets and pillow-slips. Nice Irish linen sheets, two and a half yards wide by two and three quarters long, finished at the top with a two-inch hemstitched

hem are sold for \$3 per pair, and pillow-cases to match, measuring twenty-two and a half by thirty-six inches when finished, cost \$1.10 per pair. Cotton cases of the best Wamsutta, the same size and also hemstitched, sell for 50 cents per pair. Of course this is cheaper than making them at home; but it must be remembered that the prices quoted are those at the annual sales, not regular prices.

The standard size of pillow-cases is that mentioned above; but some merchants describe the same thing as forty-five by thirty-six inches; this it should be understood is the measurement of the cloth after seams are taken, and not of the case, which, as it lies double, is really twenty-two and a half by thirty-six inches. The cloth is torn thirty-eight inches long, thus allowing two inches for the hem. The largest pillow-cases sold in the shops are twenty-seven by thirty-six inches, this size often being advertised as "54 by 36." Pillows are usually an eighth of a yard shorter than the pillow-case, but the width of the bed has to determine their exact size; those which look well on a wide double bed would be too large for what is known as a three-quarter one, and the largest size is needed on single beds.

The new bed-tickings are handsome enough for furniture slips. They are in delicate grays and slate colors, having damask stripes with a little color, pink, blue, or red, at wide intervals. The round bolster is almost an indispensable part of the furnishing for a bed; but there are so many new health fads and fancies in these days that, to meet the wishes of those who believe it unhealthful to sleep on feathers, the bolster is sometimes replaced with thin hair pillows. Pillow-shams are not so generally used as formerly, the demand for them being so slight that in many shops there are none in stock. When seen, however, they are usually very elaborate, and made of the sheerest linen cambric, India lawn, or even Swiss muslin. A handsome spread, with shams to match it, is of sheerest lawn with an application in the corners and centre of Honiton braid; it is finished with a wide ruffle of the lawn on which the lace appliqué which forms the edge runs up in deep points, giving a very rich effect. Shams made of sheer hemstitched handkerchiefs put together with lace insertion and bordered with frills of lace to match, though not new, are always pretty, and have an elaborate effect without entailing much work.

As to the quantity of linen required, many housekeepers are restricted by limitations of closet-room, and of course in this country with our regular weekly laundering it is unnecessary to accumulate enormous supplies that would suffice for two or three months' use without the services of the laundress; it is very possible to get along with two pair of sheets and as many pillow-slips for every bed, and one or two extra pair for emergencies. The use of linen

in winter is discouraged by all hygienists; but if it is preferred for hot weather it would be quite possible to manage nicely with three sheets per bed. These hints are, of course, for the young housekeeper who has all to buy. After the first few years it will be found much the best plan, both with bed and table linen, to buy some every year, putting the new in regular service and reserving the partly worn for occasional use. There comes a period in the service of all such things when true economy recognizes the value of this method; for not only does the housewife thus accumulate a stock of linen which it is a comfort and convenience to have, but she will find that it will wear much longer when thus used. The frosts of winter are very hard upon linens, and a table-cloth or sheet that would bear three months' summer wear will fall into countless cracks after the ordeal of two or three launderings in freezing weather.

Almost no novelties are shown in the patterns of table linens. The regulation linen by the yard is mostly in all-over patterns of rather small flowers and leaves, and in these almost any flower can be found. Especially pretty are the clover, violet, carnation, and maiden-hair fern designs. The pattern cloths are distinguished by panel designs, made by reversing the weave, and have large plain spaces of glossy, satiny twill, broken only at wide intervals by single flowers or a spray in natural size thrown upon them. All of these cloths have hemstitched hems, or are finished with more elaborate drawn-work; and some of them have successive rows of hemstitching or drawn-work, sometimes forming lattice work in the corners, and bordering the centre panel which rests upon the table-top. The damask pattern then, usually a single flower or leaf, is dropped at intervals upon the satiny surface of the linen, which runs between the rows of drawn-work.

The absence of color in all these displays is noticeable. There is almost none seen except in a few of the German *spachtel*—linen guipure work—table-centres and tea-cloths, and in these the tints introduced are very delicate. When it is desired to emphasize a color in decoration ribbons are placed under the drawn-work; or the table is first covered with *crepon* of the color.

Complete sets of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner cloths, with napkins to match in two sizes,—five-eighths and three-fourths,—can be had in the same pattern, which is very convenient, especially when a housewife wishes to match her china. Fringed doileys, also, for finger-bowls and bread-plates, can be had in the same designs, but these are not always purchased because so many women prefer embroidered ones. There are also round and oblong cloths in various sizes, woven to fit dining-tables so shaped, in order that the borders may fit exactly the top of the table. These, however, are exceptional, and bought usually by the women who not only buy everything, but also buy for special occasions. For this class, too, are the sumptuous cloths, square, round, and oblong, of plain, finely twilled linen, ornamented with wide insertions of Renaissance lace between bands of linen enriched with

drawn-work, and edged with Renaissance lace. Cloths of this description come in every size, from the smallest tea-cloth to the stately one for the dinner-table, and cost from \$12 to \$200.

Towels also are hemstitched, from the cheapest to the finest grades; but, of course, fringed ones can still be bought, just as some with colored borders can be found if you look for them; but from being the rule these have both become the exception. The handsomest huckaback towels are of microscopic fineness, have a gloss like satin, and there is a beautiful damask pattern woven in their centres and above the hemstitching. It is of piquant interest to learn that the Irish manufacturers furnish similar towels for the use of the royal family of Berlin and the Dowager Empress of Germany. They are towels of generous proportions, and when you examine them you find, if you didn't know it before, that you have royal tastes.

Three kinds of towels are usually bought for toilet use: fine damask, for those who never like to touch the face with anything but a soft texture; huckaback, and Turkish bath-towels; and it is a difficult thing to have too liberal a supply. It is quite safe always to buy towels whenever an "*occasion*" is offered. It is poor economy to buy low-grade linens of any kind; but the caution applies especially to towels.

The linen-closet ought to be a roomy, well-lighted one, with deep shelves and spacious drawers. The shelves should be wide enough to permit of sheets and table-cloths being laid in lengthwise, as this will prove a great economy of space. It will help materially in keeping account of things if small pieces, pillow-cases, towels, and napkins, be tied in packages of half-dozens. To prevent pairs of pillow-cases from being mismated they should be numbered, and some housekeepers mark them with the year when made; for this assists the memory in identifying their condition and the frequency with which they should be used. If the pillow-cases are marked with embroidered initials, the number and date can be done with indelible ink on the inside of the hem.

Very large initials and monograms for marking are out of favor now, as also the fashion of putting them in a conspicuous place. Two-inch initials are large enough for table-cloths and sheets, and they should be worked in the corners of table-cloths, just within the borders, and in the centre, above the wide hem, of sheets. Napkins, also, are marked in the corner with inch-wide or smaller initials, pillow-cases with letters of the same size above the hem, to match the sheet, and towels just above the border.

When napery begins to crack it should be carefully darned with fine embroidery-cotton, which is better than linen ravelings, because smoother, and does not cut the adjoining threads of the fabric as spool cotton is very apt to do. It is always a wise precaution to look over table-linen before it is sent to the laundry; for a slight brack, which a half-dozen stitches will repair, may require a most careful, painstaking darn after the ordeal of laundering.

E. A. FLETCHER.

A BOGUS CANVASSER.

WE are notified that an impostor, a man calling himself Grey, Nelson, and Williams, and also using other names, is traveling through the West representing himself as a canvassing agent for DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE, collecting money for subscriptions, and sometimes offering to club the MAGAZINE with other publications at a reduced rate. The man is a cripple using a

crutch, and tries to obtain sympathy and assistance on account of his infirmity; and in some instances claims that he is endeavoring to secure means to gain an education. We do not employ any traveling agents for DEMAREST'S, and warn all persons against this impostor; and shall be pleased to have our friends notify us if he is working in their vicinity.

SANITARIAN

COMPLEXION SPECIALISTS AND THEIR METHODS.

PROBABLY no more convincing proof of the extent of feminine gullibility can be found to-day in the length and breadth of New York City than is shown in the rise and rapid evolution of the complexion specialist. This modern humbug has apparently come to stay.



SPECIMEN PHOTOGRAPH USED BY FACIAL-IMPROVEMENT SPECIALISTS.

Her parlors are found on every fashionable thoroughfare, her victims are legion, her profits fabulous, and "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" she is unapproachable.

Paint and powder have been in vogue for centuries. Late hours, tight lacing, and lack of proper exercise play havoc with the complexion of fashionable women, and if they seek to repair the ravages of time by a few artistic touches, the evil is not a crying one. But parboiling the face with medicated steam, cutting off the outer cuticle by means of corrosive sublimate bleaches, the electrical treatment, and overlaying the face in strips with iodine and plasters, are innovations worthy of the barbaric ages; and the harm being wrought daily by these dangerous processes can hardly be overstated.

When, a decade or more ago, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer first opened her establishment on Fifth Avenue, the public were attracted by the very novelty of the venture. Georgine Champbaron had already created a furor in Paris with her rejuvenating treatment; but a business solely devoted to the beautifying of the complexion had never been attempted in New York. Women were enchanted with the artistically arranged parlors, the pretty pots and bottles, and the dainty creams and lotions they contained; and as the purity and efficacy of all the preparations were vouched for by prominent chemists and physicians, they soon had an enormous sale.

This phenomenal success naturally evoked a crowd of imitators, who flooded the market with elixirs and lotions, some harmless, others far from being so. A host of charlatans rushed into the business, eager to reap the golden harvest. New establishments sprang up on every side,

competition spurring each schemer to the invention of fresh devices for diverting attention from her rivals; and to-day the arch enemy of woman's beauty, the complexion specialist, is at the zenith of her disastrous popularity.

The presiding priestess of the temple of beauty is usually a woman past her first youth, hard of feature, illiterate to a degree, but seductive in manner and fluent in argument. These "ladies," who claim to be philanthropists pure and simple, animated solely by a desire to help their sister women (at a trifling charge of from fifty to three hundred dollars for each case), have, in many instances, started their career as manicures in some fashionable hair-dressing establishment, where they have been made the recipients of harrowing confidences from customers not blessed by nature with good complexions. It is the rôle of a manicure to listen and sympathize. If she be a clever woman, she frequently thinks as well, and in due time puts the result of her cogitation to practical use. A business venture which appeals to woman's natural desire to be beautiful is, in advance, so sure of success that a financial backer is readily found. A few recipes are hunted up in an out-of-date book on beauty and modified or altered at will. The concoctions are attractively boxed



FACIAL MASSAGE.

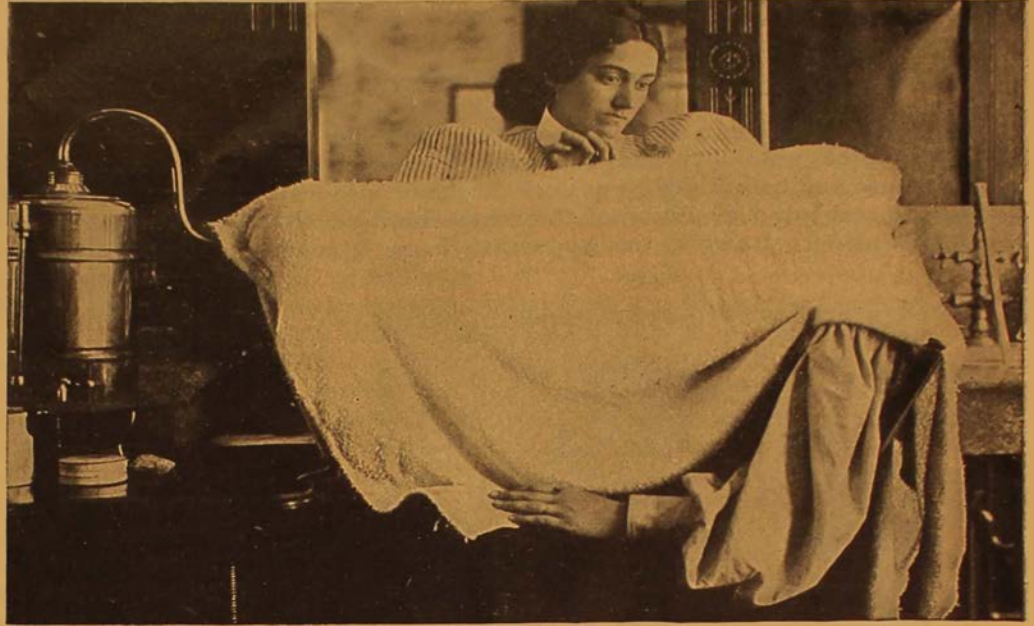
and bottled, labeled "Bloom of Ninon de l'Enclos," "Crème de Beauté of the French Court," "Circe's Bloom," "The Skin Rejuvenator used by the peerless Helen of Troy," etc. Handsome parlors are rented in one of the principal shopping streets, a few young

"lady" assistants are engaged, showiness and style, not experience, being the qualifications exacted of them, and behold, madame's trap is baited and ready for the prey.

The audacity of these female humbugs is only equaled by their greed. The cost of their preparations is comparatively trifling; the prices asked enormous. Yet even these form but a small part of the profits. Nothing less, swears madame solemnly, than a full course of special treatment, lasting from two to four weeks, will benefit the applicant's individual case. The miracle which she pledges herself to accomplish in this time varies according to the presumed credulity of each applicant. As the terms are invariably cash in advance for the entire course of treatment, the victim has usually paid the best part of one hundred dollars before realizing that she has been thoroughly duped. Too often it is not alone the loss of money that she mourns, but an irretrievably ruined complexion as well.

I had heard many bitter complaints of these charlatans, but the matter was forcibly brought home to me recently when a very pretty woman, prominent in New York society, came to me with a complexion so rough and blotchy that I was horrified with the change in her appearance. Amid choking sobs she confided her experience to me. Inquiry revealing a number of similar cases, I was persuaded to make a personal investigation, and heroically delivered myself into the hands of one of these philan-

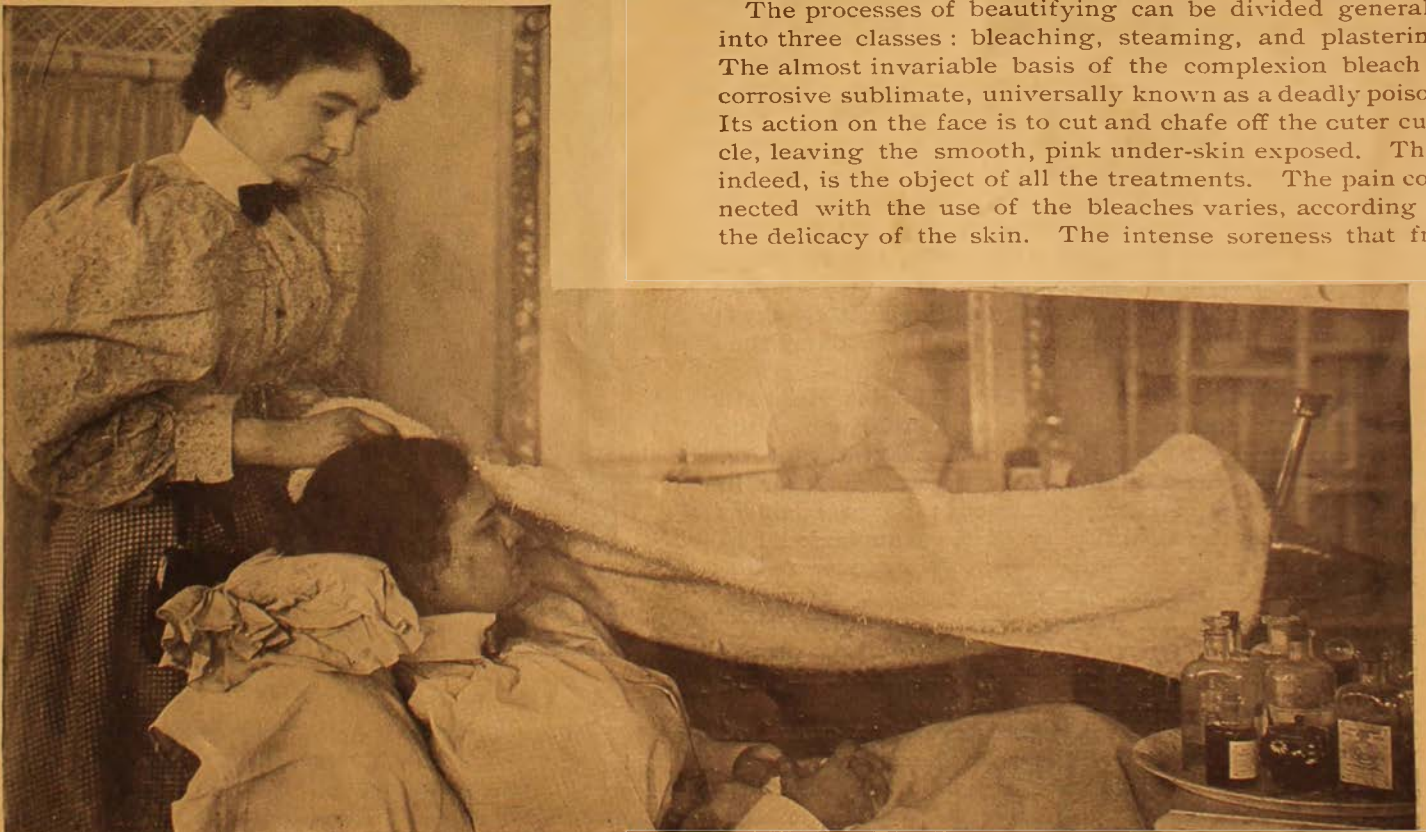
thropic "ladies," under whose directions I have been kneaded, pinched, massaged, greased, steamed, lotioned, powdered, painted, and elixired, during six weary days.



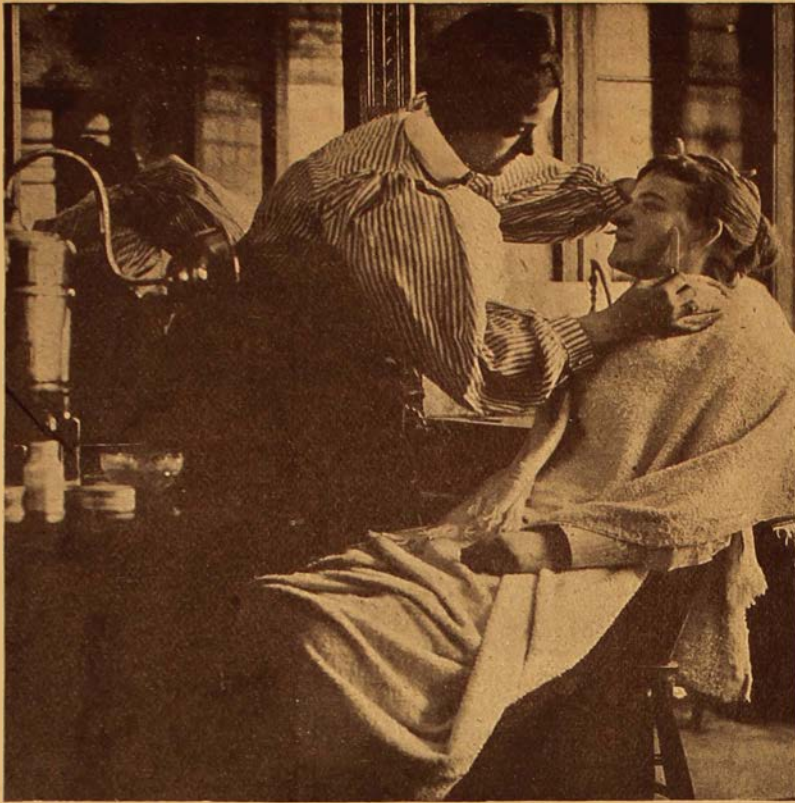
A VICTIM IN THE TOILS.

As I carefully washed the nasty stuff from my face as soon as I escaped from their hands, I have come off more easily than might be expected. I must frankly state that I did not go through the rejuvenating process. I admire self-sacrifice in others, but not even in the interest of suffering women will I submit to the torture of being flayed alive. How any sensible woman can expect her epidermis to escape unharmed after several weeks of such treatment passes all understanding.

The processes of beautifying can be divided generally into three classes: bleaching, steaming, and plastering. The almost invariable basis of the complexion bleach is corrosive sublimate, universally known as a deadly poison. Its action on the face is to cut and chafe off the outer cuticle, leaving the smooth, pink under-skin exposed. This, indeed, is the object of all the treatments. The pain connected with the use of the bleaches varies, according to the delicacy of the skin. The intense soreness that fre-



STEAMING THE FACE FOR THE REMOVAL OF BLACKHEADS.



SCRAPING THE CUTICLE.

quently results is in some instances aggravated into virulent blood-poisoning. One case, some years ago, in Massachusetts, aroused so much public indignation that leading New York publishers were officially notified that periodicals containing the advertisements of this particular preparation would not be transmitted through the mails. The falling out of the eyelashes and eyebrows is also a slightly unpleasant incident frequently following the bleaching process. In consequence of several cases like the one above mentioned the use of these corrosive washes has fallen somewhat into disfavor. The originator of the process, when last heard from, had retired from active business.

Facial massage at the hands of a thoroughly competent *masseuse* is undoubtedly beneficial in strengthening the muscles of the face and developing or reducing the size of the throat. It should be used, however, with the greatest discretion; and the better plan is to practice it at home, pinching and kneading the face gently for a few minutes night and morning, having first softened the skin with an unguent cream.

The face-steaming treatment, used in connection with massage, is too well known to require much description. The face is thoroughly greased, then bathed for from fifteen to thirty minutes in medicated steam as hot as it can possibly be borne. This opens the pores and forces out all secretions, including the natural oil which is an

absolute essential to the nourishment of the skin. The great argument in favor of the face-steaming process is that it absolutely cleanses the complexion from all impurities,—a fact quite indisputable. A washerwoman's hands, however, which are the quintessence of cleanliness, are the most unlovely sight imaginable, being a mass of dry skin and fine wrinkles; and it is merely a question of time until a constantly steamed complexion will arrive at precisely the same condition. No amount of rubbing with cream and flesh-food will repair the result of deliberately drying out the natural oil from the sebaceous glands of the face.

The most horrible and barbarous of all the complexion processes is known by the alluring title of "rejuvenating treatment," and is guaranteed to remove twenty years from your appearance in a few weeks. This is practically a revival of the torture process in vogue in France in the fifteenth century, and the suffering which it entails varies only in degree. Unlike the two treatments already mentioned, the skin, in this process, is peeled off in large strips. The face is first lightly bathed with a mixture containing iodine (some operators use the pure tincture). Plasters are then applied, which not only loosen the skin, but draw out a thick, milky pus. The outer skin is torn off with the plaster, leaving the half-raw and agonizingly sensitive under-cuticle exposed. When this surface has

healed, the shortest time being from four to eight days, the complexion is, in many cases, marvelously beautiful, although all the lines of character have disappeared, leaving the face as expressionless as a doll's. For months afterward the faintest breath of wind or the touch of the softest cloth in bathing the face causes the most exquisite torture. One victim said to me, pathetically, "I can't even cry when I suffer, for the tears fairly blister my cheeks."



APPLYING AN EMOLLIENT.

In a few months after taking this treatment the sensitive skin commences to show thousands of criss-cross lines, almost imperceptible at first, then gradually deepening, until the face, when viewed closely, shows the shriveled surface of a peach or apple that has been plucked too soon.



PLASTERING THE VICTIM.

The advertisements of these humbugs invariably tell us that the specialist herself has "a pure, clear, transparent skin, softly tinted as a rose-leaf," a statement by no means warranted by facts, and that "moved solely by the noble impulse of aiding her suffering sister women, she has, although her modest, sensitive nature would lead her to shrink from notoriety, been prevailed upon to give to



APPLYING THE ELECTRICAL TORTURE.

the world the benefit of the knowledge gleaned by her through years of study and chemical research, feeling that the blessings called down upon her name in thousands of American homes will be sufficient reward."

So greatly has the advent of the complexion specialist increased the sale of cosmetics that a few of the prominent druggists of New York have caught the fever and advertise a list of beautifying preparations which is as florid and elaborate as those of their feminine compeers.



TEARING OFF THE PLASTERS.

Tell the pretty girl who touches her luxuriant tresses with hair bleach that baldness will inevitably result, and she laughs you to scorn; it is only when the hair begins to fall out that she recalls your warning with regret.



THE HORRIBLE RESULTS OF THE ELECTRIC TREATMENT.

Neither is her infatuated sister smitten with the face-steaming fever to be checked in her mad career; but her repentance is heartfelt and sincere when her complexion is irretrievably ruined.

ELFRIEDA DE B. GUDÉ.

GOD'S GIFT.

GOD thought to give the sweetest thing
In His almighty power
To earth; and, deeply pondering
What it should be, one hour

In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth a mother.

G. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

JAMES BARRIE is credited with saying that Rudyard Kipling's "The Man Who Would be King" is the best short story in the English language.

THAT QUIANT BOOK "Aaron," by Joel Chandler Harris, is to be followed by a sequel which will contain a further store of folk-lore drawn from that inexhaustible source of pathos and humor, the Georgia negro.

IN RESPONSE to the question "What author is most called for by your juvenile readers?" the librarians of one hundred and fifty-two libraries give answers which establish the fact that Miss Alcott is far-and-away the favorite.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is a granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and a niece of Matthew Arnold. Her father, Thomas Arnold, became a Roman Catholic at the time of Newman's secession, and was for a time a professor in the latter's oratory at Birmingham.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN realized from the sales of "The Lost Chord" over \$50,000, and he now receives for any song he writes \$3,500. Tosti, the composer of "Forever and Forever," is paid \$1,250 for every song. Evidently the gift of composing successful songs pays.

IN MEMORY OF the late Henry C. Bunner there has been established at Columbia University a thousand-dollar-prize endowment, the income of which is to purchase yearly a gold medal to be awarded to the writer of the best essay on a subject chosen from American literature.

THE LAZARUS SCHOLARSHIP for the study of mural painting was awarded at the last competition to George W. Breck, of Washington, D. C., President of the Art Student's League in New York City. This scholarship entitles the holder to one thousand dollars a year for three years, the time to be spent in study abroad.

IT IS OF INTEREST to know that Mark Hanna, "America's *fin-de-siècle* Warwick," as he has been called, cares nothing whatever for poetry, but finds his greatest relaxation in the theatre and in reading a good novel. Dickens is his favorite writer, and next his works he places Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY, in Chicago, has acquired by purchase the most valuable collection of linguistic works in the world. It was the property of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and it took him his lifetime to gather the books, numbering 20,000, together. A year ago his widow offered the collection for sale, asking \$200,000 for it; but the terms of the purchase by the Newberry Library are not known.

IN A RECENT DISCUSSION before a woman's club concerning the comparative merit of the writings of Ian Maclaren, James M. Barrie, and Samuel R. Crockett, the argument which carried the day for the chronicler of Thrums was that "Barrie never uses a superfluous word." This verdict is commented upon as of great significance, showing that the critical faculty of woman is growing in the right direction.

ONE OF THE DAINTY BOOKS of the season which appeals to the interest of both old and young is "Sweetheart Travelers," by Samuel R. Crockett. The sweethearts are Mr. Crockett and his own winsome little daughter, and their journey is one a-wheel through picturesque Wales. Given these facts, it goes without saying that Mr. Crockett has woven about them a most charming narrative and given to literature another ideal child.

MAJOR POND says that he never managed a more satisfactory and successful lecture engagement than that of the Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), which was completed just before the holidays. The receipts were as large as for the lectures given by Matthew Arnold, with this great difference: Dr. Watson so charmed his audiences that were he to go over the same ground he would draw even larger crowds, while a second tour with Mr. Arnold would have lost money.

ONE of the most prolific of short-story writers is John J. à Becket, whose name has long been a familiar one in periodicals and in the syndicate pages of newspapers. He is a New Yorker by inclination, if not by birth, is a few years past forty, and physically a man of large and rather imposing presence. He is a member of a family well known in professional life, his sister, Miss Maria à Becket, having won no small degree of fame as an artist. Her studio at Gloucester is celebrated among the artists who frequent the north shore of Massachusetts in summer.

"IT IS A QUESTION of temperament,"—that's what Alphonse Daudet says of the enviable ability to write when one wants to. It is recorded of him that he often has to pass through months of mental inertia, willing to work but unable to frame one sentence, unable almost to set pen to paper. Alphonse Daudet is a Southerner, and the cold winds of Paris annoy him greatly. In his study in his house in the Faubourg St. Germain a large fire is burning even when the weather is comparatively warm. Daudet is unable to work unless the temperature of the room is to his liking.

ELLA HIGGINSON has recently gathered several of her stories together and published them under the title "The Flower that Grew in the Sand." The book has been received hospitably by the critics and with decided favor by the reading public. Mrs. Higginson has quality, and this is obliged to make its way sooner or later. She might be called with propriety, perhaps, a Western Miss Wilkins. To be sure, her work has not the cameo clearness of outline nor the very nice finish of Miss Wilkins' New England stories, but it has a breadth which exceeds the treatment that Miss Wilkins employs, just as the wide West exceeds in area the narrow confines of Massachusetts and the little States thereabouts. The greatest thing, next to having stories to tell, is to have the gift of telling them without slurring over the episodes and thereby losing the dramatic effects intended. This gift Mrs. Higginson undoubtedly has.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE want new subscribers to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE in every city, town, and village in the United States, and are offering special inducements to persons obtaining them. Naturally, we wish our present subscribers to reap the benefit of our offer; and surely none can be so well qualified to recommend the magazine and procure subscriptions to it as those who manifest their appreciation by subscribing themselves. Every one

on our present subscription list should be able, with very little effort, to secure at least one new subscriber for the magazine, and for even one a liberal premium is given; while for clubs the inducements are exceptional, including cash commissions, reliable watches, handsome silverware, etc. Clubbing rates, subscription blanks, and all necessary information will be furnished on application. Address Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain.

The greatest victory of peace won in modern times is the international agreement resulting in the treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, signed at the beginning of this year by State Secretary Olney and the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote. In times past and in times very recent many of us have laughed at the gentlemen and ladies of the peace societies. We have called, with an air of patronage, their projects praiseworthy, and have then dismissed them as quite too Utopian for serious consideration. But the lovers of peace appear just now to have the best of it when the two great English-speaking people agree upon a treaty like this, a treaty to submit all differences to discussion and amicable settlement.

To be sure, the treaty only pledges each country to do in every emergency all that is possible to avoid war. We may believe that all that was possible to prevent a conflict would have been done without any treaty. But that such is the case does not make the treaty less important. The importance of the treaty rests in the fact that the ways of procedure have been definitely formulated, even to a final appeal to a disinterested sovereign in the event that the commissioners of the two countries cannot agree upon the satisfactory terms of settlement of any case that may arise.

Nations in times of disagreement are much like individuals, except more so. Passion and prejudice have combined to precipitate nearly all the wars of modern times. When reason and judgment have given place to passion the terms upon which an arbitration of the merits of a case in dispute is possible are difficult to arrange. But here we have these terms agreed upon in advance when there is no difference at all between the countries.

The Law of Gravitation Amended.

The revolution of scientific theories still goes on, and the last years of this eventful century positively teem not only with inventions, but discoveries also of facts which seem so patent to us when once pointed out that the wonder is we have groped so long in ignorance of them. Of the latter is the recent theory promulgated by Dr. Emmens, the inventor of emmensite, in a memorial addressed to the Smithsonian Institution, the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, and the Royal Society of London. By an amendment of the law of gravitation which combines harmoniously with it, the centrifugal theory is able to give what seem, at least on paper, most satisfactory mathematical solutions of problems which have always baffled astronomers and physicists. One of the phenomena best known to the unscientific world which is explainable by this new theory is that of the figure of the earth. The various governments of the world have, from time to time, sent out expensive scientific expeditions for the purpose of solving this problem. Acres of the meridian have been measured in many parts of the world, and thousands of pendulum and weight observations have been made for ascertaining the varying force of terrestrial gravity in different localities. But always the result has been the same, showing an irreconcilable difference between the results as determined by gravity and those by measurement. Dr. Emmens says: "This discrepancy is inexplicable on strictly Newtonian principles, and has led to grave doubts respecting the accuracy of these costly observations; but it is exactly what ought to be observed, if my conclusions be correct."

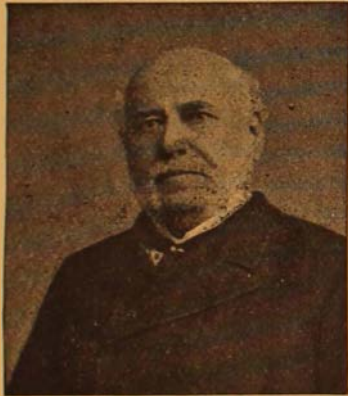
The Armenian Christians.

It was reported from Constantinople, lately, that Monsignor Ormanian, the Armenian Patriarch, had resigned, because he was not willing to sign, as the Porte demanded, a petition for the granting of amnesty to the Armenians, and then to guarantee the behavior of those affected. He preferred rather to quit the Patriarchate. Monsignor Ormanian's resignation, however, was not accepted, and a compromise has been made. The new patriarch, evidently, is a *persona grata* with the Sublime Porte. Monsignor Ormanian was originally an ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church. He was educated in Rome by the Propaganda, and had there most excellent opportunities of studying the character of Jesuitism and of the Church of Rome in general. Ormanian was even a favorite pupil of Pope Pius IX. Later, however, when he had returned to Constantinople, he became an opponent of the Pope. Ormanian protested against the doctrine of papal infallibility; and when the Armenian Catholic Bishop of that time, Monsignor Hassoun, attempted to introduce this doctrine also into the Oriental Church, he with his whole family left the church of his birth, and with a large number of his friends deserted the Armenian Catholic or United Church and connected themselves with the Gregorian Armenian Church, which does not acknowledge allegiance to the Pope. It is of this Church that he has now become the Patriarch.

During the time that we of America have been called upon to sympathize with the sufferings of the oppressed Armenians no one in this country, or in Europe, for that matter, has appealed to our humanity with more eloquence than the Rev. Mangasar Mangasarian, who has spoken and written on the subject with Oriental fervor and with Western love and justice. Professor Mangasarian is thirty-seven years old, and of Armenian stock though a native of Constantinople. He early showed a predilection for a religious life, and was educated at Robert College, the Christian school in his native city. After being graduated he came to America and joined the Presbyterian Church. For some years he was a pastor in Philadelphia; in 1891 he went to Chicago, where he has since been recognized as one of the greatest pulpit and platform orators of the day.

Edison and Miracles.

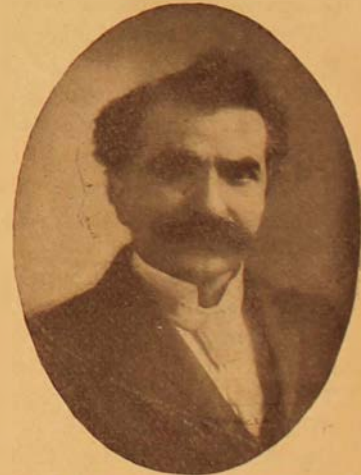
In the early and middle ages scientists were "wizards," popularly supposed to be in league with the powers of darkness, and possessed of miraculous powers. The superstition has not yet entirely passed away, and it is not without a certain appropriateness that Edison has been nicknamed "the wizard." His recent experiments with blind persons have been made the text



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.



MONSIGNOR MAGHAKIA
ORMANIAN.



MANGASAR MANGASARIAN.

for much extravagant sensationalism by the daily press. *The Electrical Review* talks editorial sense on the subject, as follows: "The sensational daily press has been printing page after page about how the blind may be made to see by means of the X ray and the fluoroscope. It is known that where the lens of the eye is destroyed by disease or otherwise it is a physical impossibility to transmit light sensations to the brain. All the talk about 'stimulating the optic nerve' to the extent of making the blind see is bosh. The function of the optic nerve is simply to carry to the brain the result of what is seen by the eye. It may be true that where the lens of the eye is intact, or practically so, but is obscured in some manner, as by a cataract, that the subject may be made to distinguish between light and darkness by means of the X ray and the fluoroscope. But if the vital element of the eye is wanting, nothing can restore the sight; and it is the acme of cruelty to hold out any false hope to persons so sadly afflicted."

Herr Krupp and his Big Guns.

The artillery service of the German army is at once the envy and the model of other nations, as even French military critics now reluctantly admit; and the name of Krupp is world-renowned as standing for the biggest of big guns. We may, therefore, truly say that Herr Frederick Alfred Krupp, of Essen, Germany, is a most distinguished man. He is the largest

employer of labor in the world. On the pay-rolls of the great Krupp establishment are more than twenty-five thousand men. They are employed in making cannon and other munitions of war. Thirty-four governments have made purchases there, and this means that more than twenty-five thousand guns of various sizes have been frowning on mankind in the name of peace and civilization. Herr Krupp, the son and worthy successor of the great original Krupp, is only forty-two years old. He engages in the manufacture of implements to kill men and destroy prop-

erty. As an employer he manifests no such characteristics. His employes live in "model houses," have schools, baths, libraries, hospitals, and pensions, under his direction and co-operation. Philanthropy and the Golden Rule hold sway in war's greatest foundry. The present head of the establishment has been a member of the Reichstag, but, like his sturdy father, has always refused to accept a title from the government. That of itself makes him distinguished. The development of the Krupp establishment has made war more costly and improbable every year. It is probable, therefore, that it has contributed more to peace than to war.

The Secret of Mars.

The planet Mars is now in opposition to the sun for the first time since October, 1894, and it is in an especially favorable position for observation because of its great northern declination, which takes it higher above the horizon than usual. It rises shortly before sunset, and at six o'clock can be seen well up above the eastern horizon. Professor James E. Keeler of the Alleghany Observatory is conducting observations of this interesting planet, the astronomer's puzzle, by means of spectro-photography, which it is anticipated will prove of vast scientific importance. Although it is not expected to determine the fascinating question of whether Mars is peopled or not, there is extreme probability that a most decided step in this direction will be established through Professor Keeler's original methods of investigation. He is using the great spectroscope made by Professor John A. Brashear in connection with the camera. The image of the planet is thrown through the slit of the spectroscope directly on the photographic plate, which seizes and preserves hundreds of lines invisible to the eye. By spectro-photographs of the moon taken at the same time it is probable that comparisons between the two will give important data for or against the atmospheric theory. The moon having no atmosphere, if Mars has one the photographs should show the fact.

A Distinguished Southern University.

Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., is one of the most historically interesting of Southern seats of learning. Originally endowed by George Washington, reorganized by General Robert E. Lee after the Civil War, it enjoys to-day a degree of prestige and prosperity probably greater than at any other period in its history of fortunes and vicissitudes. General George Washington Custis Lee has lately resigned the active presidency of Washington and Lee on account of failing health. After twenty-six years' able and prosperous administration he will become, at the end of the current college year, president emeritus. General Custis Lee is in many respects the most notable living representative of the Lees of Virginia. He is the eldest son of General Robert E. Lee and Mary Custis; in consequence, the grandson of Light-Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution, and the great-great-grandson of Martha Washington. Graduated at the head of his class at West Point before the War, he enlisted in the Confederate cause upon the secession of Virginia, but, contrary to his own inclination and the wishes of his father, was retained by President Davis upon the executive staff at Richmond. During the latter years of the War, however, he saw active service in the field. He succeeded to the presidency of Washington College—as it was then designated—upon the death of his father in October, 1870. Since that time he has lived at Lexington the life of a scholarly recluse, so far as the outside world is concerned. General Lee is about sixty years old, and in personal appearance as well as in gentle dignity of manner resembles his father, the Robert E. Lee of the Civil War.



GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.

The Polar Mystery.

Will the North Pole be reached before the end of this century? There is no reason, apparently, to expect such a consummation. In an address recently delivered by Lieutenant Peary before the American Geographical Society, the approved theories and methods of further Arctic researches were lucidly set forth. This indefatigable and enthusiastic exploiter of the frozen North still pins his faith to the route along the northwest coast of Greenland, which has been used by Kane, Hayes, Greely, and, in fact, every American explorer who has made any additions to the general stock of knowledge of the Polar regions. In the judgment of Lieutenant Peary the segment of the Polar basin north of the Siberian coast is not available for any further Polar advances. In this view, the extraordinary achievement of Dr. Nansen, who, after drifting nearly six months to the northward of the New Siberian Islands, made a desperate dash of one hundred and forty-five miles in the direction of the Pole, is a mere accidental piece of good fortune, not likely to recur to any explorer in this generation. If the Pole is to be reached, insists the American expert, the approach must be made through Smith's Sound and along the coast of Greenland.

The Horseless Carriage Problem.

The Western Electrician, referring to the recent visit of Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard, to Europe, says: "In London and Paris Professor Trowbridge made a special examination of horseless carriages or motor cycles. He is of the opinion that the present electrical motor carriage is altogether too heavy, clumsy, noisy, and expensive, to be of public use. On smooth, level roads in London and Paris it seemed to run very well; but it cannot go up hills, and it requires enormous power to be practical upon paved streets. An electrical carriage put on the streets of London to-day as a substitute for an omnibus would weigh about two thousand five hundred or three thousand pounds, or more, and with passengers, nearly five thousand pounds. However, according to Professor Trowbridge, the French intend to settle the carriage problem. They are spending a great deal of time and money in their experiments, so much that several American manufacturers of bicycles feel obliged to be represented whenever a demonstration is made.



FREDERICK ALFRED KRUPP.

ABOUT WOMEN.

THE DEEP-SEA telescope, so useful for the inspection of wrecked vessels, was invented by Mrs. Mather, and perfected by her daughter.

"THE DAMES and Daughters of Colonial Days" is the subject of an interesting series of parlor lectures which Miss Beaston, of Philadelphia, is giving in New York this season.

BARONESS HIRSCH is following up the philanthropic work of her late husband most generously. She has recently given \$250,000 to endow a home for consumptives in England.

MISS WINTER, the English governess of the young Queen of Holland, has been retired on a pension of two thousand five hundred dollars per annum, and has returned to England.

SOME MOTHERS object to the higher education of their daughters on the ground that, as they do not usually leave college until they are twenty-two or twenty-three, their chances of matrimony are materially diminished.

MRS. THEODORE W. BIRNEY originated the movement for the National Congress of Mothers, held in Washington, D. C., in February. She presented the subject first before the Mother's meetings at Chautauqua in the summer of 1895.

TWO AMERICAN women, Miss Alice Luce, of Maine, and Miss Ida J. Hyde, of Chicago, have conferred a benefit upon their sisters by opening another foreign university to them. They have recently received the degree of Ph. D., each *magnum cum laude*, from the University of Heidelberg.

MISS VICTORINE THOMAS ARTZ, of Chicago, has given to the Boston Public Library the sum of \$10,000, to establish a Longfellow memorial. It is not her design to limit the books in the collection to those of Longfellow, the designation being merely to do honor to his name, and the income of the fund will be used in the purchase of rare editions and manuscripts.

J. ELLEN CADELLE, of Florence, S. C., is only sixteen years old, and yet she has been a "drummer" for three years. Necessity forced her to care for her invalid father and mother and little sister and brother, and she started out to canvass her State for a weekly newspaper. She is now traveling for a tinware house in New York State, though a big firm in Chicago is trying to get her to work for them. She is writing a history of her experiences as a drummer, and it will soon be published.

THE women of China have gone into the business of agitating. They have not yet begun to sigh for suffrage, so far as appears at present, but they do want natural feet, and to this end two societies, the International Women's Union and the Tien Teu Hui, or Natural Feet Society, have combined. Petitions were drawn up and numerous signatures obtained, but it was found impossible to get the matter before the Emperor and Empress. The authorities to whom it was sent replied that the matter could not be regulated by law; those who did not want to bind their children's feet need not do so; those who did could not be prevented; and therefore it was useless to trouble their Majesties.

MISS HATTIE K. MILLER, of Santa Barbara, Cal., is probably the only woman in the world earning her living as motor-man on an electric car. When electric street-cars were first introduced in Santa Barbara, a few months ago, she made a thorough study of the principles on which they were operated, and when she applied for the situation she answered all the requirements so well that she was appointed without hesitation. She likes the work, and says: "When I grasped the motor brake I felt that I had a force under my control that could outrun a horse or any moving thing. I knew I had human lives in my charge, but I felt that it required skill, not muscle, to estimate the speed of the car, to round curves properly, and to start and stop as required."

OUT of 450 college women recently interrogated, 169 of them are teachers, 28 stenographers, 47 librarians, 22 nurses, 19 journalists, and 19 are clerks, while the remainder are distributed around in various unclassified positions. The majority of a given number of women, asked in regard to the matter, said they received less pay than men for the same kind of work. A small number were found who get the same pay, and a very tiny fraction of a number received more money than men in similar positions.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS



REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MARCH.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 317. 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 shopping interest of the feminine world during the past weeks has been centred in the enchanting displays of summer goods which have turned the shop-windows into veritable gardens and covered the counters with billows of light and color.

Organdies and batistes are the most conspicuous fabrics in these displays, and in the latter a great many novelties are shown. This fabric has been developed to a degree of sheerness and silkiness only equaled by grenadine, and the designs increase the resemblance. Among the prettiest are blurred *chine* stripes of two indistinct colors with the *écru* of the linen; as heliotrope and green or yellow, pink and green, etc., and these stripes are broken at intervals by narrow satin ones of a bright color. Then there are black as well as the natural linen tints, with narrow brocaded stripes of bright color. Heliotrope with black or *écru*, and pale blue with *écru*, are especially pretty, and of these some very smart waists have been made. Plaids and checks, of course, are *en évidence*, and in them several dark rich colors are often blended. Polka dots, both large and small, are again presented for favor, and there are lovely embroidered ones in which the flowers are scattered broadcast, *à la* Dresden, or arranged in delicate vines. Prettiest of all are those in which stripes embroidered with tiny white blossoms alternate with those of Valenciennes insertion. This design is seen also in sheer white lawn.

The newest organdies and plumetis show some strikingly large designs, and if the colors were equally pronounced they

would be impossible; but, fortunately, the colors are exquisite, and usually most softly blended. They will be made over colored silk linings, and trimmed with much lace and ribbon; so, though the first cost is not great, they cannot be considered economical gowns.

The large conventionalized designs, geometrical and floral and also with Japanese suggestions, of dark blue or black on white grounds, and the reverse, which were introduced last year, but were *cavière* to the multitude, are put forward this season in China silks, organdies, and lawns, as the highest novelty; and though so pronounced that unless properly made and worn they look *outré*, some exceedingly smart gowns have been made of them. They bear no trimming on the skirts, except a tiny self-ruffle at the foot, but look well with long sash-ends of white, blue, or black ribbon,—matching, *not* contrasting,—and with soft blouse fronts of plaited *chiffon*.

We are threatened with an epidemic of ruffles and flounces on skirts, but all we can say is, if women don't accept them they will not be worn. It will be another case like the hoop-skirt, with which we were threatened two years ago, but which never even came to trial; for "when a woman won't she won't."

Skirt trimming finds its proper place on evening gowns, but even on these fluffy trimmings of ruffles and flounces are still the exception. Transparent and diaphanous fabrics are much used, and every effort is made to increase the light, gauzy appearance. A very beautiful, smart gown has a skirt of white satin under one of black *mousseline de soie*, which is elaborately embroidered on the *tablier* front and the depth of a deep yoke around the hips with silver spangles and metal threads. This skirt is again veiled with another of black *point d'esprit*, and the whole effect is like a starlit night. The round, low,



A SPRING GOWN.
THURIS JACKET, CAVENDISH SKIRT.
(See Page 292.)



A NEW TAILOR-GOWN.
FRANCOLIN BASQUE. ROLF SKIRT.

square-necked bodice of white satin is veiled with the black lace, and has a bertha of quite indescribable *chic*. It is of white satin, exquisitely embroidered with seed pearls and silver spangles, and cut in many half-circle pieces, which admit of numberless overlapping points in unexpected places, and all these edges are finished with the daintiest possible knife-plaiting of white satin bound with black velvet. The stitches in the bertha alone would suffice to make an ordinary gown. The sleeves are very short, full, soft puffs of white satin, having more the effect of a double ruffle than a puff.

Our thanks are due Mme. O'Donovan for courtesies received.

A SPRING GOWN.

(See Page 291.)

BROWN-AND-BLUE-MIXED cheviot is the fabric of this smart costume, which is an advance model of spring modes. The skirt is the "Cavendish," having six breadths and measuring five yards at the foot. Taffeta is the preferred lining, and next to it any cotton fabric which comes nearest to supplying its qualities, the principal of which is sufficient body, or stiffness, to give firmness to the gown fabric and keep the skirt in shape. The rattling of rustleine renders it an unpleasant lining, for it can be heard and recognized

for just what it is almost as far as its wearer can be seen. In this respect, also, there are certain qualities of silk whose rustle is so aggressive that refined women avoid them. Velveteen is the preferred binding, and usually it is put on so that only the slightest cord, as it were, shows, being hemmed up on the inside to form a narrow facing. *Balayeuses* are frequently used, for there is a disposition to revive extreme fluffiness at the foot.

The becoming jacket—the "Thuris"—is extremely simple in cut and fit, having only under-arm and shoulder seams. It is slashed at the bottom in turrets, and finished with stitching, cord, or braid, and small flat gilt or steel buttons. A sleeveless blouse of changeable taffeta, with tucked front and plain back, where it may be fastened, if desired, is worn under the blouse, and there is a broad black satin belt.

A NEW TAILOR-GOWN

AN appropriate model for the simple complete gown which every busy woman finds an indispensable one in her wardrobe,—if for no other reason than that it can be so quickly put on. Made of faced cloth, *drap d'été*, or broadcloth, it is quite handsome enough for most afternoon functions; and of serge or covert cloth suitable for morning use or for business. The model gown is of cadet-blue broadcloth with waist-coat of cream silk vesting. The skirt is the "Rolf," having a circle front and



SMART AND BECOMING.
CASTAGNE JACKET-WAIST. DALGRETTO SKIRT

two back breadths, and measuring between five and six yards at the foot. The basque—the “*Francolin*”—is cut to a slight point in the back, and fitted with the usual seams. The waistcoat is sewed in with the shoulder and under-arm seams; the jacket-fronts are lined with white satin and trimmed with mohair braid. The circle collar, standing up around the throat, is of the vesting finished on the edge with a fancy silk gimp, and the sleeves are trimmed to match. Brown cloth with a tan waistcoat, gray with white, blue with green or red, and green with buff or with chamois, are approved combinations.

THE TAILOR COAT.

MELTON cloth of the new blue which is almost as much gray as blue is the fabric of this smart spring suit for street or traveling wear. The skirt can be cut by any gored skirt pattern measuring about four yards, or less, at the foot. The “*Comfort*,” with four breadths measuring three yards and a quarter, and the “*Carroll*,” having five breadths and measuring four and a half, are both conservative and modish skirts suitable for such gowns. For information about lining and finishing skirts see “*A Spring Gown*” in another column. The coat is fitted with the usual seams in the back, and has a trim tailor finish of stitching and flatly pressed seams and plaits in the skirt part, and the cuffs, collar, and pocket laps are faced with velvet. Lapped or strapped seams are still popular for firm cloths which cut with a smooth edge, while *bourettes*, tweeds, and serges are seamed in the usual fashion. The pattern—the “*Gardenia*”—is in the usual sizes for ladies, and also for girls of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.



THE TAILOR COAT.
THE “*GARDENIA*.”

SMART AND BECOMING.

This becoming gown is of heliotrope melton cloth, trimmed with a very narrow band of chinchilla headed by black *soutache*. The skirt—a new pattern, the “*Dalgretto*”—is perfectly plain; it has seven breadths, and measures about five yards at the foot. It differs very slightly in general lines from those worn during recent months, and the style is so graceful and convenient that no sensible women care for a change.

The skirt is lined with heliotrope-and-green plaided taffeta, and has a pinked *balayouse* of the same. The smart jacket on the waist—the “*Castagne*”—is so short that the sleeveless blouse—matching the skirt lining—is shown in the back above the pointed girdle of black satin. A ruffle of embroidered batiste stands up from the back and sides of the stock-collar. The round felt hat matches the gown in color, and is trimmed with gray plumes, heliotrope satin, and black velvet. This gown is a specially becoming and youthful style for young women; but the jacket is so popular that women of all ages are wearing it.



A BECOMING MATINÉE.
THE “*CYDONIA*.”

FANCY French flannels and light-weight eiderdown are the fabrics most liked for these convenient room-jackets. Light delicate colors are usually chosen, and of these heliotrope, pale sage-green, cadet blue, and old rose, are liked better than the old-time pinks and blues. Our model is the “*Cydonia*.” It is fitted with under-arm forms, and the fullness in the back is gauged at the belt-line and held by stitching. The ribbon belt passes under the side-forms, and the slits through which it passes are buttonholed with embroidery silk. The edges of the garment are finished with a stitched hem, and the collar is trimmed with a ruffle of *point de Paris*, which gives an extremely simple but becoming shoulder arrangement. The pattern is also suitable for cambric, lawn, Chambréry, and India silks, for summer use.

MODISH HAIRDRESSING.

FORTUNATELY there is much latitude in the styles of coiffure now in vogue, and while there are many extremes of drooping, disordered arrangements, which are trying to the prettiest and most youthful face, there are also graceful and dignified modes which can be adapted to every style of face. It should never be forgotten that a pleasing contour when the head is viewed in profile, three-quarters, or from the back, is as important a matter to be considered as the becoming adjustment of the hair in front. Waving of the hair all over the head is largely employed in order to secure the light, fluffy effect which is the general characteristic of all styles, but the waving is irregular, and imitates nature closely.

No. 1.—The waved hair is brought up high on the back of the head, drooping loosely in the neck and over the ears, and



is fastened on top in loops held by fancy pins. An Alsacian bow of velvet or ribbon supports the jeweled tiara.

No. 2.—The hair is brought up loosely to the top of the head and after one twist held by a small comb, after which the ends are twisted into a rope-like coil. The front hair is in fluffy curls.

No. 3.—The lightly waved hair is arranged in irregular loops on the crown, and the front is turned from the face over a low Pompadour roll,



small curls fringing the forehead, and Pompadour combs holding the hair loosely on the sides.

No. 4.—Evening coiffure arranged in Pompadour style, drooping loosely at the nape of the neck, and arranged in a bow on the crown with a jeweled ornament or a cluster of flowers.

No. 5.—Evening coiffure, arranged like No. 2, with the addition of a unique ribbon bow in the back held by a jeweled pin.

WHITE GLOVES with black stitching are still used for dressy occasions, but there is more of a tendency to wear pearl and lemon, and other very light-tinted shades. For street wear *piqué* gloves are worn almost exclusively. These come largely in tan and brown shades, but can also be found in gray and black. The newest ones have only two buttons, or clasps, though the four buttons are still quite popular. One sensible thing demanded by fashion now is that gloves shall be large enough to fit



loosely. A very tight glove has come to be considered vulgar, and every well-dressed woman is seen with loose, easy-fitting gloves.

FOR EVENING gowns everything in the way of satin or silk is used, but especial favor is shown to the new soft-textured fancy satins, and the stiff, handsome brocades.

EARLY SPRING
HATS.

No. 1. — High-crowned hat of cadet-blue felt, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and black plumes.

with green satin ribbon, black feathers, and bunches of violets with their leaves, which fill in the back and fall over the hair.



1. BLUE FELT HAT.

No. 2. — Green felt walking-hat, trimmed with black velvet and a cockade of merle feathers.

Nos. 3 and 5. — Dressy toque of jeweled lace trimmed with pink *miroir* velvet, roses, and a white bird-of-paradise aigrette. No. 5 shows the *cache-peigne* of lace and violets which fills in the back.

No. 4. — Gray felt hat trimmed with gray velvet, white satin, and two doves.

No. 6. — Black velvet hat with Marie Antoinette crown of shirred green velvet, trimmed



3. TOQUE OF JEWELLED LACE.



2. FELT WALKING HAT.

THE color-blending in the weaving of fabrics is very charmingly and skillfully done this season, and one can get an idea of the beautiful combinations and blendings of the threads only by seeing the materials; an evening silk, for instance, is of delicate old-rose with threads of silver-gray and pale blue running through it, and the effect is most charming.



4. A GRAY HAT.



5. BACK OF NO. 3.



6. SHIRRED VELVET HAT.

FOR THE CORSAGE.

Of the making of fancy blouses, fichus, collarettes, and blouse-fronts there is still no end, and the graceful and becoming arrangements here illustrated offer styles that can be easily copied or varied infinitely to meet the exigencies of taste, figures, or materials employed.

No. 1.—Evening-blouse of white *chiffon*, gauze or *crêpe*, with a yoke of lace medallions, and flounces of wide lace draped over the shoulders. The same wide lace is arranged

very becomingly around the neck. Many such blouses are made without a back of the *chiffon*, being intended to wear over either a *decolleté* waist, in



1. EVENING BLOUSE.

which case the guipure yoke looks very pretty over the bare neck; or with any plain silk waist, which it would make quite dressy.

No. 2.—A puffed *chiffon* blouse to wear under a low-cut corsage, transforming it into a high-necked one. The ruffle which finishes the puffed yoke falls over the neck of the *decolleté* corsage. Loops of narrow ribbon droop over the

soft collar. Such blouses are also made to wear with the fetching little jackets of embroidery or lace, completed with wide girdles of velvet or ribbon, now so much worn.

No. 3.—A graceful fichu of *mousseline de soie*; the full ruffles are edged with narrow puffs of the *mousseline*, which increases the light, fluffy effect.

No. 4.—Blouse-front of *mousseline de soie* with yoke of lace insertion, and *chiffon* frills.



4. YOKE BLOUSE-FRONT.

No. 5.—Blouse-front of silk batiste, with velvet-trimmed tucks. The neck is finished with a full ruche of velvet-ribbon loops.

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.

NOVEL SLEEVES.

THE variations in sleeves consist principally in the arrangement of the trimming at the top and the combinations of materials; and extreme styles which fit the whole arm closely, relieved only by fanciful effects at the top, like the illustrations shown, are mostly confined to dressy gowns, while various modifications of the *gigot* sleeve are prepared for cloth gowns. The close-fitting lining of any sleeve will answer for the plain part of these fancy sleeves, and combinations can be arranged to suit individual taste.

No. 1.—Black-and-white striped silk is very effective for this sleeve; a ruffle of the silk falls over the hand, and loops of black velvet ribbon



2. CHIFFON BLOUSE.



3. A GRACEFUL FICHU.

held by a Rhinestone buckle trim the top. Fancy or satin ribbon can be used in the same manner with any material.

No. 2.—Especially effective in brocaded silk. It is cut in deep points at the wrist, where it is finished with knife-plaited silk to match the plaited drapery of velvet at the top, which does not extend under the arm.

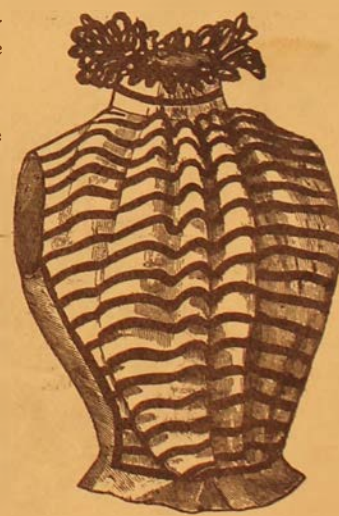
No. 3.—Sleeve for evening

gown. The short, full puff can be of silk, satin, velvet or tulle, above a broad band of jeweled passementerie finished on the edge with a knife-plaiting of *chiffon*.

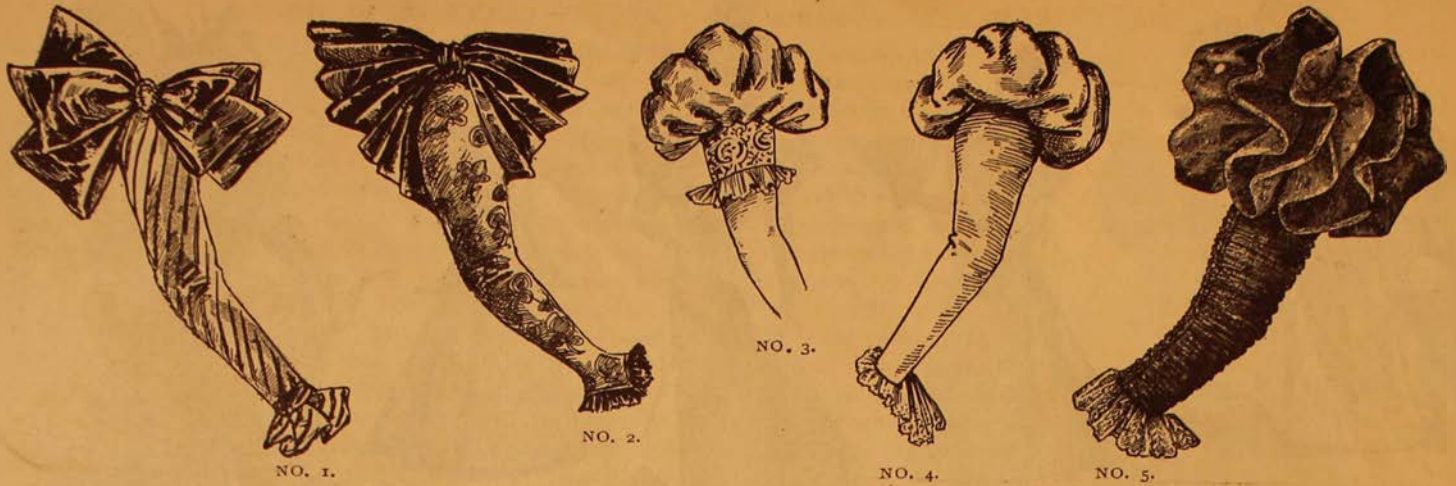
No. 4.—A plain sleeve of silk, velvet, or cloth, finished at the top with a puff, which may be of contrasting material.

No. 5.—Sleeve of black *mousseline de soie* shirred to a fitted lining of itself or of India silk, and trimmed at the top with four *coquilles* of *chiné* taffeta formed of ruffles. The ruffles may be either bias or straight. The ends of each ruffle are joined, and the inner edge is gathered double. The *coquilles* are placed on the outer part of the sleeve only.

QUAINT little Normandy bonnets with jeweled crowns and a single aigrette of lace and feathers are in favor for evening wear.



5. TUCKED BLOUSE-FRONT.



FOR THE NECK.

THE new linen collars are more becoming than those of last season, and less frequently threaten their wearers with strangulation. The prettiest turn down all around over the tie, and some of them fasten in the back. Frequently the tie passes around the neck in folds to the back, where it crosses and the ends are brought forward to tie in a square bow, which is a graceful womanly style, more generally becoming than the stiff sailor knot.

No. 1.—Turned down linen collar with plaid ribbon tie.

No. 2.—Stock-collar of velvet-bound rose-colored ribbon. A folded band of the ribbon surrounds the neck, and bows of fluffy, outstanding loops and ends are fastened in the back and on the sides.

No. 3.—Batiste collar cut out of a square and finished with hemstitching and drawn-work.

No. 4.—Stock-collar and cravat of green velvet or satin combined with lace. Fancy ribbons are also made up in similar fashion, and plaitings of *chiffon* are used as well as lace.

No. 5.—Stock-collar of heliotrope velvet, with loops of velvet ribbon and a standing frill of lace.

OF FANCY WOOL.

(See Page 299.)

A GREEN-AND-BLACK plaided wool warmed with many threads of dull Indian red is the fabric of this pretty

gown. The skirt is the "Barbara," having seven gored breadths which fit trimly around the waist, with slight fullness in the back. The full blouse-waist has a fitted lining, and it can be fastened in the back, under the arm and on the left shoulder, or in front. It is best to have it detached from both jacket and skirt, so that blouses of silk and cambric can also be worn. The jacket is finished on the edge with a knife-plaited frill of blue-and-green changeable taffeta headed by a simple braiding pattern done with black-and-gold *soutache*. The girdle, stock-collar, and wrist-frills are of the taffeta. The pattern of the blouse and jacket—the "Etheria"—is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years, and the "Barbara" skirt is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.

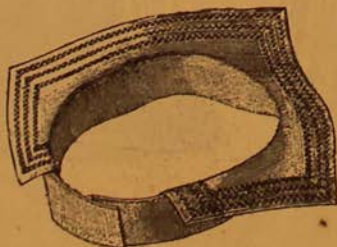
NEAT, YET DRESSY.

(See Page 299.)

CADET-BLUE all-wool *crépon* is combined with black velvet for this smart little frock. The plain, straight skirt is unlined and finished at the foot with a hem which is feather-stitched with black embroidery-silk. The full waist has a fitted lining fastening in the back, and over all is a slashed peasant-waist of velvet, which gives a guimpe effect to the frock ; this can be increased by making the full waist of India silk the color of the *crépon*. The pattern is the "Ersta," in sizes for four and six years.



1. NEW LINEN COLLAR.



3. BATISTE COLLAR.



4. STOCK-COLLAR AND CRAVAT.



2. RIBBON STOCK COLLAR.



5. VELVET COLLAR.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 300.)

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

AN AFTERNOON FROCK

Soft cashmere of a dull sage green combined with velvet of a darker shade is the material of this pretty frock. The skirt is cut with a circle front and two gored back breadths. It should be lined with percaline or ribbon cloth, and have a narrow facing of the cashmere. Most of these skirts are plain, but occasionally a narrow bias of velvet is placed on the edge, or several rows of narrow velvet ribbon trim it. The full waist has a fitted lining and fastens in the back. The velvet yoke surrounds the arm-holes, giving a jacket effect, and the back is like the front. It is finished on the edge with black-and-gold passementerie. The long, close sleeves are of the velvet with puffs of cashmere at the top, and belt and collar are also of the velvet. This is a suggest



AN AFTERNOON FROCK.
THE "MIRIAM."

ive pattern by which to remodel gowns, as two fabrics can be combined in the most convenient fashion. Thus the full part of the waist and the sleeve-puffs could be of plaided wool or fancy silk, and the jacket and close sleeves like the skirt. In this way blue serge with blue-and-green plaided wool would make a pretty little school-frock. The pattern—the "Miriam"—is in sizes for eight and ten years.

BOTH straight and gored skirts are worn by little girls, and mothers are governed somewhat by the fabric in cutting them, heavy or stiff woolen fabrics looking best when gored, and soft materials being more youthful and graceful when straight.

A DAINTY APRON.

This dainty little apron covers the child so completely that it is a perfect protection to the frock, and it is so simple in cut and style of trimming that it is easily made and laundered. It is prettiest made in Victoria lawn or nainsook, trimmed with embroidery, but can be made in any washable goods. It is much better to have an abundant supply of aprons like this than to have a few more elaborate ones. The side seams are gored to fit the apron easily round the arms, and the fullness is gathered to a tiny yoke which the collar completely covers. The back is like the front. The pattern—the "Oriel"—is in sizes for six, eight, and ten years.



A DAINTY APRON.
THE "ORIEL."

READY FOR A WALK.

CADET-BLUE faced-cloth is used for this dainty and comfortable cloak. The full fronts are laid in box-plaits to the neck, but in the back the skirt is attached to a short yoke, which the little jacket entirely conceals. Bands of otter or Persian lamb trim the edges, and the cloak is lined with surah to match the cloth. The soft felt hat is the color of the cloak, and the trimming should match the fur. This model is also made in corded piqué, pongee, cashmere, and India silk. The pattern is the "Beatrice," in sizes for two and four years.



NEAT, YET DRESSY.
ERSTA FROCK.
See Page 297.



OF FANCY WOOL.
ETHERIA JACKET-WAIST. BARBARA SKIRT.
See Page 297.



READY FOR A WALK.
BEATRICE COAT.

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.—House-gown of rose-colored brocaded *peau-de-soie*, with front of knife-plaited pink *crêpe*.
- 2.—Reception-gown of gray moiré poplin, with jacket of steel-and-jet passementerie over a white satin blouse veiled with Venetian guipure. Toque of pearl-and-steel embroidery on net, trimmed with pink roses and black feathers.
- 3.—Reception-gown of brown cloth trimmed with velvet; the back of the corsage is of cloth, sleeves and girdle of velvet, and the jacket-fronts of orange velvet overlaid with Oriental embroidery.
- 4.—Tailor-gown of blue melton trimmed with black velvet.
- 5.—Gown of mastic *étamine* trimmed with bias folds from foot to waist. The short jacket and overlapping sleeve-caps match the skirt.
- 6.—Dinner-gown of *chiné* taffeta trimmed with deep circular

- founces. The blouse-waist opens over a front of lace and *chiffon* folds.
- 7.—Reception-gown of heliotrope cloth, with white satin blouse confined by a broad girdle of green-and-white ribbon and veiled with jabots of lace. Jacket of sealskin, and picture hat of black velvet trimmed with lace and feathers.
- 8.—Gown of dark green cloth with triple jacket, the edges of which are trimmed with black-and-gold *soutache*.
- 9.—Dressy gown of heliotrope moiré velours trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. The back of the bodice is like the skirt, and the front is of guipure-veiled satin strapped with velvet.
- 10.—Reception-gown of gray satin richly embroidered with *paillettes* and metal threads.
- 11.—Cloth gown in dark red trimmed with bias folds and braided with black *soutache*.
- 12.—Walking-gown of dark blue canvas trimmed with silk of a lighter shade and bands of sable.
- 13.—Back view of No. 6.
- 14.—Graceful reception or dinner gown of accordion-plaited tan-colored satin, trimmed with lace insertion.
- 15.—Cloth gown with corsage made of overlapping folds of velvet and cloth.

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.*



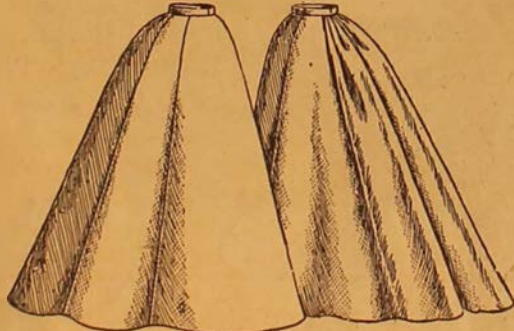
DILSEY GOWN.



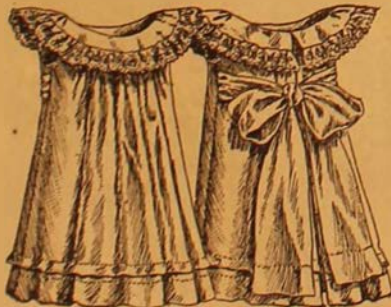
ELLICE FROCK.



LADIES' KNICKERBOCKERS AND LEGGINGS.



BRIANO SKIRT.



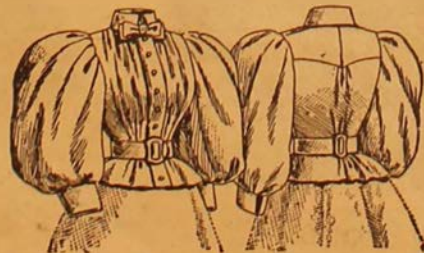
NINA APRON.



NORFOLK JACKET.



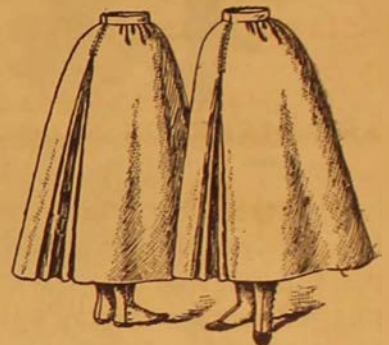
ANNETTA JACKET.



VANORIS SHIRT-WAIST.



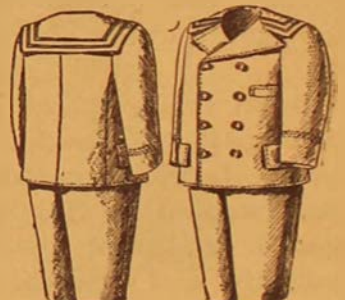
BRISTOL HOUSE-GOWN.



DIVIDED BICYCLE SKIRT.



AILS A FROCK.



MALCOLM SUIT.



CERETTA FROCK.



RIGBY SUIT.



INFANT'S YOKE SLIP.



INFANT'S WRAPPER.



INFANT'S NIGHT-GOWN.



INFANT'S "MOTHER HUBBARD" SLIP.

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.

Enameline



The Modern STOVE POLISH.

DUSTLESS, ODORLESS, BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.
Try it on your Cycle Chain.
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

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



Which costs most,

a sick baby, or a package of Pearline? Without the Pearline, there's always the prospect of sickness, and perhaps worse, for your baby or for any other baby. It comes from nursing bottles that are imperfectly washed. This is a source of infant trouble that can't be watched too closely. Pearline will set your mind at rest.

Nothing washes them so thoroughly as Pearline. One of the largest makers of nursing bottles sends out circulars with his goods, recommending Pearline for washing. He is wise, for milk in any form cannot adhere to anything, if washed with Pearline.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

HOUSEHOLD.

(Continued from Page 282.)

DAINTY DESSERTS.

There is perhaps no part of the everyday dinner menu which is so great a bugbear to many housekeepers as the dessert, and certainly there is no part of it which, lacking variety, becomes so distasteful to those who eat the dinner. It must be remembered that appetite is a sauce which gives considerable savor to the first courses of the meal, and when the sharp edge is dulled, often to a state approaching satiety, it is simply human nature to become more critical; as a consequence, the things we see too frequently pall upon the taste, and we need not only variety in kind, but should also be tempted by the appearance of the dish.

The ideal dessert must be delicate and easy of digestion, for it is taste which craves for satisfaction now, not a need of the body for nourishment; so it must have an agreeable flavor, be somewhat sweet, and effectually supplement the rest of the meal by its diversity.

Fruit *soufflés*, with their indescribable icy sweetness of various fruits, appeal to most palates. For orange *soufflé*, place in a saucepan half a pound of sugar and a gill of water, and boil for ten minutes. Whisk the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, very slowly work in the syrup, and place on ice. Whisk half a pint of chilled cream to a stiff froth, add half a pint of orange-juice, beaten in very slowly; stir in the whites of eggs, pour into a mold, and pack well with rough ice and coarse salt. When frozen it may be molded in small forms, and served in tiny rose-tinted cases of *crêpe*

(Continued on Page 304.)



THIS FIGURE IN RED IS ON EVERY BOX.

BOX POSTPAID 15 cents in stamps. It's sold by all leading grocers.

There's a Right Way

of doing everything and the right way is best in every-way. Years of constant use by owners of valuable Plate proves that the **only** right way to clean Gold or Silver is with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's unlike any other and when a dealer tells you another article is "just the same" or "just as good," remember that's store language which means greater profit for him but loss to you, if you buy the inferior article. **If you value your Silverware**

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

THE ELECTRO SILICON COMPANY, 30 CLIFF ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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



14 Everblooming Roses for 50c

Large, strong plants and splendid roots, from 2½ inch pots.

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, best pink; PEARL OF GARDEN, rich golden yellow; MARIE LAMBERT, pure white; PRINCESS SAGAN, glowing crimson; MAD. KRUGER, coppery yellow; SCARLET BEDDER, always in bloom; CLOTILDA SOUPERT, white pink center; THE BRIDE, favorite white; BRIDESMAID, lovely pink; ETOILE DE LYON, best yellow bedder grown; PRINCESS VERA, salmon shaded carmine; GRAND MARTHA WASHINGTON, historical pillar rose, big clusters, pure white; MAMAN COCHET, silvery pink; MARIA VAN HOUTT, lemon yellow.

- | | | | |
|---|-----|------------------------|-----|
| 20 Giant flowered Pansy plants, | 50c | 15 mammoth Verbenas, | 50c |
| 12 Carnations all colors | 50c | 12 new Geraniums, | 50c |
| 8 Begonias, best of newer sorts, | 50c | 20 packets Sweet Peas, | 50c |
| 12 Fuchsias, double and single, | 50c | 15 Gladioli Bulbs, | 50c |
| 15 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, select of 500 sorts, | 50c | | |

Half of any two sets 50c, any three sets, \$1.25. Two famous climbing roses for only 20c. Martha Washington clusters of pure white, very fragrant, and Crimson Rambler. We pay postage and guarantee plants to reach you safely and just as represented. Write for catalogue.

SCHMIDT & BOTLEY, Springfield Greenhouses, SPRINGFIELD, O.

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



ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

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| Aster —New VICTORIA, 25 best colors. | Pansy —GIANT, Sweet Scented, 40 colors. |
| Alyssum —New COMPACT, Trail'g; fine. | Petunia —New BIDDING, 15 rich hues. |
| Coxcomb —IMPROVED DWARF, 6 colors. | Pink —LARGE-FLOW'D JAPAN, 15 varieties. |
| Nasturtium —CLIMBING, 15 fine sorts. | Stock —D'BLE DWARF, German, 30 sorts. |
| Pepper —FANCY, 25 sorts, many colors. | Sweet Peas —LARGE-FLOW'D, 35 colors. |
| Poppy —New FAIRY, 18 lovely varieties. | Nicotiana —Jasmine-s'nd, ev'r-bl'm'g. |
| Phlox —New LARGE-FLOW'D, 30 fine sorts. | Complete Mixture —1,000 varieties. |

7¢ 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.

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

IS THE HABIT OF ASKING QUESTIONS TO BE CONDEMNED OR APPROVED?



WE take things as we find them as a rule, and for many reasons it is a blessing that we cannot see the cook who brews the broth. So long as the broth is of the proper flavor and consistence it matters little to the average epicure whether the cook is plain or beautiful, or has a wholesome regard for the rules of cleanliness which are supposed to be in effect in all culinary departments.

Never mind,—it is soup, and down it goes! The same is true of our beverages—and even our medicines. Sublime confidence presides at every feast, and follows us to the resulting sick bed.

There are many people in all walks of life who never stop to ask questions. They accept everything as a matter of fact, and never wonder why it is so. For instance, there are hundreds of thousands who know the flavor and the power of, say, Londonderry Lithia to control disease, who never gave a thought to anything connected with it. They drink it because they like it, or because it is good for them. They never ask why it is good for them; "the doctor said so," and that ended it. There is another class who always wish to know more about matters that come to their attention. Many who use spring waters go to the springs because formerly that was the only way by which to obtain the different waters in their original strength and purity. This habit has developed so many hotels and sanitoriums in the immediate vicinity of springs that an unexpected danger has arisen in the contamination of the soil, which is, to a greater or less extent, inevitable, and hence a suggestion of the danger that water reaching the springs through this soil may not be pure. The art of bottling water so that it may not lose any of its value medicinally, or take on any impurity in the process, is the outgrowth of the same study and watchful care that have refused to listen to any proposition for the erection of any hotel, boarding-house, or private residence, within a radius of nearly a mile of the Londonderry Lithia Springs. So this latter class may not go to the Londonderry Springs to drink the water, but the Spring may go to them, carrying in its original purity all its marvelous richness in the peculiar elements found to exist alone in its native soil. They are too busy to watch the water as it bubbles from its niche in the solid rock, to wander through the maze of delicate machinery employed in rushing the water into bottles, into wrappers, into cases, and into cars, at the rate of from two to five carloads per day, but they can pause for a moment and examine a few facts regarding it.

"McClure's" for January contained a very complete article upon Londonderry and its uses, from which we quote as extensively as space will permit:

"We import waters and use them, thinking perhaps that they must be better because they are imported, while at our own doors, within easy reach, are the selfsame beneficial and curative agents in rich copiousness."

It then proceeds to give interesting facts about the famous Londonderry (N. H.) Spring, which is creating such havoc among both the foreign and domestic water trade. A few facts which explain why such signal success has crowned the efforts of the company owning this Spring may not be uninteresting.

Years and years ago, fighting General John Stark, whose home, with that of "Mollie," was near the Spring, discovered that his rheumatism was benefited by the water. Later on, Horace Greeley, who spent a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry, was led to look

upon the water as most potent for the ills of mankind. So it comes to pass that for more than a century this water has been doing curative work, proving itself especially effective in battling against rheumatism, gout, gravel, and Bright's disease, as well as other forms of kidney difficulties. One result of this record is that a very great amount of expert interest has been aroused, and there have followed learned discussions such as very few other curative agents have succeeded in evoking. There have also flowed into the company controlling the Londonderry Springs a constant volume of valuable testimonials.

In 1887 the present owners assumed management of this Spring. It had been well known throughout New England for many years. They went to the physicians with claims, substantially, that this was the strongest and *best natural lithia water*. They published an analysis by the late Prof. Halvorson in proof of their claim.

Soon after this, in June, 1887, Dr. A. C. Peale, in charge of the mineral water department in the United States Geological Survey, read a paper upon the classification of American Mineral Waters before the American Climatological Association in Baltimore, in which, after deprecating the habit of calling waters which only showed a trace of lithia "lithia water," he said:

"There is a fashion in mineral waters as in most other things. Sulpho-carbonated waters promise to come to the front in the near future, and at the present time *lithia* waters occupy a prominent place.

"I know of but one *lithia water*, however, in which the analysis shows enough *lithia proportionally* to entitle it to a distinct and separate place on every scheme of classification; that one is from the Londonderry Lithia Springs, of New Hampshire."

Two years later, 1889, Prof. J. F. Babcock, Boston's foremost chemist, was invited by some physicians to visit the Springs, and examine the surroundings and report upon the probable permanency of the Spring. He wrote:

"In reply to your letter of September 7th, I have to say that during the past summer I have several times visited the Londonderry Lithia Springs, and have analyzed specimens of the water. The character of the mineral formation in the neighborhood of the spa is such that I see no reason for doubting that the waters will retain their present strength and quality, notwithstanding the very large amount which the company is bottling. This water is entitled to the confidence of the public, and especially of that class who suffer from the diseases for which it is claimed to be a specific, and *it will maintain its position among the best waters of its class, both in this country and Europe.*"

About this time Dr. Satterlee, of New York, himself a professor of chemistry, published a work upon "Gout and Rheumatism," in which he gave Londonderry the compliment of a special analysis. In this book no other American water of its kind was mentioned, while this water was specially commended.

From that to the present time medical books, medical writers, the most eminent clinicians, including the great Da Costa, have indorsed and prescribed the water.

The company have recently requested Professor G. Ogden Doremus to analyze the water in order to determine whether or not it still retains its old-time characteristics: "Approximately the same as shown by analyses made several years ago"—says the eminent Professor.

The company court the fullest investigation at all times, believing that in this way only can they retain their great popularity with the physicians and the public.

Is it well to ask questions? Our reply is still in the affirmative.

It is good to know what ails one when illness makes itself disagreeably apparent. It is about half the battle of the cure to know the nature of the affliction; then you know where to strike to get in a blow below the belt of your enemy. Doctors are now substantially agreed that

an excess of uric acid in the blood is productive of many disorders, some of which are of a very serious nature, and not infrequently lead to death. This condition the doctors call lithemia, and one of them discourses upon its symptoms and manifestations as follows :

"If it be true that Americans are a nation of 'nervous prostrates,' then common indeed is lithemia. Take, for instance, insomnia, a condition far from rare in city life, so frequently made worse by hypnotics, so quickly relieved when once the true cause is recognized,—a sleeplessness due to derangement of the liver, producing lithemia. Then, again, megrim, so very common, is quickly relieved by the same agents as were so useful in insomnia, when the cause is rightly understood as simply a lithemic crisis. Neuralgic pains, so annoying when due to an excess of uric acid; muscular rheumatism, a manifestation of lithemia; gravel, and the painful urethritis, so often an accompaniment; and general pruritis, so often due to an excess of uric acid. Oftentimes palpitation and irregularity of rhythm of the heart are produced by the state of the blood; also the minor symptoms of disturbed action of the heart, such as giddiness and dimness of vision. The mal-products of digestion are positive depressant poison; hence, lithemic patients present themselves as woful objects; they are in dread of apoplexy, or are sure they are developing paresis, or they are insufferable cranks. The functions of the liver and kidneys are very closely related; so that what starts as a mere functional disorder of the liver will in time, if not checked, end in organic disease of the kidneys. 'Renal degeneration is a consequence of the long-continued elimination of products of faulty digestion through the kidneys;' so that what originates as lithemia often terminates as uremia. It is well to remember that uric acid is a 'kidney irritant;' also that uric acid 'teases the whole urinary tract from the tubules of the kidney to the meatus;' also that the excess of uric acid is a frequent cause of various ailments."

What about this uric acid, that is such a bane to humans, plaguing them so without provocation, and playing havoc with their happiness? It even threatens their lives on occasions, and will not be content to play its legitimate rôle unless it is subdued by Londonderry water—drowned into a condition of proper subserviency, as it were. We must go to some high authority to get information about this malevolent influence that invades our blood; so here is what Dr. Thomas E. Satterthwaite, late Professor of Clinical Medicine in the New York Post-Graduate Medical College and Hospital, the eminent specialist, has to say :

"In cases of rheumatism, whether articular or muscular, I recommend my patients to make free use of the Londonderry Lithia Water, and I regard it as the best water that is to be obtained for such cases."

This is also the opinion of G. Frank Lydston, M. D., of Chicago, who is known to every American physician as the eminent Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of that city :

"I take great pleasure in indorsing the claims of the Londonderry Lithia Water. It is, in my opinion, the best of the natural waters as an anti-lithic—as a remedy in calculous affections and the uric-acid diathesis. I have used it largely in my practice, in which I meet with numerous cases requiring such waters. I have used it with excellent results in my own person. Personally I find the non-carbonated water to be preferred."

That fixes the one fact you wanted settled—this water works where there is uric acid. We could quote enough scientific proof of this to fill this volume. We now go farther and prove by the highest authority that what is true of Londonderry is not true of concoctions gotten up to imitate it. This is another argument in favor of asking questions. If you call for Londonderry, ask if it is genuine—look at the well-known brand. Why?

"In the case of mineral waters—which are the class of native drugs most frequently imitated by synthesis in perfectly 'good analytical faith'—the overwhelmingly numerous failures of the most accurate imitations of nature, of producing therapeutic effects uniformly like those of the natural waters, demonstrate very conclusively that there often is an essential difference between a scientifically devised complex mixture or compound on the one hand, and what we call a 'natural medicinal combination' on the other.

"Still greater is the disparity, in clinical results, be-

tween the workings of a good natural 'Lithia Water' and some simple salt of lithium.

"The array of reliable medical testimony in favor of a 'natural medicinal combination,' such as the Londonderry Lithia Water, for instance, is perfectly convincing that this natural anti-lithic agent has permanently curative effects in severe calculous affections, generally rheumatic conditions, and uric-acid diathesis.

"On what principles the peculiar virtues of such natural medicinal combinations depend, analytical chemical science has not yet told us. Perhaps it never will. Perhaps the action is altogether one of physiological nature—not traceable in any retort or alembic of man's make!"

So runs an editorial in the *American Medico-Surgical Bulletin*.

Now we have led you along till your curiosity is aroused and you wish to know more about this great water, and we cannot do better than quote from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* to show the everyday work it is doing, it being impossible to obtain any testimonials for publication from the Company :

"Advice of a Chicago physician to a gentleman who came from Peoria with his daughter for treatment in a Chicago hospital for a severe rheumatism: 'Take your daughter home, give her all the Londonderry Lithia Water she will drink and no medicine, and in a little time she will be entirely well. This is all the treatment required in nine-tenths of the cases of rheumatism met in this hospital.' Thus spoke a wise physician, and his advice is echoed by one-half of the profession to-day."

Nothing in the history of mineral waters has so stirred up the medical faculty. There seems to be a subtle something in it which is beyond the reach of chemists that adapts it exactly to the use of man in the cure of rheumatism, and in this mystery dwells its fascination. It is the most common thing imaginable to meet in one's daily rounds men of business who can relate many instances where it has done very strange cures.

Not long since a reporter met a business man on Madison street, who related that he had decided to go to Hot Springs for a chronic rheumatism. He took Londonderry Lithia by the advice of a doctor, and in a fortnight was entirely cured.

It is, and should be, a source of satisfaction to the doctors that they can suggest a simple and at the same time effective remedy for this most perplexing and almost universal malady. It is also a delight to the patient to be ordered to use such a palatable medicine. This fact explains in part the unparalleled success of the water. The patient will take it faithfully, and after once beginning, being sure to note a relief from pain in a short time, pursues the treatment with religious zeal.

A reporter called upon one of the best known physicians for some theory by which to explain some of these rapid cures. The doctor, while admitting that there was no remedy known to the profession which gave promise of any considerable success, would not venture an opinion upon the working curative force in this celebrated water. "Nature's ways are so subtle," said the informant, "that it were mockery to try to fathom them. I ask a chemist to analyze that water and bring me the same thing compounded in his laboratory. I try it—bosh! I get no such results as I get from the original. Why? Simply because the chemist is deceived. He gets a few ingredients, but there are some added in the great laboratory of nature which he knows not how to detect.

"But as no one either knows the disease in its essence or the precise methods of Londonderry Lithia Water, it may be as well to simply admit the fact and spend one's time reasoning upon a more promising subject."

Of course this article is simply a defense of the habit of asking questions—satisfying your curiosity as it were. If this curiosity has led you to the end of this article and you thirst for more knowledge, or the water itself, too—are they not to be found with the company at its great establishment in Nashua, N. H.?

SELAH.

Suits and Dresses

\$5

OUR new Spring Catalogue of styles is a Mirror of Fashion for dressy women. We show in it all the newest Parisian ideas in Ladies' and Misses' Suits, Skirts, etc., and will mail it *free* together with samples of materials to select from to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

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Among our samples are the latest novelties in plain and illuminated serges, two toned and plain canvas weaves, Scotch heather mixtures, wool crashes, chevots and broadcloths in novel effects, new French conceits, and all the dainty ideas in stylish suitings from which you could wish to select your Spring costume.

We pay express charges to any part of the world. Write to-day; you will get catalogue and samples by return mail.

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OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR \$1. PREPAID BY MAIL

The Roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. We also **GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF ROSES YOU EVER PURCHASED.**

Beaute Inconstante, changes color from yellow to red. *White Perle des Jardins*, immaculate white. *Md. Schwallier*, rich pink in clusters, very fragrant. *Maman Cochet*, rosy pink touched with yellow. *Henri Rignon*, coppery yellow, shaded with red. *Md. Scipion Cochet*, primrose yellow, rose shadings. *Bouquet de Or*, deep golden yellow, great bloomer. *The Queen*, immense large pure white, very fragrant. *American Belle*, a grand deep red rose, deliciously fragrant. *Corinna*, flesh color shaded tawny copper. *Crimson Queen*, deep velvety crimson, very rich. *Augusta Victoria*, pure white, always in bloom. *Queen of Fragrance*, in clusters of 8 to 10 roses, white edged shell pink. *Princess of Wales*, amber, yellow-tinged with copper and orange. *Madame Jules Finger*, pure snow white, wax like in texture. *Princess Sagan*, called the velvety rose from its richness. *J. B. Varronne*, rosy pink, bordered with crimson, very rich. *Yellow Hermosa*, a charming yellow of the richest color. *Marquis de Viviers*, everybody's favorite, always in bloom. *Victor Hugo*, rich bright pink, finest rose grown. **GET UP A CLUB AND GET YOUR COLLECTION FREE. SIX**

WE SEND INSTRUCTIONS WITH EACH ORDER HOW TO PLANT AND CARE FOR THEM.

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

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(Continued from Page 301.)

paper shaped like miniature roses; or the *soufflé* is tastefully served in the rinds of the oranges. The rinds are cut into little baskets, filled with the frozen *soufflé*, and placed in a nest of green *crêpe* paper. Any fruit-juice may be substituted for the orange.

Tapioca soufflé is a wholesome and dainty sweet. Cover a half cupful of pearl tapioca with one pint of water, and boil in a double boiler until the tapioca is clear. Add half a cupful of white sugar. Remove from the fire, and when partly cold add the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Divide it into two equal parts; flavor one half with vanilla, and to the other half beat half a cupful of currant jelly, and flavor with lemon. Pour into separate molds and freeze. In serving, place a spoonful of each on small individual glass dishes.

Apple snow is a delicate trifle which is generally much enjoyed. Pare, divide into quarters, and core some tart apples. Cook to a pulp, with sufficient water to prevent burning, and add a few pieces of lemon-rind by way of flavoring. When soft, beat the pulp through a sieve. To a pint of pulp add sufficient sugar to make rather sweet. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually add the apples, beating all the time. Whip a pint of chilled cream to a very stiff froth, and stir it carefully into the apple pulp. Place on ice until wanted, when serve in small glasses; or pour into a cone-shaped mold and set on ice. When about to serve, turn out on a pretty dish, and garnish with little pink and green pyramids. To make these, beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, and add ten ounces of pulverized sugar. Color one half of the mixture with two drops of cochineal tincture, whipping all the time; flavor the other half with pistachio, and tint a delicate green shade with five drops of spinach juice. Drop in tiny pyramids about the mound of frozen white cream.

The yolks of the eggs may be used for buttercup sponge. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a cupful of cold water. Heat one pint of milk, and pour in the gelatine; when melted, add, while still hot, the beaten yolks of four eggs and one cupful of sugar. Continue to beat until the mixture begins to stiffen, when pour into a mold and place on

(Continued on Page 305.)

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural" said the old soldier looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Anything in the nature of a humbug cure-all, designed to extort money from afflicted humankind, is beneath the notice of a respectable publication. By far too many patented "cures" have been foisted upon the public, which has naturally become suspicious of all such remedies. But they are not all humbugs. At intervals the American genius produces something that proves a boon to the weak and the suffering. The Electropoise, a home cure for disease without medicine, is not a battery or belt; is easily applied, and, while it does not cure every ill that flesh is heir to, has accomplished astonishing results. Demorest's Magazine knows of cases where it has exerted almost a magical power, and calls its reader's attention to the advertisement in another column.

(Continued from Page 304.)

ice. A sauce for it is made as follows: Into a saucepan put one ounce of sugar, a gill of water, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Boil for ten minutes, then strain through a fine cloth, and set aside to cool. When required for the table turn the buttercup jelly on a pretty dish, and pour over it the nutmeg syrup.

ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

THE BAKED BANANA.

Much is said from time to time about the banana as an article of diet, and usually for every person who commends it there are two who raise their voices in warning, claiming that as they are sold in our Northern markets they are, in a raw state, very indigestible. A recent writer, however, has contributed some valuable facts anent their healthfulness when baked, and claims that three bananas weighing one pound are equal in nourishment to twenty-six pounds of bread. They should be baked from fifteen to twenty minutes, till quite soft and the skin bursts open. The pros and cons are thus set forth by this new advocate:

"Bananas should never be eaten raw; they are full of animal germs, and are productive of tape-worm. Youngsters fed on raw bananas nearly always suffer from diseases of the intestinal canal and convulsions. Physicians call such children 'banana babies.' Baked bananas are the ideal food for nervous persons and anæmics, also brain workers. I learned their great power to sustain mental effort in India. If Wall Street brokers and others who are under great mental strain would on two mornings every week include a couple of baked bananas in their menu and leave out the chop or steak, they would last longer. I am as hard a brain worker as any person in New York, and I have subsisted for years entirely on baked bananas. When I see lean, blood-poor persons I advise them to eat baked bananas, and they unfailingly build up and gain flesh.

"This subject, which might not inappropriately be called the 'banana cure,' because many diseases can be cured by eating baked bananas, merits the closest investigation. The introduction of the potato was a great boon to the people, but I predict that the spreading of the above facts over this country will prove of still greater benefit."

WOMEN AND MONEY.

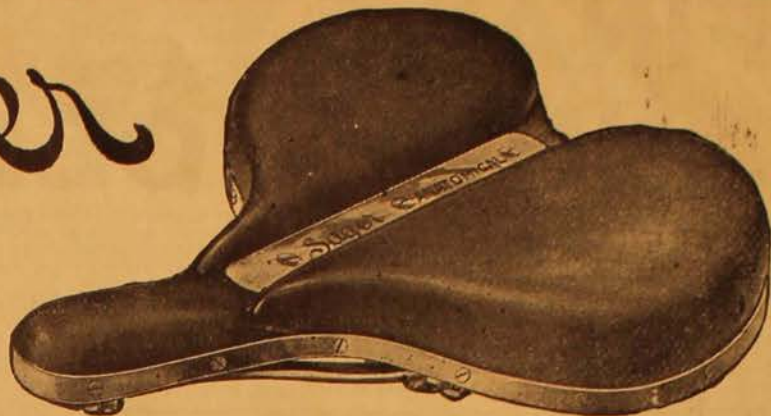
For profitable purchase of securities on margin, or change of present investments for larger income, women should communicate with or visit the Woman's Department of **The Monetary Trust**, offices No. 44 West 34th street, New York, exclusively for women. By constant communication over private wires, President Carley and experienced associates will guide each customer, and reduce their advice to writing, when desired, so the client can consult her banker. With present financial conditions, and such guardianship, women may wisely exercise courage in using money. Interesting information on application.

MIRIAM BERGER, Manager.

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The Sager

Anatomical Cycle Seat.



TOP VIEW

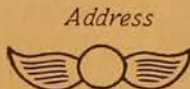


SIDE VIEW

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Lovely EMBROIDERY. We send Scalloped edge Linen Doily with pure Silk Floss to work. Also Stamping Patterns for other Doilies, Photograph Frames, Mats, etc. Only 18c. Address: **Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass. Box D.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

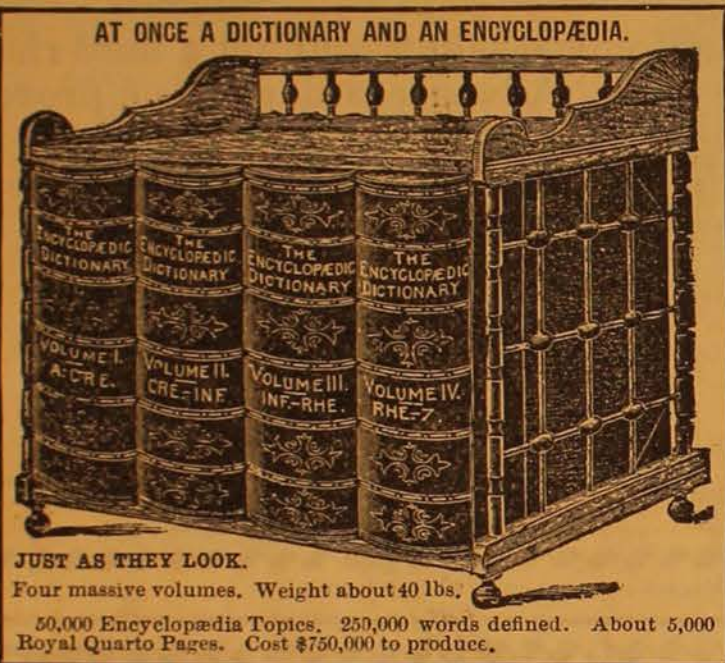
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In making an inventory at the close of our recent Introductory Distribution, we find in stock a few sets of **The Encyclopædic Dictionary** (in cloth and half-Russia bindings only) of which the sides of some of the volumes are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value or appearance in your library, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at our regular prices of \$42 to \$70 a set. There being only a limited number of these sets, we shall not go to the trouble of rebinding them, but have decided to let them go on easy payments of \$1 down and \$1 per month until paid for—less than one-third the regular price.



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It contains over **250,000 defined words**—nearly twice as many as the largest "unabridged"—and is now accepted as an **UNQUESTIONED AUTHORITY** wherever the English language is spoken.

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Standard Seed and Plant Catalogue. Contains all that's New and Good. Always Reliable.

THE GUIDE - - and your Choice } One packet either Wonderful Branching Aster, New Japan Morning Glory, or Pansy Choice mixed, for **15 CTS.**
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When ordering state where you saw this adv. and we will send a packet of Flower Seeds free

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Don't forget to read the 2d cover advertisements.

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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.**

"**HARRIET E.**"—Make your light green cashmere with a full plain skirt, and a bodice like the "Ardita" in the January DEMOREST'S. Instead of the fur trimming have narrow, very full ruches, frayed on the edge, of green-and-gold changeable taffeta, and use white satin or chiné taffeta for the guimpe. For variety you could have a short jacket similar to the "Castagne," illustrated in this number, of dark green velvet or silk trimmed with spangled passementerie, and worn over a blouse of plaited chiffon.

"**MRS. O. B. R.**"—Opinions, and tastes also, differ as to "which is considered the finest species of palm." *Latania Borbonica* is a favorite for house culture, and is a typical palm, having fan-shaped, deeply divided leaves, bright in color, and a strong, healthy habit of growth. Of the Phoenix variety, sisters to the date-palm, having long feathery pinnate leaves, are the Phoenix *Sylvestris* and Phoenix *reclinata*. Both of these are much admired, graceful in habit, and with proper care flourish in parlors and halls.

"**FLOSSIE.**"—April 8, 1872, was on Monday.

"**A. H. S.**"—We are extremely sorry to disappoint you, but it is impossible to answer such letters by mail. The Correspondence Club is our only medium for the information you ask for.—About the only way you could emphasize in your decorations the fact that the wedding anniversary is the fifteenth, or crystal, would be to use crystal vases and cut-glass rose-bowls wherever possible. For example, set a large rose-bowl in the centre of a chimney-piece, and fill it with pink and white carnations and maidenhair fern; then on the ends place tall crystal vases with just a few flowers and

(Continued on Page 307.)

Drunk for Twenty Years.

A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over 20 years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose, but, thank God, an angel hand came at last in the form of my poor wife, who administered some of your medicine to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved, completely transformed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen." Full particulars of this marvelous remedy will be gladly sent free by the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York City.

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1897 is better and brighter than ever before, this is worthy of its well-known reputation as the leading American Seed Catalogue. It has been written at FORDHOOK FARM and the illustrations are all true to nature, having been engraved generally direct from photographs. Handsomely bound, the cover, lithographed in eight colors, shows on the front a bouquet of the beautiful new large flowered Violet, reproduced exactly from the original painting by the famous French artist Paul de Longpré. With each copy is mailed a lithographed leaflet showing six superb new varieties of Sweet Peas in all the beauty of their natural colorings. As advertised in another column, Burpee's Farm Annual is mailed free to any address upon application to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the well-known seed growers of Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 306.)

leaves irregularly arranged. If you have an abundance of flowers you could have some smaller vases between,—something lower than the bowl,—and then trail smilax or asparagus plumosus across the whole mantel; if banked first with moss, the effect would be even prettier. Select any one flower you like, but do not use more than one color with white. You can produce quite an elaborate effect with a few flowers, by arranging them in Japanese style, only a few in a vase, and emphasizing their color by the use of temporary draperies to match them, of *crépon* or India silk. Use as much crystal and cut-glass in the dining-room as possible,—a cut-glass candelabrum and candlesticks would be especially suitable. A nice supper menu would be *bouillon*, creamed oysters, sandwiches, lobster or chicken salad, cakes, ices, chocolate, and coffee; the ices could be served in form of eggs set in bird's nests of spun sugar. If the hostess has not her wedding-gown, any reception-gown of fancy silk would answer; but a silver gray moire or satin would be especially suitable.

"FRANCES."—It is too early to give you any information about spring novelties in silk weaves. It is a curious fact—but meets the convenience of dressmakers and seamstresses—that the new cottons, ginghams, laces, organdies, etc., are displayed long before silks or wools. The choice now for a handsome black silk would be a rich brocade of not too large and pronounced a figure; those with moiré effects are especially desirable. "For church and informal wear," however, a handsome cloth gown is much smarter. See description of "A Reception Gown" in the February magazine. It would be a good model for your gown; others equally suitable are the "Ardita," in the January DEMOREST'S, and "Smart and Becoming" in the present number. A cloth gown made by one of these models, and a black silk skirt with two fancy waists would be all that you would need—in addition to a serge or cloth traveling-gown—for your visit to "two large cities during the spring months."

"CLARA D."—A pretty fashion now in vogue for card parties is to have an extra couple. The game cards are marked with the number of the table and the number of the couple, and have loops of fancy ribbon; those for the ladies are placed in one basket,—or other suitable receptacle,—and those for the gentlemen in another. After the guests have arrived the baskets are passed around, and partners are decided by the drawing of the cards; loops of ribbon should match in partner's cards when the game begins. The extra couple, who find themselves without a place at the tables, seek the "consolation corner," which the hostess fits up as attractively as her ingenuity can suggest; there should be a box of *bonnons* on the table, and a tolio of pictures or books to assist conversation for the timid or tongue-tied,—if such *rara avis* are to be found nowadays! When the first game is played the losing couple at the head-table seek the "consolation corner," and the couple there begin playing at the last table: and thus the rotation goes on till the close of the games. Prizes are awarded in

(Continued on Page 308.)

We think that every lady who reads Demorest's Magazine would be interested in a book of styles which has just been issued by The National Cloak Co., Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers, 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York. This is the largest ladies' tailoring establishment in New York, and they always have the latest things in styles and materials. Any reader of Demorest's who will write to them will receive, free of charge, a catalogue illustrating all of the latest styles in ladies' and misses' suits, skirts, etc., together with a line of samples of the newest suitings from which they make these costumes. We have heard their work highly recommended for fit and style and know the firm to be thoroughly reliable.

One of the most popular games ever invented is "The Fish Pond," which has afforded amusement to thousands in the long winter evenings. To those who use Diamond Dyes, we will send one of these Games for two 2-cent stamps to help us pay postage, the expense of the corrugated wrapper used in mailing, and the immense amount of clerical work this offer involves. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

RUBIFOAM



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"Snowy Whiteness"

so important to appearance and preservation of the teeth, use

RUBIFOAM

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It leaves the mouth so deliciously clean and sweet; the teeth so white and perfect. There's fascination in its use.

Sample Vial FREE.

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Makers of the Celebrated Hoyt's
German Cologne.



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BIG BARGAINS ^{in ROSES, PLANTS} and SEEDS.

Grand SET of 13 Elegant Ever-blooming ROSES for only 50 cts. by mail, post-paid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.



La France, light pink, everybody's favorite. **The Queen**, pure white. **Cleopatra**, lovely shell pink. **Beaute Inconstante**, amber rose and yellow. **Coquette de Lyon**, deep golden yellow. **Chas. Legrady**, red shading to darkest crimson. **Victor Hugo**, bright pink and carmine. **Augusta Victoria**, the best white rose. **Maman Cochet**, rosy pink and silver, lovely. **Md. Scipion Cochet**, will produce more roses than any other variety. **Henri Rignon**, Coppery yellow, center lake red. **Princess Sagan**, richest velvety crimson. **Bridesmaid**, the best of all pink roses.

What You Can Buy for 50 Cents.

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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 10c. in silver or 12 one c. stamps to pay for a three mos. trial subscription 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:

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|---|--|
| Pansies, sweet scented, very large, lovely, . . . 30 col. | Marigold, French striped, dwarf stocky plants, mixed, 10col. |
| 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, 10col. |
| 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 10c. in silver, or 12 one cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription to The Columbian, America's Great National Literary Success. The Columbian is edited by Madame Higgins-Glenerne, 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 10c. in silver, or 12 one cent stamps, and get all three collections and three trial subscriptions for 25c. in silver. We refer to any publisher in New England as to our reliability. Address, The Columbian, 13, 15, 17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

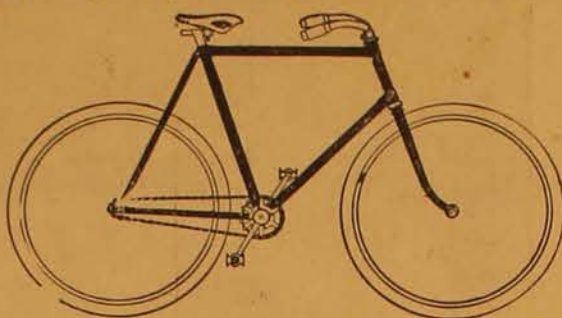
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Special Racycle. (Narrow Tread) Color Carmine



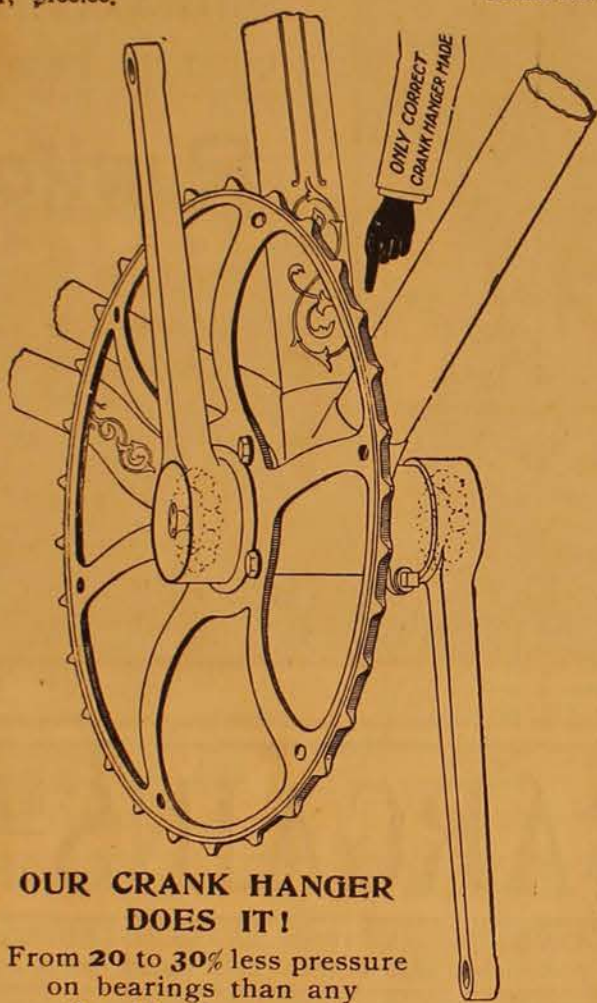
Model No. 3. Roadster, \$100.00.

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SPECIAL Racycle NARROW TREAD



THE Racycle NARROW TREAD

OUR CRANK HANGER DOES IT!

From 20 to 30% less pressure on bearings than any other bicycle on earth.

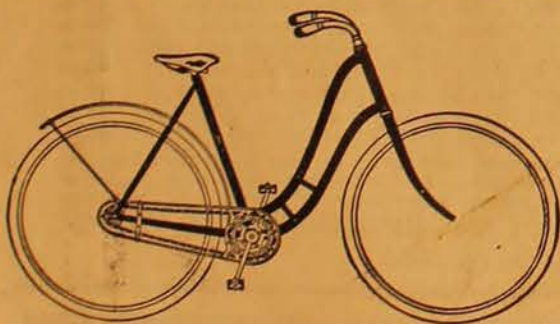
CHICAGO OFFICE: 323 Wabash Avenue.

N. Y. OFFICE: Downing Building, 106 Fulton St.

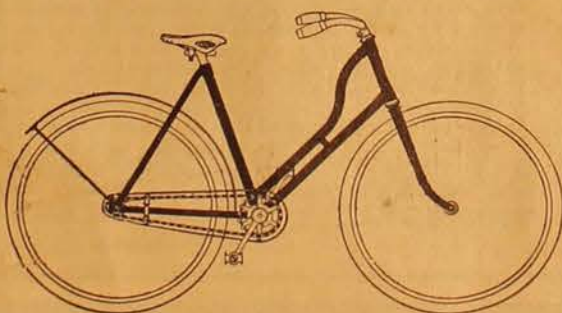
The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., Middletown, Ohio.

Special Racycle. (Narrow Tread.) Color Carmine.

The Racycle. (Narrow Tread.) Color Royal Blue.



Model No. 5. Ladies'. \$100.00.



Model No. 2. Ladies', \$75.00.

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(Continued from Page 307.)

the usual way; two firsts to the lady and the gentleman winning the most games; and two "booby" or "consolation" prizes for those losing the largest number. A gilt star is pasted on the card for every game won, and a colored one for every one lost; thus it is easy to keep count and avoid any unpleasant discussions. Game-cards and the stars can be purchased at any stationer's. It is very easy to make the cards of water-color paper, if you have any skill in handling brush or pencil. For refreshments, coffee and sandwiches, and some kind of fruit, jelly, or ice cream with cake would be sufficient; but a nice salad served with buttered rolls, instead of the sandwiches, would please many tastes. "Informal five o'clock tea" has been repeatedly described in these columns and in "Household." The hostess makes the tea herself on the tea-table, set in a cosy corner of parlor or hall. The tea-kettle is boiled over an alcohol lamp, and the tea is either taken from a handsome china or silver caddy and steeped in an equally handsome tea-pot, or the portions for a single cup are tied in tiny bags of tulle or tarlatan, and lie heaped in a bowl before the hostess; one bag is tossed in a cup and the boiling water is poured over it. While this is æsthetic and dainty to a degree, it does not make an ideal cup of tea, and is chronicled only as a fad. Very thin sandwiches or wafers are offered with the tea, or perhaps a bit of plain cake.—Salted peanuts are taken from the dish with a bonbon spoon and placed on the plate. You can send your calling card with "Thanks for kind inquiries" written above the name, to your neighbor who has not called upon you.

"A. D. K."—For novel ideas for entertainments read answers in Correspondence Club to "Mrs. G. B. L." in January, to "Marjory" in February, —also Gleanings in same,—and to "Clara D." in present number of DEMOREST'S. A delightful entertainment which requires some rehearsal and a bright, original person for the leading character, —one who would make a good Mrs. Jarley,—is "Aunt Jerusha's Album." The pictures are posed in a large gilt frame, and Aunt Jerusha stands or sits beside it and tells who the people are. There is opportunity, of course, for a great deal of wit, humor, and variety. A "Juvenile Party" is also a novelty, and a form of costume party, all the guests coming in the character of children; a large man dressing as "Buttons" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy" can be very humorous. The hostess at one of these parties received her guests dressed as an "old-time girl," with scant ruffled skirt and long pantalettes. Some of the guests copied pictures, and others took characters from Mother Goose.

"M. W. P."—Put china crepe or any of the inexpensive Japanese silk crepons with the black faille to replace the velvet.—To combine with the figured wool, tamise, which is essentially a mourning fabric, would look better than serge, as it is woven without twill and the texture would match the ground of your sample. The skirts should be plain; the "Ardita" waist in the January magazine would be suitable for the faille, and any of our recent short jacket patterns or the "Theodora" basque in DEMOREST'S for December would be correct style for the wool gown.

(Continued on Page 309.)

11 by 14 in. FREE STAMPING OUTFIT 107 PATTERNS



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

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

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D. Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices. Money refunded if not as represented. We pay freight. Buy from \$18 Carriage for \$9.00 factory. Save dealers' \$10 " " \$5.75 profits. Large illus. \$5 " " \$2.65 trated catalog free. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West VanBuren Street, B-51, Chicago, Ill.

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FREE trial in your home. Cut this out and send for catalogue. High Arm Oxford Sewing Machine \$9.00 to \$26.00. World's Fair medal awarded. FULL SET ATTACHMENTS. TEN YEAR GUARANTEE. SILVER TEA SET GIVEN AWAY. ADDRESS OXFORD MDSE. CO., 300 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

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

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention "Demorest's Magazine," and send 1¢ cents for samples worth double the money. JOB. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"PARTED BANG." Made of natural CURLY HAIR, guaranteed "becoming" to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color, Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for Illustrated Price List. E. Burnham, 71 1/2 St. Central Music Hall, Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

OH! How Sweet! Attar of Rose Tablets (Wholesale for \$12 per ounce). Sample tablet for 10c. FLORAL MFG CO., Riverhead, N. Y. Agents wanted. Write quick. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 308.)

"H.H."—Of the abbreviations to which you refer, 4to is usually read quarto, 8vo is eightvo or octavo, 12mo is twelvemo or duodecimo; the others are usually read or spoken of in English,—as sixteenmo, etc.,—but the Latin is sextodecimo, or decimo-sexto; tricesimo-secundo (32mo), and sexagesimo (64mo).—We have never seen the initials you ask about used to express the Queen of England's titles. She is also Empress of India.

"LILLIAN B."—There is no royal road to success for the author more than for any other. His work has to be judged on its merits, and the way lies open for all. One and even five publishers may reject a MS. which the sixth will accept. In choosing a publisher first acquaint yourself with the style of books he publishes; with this precaution, if your work has value, you may avoid some rejections. For criticism and advice as to form of publication send your MSS. to one of the Literary Bureaus where a business is made of this work, as also the placing of the MSS. for publication if desired by the author.

"M. W. P."—No lace of any kind is used for trimming in mourning.—Your sample is silk guipure of a nice quality, and though not in fashion now it could be used if you wore colors. Your black lawn waist needs no trimming. The "Yorke" waist—illustrated in DEMAREST'S for November—would be a pretty model for it. Make the front plait and cuffs of the black lawn, and the ruffles bordering the plait can be of lawn or doubled Brussels net, or you can omit them.

GLEANINGS.

GOLDEN RULES FOR HEALTH.

In the accepted language—or is it lingo?—of these *fin-de-siècle* days the clever actress, Miss Georgia Cayvan, is an apple "fiend." The apple is her medicine and her food, her cure-all and regulator. She eats one just before going to bed, and another when she rises in the morning, and they always stand ready for her refreshment during the day. Next to the apple in its health-giving properties, Miss Cayvan places celery, of which she is a connoisseur, eating it both cooked and raw. She doesn't believe that anybody need be sick, and her health rules are very simple: "Take plenty of cold baths, indulge in all the exercise possible, bicycling if practicable, and above all, eat an apple morning and night."

A GOLD CANNON.

A cannon heavily plated with gold and mounted upon a carriage of rosewood is the unique bauble of warfare that has just come into the possession of the Imperial Army of Berlin. The outward appearance of this monster jewel is most delicate in workmanship, and is of a kind never before seen in any arm of

(Continued on Page 310.)

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

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

GRAY HAIR-RESTORED

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

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MILLIONS SAVED



It cleans easily—

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

every year to womankind in skirts and bindings by the use of

"FEDER'S BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR"

It wears longer than the skirt, and always remains beautifully clean and soft, despite wet or mud. The handsomest dress edge yet invented.

At all dry-goods stores, or write

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,
98-100 Bleecker St., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

1897 Columbia Bicycles

We strive to make the very best bicycles that experience, facilities, energy and progressive methods can produce. We adopt every valuable improvement. We search the world over for the best, the strongest and the most applicable materials. We spare no expense in making Columbia bicycles the very best we know how—for the benefit of, and to meet the demands of, all riders.



STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Hartford Bicycles, second only to Columbias, \$75, \$60, \$50, \$45. Strong, handsome, serviceable and at prices within the reach of everyone.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Greatest bicycle factories in the world. Branch house or dealer in almost every city and town.

Send one 2-cent stamp for handsomest bicycle catalogue ever issued.

Free by calling on any Columbia dealer.

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

An editor writes: TOKOLOGY should be in the hands of every woman. It is unequalled in its practical scientific advice to women.

Mrs. L. N. A. writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of TOKOLOGY."

TOKOLOGY

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

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

A complete health guide by ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M.D., in practice over twenty-five years. Best terms to agents. Sample pages free. Prepaid, Mor. \$2.75; Clo. \$2.00.



Self-threading Sewing Needles.

The Blind can use them. Finest needle made. Millward's Gold Eyes; Sample paper 10c.; 3 for 25c.; 12 for 70c.

New England Novelty M'f'g Co.,
24 Q Portland St., Boston, Mass.

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 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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

Good Times

and business revival create travel. If you are engaged buying or selling, or if you are planning a pleasure trip, this is to remind you that

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

and its connections reach all the important trade centres of the country—all the principal resorts for health and pleasure. The New York Central has the

Fastest and Finest Trains in the World

—line protected throughout by block signals—beautiful scenery, comprising the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley, and Niagara Falls—and it is the only Trunk Line entering the city of New York. One always travels comfortably, safely, and punctually on

"America's Greatest Railroad."

Take the first opportunity to test this.

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

WHO CAN SUPPLY THE MISSING WORD

Are you a good guesser? Have you ever seen the sentence in which the word is wanting? If so, send what you believe to be the word, and if it is the right one you will receive a handsome prize. It will be a part—perhaps all—of one-tenth of the total receipts from this advertisement. If one thousand dollars is received, there will be one hundred dollars to divide among the successful guessers; if ten thousand dollars is received, one thousand will be apportioned equally among those naming the right word. If only one correct guess is received, the winner gets the entire 10 per cent. The word which you are to supply should take the place of the dash in the following sentence:

"With what surprising ——— must he have managed the minds of men."

The sentence is from a standard historical work, and refers to one of the greatest men known to the world. There is but one correct word, although half a dozen might be found that would do almost as well.

CONDITIONS OF THIS CONTEST.

To compete in this contest you must send with the letter containing the word you think correct, 25 cents in money order, stamps or silver, in return for which we will send you THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for a full three months, the subscription beginning with the month following that in which your letter is received. THE PETERSON is the most interesting dollar-a-year publication in this country. It has been published regularly for nearly 60 years; is a beautifully illustrated periodical, and such as every family will eagerly welcome. This offer is made that its field of usefulness may be enlarged and its subscription list increased. No guess will be recorded unless the money is enclosed in the same envelope.

ONE-TENTH TO THE WINNER.

Ten per cent. of the total receipts of this contest will be set aside as a prize for the persons or person supplying the correct word. Contest closes March 10th, and as soon as possible thereafter the letters will be classified and the prizes awarded. The names of the winner or winners will appear in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for May, but the prizes will be awarded as soon as their winners are determined.

CONSOLATION PREMIUMS.

In addition to the three months' subscription to THE PETERSON MAGAZINE and an opportunity to share in the money prizes, each and every person answering this advertisement according to the conditions stated, and naming this publication, will receive by mail, ABSOLUTELY FREE TEN PACKETS OF FLOWER SEEDS, THE RETAIL VALUE OF WHICH IS 60 CENTS. These seeds are put up expressly for us by one of the largest wholesale dealers in the country, and are absolutely pure and reliable. Full directions for culture will be sent with each collection. Remember, you are receiving ten separate kinds in separate packets as follows:

AMARANTHUS—Decorative plant; bright blossoms.
IBERIS—Sweet-scented; a variety of colors.
MARVEL OF PERU—Sweet-scented; various colors.
LOVE IN A MIST—Blue and white; very ornamental.
MIGNONETTE—Very large; sweet-scented.

The receipt of the seeds by you will be evidence that we have received your letter and money. No other receipt is necessary. We refer to the publishers of this paper, whose endorsement of our magazine is the publication of this advertisement. Address,

THE PETERSON COMPANY, Dept. X, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

THE Summer Abroad.

CURIOS.

Wm. T. SHEPHERD, 252 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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

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

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

Illustrated Buttons



My girl is very fly. Do you wear pants? Don't pull my leg. Are you in the swim? Don't be a hog. Up to date. Don't be an ass. Keep your shirt on. I have my eye on you. Don't monkey with me. I'm laying for you, all with pictures, 12 for 20 cts. All Comic and Motto Buttons, 2 for 5 cts., 5 for 10 cts., 12 for 20 cts., 100 for \$1.00. Catalogue for stamp. Big money for Agents. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 94 Arch St., Boston, Mass.

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

FACE POWDER,

Aromatic Spirits Vinegar, Cosmetics, Wines, 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.

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

(Continued from Page 309.)

its nature. The cylinder is ten feet long, with a circumference of three feet at the mouth, and the entire barrel is strangely beautiful in its massive coat of burnished gold, chased with a delicately designed frieze-work. This singular gun, which is the most valuable one on earth, was presented to the Berlin Army by the managers of the Hamburg Museum, in whose keeping it had been for two centuries.

THE NAMING OF A FAVORITE ROSE.

It was the beautiful Empress Eugénie in the days of her splendor and popularity who named the "Maréchal Niel" rose, and the "Argonaut" tells the following pretty story about it: "When General Niel returned from the scene of his achievements in the Franco-Austrian War, a poor man gave him a basket of lovely pale-yellow roses. As a remembrance of this gift, the General had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when a charming rose-tree had grown up, took the plant to Empress Eugénie. She was delighted both with the gift and the gallant donor, but was surprised to learn that the rose had no name. 'Ah!' she said, 'I will give it a name; it shall be the Maréchal Niel'—thus informing the gallant soldier of his elevation to the coveted office of Marshal of France."

AN ELECTION STORIETTE.

Admiral Jouett lives at Sandy Springs, Md., where the roads are no better than in some other parts of the country. He is an ardent Republican, although a son of the Blue Grass State; and last election, when heavy rains had made the roads almost impassable, he shamed the stay-at-homes by taking his son, James, Jr., through the mud and downpour to their voting place. The journey home in the dark, swimming through mud to the hubs, was so disquieting that they arrived profane and exhausted. "Well," said the admiral, "thank heaven, that's over! We've had a hard pull of it, but it is the duty of every citizen of the United States to vote. Say, Jim," he ejaculated, fiercely, "I voted the straight Republican ticket, as usual. How did you vote?" "Father, we might as well have stayed at home and paired," replied the son; "I voted straight Democratic."

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN.

Vancouver Island, British Columbia, forms, perhaps, the choicest portion of Queen Victoria's great North American dependencies. It is a beautiful country,

(Continued on Page 311.)



Why Patti Looks Young

Because every night, as regularly as bed-time comes, she uses **Mary Scott Rowland's Retiring Face Cream**. So also do Mme. Melba, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Kendal, Beatrice Cameron-Mansfield and other women noted for their beautiful complexions. Price, \$1, \$2, \$5 a Jar. **Melba Face Powder** (White, Flesh or Cream), \$1, \$2, \$5 a Box. Prices highest and goods the best. Write for printed matter to **Mary Scott Rowland, 97 Fifth Ave., New York.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 310.)

with a splendid climate, and is an earthly paradise, saving only for the scarcity of women. Let an unmarried woman go to Vancouver Island and the "courtship" begins immediately, and great rivalry there is for her hand. The men have gold ore to offer, they own "claims," they have partly worked farms, and they want a good home to live in. They will hire Chinamen or half-breeds, anybody to do the hard work, if only a good-looking woman will light the parlor lamp at night and sit in the window and wait for them to come home. It is said that fifteen hundred young women would not suffice to supply the marriage market in Vancouver, and they are planning in Canada to send an excursion party of women there.

A FAVORITE SONG.

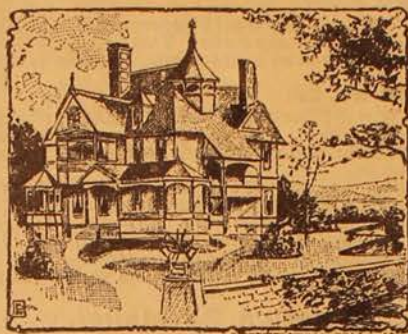
That old-time favorite "The Mocking-Bird" was first performed as an instrumental piece by the Marine Band in Washington, in the days when Miss Harriet Lane presided over the White House for her uncle, President Buchanan. The piece was dedicated to Miss Lane, and first played at one of the band's open-air concerts in the White House grounds, where it created a great sensation and roused immense enthusiasm. Miss Lane, of course, came out from the group surrounding her on the south portico and bowed her thanks and acknowledgments, and the scene that followed was long remembered by the participants. The piece achieved an instantaneous popularity, and was sung, whistled, and played, by old and young. It was set to every time, for waltz, polka, schottische, and redowa, and arranged for every instrument. The short-lived popularity of the catchy airs of these days never approach anything like the immense vogue which this favorite song achieved.

STATUES TO WOMEN.

The women honored in the United States with statues erected to their memory are only two in number, with a third in prospective. The first of these thus commemorated was that noble, self-effacing Irish-woman, Sister Margaret, whose philanthropical work in New Orleans will live for all time. The residents of that Southern city did themselves credit in thus recognizing the heroic character of the woman. The second statue, erected in Troy, N. Y., by the Emma Willard Association, is of Emma Willard; and the third, to Harriet Beecher Stowe, it is proposed to erect in Hartford. The objections of her family may, however, prevent the fulfillment of the project; and her son's suggestion that a Harriet Beecher Stowe scholarship at Hampton, Fiske, or Tuskegee, would be a more fitting memorial and in consonance with their wishes, seems a very wise solution of the disagreement between the friends and admirers of this world-famous woman and those nearest and dearest to her, who alone are in a position to know what she herself would wish.

(Continued on Page 312.)

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES



FOR ONLY **20 CENTS** by planting the following variety of selected seed, which will bloom the entire season, and cannot help but give you entire satisfaction.

SWEET PEA CUPID . . .
the new dwarf variety, color pure white, growth only five inches, truly a floral wonder.

ASTER, ELLIOTT RAINBOW MIXTURE, . . .
an acquisition to any garden, and a premium winner. The plants are bushy in form, of a vigorous, robust habit, covered with large globular flowers fully imbricated.

PANSY, ELLIOTT'S BLENDED, . . .
produces flowers of a very showy nature and of unusually large size. The seed is selected from the most reliable growers in Germany, England, and France, and comprises the finest shades.

CARNATION DWARF MARGUERITE
(an illustration of which you will find on our catalogue cover), something unusually fine, also our **ANNUAL, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED**; actual value in all 40 cents.

Remember, **20 cents buys them all.**

WM. ELLIOTT & SONS, Seedsmen, 54 & 56 Dey St., New York.

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

Something for the Children from 6 to 60 Years

Talking Machine

When Edison invented the phonograph, which reproduces the human voice, it was considered the greatest invention of the age—and so it was.

Just think a moment:—Human voices, bands of music, songs of all kinds, speeches and lectures by great statesmen reproduced by these machines.

Why are not phonographs in every household? They cost too much—\$40 to \$200.

We have solved the problem. A Talking Machine will be shipped you (express charges to be paid by the purchaser), and "Leslie's Weekly" every week for one year, for the remarkably low price of **\$7.00.**

The Talking Machine is run by clock-work. Any child can operate it. One record goes with each machine; extra records, 50 cents each. The phonograph and graphophone cylinders can be used in this machine. If the Talking Machine is not perfectly satisfactory, we will refund you your money.

"Leslie's Weekly" is considered the best and most popular illustrated weekly in America. Its subscription price is \$4.00 per year, and the Talking Machine \$10.00. Now you wonder how we can sell both for \$7.00. We will tell you. We want 250,000 subscribers to "Leslie's Weekly." We believe that we will get them this way. Those who advertise with us when we publish that number of papers will pay for our loss now. Therefore, the number of machines will be limited—"First come, first served."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Correspondence solicited.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



A GRAND OFFER

MADAME RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

Almost Free. Do not Miss this Chance.

Mme. Ruppert, the Eminent Complexion Specialist and famous lecturer, makes the following liberal offers:

OFFER No. 1.

To every purchaser of a \$2.00 bottle of her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH she will give a bar of her exquisite Almond Oil Soap FREE. This offer applies to any who live at a distance and order by mail, as well as resident patrons who purchase in person.

OFFER No. 2.

To all who have not tried her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH she offers to sell during this month a trial bottle for 25 cents. This offer also applies to any at a distance, who will receive a trial bottle in plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents, either silver or stamps.



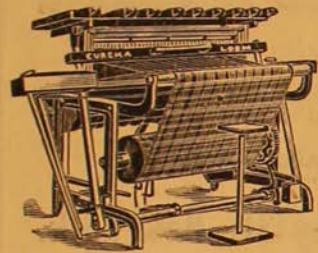
Mme. A. Ruppert

FACE BLEACH, which is an external treatment, is solely the invention of MME. A. RUPPERT, and is the only preparation for the complexion that has withstood the test of time. Eighteen years it has been manufactured and during that time many millions of bottles have been used. It has never failed, if used as directed, to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eczema, Moth, and, in fact, all diseases the skin is heir to. It is used externally and when applied strikes, as it should, at the root of the trouble. Call or send for Mme. A. Ruppert's book, **HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL**, which alone is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and should be read by all. It is given or sent FREE.

MME. A. RUPPERT, Leading Complexion Specialist,

BRANCH OFFICES: 235 State St., Chicago, Ill. 6 East 14th Street, New York City.
37-39 South 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The best, handiest, easiest running, cheapest and most durable

FLY SHUTTLE CARPET LOOM

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Eureka Loom Co.,
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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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3 cts. to 50 cts. a roll. Send 8 cts. for 100 fine samples. \$1 will buy handsome paper and border for a large room. Paper Hangers' large, complete sample books, \$1.00.

THOS. J. MEYRS, 1206 Market St., Phila., Pa.

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Write to the largest wall paper house in U. S. for samples—Free. A million rolls—variety unlimited. 2½ cts. to \$3½ a roll. 30% lower than others. **DEALERS TRADE DISCOUNTS**

KAYSER & ALLMAN, 932-934 Market Street, 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

Write for large books by express with

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READER If you love RARE FLOWERS, choicest only, address **ELLIS BROS., Keene, N. H.** It will astonish and please. **FREE.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 311.)

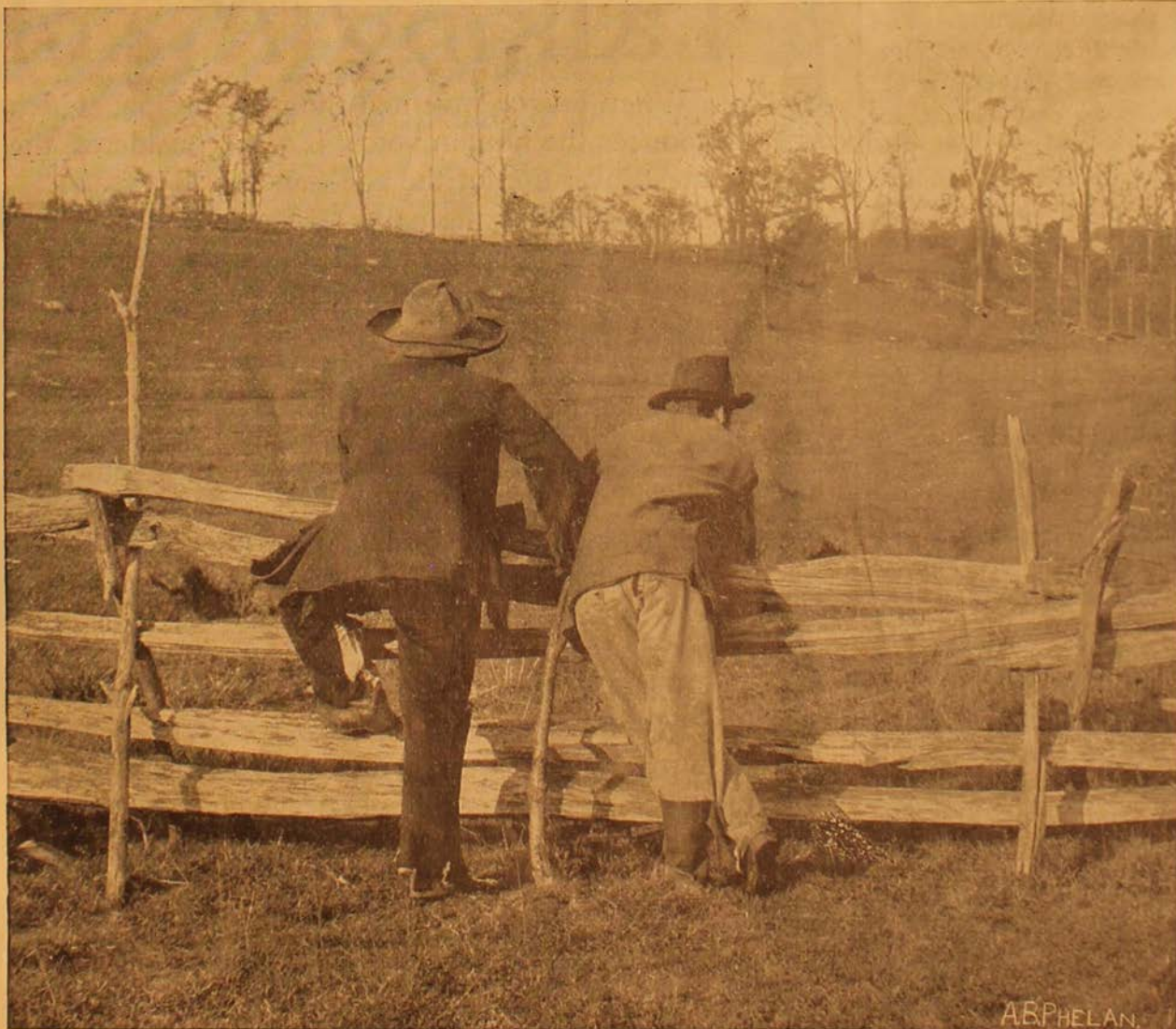
A DOG LINGUIST.

The ownership of a Great Dane about which there was a lawsuit, recently, was decided by so unique and incontrovertible a method that it was impossible for the defeated client to carry the case to a higher court. One man claimed the dog because he had lost one just like him, and when the Dane came to his shop he showed himself perfectly familiar with his surroundings. In the courtroom, however, the dog paid not the slightest attention to this man when he called him in English. When the rival claimant whispered a word in Spanish the Great Dane bounded to him; and upon the calls being repeated in German he manifested great delight. A further trial, calling the animal in French, brought the great creature over with such a rush and bound that he nearly knocked the man down. After this it was hardly necessary to see the cold stare with which the haughty animal greeted another command in English from the first man to decide the case in favor of the real master.

SOME JAPANESE FOODS.

A recent visitor to Japan, describing a native dinner at which she was a privileged guest, says: "One must go to Japan to

(Continued on Page 313.)



DRAWING THE LINE.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"T'ank heaven de Republicans are in again, Willie, an' dere'll be lots uv work."

WEARY WILLIE—"Wot of it?"

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Why, now we kin draw the social line more closely. Dere's been a number uv people in our set lately dat I t'ink would acterally work if dey had a chance. We kin weed dem characters out now."

Liquid Food

easily digestible, naturally strengthening, refreshing, health-restoring. You get it in

Pabst Malt Extract The "Best" Tonic

Contains no drugs or chemicals, simply pure, rich, nourishing food, and the great natural vegetable tonic, hops.

Cures indigestion, nervousness, sleeplessness and puts flesh on your bones.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle, or 12 for \$2.50.

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

know rice, just as in Ireland the delights of a boiled potato are reached, and in Scotland porridge ceases to be a dish for your health alone, but is also for your delectation. The fine rice of Japan has a flavor both delicate and rich, suggestive of fresh nuts, and, cooked with the care an artist bestows on his painting, is a delicate and delicious food, fit for a fairy or a prize fighter." Egg plant was sliced and salted, and served as a salad "with delightful rice;" lobster rolls, "wrapped in a suggestion of omelet," were garnished with iridescent pickles, shading from green to purple; green peas were "stewed in their own tender pods, with admirable result." After the fish courses, of which there were three, a sweet-potato custard was served. This valuable tuber was introduced into Japan a hundred years ago by Aoki-Kongo, and in grateful recognition of its importance to them the Japanese have erected in Tokio a statue to his memory.

(Continued from Page 312.)

WORD-ANALYSIS.

Among all the improvements in our schools there is one very important subject that is not yet receiving the attention which it merits, and that is the subject of word-analysis. Almost every technical word carries with it its own explanation. This explanation lies in the prefix, suffix, and stem. It is a violence to the human mind to use such words unanalyzed, and it is little short of a crime on the part of pedagogues to neglect the teaching of this subject in the schools. The enormous advance of science and art is vastly increasing technical nomenclature, and the schools are doing almost nothing toward making that nomenclature manageable. Unanalyzed words are a formidable obstacle to study and to ordinary reading. When the meaning of a term must either be gathered darkly from the context or by the drudgery of consulting a dictionary, interest is repressed, study is impeded. An exertion of will may enable one to reach his goal. But the exertion of will should be reserved for necessary difficulties. The will should be exercised upon things, not upon words. Words should be luminaries to light up things. To him who has not the key of analysis the language of science is as dark as that of the Choctaws or the Chinese. While we use words unanalyzed we would better use Choctaw or Chinese; for we should then, at least, have a language ahead as the result of our pains. Take the single case of a new instrument. It is called the *phonograph*. Why? People don't ask why. Then people lose both pleasure and power. *Phon* means *sound*, and *graph* means *write*. It is called the "*writer of sounds*" because it *writes* down, not symbols, but the identical *sounds* of the voice. But besides the pleasure of realizing the appropriateness of the name, we have also obtained a practical key to a large number of other words. We have a good start on tele*phone*, *phonics*, *phonetic*,

(Continued on Page 314.)



If you Build a Home

have it up-to-date in design and plan. Our books will awaken many new ideas and furnish much helpful information. Our little 1897 "Artistic Home Designs" book of beautiful houses; laying out grounds, and advice for those who intend to build. Sent for 10c. if you name price of house you will build. GEO. F. BARBER & CO., 33 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

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

ABOUT THAT NEW HOME. "PAYNE'S PORTFOLIO OF PLANS."



Pages 9x12 inches
MODERN HOMES.

100 Attractive Plans, costing \$400 to \$10,000. Photo and perspective views. Complete description. Postpaid \$1.00. Artistic pamphlet specimen designs for two 2c. stamps.

GEO. W. PAYNE & SON, Archt's, CARTHAGE, ILL.
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BUY NO INCUBATOR and pay for it before giving it a trial.



The firm who is afraid to let you try their incubator before buying it has no faith in their machine. We will sell you ours **ON TRIAL** NOT A CENT until tried, and a child can run it with 3 minutes attention a day.

WE WON **FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR.** and will win you for a steady customer if you will only buy ours on trial. Our large catalogue will cost you 5 cents and give you \$100 worth of practical information on poultry and incubators and the money there is in the business. Plans for Brooders, Houses, etc., 25 N. B.—Send us the names of three persons interested in poultry and 25 cents and we will send you "The Bicycle: Its Care and Repair," a book of 180 subjects and 80 illustrations, worth \$5 to any bicycle rider. **VON CULIN INCUBATOR CO.,** Box D. Delaware City, Del.

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

	<p>BICYCLE. THE "New Haven" BEST \$100 Cycle on Earth.</p>	<p>Rolling Chair. A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.</p>
<p>The U. S. Government and good judges buy of us. Lists of each sent free. New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.</p>		
<p>Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.</p>		

Special to Readers of Demorest's Monthly!

TEAS Send this "ad." and 10c. in stamps and we will mail you 1/2 lb. of any kind of Tea you may select. The best imported. Good Teas and Coffee, 25c. per lb. We will send 5 pounds of FINE FAMILY TEAS on receipt of this "ad." and \$2.00. This is a special offer. All charges paid.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 289. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

BRILLIANT GOLD for decoration may be used on the most delicate fabrics with pen or brush. Prepared as a water-color in glass jars with directions for use. Price, 25 cents. Postage 3c., when sent by mail. S. W. TILTON & CO., 29 Temple Place, Boston. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

Genuine "1847" Rogers Bros.

spoons, forks, knives, etc., will outwear two or three sets of ordinary quality. But be sure you get the original "1847" goods. The added mark "XII" means extra heavy plate where most needed.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., MERIDEN, CONN., 208 Fifth Ave., New York City. Largest silver plate manufacturers in the world.

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

Costs You Nothing To Try It. The Natural Body Brace

Cures Female Weakness. Makes Walking and work easy. Thousands of letters like this:

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

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

MRS. L. W. TRYON. Money Refunded if Brace is not satisfactory. Send for full information. Natural Body Brace Co., Box 148 Sallina, Kas. Every Pregnant Woman Should Have This Brace.

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



BLINDNESS PREVENTED.

THE ABSORPTION TREATMENT A SUCCESS.

"There should be no waiting to be blind."

The *New York Observer* says: "In the absorption treatment we find the most successful and humane method of treating diseased eyes or weakened vision ever devised. It is a boon to the suffering humanity, hundreds having been successfully treated at the Bemis Sanitarium, for diseases of the eyes often said to be incurable, without the knife or risk, and as the treatment assists nature to do its own work without the use of drugs, the patients feel that a new lease of life as well as eyesight has been given them. Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our readers. Dr. Palmer, some two years ago, noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment one year, they pronounced his case hopeless and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24th, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, of the Glens Falls, N. Y., Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On Sept. 7th, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside, and the glasses discarded years ago now enable him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends.

"In order to bring before the public the advantages of the absorption treatment, which does away with all risk in treating the eyes, and furnishes a home treatment which can be safely used at the patient's home when it is impossible to visit the Sanitarium, we would state that a valuable pamphlet will be forwarded to any address free, and should be read in every family, as it gives the cause of failing eyesight and diseased eyes, how prevented and cured. The rapid increase in the number of persons who are becoming blind and relying upon artificial aids to see, demands a treatment which will reach the cause."

A. B. COLVIN, Treasurer of the State of New York, and a resident of Glens Falls, writes:

"The history of this institution and its advance by marvelous strides is well known to all of us. It has been one of the most remarkable and successful projects ever essayed in Glens Falls. The entire credit belongs to Edward H. Bemis, the eye specialist, whose remarkable ability in his field of labor and wonderful energy have brought about the results so familiar, not only to residents of Glens Falls, but to hundreds, perhaps better thousands, of afflicted ones all over the United States and in many foreign lands. The success of Mr. Bemis has been well-nigh miraculous. May the work which is benefiting not only himself, but all of us, continue, and God speed him."

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

(Continued from Page 313.)

phonography, lithograph (lith, a stone), graphite, graphic, paragraph, chirography, stenography, autograph, etc. Who will say that this knowledge is not worth something? But it is said that one will learn that by learning Greek. But what if one never takes up the study of Greek? We have a great many people saying that there is no time to study Greek in this busy world. What if there were no Greek to study? What if it had all been burned up at Alexandria? Phon would still mean sound, and graph would still mean write; and it would pay well to make a note of the fact. Why do not our pedagogues wake up and teach the analysis of words?

CYCLING IN GERMANY.

It is common nowadays for Americans to go abroad on a cycling tour, and it is also common for them in foreign countries to run afoul of all sorts of unexpected rules, the violation of which subjects them to unpleasant delays and sometimes to fines of no small amount. For the benefit of such people United States Consul Sawter gives the following more important rules which govern cycling in the German Empire; and every one who has such a trip in contemplation will do well to study them:

Cycling on public streets and roads, particularly in Saxony, is subject to minute and carefully enforced police regulations, which in many places prohibit altogether the use of brakeless machines. The roads, with but few exceptions, are perfect, and wheeling is smooth and easy; but on account of rainy weather, which prevails most of the year, wheel-guards for wet days are indispensable. Every machine must have an open plate or shield affixed to the brake-rod or handle-bar, and be provided with a spring lid on which is engraved, in clear lettering, the name, profession or rank, and residence of the rider. In lieu of this, Colonel Sawter suggests that the rider's card and address be attached to the handle-bar, which would answer every requirement. The alarm-bell is demanded everywhere. The law requires that the lamp be rather high on the wheel and be kept lighted from half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise; furthermore, that the light must shine through uncolored glass. Each bicycle must be provided with an easily managed brake, operating quickly and powerfully. Cycling on roads intended exclusively for pedestrians or on the elevated footpaths and highways is prohibited. Two bicyclists may ride side by side when it can be done without blocking the thoroughfare or annoying other riders or vehicles; otherwise, single file is the rule. More than two machines abreast would not be permitted under any circumstances. When meeting other bicycles or overtaking them, or when approaching parts of the road where it is not possible to see a long distance, or when reaching a steep descent, the cyclist is obliged to give frequent signals with his

(Continued on Page 315.)

Free Until June 1st.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statement.

A Deaf Man's Slate.



I was almost totally deaf 25 years; could not hear a steam whistle; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, surprised my friends by discarding the slate. I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation and public speaking perfectly.

EDW. E. WILLIAMS, Lead, S. D.

Five years ago I had measles which caused two gatherings, one in the frontal cavity and one in my ears, which was the beginning of catarrh. Since have twice had la grippe, which aggravated the monster; had dullness and pain in my head, the result of clearing my throat was annoyance to myself and neighbors, and the least singing would produce hoarseness. Since using Aerial Medication seldom have trouble with head or throat, can sing all I wish, and preach twice every Sunday without inconvenience. I believe this treatment is all that is claimed for it, and do not hesitate to recommend it.



REV. C. B. SEELEY, Kirkland, Wash.



I had fetid Catarrh in its worst form, the discharge from my head was profuse and very offensive, health very much impaired; a bad cough, loss of weight and strength caused my family and friends to believe I had consumption. Used Aerial Medication in 1887. It cured me and for nine years I have been entirely free from Catarrh, and my health is fully restored.

A. G. FREEMAN, Parker's Lake, Ky.

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.

THREE SEED OFFERS

NASTURTIUM SEED. 2 oz. Tall Running, All Colors, 15 cents, postpaid. 2 oz. Dwarf, All Colors, 15 cents, postpaid.

1 oz. MARTHA WASHINGTON, 1200 Kinds Flower Seeds, 12c. postpaid.

If you want a FINE VEGETABLE GARDEN we will send you 10 packages, 10 kinds, Choice Vegetable Seeds, Beet, Carrot, Parsnips, Cucumber, Squash, Cabbage, Lettuce, Radish, Onion, Melon, - - - 10 cents, postpaid.

Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.

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BIG MAIL IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of Letters, Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc. **FREE** send us 10c. and we will put your name in our Agents Directory, which we send to manufacturers, pubs. and supply houses. You will get our 64-col. *Illus. Mag.*, also another *Mag.*, 6 mos. on trial, all for 10c. Don't miss this chance. Address at once YANK PUB. CO., 3 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

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\$250.00 IN GOLD TO BE GIVEN AWAY

By the Manufacturers of the

YANKEE WAIST

This is no catch-penny scheme, but a fair and square offer by one of the largest manufacturers of underwear in the United States, who offers this money to advertise the

YANKEE WAIST FOR CHILDREN.

OUR PLAN is to see how many words you can make out of the letters in the word "WORCESTER." Work it in this way, Rot, Rote, Row, Rows, Roe, Roes, etc. Use no letter more times than it appears in the word. Use English only. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, count one. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns, allowed. Any word in any English dictionary will count. For the largest number of words we will pay \$100.00; second, \$50.00; third, \$25.00; fourth, \$15.00; fifth, \$10.00; sixth to thirtieth, inclusive, \$2.00 each. This money is deposited in the Worcester National Bank and will be fairly awarded. As to our standing, we refer to Dunn or Bradstreet's commercial reports; contest closes March 31, 1897.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST.

Send us 50 cents (the regular price of the Yankee Waist at stores) and we will send you the best child's waist in America and will include FREE to every contestant a pair of HOSE SUPPORTERS worth 20 cents.

State size of waist wanted. If there are no children in your family, the waist can be easily disposed of to some friend. Address,

WILLIAM H. BURNS CO., M'F'RS, Worcester, Mass.

(Continued from Page 314.)

bell. The speed must not be high at any time. Scorching is forbidden on all German highways. At very steep down grades the cyclist must dismount and guide his wheel until the descent is passed. Cyclists are required to dismount at any time if called upon by police officials to do so, and are obliged to give such official any reasonable personal information he may demand. For disregard of any of these regulations a fine not exceeding 60 marks, or \$14.28, with imprisonment in jail for not more than two weeks, or both, may be inflicted for each offense.

BEWARE OF HER!

The rush of everyone into print in these days results in some most terrifying and bewildering advice being given to women, principally upon social, household, and decorative topics. These writers are of two sorts: those who see things but cannot describe them, and lack the judgment to distinguish between practical and impractical suggestions; and those "space" writers with vivid imaginations who describe things never seen nor heard of, which are so absurdly sensational as to be an insult to the intelligence of the people for whom the matter is supposed to be written. Beware

of the woman who tells you "The windows are well poled in artistic draperies." Until she knows the value of English words better, she is incompetent to give you any advice. When you see a description of "Little tea-sets in La Moge china"—meaning Limoges—don't waste time reading further, for though the writer assures you it "is the real La Moge china," it is quite evident that her ignorance on the subject is greater than that of up-to-date girls of twelve. With the same absence of intuition, coupled probably with a reluctance to confess ignorance by asking questions, that quaint and well-known pipe-holder, the row of monk's heads in plaster, is described as a novel paper-holder. Its convenience (?) for this purpose is manifest, since the paper would have to be rolled into a small cylinder in order to thrust it between the heads. As fan-holders the jolly monks are quite a success, and when finished in ivory or painted—the cowls in capuchin brown and the faces in natural colors—they make very suitable gifts for card parties. Don't undertake to make a receptacle for your fine-embroidered table-centres, doilies, etc., by decorating a cigar-box with pyrography and lining it with "satin of a rich dark-green, finished with brass hinges and lock." To begin with, it is such a doubtful place to put the hinges and lock, and it seems very close, mussy quarters if you have accumulated any number of these treasures; lastly, it is recommended "as a window-sill adornment for a dining-room," and I beg of you, don't! Find some more useful thing to occupy your idle moments.

It is reasonable to ask how such stuff ever gets into print, but the only answer I have ever heard to the question is "Ask me something easier."

When
GOOD TASTE,
COMMON SENSE
AND ECONOMY
UNITE IN APPROVAL—
There's Success!

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHIONED
BUTTON
**Hose
Supporter.**



THE WEARER FINDS
NO CUTS—NO TEARS,
AND NOT A SLIP
IT'S VELVET, YET IT WEARS
AND HAS THE GRIP THAT
HOLDS.

OF ALL
DEALERS.

Sample Pair,
by Mail, 25c.

GEORGE FROST CO.
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**Better than Rubber
ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS**

The New Success—A Perfect Dress Shield

**OMO
DRESS SHIELDS**

Impervious
to
Perspiration

These are the only Dress Shields made without Rubber or Gutta-percha that are absolutely odorless, and entirely impervious to perspiration.

They are lighter by half than any other shields.

They do not deteriorate by age, and will outwear rubber or stockinet shields; therefore are the most economical.

Lighter by half than others. For sale by all first-class dealers, or send 25 cents for Sample pair to OMO MANUFACTURING CO., 394 Canal Street, New York

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



**Perfection
Dress
Stay**

Improves the
fit and reduces
waist measure.

Better than
Whalebone.

Warranted not to cut through.

SOLD BY ALL RETAILERS.

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

**LADIES I Make Big Wages
—At Home—**

and want all to have same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. Miss M. E. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

The Double Vel Waist
TRADE MARK.



**Boys'
Underwaist**
with patent Shoulder
Brace, Stocking Supporter
attachment and
detachable



Elastic Suspender

Buttons which allow a boy to move naturally without tearing off buttons or pants band. A PERFECT BOYS' GARMENT. Materials, workmanship and fit perfect.

Send for illustrated price list.

Sold by Leading Dealers.

The C. N. CHADWICK CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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BLACK CAT FREE

This is a Lady's Stick Pin, or a Gentleman's Scarf Pin, over two inches long. It is now all the rage. It brings good luck. We send one free to each and every person in the United States, who cuts out this advertisement and sends it to us in a letter, with their full name and post office address. Don't send postage.

LYNN & CO.,
48 Bond Street, New York.

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.



Are you interested in
Bicycles or Sewing
Machines?



IF SO, WE HAVE SPECIAL PREMIUMS TO OFFER YOU IN CONNECTION WITH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION OR OTHERWISE.

For further information address, _____

Demorest's Family Magazine,

Subscription Department, Class D.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

SMOKE THESE AND BE CONTENT.

FOR reasons that can be readily understood, it has been found extremely difficult to perfect arrangements for the supply of cigars on which we could absolutely depend. This has, however, been accomplished, and the Bureau is prepared to furnish the following goods at prices which approximate cost.

They are the product of the largest, most successful and reliable factory in America. They will be put up with the strictest honesty, will be made as pure as pure tobacco can make them (NO ADULTERATION WHATSOEVER). THIS WE WARRANT. The cost of expensive lithographic work, etc., has been eliminated, THE SMOKER GETS IT IN THE CIGAR, as they will be put up neatly, but plainly.

Premium No. 1.

Sumatra—Fine Vuelta Havana,

Is a very fine cigar, Sumatra wrapper, fine long Vuelta Havana filler, and as good a straight 10-cent cigar as is made in the world. Light or dark wrapper, which means delightfully mild, or stronger.

In box of 50.....\$3.30
Postage, 16c.

With six months' subscription to the Magazine, only \$4.25.

Premium No. 2.

All Clear Havana.

Warranted to be as good a smoke as can be gotten from the retailer at the rate of 3 for 25c.

They are medium in size, of all Havana tobacco, and will furnish a delightful and dreamy smoke.

In box of 100 (only).....\$4.00
Postage, 25c.

With six months' subscription to the Magazine, only \$5.00.

Premium No. 3.

Sumatra—Three-quarters Havana.

A mild, sweet smoke, perfectly pure, which close retailers sell for 5c. each; others, for as much as they can get—as the cigar can stand it.

In box of 50.....\$1.95
Postage, 17c.

With six months' subscription to the Magazine, only \$2.85.

A sample box containing three cigars, one of each, will be sent by post for 20c. in stamps.

ADDRESS, **Demorest's Family Magazine,** 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

We beg also to remind you

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,

Lawn Mowers, Ice Cream Freezers, 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.

The February '97 number—For Mackintoshes, Invernesses, Optical Goods, Barometers, Drawing Instruments, Aluminum, Gold Flatware, Microscopes, Medicines, Electric Battery, Cutlery and Music.

If you have misplaced 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.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

281. THOMAS NELSON PAGE, LL.B., LL.D.

Thomas Nelson Page, LL.B., LL.D., American author and lawyer. Born at Oakland, Hanover County, Va., April 23, 1853. Educated for the bar, he practiced his profession for a time in Richmond, but now resides in Washington, and is best known for his charming stories of Virginian life, written in negro dialect.

282. RHODA BROUGHTON.

Rhoda Broughton, English novelist. Born at Segrwyd Hall, Denbighshire, Wales, November 29, 1840. She is the daughter of a clergyman, has passed much of her life at Oxford, and now resides at Broughton Hall, Cheshire. Her first novel, "Not Wisely, but Too Well," was published in 1867, and it was quickly followed by "Cometh Up as a Flower"; her stories are of a popular style, and reach a large circle of readers.

283. AUSTIN DOBSON.

Henry Austin Dobson, English poet. Born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. Educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a clerkship in the London Board of Trade. He began to write for publication in 1867. He is unsurpassed in delicate satire and humorous conceits, and his prose work, chiefly biographical, is marked by keen criticism and wise discrimination in the choice of material.

284. BENSON JOHN LOSSING, LL.D.

Benson John Lossing, LL.D., American historian and journalist. Born at Beekman, N. Y., February 12, 1813; died near Dover Plains, N. Y., June 3, 1891. He studied wood-engraving in order to illustrate his writings, and was for two years (1838-40) the editor and illustrator of the first illustrated periodical—"The Family Magazine"—published in America. His first work, "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," was illustrated by himself, and for twenty years he did important work of this nature for magazines.

285. HANS GUIDO VON BÜLOW.

Hans Guido von Bülow, German musician. Born in Dresden, January 8, 1830; died in Cairo, Egypt, February 12, 1894. Educated for the law, but the Wagner "cult" drew him to music, and he studied with Wagner and Liszt. Made his first concert tour in 1853; in 1864 became director of the Conservatory in Munich, and conductor of the Royal Opera House, where he conducted the first performances of "Tristan und Isolde" and of "Die Meistersänger."

286. ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

David Glasgow Farragut, United States naval officer. Born at Campbell's Station, Tenn., July 5, 1801; died at Portsmouth, N. H., August 14, 1870. He received an appointment in the United States Navy when only nine years old, and he passed his life in the naval service of his country. In 1862 he was made commander of the fleet sent to take New Orleans, and for his services there was promoted rear-admiral. In December, 1864, Congress created the rank of vice-admiral for him, and in 1866, that of admiral.

287. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Louise Imogen Guiney, American poet. Born in Boston in 1861. When seven years old Miss Guiney's favorite author was Charles Lamb. Though best known as a poet, she has written most charmingly for children, and her essays sparkle with wit and satire. She has been for two years post-mistress at Auburndale, Mass.

288. REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Robert Collyer, American divine. Born at Keighley, Yorkshire, Eng., December 8, 1823. He was self-taught, worked in a factory when eight years old, and at fourteen was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Followed his trade after he came to this country in 1850, and at the same time preached in the Methodist Church; but a few years thereafter joined the Unitarian Church and became a missionary in Chicago. Since 1879 he has been pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. He has written much and gained a national reputation as a lecturer.

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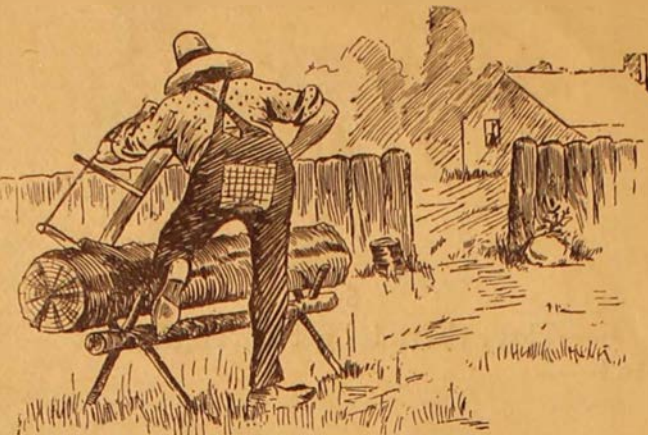
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2. "Hang this log! Saws awful hard.—"



3. —By hokey! them Arkansaw razor-backs is jest what I want.—



4. —Don't see why I never thought of this before.—

(Continued on Page 320.)



The Inauguration

Buchanan
Lincoln
Johnson
Grant
Hayes

Garfield
Arthur
Cleveland
Harrison
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(Continued from Page 319.)



5.

—Hey, there! git through that gate!—



6.

—By jingo! I'll git 'em all patented."

THE TRUTH.

"Do many deaths result from foot-ball?"
"Yes, indcod. The majority of spectators at a game invariably catch cold."

THANKS TO THE OYSTER.

SHE—"Oh, Tom, here's a pearl in this oyster."
HE (*excitedly*)—"Grace, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?"



BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

A great opening for a pie bakery.

(Continued on Page 321.)

A Woman Florist.

5

EVERBLOOMING ROSES

Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blush

FOR 10 cts



ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 10 cents for the above Five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

- 8 of the loveliest fragrant everblooming Roses, 25cts
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(Continued from Page 320.)

NOT SO ARTISTIC, BUT—



1.

Van Bibber, the poet, used to wear his hair like this.



2.

But he is married now.

MISNOMERS BOTH.

"Curious name," said Hicks. "The idea of calling a worm that is all curves an angle-worm. 'Bout as bad as calling a cake that raises the deuce with you an angel-cake."

BIMETALLISM.

"You were talking about a queer union when I came in."

"Yes; Miss Goldsmith is going to be married to Mr. Silverstein."

ANYTHING WOULD DO.

"Does your husband take much interest in the war in the south?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, it was only last night that John was trying to trace the movements of the Cubans on a pattern-plate."

The man who agrees with you in everything expects to be paid one way or another.

De jackass ain't got such a hansom tail as de pea-fowl, but it kin brush orf de mos' flies.

(Continued on Page 322.)

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| 5. Gardenia Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 19. Annetta Jacket, 12 and 14 years. |
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| 9. Miriam Frock, 8 and 10 years. | 23. Malcolm Suit, 4, 6, and 8 years. |
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| 11. Ersta Frock, 4 and 6 years. | 25. Ceretta Frock, 4 and 6 years. |
| 12. Beatrice Coat, 2 and 4 years. | 26. Dilsey Gown, 2 and 4 years. |
| 13. Vanoris Shirt-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 27. Infant's "Mother Hubbard" Slip. |
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 [SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

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IMMATERIAL TO HIM.

SERVANT—"I've been everywhere, Mr. Smith, and I can't find a single goose."

MR. SMITH—"Well, I don't care anything about its matrimonial condition. Get a married goose, then."

HAD TO TAKE THE LOT.

Jones's better-half presented him with twins.

When nurse brought them into the room for inspection the poor man was so bewildered at the multitudinous character of his happiness that he asked:

"Am I to choose?"

A SUPPOSITIOUS CASE.

POWELL—"But for your birth you would be my equal."

HOWELL—"Yes; if I had never been born I suppose I should be a nonentity, too."

REVOLUTIONARY.

MARY ANN—"An' phy did ye lave yure lasht place, Bridget?"

BRIDGET—"Shure an' the woman wanted ter run her own house."

HIS ERROR.

PEDDLER (*in a conciliatory tone*)—"I presume those lovely children in the yard are yours, madam?"

MADAM (*frigidly*)—"I have no children."

PEDDLER—"Pardon me; since I see you more closely I see that the brats could not possibly be yours."



11.55 a. m.

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